SO I TOOK AN APPLE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

EDWIN ARNOLD BEMIS

WRITTEN IN 1956
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Written in 1956
in
Littleton, Colorado
With love to my children
and my children's children
Edwin Arnold Bernice
PREFACE

It has always been my feeling that an autobiography was nothing more than a visible expression of an extreme case of egotism. I have always thought that if an individual had accomplished enough during his life that was worth anything at all to posterity, his deeds alone would convey the story. The time we spend here on earth is such an infinitesimal one that it has seemed to me that whatever we do is of little relative importance. Yet surely we are here on earth for a reason which we shall never know, and we are born with the urge to strive toward some unknown goal. And since one's life is but a part of the sum total of having striven throughout the years, it possibly could be put together as a story for the few who will be interested in it.

I have always been proud of my family and somehow I have wanted them to be proud of me, so possibly that is the motive back of this effort, to try to leave for my children and my children's children a little idea of the many facets of my life and how I wove them together. Just what I accomplished will have to be evaluated in the years to come.

At any rate, I shall attempt to piece together the experiences I have had, the great opportunities which have come to me, and what I have tried to do with them. Good fortune seemed to have followed me throughout all the years. I hope the story will be readable. In any event, I shall have laid down the facts to the best of my knowledge.

- Elwin Arnold Bosin
The coat of arms of the Bemis family, as handed down through the Watson family. The name "Watson" appears in the original text reproduced here.

Julia Watson was my paternal grandmother. Records show that Edmund Burke, the famous English poet, was the private secretary to the Duke of Rockingham.
CHAPTER I

When I first started to make notes to write this autobiography, I headed it "Accidentally Yours". I did not retain that title, and why I thought that would be a good one I do not know, except that I have always wondered how it happened that I am I. I might just as well have been you or anyone of the other millions on earth, but the fact is that I am I. I was born and I am glad of it, regardless of the fact that I became me in the process.

To go any further at this point would be to get ahead of the story. I believe first I should give some brief facts about the background of my family.

My father was Fred Arnold Demis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Amasa Demis of Spencer, Massachusetts. My father's mother was a Watson and a direct descendant of the Duke of Rockingham of England. The complete story of this family tree is to be found in the Watson History and Genealogy, published in 1894, and a plate in color of the Watson coat of arms is in the front of the book. The first of the Watsons came to America in 1718, although the Demis family arrived in America in 1640.

My mother was a Granger, also from an illustrious lineage, and in the genealogy of the Granger family appears the Granger crest. The first Granger to come to America arrived in 1635. I have never known a great deal about my mother's family because her mother died when mother was a small child. Her father later remarried, but my mother was taken by Luther Hill of Spencer, Massachusetts to live. She knew little of her own family.
My mother's name was Elizabeth Josephine Granger. She was carried in 1870 to a man by the name of Sodwich. We have no knowledge about him or her short married life. All we know is that Mr. Sodwich died in the first year or two after they were married. A son was born to them but this son died in infancy. It was during the first year or so of life together that they came to Littleton. So far as I know, both Mr. Sodwich and his son died here. Mother then returned to her home in Massachusetts.

Five years later on May 1, 1885, my father and mother were married in Massachusetts. My mother was born in Farnese, Mass., on March 3, 1858, and my father in Spencer, Mass., on May 10, 1852.

A few months after their marriage, in October of 1885, to be specific, my father and mother moved to Littleton to live. The principal reason for this move was that mother had a relative here and also her foster father, Luther Hill, had interests here and in Denver. Also, since mother had been here before and having fallen in love with the country, she prevailed upon dad to come west and establish himself here in Littleton in the dairy business.

Dad was one of a family of eleven children and was born and reared on a farm, so knew little else than small scale farming and big scale dairying. It was quite natural that he should want to engage in that business here in Littleton, especially since there seemed to be such a great future in it in this particular spot.

In 1884 dad returned to Massachusetts and shipped a carload of milking Jerseys to Littleton, the first such shipment that ever came to Colorado. Neither he nor my mother during their lives
ever returned to Massachusetts for a visit.

In later years, I tried to get them to go back home for a visit, but they always said they did not want to. They wanted to remember it as they knew it as young people, because they were sure it would be different and many of their friends and acquaintances were gone.

On March 4, 1884 my only brother was born. He was their first child. He passed away in Los Angeles on his birthday, March 4, 1947.

The next incident in the story of my parents was my birth on July 27, 1887 and at that point is where the main part of this autobiography begins.
A picture taken of my brother Luther and me about 1890. Luther is on the right.
CHAPTER II

My eyes opened at 330 West Main Street, Littleton, in a home which stood on the location now occupied by the Valley Food Company. There is little I can tell you about the first part of my life there, but I can be pretty sure that I gave them plenty of trouble and made it known on so many occasions that I was there that probably my mother wondered on numerous occasions why they ever asked me into their home.

My only sister, Ella, was born in this same home on June 1, 1889. Of course, I remember nothing about this.

It is not my intention to go into the history of Littleton in this autobiography, but I might say here that when I was born Littleton was still a very small town, although the founder, Richard S. Little, had arrived here first in 1869, but we were ten miles from Denver and people who had city connections in those days just did not drive ten miles to go to work every day either by horse and buggy or by train. The growth of the town in those early years was very slow but gradual, which accounts for the fact that when my father built his own home east of the railroad and south of Littleton Boulevard in 1890, that this was the first house to be built on the hill. This home, the only home I knew until I went into the world on my own, is now owned and occupied by the Rural Electrification Administration. The place contained seven acres.

Dad continued in the stock business most of his life and this meant, of course, that there were a lot of barns and buildings on the place to house the horses, cattle and chickens, because it must be remembered that dad was in the dairy business and he con-
continued that occupation for a great many years, later gradually going into the livestock brokerage business.

Even to this day I have faint recollections, as everyone does, of the things which they think they can remember in their very early years of childhood. It isn't that I have any unusual memory but I am sure that I can remember being wheeled up the hill on what is now Littleton Boulevard. Where we were going or how old I was is of little consequence. To me, it seems to be the one thing I can remember as being the earliest recollection of my childhood. There are little snidlinggs of baby incidents which I can remember from there on, but none of which seem to go together to make any story worth mentioning. There is little doubt that I needed a lot of attention during that period and I am sure I got it, and it probably did not always make me too happy.

From here on, I think I probably can relate incidents of childhood which at least will help round out the beginning of this story.

I recall one time going with dad to a ranch which was located at a spot now described as being north of Bellevue Avenue and east of Franklin Street. It was known as the Van Horn Ranch, at that time owned and operated by my mother's foster father, Luther Hill of Massachusetts. My father was employed out there and some of the work in addition to the farming activities was that of washing gold out of Little Dry Creek. He took me with him on one occasion and I can, to this day, see the room in the house to which I was taken. I was too small to remember how long I was there, but I presume I stayed in the room while dad took care of
some of his outside activities, but I do remember that there was a very kind and sympathetic olderly woman in the room who I presume was the wife of the ranch caretaker. After a while, dad came back and while he was in the room I remember very distinctly that this old lady, in order to make me feel welcome and to be as hospitable as she could, picked up a dish of fruit which was sitting on the table. The dish was filled with apples and oranges. She held the dish out toward me and asked me to help myself. Since coming to Littleton, my parents were not well-to-do, but on rare occasions they must have given me an orange because I seemed to know what it was. I knew that apples were, too, because I am sure that was a more common fruit around our house whenever we were able to have fruit. There wasn't the slightest bit of doubt in my mind what I wanted from that dish. The orange was something which came from a world different from that of an apple, it seemed to me. Apples were ordinary and I had probably had apples longer than I could remember, but when I reached out to help myself I took an apple.

I have felt all of my life that this particular incident had its bearing on almost everything I have ever done. I won't say that I have not been selfish on many occasions, but in most of my work through life I never could seem to enjoy picking off the top or the best of anything in any situation. I always seem to want to stay underneath some way and possibly push someone else up to "pick the orange". This characteristic will probably show up in a number of places throughout this autobiography, but I have never forgotten that incident and the effect it may have had on my life. Of course, I was not conscious that it did so at that time.
Travel to and from Denver was made, as I mentioned before, by two methods. Dad told me many times about when he would drive to Denver and back when they wanted to do some shopping. On other occasions, they would use the railroad, since the Denver and Rio Grande came through Littleton.

I can remember going to Denver with my mother and seeing the cable cars operate on the streets. In those days, the shopping was done mainly on Larimer and Lawrence Streets, but on occasions there were very fine musical programs in the theaters. Both mother and dad liked music, dad having learned a little on the violin and mother on the piano and guitar. Mother particularly wanted to get in to these musicals and occasionally she would take me with her. I can remember none of the times when we went to these affairs, but she used to remark that I seemed to be so intensely interested in it and enjoyed it so much that she felt the time would come when she would try to give me some musical education. This I will tell you about later.

The fact that I went to Denver on the train seemed to have developed in me a great love for the railroad and for railroad engines. One one occasion I apparently decided to become a railroader for sure. I do not remember the incident myself and I do not know how old I was, but as my parents related it to me, it seemed that one day I became missing. My parents hunted everywhere for me. They scoured the hillside for an hour or more. Dad went down town and looked up and down the main street and into all the alleys and byways, but still they could not seem to locate me. Just about the time they were ready to give the alarm here
in Littleton to organize a posse to drag City Ditch for my body, I walked out of the D. & R. G. depot and went on up the hill home. When I got to the house, my mother grabbed me in her arms and of course made over me a lot, to my utter bewilderment. I could not figure out what was the matter and she did not attempt to tell me, apparently, at that time. I had been down to visit Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, who were the station agents, but it had never occurred to my parents to even go near the depot to see if I had been around there. I still love a steam engine and you will see where this had applications in later years.

Like every boy, I had my dog and I couldn't live without a dog, apparently. Our first one was a little fox terrier which I can barely remember. The only amusing incident which my parents related to me in later years was that one day dad, mother and I were standing near the dog and dad said, "I guess we had better cut off Trixie's tail, so he will be properly trimmed." I looked up and said, "No. How will Trixie ever know when he is glad to see me if you cut off his tail?" Whatever happened to Trixie I do not know but very soon after that we got another dog which was named Don.

Don was a cross between a Shpherd and St. Bernard, fairly good-sized and a very gentle dog. He seldom ever strayed off the place and he was my companion most of the time. One of the stunts that he and I often used to play was when we would be down at the barns which were located 300 or 400 feet south of the house. I would grab the hair on his rump and say, "I'll beat you to the house, Don." That was the signal for him to tear out for the
My dog, Ben, and me, taken about 1896 or 1897.
house as fast as he could go, with me hanging onto his hair and with my feet flying into the air in the back, coming down just barely in time to keep me from falling headlong on my face. He seemed to enjoy that as much as I did.

I can remember my tension when my father and brother and I got up out of bed during the night and with Ben went across the road where the court house now stands and on up the hill chasing the coyotes from the place. Ben would take out after them and although he did not go too far, we could hear him barking and yipping at them in the distance. The coyotes would come around the house and howl until we could not sleep and of course dad did not want to get up some morning and find all the chickens eaten up in the chicken house.

My folks told me, and I can remember occasions myself, when we were near the city ditch which crossed our place below the barns, that Ben almost always would be seen standing between us children and the ditch, keeping us away from any possibility of falling in.

Ben had a tragic death. We had an old blacksmith who lived on Santa Fe Avenue, now Bomis Avenue, across from our place. This old man was a little wiry, white-haired man with a mustache and whiskers, who on one hand could be so cruel and on the other so considerate of us children. This old man poisoned Ben.

His blacksmith shop stood just off of Littleton Boulevard on what is now South Lincoln Street. Time and time again have we gone to his shop and asked him to make us a hoop. He would pull out a long piece of steel about 3/8" in diameter, bend it around in a circle and put the two ends in his forge. I can see
him now standing there poking the hot embers over the hoop ends and at the same time constantly working a wooden lever by hand which was attached to the bellows which fanned the embers and kept them at such a white heat. On other occasions he would make us little hammers.

This old blacksmith confessed to my father that he poisoned the dog, but dad did not tell me until a great many years afterwards.

My recollections of Bon's last day was when he jumped up on no near the house and he seemed sick or distressed and frothing at the mouth. I didn't realize what the situation was, but dad did. At least, he was fearful that Bon might have hydrophobia. Fearing for the safety of all of us, dad that evening locked Bon in a horse stall. During the night he chewed through a 3/4" board partition, got out and ran away somewhere. I never knew where he went, but dad in later years told me that he knew where Bon died, but knowing my love for the dog he never told me. By grief over the loss of that dog never left me for a day and even up to now.

Since then I have had several dogs, some of them good and some not so good, but I soon to have the same love for most of them that I had for Bon. It left a life-long impression on me.

Dad took in a partner in the stock business for a while. He was an Englishman by the name of Fred Barnett. He, being unmarried and with no place to live, moved into our small house with us. My brother and I slept together on one bed, and Mr. Barnett moved in with us. The three of us slept together for quite some time. It did not matter much, I guess, because I
couldn't have been over four or five years old, but three in a
bed does not sound very good now. The only thing I can remember
about it was one Christmas morning when I woke up pretty early
and apparently had a pretty definite idea about what Christmas
was and about Santa Claus. I woke up Mr. Barnett and told him
that I heard Santa Claus' sleigh just go off the roof. What
Mr. Barnett said to me I do not remember, except that he sort of
passed off the idea and assured me that Santa Claus' sleigh
could not get up on top of our roof. In later years I had a
rather unfortunate business tieup with Mr. Barnett, which I shall
relate later.

The first time my mother entrusted me with a business tran-
saction was when I was about five years old, probably a little
less than that. She gave me two cents and asked me to go down
town and buy her a cake of yeast. I swelled with pride but was
a little apprehensive about my doing the job as I walked down
across the railroad. I went to Hibbard's, which was located at
what is now 101 West Main Street, at the corner of Prince and
Main. Evidently I had been there before with my mother because
I knew exactly where to go and how to make my purchase. That
was my first entry into business life.

Along about this time dad employed a Chinaman by the name
of Jim Koy to help with the stock and mainly to take care of the
garden land below the ditch south of the barns. Jim was a
wonderfully fine old Chinaman and dad built a little cabin for
him to live in down by the barns. I loved old Jim Koy and I used
to go down into his cabin and visit with him on numerous occasions. I think probably Jim liked me too, because there were occasions when I was there at Jim's real time. Jim lived mainly on rice and he would do all of his own cooking. When I was there at meal time he would put some rice in a bowl and give me a spoon and some cream, but Jim ate with chop sticks. We two sat there and visited. I wish now I could remember what he used to talk about, but I haven't the vaguest idea. I have a feeling, tho', that he told me about his China and some of his people.

Dad hired a man by the name of Stradley to paint Jim's cabin and of course I had to see that operation. But seeing wasn't enough. I had to paint, so Mr. Stradley gave me a brush and the job of painting I did certainly didn't help the cabin any, but I was well-painted myself.

Getting back again to the railroad and the steam engines, it was always one of the pleasures of us kids to run down across the alfalfa patch west of the house to the bank of the city ditch near the railroad and wave at the engineers on the trains. One train especially we always tried to watch, and that was a big two-wheel drive engine called "Nelly Blya". Of course, there were a lot of other trains that we ran down to see, but it always seemed there were some very special ones. Another engine that we tried never to miss was little #24. In those days on the D. & R. G., there were three rails, one accommodating the broad gauge and the third rail for the narrow gauge. The first few years of operation of the railroad was by narrow gauge throughout the entire system, but when they converted to broad gauge they still had use for the
narrow gauge, hence the third rail. The main job of Little #24 was to run to Castle Rock and to haul trainloads of building stone from the quarries into Denver. This stone, of very fine building quality, was used in several buildings in Littleton and a number of them in Denver. The Littleton D. & R. G. depot was built of this stone, the residence of the Richard S. Littles, founder of Littleton, was also built of stone hauled down by #24. There were other houses here, too, which were constructed of this material.

I can remember very plainly one of the times when we ran down to see trains go through, when a special short train was loaded with Denver fire engines. In later years, I learned that these were heading south on an emergency run to Colorado Springs on October 1, 1893 when the Antlers Hotel and many other business buildings burned.
CHAPTER III

I can remember well the eagerness with which I looked forward to my new life in September, 1893, when my brother Luther took me by the hand and off I went to school for the first time. We did not have kindergarten in those days and one had to be six years old to start. Since I qualified, I was led into the old one-room brick building which then adjoined the two-story school structure on the east of the newer building located at Church Street and Rapp Avenue on the site of the present West School.

The room was a large one because this part of the building was the original one-room school house built there in 1873. The two-story structure adjoining on the west was built in 1893. Both of these buildings have since been torn down. In those days we first went into what was called a primary grade, then advanced to first grade. My teacher was Miss Zwiefel. She was a very lovely person and a good teacher, but the thing that I remember most was that she had a large birth mark on the side of her face, but she was very kind and I loved school.

There is not too much that I remember concerning my school career during those early years. What I do recall were very unimportant things which occurred and not worth recording here. Somehow, I got through each grade on time, either through the help of my brother, my parents, or the sympathy of the teacher, because I certainly had no over-abundance of gray matter which would make me the least bit outstanding anywhere along the line.

I shall not attempt to go into an explanation of my relationships with the different boys and girls because it was just what
a child would normally encounter, but I do want to mention two
boys in particular, Roy and Verne Langdon, who became life-long
chums.

Roy and Verne were in school with me until 1899 when they
moved to Chicago upon the death of their father and mother, which
occurred the same year. They lived neighbor to us on the hill,
and the friendship we developed during those early years has en-
dured. Roy passed away about ten years ago. Verne is owner of
a string of theaters in Chicago and suburban towns and is involved
in other business enterprises. He still is one of my closest
friends at the time of this writing and comes to Colorado practically
every year for a month's visit.

During those childhood days, since Roy and Verne were just
across the street, we played together during out of school time
and summer vacations. One of our most enjoyable projects was
to have a magic lantern show. Each of us had some little toy
magic lanterns and we looked at the same few slides thousands of
times, but we were still having a magic lantern show. Most always
we would have the show at their house, and their grandparents
would serve us something to eat, always the same, and which I
shall never forget. It was dried herring and crackers.

Then there were times during the summer when we would take
long excursions, at least we thought they were long excursions,
and we enjoyed them just as much as if we had gone to some other
part of the country. Our mothers would put up a lunch for us and
we would go away down to the old mill by the river. There we
would sit and eat our lunch, dreaming of the big men we wanted
to be some day, and talk about everything from school to fishes.
I always had the same lunch. My mother would spread butter on
slices of bread and sprinkle it with sugar. I don’t know that I
particularly liked that sandwich combination, but I did not say
anything to mother because I found out that Roy and Verno liked
them. So when we started to eat our lunch, we always traded
sandwiches. What I got, I can’t remember, but apparently I
liked it because that was the routine we went through every time.

It wasn’t always congenial with Roy and Verno. On one or
two occasions I got to bullying Verno for no reason that I can
remember and I usually slapped his face. In return, in one instance,
Verno threw a rock at me at short range, hitting me on the chin.
It opened a cut which bled terrifically and I ran home holding
my chin and with blood running down to my elbow. My mother
thought I was half-killed. But when she washed it up the whole
thing amounted to a cut about \( \frac{1}{2} \)" long. It must have just hit a
vein but it certainly presented a gruesome sight by the time I
got home. In a half hour, Verno and I were playing together again
and all was serene. Since that time, he and I have laughed many
times about my slapping his face because before many years, he
became a man of over six feet in height and weighing more than
200 pounds. Every so often he dares me to slap his face again.

I think right here I should give a little description of our
home place, because of the fact that it has now been so completely
changed. Dad built the house about 200 feet south of Broadway
and 150 feet west of what is now Dennis Avenue. All of the area
to the east and north was an orchard. Especially in the spring it was a beautiful sight when all these trees were in bloom. There were apples of different varieties, cherries and pears and in between some of the rows were gooseberries. To the east and a little south of the house on Bomis Avenue was a small lake filled from the well back of the house, which at that time had a big flow. I might say, too, that what is now Bomis Avenue, was formerly called Santa Fe Avenue and dad gave half of the right of way off of the east side of the place for the street.

To the west and northwest, dad had planted alfalfa because he needed it for the dairy cows. To the south were the barns above the city ditch. He had a big cow barn, a lot of horse stalls, and many corrals. These extended from Bomis Avenue west clear through to the Santa Fe right-of-way. Below the ditch south of the barns and down in the bottom land were gardens and cow pasture. This land extended to the city ditch on the other side of the draw. The city ditch bounded our place on the south and then curved back and cut through it again just below the barns.

I have mentioned the change in the name of Santa Fe Avenue to Bomis Avenue. I think here I should tell about that change. It was one of the nicest things which ever happened to me and to my family. The change took place on December 3, 1951, three years after dad’s death. I was in California at the time and knew nothing about it. The proposal to make the change was made by the then mayor of Littleton, George Malcolm, who decided that there was too much confusion between Santa Fe Avenue and Santa Fe Drive, both in Littleton. He thought it would be nice to honor dad for many years of service to Littleton and he made the suggestion
at a council meeting. It was immediately adopted and the name was changed. The fortunate thing about it is that many years before, I had bought our own home on that same street. It is very comforting and I am proud to say that I live at 290 Benis Avenue.

Dad always had lots of stock around which included, of course, the dairy stock, but he was a great lover of racing horses and he owned several of them. He used to participate in races, both here in Littleton and at Overland Park and City Park in Denver. He became one of the best race horse drivers in the country, but his indulgence in the race horse business was, to say the least, very unfortunate. Horse racing is a rich man’s game and dad was not rich. While his horses did fairly well on occasions, they were a great financial burden and it kept dad in a mild degree of financial difficulty most of his life. Despite that he never lost his love for horses and especially race horses.

Dad built a race track in the draw south of the barns on his place, between the south and north city ditch. The track must hav e been about a quarter mile in length. Although I was only about four years old, I can remember seeing the people standing around that track and seeing the horses race. The track was not used for very long.

I can remember, too, when there were some very much talked-of races between dad’s horses and some others. One in particular, took place up on South Broadway, south of the high line canal. The picture I have of it now is that there were hundreds of people on foot and horses and buggies all over the prairie. They had come to witness a match race between our horse, Gurlcy, and another horse. I do not remember the outcome of the race, but from what
dad told me later, apparently there was a lot of money which changed hands on the race that day.

Curley figured in my life considerably as a young man because I used to drive him on a milk route and later around herding cows and going places when I needed a riding horse.

It would be nice if I knew definitely the years that certain things happened which I want to tell, but probably it does not matter too much anyway. It must have been about 1897 or '98, when I was ten or eleven years old, that I got my first taste of working in a store. Whether that led to my later ventures in merchandising I don't know, but anyway there was a man by the name of George Carson who had a store in the room at 133 West Main Street. Mr. Carson put me to work toward the back end of the store, wiping the dust off of canned goods and wiping the shelves. Any kid could have done that job, but at that point I was, in my mind, very important. I had a job in a store! I can't remember doing it more than two or three times and I am sure I got no pay for it, but that wasn't the point. I had been given some responsibility and there was a thrill to even thinking I was working in a store.

One of the tools of a stock man is a pair of horse clippers, but they aren't always used on horses. Every spring as soon as school was out, dad would call me down to the barn, pull those clippers out of a big old red chest, and start to work on my head. He would clip it close all over, and I was as smooth and round-headed as an egg until my hair grew out as summer went on. I think dad thought that would help strengthen my hair and possibly help me to keep a head of hair as I grew older, but from what I
can see, it didn't seem to work too well. I didn't keep my hair.

Just at that age was the time when any boy would want to go places and see things and I was no exception. In 1895 and '96, there was a tremendous amount of mining activity at Critchell, up Deer Creek. There were thousands of people up there boring holes all over the mountains. They even had a newspaper there. The recollection about that which intrigued me now is the fact that my brother and I bought passage on a stage which ran every day from Littleton to Critchell and return. The round trip was thirty-four miles. The stage was operated by "Chancy" Olmsted, who had a big livery barn at the southwest corner of Main and Curtice Avenues. The stage was drawn by four horses. Of course, we took our lunch with us. One of my main recollections is the number of times this stage crossed Deer Creek, and information which I have carried all these years and cannot substantiate is that we forded Deer Creek thirty-one times from the mouth of the canyon to Critchell.

Returning to the memory of horse racing, I shall never forget the races which were staged every Fourth of July on North Nevada Street. There used to be a very festive atmosphere the whole two blocks of the street. The horses would race from Perry Street to Main Street. Of course, they blocked off Main Street because when the horses crossed the finish line at the intersection, they couldn't stop abruptly and ran across into South Nevada. There were no business blocks on Main Street at Nevada in those days and the yards along the lot lines on both sides were lined with lemonade stands, ice cream stands, souvenir stands and every sort
of thing which in those days might make the people spend their money. I must have been pretty naive because I remember one lemonade stand at which the fellow who was operating it kept yelling, "Here's where you get your money back." I couldn't figure that out. It bothered me a lot because if he was selling the lemonade and then giving the person's money back to him, how could he stay in business? Of course, I finally learned what he meant by that statement.

Among the school kids who were neighborhood playmates of mine were the Shophord boys, Tom and Parker. They lived in the home which is now the Littleton YWCA Building. Tom in later years became a very famous engineer and Parker became an engineer with the state highway department. They had a sister, Orian, who married William G. Sterne, after whom Sterne Park is named. Orian was a beautiful girl and a beautiful woman until the time of her death which occurred in 1956. Tom died several years ago and at the time of this writing Parker is still alive.

One of the memories I have is of an embarrassing incident I had with the Sterne boys. One day when Orian and a group of young men and women were playing tennis over by their house, I was watching them. What happened I do not know, but I got a man-sized rip in the back of my pants. It was all right so long as I stood still and watched them play tennis, but every time the ball was hit out of bounds and someone had to run for it, they kept calling for me to go after the ball. Of course, that exposed the wrong side of me to the group and I was embarrassed to death. Whether they did not notice the rip or whether they did and sent
me just for the amusement of it, I shall never know. I tried to figure out how I could run after the balls backward and keep my face to the crowd but that wouldn't work.

I want to mention Curley again. He was an iron gray horse and had a mate, Kit, who was a beautiful buckskin mare. Curley and Kit were inseparable. We had a hired man by the name of John Thompson and he and his wife wanted to take a camping trip, so dad, who was more than generous, loaned the team to him. Thompson got an old prairie schooner, hitched Curley and Kit to it and he and Mrs. Thompson headed for Estes Park. Whether he abused the horses, overburdened them or what, we don't know, but anyway Kit died on the trip. Dad always felt that he abused them and he never got over the sadness of the thing. Whenever Kit and Curley were separated, they always whinnied constantly for each other. Curley was hitched to Kit after she had died and hauled her off to a burial pit near where she died. Curley never once after that whinnied for Kit. It just seemed as though he knew what had happened.

Dad rode Curley a great deal in handling cattle during the subsequent years and it was one of the common sights on Main Street to see dad ride into town on Curley headed for home. But when dad wanted to get off and stay down town he would wrap the reins around the horn of the saddle, slapping Curley on the rump, and tell him to go home. Up Main Street Curley would run as though he were running away and riderless, on across the railroad tracks and then would turn in at the house and prance around until dad arrived home to unsaddle him. On a few occasions people tried to stop
Curley, knowing nothing of who he was and thinking that he was a runaway but Curley, being a race horse, never let anyone do it.

In talking about the distance of the barns from the house and the runs I used to make with Ben, it reminds me of what my mother told me a number of times after I had grown up about watching me one day when I was tiny, hauling a little red wagon from the barn to the house. We always had a lot of cats around in order to keep the mice cleared out and they were always having litters of kittens. This particular day I apparently found out where there were about a half dozen partly grown but very small kittens and I decided they should be moved to the house for some reason, and so I loaded them into the wagon and started for the house. I kept my eye on them because every three or four feet one or two of them would crawl over the side and so fall out on the ground. I would drop the wagon tongue, then go back and pick them up, put them in the wagon and pick up the tongue again and start again for the house. But I would no more than get started when another one or two would fall over the side. This performance kept repeating all the way to the house. Mother, of course, was feeling sorry for me all the time, but inwardly was enjoying the incident because I was crying hysterically and showing a lot of temper. What I did with the kittens when I got to the house I don't know, but apparently I was pretty mad over the whole situation.

Another thing which I can remember was the size of the chickens we had. I must have been not more than three years old when, on one occasion, I was out behind the house eating a piece of cake. Up walked a big rooster, took one look at the cake and waded in.
He helped himself to what I had while I held it in my hand. I was too frightened to run or to fight him off. I didn't know what to do but to this day I can picture that rooster so vividly because at the time he was the biggest animal I had ever seen. He was as tall as I was and wasn't a bit afraid of me. I just stood there and let him peck away at the cake in my hand until it was all gone. I was too scared even to yell.

One of the great days in the lives of us children when we were very small was the Fourth of July. Our parents always bought us a few small firecrackers and cap pistols with an unlimited supply of caps. We didn't go in for a lot of fancy stuff because it must be remembered that during those days, and I am speaking of the 1892-1895 era, the country was in a panic. People had no money. We had to live as much as possible on what we produced. I can remember meal after meal in which the only food we had was corn meal mush but we did have plenty of milk which was the greatest essential and Mother always had a good supply of home-baked bread on hand. Getting back to the Fourth of July, it was a much looked forward to stunt for Mother to make a bed on the floor the night of July 3, and us three kids would sleep there with our cap pistols and caps on the floor at our heads. On the morning of the Fourth, the first one who woke up grabbed his pistol and pulled the trigger. Of course, everyone in the house then had to wake up and this was usually at the break of day which at that time of the year was about four o'clock in the morning. We would then get up and go outdoors and shoot caps and firecrackers until called in for breakfast. From then on we had
to use our ammunition sparingly because there was a whole day ahead and it would soon run out if we didn't. On one occasion I had saved a number of firecrackers and had them piled up on the porch. We were all sitting out front in the evening when suddenly without warning the whole pile started shooting and every fire cracker I had saved went off. No one could figure out what did it and I suppose I felt I had been cheated out of some of my Fourth. Anyway, that ended the Fourth of July celebration so far as I was concerned, but I guess probably I didn't feel very bad because it seemed as though I was matching the celebration that was taking place in an occasional other yard in town where we could see them setting off a few Roman candles and sky rockets.

Always during the day of the Fourth my brother and I would go down town and wander around with the other kids. I witnessed a thing which I have never seen in later years, called "anvil firing". Some of the older boys got two anvils from the Mackey Blacksmith Shop which was located just off of Main Street on North Nevada. Every anvil has a square hole in it into which a certain tool a blacksmith used had to be inserted for an operation of a special type. They would take an anvil, set it on the ground, pour that hole full of black powder, leaving a little streak of powder running to the edge of the anvil, and then place another anvil on top of the first one upside down so the two faces fitted together very snugly. Then they would take a steel rod about 15' long, heat it to a white heat in the forge and touch the edge of the anvil where the powder was. This exploded the powder in the
square hole, blowing the other anvil, which weighed probably 100 pounds, several feet into the air. The explosion was terrific. That was another way of celebrating the Fourth.

In Massachusetts before they came west, Dad and Mother wore both members and regular attenders at the Congregational Church, but when they came to Littleton, there was no church of that denomination in town. The only ones operating here were the Episcopal Church, built in 1871, and the Reformed Episcopal Church, built in 1874, so our church attendance was at the Episcopal Church, where we kids went to Sunday School. This church building still stands at 335 Rapp Avenue. At present, it is a dwelling, the steeple and high roof having been torn off.

We never joined any of the churches. A Congregational Church was later built here and we went there a while, but they didn't last many years. We also attended the Presbyterian Church but never got to the point of joining.

The Episcopal Church was built by R. S. Little, founder of the town of Littleton. In those days, as they do today, the church not only took care of the religious life of its members, but it attempted to supply a lot of the social activities for both the children and their elders. I have many pleasant memories of the social affairs carried on by the church. At Easter time, Mr. Little would hide colored eggs all around his place. His home was a stone house located at 215 Rapp Avenue. South of the house there was a gulch and then his place extended on to the old Episcopal farm which is now located at 317 Rapp Avenue. There are lots of trees and bushes through that area under which
he hid those eggs. Mr. Little's annual Easter Egg Hunt was quite an affair.

Many times have I gone to the Little home where we have held "taffy pulls". Mrs. Little would cook up a batch of taffy and get it ready for pulling. Then a boy and a girl would get a large piece of taffy and start pulling it back and forth between them. This would continue until the taffy had reached the proper consistency and hardness so it could be laid down and chopped up. Then it was ready to eat. For those young people the fact that they had to stand for half hour or so pulling the braids of taffy between them, chatting, laughing and bantering all the time was what made the social affair a lot of fun. It was just the idea of being together and playing together which made it seem worth while.

R. S. Little passed away just before Christmas in 1900. I remember very distinctly standing on the city ditch bank near the railroad tracks west of our house and watching the funeral procession which wended its way south on Prince Avenue to the cemetery. It was the longest funeral I have ever seen. Of course, it was made up of horses and buggies but it seemed to me that the procession was endless.
CHAPTER IV

From my very earliest childhood I always wanted to be active, to be doing something, and especially to work. I have always loved work and I have felt that all humanity would be happier if they could get inspiration out of pure, simple work. I could never be sure when the transition might have taken place between play and work or when I began to understand that working created certain desirable results, but I think it must have been when I was somewhere around six years old.

I have previously mentioned Dad’s dairy business. Obviously, one in that business has to get out of bed early in the morning and in the winter that meant getting up before daylight to do the milking. He had extra help at that time but he had a lot of cows and I insisted on getting up with him and going to the barn to help. At first, about all I could do was to fork a few pounds of hay at a time for the cows but I got out of bed religiously because somehow I felt even as a young child that I had no right to lie in bed in comfort when my Dad was out working at that time of day to take care of his family. I soon convinced him that I was old enough to learn how to milk and he let me start on one of the gentler old cows. In the beginning I had hands so small it wasn’t possible for me to get all of the milk and Dad had to come and finish my cow every time. But the older I grew the better I could handle the job. I do not know how many years I milked or how many cows I milked or how many gallons of milk I got into the pail or spilled but I kept at it as long as he had dairy cows.
Where did he market his milk? Well, Dad had started selling his milk retail even when he lived on West Main Street and his was the general delivery supply for the residents of the town. Of course, in those days, there were lots of vacant lots, plenty of grass, hay was cheap, and many people had their own cows, a thing that would not be tolerated these days. But those people who did not have milk cows usually had Dad deliver milk to their homes daily. And so, as a natural result of my helping in the barn, I felt that I could help Dad on the milk route. We drove old Curley and he knew the milk route better than we did.

