EARLY DAYS OF ASPEN

by

Benjamin Herbert Gilbert

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Since my subject concerns the Aspen, Colorado of many years ago, I will mention the names of my immediate family who lived in Aspen in the 1890s and 1900s--most of us for several years. My father, Henry Gilbert, was born in Camborne, Cornwall, England in 1852, and moved to Jersey City, New Jersey in 1872. He moved to Central City, Colorado in 1879. Annie Rule was born in Camborne in 1858. With her mother, Hannah Rule, she moved to Boulder, Colorado. Henry Gilbert and Annie Rule were married in Boulder in 1880.

Ella Lillian was born in 1881. Cora Mae in 1882. My mother, father, and two babies went to Camborne for an extended visit. While there, Thomas Henry Gilbert was born in 1884. Pauline Alice was born in Central City in 1886. William Edward was born in 1887, and the Gilbert family moved to Aspen, Colorado in 1889. John Rule was born in Aspen, Colorado in 1891. In 1892, William Edward died of diptheria at the age of five. Benjamin Herbert was born in Aspen in 1893 and Anna Belle in 1898.

The mines in Aspen worked three shifts a day for seven days of the week. The only holidays observed were Christmas and the fourth of July. Some of the mines operated portions of their property on a lease basis. A reliable and knowledgeable miner as lessee could develop and mine the ore very efficiently which was a great benefit to the company. The royalty paid the lessee was very generous so that he could earn far more than anyone working in the mine on a day to day basis. The lessee was pretty much his own boss and seldom worked on Sundays.

Shortly after coming to Aspen in 1889, my father took a lease in the Durant Mine which turned out to be very profitable. One day in 1890, he

came out of the mine and a man called to him to give him a hand, and an unprotected circular saw cut off my father's knee cap. This resulted in the amputation of his right leg far above the knee. This changed his whole life. But he was a strong character and had great fortitude. In fact, he threaded the needle for the doctor who performed the operation.

When he had sufficiently recovered from the operation, he tried riding to and from the mine on horseback and working with crutches. He made a valiant effort but finally had to admit that this method of mining was not feasible. Also, on occasion the horse would buck him off on the way from work and the horse would run on home with his crutches attached to the saddle. He purchased an artificial leg. In those days, an artifical leg was very crude, very heavy, and difficult to manipulate with a six inch stump. Also, the leg would sometimes impinge on a nerve and cause pain spasms that would last sometimes for several hours.

My father's first surface job was the librarian for the Miners Athletic Club. This club occupied the whole third floor of the Aspen Dry Goods Building. It had a circulating library, card tables, pool tables and a splendidly equipped gymnasium including a trapeze, a pair of rings, horizontal bar, parallel bars, a vaulting horse, traveling rings, horizontal traveling ladder, chest pulls, dumbbells, Indian clubs, punching bags, boxing gloves, and mats for wrestling and tumbling. Climbing two long flights of stairs to the third floor was very difficult with an artificial leg. The duties of the librarian included all the janitor work on the third floor of the building. My oldest brother, whom we always called Harry, helped out. I remember when I was five years old, I used to try to help some. We had to carry coal from the furnace in the basement up three flights of stairs

to heat water for the showers. I also remember one time washing the outside of one of the third floor windows. I was sitting on the sill with my feet inside. My father was right there to make sure I didn't dive to the alley below.

In 1900, my father became night watchman at the Aspen Sampling Company. This job also included all the janitor work in the office, laboratory, balanceroom, the furnaceroom, and some very heavy work in the main building which housed all the sampling equipment. Of course, my father could not do all this heavy work and Harry took on most of it for him for a time. Later on John and I carried on the heavy work.

While working at the Sampler in 1903, my father was elected as Alderman from our district and held this post for four years. He was also called to Montrose for grand jury duty.

The Aspen Sampling Company was about one-half mile from our home. He was on duty from six in the evening to six in the morning. It was necessary for him to walk to and from work seven days of the week in all kinds of weather. This night work and great exertion that he had to go through caused him serious bronchial problems and were greatly aggravated on mornings when he had to break trail through heavy snow which had fallen during the night. In 1915, it was necessary for him to give up this job. At that time, he became City Treasurer. He held this position until his death on June 30, 1922, following a hernia operation. The last thirty-two years of his life were very difficult ones, but he lived them valiantly. He was buried in Aspen's Red Bute Cemetery.

Hannah Rule, my grandmother, operated a boarding house for miners in Central City. She married William Tippett, one of the boarders. Mr. Tippett

passed away before the family moved to Aspen. She also moved to Aspen and opened a boarding house which she called the Gilpin House. As far back as I can remember, she lived with us and did most of the cooking for our large family.

My sisters, Pauline and Anna Belle, collected material for two quite comprehensive scrapbooks. In looking over some of this material, I am reminded that in those days much of Aspen's entertainment was provided by local talent. From some of the programs, it was evident that they had quite a wealth of talent available.

As the Gilbert family was always active in music, and we were a large family, the Gilbert name appeared on many of these programs. My mother sang soprano in the Methodist Church choir. She also sang in duets, trios, quartets, church programs, and programs put on by other organizations and lodges. My oldest sister, Ella, studied piano with Mrs. Stormer and Zella Cole. She became a piano teacher and had a large class of pupils. She was also a member of the Charles Daggett orchestra. Mr. Daggett also had a city band which he organized and directed. The Saturday night performances were very much enjoyed. Ella was pianist for the Methodist Church and at a later period she became pianist at the Christian Science Church. She provided music for the Sunday night dinners at the Jerome Hotel and also provided music for the Isis Theater.

Cora sang alto in the Methodist Choir and also was a member of small musical groups. For a time, she was a clerk at the Northlund Book Store.

Harry was a snare drummer. As a boy, he had an early morning paper route for one of Aspen's daily newspapers. He learned telegraphy and later had charge of the Western Union Office in Aspen. In those days, the Aspen

office was powered by a long line of wet cell batteries. The telegrams were written with indelible pencil that had to be transferred to a large tissue book with the aid of a damp cloth and a book press. Harry later became connected with the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad as a station agent and telegrapher at Lake City, Colorado, Larkspur, Colorado and LaVeta, Colorado.

Pauline sang soprano in the church choir and also sang solos in church and on many other occasions. For a time, she worked as a clerk in the Pizar Jewelry Store.

