

4. Family Life

Jo and Earl met at a Christmas dance:

I was still in high school at that time. I was about sixteen, going on seventeen. He was playing the drums up on a stage that was elevated a little above the floor and he was sitting near the end. As I looked up at him, I thought he was real cute. We were dancing around there and his foot was sticking out a little so I untied his shoe string. Can you imagine doing anything like that? He looked up and kind of smiled and I did that a couple or three more times. So then when he had a break, (they'd let members of the orchestra off for one dance) he came over and asked me to dance. I danced with him, of course. He wanted me to ditch my date so he could take me home, but I wouldn't do that. But he got my name and address and telephone number.

Jo once wrote, "Earl's alright. He likes everything I do from movies to seafood."

The dance when we met had been just before Christmas and we were married the following year on New Year's Day 1925 at high noon.

Earl was working for the telephone company at that time. And we were married at home, in my home, and all his family came and my family, and my friend Edd who stood up for me. And [Earl's] brother, Bob, stood up for him. And the minister was from Earl's church, Dr. Pingree. Earl had said, "I'd like very much to have him marry us if you wouldn't mind." So I said "That was fine with me." And that's how we were married. Mother had a little luncheon afterwards, and I remember that we had chicken salad. What else, I don't recall, but I remember the chicken salad, and of course the wedding cake.



If there were any wedding photos taken, they have not survived. The newlyweds lived in Denver their first few months, then moved to Colorado Springs for about a year. In the autobiography of 1949 Jo wrote:

There followed carefree years of living out of a suitcase on ninety dollars a month. We had planned that I would go to school, but we had neither the permanence nor the finances to carry out that plan. We were busy, oh, very busy! Both of us were playing in orchestras when we were stationed in Denver, which entailed much time and many interesting times.

The telephone company transferred Earl to Grand Junction in 1927 and their first child, Bobbie Jo, was born there on February 7th, 1928. The trip from Denver to Grand Junction at that time was horrendous. It was described in a videotaped conversation between Jo and the Irwins in 1987:

WILL IRWIN: There was a story about getting stuck in what was the old railroad tunnel, and cars would have to back out because it was a one way tunnel.

JO: That seems so antiquated now that you just can't believe that it was that primitive. Because after all, I'm only 82 years old, and you just can't understand what it was like then. We came through that tunnel scared to death. Someone had told us to be sure and come that way.

WILL: Explain to your audience what the tunnel was.

JO: I don't suppose it any longer exists. It was between Denver and Grand Junction. It was really between Denver and Basalt. It was a tunnel. If you went up this terribly steep, steep incline you came to that tunnel, and you drove through. Do you remember how long that was?

WILL: It had been cut for the railroad, but was no longer in use by the railway and it was turned into a one-way automotive tunnel.

JO: Yes, and we didn't know whether to go through it or not. Earl said, "Well, let's try it. Nothing can happen." I said, "What if we meet a car?" And we did meet a car.

BOBBIE JO: But you were to go one way on the hour.

JO: Yes there was a big sign that said on the hour you could go one way and the next hour you could come back the other way. And this man had not paid any attention to it, thinking that he wouldn't meet anybody. So it was up to him to back out, not us.

BJ: So you did meet someone, but he wasn't responsible and would not back up. He said he'd sit there forever but he wouldn't back out.

JO: Yes, she remembers it better than I do. That's right. He did. He refused to back out. He said, "I'll sit here forever before I'll back out."

WILL: He was afraid to back out, as I recall.

JO: Yes, he was afraid. Scared to death. And we were too. That doesn't seem possible now. But finally, after hours, we got out of that tunnel. Then we came on down into Basalt, and we saw these wild animals, I suppose they were coyotes, but we weren't sure if they were lions or coyotes, but we were in really wild country. They'd make these "Rrrrrrrrrr" noises, and I was petrified, and Earl was too. Earl was really frightened.

WILL: Was this on the same trip?

