

Park County Local History Archives

ISSUE XVII

NEWSLETTER

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ARCHIVES NEWS

The Archives is currently working on a “Tarryall Road Guide,” a travel guide that tells about some of the historic ranches and sites along the Tarryall Road between Jefferson and the Lake George Cemetery. A drive along the road, otherwise known as U.S. Highway 77, is a scenic one that follows, for the most part, the Tarryall Creek.

There are ranches, cemeteries, old buildings, towns, schoolhouses, a reservoir and a number of other places that you can identify using this road guide. Included are mile markers, GPS coordinates, photos and descrip-

tions of the properties that you can see from the road.

Histories of the people who actually lived here and settled with their families are revived. The book will soon be available for sale.

Send comments, requests and suggestions for the newsletter to:

info@parkcoarchives.org

ARCHIVES DOINGS

We have officially changed our location—again. We didn’t move far, though, we are now on the lower level of the old Fairplay Courthouse. The move gives the Archives more room to work in and continue to organize our information.

Some of our current projects include: updating the presentation of our photos inventory to be more accessible on the website; examining our maps inventory and improving the references to that collection; updating our reference library.

We continue to collect and organize data to help patrons find information helpful to their research needs.

Recently a patron from Ireland came in and asked for information about her ancestors. We were able to locate the marriage certificate of one of her relatives.

Others have visited, asking for information about mines, cemeteries, ghost towns and old buildings, as well as people.

In many instances patrons bring us as much information as we find for them—family photos, diaries, information about their an-

cestors. It is especially unique when one of our visitors finds out about the existence of another living relative through our research records.

An Archives like ours may seem like a musty, dusty outfit, digging into mountains of old books, newspapers, photos and any other thing that tells us about our past, but we find that many people gain purpose by finding out where their roots are.

History tells us that this is where the jail was originally located, before the other building on the courthouse lawn came about.

There will be no incarcerations, but you can come and visit us on Tuesdays from 10 am to 2 pm or phone 719-836-4153 to make an appointment.

A Telegraph Operator and a Civil War Hero

Page two of the *Rocky Mountain News* dated June 14, 1934, contained an obituary about Park County resident Ella Jardine that started out:

“A quiet, capable woman died yesterday in Mercy Hospital as unostentatiously and as valiantly as she had saved scores of lives during the 42 years she punched a telegraph key at the Colorado & Southern narrow-gauge from Denver to Leadville.”

The article went on to say, *“It was nearly a half-century ago that a flaming-haired, gray-eyed girl with the habit of smiling at everyone began riding horseback from Grant to Webster, Colo., to learn the mysteries of telegraphy.”*

She learned to operate the telegraph from a hard-bitten railroader who advised her to do women’s work. But, Ella persevered and was soon assigned a regular station.

She was credited with flashing the word of a break in the Cheesman Dam in time to save many lives from the roaring waters that flooded the Platte River.

Ella never married, but considered her career as a telegraph operator enough. The *News* noted that, *“she made it woman’s work and did not forsake it until yesterday when the Great Telegrapher tapped out ’30, ’a telegrapher’s signal for the end.”*

But the story is not complete without going back a generation and telling of Ella’s father, James Jardine.

One of the highlights of his history is told in the Battle of Vicksburg, a major conflict of the Civil War. Jardine was a sergeant in the Union Army, fighting under General Grant.

In May of 1863 Confederate forces were attempting to retain their hold on the South by defending the well-fortressed city of Vicksburg, Mississippi. Grant’s Union Army had gained control of the Mississippi River adjacent to Vicksburg and was trying to defeat the Confederate forces that were occupying that city.

There were numerous deep ditches surrounding the fort where the Confederate soldiers were defending the town, giving them the advantage of being able to see their enemy coming. When Union soldiers tried to rush the stockade, numbers of them were shot down.

Sergeant Jardine was given the responsibility of finding two volunteers in his unit to take part in the assault. The top two soldiers on his list were an old man and his only son. The sergeant told his Captain that he could choose one of those two, but not both. Then other soldiers volunteered to be part of the assault.

The Union Army suffered heavy losses during that assault and were driven back. General Grant tried another assault a few days later, which was also driven back. He then decided to change tactics and conduct a siege on the town of Vicksburg. That meant that he could just aim nominal fire and inch closer to the target, but would wait them out. They would eventually run out of food and water.

The Confederates finally surrendered on July 4. Rather than try to take care of the 30,000 Confederates that were there, Grant sent them all home, with their promise that they would no longer take part in the war.

Sergeant James Jardine was later awarded a Medal of Honor by the U.S. Congress for "Gallantry in the charge of the 'volunteer storming party.'"

He was also awarded a medal from his home state of Ohio "in recognition of his service to his country."

In an interview by a Chicago newspaper 32 years later, Jardine told the reporter that he had been seriously wounded three times during the war. His wife had passed away and he was trying to live out his remaining years on a pension of \$12 a month. He was trying to locate other members of the Ohio volunteers that could vouch for his service so he could increase his pension to \$24.

He passed away in 1922 at the age of 85.

PIONEERS OF PARK COUNTY

Lyman Fay – Montgomery Miner by Laura Van Dusen

Had it not been for his death, it is likely the memory of Lyman Fay would have faded into obscurity. He was one of the first to forge a trail to Colorado's gold country, and

he was more successful in mining than thousands of others, but it was the fatal injuries he sustained in a cave-in at his Magnolia Mine that memorialized him in Park County history. His story is featured annually in Alma's Buckskin Cemetery Moon Walk, typically held each fall on the night of a full moon, although there is no documentation that he is buried there.

