

E. C. PEABODY
CLOVER MEADOWS RANCH
DILLON, COLORADO

KREMMLING, COLORADO

Dedication

To

Cynthia Charlotte Peabody and
Sally Ann Peabody, daughters of Elmer Clifton Peabody Jr.,
son of Elmer Clifton Peabody, your grandfather. You knew him
as "Pags" and loved him and called him by that name, "PAGS."

Your grandfather was born in Golden, Colorado. His family
moved to Como, Colorado because your great grandfather had
a brother living in Como and both men were interested in
mining, placer and hydraulic mining.

Your grandfather came to Breckenridge, Colorado, in the
year 1891, at the age of six. This would make him 14 years of
age at the beginning of the really BIG SNOW.

In the year 1952 so much was re-told and some written
about the big snow in Summit County, some of it factual, some
half-remembered facts that your Pags decided to give you
a picture of the storm, railroad, town and the people therein
as viewed through the eyes of a wide awake fourteen year
old boy.

so here it is:

The railroad, that came to Breckenridge from Denver
and then on to Leadville, Colorado, it was a part of the
Union Pacific system, later it became a part of the Burlington,
and this branch was known as the Colorado and Southern.

In 1898 this branch was declining in its activities;
freight hauling, passenger travel, was getting less and less
as the ore was getting harder and harder to find, and no new,
spectacular uses for the available minerals had been found.
At one time there was a sleeper or as it is now called a
Pullman, running daily between Denver and Leadville. There
was one train called an "accommodation freight," this freight
carried mail and passengers from Denver to Leadville, and
arrived in Breckenridge at 4 o'clock A.M.. There was mail
that arrived on the regular express each morning from Leadville
and mail from Denver each afternoon. This was plus the
mail from the accommodation freight. The railroad station
or depot was across the river and about one block south
from the house in which your daddy was born. A "Y" extended
toward Shock Hill; here the switching, changing and turning
of the railroad cars was done. This station was large enough
and nice enough for the train dispatcher and family to use
for living quarters. Ore was hauled to this station in very
heavy tired wagons, by horses that were not very large, but
they were strong and always kept nice and fat. The ore was
unloaded by the men using shovels. Nothing had been mechanized
in those years. wages were very low. there were no unions,
no strikes, no foreigners. The few foreigners Swedes, Germans,
and so on, all were taking steps toward citizenship.

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The fall of 1951, was treated to an early snow storm and then the year 1952 began with an unusually bad storm, this coming on what had had already fallen, as more than usual, has led to the comparison with the winter of '98 and 1899. Many saying it was the worst they ever saw, which might be true for them if they had not seen the 1899 one. Any thing any one would write or talk about would have to be from their personal recollections unless they kept records, or obtained records from newspapers or personal diaries. Anything I write has to be as I remember it and the things with which I came in contact.

The Snow
Blockade lasted
from February 4
to April 24.

The setting for me is Breckenridge, alone. I saw nothing further than a few miles outside the town. Quoting from the Journal of February 8, 1952, in which they print some articles from the Memory Book of Miss Lily Hilliard, the dates of the blockade were from February 4, to April 24th, 1899, that means 78 days, between the dates or 80 days if they are included. After the real storm started, the snow fell day after day, all day long and with no sunshine, 1952 is and was a hard winter but by comparison with '98 and '99 it is about 20% of that winter as pictures would prove, if one could locate them. It is a mere babe in arms by comparison.

Jess Oakley
Skied to Como

As days and days passed with no let up in the storm the townspeople began to think about how to get mail in and out, especially first class mail, since the possibility of a train coming in was so doubtful. Jess Oakley volunteered to make the trip to Como, on skis and bring back the most important letter mail. A collection was made to pay his expenses. The principal contributor was George Engle. with a few quarters from here and there, the sum total was probably about twelve dollars. At this time that seemed ample compensation for the trip and time required to make it. If you were capable, physically, to make it, you could buy three squares (meals) and a nights lodging for one dollar; and, O yes, two drinks of whiskey for twenty-five cents. I do not know how many trips Oakley made alone; one trip he was accompanied by Horace Post. Returning with about forty pounds of mail each. If any one thinks forty pounds isn't much, let them try to carry that much on skis (they were called snow shoes at that time and webbs were webbs).