JO: Yes, the same. And we've never forgotten it. That was when we first came to that part of western Colorado. It was really wild country. Now, that doesn't seem possible. That [area] later was all inhabited by a very rich clientele, remember, who built great big gorgeous homes up there. But it was wild then, I'll tell you, for sure.

BJ: But you never made a trip without helping somebody.

JO: Yes, you'd help anybody on the road that was having trouble with their car--flat tires, flat tires, flat tires, trouble, trouble, trouble. And you didn't pass them up. You stopped, of course, for

anybody in trouble, to see what you could do. After the tunnel experience we came down into Basalt and we were hungry by this time, but we were afraid to stop.

WILL: You were afraid to stop in the town? What was it about the town that frightened you?

JO: Strange looking people, miners, and oh, we were frightened, and we just went on till we came into Glenwood. And when we got there we got into a motel and we ate, and by this time it was way late, two or three in the morning, I expect. Finally we got there! That trip! Some day, I want to really write up that trip. That was some trip. Earl and I never did forget it because it was such an experience. That was when we first came over to the Western Slope, and we thought, "What are we getting into?" But you know, we finally hit civilization again, and it wasn't that way, but [the trip] was terrible.

From the 1949 autobiography Jo continues:

In 1928 we took our first huge step toward growing up. We encountered our first heartache. Our Bobbie Jo was a tiny, premature baby who was born organically perfect but with no resistance, caused as the doctors all said, by having made a journey in seven months that was meant to take nine. This began a determined, desperate fight. If it was physically possible to rear that tiny infant to maturity I would do so. There followed three years with both Earl and me devoted and absorbed by this single purpose. To say our world revolved around a puny, frail little girl is to put it mildly. To say she was our world is to state it more correctly.

Jo kept a tiny baby book for Bobbie Jo. In it she wrote:

The first time I ever saw her, her big blue eyes were so wide open. At seven weeks she would grasp an object. At three months she would play with her dress and put it in her mouth or try to. She played with her hands at eight weeks.

*Bobbie Jo took whooping cough at 3 months.
Put her foot in her mouth – at about 4 ½ months pulled off her booties.*

At nine months she is so cute and bright. Jabbers all the time. Says "Da. Da. Da. but it is just jabber. Plays peek-a-boo and patty cake. Her hair is coming in quite rapidly now. Has six teeth. Plays alone for an hour at a time. She is SO good. If she thinks I am being hurt she sure cries, when we are scuffling for fun. At ten months Bobbie Jo says, "Da-dee, and Mama. She has a walker and just goes everywhere. Has eight teeth. At eleven months B.J. opens the drawers and removes anything she wishes-- is cutting a lot of teeth – jabbers so much. Goes everywhere about 60 per on her walkie.

She had a bad cold her first Christmas. She tried to take off all the decorations from the tree—succeeded a few times. Micky gave her her first dolly. (Micky was one of Earl's closest friends – was single at the time) At one year she says "Ma-Ma, daddy, drink, ba-ba (bottle) and bye bye. She's very bright and peppy. She adores her daddy.

I had intended to have a birthday party for her but she had a bad cold so couldn't. She jabbers continually. My! How she loves "Micky" her dolly. She has eight teeth and is cutting more. Mama gave her rompers. Alberta a dear little blue hat trimmed in white fur, her first little hat. It's darling., and Mrs. Shaeffer a pair of rompers.

At four years B.J. said one day, "Mother I'm going to marry the man I love, not for money." Had some paper dolls and she said, "Mama, when Helen [friend] sees these won't she be fanatic over them?" This is the last thing I'm going to put in her little book. Hope B.J. enjoys this little record as much as I have keeping it.

From the autobiography:

When Sissie was four [years old] dear old Dr. Day asked me to come to his office to talk to him. He very kindly but firmly told me I was warping B. J. as well as myself by being over-solicitous. I can hear his words: "Get away from that child once a week. Do something you're interested in—anything—come down here and work if you want to—but get away from the house and quit counting every mouthful of food that child eats. Do you want to ruin her life as well as your own?" And that is how I started to review books. I couldn't play bridge because I saw her pinched face on every card; I couldn't sit through a show because the lines seemed to always say "Is Bobbie Jo alright?" But I could review a book and lose that Bobbie Jo-consciousness for an hour.