We didn't deliver milk in bottles in those days. We had five gallon cans of milk in the wagon and we dipped the milk from the can into what we called "measures" with a long handled dipper. The measures were like a tin can with a handle on one side near the top and a flange around the top to help pour the milk into other containers. These measures were one quart and two quart in size.

Several years afterwards a member of one family in Littleton, whom we served, told me with great amusement about watching me deliver the milk from the wagon to the back door. Apparently Dad would put a quart of milk in the two-quart measure and I would carry it into the kitchen and pour it into a bucket or a pail on the table. They used to watch me and they said I was so small and that measure was so big and the milk so heavy that between the three, by the time I got to the house I had spilled part of it along the way. I couldn't hold the measure cut away from me and it kept banging against my legs. I don't think they
over complained to Dad, at least he never told me that he had to
give them extra milk or cut the bill at the end of the month to
make it up.

During the spring, summer, and fall Dad used to pasture the
cows down in the meadow south of the barns, during the day time.
in the evening it was my job to go bring in the cows. The gate
where we let them out of the meadow was just across Dennis Avenue
from Sterne Park. When it was time to get them, I would go down
past the barns and whistle a special kind of whistle I had developed
for this purpose. The minute those cows heard that whistle they
all started for the gate because they knew it was time to go to
the barn.

We had one rather large light-colored Jersey called Ida.
By the time the cows got to the gate I was there too, and when
Ida came through I always jumped on her back and rode her clear
to the barn. It was quite a steep climb for her from the gate
up to the barn but she didn't seem to mind and it saved me the
climb and the walk.

I was destined to figure in the dairy business a number of
times in later years but I shall cover that in future chapters.

How old I was I do not know but I can remember distinctly
when I earned my first dollar. Mr. Horro and his family were
very close friends of ours as long as they lived in Littleton.
He came here as a railroad telegrapher on the D. & R. G. Later
he became involved in the creamery business in Littleton and was
one of the founders of the Littleton Creamery Company which in
later years moved to Denver and was finally absorbed by the
Beatrice Creamery Company, one of the biggest in the country, which has its plant north of the Union Depot. The family of Mr. Morse consisted of his wife and two girls, Clara and Mary. He always wanted a boy but, not having one, for some reason he seemed to take a liking to me. The family lived in the house in which I was born, having moved there after Dad and Mother left it to live in their new home on the hill.

One day in the fall my Dad said, "Ed, Mr. Morse would like to have you come down and rake up the leaves in his yard." So I went down and I raked and raked and raked the best I knew how. I am sure I didn't do a good job. I didn't know how to do it and the yard was bigger than I could rake in one day. After I had finished that day's work and was ready to go home he came to me and handed me a dollar. During the panic years a dollar was a lot of money. Although I didn't know the real value of money yet I went home proudly with the feeling that after all I was very rich.

At lunchtime that day Mrs. Morse saw to it that I had something to eat. One of the remarks I made to her at the time was, "Mrs. Morse, do you suppose I can work for Mr. Morse in the creamery some day?" I later did work for Mr. Morse in his creamery and it led to some other unusual episodes in my life.

Mr. Morse's interest in me as a boy went further than just asking me to do some work. At that time there were branches of the Littleton Creamery in Sedalia and Castle Rock. Quite frequently Mr. Morse made trips by train to inspect the plants there and he
would send up word (there were no phones between homes in those days) to my mother to get me ready to catch a certain train because he wanted me to go with him. While the distance to those towns was not far from Littleton yet it was an all-day affair. To this day I have very nostalgic feelings about Sedalia and Castle Rock whenever I drive through there.

I am not a smoker. I detest the stench of cigarette and other types of tobacco smoke. But of course I have had to accept it as a part of life. I think there is probably a good reason for my feeling toward it. In the first place, my father never used tobacco in any form and I had no incentive to want to smoke. But for some reason, seeing other people smoke, I, like practically every kid who has ever lived, took a whirl at it.

It has always been very amusing to me what happened in that connection.

On the hill in the area now occupied by the county courthouse, is where I used to herd dad's cows. There was only one building on the place and that was a big red one which was a pump house covering the well known as the "Chatfield Well", which was one of the sources of Littleton's water supply in those early days.

One day I was downtown, for what reason I do not know, but anyway I went into Mitchell's Pharmacy. This was located in the store now occupied by the Swanson Jewelry. It runs in my mind that I had been sent down to buy something for mother or dad, but I cannot be sure. Anyway, I was alone in the front and the druggist was in the back. By oyo spied some little cigars about the size of a cigarette in some boxes on the counter. I swiped a box of
them, stuck them in my pocket and walked out. Either that day or the next, I smoked the first one. I probably only smoked the short part of it, but apparently nothing happened. Then the following day when I took the cows out across the field to pasture I sat down on a stone which was the corner stone of the red pump building and I started to smoke my second little cigar. I had only burned it about 1/3 down when something began to happen. The world didn't look so rosy. I wasn't interested in cows or milk. I wasn't even looking forward to lunch. Pretty soon I began to get dizzy and I saw cows or no cows, I headed for home. When I got home I was sure it was the last time I would ever return to my beloved home or family. I was sick unto death. My mother was frightened and frantic. I began to vomit. She tried to figure out what was wrong and questioned me about what I had been eating and doing, and finally I broke down and told her I had not been eating or doing anything. I had just smoked a little cigar. I can still see my mother's smile but it wasn't any smiling business to me. That cured me of ever wanting to smoke except when I tried some coffee one day and didn't like it.

But to be perfectly frank, I am glad I swiped those cigars, but I have always been sorry that the man was not still alive so I could pay him for them. He passed away not long after that.

What got me interested in wanting to be a druggist I do not know, but along about that time I built a miniature drug store in the back of the coal shed. I built shelves and I gathered bottles of all kinds from anywhere I could. But what I accumulated and put in those bottles would be beyond description. I had
liquids, greases, caps from trees and bushes, and every conceivable sort of thing that would mix with anything long and I had them so thoroughly mixed so none could ever tell what the ingredients were. I even tried grafting milkweeds to trees and things of that nature, but somehow I never came up with anything that was even smellable. That experience could have led to a desire later to study pharmacy but apparently it all got sidetracked. I enjoyed that apothecary job for two or three years and then it went the way of most childhood interests.
CHAPTER V

It seems that music was to play quite an important part in my life. It started, as you remember, when Mother took me in to the theater in Denver to hear music programs.

This second time in my life when my parents became worried and sent someone out to try to find me came as a result of my love for music. One night there was a dance in Evans Hall, which later became Littleton’s Town Hall. My brother and I went down in the evening to look on. It was summer then and I was in overalls. We two got separated sometime during the evening and my brother finally got tired and went home and went to bed. About three o’clock in the morning, Dad and Mother both had a feeling that all was not well, or in other words, that all of the children were not in bed where they belonged. They got up and looked and sure enough I was missing. That made them suspect where I might be but they weren’t sure. Before giving out an alarm they sent my brother down to Evans Hall to see if I was there. He wasn’t too long in locating me. I was in back of the piano with my ear against the sounding board listening to Mrs. Harry Lilley, the pianist, playing the dance music. Since I was out of sight of everyone in the hall, none had paid any attention to me and so none had been conscious of the need to tell me to go home.

I had been awake all the time.

Finally Dad and Mother decided that I should have some sort of musical training. Dad used to saw on the violin at infrequent intervals but I think it was from my mother’s temperament that I got the great desire to be musical and my great interest in music.
As a matter of fact, I think I should have taken up music as a career but in those days musicians were rated rather low in the scale of society and they did not want me to be one of them, but they did desire to have me take some piano lessons. I think my experience in that is what forestalled any formal musical education, like the little stolen cigar forestalled a career in smoking. I must have been about six years old at the time. In Littleton was a Mrs. C. G. Hill, wife of the local druggist and a relative of my mother's foster parents. Mrs. Hill, or Aunt Doo as we always called her, was part Indian, and belonged to the Cherokee Tribe, of Oklahoma. She was quite a piano player for a town which had a population of only a few hundred at that time.

She started me out on the C scale. I can remember what my hands looked like on those white keys, because it only took about three keys to equal the size of my hand but somehow I was able to skip over them and finally mastered the C scale. The trouble was that Aunt Doo kept talking to me in adult terms. She kept telling me about "5ths", "harmonics", and other musical terms which I did not understand at all and which got me so terribly confused that I began to dislike the piano and music and her. That inevitably wound up by my not practicing, not being able to comprehend what it was all about and finally quitting music lessons.

Nothing was done for a couple of years, but since Dad had the violin in the house and I seemed to show some interest in it, my folks thought possibly I might learn to play it and that they had just chosen the wrong instrument when they started me out on the piano. One day a violin teacher from Denver by the name of
Estabrook came to the house and gave me my first violin lesson. He was more modern and didn't attempt to throw highly academic musical terms and theories at me.

I do not remember how many lessons I took but I kept at it, practicing the scales, and sawing away at the strings. Mother noticed, however, that I seemed to want to play on the high strings all the time and I can remember time after time having her come into the front room where I was practicing and say, "Edwin, go for the G string." There was significance in that statement because it was hard to do with a hurdle that I could not overcome.

Probably the first thing I really learned to play was the harmonica. I played many tunes on it and played them fairly well. Mother was so delighted with it that she would get out her guitar and accompany me. Those earlier days the Masonic Lodge, of which my father was a member, used to have card parties in the homes of the members. Whenever they came to our house, Mother with that normal mother's pride, always worked it around during the evening so that there was time for me to play some numbers along with her accompaniment. They always made me feel that they enjoyed it and possibly they did, but I presume most of it was tolerance rather than enjoyment.

Right after the turn of the century a young Presbyterian minister by the name of Holtman came to Littleton. He was of the newer generation, more modern in his ideas, and was a good promoter. He was destined to precipitate a great change in church practices. The first thing he did was to organize a church orchestra. He got all of the young players in town together and formed them into a Presbyterian orchestra. The church was then
located at the northwest corner of Main Street and Hurtico Avenue.

Some of the older church members thought it was sacrilegious to have a full orchestra playing the hymns, for the parishioners to sing with, but Rev. Haltman paid no attention and in less than three months there was not even standing room in his church Sunday nights. I saw people standing up through the entire service, leaning against the wall, and the line was completely around the church.

I, of course, joined the orchestra with my violin but I could read so little music that I developed a talent for picking up tunes quickly and I played along with the rest of them by ear for two or three years.

When or how it happened I do not know, but all of a sudden it was discovered why I was having such a time with the G string. I had played with this orchestra, had played some with other local orchestras and even played for dances but I never played that my arm and hand did not ache until I could hardly control them. It seems that there was a slight deformation in the bones in my left arm which twisted the left hand in the wrong direction from the G string and made it almost impossible for me to twist the hand back enough to reach that string. I knew then why I had failed so miserably when I was taking lessons in learning the use of the G string. That was the second time I had been rebuffed from a career in music.

Of course, I quit the violin and picked up another musical experience which I shall relate later.

However, during this time somewhere along about 1902 or 1903 for some unknown reason I decided I was going to play the piano.
I loved the piano and I had forgotten about my distaste for it from my earlier experience. I sat down to it one day at home and without any previous thought or instruction I played both the tune and the accompaniment to "In the Good Old Summertime", one of the popular songs of the day. From that day to this, playing the piano has been as important a part of my life as eating food. I have never learned to read a note but it seems that I have no difficulty in playing anything I know in any key. Improvising is my most enjoyable recreation now.
CHAPTER VI

In any community of the size of Littleton at that time, there were different types of entertainment. There were, of course, dances, home talent plays, some of which I took part in, and travelling shows. But the most dramatic and probably the least responsible were the medicine shows. Anyone who has not seen the itinerant medicine peddler of the early days missed something worth witnessing.

I have seen them drive into town toward evening with a double horse rig and an open truck back upon which the medicine hawker could stand. He usually had uprights on the rig upon which he could hang gasoline lights. He would then start to shout his story, which was usually a great rumble and jumble, in order to get a crowd around him. Then he would start to talk about the terrible ills of humanity, going into great and gory details and then finally wind up by offering for sale the one and only medicine ever discovered which would cure all of these things. There were always a few suckers in the crowd who would buy. Their show would probably last an hour or a little longer and then they would move on to other towns.

One of the most interesting and amusing medicine shows which I saw come to Littleton was brought here by a man who called himself The Turkish Doctor. His product was "Naphthaline", which was supposed to be a cure for asthma, high fever, and even to help the tubercular. He came to Littleton and stayed for a two week run once. His show performed once each night in the Town Hall. He had two black face comedians with him and they really
put on a interesting show before the doctor started his lecture, with the subsequent sale of his product. He came at a most inopportune time, because not more than two weeks before his appearance a group of slickers came here and had a free show in the Town Hall. This outfit was selling soap, but their main objective was to peel the greenbacks out of the unsuspecting audience. They started selling soap for ten cents a bar and would in the sight of the audience wrap dollar bills in the soap. They gradually stepped up the tempo until they were selling soap for a dollar a bar with five dollar bills wrapped up in them. But when they got to that point their sleight of hand was excellent because there were no five dollar bills left in the soap which they sold for a dollar a bar. When they got to this phase of the business they sold soap fast and before the audience became aware of the fact that they were being duped, the slickers had sold a couple of hundred dollars worth of soap and when they were at the end of their sales stand they quickly folded up everything, went off the stage, went out the back door and disappeared.

The Turkish Doctor made a lot of fun of that incident. At first the people were wary of him, too, but he soon got their confidence and within three or four days he was playing to a packed house.

Littleton was not without its transient stunt men. I remember seeing a man with a big grisly bear who stopped on the street and made some bets with bystanders that he could throw the bear. After he had gotten enough dollar bets he and the bear went into a tussle and of course the bear finally laid down and the man went on with his winnings.
Another time was when a dirty old hobo peeled off his shoes and socks in the middle of the street and walked on a pile of broken glass. Still another one was a fellow who would swallow a sword. He had also swallowed tacks or neat any unusual thing. The day he stopped here, he swallowed a box of tacks and the next stunt was swallowing the sword. He had a rubber tip on the sword he would shove it clear down into his stomach. That day he gagged when he pulled the sword out, which was a bit unusual but as he pulled it out of his mouth there was a tack sticking in the rubber tip and he said that was what choked him. It had never happened before.

Outside of my self-imposed obligation to Dad to help with the chores and the milk route morning and evening, my time was pretty free.

Like all kids of that age, swimming in the summer was the order of the day and we had plenty of places where we could go. Loyera Lake, where the present Storino Park lake now is, was one of our places to swim, but we did not like that so well because the water wasn't as fresh and cool as that in the river. We had one especially fine deep swimming hole to which we went practically every day, a spot in the Platte River which would be located just west of North Prince Avenue and north of Hazard Road. The river there has long since been diverted west of the highway, but if the hole were still in existence it would lie east of the present Santa Fe Drive.

Every day I would drop by the home of Bob Neartun on North Prince and Bob and his brother Mark and I would head for the swimming hole. The only thing that ever drew us to Loyera Lake
for swimming was that afterwards we could go hunting frogs up
the gulch. We would usually get our share of frogs, build a
fire, hang the legs on a stick and cook them and eat them right
there.

In the wintertime, Meyers Lake was Littleton's source of ice
for the town for the year. As soon as the ice was off and it
was frozen again, then it became Littleton's skating rink. Some
skating was done on Gallup's Lake, too, but most of it on Meyers
Lake, although occasionally the river would freeze over so we
could skate down there, too. I did a lot of skating in those days
and a lot of playing of "shinny". The more modern name for it is
hockey.

It was interesting to watch the putting up of the ice or the
harvesting of the ice crop. Mr. Moyer had a big ice house which
was located just at the edge of Bemis Avenue and south of where
the city ditch turns. When the ice was ready to cut, Mr. Moyer
would hitch one of his big horses to a marker who would walk back
and forth marking the ice so that blocks of uniform size could
be cut out and handled. On occasions the ice got weak and the
horse would break through and I have seen them haul him out. It
never hurt the horse a bit but when he was standing on the bottom
of the lake it was impossible for him to get out by himself so
they would put ropes around him and skid him on his side onto
the ice. He could then get up and continue the work.

After the ice was marked men would go out with saws and saw
out the blocks. The cakes were then pushed over to a hoist
which would haul them into the ice house where they were covered
This is my first bicycle, a red one. Dad brought it out from Denver one evening, after working all day at the creamery. I shall never forget how thrilled I was when he shoved it at me and I caught it on the fly. He said, "It's yours, Ed". I could hardly believe it. I was up at daylight the next morning and off for a ride around town.
with sawdust and kept until springtime when the ice was dug out for delivery over town.

One of the scenes which impressed me deeply was in 1898, when I was standing on the hill opposite where the court house now is. I was playing with some boys there at the time. We heard some people singing. We looked downtown and saw on top of the building which is now the Nichols-Hill Mortuary on East Main Street a group of men and women singing "America". The men were mostly members of the C.A.R., whose meeting place was in that building. The occasion for raising the flag was the declaration of war with Spain.

Soon after that I took off on my bicycle and went to Fort Logan where I saw the new recruits coming in for the war, milling around among the temporary tents which had been raised on the grounds. I went over there on several such occasions, saw then drilling, saw dress parades and the general activity on the post which would be characteristic of men heading for war.

Pago's orchard was one of the well-known localities near Littleton. This orchard was set out in 1899 by the Stark Brothers Nursery Company. It was an experimental orchard to see whether or not fruit grown in this country could be profitable.

Very fine fruit was grown there year after year but after the turn of the century the orchard was sold and the land was subdivided. It has been known since that time as Woolawn.

I took a job there one summer picking apples. It doesn't seem to me that I picked enough apples to fill a barrel can but I do remember something else in connection with it. From my earliest
childhood I was always whistling and later on I learned to whistle through my teeth the way of whistling that might be called a "call" whistle. While I was picking apples I started to whistle the combination of a tune with a call and it was plenty loud. Pretty soon Mr. Page, who was a very big and stern man, came along and said, "Is that you whistling?" I said it was. Then he said, "Well, cut it out. If there is going to be any whistling done around here, I am going to do it." Of course, I was taken back and I mentally shrunk to about half my size, but I think I soon realized that after all, that kind of whistling could keep some pickers from working good in that sort of confusion.

There are many memories I have of the older places, the Flour Mill, Patterson's wild deer on Bowles Avenue, Wolhurst and the time United States Senator Welcott invited our family out to a party, the old beehive factory, the Littleton Creamery, the cheese factory, the canning factory, Keys Implement Factory, and many others of that nature which I should like to talk about, but the story would be endless if I did not draw some lines.

In connection with Wolhurst, I do recall attending a fete which was given for the benefit of the Spanish War Veterans. This fete was held either in 1898 or 1899. They had a lot of side shows, one of which I attended and I shall never forget the cake walk contest held there. In those days, cake walks were a common form of stage entertainment and they were most interesting. I have never seen a cake walk since that time. The contestants, of course, were blacked up to imitate the negro and they strutted
and danced and paraded in a way which was fascinating to me because I had never seen one before. It is almost impossible to describe what they did, but they usually wore a stovepipe hat, were dressed meticulously, had on spats and carried a cane. The farther back one could lean and at the same time keep stopping to the time of the music, raising his feet high off the floor and his knees up over his chin, the better oake walker he was.

I was a little country boy who was away from home and what an easy mark a country boy is! I had placed my ticket of admission, which admitted me to a number of the concessions, in my left outside handkerchief pocket and the ticket stuck out about an inch. I was milling around in the crowd watching some of the outside activities when all at once I felt a snatch at my ticket. I looked down just in time to see the hand from behind my back holding the ticket, but disappearing. I turned around quickly and there were two or three kids back of me. I told the closest one to give me back my ticket. He showed no his hands and said he didn’t have it. I again accused him of snatching it. Then for some reason I shall never know, because I wasn’t big enough to be a threat to anyone, the third kid back handed me my ticket. The first kid had grabbed it, the second one had snatched it from behind his back, and the third one from the second. I later learned that was a method used by pickpockets in order to keep the picker from getting caught. I suspect by now that those kids have all served time as pickpockets.
CHAPTER VII

My brother being three years older than I, it was perfectly natural that I should follow him around to quite some degree. This led to a long series of circumstances which were destined to affect my whole life's career, although there were to be breaks on several occasions.

Along about 1897 or '98 my brother took a job with Joe A. Hamer, who was then owner and editor of the Littleton Independent. The Independent at that time was located in a building now designated as 111 West Main Street.

Luther started to learn to set type and to run a job press. Although he never became a printer, just choosing later to go into engineering work, he was there for three or four years.

Not having any definite work to do during the day and after the chores were done and the milk delivered, I began hanging around the newspaper office. Joe would occasionally give me some little job to do like running errands or sweeping out or piling up newspapers or something of that nature. But mainly for me it was a most fascinating playground. In those days, the printing of the paper always took place at night and I was usually there. I can still remember how the heat from the old oil lamp used to make everybody around the place sweat and you could always get the smell of kerosene from them. It was a long, tiresome job to print the paper even though there were only a few hundred to get out. I have never forgotten the smell of the printing plant or the sounds of the press or the shooting stick when they were locking up the forms. And one of the sounds which I never shall
This is Joe A. Hamer, with me in the background. Joe was owner and publisher of the Littleton Independent during the 1890's, and I used to play around the plant. The picture was taken in the newspaper office in a building then located in the middle of the 100 block on West Main Street. It was destroyed by fire in 1951.
forget, because it is one which can be heard in any printing plant even today, is the planing of the form when they pounded the wooden block with a mallet on top of the type in order to be sure that every piece of type was level with all other pieces.

All the type for the paper then was hand-set, and it meant not only setting the type but throwing it back into the cases after the paper had been printed. Every piece of type was handled twice before they were finished. Before unlocking the forms, they were always washed with lye water. The paper then was printed on an old Washington Hand Press. Only those who have operated a Washington Hand Press can know how tricky it could be and what an accomplishment it was to handle it properly.

As I shall point out later, I printed the Independent on the Washington Hand Press and as a result I became a member of the "C. Wash Pullors", a honorary group created by the Publishers Auxiliary, a national publication issued by the Western Newspaper Union out of Chicago.

One day Joe Hamor asked me if I would like to try to set some type and of course I said "Yes." I remember it very distinctly. I set about 15 lines. It was something he wanted to use in the next issue of the paper, but what completed the memory of it vividly in my mind is that I saw the corrected proof of it and there were so many mistakes in it that I think Joe must have just taken the type, thrown it out the back door and started over. It would have been hard even to get the type back into the right boxes. That was my one and only experience of handsetting reading matter for a newspaper.
I did not ask for a chance to do any more because I was too ashamed of the showing I had made, and Joe didn't volunteer to let me try again.

Some time later Joe asked me if I wanted to learn to run the job press and of course I said "Yes, I did." That experience was not quite so much of a failure. There were fifty postal cards he wanted printed. Why he would trust me with postal cards the first time I ever tackled a job press I don't know because when a mistake was made with a post card it meant a loss of one cent for each spoiled one, and in those days that was considerable of a loss. I got through the job but I did spoil one card. There were no motors on the job presses in those days, the operator being required to run it with a foot treadle. One could operate as fast or as slow as he wanted and that first job I did was mighty slow.

From then on he gave me other jobs to run and I did quite a lot of press work for him along in the years of 1899, 1900 and 1901. On one occasion Joe decided to go tabloid and there are copies of the Independent in the files today which I ran on the job press at that time.

Next door to the Independent was a barber shop, but the outlet from the barber shop to the back was through the back part of the Independent office. The door into the barber shop was usually open, but when I was running the job press I whistled constantly and it got so annoying to the people in the barber shop that it forced them to close the door to shut out the noise. I didn't know at the time I was causing such trouble but the men in there were good-natured and they didn't want to tell me to shut up, so
I whistled as the press ran merrily on.

In 1902 and 1903 a new editor was at the helm of the paper, a man by the name of Clarence Finch. Clarence had come from Castlo Rock and Silverton as owner of newspapers in those towns. He was an editor and not a printer or press man. Knowing that I had worked around the plant he asked me if I would consent to print the Independent on the Washington Hand Press every week. I took the job.

There is quite a trick to operating a Washington Hand Press, as I have stated. Each sheet is placed on a sloping canvas fly, then dropped down over the type and by hand run over a huge iron plate. Then there is a very strong lever which has to be pulled forcing the iron plate down on the paper, and onto the type. But there is a point in pulling that lever where it hits what might be called dead center and the trick is to throw the weight against the spring resistance just at the proper moment, throwing it over the dead center and bringing down the full compression power of the press on the paper and type. If the lever should slip out of one's hand at the approach of the dead center, it could fly back and would kill anyone whose head might be in the way. The color man or roller man, the one who rolled fresh ink on the type after each paper is printed, stood on the other side of the press and in a position where that handle might hit him. Then the pressure is released, the paper and type rolled out from under the pressure plate, the canvas fly is lifted and the paper taken off the type.
There are not many men in the country now who have operated Washington Hand Presses, but those who are alive today remember that experience with considerable sentiment.

I have said little about school as I attended it in the lower grades because I do not recall any particular thing of interest. I experienced what every child goes through in good grades, mediocre grades, play yard tussles and such, but there is one thing which I did which has been sort of symbolic of my attitude throughout later years. All kids at school in the spring and fall played marbles and I played my share.

One of the games we then played was called "bounce back", in which we would lean up against the board fence, place a marble or two back a certain distance from it, throw a marble against the fence, and if it came back and hit one of the other marbles, then both marbles belonged to the bouncer. After the game got going, sometimes there would be a dozen or more marbles out on the ground, because when a marble didn't hit another marble it was left there as a target for future shots.

When I left home in the morning I always took five marbles in my pocket. I played those five marbles before going to class and at recess. If I lost them, that was all I could lose. If I won, I took the extra marbles home when I went to lunch and when I returned to school in the afternoon I again limited my marbles to five. I figured that in this way if I had a bad streak of luck the most I could lose was my five marbles. I still have a big can of marbles which I won and which I am saving for my grandchildren.
The idea of my limiting what I was willing to put into one gamble has endured to this day. I will take only so much chance. If I am lucky, OK. If not, I can't lose very much. They say, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained", but I think if one is gambling he can very soon tell whether he is "in" or "out" and with a limit there is not a temptation to try to change one's luck.

I should like to mention the recreation areas to which I went on so many occasions. Magnus Grove was one of them. This was a beautiful wooded spot on the west side of the river, about a mile and a half south of Bowlo Avenue.

Peter Magnus was one of the earliest of the pioneers, a Swede and the man credited with bringing the first sugar beets into Colorado. He was a man who had a great deal of civic pride and always enjoyed providing pleasure for others. He served on the school board and as a county commissioner. His grove was more or less primitive but he built a pavilion out there, cleared some space around it and it was a place where Littleton people went for picnics. One occasion there was a military encampment there. I think it was the National Guard or it might have been some high school cadets from Denver. At any rate, I remember seeing them parade and put on maneuvers of different types. There was a tremendous crowd there.

Once our Sunday School was to hold a picnic out there, so they provided a hay rack and horses for us. Bud Page was the driver. When we were going out the Platte Canyon Road, something frightened the horses and they started to run away. A runaway was a frightening thing in those days. It usually resulted in
people being thrown out of wagons, wagons or carriages being smashed, horses being hurt if not killed, and when a runaway took place, if it occurred around Main Street or the residential area, everyone rushed out to see what sort of a tragic end would come to everything and everybody involved. On this occasion, we kids were jouncing up and down all over that hay rack but not one of us fell off. To this day I can see Bud Page pulling back so hard on those horses that he was actually lying flat on his back on the hay rack with his feet pushing the front board. The team finally calmed down and he turned around and took us back to the turnoff and on to the grove. All traces of this beautiful grove and park have long since disappeared.

Another park I went to on occasion was Military Park, located across the river and just north of what is now Quincy Avenue. A great many public demonstrations and celebrations were held in this park. The D. & R. G. Railroad was responsible for its existence and hauled a great many people from Denver to the park for whatever celebration was taking place there.

One of my first jobs was in the old Littleton Creamery, which was located on West Malinda Street, now known as Alamo Street. It was a large building constructed in 1882. It was built by J. D. Hill and I. S. Morse. Mr. Hill was then owner of Littleton's general store, which building was converted into the Casey Apartments, now at 130 Rapp Avenue. Mr. Hill's theory was that they could buy the farmer's milk and then sell the farmer his groceries, by working it out on an exchange basis. The creamery was also the milk supply for some people who were not at that time
customers of my Dad's milk business. They had to have someone there to wait on the customers, to sell them a quart of milk or a pint of cream, and they asked me to do it. I didn't work at that job too long. I can't remember that I was paid a single cent for what I was doing, but in my mind I was very important. I had a job with the creamery and I was working with people that I liked. I was working for Mr. Morse, and it was the answer to the time I asked Mrs. Morse if she thought I could ever work for him. This must have been along about 1897 or 1898.
The Bemis family about 1903 or 1904.
From left to right: Ella, Mother, Edwin, Dad, and in the back, Luther.
CHAPTER VIII

After 1900 I seem to have arrived at that point where I was beginning to grow up. At least I was adolescent and the babyhood and small boyhood part of my life was behind me. I was beginning to look forward to growing up and doing greater things. How these greater things were to come about or how I was to be a part of them, I did not have the vaguest idea, but I presume that I was a perfectly normal individual and like a small bird about ready to take off on its first flight.

One of the things I shall never forget was talking to my Mother the day I was 16 years old. That was in 1903. I said, "Mother, I am worried. I can't figure out what I want to make of myself." And she said, "Why Edwin, you don't need to worry about anything now. You are only 16 years old and you have got lots of time to find out what you want to do." However, I was not satisfied because I thought at that age one should know whether he wanted to be a farmer, lawyer, doctor, editor or a merchant, or some kind of professional man. But I didn't seem to know and I could not decide at that time. Strangely enough, I never did voluntarily make a decision as to what vocation I wanted to follow. You will find as the story goes on that everything that I ever got into of practically any major importance came by accident or through the influence of friends or family.

My first regular job was given to me by Mr. Morse of the Littleton Creamery Company, who paid me my first dollar for raking leaves in his yard. About the first day of August, 1902, he sent word to my Father that he had a job for me wrapping butter in the Denver branch of the Littleton Creamery and for me
to come on in if I wanted it. This was only one month before the start of school but at least I could work a month. I felt very proud because my brother had been working in this same creamery in Denver regularly for about a year as a butter wrapper and I thought I had suddenly grown to manhood when I could accept that job. My mother got me a lunch pail and each day I caught the early morning train out of Littleton, leaving about 7:30 in the morning and arrived back home about 6 o’clock each evening.

I went to work with full confidence that I could do whatever they wanted. Wrapping butter in those days was a bit different from today. Butter was molded to one-pound sizes and when the butter came off the butter mold the wrapper was around three sides, but the paper on the fourth side had to be folded in from both sides and then each end folded with four different folds. The folding was done with little wooden paddles, the trick being to see how fast one could make the four folds on each end. My brother was very fast at this. At the end of my month’s work, the foreman of the churning department said I would never be as fast as my brother, but the next year (1903), I got the same job for the full summer. At the end of that summer Dad told me that the foreman told him one day that he had to take back what he said about my speed. He said, “He is faster than Luther.” Actually I could fold the ends of three pounds of butter faster than the eye could see.

My creamery experience in Denver led to my employment in the spring of 1904 in the Littleton Cheese Factory, which was located on what is now the northeast corner of the American Coleman Motors truck building at South Nevada and Lew Streets.
The factory was owned by George Renner and Frank R. Caley, the later being our representative in the state legislature who helped bring about the division of old Arapahoe County which made Littleton the county seat of the new Arapahoe County. Renner and Caley had moved this cheese factory in from the Caley ranch on Platte Canyon Road and were occupying a part of the building which was originally a canning factory. Bert Mitchell was running the plant.

My job was to wash two sides of the bricks of cheese and turn those bricks half over. The next day I would wash the other two sides and turn the brick again. This was the curing and aging process. In addition I had to help wash up the creamery utensils and anything else that needed to be done. I wasn't satisfied just to do what I was supposed to do but I tried to learn more about the business, the handling of milk, testing the milk for butter fat content, running the milk separator, and many other things. But of course my job ended the first of September when I had to go back to school.

Soon after I left this job Bert Mitchell also left and a man by the name of John Binner took over the management of the plant. Not long after that I got an emergency call at school one morning from John asking me to hurry to the creamery to help him, because he was in trouble. I got excused and raced over. He could not get the separator to work. Milk and cream were scattered all over the floor and the equipment was also well-splashed. I opened the separator and examined all the parts and discovered
that the ring gasket which was an important part of the operation was the wrong size. I asked John what had happened and he said he had broken the other one, had phoned to Denver and had them mail one out and he had just put it on. I said, "It's the wrong size." And it was letting the milk leak through the separator, not only wasting the milk but not getting the cream separated from the milk. There was a danger that all of the milk in the factory vats waiting to be separated might sour unless something was done very quickly and the entire intake for the day would be spoiled. So I told John I would go to Denver immediately and get him the right size. Train schedules didn't help a bit so I jumped on my bicycle and rode hard clear to Colorado Avenue, opposite Overland Park, where I caught a street car into Denver.

I got the gasket and got back before noon, and I had the separator running in less than three minutes after I got back into the plant.

Then came an important epoch in the creamery business for me. The following year, in the fall of 1905, John Binnor approached me and asked me if I could take over the creamery and run it. The Windsor Farm Dairy Company in Denver in the meantime had bought it. I was still in high school so it presented problems. Could I go to school and run the creamery too?

I explained the situation to the principal of the school. It meant that I would have to run the creamery part of the day, be out of school, and then go to school the rest of the day. In other words, I had to run the creamery in the morning and go to school in the afternoon. The principal relayed the problem
to the school board and the school board granted me special dispensation with the understanding that I would make my grades. I made them. I ran the creamery, finished my high school studies and graduated with my class in 1906, as though I had been there all day every day.
CHAPTER IX

Whether or not it was from an economic point of view or whether I just wanted to be sure that I wasn’t falling into any kind of a pattern, I don’t know. As I moved from the middle grades into high school, I had insisted on wearing overalls. I didn’t think I needed to dress up because my impression was that I was going to school to learn and not to parade. But somehow about 1902 or 1903, I began to have a change of heart. The inevitable was happening. I was beginning to get interested in the girls, and I didn’t think the girls were going to pay much attention to anybody in overalls.