During this time groceries, meats and other food supplies were being consumed and supplies dwindling. One item was Mellon's Baby Food and Horlick's malted milk. Again Oakley had to make a trip over the pass called Boreas for food for his own son, Clyde. Meat in the markets finally ran out as did butter and eggs so did the vegetables, except what the individual householder may have had on hand. There were amusing incidents, one that for me contained quite a little humor, the meat situation was getting quite acute, so when Mrs Christ Kaiser went to her barn to milk her cow one evening, she found that her cow had been butchered right there in the barn. Ed Rheobald and George Moon

Blockade
Mrs Kaiser's cow
was butchered
the Peabody cow
escaped.

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were then operating the Christ Kaiser Market. That building still stands. Mr. Kaiser was in the cattle business with Billy Sanborn at Jefferson. When the two butchers of the cow explained the matter to Mrs. Kaiser, they told her it was done in the name of necessity. She was paid for the loss of her cow. My mother had a cow also. After the Kaiser's cow sacrifice she daily expected they would demand her cow for the same reason. I believe the difficulty of getting the

Peabody cow out of the barn saved her; the fact that supplies were dribbling in might have been a factor toward saving her life. It was quite a problem to care for that cow. That was one of the small chores delegated to me. All water and feed had to be carried into the barn as it was impossible to get the cow out of the barn, as the snow was nine feet deep in the cow yard. I don't remember how many weeks she stood in the barn. By the end of March the snow storms had become intermittent and I was able to clear a space in front of the door; then I shoveled a circle trail, wide enough so the cow could follow this trail and walk around the circle and come right back to the barn. She could then at least stand outside during the warmth of the day when it did get warm. This barn was in the alley close to the Catholic Church.

The inventive minds tried to improve transportation
The problem of getting places confronted everyone; and, since "necessity is the mother of invention," some one was going to try to improve the ski's, ski's being the best and easiest way to move about. Previous to the opening of the road several parties made the the trip back and forth to Como on ski's or web's. The only person using web's that I recall, was one Felix Martin, a French Canadian. When I saw him go up Ridge street on a pair of web's, I got a thin board and fashioned some shoes. My tools were a saw and hammer, that was all I had to work with. I went out after dark to try them out so no one could see me struggling with them. I still have them and believe they could be used by putting on some foot straps. The one difficulty I found with them was the snow gathered on top of them and did not fall through, as it does with web's.

Henderson Invented a Snow Bike
where the Court House now stands, was a row of houses, that extended as far as the tree, which still stands near the corner of the Treasurer's office. George Engle owned a building at the corner of Ridge and Lincoln. This was used by a contractor named Mitchell. Since there was little carpenter work to do his men had plenty of time to work on their ideas which ran to Snow Bikes. This was what was wanted the most. The first attempt was an idea of Walter Henderson. His idea was a pair of ski's with a frame built on them with a pair of peddles, a sprocket wheel made of wood with nails driven at regular intervals with the heads sawed off. The belt was of leather about one and one half inches wide, with holes punched and spaced to engage the nails in the sprocket. The belt went back

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to a wooden shaft on which was another wooden sprocket with nails driven in for sprocket teeth that were supposed to engage the holes in this leather belt. On this shaft ~~was~~ placed four or six wooden paddles that were to push this sled as they rested on the snow, a little below the bottom of the sled runners. To steer this bike was a third and shorter shoe placed between the runners and a little ahead, this operated by a pair of handles, like bike handles. The Power? That was derived by leg power the same as a regular bike; gas and small engines were not much in use in those days fifty three years ago. The day this snow bike was taken out for its trial run was a Sunday, just after noon. It was moved out of the shop and given a start at Ridge Street on Lincoln Avenue, and was headed for Main Street; Henderson was unable to steer it in a straight line. By the time he got to main street, the power plant was exhausted.. So with the help of five or six men it was pulled back up the hill and put back in the shop for future use as kindling wood.. At the same time two other Mitchell men began building a sled, however they used the frame of an old tandem bike, mounted on runners, using the regular sprockets and chains to the rear wheel hub. On the rim of this wheel were placed triangular pieces of metal with the point outside which was supposed to dig in the snow thereby drive the sled forward. This sled looked much better than the Henderson sled, but on trial was no more of a success. Two men could not furnish enough power to drive it on a level road, and in soft snow it would not move at all. That venture ended any ideas of making skiing easier.