Now I can thank that doctor. At the time it seemed very cruel and hurtful. I had struggled so to keep her. It is an easy thing for an ill child to become an obsession with a mother. It was aggravated in my case as Earl traveled all the time and I had to assume full responsibility. Willing a child to live soon possesses one's body and soul. Oil rubs, special formulas, exercising ten minutes, then fifteen, interspersed with rest periods, all began to build resistance, and then to have pneumonia strike, followed by nephritis [a wrong diagnosis, as it turned out], typhoid next, but slowly, slowly, she began to thrive.

Even with all the variegated colors, motherhood is the most wonderful experience in life because it is fulfillment.



More from Jo's autobiography:

Marty made his appearance three and a half years later. He also was too hurried to get to this world, but he was a strong, curly blondie, with a big nose and worlds of personality. From the first he was a big hunk of sunshine.

Bobbie Jo explained that when Marty was around 2 ½ years old the baby of Charles A. Lindbergh, the famous pilot, was kidnapped. The Lindbergh baby had blond curls and looked very much like Marty. His picture was in every newspaper. The whole country was looking for him.

When Jo would take Marty to the store people would stop and stare or point to him. It got so embarrassing that she didn't take him out as much after that.



Bobbie Jo and Marty, Easter 1938



Bobbie Jo recently wrote:

When Marty and I were small we entertained ourselves using our shoebox treasures. One time we built a city with roads for Marty's small cars. We did this with mud, rocks and weeds. As the city grew other children wanted to join us, but we were possessive. As we did not welcome newcomers, Mother, the judge, intervened. When we no longer controlled our city we moved on to other things.

Mother always read to us, and when she'd read all the children's books she would read us an adult book. She read rapidly and would change words or ideas that were inappropriate. Sometimes she would read ahead silently and then condense the page for us. We knew we were missing something, but also knew enough not to challenge her.

When we got older we had much freedom to explore. Marty was braver than I was, but often he would take me someplace he had found. When we lived in Ouray he discovered along a stream some wonderful caves which were full of rocks with crystals. He found many beautiful ones and brought them home. Dad was curious and he had Marty take him to the caves. He thought it much too dangerous so that discovery became out-of-bounds.

When I learned to read for myself I spent most of my free time curled up with a book and Marty went on mountain climbing. Once in Silverton he slipped on a rock and literally rolled down a mountain. He was badly skinned up and also received a concussion. For a while his wings were clipped.

Jo, at twenty-something:



About their family life Bobbie Jo continued:

Mother handled most of the discipline in the family. She would tell us how disappointed she was when we misbehaved. Usually this did the trick, but sometimes she had to resort to the hairbrush. She would quietly tell us to go get the brush. This was most effective and usually turned us around, but not always. Both of us had been spanked with that brush, so the threat had some teeth. I don't remember Mother ever threatening us with "Just you wait until your father comes home." When Mother became a grandmother she warned me more than once that nobody loves a spoiled child. "Parents who spoil their children do them a grave disservice." However if Bill or I disciplined our own children in front of their grandparents, Mom and Dad were offended and felt we were too harsh.

When I was a teenager mother said she trusted me. I knew right from wrong and could make good decisions. I don't remember any moral discussions, but I do remember Mother saying "If you are going to smoke, smoke at home. But don't smoke! It is a dirty habit and you'll always smell like stale tobacco." I was never even tempted to smoke. I don't know whether it was fear of smoking at home, or smelling like tobacco.

Mother gave me some good advice about boys. She told me to never turn down a date just because I knew I was a second choice. "Often you will have a good time and may meet more boys."

She also insisted that I be careful when I didn't want to accept an invitation. She explained that it took nerve for boys to ask for dates. That thought had never crossed my mind. The dating game has changed much since the forties. We had a clearer picture of right and wrong then, but that doesn't mean we always made the right choice.