So without any fanfare I gradually changed over to better clothes. I think it was in 1902 or possibly the spring of 1903 I was elected president of my class. This was the first time that I had ever been given any honor by a group of people. Whether or not it had any significance I don’t know, but it seems that I was to play that sort of role throughout my whole career.

It was in 1904 that our new high school building was started on the east side of and adjoining the old two-story school which had been built in 1883. The school board had to find a place in which we could meet and hold classes and the old granary building on West Malinda Street was taken over and remodelled. This building later became a Christian Science Church. There were three rooms to this school and we attended throughout the 1904-05 term. Those of us who attended there will never forget that experience.

I remember one day when the fire alarm sounded. In those days it was a steam whistle. I looked out the window and I could
see smoke pouring out of a building in the direction of where the cheese factory was on South Nevada. At that time, a steam laundry had been installed and was operating in the west side of the building, the creamery having used only a part of the old canning factory structure. Several of us kids couldn't resist going to the fire and we bolted our classes. When we got over there, the laundry was burning from one end to the other and it was pretty completely destroyed. That was later replaced by a new laundry built at the northwest corner of South Curtis and Low Streets, which building still stands.

The point of interest in all of this was that all of us who went to the fire were required to stay after school every night for quite some time and write a certain kind of literature on the blackboard over and over and over.

I took my whirl in acting in hometown plays. These were always staged in the old town hall. It must have been around 1900. I don't recall the names of the plays in which I took part but there were several of them, but acting was not one of my accomplishments.

The hometown show business took place about the time when one of the popular activities of the young groups was serenading and I have some very happy memories of going around town with a group of young boys and girls in the evening and singing the popular songs of the day at the different homes. We had no phonographs, radios or TV and what musical activities we had we created. Nowadays, of course, it is all handed to the young people on platters and some of those old interesting treats,
unfortunately, are gone.

It was about the time of the serenading activity that I decided I ought to learn how to dance. Harry Pettit, a school mate, and I asked Essie Lilley, one of the beautiful belles of the town, if she would teach us. Essie agreed to do it, and we used to go to her home, which was then on the northwest corner of Main and Nevada Streets. Her mother, who was a well-known pianist, used to play for us while Essie would drag first Harry, then me, around the floor, trying to get our feet to travel in the right direction at the right time with the right rhythm.

We finally felt confident that we could go to a public dance. I remember so well the first one we attended. It was held in the basement of the Sunshine and Shadow Hotel, formerly known as the Harwood House, located near the old mill. We didn't have the nerve to go around asking a lot of people to dance with us, but we did ask Essie, and she very kindly gave up dances with her own crowd to see that we had a good time in our first dance. Incidentally, this dance was held in the very room in which the first issue of the Littleton Independent had been printed, in October of 1889.

In a previous chapter I have talked about the years I spent going down to the cheese factory and then having the factory turned over to me. Just about that time, I should say around 1904, I gave up the violin knowing that I had no future with it, and I turned to the slide trombone because that seemed to have the freedom such as one has in executing music on the violin. I really went to work in earnest. I practiced and practiced.

I have often wondered if the neighbors around the cheese
factory hadn't wanted to kill me thousands of times during that period because I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning, go to the cheese factory and into the old cheese room where I practiced on the slide for one hour every day. Then at five o'clock I would fire up the steam boiler and then go back home for breakfast. At six o'clock I would go back to the factory ready for the day's work. I never had a single complaint from the neighbors but I have always wondered.

I got so interested in learning the trombone that for a time I went to Denver every week and took lessons from a teacher there.

We had a little orchestra in town known as "Professor Marriott's Orchestra" and I played the slide in it. Professor Marriott was quite an unusual man. He was a short stocky roly-poly type with typical English drooping eyelids, roared in Windsor Castle, and at one time was Queen Victoria's organist. He came to this country in the late '90's because of a great sorrow over a love affair, and was a heavy drinker until the last three or four years of his life when he completely quit drinking. He was an excellent piano player and violinist.

About 1906 a Littleton Band was formed and of course I was in it up to my neck. I was the No. 1 trombone man and was elected to some office. I can't remember what, except that I was one of the signers of a note when we purchased uniforms and which note got us into court. We found the makers of the uniforms we had ordered had given us a very inferior grade of cloth in the suits, much poorer than the sample they had shown us when the suits were ordered. We went to court and won the case. That is only a
sidelong on the musical activities I was in with my new instrument. My slide trombone took me into a lot of other places and organizations. At one time I was in a Denver Junior Band which was trained by the conductor of the band which played at City Park every summer.

However, I think the most fun I had in going out with other bands was when the School of Mines Band in Golden ran short of slide trombone players and they got me to play with them whenever they had a big game. On several occasions I have marched in band formation playing up Sixteenth Street in Denver. The place of the trombonist in marching formation is always in the front row and in those days they cleared the street for the parade so I was really in the spotlight then.

For quite some time also I was a member of the Lottor Carriers Band in Denver. We played in connection with numerous celebrations and cornerstonelayings. Naturally the band here in Littleton was called upon to play at all sorts of functions. We played at the Arapahoo County Fair each year, when the fair grounds were located just west of the river on the north side of Bowles Avenue. There were Fourth of July celebrations and political meetings in which we took part. We played at Sheridan and at the Castle Rock Fair, and we played at political rallies, one of which was at Larkspur at the fair grounds. I suppose the one time I played when I was the most nervous and most proud was at my high school graduation when I played a trombone solo, in 1906. I was a bit proud of the musical side of our graduation because I wrote the words and music for our class song.
On a great many occasions we played concerts on Main Street but finally a bandstand was built on the southwest corner of Main and Curtic Street. There was a big open lot there upon which was the Olmsted's Livery Stable. The town council built the bandstand and we gave weekly concerts during the summer.

About 1903 or '04 there came to Littleton a Presbyterian minister by the name of Beavis. He was much interested in youth work. Believing in the theory that young people should always have something to do he organized what he called "rides"; every young person with a bicycle was invited to meet once each week and to go for a ride to someplace out of town. This was for boys and girls alike and was a very enjoyable diversion.

Another thing Dr. Beavis organized and in which I was very active was the "Anti-Tobacco Guards". This was a sort of cadet group which had regular officers and which had regular military drill once each week. We even had military caps, much like the old Civil War ones, and belts. Dr. Beavis was able to get the state militia to loan us rifles and we had rifle drilling on Memorial Days we would go to the cemetery and fire a volley of shots over the graves. On other occasions we gave drilling exhibitions in the town hall. At first I was a second lieutenant, then later first lieutenant, and finally a captain. As you surmised, of course, one of the qualifications for membership was that we do not smoke.

I have always felt that Dr. Beavis did a great deal of good in influencing the young people and he was very highly thought of here in Littleton. But a strange angle to this was that privately, and very privately, Dr. Beavis was a pipe smoker.
This picture shows the regalia I wore when in the "Anti-Tobacco Guards". The cap was designed like those worn by the soldiers in the Civil War.
In 1906, having learned to dance and having gotten out of the overall age, I suppose it was natural that I should fall in love with some girl. I did. It was my first serious love affair. A very beautiful girl named Julia Kinlin, whose family lived at Plum Creek, came into Littleton in order to go to school and she lived with the family of Nelson Rhodes on Littleton Boulevard. Mr. Rhodes was the superintendent of the Denver Water Company and an engineer and a lawyer. He later went to Mexico City, practised law there and was the author of several books on the Mexican language. Anyway, I imagined I was madly in love with Julia. It lasted about two years, when she had to leave to return to her folks, who in the meantime had moved to another city. Gradually the relationship died out. I had only one other serious love affair but I will tell about that later.

From the time I graduated from high school in 1906 until 1908 there was little to remember except scattered incidents. This covered a lot of hard work and considerable time put in around home.

I might mention here that in December, 1906, Columbine Grange was organized in Littleton and I was one of the charter members. This year, the year of writing this story, will be the fiftieth anniversary and I am still a member. I was pretty religious about my attendance but I did nothing particularly outstanding. However, in 1919 I was elected Master of the Grange. I have no recollections of any unusual activity during that year but at least the Grange survived until the next Master could take over.

On December 7, 1906 the organizational meeting of the Arapahoe
County Fair Association took place. The citizens were getting ready for the first fair in 1907. At this meeting I was elected assistant secretary. Two or three years later I was elected secretary and held that position until the association disbanded in 1911.
CHAPTER X

While I had been making my own money by operating the creamery, I, like most any other kid, had not accumulated any property of any kind because after all, I had not lived long enough to do that, and the amount of money I was making then was quite meager. In operating the creamery, as I have stated before, we were running a skimming station. The creamery had long since quit making cheese, since it was owned by the Windoor Farm Dairy Company of Denver, that wanted the cream shipped there. And so the usual cheese making, butter making, and ice cream making projects were not being carried on.

From the separator in the creamery, the cream was run off into a shipping can and the skim milk was run out into a vat which was located outside. It had been the custom of the farmer to take back home some of the skim milk, and there was a pump on this vat and those who wanted the skim milk filled their cans. In those days, little did they realize how valuable the skim milk was. Some of the farmers did not even bother to take home skim milk and so at the end of each day there was skim milk left in the vat. For several years, it had been the custom to pull a plug in the bottom of the vat and let the skim milk go down the sewer. The vat had to be washed out each day.

Dad had a different idea. He knew the value of that skim milk even though I, working with it, had not been conscious of it. Dad, like any father, was always looking to my future as well as his own. He was always very generous in his thinking and in his acts relating to us kids. One day he said, "Ed,
"Why don't you let me buy some little pigs and you bring that skim milk home and give it to them? Before you know it they will grow into big hogs and you can make some good money on it." The idea sounded great to me and I told Dad to find the pigs and that I would pay for them when I sold them. One day when I came home Dad told me he had twenty tiny little pigs delivered to the home place and if I would go out to the barn I could see them. Out I went and saw them and I was in business.

I started pouring the skim milk down those little pigs, and it was amazing how fast they grew on it. It seemed no time until I had twenty pretty good sized hogs on my hands. By that time Dad figured that it was probably the best time to sell them, because soon after that we would have to start buying grain for them. Dad knew about what they would bring and he knew that it was a good profit so, knowing that he would know best about it, I told him to sell them.

I had some money saved up from this sale and about that time Starks Orchard, which we called Page's Orchard, was divided into what is now Woodlawn Subdivision. I broached the subject to Dad about buying a lot in Woodlawn and he thought it was a capital idea. So I used that money to buy a lot which cost me $120. Of course, it had apple trees on it but they needed trimming and shaping up so I went to work on those trees. That was where my first ownership of real estate started. I spent a lot of time and work there watching the place and dreaming about what I might do with it. I was like a boy with a new toy. This
lot was destined to play another role in my business career.

In the meantime my brother Luther had moved to Seattle, having obtained a job with the city as a draftsman. The reason he went there was because he was madly in love with Hazel Coleman, daughter of a man who had operated a hardware store here in Littleton, but who had sold out and was moving to Seattle to live. The letters Lu wrote home about the beauty of the country there, the water, Puget Sound, battleships and all that goes with a great seaport, intrigued us very much. In 1908 came a letter from him saying that there was to be a wedding in Seattle and he, and Hazel, were to be married.

Mum and Mother, of course, could not go to the wedding and they felt very badly about it. Dad couldn't leave his business at that time and Mother never wanted to travel anywhere. So Mum and Mother talked it over and finally decided that they would raise enough money somehow to send my sister Ella and me to the wedding. Dad went further than that. During the '90s, a real estate man here had gotten the agency for the sale of some orange grove properties in Morro Bay, California. It was a real estate promotion, but it proved a good one. Dad had been almost on the point of selling out here and moving to Morro Bay, but somehow it didn't happen. I don't know why, but he used to share the information about Morro Bay with us and I got a picture of that country which I retained all these years, even though I know the feeling I have about it is actually incorrect. Anyway, Dad decided that Ella and I should go to Seattle by way of Los Angeles.
We went from here to Salt Lake City, then down to Los Angeles. For two youngsters who had never been fifty miles away from home up to that time, this was a fabulous journey.

When we boarded the train here in Littleton, we had the necessary suitcases for clothing and a big box of lunch to eat on the way. There wasn't enough money to permit us to go to the diner for every meal but we did not mind. We had a full section in the sleeper. When night time came and we were ready to retire, the porter made up the berth, but he fixed up the bed only in the lower berth. Ella was to sleep there and I in the upper berth. When I went to crawl in, I discovered he had fixed me no bed. The only thing there was a mattress. I called to the porter and asked him if he was going to make up my bed. He smiled and said, "Yes", and then with the most sheepish look I have ever seen, he said, "Mistah, I thought youse were bride and groom and that you would not want the uppah berth." Of course, we all enjoyed the situation and before long I was sound asleep in my first night on a train.

We did not stay in Los Angeles but we did have several hours between trains and we took some short trips around town and to the parks. We then boarded the train for San Francisco. Nothing of particular interest to relate happened on this trip up the coast, but of course Ella and I were all eyes and ears every moment. We had a lay-over for a few hours in San Francisco and in Portland but we finally arrived in Seattle and were met at the depot by Luther. We attended the wedding, and stayed for a visit of two or three weeks afterwards. We were having a glorious time because the water and the boats fascinated us. We had a
number of nice trips on the water while there.

While I was gone I had to have a man familiar with the creamery business to run the station. His name was Rube Bryant, who had been with the Littleton Creamery Company for a number of years, but who was temporarily out of work. He took over and carried on satisfactorily for me, but one day I got a telegram from Dad in which he said, "Rube can't stay much longer. You had better start home." I guess I had fallen into the delusion that I could stay out there and play around forever and the telegram was somewhat of a jolt. It made me realize that after all, Dad was financing the trip and it wasn't fair to keep on staying forever. So we made our reservations and started home arriving back here about the first of July.

Now comes another epoch in my business career. As I previously stated, I ran the creamery for half days and went to school the other half in 1905-06. After graduation, I had a half day of spare time on my hands. I didn't take advantage of that extra time for anything really constructive or practical. In fact, as I view it now, I think it was pretty much wasted. But I didn't find anything which seemed to interest me enough to make a project out of it. After returning from Seattle, I got to thinking over the idea that here in Littleton there was no place where one could buy Kodak films, since I had been taking pictures for a couple of years and had to go to Denver to buy the films each time. So I thought I might get the agency for the Kodak and films and have a little business of my own.

I discussed it a lot with my Father and Mother and they became quite enthusiastic over it, but my Mother, who was a writer and had had many stories published in national magazines, being much
interested in literary activities, thought there should be a
place where people could buy books and magazines. The drug
stores were handling magazines on a small scale but there were
no books. The idea took shape and it finally resulted in my
sister and I opening the first book and stationery store in Lit-
tleton on September 29, 1908. Where did the money come from?
It was from the sale of the lot in Woodlawn, which was bought
from the profit from the sale of the little pigs.

The files of the Littleton Independent show that my first ad-
vertisement appeared in the Littleton Independent on October 9,
1908. The store was located in a building which occupied a num-
ber now about 126 West Main Street. It had been used as a post
office at one time and was owned by Martha R. Crocker, wife of
Dr. Crocker, and who was the founder of the Littleton Woman's
Club.

We really had a beautiful store, painted white throughout,
nice counters, stands and shelves. One of the prominent citizens
said that he was calling it the "White Way." We carried a stock
of Kodaks, films, stationery, books, magazines, post cards, school
books, school supplies, etc. It wasn't enough just to carry the
Kodaks, so I built a dark room in the back room and immediately
went into the work of film finishing commercially. That got me
into the job of taking pictures for people when they wanted them
for special occasions and of course, I bought special equipment
with which to do it. That was a natural thing to have happen.
I was on call at any time for any type of photography. Even
though I was an amateur, I rapidly learned how to handle what
people wanted. I took pictures of deceased persons in caskets,
meetings, automobile caravans, and on one occasion I recall when the D. & R. G. Railroad Company wanted a picture of the railroad rails at Military Junction in connection with some accident which had happened there. A representative of the road came in on Uncle Sam, the suburban train which ran several times a day between Denver and Littleton. He came right down to the store and told me what he wanted, and wanted me to go back in on Uncle Sam. I was alone in the store and I did not have my equipment ready. I told him I would have to phone to get my sister down to take over the store and in the meantime I would get my equipment together, but Uncle Sam was standing at the depot ready to go to Denver.

But Uncle Sam waited. I got more of a thrill out of having that train delayed here until I could get on it than I did of being called in to take the pictures. The representative had ordered the train to wait for him regardless of how long it took.

I took a great many pictures around Littleton during those early days and now about fifty years later they are valuable historical records which I am turning over to the Littleton Area Historical Society. [Which he helped form]

My sister had developed quite a talent for china decorating and since there was spare time while waiting for customers to come in, she had time to do this sort of creative work. We installed a kiln in the store and as she painted the china, she or I would fire it. We sold a lot of her product because it was unusually good. She was extremely talented in that direction.

There are so many interesting incidents which happened during the three years we owned and operated the store that I wish I
could tell about all of them. But I have forgotten a lot and also the incidents which were very interesting at the time are not worth recounting now. It was what anyone would encounter as a merchant in a small town. However, there is one which I should like to relate.

About 1910, Thomas F. Walsh, a multi-millionaire mining man, bought Wolhurst. He had made his millions over in the San Juan mountains. The family wanted a home somewhere near Denver and apparently the Wolhurst Estate was just what they needed. United States Senator Edward O. Wolcott had died only a few short years before, and the Wolcotts sold it to Mr. Walsh.

Obviously the Walsh family wanted Wolhurst as a summer home, but they lived in Washington, D. C., during the winter. There was one child, a daughter, in the family, named Evelyn. While in Washington, she became acquainted with and married Edward B. McLean, who was the son of the owner and publisher of the Washington Post. In 1910 Mr. and Mrs. McLean came to Wolhurst to spend the summer, as newlyweds.

One warm summer morning, the McLeans walked into our book store and wanted to look at the Kodaks. I was not in at the time but my sister sold them one for ten dollars. They were soon back for more film and they brought in the films they had taken to be developed. Through this I began to get well-acquainted with them. Then Edward McLean, who seemed to be having some difficulty on obtaining the right exposures, decided that he wanted me to go out with them and to help them learn to do a better job of taking pictures around the place. Every few mornings I would get a call and he would ask me if I could come out. Then he would send
in his private car and pick no up and I would spend a part of the day with them, roaming around the Wolhurst Estate chatting, visiting, taking pictures, and have a good time in general. One of the things I remember about the automobile he sent in was that it was one of the very first which had a starter on it. I was mighty proud always to have that beautiful car pull up in front of my store, pick me up and sail gaily down Main Street and on to Wolhurst.

A little bit later, Edward decided he wanted to learn how to finish the films himself, so he built a dark room in the basement. By that time he had gotten so he could do a pretty good job of taking pictures but he kept sending in for me to come out there and help him develop them.

I think time hung a bit heavily on his hands at times because after all it wasn’t much to do out there on the place. On many occasions he drove down town and would always come to my store. I had a wrapping counter which was plain and flat and I kept nothing on it. Edward would come into the store, stretch out on that counter and visit with me. If a customer came in, his foot would go up in the air and he would roll off the counter, stand up beside the book cases until the customer had been taken care of and then he would come back and lie down. He wanted to visit but he seemed to be tired and listless most of the time. In later years, Evelyn McLean was well-known socially and especially because she was the owner and wearer of the Hope Diamond.

It seemed that my creamery experience was destined to crop up again and again. In 1903, J. Brown Cannon, who was the
owner of the Windsor Farm Dairy in Denver, and who was owner of the creamery the last few years I spent operating it, decided that I had sufficient ability and knowledge to hold the office of State Dairy Commissioner. In many things, of course, I was still a young boy, but I was getting attention which, to say the least, stimulated my ego. While I didn't feel that I had been chosen by the Lord to do this sort of thing, yet I was delighted to have Mr. Cannon undertake to get that appointment for me. It came out of a clear sky for I had never thought of such a thing. The scramble for that office turned out to be quite a thing. John Shafroth was Colorado's Governor at the time, and I went up with Brown on several occasions to see him. I had no end of recommendations. In fact, the retiring dairy commissioner was so sure that I was going to get the appointment that he took me to his office and showed me the routine. However, there was in the story another angle which we did not consider.

The Denver Post had a man whom they wanted appointed and the final outcome of it was that he got the appointment. I didn't. I think I was very fortunate that I was not selected, but my name got to be bandied around between the Governor and Mr. Cannon for some time, because after that every time they met, the Governor would call him "Demis" and then laugh. The next year there was another try at getting that office, but it was less successful than the first.

Business activity at the store kept growing and growing until I began to feel the need to give all of my time to it. There had been less and less milk coming into the creamery, because
people were going out of the dairy business in this area, and I decided in 1909 that I didn't want to operate the creamery any longer. After talking it over with Mr. Cannon, we decided to close it up and that ended my career in the creamery business so far as Littleton was concerned. I did get into the business again in a few years, but that becomes a story in another chapter.

Along about that time there was a story in the making which I could not have realized or known about at the time. There was a family by the name of Moody which had lived west of Fort Logan, having arrived there in 1900, moved to Littleton. One of the children was Ralph. I shall not go into detail in connection with this family, except to say that Ralph is the famous author of the books, Little Britches, Man of the Family, and others. One of Ralph's sisters was Grace, who was older than he. The book, Man of the Family, tells of an incident which occurred on the Platte River, north of the Bowles Avenue crossing near the mill. On occasions when we had severely cold winters the river would freeze over and the boys and girls of the community would go skating down there. It seems that I was there skating one day when Ralph brought Grace down to learn to skate. Ralph tells the story much better than I can tell it, but apparently I attempted to teach Grace to skate.

After "Man of the Family" came out in 1952, Ralph told me that of the thousands of letters he received from people who wanted more information about things in the two books, the one question most asked regarding "Man of the Family" was "Did Grace marry Ed Benin?" I tell this because of an interesting thing which happened. Of course, we lost track of the Moody family
over the years and did not know where they were living. But after the book came out and I talked to Ralph, I asked him about Grace. He said she lived in Massachusetts and had married a man by the name of Bomis. Last year (1955), Grace and her husband visited us here in Littleton and we discovered that her husband, Phillip Bomis, is a cousin of mine, a man whom I know nothing about.

When I was a small boy, one of the most fascinating things to me was the fire cart which was operated by the volunteer fire department. My earliest recollections is of seeing the fire cart in the then town hall, which was located at the west end of Malinda Street, now Alamo Street, and on the south side in what was known as Moyer's Hall. I remember seeing the firemen practice for contests in the Colorado State Firemen's Convention. I used to see them making runs down the street and making connections with the fire plugs. They used to lay a ladder flat on the ground and one of the firemen would start at one end as a group of others raised the ladder and tipped it completely over. The job of this one fireman was to run up the ladder on its way up and run down the other side on its way down. I have never seen a contest put on for that particular stunt but it was always very thrilling.

In my earlier recollections are the many times I was wakened during the night when the fire alarm sounded. In those days, it was a steam whistle on top of the old beehive factory. At times I have gotten up in the night and looked out the window at the glow from some burning shack or haystack. The most spectacular was a most tremendous fire when a livery barn burned, which was
located on the east side of Rapp south of Alamo.

On March 29, 1909 I became a member of the Littleton Volunteer Fire Department. In those days we had a hand hose cart and when the fire alarm sounded it meant that we had to run to the fire house, which at that time was located on the alley on South Nevada Street and run with that cart to the fire wherever it was. That was no easy trick. So many times men had about run themselves out by the time they got to the house and the speed with which they could continue dragging the cart was not too fast. But it was the best we had, and the firemen were diligent about doing the best they could.

I remember one time when a box car caught fire north of the depot. I ran down to the hose house and along with the other firemen ran with the hose cart clear up to the fire. I think I came as near dying from heart failure that time as I shall ever come until the final call comes. It took me all day to get over it. I think I did irreparable damage to my heart which showed up in later life. Soon after that, however, we began to get some help. There was an old man by the name of Breeze who was in the express business. He had two little buckskin ponies and a not too large wagon which served the needs of Littleton. When the alarm sounded, he would race his ponies to the fire house and find out where the fire was, from the fire alarm system.

By that time three or four of the firemen would be at the fire house and would have the cart out in the street. They would jump in his wagon and away those little ponies would go at full tilt dragging the fire cart. That served the firemen well, and saved them a lot of gruelling experiences.

By 1910 the firemen had decided that I was good official
timber and they elected me assistant secretary. Then in 1911 I was elevated to the regular secretaryship. I resigned my membership in the company in September, 1911, because I was leaving Littleton, but I picked it up again later.

During those days, we used to have celebrations in which the Englewood and Littleton Fire Departments would race against time. These were held on Memorial Day or Fourth of July or Fairtime. We won several prizes and I am turning over some pictures I took of these races to the historical society.

My first automobile ride was in 1907. The street car system between Englewood and Littleton had been extended toward Littleton to a point north of the gulch, north of the court house. From there one had to use transportation into Littleton in case he did not care to walk. We had our first fair going on that year and I had been in Denver in a band parade and had to come home to get to the fair. There were horses and buggies available to ride down to the fair, but one man had an automobile, one of the first owned in Littleton, and he was carrying passengers for a dollar.

My store being in a very handy location for the public, and I being mixed up with the Fair Association, the Hose Company, and other organizations and seeming to be pretty busy, the town council decided to use me as town treasurer. The appointment took place on April 18, 1910. I was said to be the youngest town treasurer in the country. I held that office until I sold my store, which will be related in a later chapter.
CHAPTER XI

It was quite natural that when groups were going on an outing around Littleton, they would want someone to go along and "take pictures". The high school graduating class of 1910 was not different from the rest, and when they decided to have their annual picnic in the form of a hayrack ride up Deer Creek Canyon, they came and asked me to go with them.

Having tried to make some study of photography, I tried to compose pictures properly and with the right subjects to make the picture interesting. As we drove up into Deer Creek Canyon, I decided I wanted a picture of one of the students beside the stream. In those days, there really was a stream of water in Deer Creek. I selected the site and then I selected the prettiest girl in the crowd to do the sitting for me. Her name was Katherine Prosser. I took a lot of pictures that day and I seemed to arrange it so that that beautiful little round-faced curly-haired girl was in them somewhere. On the way home from the picnic we sat together and chatted and sang and although I had been out of school then for four years, I still felt as though I really belonged to the group.

The little brown-eyed girl came to the store to see how the pictures turned out, and of course I showed them to her and talked about the trip and visited and chatted. Then during the summer she came to the store for magazines or stationery, or possibly just because I was there. I was never too busy to visit with her because I must confess that I was beginning to watch for her to come almost every day. I didn't miss a chance to go over to her house, either, and I guess I was there almost every night.
Came time for the youngsters to leave for college, and this little girl decided to go to Boulder and attend the University of Colorado. All of a sudden I discovered that I wasn't too happy about that decision. I would miss her, and so as a normal situation might develop, I wrote letters and she wrote letters. I saw her every time she came home and it was not long until occasionally I had urgent business in Boulder. This situation carried on throughout the winter and it was quite obvious that I was smack in the middle of my second love affair. Although she was younger than I, yet we seemed to have so much in common that the difference in our ages was no barrier.

Then came spring and early summer. A change in my business was about to take place. It seems that a Robert Swanson, a Denver jeweler, was moving into Littleton to start a jewelry store and to carry Kodaks and supplies as a sideline. But when he went to get his supplies of Kodaks and films, the Eastman Kodak Company said, "No. Edwin A. Bemis has a franchise for Littleton, and we give only one."

About that time, was when my brother in Seattle informed me that if I was really interested in coming out there to settle down, there was a job open with the city. Somehow I got all confused between Bob Swanson wanting to buy my store, my desire to go to Seattle and start on a new and bigger life, and my regrets at having to leave one little brown-eyed girl here in Littleton.

I sat down and thought over the situation. Bob had offered to buy me out lock, stock and barrel and move my stock across the street and combine it with his store, which was then located
at a place next door east of the present Robert Swanson Jewelry Store. (The original Swanson store burned down. The present Swanson store is owned by the son of the man who bought me out.)

This all happened about the first of July. Most anyone could put the puzzle together at this point. We decided to sell the store, but didn't make the deal until about the middle of August. I had decided to go to Seattle. But the next move was "Would the little brown-eyed girl go with me?" It all depended on that.

I did the best I could to impress her with the desirability of going to Seattle, by using the best selling technique I could think of. Finally I talked to her parents about it. They felt she was a little too young to be married, but they believed she was old enough to begin to make decisions for herself. So the final outcome was that on July 19, 1911 there was a wedding at 176 North Nevada Avenue in Littleton, with a honeymoon at Colorado Springs. We were married by Rev. David Utter, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Denver, who was a close friend of the Prescott family. In September of 1911, Katherine and I boarded the train for Seattle and a new life.

We arrived there according to our schedule and went immediately to the home of my brother, where we stayed for a few days pending the finding of a suitable place in which to live. But here is where I ran into a great disappointment and a situation which shocked me. I found myself behind the proverbial eight ball.

The job I was supposed to get with the city was not available. It was open for someone, but since I was not a resident of Seattle the city did not let me have it. My brother had been
mislabeled, and had misunderstood and I found myself in a strange
city with a very limited capital, no job, and a wife to support.

I wasn’t afraid. Apparently I didn’t know enough to be scared.
I contacted a former Littleton girl who lived in Seattle, and she
told me she knew one of the head men in a stationary store there.
My experience owning my own stationary, book and Kodak store came
to my rescue and within less than a week I had a job with Lehman
and Hanford, the biggest retail and wholesale stationary house
in the Northwest.

When I talked to the man at the store, he said, "Well, I do
not have anything available right now for you. The only thing
open is a job in the shipping department packing goods." "I'll
take it," I said. And I think I said it loud enough that there
was no doubt about my determination. "Can I go to work this min-
ute and what kind of clothes should I wear?" He then informed
me that I had better wait until tomorrow morning and not to wear
good clothes because the work was rather rough and dirty.

I went to work and received the big sum of $14 per week, upon
which my wife and I had to live. That meant cutting a lot of
corners. It meant walking to work instead of riding the street
car and carrying my lunch and also governed considerably the
type of living quarters which we could pay for, which wasn’t much
out of $64 a month. But we were as happy as any newly-wed and
could put up with anything. I worked as hard and was as interested
as thought I was getting $100 a week.

After being in the shipping department a few months, I learned
of an opening in the wholesale department upstairs, and I applied
for the job and got it. I do not recall how long I was in that
position but it was a few months, when I learned of an opening in the retail department of the Kodak section. I applied for that and got it and was then working on the first floor. I was moving up the scale and I had gotten myself up to the big salary of $16 dollars per week and that only after I had asked on two different occasions for a raise!

A part of my work was staying over in the evening every other week and decorating the show window. They left it to me to work out the display the way I wanted and I was quite thrilled at that because this was one of the important show windows on First Avenue.

As time went on I began to feel that for some reason I wasn't getting anywhere and there didn't seem to be the right kind of a future in that company for me. I heard other employees grumble and I could well understand it because when I was required to stay over and work evenings, I got no additional wages for it, and I even had to buy my own dinner on those occasions. I felt the least they could have done was to have bought my dinner. So the time came when I had made up my mind that I was going to try to do something else.

Having had experience with the creamery supply business, I decided to see if I could get in with a cream supply company in Seattle. I knew it wasn't the thing to do just to go in there and apply for a job so I decided to get the scene a little. The Bonis family being close friends of the Ammons family, I thought it might be nice if Elian M. Ammons, who was then governor of the state of Colorado, would write a letter of recommendation for me to the Seattle Creamery Company. I wrote to him and asked him
if he would write me a letter of recommendation. It seems to me now that that was a pretty norvy thing to do, but I just figured that anybody would be glad to help me and the station in life did not make too much difference. Somehow, even in those days I didn't hesitate. I got the letter, which I still have, and I took it over to the dairy supply people and asked if there was a job open and I showed them the letter big as life. It fell flat. They didn't have a job for me and they didn't need anybody, and they could not create a job for any state governor just to take care of me. That ended that idea very quickly.

About that time, I read an advertisement in the Seattle newspaper where a man wanted a salesman to sell lots on the east side of Lake Washington. We had been over there and it was a most beautiful timbered area with views of the lake from everywhere. So I thought maybe this might be my chance. I little realized then that to sell real estate a person must have some training.

I answered the ad and got the job. I then went back to my employers, gave them notice that I was leaving in two weeks and was taking a new job. The real estate promoter gave me a little desk in his office, but I had no more than started on this venture than I begun to feel sick at heart. I didn't know a thing about that business. I didn't know where to get prospects or how to approach them or what to do with them after I had contacted them. This episode can be shortened by merely stating that it was an utter failure. I made no sales, received no money and found myself stranded financially.

In connection with this period, I should like to tell you
one incident when I went over to the property which we were trying to sell. It was on the waterfront. There are a number of beautiful homes in the wooded area, having been built obviously by people of means. I don't recall how I happened to be in front of one of those homes and talking to the lady of the house, but somewhere in the conversation she informed me that she was giving a dinner to a number of women. In fact, it was time for dinner and the women were ready to eat. But this lady told me that she had a big roast and she didn't know how to carve it. I told her I knew how and I would come in and do it for her if she wanted. I had already eaten the lunch which I had brought with me. I can see the table to this day, heaped with foods of all kinds and about twelve women around it. I went to work, carved up the roast, served everything on the plates, passed them around and then straightened up and spoke to the lady and said, "I hope I have done this the way you wanted it." Then I turned around and walked out. And she walked along beside me as I did so, thanking me every foot of the way for what I had done. She probably offered me something to eat, but undoubtedly I declined and that was the first and last time I ever saw any of those people.

My next move was to contact another stationary store in Seattle where I got a job. It was a small one and I really did a lot for that store, because the man who owned it was not too experienced, especially in the Kodak supply end of it and I just took over. It was a small operation but at least it paid our expenses and I stayed with him for about two or three months, when another venture in business loomed on the horizon. I could see no future in staying with this store, so I was open for suggestion.
CHAPTER XII

In a previous chapter I mentioned that an Englishman by the name of Fred Barnett had been in business with my father and had lived with us here in Littleton. Somewhere, either through my parents or direct, I cannot recall which, I found out that Mr. and Mrs. Barnett were in the dairy business in Los Angeles. At the time when I was wondering about my future in Seattle, I got a letter from Mr. Barnett suggesting that possibly it might interest me to come to Los Angeles and become associated with them in the retail milk business. Again my creamery experience was coming to the front.