The demand for skis was great that year as that was the only outdoor sport to be had, as well as the only means of travel; bob sledding wasn't good as snow fell so regularly the hills could not be kept open for sliding.

The only skis any one saw those days were made locally. They were made with just a strap across the instep and a bridge or block placed under the arch of the foot. Skis were never fastened to the feet as that was considered too dangerous. One might get a leg broken on a fall, but many a ski took off alone down the hill, some times to be lost or broken.

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The best ski's were made by Eli Fletcher, the kind of wood used was native spruce or pine, ash, oak or Texas pine. Texas pine, quartered sawed were the fastest ski's made and needed no waxing, the more they were used the better and faster they became. The usual length of the ski at that time was *ten and twelve feet.*

Stop
Blackface Professor Clisbee's Dances Provided Entertainment

There being no radio, no train coming in each day with mail, no road or pass open for teams to get to the world outside, you have to try to imagine some of the things the people had to worry them. One was entertainment. What was there to do? But it has been said that Breckenridge had never had such a sociable time as that winter. Certainly never since has any time equaled that winter. As an example, four dances were held most of the time, one on Saturday afternoon, this was given by Professor Clisbee, for the juniors at the G A R Hall.

This was really a school for beginners and cost fifty cents a lesson, boys and girls paying alike, on Saturday nights one given by Professor for the general public. On the same nights a dance was held in the Old Firemen's Hall, this was given by the "Club". As I look back, these dances were perhaps more grown up and formal. Professor Clisbee scraped the fiddle, while his daughter, Edna, played the piano, for the dances at the G A R Hall. George Louage was the violinist, with Mrs. Robert Williams at the piano. She was then Mamie Hilliard, you call her Aunt Mamie, these dances, as I said, were held at the Firemen's Hall. On Wednesday night Professor Clisbee had a dancing class in the dining room of the old Occidental Hotel, where he lived. That building is gone. After a few Saturday afternoon lessons a

new par
few of us decided we were good enough for the Saturday night dances. In order to be sure we had partners or at least a partner for part of the dances Marion Fletcher and I would see that one or the other of us took Vera Stephenson to the dance. Then we paid for the lady as well as for ourselves. So we would check our finances and decide who would take her to the dance. We decided that weighty matter on Friday at school. Sometimes we had to pool our money, sometimes, borrow, but we always were sure that we had some one for some of the dances. You see we were just "punks" then and most of the older and

better dancers didn't like to dance with us.. More than once I have seen a lady wearing a red face while dancing with us, but it didn't mean a thing to me then. Of course we stepped on their feet, but I think women's feet were larger then than now or at least as I remember them, more stuck out in front and not so much up in the air in their high heeled shoes. The Wednesday dancing class given by Professor Clisbee was attended by the older ladies, who had never learned to dance and wished some instruction before attending the public dances. The Professor would round up a few of the punks (I was one) for these dances, to dance with the ladies, this was one time we did not pay, the ladies had to, I don't know if we helped teach them anything or not, but we were something to lean on while they were moving

~~Insert~~ Insert this after sentence reading "The big dances were always given on Tuesday night and dancing lasted as late as 14 a.m."

At the Clisbee dances, ladies, without an escort, wishing to dance, paid the same as a man, fifty cents. The price of admission was one dollar a couple. For ladies not caring to dance there was no charge. They could stay and decorate the wall for free. I never picked many of these "flowers", they were usually too big and heavy to keep in motion. I remember one "wrestling" match, I thought I would drop with exhaustion before the round ended. After that experience I was more careful when I picked "flowers".