John sang tenor in the Methodist choir and he also sang illustrated songs for the silent movies. He started his business career in Aspen as office boy for the Smuggler Mining Company. He later became utility man, of sorts, for the accounting department of the general office and cost accounting at the mine office.

Ben started singing as a boy as alto in the Methodist choir and later sang bass. Anna Belle studied piano with our oldest sister, Ella, and later with Zella Cole in Aspen and at the Marks Conservatory of Music in New York City. For a number of years, she was pianist at the Methodist Church and she, with a violinist, provided music for the silent movies and for the Sunday night dinners at the Hotel Jerome. She also had a class of piano pupils.

Josiah W. Deane came to Aspen in 1889, as a member of the B. Clark Wheeler Group of Experts. He was sent to Aspen at the behest of David M. Hyman, a financier in New York City. Deane and a friend built the first log house in the camp and in later years this became his law office. In those days, the mining camp was known as Ute City. Mr. Deane worked very

actively in developing the camp and in all his community affairs. He also worked vigorously in the movement to change the name from Ute City to Aspen. When this was done, he helped survey the town site. The city of Aspen grew rapidly and Deane's addition to the city of Aspen and Deane Street were named in his honor. When Pitkin County was organized, Governor Pitkin appointed Josiah Deane as County Judge. For a time the Deanes moved away from Aspen and worked in other Western states. They returned in 1911. Mrs. Deane, Lottie B. Cruikshank Deane, was a Christian Science healer. She organized the Woman's Civic Club of Aspen and worked through it in many of the community activities.

Mrs. Deane had sung professionally in the East and had a contralto voice of especially fine velvety quality. She organized a mixed quartet including my mother as soprano. She sang alto, my brother John sang tenor, and I sang bass. We performed at church and at some of the programs produced by the Woman's Civic Club that Mrs. Deane organized. Many years later, in 1930, when I was living in Denver and a member of KOA's Silver State Light Opera Company, I sang "Poo-Bah" in The Mikado. Shortly after that, I saw Mrs. Deane and she complimented our production and informed me that she had been the original American Katashaw when The Mikado made its debute in New York City. I mentioned this to Freeman Talbot, manager of KOA and director of our Light Opera Company and also an authority on Gilbert and Sullivan. He said that Lottie B. Cruikshank was listed as Katashaw in the first performance of The Mikado in the United States.

Each year the Aspen Elk's Lodge presented an elaborate minsterial show in the Wheeler Opera House. For one of these performances, I sang a solo, "The Bandelero", and Mrs. Deane very kindly coached me in this number.

Each year on the afternoon of the Elks Lodge Memorial Sunday, the Aspen Lodge held a very impressive service in the Wheeler Opera House. People were usually broughtto Aspen from Denver to provide music for these services. I remember one year Bessie Fox Davis, a well-known Denver contralto and a member of the quartet of Central Presbyterian Church performed this service. Another year, Della Hoover, a well-known Denver violinist was brought to Aspen for the same program.

The Aspen Methodist Church for many years had a double male quartet. We sang at church services and other programs. Each year on Washington's birthday, we put on a special program. The members of the double quartet were very much honored to be asked to provide music for one of these Elk Memorial services.

Most new mining camps are born with king-sized-cronic headaches. Of the influx of people, most of them are fortune hunters--many of whom have no skills in mining or any other line of work. Some of them are lawless and unscrupulous. There are far too few merchants, blacksmiths, and doctors. I don't believe there was ever a shortage of lawyers judging by by the number of lawsuits indulged in by mining men.

With very few stores, and the necessity of bringing in all the food and other supplies on pack animals or in wagons, the cost of living was greatly inflated. Blacksmiths were necessary to take care of the many donkeys and horses used in early mining processes. Also, to repair mine machinery, mine ore cars, and cages. Of course, when the mining companies were organized, the mine blacksmith was always available. The success of a mining camp depended heavily on available, efficient transportation.

Ute City and early Aspen had a large population of donkeys. Donkeys

are also known as jacks, burros, and Rocky Mountain canaries. I assume that the reason for this last appelation is the fact that their raucous voices provided natures music for the early settlers. I imagine that they enjoyed it about as much as I enjoy the discordent high-brow contemporary sounds now masquerading as music. The burrow was a great asset to the prospector whose claim was only available by way of the mountain trail. The burrow being sure-footed and strong for its size could bring in all food and supplies necessary and carry the sacks of ore to the place where it could be loaded onto a wagon and eventually carried to the nearest railroad station by a four horse team. This method of transportation was very slow and costly and unless the prospector had a rich claim, he could not operate at a profit.

The main line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad passed through Glenwood Springs, Colorado. This was its nearest station to Aspen so they proceeded to build a stubb line from Glenwood Springs to Aspen. The distance was about forty-two miles. I don't believe they encountered any difficulties in terrain during construction, but the cost of the right-of-way was quite heavy. It was a great day for Aspen when the Denver and Rio Grande arrived. Even though the freight costs were high, it was a great improvement over the other forms of transportation. Basalt, Colorado was on the main line of the Colorado Midland Railway Company, but they were only about eighteen miles from Aspen. The Colorado Midland built a stubb line to Aspen. When it arrived and went into operation, the competition resulted in a drastic reduction in all freight rates in Aspen.

As Aspen was at the end of these stubb lines from Glenwood Springs and Basalt, and in those days the city of Aspen was practically wall to wall

buildings and people there was the problem of getting the locomotives turned around for the return trip. The Denver and Rio Grande built a turntable in connection with their round house. This was very much like the turntables at the cable car terminals in San Francisco, California. They were large enough to accommodate a locomotive and tender. However, the turntable was moved by manual labor just as it is in San Francisco. The Colorado Midland built a railroad Y about one mile west of their station where they could take their engine, and tender and the combination baggage and passenger coach, make the turn and back into Aspen so they were then in position for the return trip.

The Colorado Midland Railway line traversed Aspen near its Southern boundary, while the Denver and Rio Grande passed through the Northern section of the city. As we lived on Hyman Avenue, we were much closer to the Midland route. My brother, John, and I somewhat adopted the Midland Railway as our road. We kept track of the numbers of all locomotives on the Midland line coming into Aspen. Number thirty-two was the "old standby" that came in most frequently. The engineer that came most often to Aspen was Mr. Dibble. We became acquainted with Mr. Dibble, and it was quite an event when he invited us to ride out to the Y. He could not let us ride in the cab, but we could ride in the passenger coach. This was rather a journey in reverse. We backed out into the Y, took advantage of the various switches provided and finally got the engine headed toward Basalt. We backed up again into the station where the train could be assembled for the next trip out.