After exchanging several letters in which there was no mention of salary or anything in connection with the job except that they would promise they would give me an interest in the business if I would come down, Katherine and I decided to make the change and go to Los Angeles to live. They forwarded sufficient money for us to get down there and so in September, 1913, we boarded the boat at Seattle and sailed for Los Angeles arriving in Redondo Beach, where we disembarked. We went on into Los Angeles to the Barnett home, and here begins another interesting year.

We went down there with great hopes. We were immediately settled in a small apartment close to the Barnett home down near South Figueroa and Jefferson Streets. The next day I went to work again in the dairy business.

Fred Barnett had a small milk shed back of the house where he had a cream separator, a home-made pasteurizer and bottle
washing equipment. He bought his milk from farmers around the Gardena area and it was trucked in every morning. I started out helping to bottle the milk first and then Fred wanted me to go out on a route with him. Although I didn't know it at the time, it turned out that he wanted me to take a route and build it up.

The first surprise I got in our relationship was right then and there. We would drive down the street and he would stop the horse, grab a bottle or two of milk and start to get out of the milk wagon. Then he would say, "Ed, take a bottle down there and put it on the front porch." With that he would wave his arm toward any one of a dozen houses down the street and head off, not waiting to point out a specific place where I was to leave the milk, leaving me there by the wagon wondering where he meant for me to go. I would have to wait until he got back and then ask him which house it meant. He would point it out to me but he seemed to be a bit irked to think that out of his wild gyrations, I couldn't see which house he meant.

I took over a route and began building it up. In almost no time I had developed the number of customers and of course Fred was elated. We then had quite a spirited contest between us as to who would get the most new customers every day. The business grew and grow. I threw myself into that business with all of the enthusiasm I had because I have always thought that working was the greatest privilege a human being could have and that one should get enjoyment out of it, regardless of what it was.

Then came the rains. I had two routes to cover, one which I started at four o'clock in the morning and one in the afternoon. As we went on toward the winter days, I found I was working in the dark and the light at both ends of the day. I can
remember being out on several of my daily trips when deluges would come down which are typical of Los Angeles. I have waded up to my hips in rains, particularly on South Figueroa Street, but true to the milkman's code, the milk must go through, I saw to it that I completed my deliveries.

On up until the holidays I worked, but there was no indication that I was to have any interest in the business and it finally dawned on me that I was being hired merely as a milk pedlar. The idea did not carry well, but I kept on working, despite the fact that I had to ask for every cent of wages I got.

Being of a somewhat inventive mind, at least so I thought, I had been working on one or two ideas for some time and it seems that in my offline from my daily work I was studying deeply on some inventions.

The first one which I thought would materialize was a rotary tooth brush and I went so far as to have models made of it. Then began the job of a search at the patent office in Washington to see if a previous patent had been issued on the idea. We had a friend who had perfected a number of inventions and had gotten patents and I appealed to him to carry on for me. We got the answer and I was surprised to learn from the patent office that there had been 32 previous patents issued on the same idea. At least, that got one of them out of the way.

I had been studying for quite some time on a method of producing three dimensional moving pictures. All of a sudden one day while lying on a bed resting, the idea finally came to me on how it could be done. I had no one I could turn to with I could discuss it, but I kept studying over the idea and after returning to Colorado, I took a physics professor at the University of
Denver into my confidence and I laid the plan before him and asked him if my idea would work. He studied it over for probably a half hour and finally wound up by saying that he couldn't say for sure that it would work because it was complicated, but he thought it might. He indicated to me that he couldn't seem to comprehend the final and result of the plan I had.

I did more experimenting with my theory, but the equipment I had was so crude that I could not prove nor disprove the method. To this day, I believe that it would work, but it would take several million dollars and the use of a big motion picture concern to produce and reproduce a three dimensional picture. I have not had the time, money, nor equipment to go on with it, but I do know that the latest developments in the motion picture field today are using a part of my idea. I should have gone on with the plan but other things seemed to be more necessary to me and I have continued only in my thinking about it.

The third thing which I worked out when I had my little book store in 1910 was a design for what is now the well-known helicopter. My design went a little further than the present models in that I had the coaxial operation which merely means that there are two sets of propellers, one directly above the other and close together, operating in opposite directions. I had figured out that the thrust from this combination would be so much more than a single propeller operation that it would make a tremendous increase in the power. There had been attempts to use this coaxial design in recent years, but up to the present time it has not come into general use. I made no effort to patent the idea because that many back I was only a youngster with a great interest in aviation.
Getting back to the milk operation in Los Angeles, one of my jobs was the testing of milk for the butter fat content. One day I detected a low percentage in one man's milk and I told Fred Barnett immediately that the man was watering milk. Fred told me I was crazy. The next day when I ran the test, it showed the same thing and I told him again. I then got the Los Angeles milk inspector. The next morning the inspector rode the pick-up truck and when they arrived at this particular man's gate and picked up the milk, the inspector took a sample on the spot. The inspector made a test and discovered the same thing that I told Fred when he told me that I was crazy. The following day they ordered the man into court for watering his milk and he pleaded guilty and was fined.

However, it was the feeling which was running through the plant that there was not the proper harmony among all of us and especially between Fred and me, which made me realize that the time was not too far away when I would have to change jobs.

In order to speed up deliveries, Fred decided to buy a motorcycle for me to use, which had a side car in which cans or crates of bottled milk could be carried. Up to that time he had a horse and wagon delivery system and this system continued except in my part of it. The idea worked fairly well, but morning after morning at daylight or before, I would have to take that motorcycle out and run almost to complete exhaustion pushing it in order to get it started.

The worst thing that happened to me was one day when I was riding down Figueroa Street with Fred sitting on the side car.
Where we had been or where we were going, I don't know now. When there is a side car on a motorcycle, it is always on the right side and one can make a left turn with the weight pushing against the wheel on the right without the least difficulty, but if one makes a right turn it has to be done very slowly because one cannot lean to the right in making such a turn and only the weight of the side car can keep the motorcycle from tipping over to the left. As we turned, the corner at Figueroa and Jefferson Streets, evidently I was going a little too fast and it felt as though the motorcycle was going to tip over to the left in spite of the fact that Fred was on the side car holding it down. Fred got scared and jumped off, which left me with no weight holding down the side car. That meant in turning I had to make a sudden recovery turn to the left in order to stay right side up. There was a street car running beside me which had just started up. I turned to the left to keep from falling; I crashed into the street car in such a way that my handle bars caught under the street car. As the street car moved, it drew the motorcycle under it, and my left leg was pinned against the bod of the car. Only the yelling and waving of arms of some people on the sidewalk stopped the street car in time to keep me from being ground to bits under its wheels. The horror of that situation stayed with me for a long time.

Another incident in connection with that motorcycle which made me very unhappy, to say the least, was being arrested for going 26 miles per hour on Figueroa Street. Just the idea of being arrested the first time in my life was a terrific shock. Even though it was only for slight traffic infraction, I was too
young to believe anything other than that I was disgraced forever.

The speed limit on Figueroa Street was 25 miles per hour. I was making a delivery, but the thing about it was that Fred would not buy a speedometer for that motorcycle and I always had to guess how fast I was going. I pleaded with the motor cop not to give me a ticket, but it availed nothing. I had to appear in police court the next morning, and I had taken five dollars with me, which was all I had. When I was called up before the judge the fact is that I was too scared even to testify in my own behalf. I agreed to everything the judge and the motor policeman said, and the judge fined me $25. I was waved into the box where the other law-breaking sat. There was a phone on the rail and I tried to phone the Barnotts, but couldn't reach anybody and all I could see was spending the rest of the day in jail. I learned later that the phone was disconnected. Finally the court adjourned and I went up to the clerk and talked to him and he said, "Well, bring the rest of the money down tomorrow morning. That will be all right." And so I went on back home. In the morning I paid him. Another part of this which I did not at all appreciate was the fact that the Barnotts made me pay that fine out of my wages, meager as they were, and I resented that to this day.

By this time I had found out what the main trouble was. Mrs. Barnott told me that Fred had been hit by a street car during the year before I went down there and that he had never been himself since. I did not detect that but anyway that explained a great many of the peculiar things he did and I could see where all of the trouble between us came from.

When I was certain that I was going to sever my relationship
with the Barnetts, I saw an advertisement in the Los Angeles paper in which they wanted an experienced Kodak man to open a Kodak shop in a hotel in Santa Barbara. I thought this was just exactly what I wanted, and since we really wanted to stay in California at that time, I answered the ad. I called the man on the phone (he was staying at a Los Angeles hotel) and made an appointment with him to talk it over. Katherine and I went down at the appointed time, but the man was not in. We waited for a couple of hours and he still did not show up to keep his appointment. Whether I got this information from the desk clerk or from some other source, I cannot remember, but some way we found out that the fellow had gone out and gotten drunk and that is why we missed him. I did not pursue the idea of the Kodak job further. By that time I was a bit disgusted.

Things got no better as time went on and toward fall I finally told the Barnetts that I was going to quit and go back to Colorado. I turned over my milk routes to one of the other employees. About that time also, Fred had gotten in trouble with the city in some way and they ordered him to remove his milk operations down into a commercial zone, which made it less convenient for me.

When the time came for us to leave, the Barnetts paid me the balance of my wages due, which gave us sufficient money to buy the railroad tickets, and we arrived back in Littleton in the late summer of 1914.
CHAPTER XIII

It was good to get back home and both Katherine's parents and mine were delighted to have us. There was no room in my parent's house for us to stay, but Katherine's parents had a big house with plenty of room and so we settled there for the time being. However, I had no job and no prospects.

I came back with a lot of misgivings, because it had finally dawned on me that I had no regular vocation and I had a wife to support. Up to now life had been one great honeymoon and the ups and downs were taken in stride and viewed as a part of getting started in life.

I remembered the time when I complained to my mother when I was 16 about not having made up my mind what I wanted to do and it came back rather forcibly. For here I was back in my home town jobless and not particularly equipped to walk into any well-organized or established business, and to tell them that I was proficient in any line of work which they might be doing.

Of course I studied the situation, looked around, but couldn't seem to get any idea of any particular direction which I thought I should start out on, and, having no finances, I couldn't stay around long without a job. One of my first thoughts was "could I start up a milk business again and make it pay?"

While we were away on the coast, a company was formed which started to make spread cheese. The company operated in the old building where I had operated the creamery years previously, but through bad management or something, the operation failed. But the plant was still there intact. I went to the owners and made
a deal with them where I could lease the equipment and I started out again in the milk business, but it was very short-lived, because by then there just weren't dairy herds in the country any more except those where they had their own private milk distribution.

About that time, I learned that there was an opening for a clerk in the office of the county treasurer, under Willard Teller. Willard had married Sadie White, a Littleton girl with whom I grew up, and I knew I could get to him very easily, so I applied for the job. I told him that I had been town treasurer and that I had had experience in handling public money and I felt sure that I could do the job satisfactorily. There were some others after the job, but I didn't know it then. I made the best presentation I could and then I told Willard that "I just had to have that job." Nothing happened for four or five days but one evening I met Willard in a downtown store and he said, "Come on up and start to work Monday morning." Life immediately began to take on another meaning and this led into another epoch different from all other periods in my life.
CHAPTER XIV

As clerk in the County Treasurer's office, I was in politics. I didn't realize that, either, but one could hardly hold a job in the county court house without being in politics. One must be identified with a party and should show loyalty to that party over a period of time. Since my Dad had been a Democrat since coming out West, it was a perfectly natural thing that when I became of voting age I too was a Democrat. Willard Toller was a Democrat, and that was sufficient reason for his action in hiring me.

My job was to keep all of the books, that is, the control records, and to handle all of the cash, and then help wait on tax payers and write tax receipts.

Somehow I had always been able to get a lot of pleasure out of whatever kind of work I was doing and this was no exception, even though it meant hard work in the daytime and lots of long nights of work during the peak season. As the auditors came each year and checked out our office, I was always delighted to know that things checked out accurately, because I had had no particular training as a bookkeeper or an accountant and had to learn as I went along.

Came 1915 and Katherine's father, who had been a very prominent lawyer in Denver and Colorado, became quite ill and in the middle of July passed away. We had been living in his home up to that time, but with his passing, the family broke up, the place was sold, Katherine's mother moved to California, and we moved to a home on Downs Avenue opposite my Dad's home.
Then on August 5, 1916 came our first baby, Elizabeth Louise, who always went under the name of "Betty Lou", who was destined to lead a most interesting life, but since this is not a history of my children, I shall not go into details in that connection. Betty Lou was born in the Littleton Hospital, which was then located on the present site of the telephone building on the corner of Littleton Boulevard and Logan Street.

I was present at her birth, in fact I helped the doctor bring her into the world.

She could not have been more than two months old when the owner of the house in which we lived decided she wanted the place and asked us to move. It was somewhat of a challenge to have to move with a two or three months' old baby, but we made it and we moved to 178 North Sherman Street in Littleton.

After I had served about two years in the court house, I was beginning to look forward to something more permanent as a vocation. There was to be a new postmaster appointed in Littleton and when the announcement came out, I thought that would be a good job to have, even though in those years the office changed with any political change which took place nationally. But it seemed to have a better future. So I set out to try to get the appointment. I was a Democrat, and the national regime was Democratic, so I got the usual necessary recommendations and sent them in, but it seems that there were a lot of others who had the same idea, including one W. M. Everett, who was also an employee in the treasurer's office. As a matter of fact, Mr. Everett was Deputy County Treasurer the first two years I was there as a clerk and then Willard Teller decided that I should be Deputy and he denoted Mr.
Evrett to the clerkship, but of course that didn't change the job we were doing in the least. The contest was very spirited and it got to the point where the United States Senator, whose job it was to make the recommendation, refused to do it and he wanted there to be an election conducted so that the people of Littleton could choose their postmaster. There was so much pressure on him that he was afraid to make an appointment, an unheard of thing up to that time.

There were three men and one woman running. They had instructed us from Washington to get together and agree on whatever rules we wanted to follow in the election. We did this, except that one of the men refused to agree to anything. One of the rules we agreed on was that we could not haul voters to the polls. Three of us stuck by the agreement, but this one man refused. He won the election and was appointed, but his tenure of office was not a very happy one, because in 1920 he was suddenly relieved of his job on account of his dishonesty and he was replaced by another postmaster. However, I didn't win and I have been thankful ever since then that I did not, because of the fact that it could not have been a permanent job such as it is today.

World War I was raging at that time in Europe and it seemed obvious to the people in Washington that we would be drawn into it and so all young men were registered for service. War was declared in 1917 and the government was beginning to draft men into service. The day of the drawing of the numbers throughout the nation was a momentous one, and everybody was wondering whose numbers were going to be drawn for service. My number was one of the first to be drawn and I believe at that time the only one in Littleton. The people were very much excited because they
know I had a wife and tiny daughter and they wondered what would become of them. However, when I came up for examination and processing, I was deferred because of the fact that I had a family to support. On one occasion the following year I made an attempt to enlist, but was refused with the recommendation that I "go home and take care of my family". They told me they had plenty of unmarried men to fill up the necessary quota.

Then came 1918. I took part in every war activity I could and was one of a group of local men who would drill once each week on an open area in the north part of town. We had a sergeant from Fort Logan come over each week and put us through regular military drills. We did not know whether we would ever need it or not, but we felt it was the patriotic thing to do to be ready in case we were needed. I was on a special board which held hearings in cases of suspected disloyalty, but we never found sufficient evidence anywhere to turn over to the federal authorities, but we did do quite a bit of investigating.

During that summer I became interested in Masonry and decided I wanted to join the Masonic Lodge. Dad had been a Mason since 1898 and after talking to him, I put in my application. I entered Weston Lodge No. 22, AF and AM, on May 25, 1918 for my Entered Apprentice Degree. I was passed on June 15, 1918 and raised to the Third Degree on July 6, 1918. That was one of the proudest times of my life. I am now a life member of Weston Lodge. This was not the first secret lodge I had joined, because as I previously stated, I was a charter member of Columbine Grange, and then somewhere around 1903 or 1910 I joined the Knights of Pythias, and took my degree on the hall over the Littleton Independont. My Masonic degrees were taken in the upstairs of the building at
241 West Main Street.

Nineteen Eighteen was an election year and it came time for the then County Treasurer, Willard Teller, to run again for the office. But late in the summer he told me that he was not going to run. In fact, the public knew it, and it seemed the logical thing that I should be the candidate. So I started laying plans for it. But it seems there was the hurdle of the primary to get over first. Who should be my opponent in the primary but W. H. Everett, the man in the Treasurer's office who had been my opponent for the postmaster and when I replaced him as deputy treasurer. I had little difficulty defeating him in the primary and this placed me on the general election ballot.

Due to the fact that we were still in a war, the matter of big campaigns, lots of speeches, travelling and lots of advertising was frowned upon, so what I did was quite limited. I felt fairly confident that I could win the election, but was not stupid enough to believe that unexpected things couldn't happen. My opponent was Claudio Cartwright, who was finishing a term as County Commissioner. Claude had the Republican organization solidly behind him, and this was a Republican county. I went out and rang door bells and attended meetings and mixed around as much as I could, in view of the fact that I still had to take care of any business in the office. I made no particular effort to see people in Littleton, because I thought they knew me, but I concentrated more on Englewood and towns in the eastern part of the county.

Came the election and the count, and came the unexpected.
Dad and I were over at the Court House watching the returns that came in. Claude and I were neck and neck most of the time and part of the time I had a narrow lead, but when the returns came in from North Littleton the picture completely reversed. I had lost enough votes in my own precinct to lose the election. What could have happened? Well, in the first place, I just took it for granted that the people in my precinct would vote for me without my asking for it. My political opposition was smart enough to realize that when I made no effort to get votes in my precinct, that that was a good place for them to work. That worked very effectively. Then I found out later that the Democratic candidate for County Clerk had made a deal with the Republicans to help swing my precinct against me if they, in turn, would swing another precinct, which was Republican, for him. They made a deal with this candidate and it worked effectively. He got elected and I didn't, thank the Lord. I never conclude the story of my political career without ending it with that statement - "Thank the Lord" - because that defeat was the most wonderful thing that could have happened to me, as it opened the door to a more or less successful life.

For some unknown reason, I was not downcast at all, although I had a wife and baby girl to support and no job, but I couldn't seem to get worried over it. The man who defeated me and I were good friends and I immediately urged him to pick his deputy as quickly as he could so I would have plenty of time to train him well in my job by the time he had to take over in January, 1919. Incidentally, the man whom I trained carried on the work for about six months, died suddenly, and I had to train his successor.
Claude was County Treasurer for a number of years, but finally quit penniless, and I shudder to think what might have happened to me had I been elected and given those long years of my life to political service and then in middle life to have had to start over at something else.

Raising a family wasn't anything easy, so far as finances were concerned in those days, any more than it is today. And I was always looking out for an opportunity to augment my income. So it wasn't anything unnatural that I should have become interested in buying certificates at the annual tax sale. The interest was high, but if one got a certificate, and finally got a tax deed to a good piece of property, it meant a nice profit on the investment.

At one time I had a deed to 420 acres out near Cherry Creek. It was prairie country at the time and seemed not to have too much future. What a mistake I made! I sold my deed for a good profit, but since that time it has developed out there and land is worth a hundred times what I paid for that piece.

I owned a lot of different parcels of land and I always sold at a good profit. Some I held for a long time and got about twenty times what I paid for it.

This had its humorous side, too. Once I got a deed for about five acres of land south of town, near Wolhurst, on the east side of the railroad tracks, and near the creek north of Wolhurst. All portion of record who had any interest in it were notified that a deed would be issued. Among those was the Santa Fe Railroad. In due time the deed was issued. A couple of months afterward lawyers representing the railroad came into the office all aflutter. They pointed out that I had a deed to 1300 feet
of their railroad, and a legitimate deed at that. "But", they said, "we overlooked the fact that the railroad right of way was in that deed and we have to straighten it out."

The lawyers pointed out that they had an interest, also, in the balance of the land. They informed me that they would have to go to court and break the deed unless I would sign a quit claim back to them, and they would sign a quit claim to me. I didn't want to have to go to court. I might have won but it would have been an expensive fight. So, I gave them a deed to their railroad. But I was certainly a big railroad owner for a few weeks. The officials of the railroad never could figure out how it happened that they overlooked the fact that they were involved in that tax deed.

Lady Luck seemed to be stalking me at that time as she had done throughout my whole life. Before the end of the year Henry Kraft, who was the owner and publisher of the Littleton Independent, came to me and said, "Ed, what are you going to do? Have you got a job?" I told him that I didn't have a job and didn't know what I was going to do. Then he said, "Why don't you buy the Littleton Independent?"

I told Henry that I had to think about it, but since I had had no experience in editing a newspaper, no experience in advertising, was not a printer, even though I had helped to do some printing on the Independent as a boy, that I doubted my ability to run the business, but he said, "Well, think it over and let me know shortly."

I talked to Dad and Mother and Katharine and finally decided that I did not have the proper training or equipment which I
thought necessary to take over the editing of a newspaper. More than all of those things, every cent I had had been spent in the political campaign. Henry offered me the Independent for two thousand dollars.

I met Henry shortly afterwards and I told him I would not take the Independent because I didn't feel I had the ability to be a newspaper publisher.

About a week after that, sometime in 1919, he came up to the court house and came in to see me again, and asked if I had a job yet. I said, "No". "Well," he said, "Ada and I want to take a vacation for a month or two and I wonder if I could get you to run the paper while we are gone." I couldn't see anything wrong with that because it was his business, and I personally couldn't lose anything in such a transaction.

But not yet having found a job, I told him that I would do it. I said I would run the paper for him while he was on vacation. I thought this would give me a chance to find a job in the meantime, but it seems that rats had other ideas and other plans and so on the second day of January, 1919, I walked in the door of the Independent and became its manager.
CHAPTER XV

Little did I know when I walked in that front door what a complete change in the course of my life was taking place. I did not take over the paper with any feeling that I could do it because I never had been afraid to tackle any sort of job. I knew I could do it. That was a different feeling from the one I had when Henry wanted me to buy the paper and I think now that probably the financial angle had more to do with my first refusal than my belief that I could not do it. I wasn't afraid of work, and I was pretty confident that I could at least hold the business together until he got back, and see that the Independent came out each week.

The Independent was a corporation owned by Henry Kraft, Judge Flor Ashbaugh, and a printer by the name of Erickson. On August 1, 1910, the two papers in Littletown, The Independent and The Arapahoe Herald, had consolidated and this corporation owned the consolidation. All operations were moved into the Independent building at 223 West Main Street.

It was my job to write all of the news stories, the society, to get all of the commercial printing orders, keep all the books, and on Thursday to go into the back shop and help in the mechanical operations of getting out the paper. At that time, I was the only one in the front office and I had one man in the back room doing the mechanical work. That was Mr. Erickson.

As I look over the files of those first few issues now, I wonder how in the world we had or kept any subscribers at all, but we did have a few. I knew little about writing and especially
newspaper style of writing. I know nothing about advertising except that I was certain it was an effective tool for the sale of merchandise. I knew, too, that an advertisement in the Independent would be placed in the hands of every subscriber and that if the merchant had an interesting message to tell the subscribers he would get some results. In fact, I was completely sold on and believed in advertising. When I went out to solicit advertising from the merchants, I was enthusiastic about it and I just did not take "no" for an answer. The advertising began to build up very rapidly.

I seemed to grasp the technique rather rapidly because the files will show that it was only three or four weeks until the Independent began to look and read like a newspaper. We were getting out four pages in the start. But in a very short time I had it up to eight pages. Erickson, the printer, got disgusted with the situation and quit. I think he thought I was going to wreck the institution and certainly he knew that I knew very little about it.

Erickson was operating the Linotype, but since there was no other Linotype operator in town, I found suddenly that I had to call on some folks who had previously edited the Independent, and had to ask them to come in and handset the whole paper. The operation stopped back about 15 years all of a sudden. But I got Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellison and Rita Witt to come in and the three of them set all of the type by hand and we went to press on time.

This brought it up to the first of March, when Henry Kraft
came back from his vacation. Of course, the deal was that I was to turn the paper back to him and I would be out of a job. But by that time I had no intentions of turning it back to him, because I was confident that I had found my life's calling and that I was going to buy the Independent. When Henry came in, I immediately renewed the previous conversation and told him that I wanted to purchase the Independent. Henry said he would sell it to me, but that the price now would be $2500. That did not matter particularly, because I had to arrange financial backing anyway. I asked him how much cash down he wanted, and he told me $500. I didn't have $500, and so I went to borrow it.

It was then that I realized how much honesty, integrity, and proper business methods pay off in the long run, because in previous years, in running the creamery, the Windsor Farm Dairy Company merely wrote me one check for payment to all the farmers for their month's milk and I banked it and re-wrote the individual checks. The Windsor Farm people never really checked up on me, but I am sure that the First National Bank did observe how I had conducted the business. Also when I had my store, I attempted to be as business-like in financial dealings as I could possibly be. When I needed that $500, I went to the First National Bank and told them what I wanted to do but that I had no money and no security. I asked them if they could loan me money on that basis and the cashier said, "How much do you need?" I said, "Five hundred dollars." In those days, five hundred dollars was a lot of money, but without hesitation the cashier said, "You can have it." That is all there was to the transaction with the bank and, at the moment, with Henry Kraft, and I was in business.
The Independent, which had meant so much to me in my boyhood days, and for which I had a lot of sentiment, now belonged to me. I could not think of anything nicer at the time that could happen, from a sentimental standpoint. I could hardly believe that I was really in business on Main Street again, but there it was in black and white and I still have the stock certificates which gave me the majority ownership of the paper, although the corporation has long since been dissolved. It was then that I gloated over the fact that I had been defeated for county treasurer and Lady Luck was my team-mate.

When the auditors checked me out of my job at the treasurer's office, I was very much pleased over the fact that they stated that my accounts were almost in perfect order and every cent was there and accounted for. The only thing they found was where I had credited one school district with 16c which belonged to another district. They transferred that 16c and that checked me out to a cent.

There was nothing in connection with the work of editing the paper or handling the business side of it which was too big a job for me to tackle. I enjoyed every minute of it and every day was a thrilling adventure. I gradually got the confidence of the people. My advertising kept increasing, revenue went up and from the day I took over the paper I have never failed to discount the monthly bills. I soon found it necessary to get speedier production in the back room and so I employed a Linotype operator and we quit hand-setting the paper.

In those days we had a one-magazine machine. The paper was set in eight point, but all legals had to be set in six point,
and so it was necessary to run the eight point mats out of the
magazine and run in the six points in order to set the legals.
This happened every Thursday morning, the legals being the last
things we set before going to press. Every Thursday morning, I
got up at six o'clock, came to the office, changed the mats,
fire up the machine which was then heated by gasoline, and then
I would go out to breakfast. By the time the operator came to
work, at eight o'clock, the machine was ready to go. I did that
for several years, and I look back on it now as one of the most
enjoyable things in the operation of the mechanical end of the
paper which I took part in.

By the time summer came, it was obvious that Betty Lou was
going to have a brother or sister, and so, on the fifth of Novem-
ber, 1919, arrived our son, Edwin, Jr., who is having a great
career as a physicist. But I shall not attempt to write the
story of his life in this autobiography.

Prior to Edwin's birth, Katherine decided to go to California
to see her mother. She went first to visit a friend in Seattle
and then down to California where her mother and two of her
sisters resided. At that time, we were living in the North
Sherman Street house, but while she was gone, the owner of the
house sold it out from under us. She did not give me a chance
to buy it. The first I knew of it was my word to vacate. There
I was, with Katherine gone, and the necessity of finding a new
home. This was the year following the close of the first World
War, and houses were hard to find; I couldn't seem to locate
anything, and finally out of desperation I moved the furniture
into a brick barn on the alley directly south of the court
house.
this barn had been made into living quarters but was vacant at
the time. There were four rooms in it, two downstairs and two
upstairs. I moved the furniture in there for storage, believing
that I could find a house before Katherine came home, but I wasn't
that lucky.

When Katherine and Betty Lou arrived, I still had found no
place in which to live and so we decided to fix up the brick
barn and live there until we could find a place.

There we were, with a baby coming, living in a house with
not even a sink in it, just a faucet up out of the floor and
hardly room in which to turn around, but we settled down with our
baby girl and waited for Edwin to come. He was born on the fifth
of November, 1919, in the Halloran Hospital, which was a converted
country place on the north end of the ground of the present new
Littleton High School, east of Denver Broadway and north of Lit-
tleton Boulevard.

We got along fairly well that winter, but I know that we could
not endure it another year, so I started out to find some lots to
build on. Houses to rent were still scarce. I finally found
some lots for sale at the corner of Sheppard Street and Santa Fe
Avenue. I bought them, then went to the Sheppard house, which
is now the YMCA Building, and bought a building which had been
used as a sanitarium. It was composed of five rooms in a straight
row. I had it cut in two, three rooms in one section and two
in the other, moved them over to the lots, had them entirely re-
built, and that is now our home at 200 Denis Avenue.
CHAPTER XVI

The improvement in the paper and the progress I was making as a neophyte publisher seemed to have drawn some attention from other newspaper publishers because there was an occasional comment in these other papers about how much better the Independent was. In fact, one editor made the statement in his paper that I had made Littleton into a good newspaper town where before it had been considered a newspaper graveyard.

Apparently, I had a deep-seated interest and belief in organizations, although I cannot find any particular place in my early life where I had had any experience with them. But I had been getting mail from the Colorado Editorial Association, an organization of Colorado newspaper men. Although I had been in the business only a year and a half when the program came out for the annual summer convention of this association, which was to be held in Glenwood Springs, I decided to attend. This was my first personal contact with the publishers in the state; it was the first time I had met the Castle Rock publisher, only 23 miles away. But I was much interested in rubbing elbows with these folk, and trying to learn from them things about the newspaper business which I certainly could not learn by myself or by remaining more or less isolated. This convention was held July 30, 31, 1920. I was greatly stimulated by this experience, but little did I know when I attended my first meeting that the best part of my life would be devoted to the publishers and to the association. The story of this will come later.

After coming back from the Pacific Coast, I had rejoined the Littleton Fire Department in 1914, and by the time 1919 came,
I was elected Assistant Chief at the meeting in May. Calvin Pagott
was elected Chief. In the spring of 1920, Pagott moved away from
Littleton, which made me the Acting Chief, and when the annual
election came in May, 1920, since I had not served officially as
Chief, I was elected to the office of Chief of the Littleton
Volunteer Fire Department. It was in 1920 that the State Fire-
men's Association held its annual convention, two days in Lit-
tleton and two days in Englewood. I was glad I was the Chief of
the department during that convention. I got out a special edition
of the Independent in honor of the occasion. I remained in the
department until about 1924, when I had to ask for honorary mem-
ership because I was required to be away from home too much of
the time, the reason for which will come out later. But during
these years of service, on many occasions I drove the fire truck
to fires and took a very active part in everything the depart-
ment did.

During the fall of 1920, I began to think about oftener con-
tacts with the publishers of this area. I did nothing about it
in particular, except possibly to talk, but when the annual con-
vention of the Colorado Editorial Association was held in Denver
in January, 1921, I talked some about district organizations. I
was planting seeds in fertile soil because President Lester
Giffin of Ordway, Colorado was very much in sympathy with the
idea and he appointed me chairman of a committee to perfect a
district organization of newspaper publishers in this area. I
called the first meeting on February 12, 1921 and then later on
more meetings. In fact, we met regularly following that for a
number of years. I gave it the name of the Central District
Editorial Association. When we attended the annual convention of the association in Denver in January, 1922, I had a very fine report to give and I apparently had made quite an impression on the publishers. Because of what happened at that convention, action was taken by the publishers which again was destined to change the whole course of my life.
Sometime during that 1923 annual convention of the Colorado Editorial Association, Katherine mentioned to me that I should not be taken too much by surprise if something unusual happened to me there. She didn't tell me what it was and I can't remember that I even asked her, because I apparently treated it very lightly.

Soon time for the annual election of officers and, as had been done in previous years, a nominations committee had brought in a slate headed by Will Murphy, the former Las Animas publisher, then engineer for the state Land Board, as president. The slate was presented to the convention and the committee moved its adoption, and it was seconded. The president was about to call for the usual vote when a man by the name of J. P. Coss, publisher from Walsenburg, who later became a state senator, arose and said, "Do I understand that there can be no nominations from the floor?" The presiding officer then said, "Of course you have that privilege and I shall ask now if there are any nominations from the floor?"

Mr. Coss then went on to say that he had been watching a young man in the newspaper field for the past year or two and he felt certain that he would make an excellent association president. I can't remember the compliments he paid me at that time, because all of a sudden I began to realize that that was what Katherine was talking about. Anyway, Mr. Coss placed me in nomination for president of the association, and when the vote was counted, I had won the election by one vote.

When people say one vote makes no difference I at least, can challenge that, because that one vote again changed the entire course of my life.
Someone then moved that they make me president unanimously, which was immediately done, and there I was, newly elected President of the Colorado Editorial Association, with only three years' experience on my shoulders, without any definitely formulated program for the year and an obligation to make the association bigger and better than it had ever been.

The first project I had to undertake came very suddenly. A month after I had taken office, the then treasurer of the association, who was a well-known columnist in Colorado for many years, suddenly made a peculiar disappearance and took with him all of the association's money. So my first project was to rehabilitate the association's finances. The absconding treasurer was administrator for a publisher's estate in Pueblo and it seemed he was short some $40,000. He drove his car east of Denver, left it in a gulch and disappeared. They had Boy Scouts and sheriff's men hunting all over for him but couldn't find him. The association secretary and I called on his wife to extend our sympathy. After we left the house, I told the secretary that the thing was phony, because his wife showed not the slightest concern about his disappearance. A few days later, the treasurer walked into his home and let it be known that he had returned, but he never explained where he had been. In a subsequent court action, he was tried but no one was ever able to learn who made up that $40,000, or why the man did not go to the penitentiary.

My next association project needs a longer explanation.
CHAPTER XVIII

Still a neophyte in the newspaper business as well as in organizational activities, I probably barged in where more seasoned men would have stayed out. But I knew I was in a position where I had to make good and had to promote things in a more or less dramatic or spectacular way. The best method I knew of at the time was to keep the association dangling in front of the publishers all the time.

I did some very serious thinking about a sort of nebulous idea I had had and which I wanted to make my second and major project during my year as president. This project was destined to change my whole life's career, but I did not know it then.