EC Peabody's story

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about. When twelve o'clock came on Saturday night the music stopped and there was no more dancing. The big dances were always given on Friday night and dancing lasted as late as 4 A.M.

At the end of the dances every ^{one} went home, walked home. This is just a side light about the entertainment of the children during the blockade. Speaking of social parties, there were in school, every group age, having parties almost every night, at some house or home. The home of Eli Fletcher was one of the favorite places for the group to which I belonged; however, that was not the only place we met. Refreshments were not often served; we just had a good time, usually dancing. Not many of the class of '99 are left. Probably the "Four Hundred" or "Elite society" spent their evenings playing cards. Five hundred was the game of that time.

Naturally there was much talk and speculation as to what the railroad was doing about opening the road, and what about the wagon road; people gathered in groups to discuss the situation. I attended every meeting held any where that pertained to anything concerning the town or railroad. I was every where. One of the first parties to make the trip by ski's was Eli and Will Fletcher. It might have been Paul Burdette, instead of Will. They fashioned a sled from ski shoes with a tongue and rope for pulling. They brought back some pork and beef. On the way down from Boreas the sled became unmanageable and tipped over. I don't think they ever tried a second trip. After the road was opened to Como, George Moon and another man went to the Park, probably to Sanborn and Kaiser place near Jefferson. They went on horses expecting to drive some beef cattle to Breckenridge to butcher. On the day of their expected arrival, I went about a mile beyond Rocky Point Lake to see if they were coming, so I could report to Ed. Theobald, another butcher, but they didn't arrive in ^{they stayed} Breckenridge until the following day. Probably held at the Kaiser barns and corrals and slaughtered there as it would have been next to impossible to have brought them in on the hoof.

Another party that went out was the "Finding" party; there were several in that party who went out to Denver. I don't recall if both the Finding girls, Agnes (now Mrs. Miner) and her sister, Tonnie, have seen pictures of this party taken at Boreas. I have no book of memories or clippings, to turn to in this narrative, just the things and incidents that came into the line of my vision and a fifteen year old boy isn't supposed to see and remember much. I bet though there are some who wish they couldn't remember as much as they do. At one time or at about the lowest ebb of the food situation, Bob Foote, (no one ever called him Robert) owner of the Denver Hotel, came to my mother who owned the Colorado Hotel, and asked her for some butter; he was completely out of butter, and his daughter, Ella, wouldn't eat without butter. My mother told him he could have butter for Ella but none for his boarders. I take it from that the supplies were not so very low for my mother. Ella Foote, mother of Robert Theobald, the senator. A grand character, Bob Foote, many a prospector was grubstaked for months at a time by him and many a man lived on Bob when he knew he would never get a cent for

Insert
para graph
on meat page

The Hardy
made trips
to Outside
for Food
Supplies

new
par

to the regular slaughter house.

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for boarding. In the span of one man's life you do not meet many grand men like Bob Foote.

Things finally reached the stage where something had to be done as food for the stock as well as the food for the human population was getting near zero. On a Sunday afternoon a mass meeting was called and it was decided the time had come when the wagon road over Boreas to Como must be opened. On Monday morning about seven o'clock the Fire Bell was tapped. More than a hundred men, with several teams of horses gathered at the Firemen's Hall. The men began the opening of the road to Como. All the teams and men returned to Breckenridge the first night. They made Como the second or third day. Teams going to Como one day and returning the following day the road was kept open. Finally it was built up to the height of the surrounding snow; thereafter there was no trouble to keep the road open. Meats, groceries and animal food began to flow in to Breckenridge, three days a week, not in such quantities as to fill the empty store shelves but the crisis was over and the necessities were available as well as some of the luxuries. After the opening of the road a short time contract was given to one Shaw to bring in mail by team and sled. I saw the first sled load of mail and other supplies to arrive at the postoffice. My great interest was to see if Shaw brought in any bananas. "Yes, I have no bananas". Later Carl Ecklund and I bought part of the first stock of bananas that came in and forth proceeded to eat a dozen each; we had heard that no one could eat a dozen; we could have eaten more but wanted our supplies to last last two or three days.. I remember Shaw very well but do not remember his partner. I knew where they started their "Steam Laundry", on Washington Avenue; it was short-lived. I don't know the condition of the road between Dillon and Breckenridge but it probably had to be broken open after the Boreas pass road was opened. More than once I have heard it said the first load of supplies that came in to Dillon by sled that winter, was a load of barrel whiskey. Their thirst must have been greater than their hunger.