Dad didn't do much about discipline. He corrected us rarely, but when he did it was without explanation. It was simply, "No," or "Don't do this again."

When Bobbie Jo was in the 5th grade she got typhoid fever. This was followed by rheumatic fever, causing her to miss school most of that year. Her summer was spent in bed while the family stayed in Durango, where Earl was working. Nights were cold even in the summer.

Undated journal entry written by Jo:

I got up to refill an ice bag for my fatty-jawed Bobbie Jo and covered up my three little boys—all sleeping in one bed [Marty and two friends]. There were toes and other parts of little boys exposed to be covered as it is so cold here—wouldn't do to send them home with parts frozen. I gave them the blanket covering Earl and an extra tuck and here I am at 5:30.

About Bobbie Jo she wrote:

She has the whodunit craze. She's like a young colt, all thin legs, growing graceful now – a dignity – thoroughbred from inside out – high strung – always poised – very stable – a little inclined to snobbishness but kindly, too – a very fine mind – not pretty really, but wistful looking. My prayer is that she will get the best out of life that life has to give her. [She's] like my people, but I hope the sharp corners have been 'kinded' down till she is a more understanding, loving girl. I want her to 'love' much in her life – love all people.

On another page Jo wrote:

B.J. is Tom Sawyering Marty by having him crack nuts for her and paying him by check. B.J. with her magnificent intolerance!

My experiment in psychology has neglected me. Suspicious sweetness!

On the same page as the above, she made these notes:

So beautiful out today—everything white, like an old, old lady with white, white hair that at last knows the answers and is quiet and serene! Tonight it is softer and downier like a huge, velvet carpet stretched all over the world.

Today I put on my party frock and that staid expression and went to drink tea and to say very right and silly things.

I hope life will not so much alter me as deepen me. I want my children to be able to face life and adjust and not go down under it.

Undated entry:

[Then] followed the years of rearing two nice, non-beautiful, normal American kids. Watching our two second chances at life develop year by year has been the most interesting phase of all.



As I look at my children and Earl, I wonder what I have done to deserve such munificence.



When Bobbie Jo was about twelve years old, Jo made them look-alike dresses. Mother-daughter outfits were popular then. But Jo looked almost as young as her daughter. Bobbie Jo was not too pleased about that. She reported that when the movie “Gone With the Wind” came out someone dared Jo to see if she could get in the show as a child. So she braided her hair in pigtails and paid for her 25 cent-child ticket without any challenge whatsoever. When

Earl found out about the escapade, he was embarrassed and disdainful.

Bobbie Jo wrote the following about her father:

He was a wonderful father. He said very little, but when he spoke we did listen. He taught more by example than words. He believed in hard work. I remember one summer during WWII the peach farmers couldn't get help



to get the peaches off the trees. He took a week's vacation to help in the orchards. I wanted very much to go with him but he felt the work was too hard. After two or three days of begging, he gave in and took me on the last day.

The farmer was not pleased to see me, but Dad said quietly that I would do piece work, and he would work with me. The farmer had been impressed with Dad's skill and grateful for his help so he hired me. The job was much harder than I realized. The bag I wore on my shoulder got heavy very soon, and moving the ladders from tree to tree was almost impossible. The peach fuzz drove me crazy and it took me a long time to fill a box with peaches for which I was paid 10 cents a box. I don't remember how many hours I worked, but I do remember that I spent time sitting under the peach trees. Dad stuck with it until it got too dark to see.

When we got home Dad realized that the farmer had made a mistake and paid him for more hours than he had worked so he drove all the way back to return the money before he would have supper. He also bought a couple of bushels to send to friends. The farmer should have given them to him! My piece work amounted to less than \$2.00 and I certainly felt I had earned it, even though Dad had moved the ladder and rounded off my boxes. I felt Dad more than earned the extra money, but Dad said no money is worth not being honest.