I was quite happy in the editing of the Independent and had no thought of starting anything which would involve me in any way, or which would set up a thirty year career in another direction. I loved the Littleton Independent and everything it stood for and I had edited it long enough that I felt completely surrounded by its history and its objectives.

It seemed that I could not keep my mind off the idea of "organizing". One of the things which I did in 1929, which was not the major project, but about which I want to tell because it seems indicative of the trend of thinking which I was constantly following. I thought it would be a good idea if the mayors and treasurers of the towns around Denver would organize a municipal association of some kind, for the purpose of holding regular meetings, and such ideas on how they could conduct their jobs for their respective communities could be exchanged.
I wrote an article in the Independent setting out my idea and making the suggestion that such an association be formed. The idea caught hold immediately. The papers around Denver and even the Denver dailies gave considerable space to the suggestion and it did result in the formation of such an organization. It met frequently for two or three years and produced some very definite results for the mayors and treasurers and town councils. However, due to the change of administration in some of the towns, the newcomers did not seem to have the same interest in the organization and the attendance dropped. Then the idea was picked up from this group by the University of Colorado, and a state-wide organization was formed, which is now known as the Colorado Municipal League. The league is a very strong and worthy organization and I have always been very happy that I had planted the seed which brought it about.

Now, getting back to my situation as President of the Colorado Editorial Association, it seemed to me that the newspaper publishers’ industry in Colorado was of enough importance that it should have a central business office connected with the Association. I started to talk about the idea, having found out that newspapers in other states had such an arrangement with their associations, and I kept talking about it every where I went and with every editor I contacted. The more I talked about it, the bigger the idea seemed, and the more it appeared necessary that such an office be set up. How it was to be set up or manned, I did not know, but I knew that it was sound business to have such a place in operation. Everywhere I went the idea was
received with interest. It seemed to be the one big thing I
could do to have my year as President outstanding in the history
of the association. Time was passing and I knew that before I
knew it the year would be over, so I put on a bit of pressure and
started out interviewing prominent men in the state to see if
they could be interested in taking over the managership of such
an office. I talked to men in high places, medium places and low
places. They always agreed that it would be an excellent thing
to set up such an office but with all of the enthusiasm for the
project I could build up, I could not seem to find anyone who
would be sufficiently interested to give up another job and take
it over. I think it was because the whole plan was so new that
they didn't fully understand its significance.

The summer wore on and I had not gotten anyone to agree to
even investigate the plan with the idea of taking it over, but
for some reason I was not the least discouraged. Possibly I
should have been discouraged, but I seemed still to have that
idea that if the thing is right to have or do, then I just could-
't take "no" for an answer, in trying to bring it about.

It should be noted here that the association had a secretary
who did the usual job of keeping records of meetings and inci-
dental work connected with such an office. His name was George
Naukrich. However, neither the members of the Board of Directors
nor I had sufficient confidence in him to try to influence him
to take on this work. I was trying to get a bigger man.

In September of that year, I was invited to speak at the annual
conference of the Electric Light Association at Glenwood Springs.
The meeting was held over the weekend and Katherine and I returned
home on a Sunday. Monday morning I went to the office as usual. Pretty soon Virgil Case, editor of the Castle Rock Journal, walked in and chatted for a few minutes, as he was accustomed to do whenever going through town. Virgil was a round-faced, happy-go-lucky type of fellow, always smiling and with a very mirthful laugh at most anything that was said or done. He had a very happy disposition and nothing bothered him too much. Everybody liked him. I was glad to have him stop in, but that particular morning he seemed to hang around longer than usual and I could not understand why he did it. In fact, I had gotten to the point of needing to get to work, and I wanted him to go on his way. So I asked him if there was any particular thing I could do for him or help him with. He said, "No, I am just around enjoying the time this morning and I wanted to spend a few minutes with you." Had I looked in his eyes I might have seen the proverbial gleam and might have noted his broad smile, but I did not, and having been away for a few days, I was eager to get on with the week's paper. I probably felt a bit annoyed at being delayed at that point, but I thought too much of Virgil to let him know I had such feelings.

We were sitting in the front office when suddenly a group of men walked in. They were all men whom I knew, publishers and supply men. In those days the counter in the Independent ran clear across the front office from wall to wall.

I shall never forget seeing those dozen or fifteen men lined up in front of that counter with Virgil and me back of it and wondering what in the world had happened or was about to happen. Of course Virgil knew but I didn't.
The spokesman for the group said, "Ed, we are here representing a group of publishers and supply men who had a meeting in Denver Saturday night. You did not know anything about it because you were in Glenwood Springs." By that time, I didn't know whether I was being fired from the job or what and of course I could do nothing but stand and listen.

The spokesman continued, "We believe your idea of a central business office with a field secretary in charge is a very sound one and we have come to ask you on behalf of the publishers of Colorado if you would take the job and set up the office until we can find a full-time man to take it over. You know more about how to do it, what to plan, and the benefits from this than any other one man." He then pointed out that they were really asking me to represent the Wold County District Association as its business manager and that they at that point had no authority to ask it officially for the Colorado Editorial Association, because that would have to be done by its board of directors. But they did have authority to ask for it for the Wold County Association.

What sort of internal revolution I experienced at that point I do not know because when I started out to set up this office and get a man to run it, I had not the slightest idea of ever being involved in its operation. There must have been some discussion with those men at the time but I was too surprised to remember much about it. The only thing I do remember was that I told them I would have to think it over and let them know later.

They then informed me that there would be a meeting of the Wold County Association at Crookley on September 23 and for me to
attend that meeting and give them my answer.

While the group indicated to me that it would be a temporary arrangement and they thought it would not be too long before they could find a man to take up the work, yet I think I had a deep premonition that it might not be temporary and that I had to figure out what sort of change that might bring about in connection with my own newspaper.

I am sure I was in the "Seventh Heaven" between the time those men talked to me in my office and when the Weld County meeting was held, because I thought then I could work out the idea and set up the office and the representation the way I had been thinking it out throughout the summer. I was not sure that someone else would set it up properly. I guess I thought too much of my own ability and not enough of the ability of others, but I was in a one-track state of mind and there was only one objective that had to be reached and that was the setting up of the central business office for the newspaper publishers.

I was so enthusiastic about the idea and so determined to set up the plan that it was a foregone conclusion that when I attended the meeting at Greeley, I had agreed to take on the job for the Weld County newspapers.

It might be well to give some idea of what I thought a central business office might do. It seemed to me that such an office should be available to men who wanted jobs on newspapers and for newspaper publishers to call the office when needing help. Then I thought I could talk to merchant advertisers, could represent the newspapers when contacting representatives of other industries; then there was the matter of working with
the legislators, helping to steer bills through which the newspaper publishers might want, resisting bills which were unfavorable and in general letting the legislators know that a representative of the press was on hand for consultation if such was needed. Then of course, the idea of getting out bulletins to the publishers containing a great variety of information valuable to them, from an editing standpoint and for their mechanical departments. Also, through the bulletin I felt I could interpret a great many things which could be interpreted only if one could get at the source and it would be the job of the manager to get at those sources: warnings of fraudulent advertising, notification of the changing postal regulations, and a thousand and one other different items which would aid the newspaperman in the operation of his publication. In fact, the manager of the central business office could represent the newspapers of the state in any situation where the newspaper publisher could not represent himself. It was to be a clearing house for all of these ideas.

Naturally, taking on this additional work meant some real adjustment in the Independent office, but for the present I found it necessary to carry on without any particular change.

As I pointed out earlier, I started with one man by the name of Erickson in the back shop and, when he left, the Ellisons and Mr. Witt came in. Following them, I employed Russell Gorrell, who later became owner of the Arvada Enterprise and the father of the present editor, Lloyd Gorrell. Then I had a man come in by the name of Danford, who was in no way related to the Littleton Danfords. While his work was all right, after a few
months I found out that the accounts in the front office were not checking out. When I had to be out of the office and a customer came in, he had to wait on them. Of necessity, he had to be alone in the plant part of the time. He got along fine in both jobs of printing and steaming, until one day he made the fatal mistake and I caught him in the act. I walked back into the plant, asked him for his key, told him to come up front and get his salary and then I told him to get out.

In those earlier days, getting out the paper always meant night work on paper day. The paper was always printed after dinner and the job usually was finished about ten o'clock in the evening. On one occasion on paper night, Danford, without any warning whatever, at six o'clock laid down his tools, took off his apron and informed me that he was through for the day and that he would see me in the morning. I was dumfounded because he had not finished making up the forms, and following that, of course, the paper was to have been printed. He walked out, but I stayed there and studied the situation for a few minutes, looked over what had to be done, and I made a decision. I went out to the restaurant and got something to eat and I came back and went to work. I finished making up the forms, although I had never done that before. I lifted the forms onto the press, and it normally took two men to lift them. I started the press and fed the entire run of papers. After that I ran them through the folder, a part of the work which was usually done simultaneously with the running of the papers on the press. After that, I did all of the mailing and wrapping and at two o'clock in the morning I took that issue to the post office and went home.
When he came in the next morning, he was the one who was dumfounded, because he had apparently felt certain the night before that he had stuck no end was going to try to make no appre-
ciate his value around the plant.

After I fired him, there I was alone without the ability to operate a Linotype and a paper and job work to get out, but I had previously been talking to a young fellow by the name of Earl Darcus about working for me. He then was working for a newspaper in Englewood. He was to go to work the following week, but on Tuesday he walked in and said he had a fuss the day before with his employer and had quit and could go to work right now. It could not have been timed better. Earl stayed with me for about 35 years.

When Earl went on the job, since there were only two of us, he operating the production end of the business and I the front, there had to be some understanding about our positions. But since I had to work in the back on paper day I told him from the beginning that the minute I went from the front office to the back office he became my boss. All of the years I have worked in the plant I have followed that theory and plan and it has worked out well.

There came a time when I had to have more help in both front and back offices and I employed a girl by the name of Mary Al-
way, who was a Linotype operator but also could handle society and the books. She was part Indian, and looked it, but a very beautiful girl. She was with us for several years. As time went on, also, there were more demands on my time from the association standpoint, because up to that point I was handling the association business out of the Independent office. Katherine had had
some journalistic training and of course was very much interested in the front office operation, and so I asked her to come down and work part time each day to help fill the gap while I was away. It turned out that she became the editor of the paper and served as such for two or three years.

I was working part time on my newspaper and part time as association manager. That meant that I would leave home as soon as the paper was off the press, head out into the state to visit the publishers and to hold meetings, and then would return not later than Sunday in order to start to work on next week's paper. I operated on this plan until July 1, 1926 when another epoch in this history started.
CHAPTER XIX

After taking over the Association work following my year as president, I started out to set up district associations for the publishers throughout the state. I finally had a number of these functioning, which included the San Juan Association, in southwestern Colorado; the Western Slope Association in the Grand Junction-Delta area; the Northwestern Colorado Association in the Craig-Steamboat Springs location; the Larimer County Association; Northeastern Colorado Association; the Coloorad Association in Eastern Colorado; and the Arkansas Valley Association; the San Luis Valley Association; and some other smaller ones, and of course, the Central District Association.

However, the biggest and most important one which I formed was a national one. It was in early 1923 when I decided that if it was practical for the publishers to have an association manager on the job to represent the newspapers of the state, and if it was practical to have district associations and a state association, then it would be practical to have a national organization of those state association managers. At that time, there were about 10 states working under the manager plan. I thought about it, and then I wrote a letter to the managers in those states setting out my ideas and the proposal. Part of them answered, some enthusiastically, but I remember one in particular, Grant Carvell of the Iowa Press Association, who wrote and discouraged my idea because he said "You can't get those fellows together." That was all he needed to tell me. I was determined to get them together and I invited them all to Denver for a
meeting which was held September 8-9-10, 1923. At that time we adopted a very awkward name "National Association of State Press Field Managers". This was later changed to "Newspaper Association Managers, Inc." I was elected president of this national group at that time, and was re-elected for seven consecutive succeeding years. This organization has been very powerful throughout the years and is still one of the most important in the newspaper profession in the country. The organization represents more than nine thousand daily and weekly newspapers. It is the organization which launched and carries on National Newspaper Week each year; the story and history of Newspaper Association Managers, Inc. would make a book in itself and I shall not attempt to tell much about it here. I might say that as president, I started "The Round Table", which is a monthly publication written by and edited for those newspaper association managers. My first issue came out in 1926. Bound volumes up to date are to be found in the office of the Colorado Press Association and they contain a world of valuable information. Since my retirement from the job as manager of the Colorado Press Association, the national organization has designated me each year as its historian, and I am one of only three living honorary life members.

In 1929 when the National Editorial Association has its annual convention in Cheyenne, Wyoming, it was voted to make the president of Newspaper Association Managers, Inc. an ex-officio member of its Board of Directors. As such, I served as a member of that board for the last two or three years during which I was President of Newspaper Association Managers.
Going back to the annual convention of the Colorado Editorial Association in January, 1923, when I turned over the presidency to my successor, it was quite obvious that the manager plan for the association was on its way, but up to this time, officially I was manager only for the Weld County District organization. However, by the discussion which was carried on among publishers at the convention, it was quite obvious that they were sold on the idea and wanted it to continue. It was obvious, also, that one could not represent just one district association in this type of work, but rather that it had to be statewide.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Association on February 10, 1923, I was officially employed as "field secretary", a title which has long since been changed to "manager". The action was taken by the Board of Directors of the Association. Officially, my duties started March 1, 1923, but I had been doing the same type of work for the publishers under the presidency and the temporary plan for two years prior to that time.

The reason for the name "field secretary" or "field manager" was that the association retained the regular secretary for the office work. This actually gave the association two secretaries. I carried on under this plan until 1925 when the regular secretary and I had some serious difficulties in differences of opinion as to the way the work was being carried on and the policies which he was promoting and I served notice on the Board of Directors that it was time that the two jobs were consolidated and that the then secretary had to be relieved of his job or I would resign. The Board of Directors immediately called for his resignation.

Although I never had had any training in advertising, I had
the utmost faith in what advertising could do and the part it could play in the everyday lives of people. Probably that was why I did not take "no" for an answer when I was soliciting advertising for the Independent. The more I got into it and the more I worked with it, the more I believed in it. Then I got an idea that advertising should be understood better by the younger generation. By thinking then drifted to the plan of having high school kids know more about advertising, what it was supposed to accomplish and what could be done with it. Why not teach advertising in high schools, I thought. Why not have the future business men understand advertising so they would know how to use it when they got out of school? Why not have housewives understand advertising better so they would be better buyers of products for their homes? If I could bring about this better understanding I was sure it would help develop better and more advertising for newspapers and would be of inestimable value to citizens in general.

One day I approached the superintendent of our Littleton High School, explained my ideas to him and I asked if there was any way it could be arranged so that I could teach an experimental course on the subject. No, I had had no training as a teacher and had not the slightest idea how to set up a course, but the superintendent agreed that it would be a fine thing to try and set it up. He said he would call for volunteers in the classes. He stated also that he would give credit for attendance in this class.

In the spring of 1925, class opened with 21 students registered for the advertising class. It was obvious from the start
that some students were eager to learn what was offered in the course, and others were there just because it was different or for a lark. The latter few, of course, did not stay long and were of no benefit to the class, but others stayed and one student in particular, as a result, went on into newspaper business and is today a writer on a Denver paper. When the school term closed, I asked the students what they thought of the course and would they be interested in having it again in the fall. The response was that they not only wanted it and liked it but they asked if the class couldn't be held every day instead of once a week.

I was so enthusiastic about the idea that I approached the Colorado Education Association later in the summer and asked for a place on the program at their annual regional conferences, one of which was held in Denver and one in Pueblo. I appeared before the teachers, told them of the plan and pleaded for the value of carrying advertising courses in the high schools. I met with considerable success because the teachers showed great interest and I think were quite of the opinion that such a course should be set up in the high schools.

But what about a text book? That was where the whole plan fell on its face. There was no text book. They urged me to write one but I did not feel competent to do it, although I might have tried, had I not been involved in so many other things. Time was an element and I never got around to it. I thought surely there must be a text book of some kind, but I was never able to find one. I still think the idea good and that it should be inaugurated, but I am past the age when I feel able to pick up the torch that I laid down years ago.
CHAPTER XX

Nineteen hundred twenty-six saw stepped up activity at the press association. It was partly the result of the times, but I think I have a right to say that it was a result of four or five years of hard work which I had been putting in on the project. Also stepped up were the costs of operation of the association, and before I realized it I found I had several thousand dollars of my own money invested in my work over and above my salary and the reimbursements for expenses from the association.

The salary paid and the money available for expenses were not sufficient to pay the bills, and up to this time I did not measure my work by the amount of money available to carry it on. But there had to be a time of reckoning. It became obvious that this sort of a plan could not continue and at a meeting of the Board of Directors in February, 1926, I laid the details of the situation before the group and stated that the time had come when I had to go on a full-time salary basis and give full time to the work where I had been on part-time, or I would have to give up the entire project and go back to my newspaper. Up to this time I had been dividing my time as best I could between my newspaper and the association work.

One member of the Board of Directors then recalled that the University of Colorado had made some sort of offer a year or two before to establish the Association office at the University of Colorado on a basis which would sustain a full-time man. At that time the publishers would have nothing of it, but when I laid the problem before them they said, "Well, let's get in touch with the University and see what sort of deal we can work out with them now."
Professor Ralph L. Crosman was then head of the Department of Journalism, and was one who had wanted the Association office at Boulder. He was immediately called on the phone and was told of the situation. Ralph, without waiting a minute, started for Denver. He appeared at the Board meeting in the afternoon and he and the members went into a long discussion as to how a proper connection could be made with the University of Colorado.

Crosman had consulted with Professor Elmo Peterson, head of the Extension Division at the University, and with Dr. George Norlin, President. They had worked out a very quick tentative plan. This plan as presented to the Board was that the University would provide office space and stenographic help for the Association Manager and would pay all the expenses of the operation of the office, provided the publishers would pay the manager's salary. After an intensive discussion of the situation, the Board members agreed that this would be a good solution to the problem confronting the Board. Crosman was requested to negotiate with the University President and the Regents and let the Board know of the details of the arrangement when it could be perfected. I was interested in having this brought about, but it suddenly dawned on me that here I was with a meager high school education and, having never gone to college, and that possibly the University had in mind putting some other man in my place on this job. Naturally, at that point I was a bit alarmed, so I asked Crosman who will the University recommend and accept for this job. Crosman's answer immediately was, "Why, you, of course." To say that I inwardly was extremely happy
and very proud over what had happened would be putting it mildly.

The Regents of the University created the Department of Research and Extension in Journalism, and I was made its secretary. This gave me the two titles of "Manager of the Colorado Editorial Association" and "Secretary of the Department of Research and Extension in Journalism". Now this meant that the office had no connection whatever with the department of journalism on the campus. The office was opened July 1, 1926. The only additional instructions I received at the beginning were that I would have nothing to do with the publicity stories sent to the newspapers by the University, I would not lobby for any University bills in the legislature, and I would not promote the University on my trips throughout the state. Obviously, the University was making it very plain that they were not putting any strings on my connection with the school. President Norlin said the University would be amply repaid for their investment in this work merely by the fact that the Association office was on the campus, that the publishers would have to think of the University when writing or dealing with their own central business office, and that the University was seriously trying to be of the greatest service it could to an important industry in the state.

I was complete boss of my operations, but I would insist on making a report to the Extension Division in Woolbury Hall in which my office was located, at the close of each month. I wanted the head of the Extension Division to know what I was doing. Also I sent copies of this report to every member of my Board of Directors.

This setup placed me as a member of the faculty of the
University of Colorado and I later was officially given the title of assistant professor with all of the rights and privileges of the faculty members at the University.

But in the 10 years I was on the faculty, I never did nor was I ever asked to do any teaching of any kind. The nearest approach was when the journalism school would ask me to talk to the students.

Previously I mentioned the conflict which arose between the secretary of the Association and me, which finally resulted in his dismissal from that office. During the years he was the active secretary he published The Inter-Mountain Press, the official publication of the Colorado Editorial Association. He continued to publish this until 1926.

It just seemed that I was determined to run the whole show, and due to our differences of opinion, I gradually became impatient with the Inter-Mountain Press and its connection with the Association, so I decided to start a new publication. On the first day of April, 1926, I launched "The Colorado Editor". I edited this publication for exactly twenty-five years. It was immediately made the official publication of the Colorado Editorial Association, and is still being published as such.

In May of 1926, The Denver Advertising Club, of which I was a member, was invited to go to the Broadmoor Hotel for a day's outing. The Denver members boarded the train in Denver and I got on in Littleton. Among those who were on the train was the former secretary and editor and publisher of the Inter-Mountain Press. We finally sat down together in the train and he told me that he felt there was no place for nor any need of both the Inter-Mountain Press and the Colorado Editor and suggested that
I take over the Inter-Mountain Press and consolidate the two publications. I agreed to do that and the consolidation took place. The consolidated publication came out on June 1. This severed the last connection George Haurish had with the Colorado Editorial Association and I now had complete control.

Since I had been employed as Manager of the Colorado Editorial Association I felt that the newspaper publishers expected me to use my own initiative in all matters and to go ahead with the work of the organization. I couldn't see the idea of running to the President or Board members every few minutes to ask whether or not I should or should not do this or that. Possibly I was a little self-confident, but the facts remain that it was through that method that I had brought the organization to the place where it stood out as one of the best state newspaper associations in the United States.

I had to be subtle about a lot of things. One was in the choosing of officers each year. I personally made up the slate for the directors to be elected and for the officers. I picked the men I thought would do the best job and with whom I was sure I could work. I trained the men I thought would serve best finally as presidents. At the convention each year, we had a nominations committee, but I saw to it that the men on this nominations committee, to whom I probably talked before their appointment, were in sympathy with the setup which I had. But when the report of the committee was made to the convention suggesting the officers, so far as the convention delegates knew, it was the work of that committee. I used this method throughout the time I was Association Manager and only once did I make a bad mistake in the selection of the men who became president. It turned out to be the worst I could have selected.
It was obvious throughout all of these years that the Association Manager was the virtual head of the press Association and on a lot of occasions which, of course, embarrassed me, I have heard publishers and others say, "Well, the Association is Ed Bomin". I always tried to squelch that sort of thought, because it was not a good one to have uttered very often, but that seemed to be the feeling and there wasn't much I could do about it.

It was my endeavor throughout all of the years to try to see that credit for whatever the Association did went to the President and the Board of Directors. I insisted on "choosing the apple" even though the orange would be tastier.

I did not like the name "Colorado Editorial Association". It wasn't indicative of what the organization was. It was not an Association of editorial writers, but was strictly a business organization. And so I suggested at one or two conventions that it ought to be changed to "Colorado Press Association". But we had enough of the old-time publishers at the convention who did not like any particular sort of change and I didn't get favorable action. I started then to use a mechanism which rarely fails. Whenever I wrote any material for The Colorado Editor, in which the Association was mentioned, I began calling it the Colorado Press Association. I kept on using it that way for a couple of years and then in 1923 or 1928 I again presented the idea at the annual convention and they changed the name without a quibble. From here on I shall refer to the Association as The Colorado Press Association.
CHAPTER XXI

After opening the Association office at the University in Boulder, it was quite natural that I should work with the Department of Journalism. One of the things I pointed out to the head of that department was that there should be some way to give the graduate students a little practical experience in getting out a newspaper. We discussed the problem for some time and finally, in the early part of 1927, I gave him permission to bring his students to Littleton to get out one issue of The Littleton Independent. We repeated this on several subsequent years.

In the team which came down the first year was a young chap who had been taking journalism as a C.I. He had attended the Naval Academy at Annapolis, but in his second year when they took the usual cruise, he contracted tuberculosis. He was sent to Fort Lyons, Colorado to recuperate. He recovered sufficiently to take up college studies at the University of Colorado and he chose journalism as his major.

This young chap showed a lot of ability and after helping to edit the Independent for one week he knew that he wanted to be a journalist the rest of his life, but he knew, too, that college gave him nothing more than the groundwork.

One day he walked into my office in Boulder and asked me if I knew of anyplace where he might go and work on a newspaper at his own expense in order to get some practical experience. The answer I gave him was "Yes. I do know of a place and a good one. You can go right down and start work on the Littleton Independent."
As a result of that conversation Houston Faring started to work with The Littleton Independent on September 27, 1926. From that day to this, his achievements in building a great newspaper have become well-known throughout the United States and even in other countries of the world. The story about him since that day would, in itself, make an interesting book. House came to live with us and remained in our home until he married.

Due to the fact that I was the main representative of the newspapers in the state, many different organizations wanted me to accept positions on boards of directors. In 1927 I was elected a member of the Board of Directors of the Colorado Tuberculosis Association. On August 20, 1942, I was made Regional Vice President of the Colorado Historical Society, representing Arapahoe, Douglas and Elbert Counties, a position I still hold. In September, 1943, I was appointed to the Advisory Board of the Office of War Information by President Roosevelt. In 1944, I was appointed a member of the Federal Building Control Board, which board had to authorize or reject all building operations by private individuals within the state of Colorado. In August, 1947 I was appointed a member of the Colorado State Highway Safety Council by Governor Lee Knows. At the time of the writing of this story, I am a member of the Executive Board of the American Cancer Society, Colorado Division, and some other minor organizations.

Probably the busiest appointment I received was that of Code Authority for Colorado under the NRA, which occurred in April, 1934. I was the Authority over all weekly newspapers.
and all commercial printing plants outside of Denver. It was a terrific job, a heart-breaking job and no one was more delighted than I when the United States Supreme Court declared the NRA law unconstitutional.

Under the NRA Code Authority, I had to keep a check on business methods, especially relating to rates being charged for legal publishers and charges being made in the commercial printing field. The principal object of that Authority was to see that price cutting was not indulged in. There were occasions when I had to go out into the state and hold hearings. Along with this, I was a member of the National Newspaper Code Authority. The time it took to take care of this detracted from my regular duties as Colorado Press Association Manager, and I am sure, had the Code Authority continued, I would have had to resign the Code work in order to get back to fulltime for the Association.

In November, 1928, I was given an honorary membership in Sigma Delta Chi, which is an honorary journalistic fraternity. I was initiated by the chapter at the University. This was my only and only Greek letter fraternity connection.

All of the time I was at the University and on the faculty, it was my privilege to attend the Senate meetings. These were sessions held each month by all of the faculty members who had the higher academic ranking. While I never took part in their discussions, not feeling that I was justified, I did enjoy listening to the professors trying to work out the unusual problems which confronted the professors and the students.

The urge to organize was still with me. I kept looking for different branches of the industry and felt I could see where
those men who specialized in certain things should get together and discuss them. Consequently in the fall of 1929, I called the first meeting of the advertising managers of the daily newspapers of the Rocky Mountain region. It was held in the offices of the Gazette-Telegraph at Colorado Springs. The ad managers took to the idea very readily, we had an excellent attendance, and the boys really took down their hair. They got so much good out of this meeting that they wanted to meet every three months. But we soon found that was a little too often. Since that time the group has been meeting regularly twice each year. It has become one of the most important projects of the Colorado Press Association. It is attended by daily men from Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas and New Mexico. I formed this group as a service to the daily publishers, because I did not want the daily men to set up that sort of separate organization. I was always fearful that they might eventually drop out of the Colorado Press Association in favor of a different group, so I set this up as a department of the Association and it has remained as such ever since.

What this did was to strengthen the Association, but I did not think that went far enough. So I organized the circulation managers department. This department didn’t continue too long because it was soon evident that there were a lot fewer circulation managers than ad managers, and there were not enough to keep the group together.

Then that same year I got another idea. I realized that there were a lot of associations representing different industries in the Denver area. In fact, I discovered that there were about 30 men who were fulltime managers of trade associations
doing the same sort of job for their industries that I was doing for the newspapers. I thought there surely must be common problems to all of us. They must have their difficulties in getting and keeping members, in collecting dues, issuing monthly publications, and all of the details which go along with this type of job. Also, I heard that in one or two other states there were trade association executives organizations, so I figured that here was something else which would help me in my work.

I met Dave Thomas, then secretary of the Dairy Producers Association, on the street in Denver one day and I said, "Dave, why don't you and I organize a trade association executives institute here in Denver?" He told me it was a good idea and said, "Why don't you go ahead and do it?" Of course, my answer was, "I will."

On March 18, 1929, I called the first meeting of trade association executives at the Denver Chamber of Commerce. We had a luncheon at which I explained what I had in mind. It met with immediate acceptance and the Colorado Trade Association Executives was formed. This group has met twice each month from that day to this, and it has been extremely important to all of our organizations. In addition to studying better methods of conducting our jobs with our associations, we found a common ground where we could talk over legislative matters. This was important because on occasions, bills were introduced by one organization adversely affecting another. This gave the representatives of these organizations a chance to sit down and thrash out the problem. While I no longer attend the Trade Association
Executives' meetings, I was awarded a life membership in this group, the only one to be given. I was elected the first president and served for about one and a half years.

Elmer Peterson, Dean of the Extension Division, made an arrangement in the fall of 1930 to have several men on the extension staff to conduct business institutes out in the state. These men represented all angles of business administration. He asked me to go along and talk on advertising. It was our job not only to talk at meetings but to be available for merchants who might want to talk to any of us on some phase of the subject.

I was quite surprised at that time at the interest they all showed in advertising, but of course today it doesn't surprise me a bit. We usually went into the stores in teams. That gave the merchant a chance to talk to the different ones in one sitting rather than having his day broken up with intermittent visits. It was a very enjoyable and memorable occasion. We held institutes at Grand Junction, Delta, and Durango. Whether we left any lasting monuments to our efforts I do not know, but at least we did the best we could. I think this was the only instance where I was asked to participate in any University activity outside of the Journalism Department.

I might mention here, too, about my schedules at the University office of the Association, and my living conditions while there. One might suppose that since I had my office there and had to be at the office part of the time, it would go on that we should live at Boulder, but that I refused to do. Much of my work was off-campus and it was necessary for me to be away from the office about 50% of the time. We had our own home here in
Littleton and my own newspaper here and if the job of Association Manager had meant that we would have to move to Boulder, I would have given up that work. A long time ago I decided that I shall never live anywhere except in Littleton.

I usually went to the office Wednesday morning and stayed on through until Friday evening. I packed my grip and stayed two nights at the hotel. Toward the end of my regime there they built a faculty club, a very beautiful structure on Broadway, and I had my own room there, which I kept and which no one else used. The interesting part of this is that the University paid my hotel expenses and my Faculty Club expenses while I was there in Boulder. That was an arrangement which probably was out of line, but in the beginning the Regents agreed to pay all of my expenses when I was away from home and I certainly was away from home when I was in Boulder. This may have had something to do with the final severance of the Association and the University but that will come later.

By this time I was getting a bit of national recognition and it seemed that I was striking out in some popular fields which brought it about. What all of them were I am not sure, but for instance, in 1930 I wrote an editorial in The Colorado Editor in which I cautioned the publishers about writing derogatory articles about radio and radio advertising. I pointed out to the publishers that radio was doing different sorts of jobs from what our newspapers could do and that there was a place for it. I suggested, too, that radio had not gone on the air knocking newspapers and newspaper advertising and I felt that it was not
good taste nor good business for the newspapers to use their publications in this sort of attack. The editorial received a lot of attention and I later found out that the National Broadcasters Company salesmen were all carrying copies of that editorial as a part of their working kit.

In 1931 and 1932, I wrote a page every month for the National Printer Journalist and United States Publisher. This was considered the outstanding national publication of its kind in those years. When the publication changed hands I quit writing for it. The publication started going downhill and finally suspended publication completely, but don't for a minute think that because I quit writing for it that it was doomed to failure! It just came as a coincidence.

In connection with the National Printer Journalist, I recall an incident when I almost got stranded financially away from home and the publication saved the day. In 1929, Newspaper Association Managers had its national convention in Tacoma, Washington. I drove my family out with me and they visited friends in Seattle while I conducted the four-day meeting in Tacoma. Following the convention, we drove down the coast through California to visit relatives. Then we started home the Southern way. I didn't like to carry much money with me, because I could cash checks along the route. After leaving California, one day we arrived in Flagstaff, Arizona and I was running out of money. Up to that time, I had had no trouble cashing checks anywhere because I had been written up so many times, I had been so active in the national newspaper field, and had been quoted so often in the Publisher's Auxiliary on Chicago that I could easily prove.
my identity — but not in Flagstaff.

I visited with the publisher there, told him who I was, but it seemed to make little impression. He was busy and he wasn't interested in any transient newspaper publisher just then. But I asked him if he would cash a check for me. He didn't say "no", but he might as well have said, "Well, for the love of Pete, what kind of a sucker do you think I am?" I was sitting close to him at his desk and it just happened that the current issue of The National Printer Journalist had published my picture on the front cover. It just so happened that that publication was lying on that particular editor's desk at that particular moment, and it just so happened that I reached over, picked it up and shoved it under his nose and said, "If you have any doubt about the fact that I am who I say I am, take a look at this picture and then look at me." That publisher changed character the quickest I have ever seen anybody do it, and from that instant on he couldn't do enough for me. He would have cashed a check for a million dollars if I had asked him for it. But then, come to think of it, I know darn well he didn't have a million dollars.

It is with some satisfaction that I recall the Tacoma meeting: As President of that national group, I always opened the convention with an annual message. In that particular one, I called upon the newspaper association managers to urge the publishers in their states to campaign for the upholding of laws. In this case, it had to do with the prohibition law, although I did not mention that especially because there were other laws being violated, but that was what motivated me to cover the idea
In that particular message. The daily newspapers in Tacoma and Seattle got hold of my speech and carried front page stories about it. The Christian Science Monitor carried a front page story and I got quite a reaction from many parts of the country. I had countless letters and newspaper comments about it. Apparently I had just touched a sensitive spot at the moment and most of the publishers were sympathetic with the idea. I had no idea I was going to touch off anything like that. In fact, I had no idea I was going to get any attention at all.

In all of my intensive drive to do a bigger and better job all the time and to try to speed myself faster and faster, I had completely overlooked the fact that the human machine had a limit. In the spring of 1933, I was in Denver one day and rushing as usual and I began to feel ill. I thought I had to sit down on a running board and rest.