I believe the locomotive whistle code went something like this: one prolonged blast of the whistle invited the crew to assemble, two short toots

indicated that the engine was about to move forward, three short toots indicated that they were about to back up, and four rather prolonged soundings of the whistle indicated a derailment or some other mishap.

When the train was in motion, several sharp stacato soundings of the whistle indicated that there was a cow on the track. The whistle was an invitation for the cow to step aside. This usually kept up for sometime, because the cow seemed to prefer to run along right ahead of the engine. Often they would have to stop and the brakeman would get out and issue a personal invitation to the cow to get off the track and do her jogging some place else.

When I was a small boy, I thought one of the duties of the engineer was to steer the train on the track. I often wondered how he could keep all those wheels on those two narrow rails. I soon learned about the invaluable flange on the inside of all wheels on the locomotives and cars which held the train on the track and guided it to its destination.

As far back as I can remember, both of our railroads were standard gauge. All the rolling stock was built to run on standard gauge lines. This required great exactitude in laying the track. It was necessary that every foot of the line be gauged to the exact width of the standard gauged track--around curves, over mountains, cross bridges and through tunnels. It was necessary that the curves be banked with such precision that trains could pass over them safely at any speed. In mountain railroad lines, the tracks are exposed to temperatures from 40° below zero to the intense heat of the sun at noon. This means that provision must be made for the expansion and contraction of the rails. This was done by meticulous tooling of the bolt holes in the rails and in the tie plates which bind the rails

together in the track. As soon as the railroad goes into operation, the maintenance of the track and rolling stock is the responsibility of the section gangs and other railroad maintenance crews. The American railroads must have been splendidly engineered and maintained because most of them enjoy a very low rate of accidents per mile traveled.

One day when John and I were doing the family shopping, we heard the train whistle as it approached Aspen. We hurried down to the station to see the train come in. A stranger stepped down from the coach and went over to the man whom we irreverently called the baggage smasher and started to talk to him. In those days, very few men wore beards. This man had a rather unusual beard--six or seven inches long. We thought he looked like Cousin Oliver Rule of Meriden, Connecticut. We had never seen this gentleman, but we had pictures of him at home. We always referred to him as Cousin Oliver. As he talked to the baggage man, they kept looking over at us. We were pretty sure that it was Cousin Oliver. We expected him to come over to talk to us, but he didn't approach us. We started walking back toward town. He just kept a discreet distance behind us. We walked on down to Hyman Avenue. He was close behind. When we got down near Mill Street, we stopped to look in the window at the Hunkins Jewelry Store. He stopped to look in the window a little further down the street. We were going over on Mill Street to the butcher to pick up the meat, so we thought that would throw him off the scent. But then we decided to go ask him if he were Cousin Oliver. He admitted that he was and said that he wanted to surprise the whole family. We took him on home and the family was very much surprised. We then went back and got the meat.

At another time, we had two visitors whose arrival was no surprise.

The journey started in England and was very carefully planned. The visitors were my mother's first cousin, Martha Trythall, and her son, Alfonso Charles Trythall, a young man in his early twenties. Many years later, Alfonso Charles Trythall became Lord Mayor of Manchester, England. His mother sent us pictures taken of him on his way to church on Mayors Sunday. He was dressed in medieval mayoral garb and right behind him was his mace-bearer shouldering a wicked-looking mace. This was to assure his safe arrival at church and a peaceful return home after the service.

On the bank of Castle Creek west of Aspen, stood a massive brick smoke stack that rose to such a tremendous height that the landmark could be seen for miles in all directions. It was flanked by a chimney built on the same lines but in much smaller proportions. They stood side by side like a cow and calf. The smaller stack in any other setting would have been very impressive, but it was dwarfed by the size of its companion. These two stacks were about all that was left of the Lixiviation Plant which produced lye from wood ashes. Each of these stacks was provided with a ladder so that one could climb from the ground to the top of the stack. The ladder was very much like the brakeman's ladder on the sides of the box cars. I have been told that Rich Thompson, a champion brocobuster, once climbed up to the top of the big stack, stood on the edge of the chimney, took off his coat and dropped it down through the chimney then descended to the ground. He did all this on a wager of one dollar and a box of cigars.

Broncobusting and cow pony races were an important part of our annual fourth of July entertainment. In the morning, of course, we had races for the children and usually a hose cart race. The hose cart is pulled by seven men. The lead man, whom I believe they called the spike, directly behind

him two pairs of runners, and two wheel men. The lead man is attached to a harness, which leads back to the hose cart and the four men directly behind him are connected to this harness by snap fasteners. This is a safety device so if one of the runners findsthat he cannot keep up with the other runners, he can turn off at an angle and the snap fastener will release him from the harness. The wheel men hold up the tongue of the cart and steady and guide it on its way. Four men run behind the hose cart, two plug men and two nozzle men. One of the plug men carries a wrench and the other plug man has hold of the hose. At just the right point in their journey he starts unreeling the hose, runs over to the fireplug, connects it and the man with the wrench turns on the water. One of the nozzle men carries a nozzle and the other man has to be there at the end of the run where the other end of the hose comes loose from the reel. He grabs it, lifts it up and holds it for the nozzle man to connect the nozzle. The run is completed when the water comes out through the nozzle and the time from the start until this time is the contest time.

The lead man was usually Al "Happy" Hogart, a tall muscular sprinter, who could run fast enough to keep the harness taut all during the race. The afternoon entertainment most always included a baseball game. "Happy" Hogart was our pitcher. He was also a drummer and tap dancer. He could tap out a mean "buck and wing". I remember one fourth of July when we started the kids in their races. Wewere in short sleeves. It started to rain, this turned to hail and eventually turned into a snow storm. That was one fourth of July I watched a baseball game wearing an overcoat.

Another item of fourth of July entertainment was the double jack drilling contest for miners. Each team drilled into the same flat top rock for

the same number of minutes. A trickle of water was directed into each of the drill holes. One man wielded a longhandled eight pound hammer, the other man held the drill. Between each stroke of the hammer, it was necessary that he lift and turn the drill in the hole. The winners, of course, were determined by the depths of the holes drilled.

Winter activities in the early days were pretty much confined to skating, bob sleding, and sleigh riding. Skis were not used in competition. Those who purchased or made skis or snow shoes did so purely for utilitarian purposes.