So far as I know, but one life was lost on Boreas Pass by those skiing to Como, Loren Waldo, others elsewhere, but have no place in this story. Loren Waldo worked as a clerk in John Hartman's grocery store. He, with several others, left Breckenridge for Como, together. On reaching Boreas Waldo decided not to continue with the other members of the party but to go on by himself. He did this against the advice of the agent. He never reached Como. So goes the story that was told at the time. The family of Waldo offered a reward of two hundred dollars to any person or persons finding the body. There was little chance of finding him during the winter, since the snow and wind had erased all marks of his travel and covered him with snow. Joe Marz, Sam Wells, Jess Oakley and I spent a day searching, after the snow had partly melted. This was probably at the end of May or early June. How many others had been searching I do not know. The body was not found until a week or two after our search. It was found by a Louis Craig. Waldo probably became ex-

Mass Meeting
Decided to
Open Road
Over Boreas

Waldo was last seen about 5:30 P.M.
February 1899 by the agent at Como
Whiskey
First Supply
To Reach
Dillon

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hausted. Realizing he could go no further he had apparently tried to write a letter or note, as a pencil and note book were at his side.

*School
Set Out To
See First
Train Into
Town*

The above are the highlights of the wagon road opening, as I said before the speculation was long and some of it vociferous as to what the railroad was doing. I don't know much about what went on until the time arrived that the rotary had passed Rocky Point and reached Illinois Gulch. Many of the townspeople and school children went up to meet and see it. The snow at that time and place was deeper than the height of the rotary. When the rotary reached the point of Nigger Hill above the Ball Park, one engine became useless. Just what was broken I do not know. The only ^{way} repair was to disconnect and remove the connecting rod. I watched the engineer do that work. It was on a Sunday morning. That Sunday afternoon a mass meeting was held at which time the a spokesman for the railroad asked for assistance from the citizens. Some heated arguments resulted. Many were against giving the railroad any assistance. Some were for helping and getting the road opened into town. Finally the Superintendent or whatever he was for the railroad asked all those in favor of helping the road to line up one side of the hall. After they did this he said he would give each one two dollars a day to help. It didn't take long for the ranks to swell. I attended that meeting but my parents would not let me stay out of school that Monday to earn that two dollars; several of the boys did. The shovelers did not shovel the full width of the track, they cleared one rail which relieved the rotary, as only one cylinder was working as I previously stated. One connecting rod was removed. About three o'clock that Monday afternoon the whistles of the locomotives began blowing as they entered town. Stewart dismissed school. It was like an ant hill disturbed, two hundred school children and most of the citizens going to the depot to see the first train to arrive after the blockade. The Blockade was ended, but there still remained feet and feet of snow on the hillsides. Only that deep, narrow cut the rotary had made which could again become filled with snow, if snow should fall, and the wind blow. From the records it did again, causing a delay in the train service. The rotary proceeded to Dillon on one cylinder. After repairs arrived from the shops at Como, the repairing was done at Dillon or perhaps Dickey, before starting to Frisco, up the Ten Mile Canyon and then on to Leadville through Kukomo.

*Strp
Breckenridge
Had 900
people*

Time passed. So did the school term end and the out of doors called to the dancing youths of the blockade, through the love of a swimming pool and fishing stream.

O magic town of Breckenridge. One of the best and cleanest mining towns that ever existed, until prohibition came to change it. The population of Breckenridge at that time was about nine hundred. On Saturday when the men from the hills came in it might make a thousand, at least that was claimed for it. There were two meat markets, six grocery stores, three dry goods stores, one or two bakeries, two barber shops, five saloons, several hotels, two livery stables, two hardware stores and other business establishments.