But I kept going, not having the slightest idea what was happening. I went on to Boulder as usual and went to the hotel and about four o'clock in the morning I had the most terrific chest pains and I immediately called for a doctor. When he came he checked me and he said, "Ed, you have a heart attack. You are going to stay in bed today." I did stay in bed that day but I was supposed to go home that night. I cautioned everybody not to tell. That evening I called Katherine about five o'clock and told her that I had more to do than I had planned and that I would have to stay over that night. I didn't tell her what the trouble was. It wasn't more than ten minutes after that when the doctor who attended me called Hous Waring, my partner, and told him that I had had a heart attack, and that he should
ask Katherine to go up and haul me home. It didn't seem more
than an hour after I told Katherine I was too busy to come home
until she surprised me by walking in the door. We drove home and
I stayed there, I suppose, for a week or so before starting out
again.

One might think from that that a person could learn a lesson,
but it seems that I had not, and I will tell you about it later.
Anyway, the doctor thought it would be well for me to go to a
lower altitude for a while. Our close friends, the John Greenay-
murts of Denver, wanted to drive to California to see their
daughter, so we made a deal with them that I would drive their
car for them. This would give me a chance to be at a lower
altitude but with no expenses for driving. The trip probably
did some good, but I was in no condition to make a 3000 mile
drive. But I did it and came through apparently unsathed.

I was always very happy that my office was at the University
while Betty Lou and Son attended. Betty Lou was there from
1933 to 1937, then to Paris, France for a year of study, and
Son attended from 1937 to 1941.

When graduation time came for each of them, I had the rare
privilege of sitting on the stage in Mackey Auditorium with the
other faculty members of the University. Each time I wore a
cap and gown, something to which I was entirely unaccustomed,
and I felt completely out of place. In fact, not having had a
college education, I felt I really had no right to wear a cap
and gown, but since I was an assistant professor, I had that
privilege and I did it.

One other time I had the privilege of sitting on that same
stage with a most famous person. I have always been happy over the fact that I had that opportunity, too. William H. Jackson was probably the most famous photographer in America. He came West in 1860 and took pictures throughout the Western part of the United States, a great many of them in Colorado. These pictures are now prized possessions of museums and collectors of rare Western records. Mr. Jackson was 95 years old at the time he was given this special degree, one which is accorded very few people. I met him and had a delightful visit with him. He passed away in 1945 at the age of 98. His son, Clarence, lives in Denver and is a member of Westerners. I am well-acquainted with him.

For the sake of my grandchildren, I think I should put this in at this time. For two or three years prior to World War II we held press association conventions in the late summer in Colorado Springs. We had held summer meetings in earlier years, but they were social affairs and we travelled to different parts of the state, but when the depression of 1930 came, we stopped holding them. We then resumed them in 1938. In September, 1939, there was a tribe of Indians on Cheyenne Mountain above the Broadmoor. We held a dinner meeting up there and it was during this dinner that I was made an Honorary Chief of the Towa Tribe of New Mexico. I was presented with a beautiful feather bonnet with feathers down the back almost to the ground. I was given the name Wo-En-No, which when interpreted means "Keeper of the Records on the Wall".

One of the most heart-breaking experiences of all my years with the Colorado Press Association occurred in 1938. Two fellows from Denver approached me and went into great detail about the
Chief Wo-ha-nee, "Keeper of the Records on the Wall."
advantages of publishing a Who's Who in Colorado. I thought it would be an excellent idea, but that was one time where I refused to act without the sanction of the Board of Directors. A meeting was called and the board members were sold on the idea, too, and they gave me a green light to go ahead with these men and get out such a publication.

The plan was that they would obtain biographies of people and then try to sell them a copy of the book. It was made plain, however, that the biography would be included in the book regardless of whether or not the book was purchased. A book with ordinary binding was to be sold for $15, and with a leather binding with name imprinted for $25.

These two men started to work. They began to get biographies and they sold a number of books and it seemed as though the plan was good and would be very successful. But after it had been going on for about a month or six weeks, I began to become a little suspicious. Just what was happening to the money these fellows were taking in and was the plan progressing properly? They had hired other solicitors to work for and with them, but in spite of all that, it seemed to me there was something wrong but I could not get my fingers on it. Then I began to get complaints from people in Denver who had been contacted by these two men, that they were very insulting when books were not ordered. It was then I decided to have a meeting with them and the Board and to have a showdown. It was quite obvious by that time that the two men were spending all of the money they collected, getting drunk and being generally offensive. It was then that I discovered that there was no money being retained for the publication of the
book and if that sort of a plan continued, the Association could have gotten into the courts in short time. Since I was mainly responsible, it could have gone so far as to land me in the penitentiary. It was determined that they had collected about $2500. But we fired them point-blank, demanded a release and we took over.

One of the men employed as a salesman was a recent graduate of the law school at the University of Colorado. He came to me and told me in confidence the story of the whole trouble. He was C. H. Cornwall, who now is a prominent and successful attorney in Las Vegas, Nevada. Norm explained to us that we were in a bad fix, but he was certain I could pull the situation out of the hole. He had much experience in selling, and he appeared to be personally honest and I felt he could make good. He did just that. He gathered around him a sales force and they went to work, continuing the job as it was originally intended. He sold about 3000 books, obtained 11 thousand biographies of people throughout Colorado and produced a very valuable book. It took a year or a year and a half to do it. From Colorado he went to other states and put on the same promotion with equal success.

The final outcome of what we did was that we just broke even, but we had accumulated thousands of dollars worth of experience. We should have made several thousand dollars on the project. But it didn't end our difficulties with the book. The treasurer of our Association was Editha Watson, publisher of a Denver newspaper. She had been very popular with the newspaper publishers and so she was employed to read proofs on all of the
copy that went into the book and she was paid a salary for doing it. After the book came out, we began to get complaints about inaccuracies in biographies. We confronted her with these facts and questioned her as to how these errors could have gotten through. She then confessed that she was busy and had not read proof at all, but just skipped it; she had drawn the stipulated amount for doing this work under our arrangement. Then she got the idea that she could sue the Association and get paid for overtime work which she did not do. She started suit. But the Association started a counter-suit against her for drawing out unauthorized salary checks, because it was found out that she paid herself, as treasurer, more than the agreed amount. The final outcome was that she withdrew her case and we withdrew ours and that practically winds up the story of the Who's Who in Colorado, except that the Association has left to posterity a very fine compilation of biographies of people in Colorado.
CHAPTER XXII

Getting back to one of my early childhood loves, the steam engine, I got an idea one day and I wrote to the Rocky Mountain News in Denver about it. At that time, there was a reporter who signed his column "The R.W.G.A.", meaning "The Reporter Who Gets Around". I think this must have been along about 1936 or 1937. I had contributed ideas to him on occasions for that column and he always gave me credit in his column for them. In this instance, I made the suggestion that since they were abandoning so many railroads, especially the narrow gauge lines, I thought some railroad should set aside a locomotive and put it in a museum so that future generations could see what they looked like. The idea caught hold immediately. Some group or individuals in Colorado Springs immediately contacted the D. & R.G. Railroad and asked them if they could obtain one of the old narrow gauge engines to set aside in Colorado Springs for historical purposes. It resulted in the railroad company giving them one of their engines and it now stands on the grounds of the Antlers Hotel. I wanted to get one for Littleton but was never able to do it. Following that, engines were set aside in a number of towns. There are engines in Idaho Springs, Central City, Alamosa, and several others. My dream of having those locomotives available for the kids of the year 2000 came to pass more quickly than I had any idea it would. Now that the steam engine is rarely, if ever, seen on any of the railroad lines, having been supplanted by the diesel engine, those old locomotives have become more valuable than ever.

I was fortunate enough to be invited by the D. & R.G. Railroad
in later years to go to Grand Junction on the maiden run of the Vista Dome cars. A special group of newspaper publishers was invited. We went by way of Pueblo and the Royal Gorge. As we were about to leave Salida, the chief engineer of the railroad came and asked if I wanted to ride the engine, and I told him I certainly did. He asked two or three others at the same time and we rode the cab from Salida to Tennessee Pass. I told the engineer I wanted to "blow the whistle". It was a sort of an automatic thing instead of the old cord that used to be used in earlier days. He told me how to do it and when to do it and what kind of whistle to give, and I had the opportunity to do one of the things I had wanted to do so many times as a child.

When I was a boy, whenever an accident of any kind occurred such as a railroad wreck, the kids in town always went to it if they could. One day there was a wreck near Overland Park. Tom and Parker Shaffer and my brother and I rode our bicycles to see it. There was a coal car in the wreck which was tipped partly over. It started to rain while we were there and so we got into the coal car to try to keep dry. The rain soon quit and I stepped up on the edge of the car to jump over to another piece of the wreck, and, the wood being wet, I slipped and fell on my shoulder. When I got home, my right arm was hanging and aching terribly. Finally Dad took me to Dr. Weaver. He examined it and told Dad I had fractured my collar bone. That was the only time I have ever broken a bone, at least up to this time.

In all of my work for the publishers, one of the most difficult and most uncertain was that of lobbying at the state legislature. There were times when we wanted to get newspaper
legislation passed and others when we didn't want some bill passed which had an adverse effect. It became my job to keep my fingers on things throughout the session, to talk to senators and representatives whenever necessary, and to meet with their legislative committees and to discuss proposed bills in which we were vitally interested.

I can do a little bragging in this connection, not that it is the decent thing to do, but the fact is that not once did any bill ever get across which was detrimental to the newspapers in all of the years I was on the job.

I had two basic methods which I used in this connection. First was that when I went out into the state to visit publishers, when it was between sessions of the legislature, I made it my business to get acquainted with the senators and representatives in their home towns. I rarely ever discussed legislation with them, but just merely made their acquaintance and developed their friendship. Then when I had to talk to them during the session of the legislature I could do it in an informal way because we were already well-acquainted.

The other thing I determined long ago was that I would never oppose legislation involving the newspapers if that legislation was in the best interests of society as a whole, even though the newspaper publishers might lose something through the passage of the bill. I persistently told the legislators my theory in that connection and I was able to get their complete confidence to such an extent that whenever new bills came up which in any way affected the newspapers, they would always come to me and
ask how it affected us and if the bill or bills met with our approval. I would always tell them exactly and honestly what I knew about them. I recall one day in the senate, when two different senators approached me and asked for advice on what to do with a certain bill. They talked to me at different times, but strangely enough, each of them made the same statement. It was quite a coincidence. They said, "Ed, you have never let us down." To me, that is worth a lot to know that I had had their confidence to that degree and I never once violated it.

During World War II, when everything was rationed, I thought I might have some difficulty driving back and forth to Boulder and making my trips through the state. We had to have coupons for our gasoline and tires, which were, of course, rationed. However, the rationing board in Boulder examined my case and said, "His work is extremely important and it should not be curbed. The newspapers are a great help in this war." For that reason, I found that I could carry on my work as usual, which was very important because one of the vital parts of my job was to visit the publishers in their plants.

I am skipping a lot of detail of the years in my Association work because this is not a history of the Colorado Press Association, but there was one incident which happened that has amused me very much. One morning in May, 1940, I was sitting at breakfast in the Faculty Club with two or three men and women. One of the men was reading the Rocky Mountain News. As he sat there, he began to read aloud an article on the front page. This fellow was quite a humorist and always did a lot of kidding, and I thought, when he was reading out of the paper that morning,
he was merely drawing something out of his mind just for fun. But it seems that there was a three-column story and headline which said that an assistant professor at the University of Colorado was drawing a fat salary, as an assistant professor, the figure I have now forgotten, and doing no teaching. Then the story went on in detail about me and my work, pointing out that I was drawing a salary from the university but was doing no teaching. The article was correct, but told only a part of the story. It aroused the ire of the head of the Extension Division and a number of newspaper publishers, and I guess the Rocky Mountain News really heard from it. The article was written by the late Leo Taylor Casey. Two days after that appeared, the News came out editorially and apologized for the article and complimented me on the work I was doing. That indicated that they had been totally misled and misinformed. The final result of it all was that it did no more good than harm.

The January, 1947 annual convention of the C.P.A. saw my twenty-fifth anniversary in Association work for the newspaper publishers of the Rocky Mountain region. The final banquet was given at the Shirley Savoy Hotel and as usual I was sitting either at or near the head table. All of a sudden, the master of ceremonies broke into the program, called me to the head table, and started out with the usual run of complimentary words for the work I had been doing. I didn't know that he or anyone knew that it was the twenty-fifth year. He then handed me 25 silver dollars in recognition of the event. One of the publishers told me afterwards that he had started out Saturday afternoon and, there being no banks open, had scoured all over Denver to get
those twenty-five silver dollars. For some reason, at that time silver dollars seemed to be scarce. Of course, I appreciated the thoughtfulness of all the publishers.

It was the policy of the Board of Directors of the Colorado Press Association, who were paying my salary, whenever an increase was granted, to notify the University and automatically I received the increase. The method of handling the moneys was that all of the income of the Association was paid into the University to be paid back to me as salary. If the income fell short of my salary, the University made up the difference. If the income exceeded the salary, the University kept the balance. This seemed to be a perfectly fair method of handling it. Since I was on the faculty as an assistant professor, the University wanted to handle the matter of salary directly with me. Whenever, an increase in salary was voted, an increase in dues was levied upon the publishers to take care of it. At the Colorado Press Association Board meeting in November, 1944, I was granted an increase in salary and the usual procedure was followed.

Little did I know what this would precipitate. The salary increase was to be effective with January, 1945. Toward the end of that month, I received a letter from Acting President Gustafson, who was taking the place of President Robert Stearns, then in war service. Gustafson wrote that the notice of increase in salary by my Board of Directors presented a problem to him and he felt that he should take action. He said, "To pay you the increase would put your pay scale above that of other assistant professors." "Why should the University be paying your expenses?" "We need the room you occupy here on the campus." He then stated that he would like to have the members of my
Board of Directors and no to meet with the Regents in February to talk over the matter. After reading his letter, I turned to my secretary, Marjie Martingale, and said, "Marjie, we are all through here at the University. We will be moving the office to Denver the first of June, I am sure."

I had the feeling that Gustafson and the Regents would not continue the plan. None of those people had anything to do with the original agreement with the Association opening the office in 1926. After the meeting with the Regents, we were informed that as of June 30, 1945, the arrangement with the Colorado Press Association would be terminated, but that the University would be glad to furnish me an office if I wished. The letter was a direct contradiction of the first letter. I was not the least bit surprised, when I received that notification.

I have never been able to prove our theories in that connection, but it has always been assumed since that Gustafson had bided his time to get even with the newspapers for an incident which happened and this seemed to be his opportunity. He said his action had the approval of President Storrs. When President Storrs returned to his office he told me that he knew nothing about it whatever.

The incident was one in which the Labor leader Bridges on the Pacific coast, while under federal indictment, had been invited to come to the University and speak to the students. The newspapers very justly and soundly criticized Gustafson for promoting this and it was felt that he was getting even for the criticism.

However, I made contact with Don Cherrington, Acting Chancellor of the University of Denver, told him of the situation,
and asked if he were interested in having the Association con-
ected with the University of Denver. He immediately invited us
to establish the association office in the Mary Reed Memorial
Library at the University Park Campus. I had two delightful off-
cices in the southwest corner of the fourth floor, and I really
enjoyed them for the rest of my tenure as Association Manager.
I was located where I could sit at my desk and look out over the
Platte Valley and could see many miles of the Rocky mountains,
a most inspiring view. Marjie Hartnagel moved to Denver and con-
tinued her work as my secretary for a couple of years.

I must say here that I enjoyed my relationship at the Uni-
versity of Denver even more than at the University of Colorado.
Our arrangement, however, was quite different. Denver University
furnished us office space only. The Board of Directors of the
Colorado Press Association had to arrange finances with which
not only to pay my salary but also Marjie’s and all of our office
and travelling expenses. The Association was able to do this,
however, and we got along very well. Commissions from advertising
which we were handling began to grow, and this augmented the
Association income sufficiently to take care of the increase in
expenses. In fact, by the time I left the Association work,
which was June 30, 1951, I turned over a surplus of more than
$4000, but I am ahead of my story.

For the annual convention of the Colorado Press Association
in 1945, I had invited Elmo Scott Watson, nationally known editor
of the Publishers’ Auxiliary, to be one of the speakers. Elmo
came and talked, but he had another mission, too. He wanted to
organize a chapter of Westerners here in Denver. He and Leland
Case, then editor of The Rotarian in Chicago, had organized the
Westerners there, the first one to be set up. Elmo had talked with one or two men here in Denver, until as a result about a dozen, some of whom were writers and others, like myself, in other work, attended a dinner at the Denver Club. He told the story of the Westerners, how they were interested in early Western history, and how they were attempting to retain stories of the frontier which might otherwise be lost. The chapter was organized and I was elected its first president. The president of Westerners is known as the Sheriff. All other officers are given names typical of the West. The group is called a "posse". There are now about a dozen chapters throughout the United States and one in England. The idea is growing. Each year we publish a book of Western Stories which are mostly the papers given at the monthly meetings. The membership is limited and the books are collectors' items each year. I have a chapter in the 1946 Brand Book, which covers the early history of newspapers in Colorado.

In December, 1946, I got what I thought was quite a compliment from The Readers Digest. I received a letter from them, asking permission to photograph me in my home and to use the picture in connection with some promotion that they wanted to put over. They were taking my picture because I had been one of their representatives for over twenty-five years. They sent a photographer out and took a number of pictures, one of which they used in a leaflet. I did not have the slightest idea how they were going to use it, but I thought if it was a Readers Digest promotion it must be O.K.

One of the things which happened while I was in Boulder was rather interesting to me, because I felt that I was sailing unior
false colors. They had a campaign on for membership in The
American Association of University Professors. Since I was an
assistant professor, that made me eligible and I was solicited
for membership and I joined. I retained that membership for
several years, but later dropped it. I certainly felt that holding
such a membership was a bit unfair, to say the least, because
I have never gone to college nor have I ever taught in college,
nor did I have the right to be called a professor, but I enjoyed
having that membership just the same.
CHAPTER XXIII

Just exactly what really started my line of thinking on the project I want to tell about now I can’t remember, but I suppose it was the desire I have developed over the years of wanting to retain early day records just the same as I wanted to retain some of the old locomotives. I became conscious of the fact that here I was, living in a country where there were somewhere between twenty thousand and thirty thousand associations, societies, or different types of organizations, and that there were several million people belonging to them. I wondered whether there would be more than one per cent of those who belong, who might know when, where, why or by whom these different organizations were founded. I made a bit of inquiry and was astounded at the lack of knowledge of these facts by people who belonged to organizations. This all happened in 1948.

It seemed to me that there should be some source or repository in the United States where records of this nature could be assembled, and kept for the use of posterity. So I started out to try to do something about it. I studied over the situation for a number of weeks.

My first thought was that one would not be able to get people to submit information unless there were some authority or super-organization behind it. This meant, in order to consummate the plan, that I had to set up an organization of some kind with an outstanding name. After studying over it for some time, I hit upon the name of “Founders Society of America”. I knew that to get the biographies of founders and the stories about what they founded I had to have something more than to merely write for them.
There had to be some reward for it. For even to those who were living, there was honor in having this material filed for future and public use.

I offered a $10 prize to the student in the art department of the University of Denver for the best design for a membership plaque, and I got a very good one. It is about 5" x 7" in size and on top of it there is a spread eagle. In the center under the eagle is a shield with "F.S.A. Member" on it and a band clear across the plaque with the words "Founders Society of America" on it. I had a matrix made of this because each bronze cast has to be different. On the lower half, in relief, is the name of the founder and his organization which he or she founded. This is a mantel or desk piece, which the member treasures very highly. These bronze plaques, of course, will be handed down from generation to generation, because what it does is to establish a Who's Who in the field of founding national or international organizations.

At the time of writing this story, the activities in promoting the Founders Society of America are lying rather dormant, because of my inability to hire help or to promote it myself. I hope to hand it on to some other organization to continue. At present, we have members all over the United States.

In order to get away from the appearance of a one-man promotion, I appointed two founders to act with me as a Board of Directors of three. The other two are Ralph C. Smedley of Santa Ana, California, founder of Toastmasters International, and C. C. Frankenburg, of Columbus, Ohio, founder of the National Organization of University Public Relations Directors.

I am designated as secretary of the Founders Society, but
I am actually its operating head. There have been some interesting controversy, which I was called upon to settle, where more than one person in organizations claimed to be the founder. It was my job to point out to them that there is a difference between a founder and a charter member. I always explained that the man who should have credit for founding an organization was the one in whose mind the idea first originated, and the one who first spoke of the need or desirability of forming the organization or society or whatever the title was. One of those in which I was asked to make a decision was the National Flying Farmers Association. Another one was the American Society of Oral Surgeons.

In the setup, I provided for posthumous awards. An application came in from Connecticut, where a dental organization wanted to recognize a founder who had passed away. The application passed all of the requirements and the bronze plaque was made, but there came a spirited contest between a dental organization and the University of Connecticut as to who should possess the plaque. The University finally won out and the plaque today is in their possession.

Perhaps the most interesting incident which happened in connection with the Founders Society was a special presentation of the bronze plaque which I made. I was called upon many times to make presentations, but in this case, it gave me a tremendous amount of pleasure and satisfaction. Dr. Lawrence Jones of Pimoy Woods, Mississippi, is the founder of a negro school near Jackson. Dr. Jones is a negro himself and he started out teaching under-privileged negro children in a one-room log cabin out in the woods, but his fame grew and grew until they established
a large school and they have students from all over the United States and from one or two overseas countries. Dr. Jones took out a membership in the Founders Society and ordered a bronze plaque made. Before the plaque was finished, I had a letter from his secretary asking me if it might be possible for me to make the presentation in person to Dr. Jones in Pimny Woods on the occasion of the annual school graduating exercises. They wanted to keep it a secret until the moment of the presentation. I agreed to do it.

I flew to Jackson and was met there by his secretary, and I stayed over in Jackson that night. The next morning they picked me up and took me to the school twelve miles away, but I went there under an assumed name. I told Dr. Jones I was from a town in Colorado and that I was just going through the country, had heard about the graduation exercises and wanted to attend. Still not knowing who I was, he gave me every courtesy and attention that one could be given.

At the end of the graduation exercises, which were attended by a number of prominent white people in the region, the President of the Alumni Association stepped to the stage and informed the audience that they had a ceremony which he wanted to perform. He called for me from the audience. That was the first moment that Dr. Jones knew who I was. He was obviously surprised and dumfounded. I made a presentation speech and then gave him the bronze plaque and asked him to forgive me for lying about who I was.

Dr. Jones has been written up in many national magazines, including Readers Digest, and was on the TV show "This Is Your
Life”, in which the master of ceremonies asked the people to send one dollar to Dr. Jones for his school. The school, of course, was always short of money. The response from over the nation was fabulous. Cheques and donations amounting to three fourths of a million dollars came in to him. Dr. Jones is one of the most highly respected and loved negroes in the South.

On that trip, however, I learned from a very bitter angle, but not from Dr. Jones, the attitude of some Southerners against negroes. Not all of them feel as do some of them. That a man as wonderful as Dr. Jones was not permitted to meet me in the air terminal because he was a negro was when I got my first taste of the situation in the South. It was revealed to me on other occasions while there, although my host made no effort to do the revealing. I ran into situations which to them were normal, but to me were shocking. Anyway, I shall always consider it as one of the greatest honors I have ever had bestowed upon me, to be asked to present the Founders plaque to a man such as Dr. Lawrence Jones.

In September of 1940, I had the pleasure of entertaining the members of Newspaper Association Managers at their annual convention here in Colorado. They came to Denver to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the founding of the organization, the story of which I have previously told. We had the usual four-day sessions, but I had provided some very nice entertainment for them during the evenings of their stay here and on following days. One night the Denver Post and Rocky Mountain News gave a dinner for the managers at Wolhurst, and this was one of the most elaborate banquets in which I have participated.
At the close of the business sessions the managers presented me with a most interesting electric clock. This is a clock with a bison on it and on the back is engraved, "To Edwin A. Bomia, founder, from Newspaper Association Managers, Inc., on their twenty-fifth anniversary, Denver, 1943."

However, the big event of this convention was a trip I had arranged at the close of the conference. I loaded the managers and those wives who were present on a bus and took them on a four-day trip through Western Colorado. They still talk about this trip. It cost each one ten dollars for the entire trip plus his hotel bill and one or two meals on the way. We went first to Leadville, then to Grand Junction, Montrose, Ouray, Silverton, Durango, Mesa Verde, Alamosa, Salida, Canyon City, Colorado Springs, and back to Denver. The managers who went on the trip say this was the greatest experience they had ever had.

In the group there were a number of men who were interested in the narrow gauge railroads which were running at that time. Of course, most of them had been abandoned, but there was still one running from Salida through Gunnison to Montrose. As we left Alamosa and came on up over Poncha Pass, I knew we would soon come to where the railroad ran parallel to the highway. I had hoped with all my heart as hard as I could that there might be a narrow gauge train running on that branch at that time. As we approached, the point where the railroad crossed the highway, I looked down the valley and sure enough there was smoke which I was certain was from an engine somewhere down the grade. I then told the crowd that I had phoned to Salida from Alamosa and asked them to send a train up the track to meet us so our
members could get some pictures of it. Actually, I had phoned to Salida, but for another reason, but I had to tell them finally that I hadn’t asked for the train. But it made a good story at the time. As we approached, I had the bus stop and everybody got out. Right across the little creek pulling up toward the pass was a narrow gauge engine with three passenger cars loaded with excursionists. It was a perfect setting for what I wanted and for what the guests wanted, and it so thrilled them that they have never quit talking about it. A number of the men had moving picture cameras and they got excellent shots of the train going up the grade. Strangely enough, this was the last passenger train to run on its regular schedule and it was loaded with people who wanted to be on this last trip. As I looked across the creek and we were waving to the passengers, I was dumbfounded to see my partner, Hous Waring, standing on the rear platform of the train waving at us. I didn’t know he was going on this trip. With him was a friend of his and ours, Edgar Jenkins, also of Littleton. That gave me my thrill alongside of that which the others got out of having the train go by at that opportune moment.

One other honor which I received and I failed to mention might just as well be recorded now. A Planning Commission was organized here in Littleton, and on November 11, 1934 I was elected its president. We really felt that as a commission we had a big job cut out for us. We had a number of meetings and the organization lasted for about two years, but we accomplished nothing. When we really got into the work of planning, we discovered that we had no legal status and therefore no authority,
and it was impossible to exercise any planning control. Of course we soon abandoned the organization. Later on the legislature did pass some really good planning laws which are operating at this time.
CHAPTER XXIV

My association work was progressing very nicely up until 1950 when I began a slow physical breakdown. By the time early summer came, my doctor told me that it was obvious that I must take a good long vacation. I was never in any particular frame of mind to do that because I have always loved all of my work and to give it up for a length of time seemed to make no sense that I was being put on the shelf.

Psychologists would say that that was an egotistical reaction, but in spite of that, they finally talked me into a vacation. Katherine, foreseeing all of this and wanting to get me far away enough to do some good, made reservations on the Lurline to go to the Hawaiian Islands.

There had to be a lot of preparation for such a trip and such a break in my work. My secretary, Carrie Sawyer, was competent and could practically run the office without me. It came to pass while I was away that she did do just that. But I had arranged with Arno Rao, journalism instructor from the University of Illinois, former secretary of the Northern Editorial Association and also former manager of the Oregon Press Association, to come out and take over the management of my office for the first month of my absence. Arno and his wife and daughter lived in our home and took care of the place, as well as the association office. But I was to be gone longer than the one month and I had another man who was coming to Colorado to agree to manage the office after Arno left and until I returned. He was Elmo Scott Watson, formerly editor of the Publishers Auxiliary of Chicago, and on
the journalism staff at Northwestern University up to that time.
Elmo had been appointed head of the journalism department at the
University of Denver. He and his wife moved into our home when
Arno left and took care of it until we returned. During that
time, he was already at work at the University and his duties
became so heavy that he had to turn over my work and any author-
ity I had left with him, so far as my Association office was
concerned, to Carrie, and Carrie managed the office very compe-
tently until I was again back in the saddle.

Having everything arranged, Katherine and I left for our
three-month vacation. We drove off from Littleton on the 28th
of July, 1950, and headed over Berthoud Pass, through Craig,
Steamboat Springs, Salt Lake City, and on to Oakland for a visit
with Katherine's sister, Edith, and then on down to Santa Monica,
where we stayed with Betty Lou and her family until we sailed.
While we were at Santa Monica and before leaving for the Islands,
my namesake, Edwin Bemis De Bua, was born, who by the way,
became my seventh namesake.

We sailed for Honolulu on August 28, 1950, arrived there on
September 2. We stayed about six weeks at the Edgewater Apart-
ments on Waikiki and had a most delightful experience. We
took the Islands of Hawaii and Kauai. I shall not go into
details as to all we did while there nor shall I attempt to write
a story about the Islands because that would make this auto-
biography too long, but Katherine and I both determined to return
again some day. We both did, but not together and on rather in-
teresting occasions which I shall tell about later. We returned
home about the middle of October.
I got back into the harness in Association work and everything seemed to be moving along very nicely until the beginning of 1951, when on the horizon appeared a storm which was destined to make a decided change in my life.

I was beginning to feel the physical effects of my work, and after consultation with the doctor, he advised me point-blank to retire from my state association work and plan to take it easier the rest of my life. He pointed out that I could live many happy years if I did this, but that he was sure I would run into more trouble if I continued to drive myself, as it was my habit to do.

Added to my physical condition was a situation in the Association in which the incoming president had assumed a very arrogant attitude in connection with everything and apparently was determined that he was going to take over everything. We were soon at loggerheads and I decided that it was the proper time for me to hand in my resignation as Association manager. This I did, about the first of March, 1951, and I made my resignation effective as of June 30, 1951.

We tried to keep my resignation somewhat secret because I wanted to give the Board of Directors a chance to try to find a successor without throwing it wide open. No action was taken by the Board. When I urged the members to do some looking around for a successor, the president said they hadn't done anything because they thought I would surely change my mind. I made my resignation demands final at that time.

When the Board met in Denver in March, I convinced them that they should accept my resignation, which they finally did, and
the announcement was made public at that time. I must say that I did not have the slightest idea of the reaction that would take place, but the Denver papers, newspapers throughout the state, as well as national trade papers, carried accounts of my resignation. It had been put out on the Associated Press and United Press wires, mainly because of the fact that I had been in national spots with the newspapers on different occasions. The Denver Post even included me in their Post Hall of Fame.

I received letters from all over the country. I was dumfounded at the reaction. The decision was a hard one for many reasons, but when I had made my decision I stuck to it and I have since felt that I did exactly the right thing at the right time. I was succeeded by William M. Long, who is the present manager and who is doing an excellent job.

When I finished my work and turned over the office to Bill Long, I came back to the Independent. I couldn't let down all of a sudden, and besides, I had the Founders Society and my Rotary work, which will be covered in a separate chapter. I was quite busy, so I built a little private office in the newspaper plant and it is from this office that I carry on and shall continue to carry on all of my work.

However, I had not learned my lesson. I was still pushing myself beyond my physical capacity. One day the latter part of June, 1932, Ralph Moody, author of "Little Britches", "Man of the Family", and other books, and his wife Edna, drove into town from California, where they reside. We had known they were coming and had gotten tickets for the final rehearsal night of the opera at Central City. I was to pick them up at the Silver Wing at 6:30. Six o'clock found me still at the Independent office,
but at that moment I drove home. As I got out of my car and looked at it, I discovered that it was too dirty to drive guests to Central City. So I grabbed a rag and hose and I washed the car. Then I went into the house, shaved, took a bath and changed my clothes, and Katharine and I picked Ralph and Edna up a little more than a mile north of town at exactly 6:30. We went on to Central City, enjoyed the opera, and came on back home. I didn’t feel too well while at the opera, but gave no further thought to it. The next morning I came to the office as usual.

About 11 o’clock I began to get a pain in my chest which was typical of pains I had had on several occasions during the past year, but up to then I didn’t know what they were. I lay down on the floor of my office, called Mary Morgan, who was our front office girl at the time, and told her I was having a heart attack and maybe she had better keep an eye on me. She called and said, “Shall I call a doctor?” By that time I was in distress and I said, “Yes”. The doctor rushed across the street, and when he came in he took one look at me, opened his medical kit and gave me a shot of something or other. Then he reached over to the phone on my desk, called an ambulance, which was located in Englewood, and in exactly 15 minutes from the time he called, I was under oxygen at Porter’s Hospital in South Denver.

It seems that it took this drastic measure to teach me to really slow down. While I have had one or two minor attacks since that time, generally my heart and health are in excellent condition and I am keeping it that way by taking a daily rest.

At the annual convention of the Colorado Prossen Association
in Denver in February, 1952, I was presented with an honorary life membership for "Distinguished Service to this Association and to the Newspaper Profession in General over a Period of more than Thirty Years as Member, President, Secretary and Managing Director."

In 1947, I was one of the co-authors of the Code of Cooperation, which is an agreement between the newspapers, radio, and the medical and hospital associations in Colorado, in which we worked out a plan whereby the newspapers and radio could get quick and correct information from doctors and hospitals regarding patients in cases of accidents or emergencies. Up to that time the only information which could be gotten was "The patient is doing as well as can be expected." This Code has now been adopted in a great many other states and has proven a great help, both to the medical profession and to the newspapers and radio.

I think here I should say that during all of the years of my work for and with the newspapers of the Rocky Mountain region, my main objective was to help the newspapers to do a better job in their respective communities and to help them to get on a better economic basis. Much of my work had to do with these objectives although I have not specifically pointed them out. I have been credited with helping many papers get on the right course to economic stability. I hope this is true.
CHAPTER XXV

It was quite natural that I, representing the newspapers of the region, should be the recipient of a great many courtesies. I could not begin to enumerate all of them, but there are one or two very special ones which I should like to mention.

I had two very memorable trips as a guest of the U.S. Navy. In November, 1953, I was invited to accompany a group of fifteen men from Denver to Pensacola, Florida. We flew out of Denver in one of the big Navy transport planes. The biggest thrill I got out of that trip was when they let me take over the controls and fly the plane. I did some maneuvering, losing altitude and then climbing, pointing the plane off course and then pulling it back, but I didn’t do as much as I should like to have done because I was afraid I might throw the plane into a tailspin. The sensation of handling that big plane and having it go where and when I wanted it to will be something I shall never forget. When I designed my helicopter in 1910, little did I know that I would ever be flying such a plane as that.