Aspen boasted a beautiful tallyho mounted on runners. As a small boy, I was very much impressed by the gallant upsweep of the vehicle to the front and to the rear and the many comfortable seats provided--enough to take care of a big crowd of people and enough heavy bearskin lap robes to keep them all warm. I was much elated to be invited to take a trip on one of these tallyho parties. I don't remember whether they used a four horse or six horse team to pull the vehicle. I do remember that when we got in full speed up and down the streets and out into the country it sounded like an army of sleigh bells. There was a great deal of laughter and singing "The Spanish Cavalier", "I Was Seeing Nellie Home", and other songs of that vintage. There were too many raucous squawk horns. I will always remember this as a red-letter day.

The Durant Mine was a special interest to newcomers and tourists. About one mile from the mouth of the lower Durant tunnel was a spectacular waterfall dashing down to the tunnel level from a great height. This water was crystal clear but not potable. It was directed into a flume and ran along under the floor of the tunnel into its mouth and

thence across town to the Smuggler Lead Mill where it provided water for the milling process. George Work, a tall, dower Scotsman, was superintendent of the Durant Mine. His home was on the Shetland Islands. He was a sailor before moving to Aspen. For many years, he and I sang bass side by side in the Methodist choir. He extended to me the privilege of taking many parties into the mine to see the fall. It was an easy walk through a level tunnel one mile into the waterfall. We usually used what they called the mine bicycles. This is a misnomer. They are actually four-wheel vehicles and they travel along the track provided for the ore cars. They are propelled by pedals. The pedal action is just the reverse of that on a bicycle. Behind the rider, a platform is provided for a passenger or for supplies. The weight of this vehicle and its cargo is many times that of the weight of a bicycle. As the rider sits behind the pedals instead of over them is a great advantage to have the downward thrust of the pedals toward the rider than away from him.

When the trip was taken in the evenings, it consisted of a ride into the tunnel, a view of the waterfall, and a chance to take pictures of it and of different groups clustered around the fall. They also had a chance to look into some of the tunnels branching off from the main tunnel. Then the ride back to the mouth of the tunnel followed.

Sometimes on a Saturday morning, we would take a small group of people into the mine who were interested in seeing a little more of the inside of a mine than just the waterfall. Close to the waterfall on the tunnel level was the entrance to a winze. It ran up to an upper level of the mine. After the visitors had seen the waterfall, and if the day shift and an electrically operated skip were available in this winze, we entered the skip

and were elevated nine-hundred feet to the next level of the mine. Then came a three-hundred foot climb up mine ladders to the level of the upper Durant tunnel. On this climb, we were always very careful to have an experienced person with each visitor to be sure that this climb was made in safety. We then walked to the mouth of the upper Durant tunnel and the visitor could have a choice of returning down Aspen Mountain on a good trail to the city of Aspen or to go back through the mine the way we came. In most every instance, they all decided to go down through the mine the way they had come. There was a reason for the extreme caution in climbing these steps. George Work told me that one morning a skip load of six miners were climbing this three-hundred feet of ladders and as they approached the top the fifth man lost his footing and started to fall. He caught himself, but he knocked the sixth man loose and he fell to the foot of the ladder. At the foot of the ladder was a door closing the shaft from there down. This door was built of two thicknesses of three inch plank. The man, of course, was killed instantly. He struck this door with such force that some of his bones penetrated that six inches of solid wood and the bones protruded on the under side of the door. The fifth man went on up the ladder and put in his full shifts work.

Many years after this incident, when I was a blacksmith's helper in the Durant Mine, I had an experience with a mine ladder. We had a very heavy snowfall and it was impossible for the nipper to get all the machine steel down to the blacksmith shop to be sharpened with our Numatic Sharpener. It was necessary for the blacksmith and me to go through the mine to the Bisno Tunnel close to the upper tunnel of the Durant Mine in which was installed a forge and anvil. We sharpened the steel by hand.

One day, the blacksmith said he remembered many years ago there had been a shortcut to Bisno Tunnel, and he thought he could find it. We started along this shortcut. We came to a stretch which was a slope too steep to climb. A ladder was lying along this slope. It was affixed to the level above by a small steel cable. The blacksmith went up, and after he got to the top, he called down for me to start up. The cable was old and rusty. When I got just a short ways from the top, the cable snapped and the ladder started sliding down the slope. I had noticed along side the ladder was a pipe line which had carried compressed air for use in the drilling machines. I grabbed this pipe line and hung on until I could get my feet disentangled from the ladder and let it slide on down. With the help of this pipe line, I was able to get to the upper level.

The upsurge in the price of silver which brought about increased activities in the Durant Mine was also responsible for the reopening of the Hunter Creek Lead Mill. This mill was very close to the Cowenhoven Tunnel and to the Cowenhoven Mining Dump . The object of the reopening was to run the Cowenhoven Dump through the mill. It was mid-winter when I started working in the Hunter Creek Mill. This time of the year, milling and ore dump posed many problems. Most of which are caused by extremely wet ore. My first job was feeding the crusher. A scoop shovel would dig into the dump and pick up ore, ice and snow indiscriminately and deposit it where it could be loaded into wheelbarrows and wheeled into the mill and dumped on a sheet steel floor in front of the grizzly-jaw crusher. Armed with a long-handled shovel, I pushed the ore into the crusher. The ore then dropped into a steel-roll grinder and this was where the trouble started. The wet ore began to stick to the rolls and finally built up to

a point where it was necessary for me every few minutes to run down the stairs and with a heavy wire brush clean the ore off these moving rolls, then back up to feed the crusher again. When the ore was reduced to the proper size for introduction into the Huntington Mill, it was directed into a large ore bin at the bottom of which was a hopper equipped with a gate. This gate was used to regulate an uniform flow of ore into the Huntington Mill for the final grinding. After a few days of feeding the crusher, the operator of the Huntington Mill quit and I got this job. In this job, we changed shifts every two weeks. The day shift was from seven to three, afternoon shift from three to eleven, and the graveyard shift from eleven to seven. Too much of the wet ore preferred to adhere to the sides of the ore bin instead of sliding down to the hopper. This required many trips up the stairs and to the bin to dislodge the ore with a miners pick. The ore also liked to stick to the sides of the steel hopper. The remedy for this was the application of many heavy blows to the side with a sledge hammer. Someone got the idea of allowing a small stream of water to flow down one side of the hopper to loosen up the dirt and keep it loosened up so that it would feed out satisfactorily. This worked well most of the time, but too often a big recalcitrant glob of ore would plunge down into the hopper completely closing the outlet. Of course, this acted as a dam and the water built up behind it. This also caused frantic use of the sledge hammer. The result usually being that everything broke loose at once with a tremendous splash of mud and water which caused the immediate transformation in the appearance and comfort of the operator. In the winter-time, the mill was always cold and I always wore a cowboy hat. This, of course, would be completely soaked. Often after walking home from the after-

noon shift or the graveyard shift, the brim of my hat would be frozen stiff. Often after the end of our afternoon shift, at eleven, we would work two hours loading concentrates. This consisted of shoveling the heavy, wet lead concentrates into a wheelbarrow, loading them into a box car in which they would be shipped to the smelter.