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Let me give you a little sketch of the social-public activities. One has to remember, there was little money paid in to the little towns isolated, as Breckenridge was, *the old* water system, lights consumed all the money collected for maintenance. So anything carried on in the town was done by donations. The largest donors were always the saloon keepers, all a fine class of men. Dancing was the most popular form of entertainment. Any person appearing at one of those dances under the influence of liquor was escorted from the hall, and told not to come back. There was always a floor committee to take ^{CARE} of such matters, and two would usually take an arm of the frolicsome guest and go toward the door, usually laughing, so far as most of the persons present, ^{NEW} the men were just going to the smoking room for a friendly smoke. There were none more insistent on keeping the dances free from drinking than the saloon men themselves. With Theodore Knorr, Ed Weaver, Arlington Fincher, Bob Williams, Charlie Warz and some others on the floor committee, escorting a man to the door as an undesirable, and told him to leave, they left and didn't come back, nor did they threaten what they would do later. Those boys were organized, and like the fellow who was asked to disturb the hornets nest he said, "No, they are organized".

*Town Marshal
Screened
Masked Dances
at Ball*

The big dance of the season was the masquerade given by the Red Mens Lodge. To make sure that no undesirables got in under mask, then later boast that they crashed the dance, every one, ladies and men were required to step in a booth and unmask before the town marshal, as he knew all the undesirables. Strangers were not required to give their names or furnish a character reference as all local questionables were known. This dance was usually given on the last Friday in March each year.

The society dance of the year was given by the Odd Fellows around the end of April. There at that dance the ladies were always given a bouquet of cut flowers, at the door. The lodge members all wore some of the lodge regalia for the Grand March.

The ladies and men also, were beautifully dressed, the men in tuxedos, Prince Alberts, sack coats, seldom a cut-a-way, or claw hammer, vests were always worn, often a white one. Every man owned a black suit for evening wear. It was a necessity, no man would think of appearing at a dance or party, dressed otherwise. Yes, even in Breckenridge, those were the days of beautifully dressed men and women.

*Fuel
was no
Problem*

I want to say something about the fuel, why nothing so far as I have read has ever been said about shortages. There wasn't any shortage that really amounted to much. There was very little coal burned in Breckenridge at that time and what was used was generally put in the house bins early in the fall. Wood was the principle fuel and furnished quite a number of persons employment. Cutting and others hauling the poles and logs to town.

Some cut

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In town there were three or four small mills cutting it into various stove lengths. Many a Saturday I would help T.B. Thompson deliver wood around town. His sled box would hold one-half cord of wood. I would get five cents a load for helping load and then unload each load. Some days we could deliver as many as ten loads if we worked until it became dark, which was around five o'clock. I had then, for my work, earned fifty cents, enough to go to the Saturday night dance.

Town Had Electricity Only at Night
Breckenridge had no day service of electricity. There was a small light plant at the west end of Lincoln Avenue, The Breckenridge Light Plant, not owned by the town but privately owned. This plant had two D.C. generators driven by one small steam engine. During the day the plant remained idle; when it got dark enough that lamps were to be lit, they would start up the and run through the night or to such a time that it was not needed. This plant used wood for fuel almost exclusively, cut in cord or four foot ~~foot~~ lengths. T.B. Thompson had several men and teams hauling wood from the woods daily. He paid his men every night, he furnished board to his men; and at the supper table he placed one dollar and fifty cents at each man's plate. What would our boys think of working for a dollar and fifty cents now? The men had to supply their own lodging.

No Phones in Town
Day time electric service was not furnished until about 1902 when the Gold Pan Mining Company competed with the Huntington Plant and forced them out of business.

→ There was no telephone service in Breckenridge at that time; it did not come into Breckenridge until two or three years later. However I believe the Western Union lines remained in service through the winter. The rate was twenty five cents for the first ten words to Denver and corresponding distances, but who had twenty-five cents?

The Mountain Pride Mine on Baldy was about the only mine to run through the winter that employed any force of men at all. The Mountain Pride and wood chopping and hauling were about the only sources of revenue that winter.