Years later when Dad had his own orchard we all helped a little. Mother felt fortunate to be allergic to peach fuzz, so she didn't help outside. She certainly worked, however, because she fed the pickers. We tried to be home during harvest to help, too. Marty made it whenever he could. He helped pick and drove the jeep to haul the peaches to the co-op packing shed. Mother needed help in the kitchen, but when Marty couldn't get to Palisade I got to drive the peaches to market.

I loved watching the packers work. It looked so easy and a good packer could make about ten dollars an hour, while pickers made about 75 cents. I decided that I wanted to pack peaches. I applied for a job but they wouldn't even let me try without experience. There was limited space and the packers had to work fast to keep up. I complained to Dad that they wouldn't hire me without experience. Since Dad was a member of the co-op they said I could try on the night shift. I was a disaster. What looked so easy was so hard! My boxes were returned to me to do over. Not enough peaches, too many peaches, thumb marks, not enough paper, too much paper, and not enough speed. They paid me 75 cents an hour (state law) and I didn't earn even that. I couldn't pack 7 or 8 boxes in an hour. Since that experience my admiration for anyone on an assembly line has always been high. Dad's only comment was that real skill always looks easy. I went back to kitchen help, but still enjoyed driving the peaches to market when I had the chance.

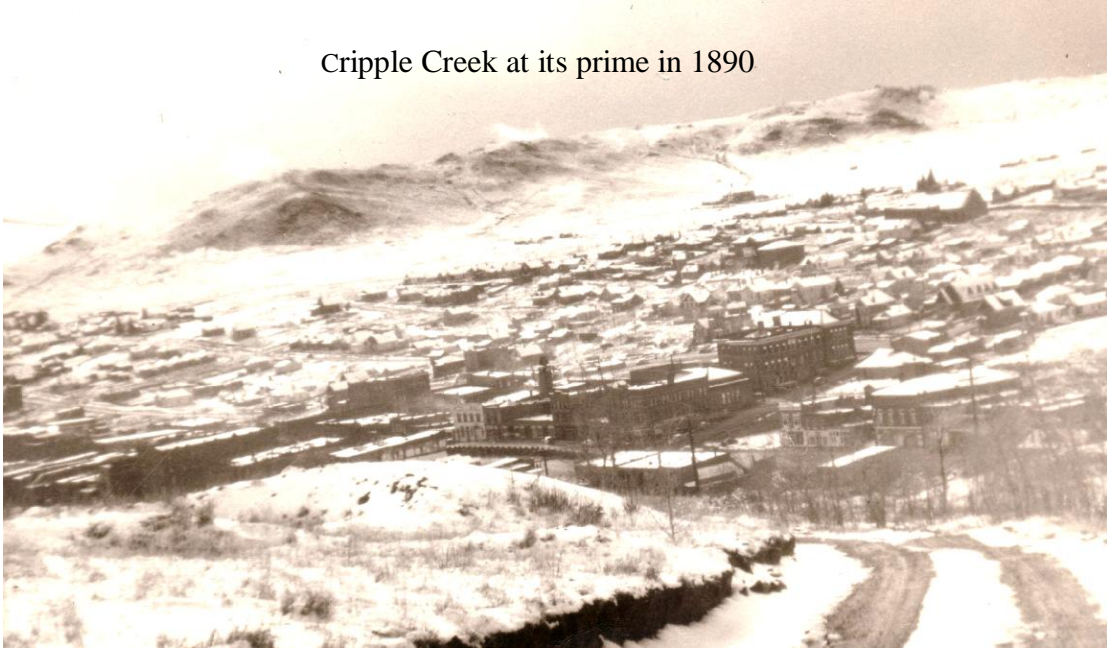
Another peach story: Dad used his old Hudson car as an orchard whoopy [jalopy] for about five years. Then he found an old army jeep he could buy to replace the Hudson. The jeep was wonderful. We all loved it and it could pull the peach wagons easily as well as run errands in town. Then Dad found a newer jeep to replace the old jeep that was no longer trustworthy. He sold the first jeep to a farmer down the road. The farmer drove past our house on his way to the packing shed and as Mother would point out each peach season, that old jeep kept driving loads of peaches for another ten years. Dad, as usual, said nothing.