I was born just after midnight on the morning of December 24, 1893 in Aspen, Colorado. Aspen had a bad year in 1893. There was a depression known in those days, I believe, as the panic or crash of 1893. Silver was demonetized so that the price of silver was reduced from $1.25 per ounce to 78 cents. Silver was the main product of the Aspen mines. I don't remember the panic. My first recollection was having a tooth pulled. I was making a big fuss. I remember I had a good grip on the dentist's index finger trying to stop the process. My mother said that I was three years old at the time. The dentist said that it was the worst extraction he had ever had for a child. My next recollection must have been the celebration at the end of the Spanish American War. It was night. I had walked until I was very tired. There was a red glow everywhere. People were singing "There Will be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." I thought that the bonfires had caused the "hot time in the old town."

At the turn of the century just after New Years in 1900, my oldest sister, Ella, took me to the second floor of the Armory Hall. I was enrolled in the first grade. It was a glistering, cold day. I remember we stopped at Beck's Grocery store on the ground floor of the Wheeler Opera House Building to thaw out around a red-hot stove. Then, we went on to the Armory Hall.

My teacher was Miss Eames. I thought of her as an elderly woman. From

January to June, she put me through Class I-C, I-B, and I-A. In September 1900, I entered the second grade at Lincoln School. As there was no playground anywhere near the Armory Hall, the first graders spent their recesses walking up and down the sidewalk. Along the Hopkins Avenue side of the Armory Hall was a row of long star-shaped washers held in place by bolts. We discovered that one of these washers was loose. We put in some of our time turning this loose washer round and round cutting into the brick. On my last trip to Aspen in 1975, I located the washer and the rut in the brick back of it. The bolt had been tightened.

For the fourth and seventh grades, I attended Washington School in West Aspen. One term of the fifth grade was spent at Garfield School in East Aspen. The rest of the grades were at Lincoln School near our home at 125 Hyman Avenue.

We were proud of our high school building, the former residence of D. R. C. Brown. It was a rather beautiful building. It was donated to the city in 1900 by D. R. C. Brown, F. M. Taylor, D. H. Brunton, and E. T. Butler. It contained a large assembly room, and very adequate classrooms. The third floor was one big room which we used as a gymnasium and high school dances were held there.

I was graduated in 1911, with a scholarship to the Colorado Agriculture College. I could not use it as it was necessary for me to work to help support the family. In fact, I started working two weeks before graduation. In later years, I completed the course in High Accountancy with the LaSalle Extension University and a supplemental course on Income Tax Procedures.

I enjoyed growing up in Aspen. I thought it was wonderful that from so many places in and around Aspen so many beautiful peaks were visible:

Castle, Maroon Peaks, Pyramid and Sopris to mention a few.

Many happy hours were spent hiking on Aspen Mountain inspecting mine dumps, old tunnels, and shafts, and climbing the cliffs--especially the highest one with the flag flying on it. Tourtlelotte Park was far above Aspen on Aspen Mountain. When I visited it as a boy, the Zaugg brothers were the only inhabitants. There were the remains of several buildings, but, at that time, I didn't know that in the early nineties it had rivaled Aspen in population and activities, and had an aerial tramway to deliver their ore to the railroad yard in Aspen. It is sad to recall that numerous mining companies like Tourtlelotte Park and Lenado had such short life spans. They had good mines. Some of them had mills for concentrating the ore, but they were too far from a railroad. When silver was demonetized, they had to close. Very few operators made enough to cover their investments. Aspen was more fortunate. We had many rich, heavily productive mines, two samplers, two mills for concentrating the ore, and two railroads, The Denver and Ric Grande and the Colorado Midland. Both were standard gauge lines serving the mines, mills and samplers. Because of this, and in spite of the fact that after demonetization of silver its price continued to decline, Aspen mines were able to operate for several years. However, when the rich lodes began to play out, and the price of silver was very low practically all mining in Aspen ceased. The population in the corporate limits of the city of Aspen fell below eight hundred before skiing reversed the trend.

I was a very poor fisherman, but I loved to go fishing especially when my brother-in-law, Harry Wade, took me. He had a horse and buggy and a buck cart for places not accessible with the buggy. In fact, we spent much time

out of the buck cart helping the horse get the cart over the huge rocks on the highway.

Hallam Lake was a great place for picnics, outside in good weather and in the dancing pavilion when it rained. In summer, there were boats on the lake and a "chute the chutes" from the street level down to the lake. I can testify that the boat made a great splash when it hit the lake. In winter, ice was cut for commercial use.

The Methodist Church in Aspen provided our spiritual and most of our social life. Ella played the piano for many years and later Anna Belle took over. Most of the rest of us sang in the choir in addition to other duties.

The annual Methodist Sunday School picnic was quite an institution. We would charter a Colorado Midland or Denver and Rio Grande train. A guarantee of at least one hundred dollars was required. We received a percentage of each ticket sold. Out of this, we paid the fare for all students with a perfect attendance record, and part of the fare of others according to their attendance. We also sold peanuts, candy, etc. for additional income. I remember many times squeezing lemons in the basement of the church for lemonade on the night before the picnic. Often the stores in Aspen would close so that everyone could go. We usually made some money for the treasury in addition to providing an outing for the young people. Some of the places I remember going to were: Emma, Rudi, Thomasville, Nast, Norrie, several times to Muckawannago, and twice to Redstone. On one trip to Redstone, we had twelve coaches on our train. We discontinued these excursions for several years. I was superintendent of the Sunday School for awhile and decided to try one more picnic. We wound up with a profit of $4,85. Having always been genereus to a fault, and after much cogitation and soul searching,

I decided that I could personally advance fifteen cents so that we could deposit $5.00 in the Sunday School Treasury.