This my story of the winter of 1898 and 99, has not been written for publication, but for the members of my family who will hear of that winter as long as remain who passed through it. Any one of a dozen persons who passed through it could write, perhaps, a more interesting story because their experiences and memory of it, makes it live again in their minds. My one regret, a boy's regret, is that I was not allowed to ski to Como, I was a better skier than some of the men who made the trip.

addendum.

You remember, girls, one day last summer, it was August twenty-third, 1953 to be exact, Hazel and Marion Fletcher, from Twenty-Nine Pines, California, and Elsie and Charley Bradley from Breckenridge, stopped at the ranch. A short time after they left, Vera Stephenson Pike, who was visiting in Breckenridge, stopped in also. Naturally, we read this story about the Big Snow, as both Vera and Marion were among the principals of that winter's happenings with me. In an earlier part of my narrative I said Paul Burdette might have accompanied Eli Fletcher on his trip over Boreas. It was Will Fletcher, who shared that hardship with Eli Fletcher. Marion recalled other interesting events of that winter. One that might have been a real tragedy, was when Eli Fletcher went out to the Rice Ranch, to butcher a beef for one of the markets in Breckenridge. He was butchering and dressing the animal out, located close to the barn wall. He heard the snow letting go of the barn roof, and almost instantly it had covered Eli and the animal completely. Fortunately, B.F. Rice, or Ben Rice as he was called, happened to be passing right then and saw the accident. He began digging Mr. Fletcher out of the snow, if he had not gotten to work at once, in all probability Mr. Fletcher would have smothered to death.

Carl A. Kaiser remembers George Moon buying cattle from Kaiser and Sanborn, who had a ranch over near Jefferson. Mr. Moon drove the stock over Boreas and they were corralled at the Kaiser barn and held there, to be butchered for the use of the people in the community, while waiting for the railroad to bring in meat.

→ I scarcely remember a time when there was not an boy extra boy or girl living with the Kaiser's going to school. Some one for whom school would have been out of the question unless some one bothered and took them in, which the Kaiser's did. Fine citizens, the Kaisers. There were no buses or conveyances to carry children to and from school. One such boy was Albert Westblade. I remember him well, as he was in my class at school. He was the boy at Kaisers that winter, and he was the chap, who went to the barn to milk Mrs. Kaiser's cow and found her butchered. When Mrs. Kaiser went to the barn to investigate, there, sure enough, hung her cow dressed and ready for the market.

The Kaisers
Sent many
a child to
School

In the "Blockade Edition" of the "Como Record" published at Como, Colorado, and copy of which is on file in the State Museum in Denver, dated March 2, 1899, there is an item referring to Loren Waldo. Waldo perished in the storm while attempting to snowshoe over the Pass from Breckenridge. The article further states that "Loren Waldo was last seen alive by the station agent at Boreas about 5 P.M. February 11, 1899."

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Many an interesting story could be told by a number of other people who lived through the isolation of the winter of 1898 and 1899, if they would just bother to give the story as they lived it.

When you are on your way back to Denver, spinning along, try to think how all the country out from Dillon east to the Rice Ranch and beyond to the Keystone turn-off, looked just a narrow trail, winding along, a trail that sleds and horses had made, in a sea of snow. Not a bush, not a tree, nor a willow, nor a rock. There wasn't a car visible on the railroad, the rails were so well hidden no would suspect that ~~that~~ trains should go back and forth between Dillon and Keystone. The tracks followed most of the way on the north side of the Snake River.

The same kind of a picture, you could see in the Goose Pasture, south of Breckenridge on the road to Alma and Fairplay. Not a willow was in sight, not a thing to mar the beauty of that snow meadow. That was the way it looked until late in April. Carl Ecklund and I got up before daylight and took our guns, and went up there hoping that perhaps we might find a beaver dam open and could get a duck. Or maybe find a rabbit. The snow was so well crusted we could walk any where without braking through. By ten o'clock hunting would be over because then the snow would be so soft and webs and skis would have to be used.

The End

E. C. Peabody

*It was a
beautiful snow
meadow, not
a bush or
rock to mar
the sea of
snow.*