We went to Olathe, Kansas, and stayed over night. My roommate that night was Gilbert Carroll, Chief of the State Highway Patrol. The next day we flew non-stop to Pensacola, Florida by way of New Orleans. The third day we boarded an aircraft carrier, The Monterey, and went out into the Gulf of Mexico. The day was rainy, but in spite of that, the airplanes and jets put on a wonderful show for us. We stayed out on the carrier only one day, returning to Pensacola that evening. The next morning we
flow back to Denver, stopping only at Olathe to let off some men from that area. It was a wonderful trip, but didn’t compare with the next one I was to take under similar arrangements.

In March, 1954, I was invited to go to the Hawaiian Islands as a guest of the Navy. We flew out of Denver on March 11. The weather was good as we took off, but as we went south we found we were riding on the edge of a front which was bringing in a quick change of weather. We went south into New Mexico, then turned west over Phoenix, landing in San Diego. I like rough flying, but I must say that this was the roughest trip I have ever taken. I never get airsick and I must say I was not on this flight. I was the only one of the whole crowd, even including the crew, who could eat the box lunch prepared for us on the way out. We ran out of the rough weather after we left Phoenix, and from then on there was no particular incident of note.

When we arrived at North Island, we were taken immediately to the airplane carrier Philippine Sea, and we were assigned to our rooms which we were to occupy until we disembarked at Pearl Harbor. My roommate was Max Awner, editor of the Denver Labor News. He was a very fine fellow and made a very good roommate. On the trip were some other newspapermen, including Lloyd Gorrell, Arvada Enterprise; Alexis McKinney, Denver Post; Jack Foster, Rocky Mountain News; Gene Cervi, Cervi’s Journal; and Dallas Cook and William Kostka of Littleton, as well as a few other Denver men. There were fifteen in all.

I shall not try to give all of the details of this trip, but shall just sketch it briefly. We were five days and six nights getting to Pearl Harbor.
We had complete run of the ship, could go anywhere at any time, could nose into any compartment of the ship, regardless of how private, and we surely did a lot of "nosing". We could eat our meals with anyone we wanted. We were guests of the captain and an admiral on different occasions. We watched airplanes taking off and landing on deck, watched the cannon practice in which they shoot down air-drones, were privileged to attend a court-martial, and we took part in practically everything that went on aboard the ship. This ship was over 500 feet long and was 17 stories high, nine stories below deck and eight stories above deck.

When we arrived at Pearl Harbor, we were taken to the Bachelor Officers Quarters at Hakalapa, where we were billeted for our stay there. We had the rare privilege of seeing much of the army and navy secret equipment in that area while there. One of the most enjoyable things was a submarine trip. We went off a few miles from Pearl Harbor and we cruised 60 feet under the surface for quite some time. After being there five days, we were flown back to San Francisco on the Mars, one of the biggest of the Navy planes.

We landed at Alameda, where we stayed overnight in the Navy quarters, and the next day a plane, which had been sent through from Buckley Field in Donner, picked us up and flew us home. The trip took 16 days.

Again comes this apparent desire to organize people into working groups. For several years, citizens around the Littleton area have seemed to take it for granted that I was the best authority on Littleton history living in the town. It isn't because I am smart enough to carry such a title, but merely the fact that I
have lived here since birth, and that was a good many years ago. I usually tell people that I just barely missed chasing the Indians out of Littleton.

I do not think I have any superior capacity for remembering things or people, but I do retain a recollection of some of them. I know so many of the '50ers who lived here, men like Judge L. B. Amos, Joseph W. Bowles, Sam Brown, W. H. Cobb, Frank Mann, and many others I could name. I was well-acquainted with Col. Robert J. Spotswood, who was one of the pioneer stage drivers between Topeka and Denver and who later ran stage lines in different parts of Colorado and to Salt Lake City. I shall not attempt to get into a long story of the historical angle of Littleton, but I have seen it grow from a pretty small town to what it is today, and I can remember a great many incidents in connection with it.

Having been acquainted with earlier days here and with the early residents, I began advocating the building of a historical museum, one which would contain pictures, records, and objects gathered in the Littleton area. I talked about it to individuals, and each year I mentioned it at the Old Timers luncheon at the annual Homecoming, and the idea seemed to take hold. As a result, we had a meeting on August 30, 1955, when a permanent organization was set up. I was elected president. We very soon had a sizeable membership, which is growing all of the time. We are now working toward the acquisition of a suitable building in which to house the many exhibits we are keeping. I have been given a lot of help and a great deal of encouragement in this project, but it is another one of those organizations which I shall soon have to pass on to someone else.
The latest thing which has happened which I might include in this story, although at the time of this writing, it is so new that I can give only a very little information about it, was that I was asked to become a stockholder and secretary of the Littleton Savings and Loan Association; also a member of the Board of the Allied Colorado Enterprises, which is a multi-million dollar company already operating here in Colorado. My position in those organizations is mostly complimentary because I shall not be able to be active, but I appreciate the confidence of the men who are at the head of those organizations in wanting me to be a part of them.

Also, we have just launched The Arapahoe Herald as a separate newspaper, which gives us, actually, a twice a week newspaper. The Herald was consolidated with the Independent in 1918. We have now split them apart and are endeavoring to operate two newspapers instead of one, and it seems at this point the income from the Herald isn't sufficient to buy the aspirin we need to take care of the headaches incidental thereto. The plant, is undergoing great changes. We are putting in new and larger equipment and expanding all of the time in order to try to meet the growth which is taking place in the Littleton area.
CHAPTER XXVI

I have left one of the most interesting and important parts of my activities for this separate chapter, because it did not seem to work well into the rest of the story. This has to do with the many years of Rotary membership and activity which has been so much a part of my life and so entwined in the weeks and years, that I wanted to set it apart from the other parts of this story.

Early in 1922, a Lion's Club organizer came into Littleton and wanted to get a group started here. One of the men he contacted was J. Ernest Mitchell. Ernest, however, had had a great many contacts with men in Denver who were members of the Rotary Club of Denver. Somehow through his contacts and knowledge, he seemed to feel and to know that whatever group was gotten together out here, they would probably prefer to become Rotarians rather than Lion's or any other service club. He talked to Elgar Jenkins, who likewise felt that it would be better to see if we could get a Rotary charter.

I think I need not go into a lot of detail in that connection because I have already written a separate history of the Rotary Club of Littleton for the club's records and it covers those details.

Anyway, the contact resulted in the calling together of a group of 16 men, of which I was one, and that met on the 16th day of May, 1922. The meeting was held in the former home of Katherine's parents on North Nevada Avenue. The group met every week, discussed the possibilities of getting a Rotary charter, and also a lot of local issues which were confronting the community at the time.
It was June 14, 1923 that the official application for a charter was made. The club started calling itself the Rotary Club of Littleton, but it was actually five months later before Rotary International granted the charter. In those days, Rotary International did not believe a group could be successful in a town of less than five thousand population, but the Rotary International directorate finally decided to try the experiment of chartering clubs in smaller towns, and Littleton was the first one. To get a charter now only takes two or three weeks.

The application for the charter included the following names: Flor Ashbaugh, Edwin A. Denin, Casper Broomol, James D. Canary, William G. Guthbert, Walter H. Picklin, Ivy W. Hunt, Edgar Jenkins, Terrry Miller, Paul H. Lemaster, J. Ernest Mclellan, Harry H. Nutting, Rupert F. Nutting, Orville W. Roto, J. Frank Smith, and Allyn H. Nelson. I am today the only charter member left in the club with continuous membership since the first meeting in 1923. William G. Guthbert, also a charter member, is still a member of the club, but he resigned at one time and then came back in again later.

Nothing of particular note happened in the club which would be of interest to recount here until about 1930, when I was elected a member of the Board of Directors. In 1931, I was made vice president. In 1932 came an incident which I am not at all proud of, but I am going to relate it anyway. I was scheduled to be elected president of the club, having served as vice president. Apparently the majority of the club members wanted me as the president and expected me to be elected, but there was another
member who had indicated that he wanted to be president and was making some effort to overthrow tradition and get the designation for that office. The system was that the club elected five members to the Board of Directors and the Board elected the officers.

After the five members of the Board were elected that year, and before the president was elected, one of the members of the club came to me and said, "Ed, when your Board of Directors meets for the election of the president of the club, we want you to be sure to vote for yourself." I told him very emphatically that under no circumstances would I vote for myself, that I didn't consider that to be ethical and that if I couldn't be elected without doing it, then I would just not be the next president. Different members kept coming to me and requesting that I do vote for myself, because they were fearful that my opponent would do that and that one other member of the Board would vote for him because he was a close friend. If his friend voted for him, and my opponent voted for himself, and then I voted for him, that would elect him, giving him three of the five votes. I still refused to agree to vote for myself, but the pressure was constant and insistent and they made it on the basis that I was serving the club better as a Rotarian if I would do it, because they simply didn't want this other man for president. Finally I weakened and when the meeting took place for the election, there were five votes for Ed Bemis and none for my opponent. I have always been ashamed of that situation and I wish I had stood my ground and voted for my opponent and I think it is of enough interest to include.
I have always been active in the Rotary Club, fulfilling all of the assignments given me and endeavoring to be a really good Rotarian. I visited many Rotary clubs throughout the United States and through my newspaper association activities have developed a good many friendships, especially throughout Colorado. This Rotary acquaintance ship helped me, too, in the legislature, because since it is the plan to call Rotarians by their nicknames, I was able to be on that basis with a number of state senators and representatives.

On the tenth of February, 1943, in the early morning on my way to the office, I had to stop at the filling station near the depot in order to get a tire fixed. It was a nice warm sunny morning and I was nonchalantly standing in the doorway of the repair garage when I was suddenly confronted by R. L. Stevens, currently President of the Rotary Club and manager of the J. C. Penny store. After our usual greetings, Steve straightened up in front of me, looked my straight in the eye and said, "Ed, the club wants to run you for District Governor of Rotary. Will you give us your permission to announce you as our candidate?"

In the first place, I had always looked up to a Rotary District Governor as being a man of superior knowledge and education and one of unlimited financial means, and a man who had been in what might be called the "upper bracket", and prominent in the citizenry of Colorado. Just what sort of a revolution took place in my mind and my stomach I can't describe. All of a sudden, everything seemed to take on a different significance. Was this something I had worked toward for several years and did not know it? Were my club members overly ambitious, or just how did it happen that I was picked out of more than 3500
Rotarians in the district to become a candidate for that office?

I didn't know exactly whether I wanted to fall through the concrete floor or fly up to the roof of the filling station, but after stumbling and groping around for a little, the only thing I could do was to express my surprise at being confronted with a project of that nature. Being Governor of Rotary was the last thing in the world I had ever thought would be offered to me. In fact, I had never even thought of it for one moment. Steve said that one other member of the club had been mentioned casually earlier, but that it was obvious he was not physically capable of doing the job and was too old to be projected into any campaign to get it. In those days, the District Governor was elected at the District Conference and there were on occasion more than one candidate. It seems that the then District Governor, Ralph McWhinnie, of the University of Wyoming at Laramie, had heard that our club would have a candidate and he had wired to get the name so he could announce it in his monthly letter. Steve told me that they had to send him a wire that day and would I give them my decision some time after lunch. I told him that I would want to talk it over with Katherine and also with Houe and I would let him know. But it seems that Houe had been approached about it before they talked to me and he told them that he thought I might be persuaded, and that, of course, it met with his approval. Anyway, I did talk to Katherine and Houe, and that afternoon I told Steve that I would give the club my permission to announce my name if they wished. For some reason, I had a very strange feeling that day. I didn't know who my opponent would be, but I knew beyond any reasonable doubt that I would be the next District Governor.
I can’t tell why I had that feeling and that I was so sure, but nevertheless I had it. There were two candidates and a man who was attempting to become a candidate as a dark horse by using some underhanded methods to discredit us two candidates.

My club got out promotional material and sent it to all of the clubs in the District. In those days, the District was numbered 113 and included all of Colorado, Wyoming, two clubs in western Nebraska, and two in Northern New Mexico. Also in those days the election of the District Governor took place at the District Conference, which was held at the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. Governor Lawhinnie had no on the program for a talk and he also had Pop Collaghor of Durango, who was the other candidate. This was their way of making it possible for the delegates to size us up. A man who later became a District Governor and whom I previously mentioned as using the underhanded methods, had spread the rumor that both Pop and I were newcomers to Colorado and to Rotary and that neither of us knew much about Rotary, that we were hard drinkers, even drunkards, and that possibly they should escolat a dark horse. He happened to be a member of the Rotary Club of Denver, but he didn’t have the Denver club endorsement, and the then President of the Denver club, who was one of my main supporters, rushed to the platform when nominations were called for for District Governor and announced to the conference that the Denver Rotary Club did not have a candidate for the office of District Governor. That scotched the dark horse plan, because no candidate could be considered unless he was sponsored by his own club.

The votes were counted, and during the Monday noon luncheon
a conference officer came to where I was seated, whispered to me that I had been elected and that I would be presented to the conference at the end of the luncheon. I was about to embark on one of the greatest experiences that any man could have. I shall try to give enough of the details so that some idea of it can be obtained, but words could never adequately convey what one experiences in holding the position of District Governor.

When a man is elected District Governor, he becomes an officer of Rotary International. The first official action is where he is called to the International Assembly, which this particular year was held in St. Louis. There he undergoes four days of intensive training for the job. Katherine went with me to this Assembly, which was followed immediately by the International Convention. It must be remembered that in 1943, we were in the middle of a war. The government had discouraged conventions or big gatherings of any kind in the interest of war economy, but it seems that the great work that Rotary was doing internationally so impressed the government that there were no restrictions placed on the attendance at the convention. However, there was very little publicity given to this gathering, nothing like what is done during present times.

We came home and I began to assemble the necessary equipment for the conduct of this office. I had to get a separate headquarters office, which I located in the Moore Building at 204 West Main Street. I maintained this office for almost two years, and then moved my equipment over to the Independent office.

My first official act was to call a District Assembly, which
in comprised of the incoming presidents and secretaries of the
groups in the district so that I could impart to them the instruc-
tions and policies from Rotary International which I had received
in St. Louis. This was held in June in Denver.

On July 1, 1943 I took over officially as Governor of District
113, Rotary International. The main job in this connection is
to meet with every club in the District, to speak at the regular
club meeting and then at a different time to conduct a club As-
sembly. These Assemblies were usually held in the evening if the
club met in the noon luncheon, and at noon if the club met in
the evening. We had sixty clubs in the District at that time,
and Katherine went with me to practically all of them. The wives
of the Rotarians always had special social activities for the
Governor’s wife upon the occasion of the visitation. Our first
club meeting was at Rawlins, Wyoming. During the next six weeks
a new club at Powell, Wyoming, was added, which made sixty-one
clubs.

I presented the charter to this club. The last club I visited
was Denver, and I finished the 61 club visitations on the tenth
of December. I drove approximately fifteen thousand miles on
Rotary work during my year.

The rest of the Rotary year, or through to the following
June 30, was taken up with speaking on special occasions at Ro-
tary Clubs and in preparing for and conducting the District Con-
ference.

Again remembering that this was during the war and gasoline
coupons were necessary and scarce, at first I was not sure what
this would do to my club visitations, because there was no way
to use other transportation and to reach the clubs on the scheduled time. It was a coincidence, however, that the members of the Colorado Press Association covered exactly the same area as that of District 113, R. I., and since they had already approved of enough gasoline for me to do my newspaper Association work, I could do both that and the Rotary work at the same time, so that actually, while the Rotary end of it was the more intense, I still did my Association job as I went along.

There were a few amusing incidents in connection with these visits. I remember so well the Lander, Wyoming club meeting, which was held in the evening. In order to celebrate my visit, they decided to have it a Ladies' Night and to hold the meeting out on a beautiful large ranch near the mountains, where there was a lovely rushing stream right by the house, a lot of trees and a beautiful lawn running to the edge of this stream. The time came for me to make my regular club speech. I stood up under the trees on the grass with the people sitting around me, some on chairs, some on tables, and some on the ground. It was not enough that the stream made such a roar going by that I could hardly be heard 20' away, but the mosquitoes decided that this was about the juiciest aggregation of morsels they could find and they went to work. Everybody, including myself, began slapping mosquitoes until it seemed to me that that was about all anybody could hear. Now and then someone would get up and go into the house, because they couldn't take it. I cut my speech short and I did probably one of the poorest jobs in my whole year. It has always been an amusing memory to think that about the only recollection I have of that meeting is the sight and sound of people slapping mosquitoes off their heads and necks.
Prior to the time I was to make my official visit, the local newspapers always carried a story about it and a picture. So it seemed that at least the Rotarians knew who I was and what my name was when I visited the club. But this wasn't always true. Usually the Governor's coming was heralded as quite an occasion and they made preparation for it. One of my clubs was at Silverton. We met over a saloon and the members had made quite a preparation with dinner and the Ladies of Rotary as guests. The president of the club at that time was an elderly lawyer. When it came time for him to introduce me, he got up and said, "We have with us a very distinguished visitor today, our district president." (This was the usual starting of the speech used except that he should have said governor). Then the club president hesitated and finally leaned over to me and said in a not too low voice, "What is your name?" I have always enjoyed the recollection of that incident.

When I visited the Colorado Springs group, I spoke to the usual noon luncheon meeting, and then we had an evening Assembly at the Antlers Hotel. We started with a dinner and then I took up my usual job of going through the analysis of Rotary and inquiring as to what the club was doing, giving them ideas which I had picked up from other clubs, and in general endeavoring to analyze how good the club was so that I could report to R.I.

At 11 o'clock, I was still not through and I asked the men to get up and stretch for a moment, but not to leave. Some of the wives of the members were meeting in another room nearby where they had provided entertainment for Katharine, and when two or three of them looked into the room where we were meeting and saw some of the men standing up, one of them said, "I guess they are
through." Katherine was there and she replied, "Don't be sure. You don't know my husband."

We went back to work and I finished that Assembly a little before midnight. Just before adjourning, Past District Governor Roy Davis, of Colorado Springs, got up and made a statement that "In all of my years in Rotary, I have never heard Rotary get such a thorough going-over as Ed has given it tonight. He is to be congratulated on an outstanding job." His comment pleased me very much, of course, because Roy is looked upon as one of the best Governors who ever served the district.

I could go on and tell of other incidents, but I think probably I should go on with the Rotary story. I conducted the District Conference in the spring and carried on the usual Governor's activities until the end of my governorship, which was June 30, 1944.

In 1945, Rotary International requested that I go into northwest Kansas and talk to a number of the clubs there. This was in early May. I remember it so well because of one incident that happened. I had met with a group in Oberlin. The next morning before I left Oberlin, I received a long distance call from the president of the Rotary Club in Colby, which was to be my next stop, and he said that he felt it advisable to call off the Rotary Club meeting that night at which I was to speak because the Germans had just surrendered, and all of the hotel help had walked out to celebrate the occasion. I told him I thought it was perfectly proper that he cancel my appearance. I did go to Colby and I stayed overnight, but there was no meeting and no hotel service of any kind. I had difficulty getting anything to eat.
One of the effective mechanisms I used in the Colorado Press Association from the time I took it over was the issuance of bulletins to the publishers. I accomplished a great deal with these bulletins, and it was perfectly natural that I should attempt to do something outstanding with the Governor's Monthly Letter which goes to all of the clubs and which is required by R.I. This letter is to acquaint the clubs with the latest Rotary information and directives from R.I. and to give some stories about what is happening among the clubs in the district. Previous Governors had gotten out one-color bulletins composed of one or two pages. I started out by getting out a bulletin composed of three different colors of paper, one color containing general information for the club as a whole, another color for the special information for the club president, and the third color for special information for the secretary. This proved to be very effective and I had a great response from it from the club officers in the district.

As Governor, I received the Rotary Club Bulletins from the clubs in the district, and I began to make a study of them. I soon learned several things. The first was that the bulletins didn't contain sufficient information, nor were they containing necessary information. The second thing was that I realised that these bulletin editors, most of them, were totally untrained, not knowing how to get out a good bulletin nor what they could accomplish with it. The third thing was that even though the bulletin editors' efforts were considerable, they were given little credit or recognition for that work. With these problems in mind, I decided to try to do something about it.
In my final bulletin to the clubs in June, 1944, I offered a prize for the best bulletin in the district, these prizes to be awarded at the next district conference. However, there was no district conference held the next spring, due to the war situation, but I awarded the prizes just the same and took them to the clubs who had won them. The next conference was in the spring of 1945, and by agreement with the Governor, I held a bulletin editors' clinic. Both the awarding of the annual prizes for the best bulletin and the clinic at the District Conference have continued to this day. Great interest is shown in the bulletin editors' meeting at the conference and the attendance is far above what one might expect at such a meeting.

As I carried on these contests and clinics, I could see a great deal of good coming from them. But I began to feel that the weakness in the whole system of editing club bulletins was that there was no contact nor encouragement nor help of any kind from anyone being given the bulletin editor throughout the year. It was several years before I finally launched a publication which I had been thinking of in this connection.

In June, 1952, I issued the first number of THE EDITARIAN. It was, and still is, a sort of a training service for bulletin editors. In my first issue, I announced that I was sending this out monthly at my own expense to all of the clubs in my district. I didn't realize that it would become known outside of the district, and that there would be demands for it, but soon I began to get requests from the other clubs in the United States and even from some overseas countries for THE EDITARIAN. Of course, this posed a problem because I didn't think I could sor vice
all of the clubs in Rotary at my expense. I finally had to put
a control price of one dollar per year on THE EDITARIAN, which
pays only part of the cost of sending it. At the time of this
writing, the list is still growing, but I feel very definitely
that this is a type of thing which Rotary International itself
should be doing. I may offer this to R.I., but I do not know
what their reaction may be.

Some of the bulletin editors in the country picked up the
name "Editorian", which I coined, and began to call themselves
"Club Editorians". At the club bulletin department meeting of
the international convention of R.I. in Chicago, in June, 1955,
the bulletin editors adopted the name "Editorian" officially as
designating the name of the club bulletin editors.

I sensed another weakness in connection with the Rotary Club
bulletin system, in that these Editorians receive less than ade-
quate recognition of the efforts which they put forth in the in-
terest of their clubs and R.I., and I decided to try to do some-
thing about the problem. I wanted to set up a sort of honorary
organization to which these Editorians could belong and through
which they could have some remuneration of their work. I finally
hit on the name "Editorians United". Then I proceeded to have
plaques printed, about 6" x 7" in size, in two colors, upon
which is printed the following "Comber Editorians United. This
honorary membership has been awarded to (name of Editorian) for
his faithful and effective efforts beyond the call of duty in
editing a superior weekly bulletin for his Rotary Club, for his
voluntary and unselfish contribution to the progress of his
club and to Rotary, for his generous service above self."
Then it is dated and signed by me. I have had a lot of wonderful letters from men who have received this recognition and many comments in club bulletins throughout the country. To say the least, it certainly has been most worthwhile, but it, like other things which I have developed, must be turned over to someone else to carry on.

I might say, and this again sounds very egotistical (I would say it differently if I knew how), I have apparently without intending to do it, established myself as the best authority on club bulletins in the United States. I say it, not as my idea, but because Rotary International itself has so written.

Rotary International has a code. Most businesses have a code. In my opinion, there is no more professional job than that of editing a Rotary bulletin. For that reason, I thought the Editarians should have a code and I wrote one. I think it is worth incorporating in this autobiography. It is headed:

"We Believe"

and is as follows:

WE BELIEVE that our club bulletins are valuable and effective instruments in the development and maintenance of good Rotary clubs;

THEREFORE, as bulletin editors, we shall gladly contribute our time and energy to the production of the best bulletins we can offer to our members.

WE BELIEVE that club bulletins should be informative,
interesting, dignified, constructive, and entertaining. Therefore, we shall lend every effort toward making these attributes the controlling influence in gathering material for our bulletins.

We believe that one of the purposes in having rotary club bulletin editors is so that the week after week history of our clubs will be written.

Therefore, we shall endeavor to give as complete coverage as is possible of the activities of the club and its officers, committees and members.

We believe that directed and humiliating jokes, derogatory statements, or any similar items which might make a member the object of ridicule, are not in good taste and do not belong in a club bulletin.

Therefore, we shall be ever alert to see that all material in our bulletins is acceptable to all members.

We believe that questionable jokes are foreign to the ideals of, and thinking by, members of rotary clubs.

Therefore, we shall be circumspect in the choice of what is to be included in our bulletins.

We believe that an interchange of information between clubs, within and outside of our respective districts, is most desirable and profitable.

Therefore, we shall endeavor to exchange bulletins with as many clubs as our ability permits.

We believe there are unlimited opportunities for club bulletin editors to spread and to help perpetuate rotary throughout the world.

Therefore, we will dedicate ourselves, our ability, and our energies to the furtherance of rotary, and shall
so discharge our responsibilities that our activities will be a stimulus to our fellow members and a credit to the communities in which we live.

WE BELIEVE that in being selected to edit our club bulletins we have been deeply honored, and that inherent in this honor is a recognition of leadership as well as a great challenge:

THEREFORE, we will exercise that leadership as effectively, acceptably, and unassumingly as is compatible with our relationship to our club members. We will dedicate our utmost ability and loyalty to that challenge, knowing that in it lies the real meaning of that great pronouncement of Rotary: "He profits most who serves best."
Having always lived near the mountains and having loved
them, and having made trips into them from the time I was a
small child, I suppose the natural thing to have happen was
that I wanted a mountain cabin. It wasn't until later years,
however, that we made any attempt to get one, and that came about
because of a camping trip we took with some friends up Door
Creek. We stayed overnight, and having several young children
in our family, we decided to try to find some fresh milk.
This must have been about 1930. We were camping about a mile
south of Phillipsburg on the south fork of Door Creek, which
leads up to Critchell, an early day mining camp.

We found a ranch up Blue Jay Creek, a tributary to the
South Fork and we were able to get some milk, but when we went
up it we discovered one of the loveliest little spots we had
ever seen. As time went on, we kept thinking about that spot
and finally decided to ask the owner if we could buy a cabin
site on his place. Ranchers up in a spot like that have a
very meager living at best, and when he could see a piece of
money coming in to help sustain life, he was immediately favor-
able to selling us two or three acres.

We bought first at the mouth of Blue Jay Creek, but found
that that was too damp and shady. We had not yet made an ac-
tual deal with the owner, so we told him of the problem, and
he said to pick out any spot we wanted on his entire ranch pro-
erty. We went up about a half mile from the mouth of Blue
Jay Creek and decided that was the spot. We bought three acres,
had it surveyed, and, for the first time in our lives, we were owners of some of the Rocky Mountains. We still have that property. In 1932, having matured a twenty-year life insurance policy and having received the money invested in it, we decided to build our cabin. We have spent many enjoyable days and nights at this cabin, but something else happened a few years after which changed my entire feeling about it. At the present moment, I have little interest in the cabin and the cabin site.

In doing my Association work, on many occasions I visited newspapers and held meetings in the western part of the state. Sometimes I would go by way of Turkey Creek, Bailey's, and out through Fairplay. There was a place on the roadway, before reaching Bailey's, from which one could look out over the Platte watershed and on up to Pike's Peak, which to me was breathtaking. Every time I drove through there, I stopped and looked at that scene and became impregnated with the idea that I simply had to own a spot like that from which I could look out over the vast mountain system. It had an indescribable effect on me.

We had a friend who had acquired several hundred acres of land high up on the Platte Canyon watershed south of Pleasant Park. Pleasant Park is above Critchell and is reached by way of Deer Creek. When going up to this property, we pass within a short distance of our cabin. We visited up there many times and wandered over the hills, and every time it seemed to me that this so reminded me of the place on the Bailey's road which I liked so well that I got the idea that possibly we could...
buy a piece of ground from this friend, which would give us a view something like that from the Bailey road. Finally I asked Katherine to ask our friend if she would sell us a particular spot which I had picked out. "No," she said.

We kept on going up and visiting frequently, but one Sunday morning, without any warning, Katherine said to me, "Let's go up and visit our friend today." Of course, I was willing and ready. This must have been quite early in the spring, but I have no record of exactly when. We packed our lunch and started for the hills, but when we got to the gate of the property of this friend of ours, Katherine said, "Let's go on further today and go on beyond, and see what it looks like." That not with my approval, too, and so we drove on, arriving at a small ranch house from which we could see Pike's Peak and the valley as we had seen it from the other spot. We drove down through a long pasture and through a gate, finally parking our car and walking a distance around the edge of the hill. We came out on a lodge which was an old deserted log road, but from which one could see the whole Platte Valley and Pike's Peak. There was the whole Rocky Mountain system laid out in front of us, it seemed.

Of course, I went into the usual ecstasies and talked about what a beautiful place it was. Katherine turned to me rather nonchalantly and said, "Do you really like this place?" I said, "Of course I like it. I love it. How could anyone not be crazy about it?" Then she turned to me with a slight smile and said, "Well, it is ours."
Nothing in the world could have pleased me more than to know all of a sudden that that was our property, forty acres of it.

The date on the abstract shows that it was run down in February, 1940, which means that Katherine had inquired about it and had made the purchase somewhere around that time. Up to the present time, we do not have a cabin on the "upper forty", the name which we have always used for it, and I don't anticipate that we shall ever have one. We cannot afford to have two cabins, and since the rest of the family so loves the other cabin, we shall keep it and just use the Upper Forty to go to for picnics. But the Upper Forty, to me, is so much more beautiful than the other cabin site we have that I have no interest in the latter whatever.
CHAPTER XXVIII

Of course, tragedy was destined to strike the family sooner or later, a perfectly natural thing to have happen. My brother Luther, whose wife was in a sanitarium, was found dead in his home in Los Angeles on March 4, 1947, which was his birthday.

Mother had passed away on August 19, 1931. She had been gradually failing for about a year, after having lived a most interesting life.

Dad was elected a Justice of the Peace in 1932, and took office in 1933. He was re-elected each year through 1945. He was very alert and active up to the moment of his death, which occurred July 27, 1947, which was on my birthday.

I wish I could write a detailed history of the lives of both Dad and Mother, because it would make most interesting reading, but there seems to be no way of doing it without going back and making it a complete history, and that is not the purpose of this autobiography.

To say that I had the finest Dad and Mother in the world is trite, because other people have them, too, but I shall always have a grateful feeling in my heart that at least they gave us kids a good beginning in the world and helped us over so many rough spots, even after we were married and on our own.
CHAPTER XXIX

Up to this time, I haven't said a word about any religious leanings, evaluations or ideas. Most people would think that I have no religion, and they are probably correct, and you, my children, may wonder why I am even including this in the story. But, in spite of that, I think I do have a lot of what is called Christianity. It probably is not of any particular interest what I think, but at least I shall try to express my feelings.

My Mother and Father were Congregationalists before they left Massachusetts. But after they arrived in Colorado, or at least beginning with the time I can remember, they were not active in church work and apparently had little interest in church activities.

When I was very small, Dad and Mother sent us children to the Episcopal Church, the one organized by R. S. Little, down on Rapp Street. At that time there was no Congregationalist Church.

I can still remember the austerity of the church and the fact that all of what they talked about had little meaning to me. In fact, I think the coldness of that situation set up in my mind a sort of a fear of the church. I do remember, however, the Annual Harvest Festival. This is the time when the church members would bring in all sorts of produce and stack it up in front of the pulpit. It was all a gift to the minister, but of course, it had another significance so far as the Bible and the Church was concerned. About all it meant to me was
that the minister was having a tough time and they took this opportunity to bring in things to eat to help him through.

After going to the Episcopal Church for, I suppose, four or five years, there was a Congregationalist Church built on Calinda Street, now known as Alamo Street, and we were sent to that church. The building still remains and is known as Carl's Apartments, at 260 West Alamo. As I remember it, there was little difference between what went on at the Episcopal Church and that of the Congregational Church. In fact, I do not think I could see any difference. I was not too much interested in it, anyway. Somewhere along the line, then, Dad and Mother quit insisting that we go to Sunday School and we dropped out for several years. I took part in no particular church activity from that time until I went to the Presbyterian Church. Rev. Holtman had organized the orchestra about which I recounted previously.

Katherino's parents were Unitarians. Both of her grandfathers were Baptist ministers. Katherino was christened in a Unitarian Church in Denver and has retained her membership throughout the years.

I have attended a lot of different church services and I have the greatest admiration and respect for a lot of the ministers. However, I think that I admire the ministers for their ability to speak and to form a philosophical view rather than a religious one.

I am not the least bit interested in being an Episcopalian, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Christian Scientist, Catholic, or belonging to any other type of religious denomination. I can't understand what it is all about. It doesn't
make sense to me when any one of them, and some of them do, claim that only those who subscribe to their kind of religion can ever obtain 'eternal salvation'. And what is 'eternal salvation'? I am not going to try to go into a discussion in any of those directions, because I am not qualified to do it. I recall an elderly negro in the South, who, when he drove into town, was accosted by one of the local ministers and was asked what church he belonged to. The negro said, "Mistah, I'se delivering wheat to the mill. There are three routes leading from my farm to the mill, one a high smooth road, one a rough rocky road, and one that runs through the low swamp lands. When I arrive at the mill, the miller doesn't ask me, 'Mose, what road did you come in on?' All he asks me is 'Mose, how good is your wheat this year?'"

Although I cannot understand it, I can believe it, that there was no beginning to time and there will be no end. I cannot understand the fact that space is endless and that there are universes like ours on and on, beyond any possible comprehension of the human race, but there is no reason why I should not believe that they exist and that brings it down to this world of ours in which we find ourselves, and in which, so far as we consciously live, we are important.

Man is supposed to have lived on this earth many hundreds, thousands, or millions of years, but when time is endless, that in itself is insignificant and infinitesimal. Scientists all the time are trying to find out if there is life on other planets. Possibly our creator is experimenting first on this planet,
although since time is endless, why should it be done at this particular time? Why should we think that we were the chosen people and this is the chosen planet at this particular time for such an experiment? But I think that all of that makes little difference so far as we are concerned.

This gets me down to a few points which I want to make. I do not think we are of the slightest importance. I do not think what we do is of very great relative importance. I think in the scheme of this endless and incomprehensible universe that my dog Penny is just as important as I am. What he does now and what I do will be equally unknown in the hundreds and thousands of years from now.

I cannot think that there is a God in the form of a human being sitting close to us every minute, either. I can't understand the combination that was put on this earth. I do not understand why a creator would put us in the midst of the beauty of the heavens, the mountains, the trees, the flowers, the streams, and the beautiful wild life, and give us the power to enjoy and love them, and then along with it implant in both man and animals the desire and ability to kill, slaughter, and eat each other. I do not like it and if I had had anything to do with arranging all this, I certainly would not have worked it out in that way. If this is an experimental life for the creator, he must look down upon us and feel very sorry because of the mess. I certainly believe he has permitted unspeakable things to go on on the face of this globe. The human being has varied with his brother from time immemorial. Whether the creator imbued man with the desire to kill or not, I don't know. I think
most people have had a picture painted for them that it is a God
who created all this beauty, but that something else, is respon-
sible for the creation of the bad things. Who created the
creator of the bad things?