In the early days we had a very useful and handy lantern. I've heard it called a "gad hunter". I made one using a five pound lard pail. The bright shiny metal interior made a splendid reflector. In the side of the can, I cut a hole just large enough so that it would hold a miner's candle firmly in place when inserted into the hole. On the other side of the can, just opposite the hole, I drove several nail holes to let the smoke escape, then some nail holes in the bottom of the can to provide some circulation of air. These nail holes formed my initials. Removing the bail handle and stretching it out some, it became a satisfactory lantern handle. I attached it at the top and bottom of the can in such a position that it held the candle straight up. We used these lights on night marshmallow toasts or wiener roasts. Many were used in the mines before the acetylene lamp was perfected for mine use. They were also used for going to and coming from the mines.

One summer when I was in grade school, my brother, Harry, was the Western Union telegraph operator. He hired me as messenger boy. The hours were 8:00 a.m. to 12N, 1:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. six days a week and from 10:00 a.m. to 12N and 2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. on Sundays. We worked sixty-four hours a week. The salary was $10 per month.

While in high school, I worked part-time in the summers at the Lecron Photograph Studio. The first year, we used Aristo Platino paper for our photos and snap shots. We printed them under a sloping window in the direct light of the sun. Later on, a developing paper was used. These prints

had to be handled in the dark room, never exposed to sunlight, and were printed in daylight in just seconds. This required counting seconds accurately in order that the prints would not be over or under exposed.

When I was very young, there were numerous donkeys running loose in the streets of Aspen. I was quite sure that they didn't belong to anyone in particular. I decided I would like to have one. After much exhaustive labor, I finally got one headed down our alley and eventually through our back gate. I didn't mention it to anyone. I was not sure that possession of livestock would be approved. It wasn't. I was assured that the donkey belonged to someone and that I must turn it loose. I released it and thus escaped being lynched. In those days, lynching was customary as an expression of disapproval of the act of stealing an equine.

In high school, I didn't have much of an opportunity to take part in athletics as most practice sessions were right after school in the afternoon. Just at that time I would be rushing home to eat the first course of our supper, change into overalls and go to the Aspen Sampling Company where my father was night watchman. As mentioned before, this job included all the janitor work. Besides washing windows, sweeping floors, etc., I had to carry coal to all the stoves in the business office, assay office, laboratory and in the main building which housed all the sampling machinery. One big job was supplying coal for the assay furnace, and removing the ashes, slag, used crucibles and scorifiers to the huge ash dump across the tracks. Often the coal for the assay office was stored about a block away. In summer, I would load the coal in a wheelbarrow, in winter into buckets and onto a sled. I have shoveled, carried, wheeled, and pulled hundreds of tons of coal.

Well, I've wandered a long way from high school athletics. For a time some practice sessions for basketball were held after supper. I got to practice with the squad on those evenings.

During my freshman year, I took part in the high school minstrels. In my junior year, I was on the committee to set up bylaws for the Athletic Association. I was associate editor of the Aspen High School Annual, The Silver Queen. In my senior year, I was class treasurer and was the professor in the class play "A Case of Suspension." At commencement, I sang a solo, "Many the Wreck Below." This was not an aspersion on the lower classmen. I sing bass and that was the only solo I knew that wasn't too high for me.

While in high school, it was my privilege to spend a few days in Marble, Colorado. It was my especial privilege to visit the Yule Marble Company quarry and spend a lot of time in their huge mill.

To get to the quarry, I rode on the funicular tramway. Quarrying is different from mining, dynamite or black powder cannot be used. A channeling machine drills holes very close together in a row. Rods are inserted. These rods have long ropes attached and the men pull rhythmically on the ropes until the marble breaks off along the channeled line. Sometimes they fill the holes with water which freezes, expands and breaks the marble loose. The blocks of marble are picked up in the quarry by a huge boom and swung over to the funicular flat car to be transferred to railway flat cars where they reach the track level and delivered to the mill in the town of Marble.

In the mill were traveling cranes to handle the blocks of marble and deliver them to the saws and rubbing beds. The gang saws were used for

cutting slabs of marble for table tops etc. The steel blades are not serrated, the cutting is done by sand and water trickling over them. I counted thirty slabs in one gang saw unit. The diamond barrel saw was used for cutting marble columns. I noticed that a wooden shed was built around the diamond barrel saw even though it was inside the mill. I learned that the saw operated at high speed and the shed was built to protect people and expensive machinery in case the saw should fly apart. A sculptor was working on tomb stones carving angels, flowers, lambs etc. The final polishing was done on the rubbing beds. They were working on marble for the Lincoln Memorial while I was there. They also supplied marble for the Denver Main Post Office and the Colorado National Bank.

The Aspen Sampling Company was owned by the Smuggler Mining Company. Its chief duty was to sample the Smuggler ore before shipping to the smelters for sale. The ore comes to the Sampler in railway coal cars. It is then loaded in wheelbarrows and fed into a grizzly jaw crusher then drops onto a large steel roll crusher. It is now reduced in size so that it can be started on the sampling process. The ore is directed into the buckets of a belt conveyor and elevated to the top of the building into a hopper equipped with a splitter which revolves and directs one-sixth of the ore into another steel roll crusher then into another hopper equipped with a splitter. This process is repeated until only enough ore is left to fill a small wheelbarrow. This ore is dumped on a steel floor, mixed with a shovel and spread out into a circle, divided into quarters. One quarter is taken into the sampling room where it is ground again, dried on a steam table and pulverized to a pulp which will pass through a one-hundred mesh screen. From this pulp, three small paper mailing envelopes are filled. Two of them are

filed in the sampling office and one sent to the assay office. These samples are called controls. We also sampled ore for lessees. In that case, one of the envelopes is given to the custom assayer used by the lessee for a check on our assay. If there were no differences greater than one point in any of the elements in the analysis, we would split the difference in our settlement for the ore. If one element showed a difference of more than one point, the third envelope of pulp would be sent to an independent assayer whom we called the umpire. Settlement would be made on the basis of his analysis and the assayer farthest from the determinations had to pay the umpire assay charge.

Two weeks before graduation, I started working in the assay office of the Aspen Sampling Company. My job was bucking samples. Bucking samples refers to making little rocks out of bigger ones. Sometimes this is done by hand. Then the first process is done with a twenty-five pound muller on a steel buckboard. The pulverizing is done with a thirty pound muller to produce a pulp which will pass through a sixty mesh screen. However, we usually ground the samples using the machine in the sampling room then used our electric pulverizer in the assay office.