Bobbie Jo recalled that they used to close the schools in order for the students to help during harvest. The big harvest was peaches, but other farmers needed help, too. One year when the kids were quite young, Bobbie Jo and Marty were hired by a truck farmer to pick tomatoes. They received 10 cents per bushel. The wise farmer let all the children save any rotten tomatoes for an end-of-day tomato fight. Bobbie Jo said that they earned \$1.50 between the two of them. They were so tired that they walked home holding hands. When their mother saw them, she burst into tears when she recognized that those two little waifs, dirty and tomato-splattered, were actually her own children.

In 1943 Earl was transferred by the telephone company to Cripple Creek, Colorado. A news item from the telephone company's magazine "The Monitor" for August 1943 included the following:

Earl M. Shaeffer started his service with this Company in 1921, assisting in cable measurements and records. The title of cable splicer was given him in 1924. In 1926 he was transferred to Grand Junction, Colorado as district cableman, and subsequently served there as general plant man. His recent transfer takes him to Cripple Creek, as manager. (p. 22)

Cripple Creek at its prime in 1890



Refer to the book by the well-known author, Wallace Stegner, *Angle of Repose*, for a complete description of Cripple Creek, Colorado, a town almost 10,000 feet in elevation, putting Denver, the "Mile High City" in the lowlands by comparison.



The family moved into a little old house on a hill close to the center of town.

Photo above taken in the year 2000 (L-R): Martin Shaeffer III, James Shaeffer, Marty Shaeffer, Jr.



Photo left: Marty Jr. in 1944, dressed in his scout uniform, complete with first aid kit on his hip, in front of the same house.

In 1943 Jo had written:

I wish you could see this house. It is about fifty years old. In trying to make it livable I couldn't strive for elegance or chic, so, instead, I have tried to make it comfortable and homey... B.J.'s room is the pink and blue shoppe. The bathroom—now there's a masterpiece. I made curtains out of all colored sheers, over the bathtub we put a little glass shelf on which are four little pots, the kind that one grows flowers in—pink and blue and red and yellow, with vines growing in them. As there is no linen closet I had to resurrect my old wreck of a cedar chest. I made four little tiny pillows to cover the old battered top—of pink, blue, red, yellow that just fit. On the towel racks there are four towels of the same colors, embroidered, "Mom" "Dad" "BJ" "Marty"—not to be used, unless. On the floor is our little yellow, shaggy rug and draped over the old 1800's tub is a huge old towel in all colored stripes to hide its naked ugliness. Earl is going to make me a little tiny book case in which I am going to put the books, "Relax and It will Come to Pass, Bathe Daily and Lift that Burden from Your Chest" and such... [on the back of the paper on which the above was written were penned the words, "While digging a new privy hole, lo and behold, we struck gold – Shaeffers gold mine!"



Marty got a job working part time at the local Blue Front Grocery store delivering groceries, a Shaeffer tradition, as it were.

Photo left: The old Blue Front Grocery in the year 2000. L-R: E. Martin Shaeffer, Jr., James Shaeffer, E. Martin Shaeffer III

When Marty lived in Cripple Creek he was at the perfect age for adventure and exploration. He and his friends sometimes climbed down into old mines unbeknownst to his parents. He also got involved in more acceptable activities like scouting and basketball. He recalled seeing soldiers from Ft. Carson in Colorado Springs marching and drilling on their 40-mile treks to Cripple Creek. Most of the local boys joined the navy simply to avoid the infantry. Marty heard many navy stories from the locals and he admired their courage and patriotism. Much later, during the Korean War, Marty would join the navy, partly as a response to earlier impressions of the navy vs. army debate he had heard in Cripple Creek.