Fay was working in the mine when suddenly, and without warning, the timbers that braced the mine entrance collapsed, and several tons of rock fell on him. The *Flume* of August 27, said: "his right foot was cut so nearly off that it will have to be amputated if he lives; his other foot was dislocated, his nose broken, and very severe internal injuries were received."

Lyman Fay lived and mined in Park County from 1859 until 1885, according to his death notice in the Sept. 3, 1885, *Flume*. The newspaper is probably accurate, unless the 1860 U.S. census is correct.

In 1860, Fay was counted as a 40-year-old resident of New London, Ohio, living with his wife Mary, age 26, and two daughters, Mary, 6, and Jessie, 4. If Fay was in Ohio in 1860, he probably left soon after that. Mary and the two girls showed up on future census counts for several decades in Ohio, but Lyman wasn't listed.

Park County tax records indicate he was in here in 1866, and he was listed as a Park County resident on the U.S. census of 1870. The 1885 Colorado census, taken three months before his death, counted him there.

In 1866, Fay ran a grocery store in Montgomery, near the top of Hoosier Pass. The townsite was flooded in the 1950s when Montgomery Reservoir was built. With the limited documentation of his life in Park

County, it isn't known if he prospected in his first years in the Mosquito Range. However, from 1872 on, each mention of Fay in newspapers of the day was in reference to mining activities.

In March 1879, Fay discovered high grade gold on North Star Mountain above Montgomery. His claim, which he called the Magnolia Mine, was the site of the accident on Aug. 25, 1885, that claimed his life.

Fay, or Uncle Lyman, as he was called in the *Flume* story, was brought to the nearby town of Dudley, where friends tried to nurse him back to health. The *Flume's* prediction that "at his advanced age he is hardly likely to survive" was accurate. Lyman Fay died from his injuries on Aug. 27, 1885. He was 65 years old.

**From the Park County Bulletin,
January 24, 1902**

Much has been said in comic print and pictures, about burros and goats feeding on tin cans and other delicacies. This is taken in by the public as a species of humor indigenous to comic papers and artists, but we have proof of the appetite of the burro, or rather of his inborn inclination to "chew" as a pastime. On Tuesday, as Snell's jack train was being loaded with supplies for the mines, they were standing in front of the Bulletin office. One of them saw a tin can lying in the street, walked up to it and grasped the top which had been cut nearly around with a can opener and, twisting it off, chewed on it for a while, then swallowed the bit of tin. Thinking to test the animal further, the writer walked out with a handful of type, which were offered to the burro, and which it ate with as much eagerness as it would a handful of oats. A bystander sug-

gested that we buy the animal to take the place of our Washington perfecting press, and another one was mean enough to add that it would not only increase the circulation of the paper but improve the quality of its news.

Submitted by Jerry Davis

From the Cattle Cavalcade in Central Colorado

***Definition of a Cow
By an Oregon Cattleman
1935***

A cow is an angular feminine bovine with four legs, an alto voice, a well established milk route and a face that inspires confidence.

A cow's husband is a bull. A cow's brat is known as a calf. Calves are generally used to manufacture chicken salad. Calves brains can't be distinguished from scrambled eggs. When part of a calf gets breaded, it is called a "cutlet."

A cow has four stomachs. The one on the ground floor is used as a store house for grass, loco weed, alfalfa hay, cornstalks, rock salt, and the neighbor's cabbage. When her store house reaches a point of over consumption or under production, she reclines in the shade of a tree and then belches like Henry the VIII at a coronation banquet. The social error on the part of the cow makes some of the hay and stuff do a return trip from the store house back to the region of her kind face, where it is "fielcherized." This is quite a chore, because the cow has no upper front teeth; they are all in the lower part of her countenance.

After a second hand meal has been sufficiently gummed up, she sends it on to another

er stomach, from there whence it goes along the milk route or is turned into cow meat.

An old cow has a tough time of it. In the end, she gets skinned by those she had benefited, even as you and I.

A slice of cow's rear end is very valuable to the cow, but it is only worth a dime to the farmer, 16 cents to the meat packer, 46 cents to a retail butcher and \$2.75 in a restaurant, not counting tips.

Submitted by George G. Everett

**From The Fairplay Flume
December 4, 1914**

Say Boys!

Want to go to war? Of course you do if you are anything like the average healthy, enthusiastic young lad. How many times have you day-dreamed—and night-dreamed, too, for that matter—about leading a gallant company on to victory. In your fancy you can hear the roar of the shells, the rattle and clatter of the swords, the shouts of victory and all that sort of thing, BUT—

If you want a real true-to-life illustration of what modern warfare is, just get up about four o'clock some cold, damp, foggy morning, walk ten or twelve miles to a bit of swampy land, dig a trench until your back aches like an ulcerated tooth; let the trench fill with water until it reaches your waist. Then stand in this cold, almost freezing water all day and all night with nothing to eat and nothing to drink but the murky water while the rest of the boys throw stones at you.

Doesn't sound so nice and glorious, does it?

But that's only about one-tenth as bad as REAL war would be.

Better stick to the farm, eh?

As the 4 years, 3 months and 2 weeks World War I was in its beginning days of 1914, the Flume ran this short article trying to convince the "boys" to stay home on the farm. The United States as we all know did get involved, but not until April 6, 1917. The "boys" didn't have a choice though after May 18, 1917 when the Selective Service Act was passed into law.

Submitted by Steve Plutt