We did all the assaying for the Smuggler Mine's daily operation and all the assaying for the Smuggler Mill in addition to all the control work. For the mine run samples, the process just mentioned was used. For the mill run work, the samples were fine enough so we only had to run them through the pulverizer.

The assay office staff included Al Rose, chemist, who did all the laboratory work. Earl Fishel, head fire assayer and myself. In addition to bucking samples, I soon was doing much of the mine-run fire assaying.

Fire assaying is very hot work. It is done in muffles heated to straw heat which is much hotter then red heat. Huge asbestos mittens are worn. As the muffle must be filled with crucibles or scorifiers from the back to the front of the muffle, a long pair of tongs is used and must be manipulated with one hand so that you can use your left mitten to protect your mouth and lower part of your face from the heat. You can't protect your eyes because you must be able to judge the heat and watch the placing of the crucibles in the muffle. A determination on lead required only one introduction into the furnace. Silver required two and gold three plus the parting of silver and gold with nitric acid in the laboratry. All other determinations are done in the laboratory. Determinations for gold and silver are made in ounces per ton. Lead and other elements are rated in percentage. Since we used the metric system, percentage was easily determined. The assay ton is the standard for weighing pulp for assaying gold and silver. The assay ton contains the same number of milligrams as there are troy ounces in an averdupois ton. We used one-tenth of an assay ton of pulp so if we obtained a silver button weighing one milligram, we knew that the ore would run ten ounces of silver to the ton.

We had a mold and I made cupels out of pulverized bone ash. These cupels were used to separate the silver from the lead. It was interesting to me that many things used around the house are used in assaying such as flour, salt, borax, bicarbonate of soda and six penny nails.

Since I did not know that I would be working in an assay office and had always thought of a possible career in electrical engineering, I took physics instead of chemistry in high school. I soon purchased a book entitled Elementary Chemistry Self Taught. When I scraped up enough money,

I purchased a very fine manual of Fire Assaying which I also studied. Al Rose had some good books on qualitative and quantitative chemical analysis which he let me use. He also very kindly trained me in the complete procedures for laboratory analysis of Aspen ores.

Al Rose contracted typhoid fever and was desperately ill. For about a year, Earl Fishel did the laboratory work and I did all of the fire assaying during that time.

In 1916, after about five years on that job, I realized that I still held the same job I started with and with no substantial increase in salary. With mining rapidly deteriorating, I couldn't see much future for me in assaying. I tried selling books for awhile for Colliers. I just barely broke even on this job. When my brother, John, wrote me that the Durant Mine was opening and he could get me a job as timekeeper and mine blacksmith helper, I returned to Aspen and to work.

Later, I worked in the Hunter Creek Lead Mill. This wasy my last job in Aspen.

In 1914, a very special young lady came to Aspen to teach Latin and German in the high school. Her name was Lela Fritz. She was born in Clearfield, Iowa, June 28, 1891. She came to Denver and attended East High School for her junior and senior years and spent a year in post-graduate work there. In 1912, she received her AB from Denver University majoring in Latin with minors in Greek, psychology, philosophy and education. She taught Latin in Denver University Prep School while working on her masters degree which she received in 1913.

She played piano and sang alto in the Methodist choir. She and I double dated with Benjamin Eitelgeorge, the Methodist minister, and her

roommate, Miss Fickus. We took horseback trips to places of interest and we kept up with the "Perils of Pauline" in the silent movies. Lela taught in the high school in Aspen and Glenwood Springs. Before she left Aspen, we were engaged.

Early in 1917, there were rumors that the United States would soon be in the First World War.

As a very small boy, I was afflicted with a hernia and since then have always worn a truss. I consulted our family doctor and after an examination, he said I could not be accepted for Army service. This in spite of the fact that at that time I was doing the heaviest kind of manual labor with the benefit of a very satisfactory truss.

Lela and I had been engaged for over two years. We decided to get married and set the date for June 27, 1917. Lela finished teaching in Glenwood Springs the last of May. Lela's folks were living in Salt Lake City at the time. We bought a round trip ticket for her from Glenwood to Salt Lake City and back to Aspen on the Denver and Rio Grande. I bought a one thousand mile Denver and Rio Grande mileage ticket for my round trip.

Due to wonderful planning, I arrived in Salt Lake City the day before the wedding. However, a big dam gave way and washed out so much of the Denver and Rio Grande track that my train was the last one to use the route for several days.

After the ceremony and the wedding dinner, we went to the Hotel Utah.

My leave from work was very short. We were in a quandary. There was no chance of getting back to Aspen with the tickets we had. Since we would be compelled to go to Denver to get back to Aspen, we purchased Union Pacific tickets to Denver and spent part of our honeymmon there. This was

quite a financial blow for two very new newlyweds. While in Denver, we also made a down payment on an Ivers and Pond piano. We got much enjoyment out of this piano for fifty-seven years. We returned to Aspen and to a flat on Monarch Street.

In a short time, I got a call to register for the draft. The questionnaire asked for a suggested classification. I checked the item "married with wife capable of self-support." I think it was Class B-1.

In April 1918, I left my job at the Hunter Creek Mill to take charge of the mining cost accounting for the Climax Molybdenum Company in Climax, Colorado. Since this was war work, I was provided with a Legion of Merit badge. Their entire out-put went directly to the United States Government for manufacture of munitions. Since there was no place in Climax where Lela could stay, she went to live with her folks on a farm in Idaho until a three room cottage could be built in Climax.

On my trip to Climax from Aspen, I changed trains at Leadville. On this April day, the temperature at Leadville was exactly zero Fahrenheit. Climax is only twelve miles from Leadville, but the elevation is more than a thousand feet higher. For miles on this portion of the trip, I could not see over the banks of snow on either side of the coach of the Colorado and Southern Narrow Gauge train.

The mine office was right at Fremont Pass (elevation 11, 316 feet). This was a frame building that we shared with the Commissary-Post Office. The timekeeper and I slept in a room in back of the office. Breaking the ice on the wash basin was standard procedure each morning.

My instructions were to report to Jack White, manager, on my arrival in Climax. I went into the office and was told that Mr. White had to go to

Leadville on business and had suggested that I take a look around the property. This included a trip to and from the mine in an ore bucket on the aerial tramway. Art Cunningham, the timekeeper, loaned me his snowglasses. The wide expanses of very white snow were beautiful but looked very bleak as well.