In other words, I have little faith in the fact that there are
human beings who have been made saints by other human beings,
which saints are watching over us and guiding us from day to
day. Probably it is well that people have something like that
to cling to, but for me, I do not need it. For that reason, I
do not express my thoughts or opinions on religion anywhere at
any time.

There must be some reason why we are here, else we would
not be here. But why we are here and what we are supposed to
accomplish, I haven't the slightest idea, and I have not yet
heard anyone who did, so I have gone on the theory that I was
here to do the best I could, to help other people as much as I
could, to accomplish as many things as I could which might in
some way help society in general. And when it comes time to
lay down the activity for whatever the future holds, I shall be
contented to move on up to that little city on the hill, lie
down and pull the sod over me and let the un-understandable
scheme of things take over for the rest of all eternity, as it
did for the endless time before I came.
CHAPTER XXX

I have been lucky, very lucky, throughout my whole life. It seems as if I have gotten more breaks than anyone is entitled to have, but possibly it is because I have been contented with my place in life and have tried to make the most of it. I have always felt that work, good honest diligent work, was something to be embraced and not shunned.

I have been told that I am a perfectionist. I am not certain that I know all the implications of that charge, but I believe the unhappy spots in my life have come about because I was conscious of the fact that I had not reached perfection in what I was doing. I believe that, to get the most out of life, one should love simple things superlatively.

In my thirty year job of building the Colorado Press Association, and in the organization of groups, and all the other societies and international associations which I formed and which I previously mentioned, I have always tried to build organizations which would live long after I was gone. I have often made the statement that if that I had created did not outlive me, then I had wasted my time. As someone has said, "The best way to spend your life is to invest it in something which will outlast it."

Man is supposed to be a superior being, and from the standpoint of scientific knowledge and communications, he is just that. No one can question it. But whether that means he is important in the scheme of endless time and endless universe is another question.
CHAPTER XXXI

Throughout the writing of this autobiography, I have remembered incidents which I should like to include, but it seemed they did not relate to anything in particular, and I didn’t know where to put them. Also, I have recalled some things which should have been included, but which shall have to be added here. The incidents from here to the end of the story will be unrelated, but I hope, interesting enough to all of you that you will be glad I included them.

* * *

When I was a member of the fire department, in the days when we ran with the hose cart, we had contests with the Englewood Fire Department on different occasions. Those usually took place on the Fourth of July or Labor Day. We would run from one corner on Main Street to the next corner, throw a line of hose for the fire plug, hook to the plug, and the team which got water out of the nozzle in the shortest time was the winner. My job in these races was to be the plug man. The minute the hose threads took on the plug, I turned the water on, and it was just too bad if the boys at the other end of the line didn’t have their nozzles screwed on when the water hit. Most always, they made the connection. It was all done in an incredibly short time, but those were tough and interesting races.

Just in order to complete the statistical details in regard to my service as a fireman, which I was not able to include in the earlier mention, I might say that I first joined the department on March 29, 1909, resigned in September, 1911, rejoined
on December 28, 1914, and took my honorary membership, which
retired me from active service on September 8, 1924.

It was my good fortune to have a couple of interviews which
I think should be noted here.

The first one was in the fall of 1935, when I was on one
of my regular newspaper plant visitations to southwestern Colo-
rado. One of my stops was at Ignacio. Ignacio is on the Ute
Indian Reservation. On this reservation Chief Ouray
was buried. There was only one man alive at that time who knew
where. He was Buckskin Charlie, Chief of the Utes. While he
was still alive, he helped them disinter the bones of Chief
Ouray. They wanted to move his bones and bury them in the ceme-
tery at Ignacio. There was a controversy as to whether or not
Chief Ouray had turned Catholic during his life. Some said that
he had and others that he had not. It seems that there are two
parts to the Ignacio cemetery, a Protestant section and a Cath-
olic section, divided by one barb wire fence. In order to satis-
ify everyone, they buried him under this fence so that half
of his bones were in each cemetery.

In talking to the local editor, I learned that Buckskin
Charlie was living on a ranch a few miles out of Ignacio.
Having been interested in Indians all my life, I got the thought
all of a sudden that it would be nice if I could go meet Buck-
skin Charlie and visit with him. I asked the local editor if
he could arrange to have someone take me out there. He imme-
diately got in touch with a Ute Indian interpreter who knew
Buckskin Charlie, and in a few minutes we were driving off up
the valley toward Charlie's ranch. When we pulled up in front of the gate, we could see a tepee in the yard, and near it was an old Indian woman. This was Buckskin Charlie's second wife.

She said Charlie was in the tepee, but that he wasn't feeling well. The three of us walked over toward the tepee and we waited outside while she went in to talk to him. In a moment, she came out and held the flap open for my interpreter and me to enter. As we walked in, I could see a little old Indian lying on the ground near the edge of the tepee. In the middle were some embers, where he had had a small fire to try to keep himself warm. We sat down and I talked to him through the interpreter for about a half hour.

Chief Buckskin Charlie had learned to talk English in his younger days, but as he grew older, he gave up trying to use it. I asked a lot of questions about things which I wanted to know and anything I could think of just in order to keep the conversation going. Finally Charlie started a long discourse with the interpreter. When the interpreter finally started to talk to me, he said that Charlie wanted me to intercede for him in Washington, in order to try to get the Indian fighter pension to which he felt he was entitled. Charlie was 96 years old, and he told me that in the years earlier, as a scout, he had fought the Santa Fe Arch Indians in New Mexico for the U.S. government, but they had never recognized his service in any way.

Of course I told Charlie that I would see what I could do, but I knew that there would be little Charlie could accomplish through me. I made no attempt at the time to intercede, because I was pretty sure that Buckskin Charlie would not live
long. He was the last Chief of the Utes. Chiefs were always appointed by their superior chief. In this case, Buckskin Charlie, who had been appointed by Chief Curay, never appointed a successor, and he died about six months later. He was the last Chief of his tribe, and I was the last newspaperman to interview him.

The second memorable interview was in Ft. Washakie, Wyoming. This occurred in the fall of 1947 or 1948. Again, I was on one of my official visitation tours to the newspaper plants, and with me was my kid chum, Ornie Langdon. Lander was one of my stops. While there, I asked the newspaper publisher about Rev. Roberts, who lived in Fort Washakie, and I told the publisher that, if possible, I wanted to meet him. He arranged to go with us up to the Fort, and we called at the home of Rev. Roberts, who was a retired minister. We had a very delightful visit with him and I was glad we had gone at that time, because in about six months he had passed on.

The story of Rev. Roberts is intriguing, but to make it brief, it had to do with Sacajawea. Sacajawea was the Indian girl who was the guide for Lewis and Clark on their exploring expedition to Oregon in 1805-06. Sacajawea was born in 1789. She died and was buried at Fort Washakie in 1883 and the funeral service was conducted by Rev. Roberts, who, at the time of my interview with him, was 96 years old. Sacajawea is a very famous figure in the pioneer history of the United States. The thing which impressed me was the span of time which was a part of the story. There I was talking to that man who had conducted this famous person's funeral and knew her, who had been born in 1789.
It seemed almost unbelievable that I could be talking to a man who had contact with, and had lived, during an era of 157 years.

* * *

It is difficult for me to tell exactly at what age this happened, but I would guess I must have been four or five years old. Mother was away one day and Dad had one or two men who had come to see him, and who were standing in front of the barn door. Around a loan-to shed toward the west from this door was a corner which was out of sight from the barn door. I can't remember getting matches, but I can picture to this day a little bunch of alfalfa which had been piled up in the corner by me, and, for the interest and entertainment of my sister, who was with me, I had lighted a match to it. It was only a very short interval after that, apparently, when Dad or one of the men with him, saw smoke arising over the roof and Dad ran around to see what was happening. I presume he kicked out what fire there was, but I can remember his taking me by the hand and walking pretty fast toward the house, faster than I wanted to walk, and, in fact, so fast that I had to run. But when he got me in the kitchen he built a fire under me that I have never forgotten. So far as I know, that was the only time I ever played with matches.

* * *

One of the annual affairs participated in by the Morse family and ours was the annual oyster stew in the Wildcat Mountains. What we knew then as Wildcat Mountains are now referred to as Daniels Park. We went on top of the most rugged
which can be seen from Littleton. There we built a fire, heated the milk, and enjoyed the oyster stew. There was a spring under a large rock which always had clear pure water in it. I think to this day I could almost go to that spring with my eyes closed. One of the things I remember, too, is that there is a whole petrified tree imbedded in the caprock on that mountain with about 1/3 of it sticking out of the rock. We used to find lots of arrowheads and agate up there. It took all day to drive up there and back, but it was looked to as one of our greatest entertainments each year.

Judge L. B. Adso, the first school teacher in Littleton, and one of the '50ers, used to come to our house to visit with Dad and Mother and he would tell about the early days. I was always most fascinated in his stories, although I do not remember any of them in particular at this time. There is one thing which I do remember he would talk about, which interested me. In the early days there were no roads or railroads, and he would turn his cows out to graze on the hills south of Littleton. His home was just beyond what is now the Country Kitchen. The cows would stray away quite some distance, and when it came time to get them in, he would go out and scan the hills and the valley to see where they were. Sometimes they were out of sight, but usually they were somewhere in the distance. He would try to listen for the cow bells, so he would know in what direction to go to bring them back. On many occasions, he stated, he could not hear a single bell. He would then go back into the house, get his field glasses, scan the hills until he finally spotted the cows, and then when he got them located, he would again
listen for the cows bell and he could hear it. Whether this
was a point in some kind of psychology or not, I do not know,
but he said it worked that way a great deal of the time.

* * *

Along in 1916, while I was clerk in the County Treasurer's
office, all of us being more or less patriotic (because it looked
as though war was imminent) I decided that there should be a
flag pole at the Court House and that a flag should be hoisted
every day. There was no flag pole of any kind either on the
building or on the grounds. I talked about it to my employer
and to some others, and finally my employer, being much in symp-
athy with the idea, suggested that I go to the county commis-
ioners and ask them if we could not get a flag pole and flag.

They were in accord with my idea, but they said, "Why don't
you do it and we will pay the expenses." My employer, who was
Willard Tellor, gave me some time off to do some investigating
and to see if I could get a flag pole.

I had no idea just what should be put up, so I went to
Denver to see United States Senator Means. I thought he would
be delighted to be of help and to show an interest in anything
patriotic. But he brushed me off without the slightest inter-
est. That aroused my ire considerably, but it was enough to
make me more determined than ever that I would get that flag
pole up in spite of him or anybody else. We soon decided that
a flag pole on top of the Court House, running it out of the
top of the cupola in the middle, would be best. I do not recall
details of ordering the pipe, getting it installed, and buying
the flag, but I do know that the commissioners paid the bill.
I arranged to have a celebration in connection with the first raising of the flag. We had a speaker who I believe was a congressman. It was in the summer, and I can still see the hundreds of people sitting around on the Court House lawn waiting for the celebration to begin. I had the fire department pull the fire trucks up on the front to be used as a platform for the speaker. When the ceremony started, of course everybody stood. We had a squadron of soldiers from Fort Logan and after the speech and they gave a signal and the band from Fort Logan started to play the "Star Spangled Banner". In the meantime I went to the top of the Court House, because I wanted to have a band in raising that flag. There were a couple of soldiers with me, and as the band played, we slowly raised the flag.

It flew from the top of the Court House for several years, but in later years that flag pole was abandoned and one was erected on the grounds in front of the Court House. This one was taken down when the new addition to the Court House was built.

In 1910, as I have previously related, I was extremely interested in airplanes. I had the good fortune that year to go down to Orland Park when Louis Paulhan, a French aviator, came to Denver with his own plane, and made the first airplane flight over to be seen here. I have some excellent pictures of him, both in flight and on the ground. However, his plane crashed, although he was not hurt, and that ended his performance.

It was 17 years after that before I had my first plane ride. It was taken in Detroit on August 25, 1937. I was
attending the annual N.A.M. sessions and we were given a chance
to take this ride. We probably didn't fly for more than 20
minutes, but we were over Detroit and a part of Canada, and it
was a most thrilling experience. I got up out of my seat and
went up to the cockpit. When I came back, I discovered one of
our association members bent over in his seat with both hands
down the sides gripping the iron rods below, simply scared to
death. I asked him to please get up and walk up to the cockpit
with me, because I was sure he would feel better. This he did.
Then he went back to his seat, sat down, was perfectly calm and
had a wonderful time the rest of the flight.

*   *   *

One of my hobbies is photography. I got my first Kodak in
1907. I wasted the usual number of films that any amateur
would waste, and I took a lot of pictures which were of no in-
terest whatever. Having had no instruction in photography, I
hadn't the slightest idea how to compose a picture. If anything
looked interesting - click! - and I had it. A lot of things
which looked interesting to me didn't look a bit interesting
when I got it as a finished picture. As time went on, I learned
more about it, and, of course, it came in as a very valuable
experience when I opened my store which I have previously men-
tioned. But I did take a lot of pictures of buildings, streets,
and people, and many of them now are historically valuable. I
am turning them over to the Littleton Area Historical Society.

*   *   *

As a member of the Board of Directors of the National
Editorial Association, by virtue of the fact that I was presi-
dent of N.A.M., I attended board meetings when held back East.
I am telling this because of what I think was a rather interesting situation. One of the things which made it a bit difficult was that, when I was made a member, it was ex-officio, without the right to vote. This later was changed, but while serving under this arrangement, I attended one meeting in St. Paul, Minnesota. I had been studying a plan for a bigger and better National Editorial Association and I had presented my ideas to the board. In the course of the discussions I felt impelled to make a motion on something, I do not recall now what, and the motion was seconded, but the then secretary of the N.E.A. stated that I was a member of the board ex-officio only, and that I could not make a motion. I took issue with him and told him that the President of N.A.M. was a member with out the right to vote, but that it did not say I had no right to make a motion, and that I was making the motion, but that I would not vote when it was put to a vote. He still didn't believe I had that right and he referred the matter to a member of the board who was a lawyer and who was parliamentarian for the board. This lawyer refused to rule on the case, stating that in all his experience he had never seen or heard anything just like it. I stood my ground and the motion was put and passed. The rest of the board went along with me.

That was an incident which was talked about for quite some time among the officers of the board of N.E.A. It soon brought about a change in the bylaws which made the President of Newspaper Association Managers a full working member of the board of directors of the National Editorial Association.
I was a party to a corrupt act while I had my store, but innocently so. I had the agency for the old Oliver typewriter and, of course, I was quite eager to make sales. I was sure there was some county officer who needed a new typewriter, and I went up to the court house, investigated one of the officers, and found out that one of the officers did need a new typewriter. I went before the Board of County Commissioners and made my sales talk. I made the sale all right, and they told me that they would buy the machine for that particular office. When I got the county warrant in payment for the machine, one of the County Commissioners came in and said, "Well, of course, Ed, you know you are supposed to divide the commission, don't you?"

I said that I didn't, but if that was the way it was handled, I assumed that it was an honest transaction and that the commissioner was honest, and I asked him how much I should give him. I don't recall the amount, but at least I did pay him part of my commission. How quickly a thing like that would be picked up today and aired!

* * *

Along with the many wonderful letters and publicity items which came at the time of my retirement as manager of the Colorado Press Association, I shall always cherish two gifts. A machine company from Iowa, with which I was working at the time, sent me a beautiful pen and pencil set and a letter of appreciation for what I had done for them. However, the gift I most appreciated was a pair of binoculars presented to me at the annual Newspaper Week at the University of Colorado by the members of the Board of Directors of the Colorado Press Association.

* * *
In 1950, when Katherine and I were leaving to go to California and Honolulu, Hans presented me with a book which I read after I got to California. The book was "Little Britches", authored by Ralph Moody, a former Littleton boy, now residing near San Francisco. Of course, I enjoyed it tremendously and I wrote to Ralph, telling him how much I appreciated his book. Little did I know then that a close friendship was about to develop. When we returned from the Islands, Ralph drove down to Santa Monica to see us and we had a delightful visit.

Then in 1952, he came out with "Man of the Family", which was a continuation of "Little Britches", and which is a story of the life of the family in Littleton up to the time they left.

Since I have previously mentioned some incidents in this book, I shall not repeat, but I do want to say that the most amazing thing about Ralph is the remarkable memory he has for details of those earlier days. I could point them out by discussing the books with anyone, but since that is not a part of this history I shall not go further into that.

One of the most interesting comments about the Colorado Press Association's WHO'S WHO IN COLORADO came from Charlie Adams, publisher of the Montrose Daily Press. After we had gone through most of our troubles with the book, one day at a meeting, Charlie said to me, "Ed, I have seen you get into a number of jams, some of them very minor, but you have always been able to get yourself out very gracefully."

Somehow that remark from Charlie helped me a lot. It was
not so much that I had gotten out of the jam, but that he thought I had done it gracefully, and without any bad reaction on the Association.

About 1950, the Colorado Military Academy, located west of Fort Logan, got into serious financial difficulty, and it became necessary for a group of men to take a trusteeship. I had loaned the academy some money but had lost it because the academy had to take bankruptcy, but I agreed at that time to be one of the trustees, which post I still hold. The academy had very hard sledding, but seems now to be on the road to becoming quite a successful and well-known private school for boys.

Alfred Packer, about whom more newspaper articles and books have been written than probably any other frontier character, lived in and near Littleton during the later years of his life. I shall not go into his history, but he was known as the "man eater". He was supposed to have killed five men on the western slope and to have feasted on their flesh during the winter. He was sentenced to death, and then, on re-trial, given life imprisonment. Later he was paroled and after spending some time in Denver, he came to Littleton to live. He was a Civil War veteran. Packer was a small man, and when he lived here he had a white moustache, white beard, white hair. He was a very kind old gent, loved children, and the children loved him. I knew him and visited with him on several occasions. Packer is buried in the Littleton cemetery. But the story of his life is well worth anyone's time to read.
One of the jobs to which I was appointed, and which turned out to be very important as well as interesting, was in 1946-47, when I was a member of a committee of about 12, which was known as the District Construction Advisory Committee under the Civilian Production Administration Office of Temporary Control. It was our job to pass on all applications for new building or remodelling. It seems that under the law which was set up by Congress no building of any kind could be undertaken unless approved first by this committee.

We served all of Colorado. We worked hard at that job, and from all of the reaction we could get from over the state, it was very satisfactorily conducted, although there were many people disappointed when they were told they couldn't build certain buildings or do certain remodelling.

As a young man, I had the pleasure of attending quite a few of the old time square dances which were held out in the country. Sometimes they were house warnings. These dances never quit until the men had to leave to go home to milk the cows. I played for a lot of these dances, too. One of them was at Sodalia. They had a full day celebration prior to the dance, and of course we always took in these affairs, also. One in particular which I remember was what always seemed to me a very strange incident. There was just one street in Sodalia, which is about three blocks long. During that celebration, two farm boys who had ponies started to race up the street, one starting at one end and one at the other. When the horses met, they made no effort to pass, the boys didn't guide them past each other, the horses hit head on, killing both instantly. Neither
of the boys was scratched.

* * *

My work in the Colorado Press Association was not without its embarrassing moments. A young fellow by the name of George Lewis, who lived in Littleton at one time, and whom I knew very well, became secretary of the Rocky Mountain Committee on Public Utility Information. This committee existed principally for the purpose of developing and keeping a good relationship with the newspapers and the public, although it had nothing to sell direct.

When I made up the annual convention program of the C.P.A. one year, this committee agreed to and did put on a complimentary luncheon for the publishers. In the course of writing my usual thank you letters after the convention, I wrote a very informal letter to George, thanking him for the courtesy and, like one school kid to another, said, "If there is anything I can do for you at any time, let me know."

Some time after this, it seems that the public utility organizations throughout the country were under investigation by Congress, and when they came to Denver and took over George's office, they unearthed this letter of mine. That was just the kind of meat they were looking for. The letter was photographed and, in publicity sent from Washington, it was used to point out how the public utility people were trying to subsidize the press, and were apparently, according to my letter, being successful. My letter, with my signature, was photostated and published in daily newspapers from New York to Los Angeles. After that burst of publicity, I never heard from it again, but I was
certainly on pins and needles for some time, because I did not know what the final result might be. It was an innocent thing for me to do, but it could have placed me in a tragic position.

For a number of years, the Colorado Motor Vehicle Department at the state house made and distributed official state press plates for cars. These press plates were numbered and were fastened to the regular license plate. I had one each year for several years, but the Motor Vehicle Department ran into trouble. It got so that any time the Denver Post or the Rocky Mountain News wanted to pay some sort of a business debt, they would write a note to the department and ask them to give "so and so" a press plate.

It finally got so bad that press plates were on a great many cars of men who had nothing to do with the newspaper business. It was assumed, and was true, that anyone carrying a press plate got a lot of privileges others couldn't enjoy. They were really very prized possessions.

Finally on January 1, 1935 the state decided to quit giving out press plates. I learned of this and I went immediately to the department and told them that I knew of their trouble, and why they were giving up the plan of furnishing them. But I said, "If you will let the Colorado Press Association handle them, I know that we can cure the situation and make these plates valuable for the purpose for which they were originally intended."

As a result of this, the state did turn over the distribution of these press plates to me. The plates were made at
the penitentiary when they made the regular car license plates, and then they were shipped direct to me at no cost to the Association. I set up some barriers immediately which shut out most of the people who were getting them up to that time, and I made it mandatory that any man who received a press plate should either be a publisher of a newspaper or a reporter.

I had a lot of arguments with people, some of them very bitter, but I turned them down. I imposed regulations and I made all decisions in connection with these plates. I began working with the police departments in Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo and I furnished them with a list of the names of those who had the plates and the license number the plates were attached to. Those departments liked this method. The plan is still in operation and a press plate today has the value it was supposed to have from the very beginning. I am very proud that the Colorado Press Association honors me each year by giving me press plate No. 1.

* * *

In the early 1920's, when I was starting out to do state-wide work, the then sheriff of Arapahoe County, John Haynes, suggested that it would be wise for me as protection, since I was doing so much driving, if he made me a deputy sheriff so I could have a commission and a deputy sheriff star with me at all times. I still have a deputy sheriff commission, but in all the years that I have had it, only four times have I been compelled to use it and they were all minor cases. Very few people know I have the commission because I keep it covered up. I do not want the public to know that I have it.

* * *
As I see it now it is a wonder that I did not turn out to be a railroad man. It might have been my career because, certainly, the railroads seemed to enter into my life on so many occasions.

Way back, somewhere in the late nineties, Dad used to give me a nickel to go down to the early morning "Uncle Sam" train to buy a copy of the Rocky Mountain News.

There was nothing unusual about that except that at that time there was a very beautiful young girl by the name of Laura Miller who worked in the home of Roy and Verne Langdon. Somehow the brakeman on Uncle Sam, whose name was Sam McEvors, found out that I knew Laura. And somehow Sam got acquainted with her.

One day he asked me if I would carry a note to Laura. Sure I would. So, when I handed him the nickel for the News he handed it back. That was pay for carrying the note.

Notes to Laura became very frequent, and my pocket money began to increase. So I made sure that we needed a paper every day.

The time came when Laura told the Vanetts, grandparents of Roy and Verne, that she was going to quit and get married. Soon thereafter she became Mrs. McEvors. I saw her many times years afterwards, always a beautiful woman. She and her husband owned a hotel in Fort Lupton.

What did I do with all of my money? One day I saw neither in her underwear, and it was very much shredded, so, without telling her, or asking her, I went down to the dry goods store and bought her some new ones. I don't remember what her reaction was but I can guess.

Then there were times when I first started to work in Denver that the conductor, Mr. Clark, when taking up the tickets on Uncle
Sam, would just walk by me, smile, flick his punch at me, and pass on. Guess he thought I was too young to pay full fare all of the time.

When I was going to high school I used to go down to the depot and board Uncle Sam on its trip a little before one o'clock. It would go south to Prince Street, then go down the wye on Low Street, then back to the main line to go on back to Denver. I would hop off the rear end at Prince Street, turn the switch, then the train would back on to the wye, and the engineer would stop and wait for me to throw the switch back to the main line again, and run and jump on the cow catcher and ride down to South Curtice Street, then I would get off and go on to school. I was doing the work of the brakeman, and having lots of fun. One time when I dropped off the rear of the train I found the switch locked. The engineer started backing without first looking to see if it was O.K. Then he had to stop suddenly because he saw me flagging him down. Then the brakeman came out with his key and unlocked the switch and the train went on down the wye. But I was having real fun being a railroader.

* * *

It seems to me that coincidences are always interesting, even if the separate incidents are not too interesting.

When I stayed at the Faculty Club at the University at Boulder we had pool tables in the basement. I used to play quite a lot because there was nothing else for me to do evenings.

One game we played was where we spotted the one, two and three balls in the center of the table, one at each end and one in the middle of the table. The game was to play either billiards with
then, or shoot the cue ball from one end hitting the ball at the other end first. On one occasion I made the first shot and all four balls went into pockets, a hundred thousand to one shot. But, the coincidence was that a week later I was starting to play the same game with someone and I told him of what had happened and I said "I did it just like this". And to my utter astonishment the same thing happened, a once in a million coincidence.

Then there was the time when I had had a heart attack in my office over at DU, but at the time I didn't know it was a heart attack. A few days afterwards I sat in the doctor's office explaining to him what had happened, because I wanted to know what it was, and as I pointed to my floating rib to show him where the pain started, the pain immediately started. I said, "My gosh, Doc, I'm having it right now." The doctor shouted, "Where's your nitro glycerin tablets? You are having a heart attack." That coincidence would not have happened more than once in a hundred thousand times. I proceeded to have an attack right in his lap.

* * *

My uncle Alonzo, from Spencer, Mass., when visiting here in 1930, asked me if I had ever joined the Sons of the American Revolution. I told him I had not. Uncle Lon suggested that he thought it would be a good thing for me to establish my right to belong, since the Benia family has a long history of achievements in the Revolutionary War. When he returned home he wrote out the lineage necessary for a membership and I presented it to the Colorado chapter. I was admitted that same year and my national number is 45619, and the state number 736. I never became active in the organization.
In fact, I dropped out after that year. All I wanted, anyway, was to establish the connection.

* * *

Since Elias Howe, Jr., inventor of the first sewing machine, was a distant relative of mine I think the information should be recorded here. His invention was perfected in 1846. His ancestors and mine were the same but I have not worked out a complete list in the descent. He was about a fourth or fifth cousin. Elias had two cousins, born in the same house in South Spencer, Massachusetts, that Elias was born in, and they too were inventors. Tyler Howe invented the first spring bed in 1855, and William Howe invented the first truss bridge in 1840. These facts, and many more, are to be found in the History of Spencer.

* * *

On the morning of September 11, 1956, I placed and arranged the first public exhibit for the Littleton Area Historical Society. James McCaul, manager of the local J. C. Penney store, gave the Society a show case, and the mayor of Littleton gave us permission to place that show case in the city council chambers. This is the first step toward a public museum in Littleton and is the start of a dream I have had for a great many years.

* * *
In 1920, I took out a commission as notary public for use in the Independent office. Thirty-six years later, today, I still have a commission and will probably keep it as long as I am connected with the paper. I think in number of years this is some sort of a record, but I do not know what.

* * *

I got vaccinated. Back when I was about 8 or 9 years old, word went out through our public school that every child had to be vaccinated. I didn't even know what the word meant, but I did know that the doctor had to do it.

I was down town one day. As I went by Dr. Frank E. Rogers' office, I suddenly got the idea that I might make an appointment to be vaccinated. I knocked on the door. Dr. Rogers came and I said, "I just wanted to see about getting vaccinated."

"Come right in," said Dr. Rogers. I didn't know what else to do. I had no idea of getting vaccinated then. But in I walked. He sat me down on a stool, got a knife and started to scrape the skin off my arm. Never in all my life have I felt such a sickening pain. I saw him reach over and get a little white piece of something. Apparently it was the vaccine. Then he wiped the wound on my arm. I then fainted dead away. After I came to, I went home and I didn't say a word to my Father and Mother. I sat down to the table to eat that evening and my sister, who always sat on my left, reached over toward my arm. I jumped and pulled away. Then the questions began to fly from Dad and Mother, and they soon learned what I had done. To say that the vaccination took would be putting it mildly, because my arm was swollen from my shoulder to the hand, and one other doctor who
looked at it was afraid that they might have to amputate it, but I pulled through. I have never been vaccinated since.

* * *

In writing this autobiography, I realize that my life has not been different from millions upon millions of other lives. I have no misgivings about the value of this history. I have written it, not for posterity, but in the belief that possibly my children and grandchildren might find in it something which would at least amuse them.

What about the future? I do not know what might be added to this biography after I am gone, possibly very little. I am now at the age when I must necessarily slow down. I hope to be productive and of value as long as I live and I pray that I may keep active and alert mentally until the last moment of my life. I should prefer to die in my shoes than to go through that late life supposed-to-be rest period which some people look forward to.

Suffice it to say that at this point I should like to live at least 150 years. Life is so interesting, so fascinating, and it is so difficult to enjoy all of it and to accomplish the multitudes of projects which I have in mind. I shall carry on in the future as I have in the past, and if there is anything in that future which is worth noting, I am sure someone else will do it.
The following four pages are photostatic copies of my application for membership in the Colorado Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution. Information for this was furnished by Dr. A. A. Bemis, my uncle, in Spencer, Mass. The original records are in possession of the Colorado State Historical Society in Denver, Colo.
Applications are to be made in duplicate and sent to the Secretary of the State Society, who will forward one copy, when approved, to the Registrar General of the National Society.

THE COLORADO SOCIETY
OF THE
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

OF—

Edwin Arnold Bevis
DESCEDANT OF

Amasa Bevis

Application examined and approved
December 15, 1929

Accepted by the State Board of Management

December 12, 1929

DATES
Application filed with State Secretary December 7

Notification of election
Fees paid December 15, 1929

Duplicate sent to Registrar General December 17, 1929

Approved and registered by Registrar General December 26, 1929

Certificate of Membership delivered
Badge delivered
Resigned
Deceased

Transferred
APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

TO THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF
THE COLORADO SOCIETY
OF THE
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

I, Edwin Arnold Bemis, being of the age of 42 years
hereby apply for membership in this Society by right of lineal descent in the following line from

Amasa Bemis

who was born in Spencer, Mass. on the day of 1752
and died in on the day of 1842

and who assisted in establishing American Independence.

I was born in Littleton County of Arapahoe
State of Colorado on the 27th day of July 1887.

(1) I am the son of Fred A. Bemis, born 1822, died, and
his wife Elizabeth Braggan Bemis, born, died, married 1833

(2) grandson of Edwin Amasa Bemis, born 1823, died 1887, and
his wife Julia Watson Bemis, born, died, married

(3) great-grandson of Amasa Bemis Jr., born, died, and
his wife

(4) great-great-grandson of Amasa Bemis, born 1757, died 1842, and
his wife

(5) great-great-great-grandson of, born, died, and
his wife

(6) great-great-great-grandson of, born, died, and
his wife

(7) great-great-great-great-grandson of, born, died, and
his wife

and he, the said Amasa Bemis (No. 4) is the ancestor who assisted in

establishing American Independence, while acting in the capacity of Sergeant

NOTE: It is not absolutely necessary for admission to membership that all blank spaces provided for dates and pre-Revolutionary ancestors be filled, but it is extremely desirable.

Nominated and recommended by the undersigned members of the Society:

Alex Elkins
Walter C. Myrtle

Signature of applicant, (Name in full)

Edwin Arnold Bemis
Address, Littleton, Colorado
Occupation, Editor
"Art. 4. Any man shall be eligible to membership in the Society who, being of the age of twenty-one years or over, and a citizen of good repute in the community, is the lineal descendant of an ancestor who was at all times unfailing in his loyalty to, and rendered active service in, the cause of American independence, either as an officer, soldier, seaman, marine, militiaman, or minuteman, in the armed forces of the Continental Congress, or of any of the several Colonies or States, or as a signer of the Declaration of Independence; or as a member of a Committee of Safety or Correspondence; or as a member of any Continental, Provincial, or Colonial Congress or Legislature; or as a recognized patriot who performed actual service by overt acts of resistance to the authority of Great Britain."—Constitution of National Society S. A. R., Article III, Section 1, adopted June 3, 1925.

Membership is based upon one original claim; when the applicant desires eligibility by descent from more than one ancestor, and it is desired to take advantage thereof, separate applications, to be marked "Supplemental Application," should be made in each case and filed with the original.

State fully such documentary or traditional authority as you find the following record upon, and also the residence of ancestors, with dates of birth and death, if known.

By order of the Board of Trustees, May 3, 1911, the recipient of a certificate granted on this application agrees to surrender his certificate upon failure to pay his membership fee, unless his membership shall cease by reason of death or actual disability, to be determined by the Society of which he is a member.

My ancestor's services in assisting in the establishment of American-Independence during the War of the Revolution were as follows:

Amasa Bomis of Spencer, Mass. private in Captain Walcott's company of Spencer, at the Lexington alarm, twelve days service.

private in Captain Cowles company, Colonel Goodbridge's regiment September 30, 1775; sergeant of Captain Earle's company, Colonel Keyes regiment of Camp Providence, December 31, 1777.

Sergeant of the same company, July 9, 1777 to January 1778.

At Providence five months, twenty-five days.

Rev. rolls, xii, 170; lvi. 168; xix. 15, 153-154.
Full maiden name of applicant's wife: Katherine Judd Prescott

Names of children and grandchildren of applicant:
(Added to blank by order of Trustees, Feb. 1913.)

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date of Birth</th>
<th>Residence</th>
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<td>Elizabeth Louise Bemis</td>
<td>Aug. 5, 1916</td>
<td>Estes, Colo</td>
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<tr>
<td>Edwin Arnold Bemis, Jr.</td>
<td>Nov. 5, 1919</td>
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The following are references to the authorities for the record of my ancestor's service:

(Signature of applicant)

(Below in full)

[The following form of acknowledgment is required]

STATE OF Colorado
COUNTY OF El Paso

Personally appeared

Edwin Arnold Bemis

Signer of the above and foregoing application and statement, and made oath before me that the statements therein contained are true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Official Signature

[Signature]

[L. S.]  
dp. 40, 1933