My training and experience in mine cost accounting had been very limited. I learned that the man who had preceded me on the job had made such a mess of things that he didn't know what to do next and walked off the job. He had been gone two weeks when I got to Climax. The timekeeper, Art Cunningham, was about ten years my senior. I asked him some questions about the work. He said he knew absolutely nothing about it, and anyway he was so far behind with his own work that sometimes he thought he was ahead.

Walt Parsons was a young shift boss in the mill. He offered to help out. We went through the invoices. He knew what had been purchased for the mill and where it would be used. He had a pretty good idea about where most of the other supplies would be used. I surely appreciated his help in processing that mass of work that was staring me in the face when I arrived. For several weeks, most of my waking hours were spent working in the office with only time out for three meals a day, seven days of the week. Sometimes after supper, I would walk down the tracks to Buffher's Spur which was about one mile east of Climax or to Birdseye which was one mile to the west.

Eventually, I got things worked out so I didn't have to work on Sundays and had regular working hours for six days of the week. My original staff was a timekeeper and an outside timekeeper. We later added a stenographer and a warehouse man. The company employed three hundred men.

The Colorado song mentions Colorado as the state where a man can walk a mile high. In Climax, Colorado for one year, I could and did walk and run some--several hundred feet more than two miles high.

The American Metals Company was the parent corporation of Climax Molybdenum Company. In 1918, they had four billion dollars invested in mining throughout the world. A lot of "lettuce" for those days, before any devaluation of the dollar had been made. Climax Molybdenum Company is now (1979) and I presume was in 1918, the world's largest producer of molybdenum.

Molybdenum is used as an alloy to harden and toughen steel. In the mill, the ore is ground in a ball mill which resembles a large cement mixer and revolves in the same way. Hardened steel balls five or six inches in diameter are put into the mill along with the ore and water. These balls grind the ore and are used until they are reduced to the size of marbles. The concentration is done by flotation as opposed to the gravity method used for silver and lead. Special oils are used to float the molybdenum. These oils are ordered by numbers as the oil companies keep their composition secret. The assayer told me that his determination method was essentially a reversal of the molybdate method we used in Aspen for the laboratory assay for lead.

When in Climax, I learned that the Army was accepting men with hernia and operating on them. I got in touch with my draft board in Aspen and arranged for an examination. I was reclassified 1-A. Lela got a position as principal of the Ridgeway High School. I continued my work at Climax expecting a call which never came.

When the grim Spanish flu epidemic of 1918 struck in Climax, the mine and mill closed. All miners and mill hands who were able left for lower

elevations. The same day that Lela came back to Climax from Ridgeway, I came down with the flu. They took me to the bunkhouse which was used for a hospital. The next morning they moved me back home. It was lucky that I went home when I did because that night they tried out a new serum. A number of men innoculated had unfavorable reactions and died. There was only one doctor and one nurse that were able to stay in Climax for the duration of the flu epidemic. Several others came and went--some of them on the next train back to Denver. As a result the doctor and nurse were very much overworked. I presume they thought that Lela could take care of me and if she needed any help, she could get out to get it. After coming from Ridgeway to the high altitude at Climax, Lela worked for sixteen hours as a volunteer nurse. She, too, came down with the flu. We were both immobilized and in bed when the Mexican handyman knocked on the back door. We called out to him to come in, but we couldn't make him hear us, and he went away. Not long after that he came, opened the back door, and called into us that he thought we might be hungry and he was leaving a loaf of bread on the kitchen table. As sick as we were, we had to laugh because we had plenty of bread and other food in the kitchen cabinet if only we could have gotten out to it. It was about thirty-six hours before we saw anyone.

A temporary nurse brought in a crying baby thinking we could take care of it. Its father and mother had just been stricken. When she saw our condition, she said she would notify the doctor, but she would have to leave the baby there temporarily. Of course, Lela could not get out of bed, but I put on my robe and tried to quiet the baby, but I was wearing a four day growth of beard which didn't help any. When Lela tried saying something, her voice was just a croak and that didn't help either.

It wasn't long before the doctor came, made arrangements for the baby and started looking after us. I was having a chill which he treated with a small dose of whiskey.

In Leadville in 1918, pnuemonia was considered to be about one-hundred percent fatal. We were one-thousand feet higher in Climax. The doctor's diagnosis of bronchial pneumonia for Lela was a great shock to us. From then on we received especially good care. We had been getting all our meats and groceries either from Leadville or Denver. Our next door neighbor was Henry Zisch, metalurgist, his wife, and two boys. The company commissioned Mrs. Zisch to prepare meals for us and gave her keys to the boarding house storeroom and refrigerator. It was a long hard pull, but we finally recovered. When I started back to work, I weighed one hundred and thirty-seven pounds--not much meat on the hoof for a six foot and one-half inch frame.

I think that I should mention that in the summer of 1918, we had a chance for diversion. In front of the boarding house was a stretch of ground more than fifty yards long which was level. Sometimes in the evening, we would run fifty yard dashes. Mr. Dennis Haley, vice president of the company, spent quite a little time in Climax. He had a baseball, a pitchers glove and a catchers mitt. He and I used to play catch. He could deliver a very swift ball, but due to his lack of practice, his control was something to be desired. In playing catch, I stood very close to the Fremont Pass marker indicating an elevation of eleven thousand three-hundred and thirteen feet. There may have been some speculation if an extremely swift ball had been thrown out of my reach that it might have gone on down to Leadville. Frankly, I don't believe it would have traveled as far as a

bird's eye.

At the signing of the Armistice, November 11, 1918, the company lost its market for molybdenum. On March 31, 1919, the company closed down. In the middle of April, we moved to Denver. We drew out our funds in the Aspen Bank and transferred them to the Colorado National Bank in Denver thus severing a final permanent tie with the city of Aspen. Since then, we have enjoyed many, many, very pleasant and happy vacations in Aspen and spent many summer weekends there. In 1973, the Washington Park United Methodist Church in Denver decided to purchase an electronic digital computer organ. It was decided to donate the pipe organ to the Aspen Methodist Church in honor of my sister, Anna Belle Tippett. Anna Belle had played the organ for thirty-seven years. At the consecration service in Aspen in July 1973, there were twenty-five Gilberts and their in-laws in attendance. Anna Belle played the organ and part of the service including the accompaniment for my offertory solo. I considered this my most enjoyable trip to the city of Aspen.