Photo below: Marty in scout uniform, far left rear. Cripple Creek



Marty, #5 (Grand Junction Jr. High, just prior to move to Cripple Creek)

About Cripple Creek Jo would later write:

It is strange we find often the things we dread the most turn out [to be] the most enjoyable. When Earl was transferred to the gold mining camp of Cripple Creek we felt most abused, in spite of the fact that we were grateful that for the first time in seventeen years we would have a real home, as the managing field meant no more traveling for our daddy.

The three and a half years spent in that unique mining camp proved to be the happiest years we have ever known, and yet one of those years was the darkest we have experienced [see p. 44].

For some unknown reason we had the mistaken idea that the inhabitants of a mining camp would be uneducated and uncouth. Quite the contrary was true. We found a more cultured circle of friends than we had ever known. It was a cosmopolitan group, most of whom had lived in many parts of the world and therefore brought to us experiences novel and interesting.

One could see a man clumping down the street in old, ragged, soiled britches wearing a hat that looked as though it had been under the mattress for six months. On his feet were shoes that provoked a well of pity, only to find out he was many times a millionaire. Like a disease the town got into our blood! It was an easy-come, easy-go, God-send-Sunday sort of existence. There was no moaning if a fortune was lost. There was no noise if a fortune was made.

Bobbie Jo recalled her driving lessons in Cripple Creek:

Dad was a natural born teacher. He was patient, calm and broke down the job into small pieces. He taught me how to drive when I was sixteen. He taught me to shift gears at the bottom of a hill. Even though there was no traffic, driving was not easy in Cripple Creek. The hill leading out of town was so steep that if it was snow packed the car had to have a running start to reach the top. Often the car slid backwards and one had to start over. This unnerved many visitors.

After a few days of starting and stopping without killing the engine Dad suggested I drive to Victor, a small town about seven miles across the mountain from Cripple Creek. I was delighted, and not afraid because with Dad I was never afraid. We barely got started when we came upon a couple of magpies eating carrion in the middle of the road. I swerved towards the outside edge of the road and Dad grabbed the wheel to keep us from going over the side. Dad quietly said, "You made two bad choices. First you never swerve to avoid hitting birds. They can take care of themselves. Second, if you are on a mountain road and have to swerve, always go toward the mountain and not the outside edge." He then calmly said, "Let's get to Victor." We made it to Victor and had a soda and then I drove back.

Not long after this I went to the police station which was half way up a hill to get my driver's license. The policeman said he would watch me from the window and if I could start the car and drive it to the top of the hill he would give me my license. The street was snow packed, but I still passed the test. Dad was not surprised. This however, doesn't say as much for Dad's teaching skill as it does about the police creativity.

After the Shaeffers moved back to Palisade, Marty began driving lessons in the jeep. Earl had repeatedly told him not to drive to town. He was to drive only on farm roads. But Marty, age 14, could not resist the temptation to drive to town. In downtown Palisade he parked beside the bank and went into the drug store for a soda. When he came out a state policeman was standing there beside the jeep. "How old are you, son?" asked the officer, and when he was told, he then asked Marty where his father could be located. The telephone company was only a block away so the officer went to find him. Marty got in the jeep and drove home.

“I knew I was going to get killed when he got home,” said Marty. But when Earl got home all he said was, “Ha, ha! You got caught!” He never scolded or said another word. “I never was so relieved,” said Marty, who had anticipated the worst.

Bobbie Jo wrote more about driving lessons:

The grandchildren all called Earl “Pappy,” and soon his children did too. Pappy taught all of his grandchildren how to drive the jeep. He started by letting them steer while sitting on his lap. When their legs got long enough to reach the pedals he put them behind the wheel. Palisade was a good place to learn as the country roads were quiet, flat and wide.

One evening Bo was behind the wheel when the sheriff stopped them. He told Bo to pull over. The sheriff then asked Bo his name, and Bo was so frightened he couldn’t answer. Pappy had to answer for him! Then the sheriff asked him how old he was. Bo whispered, “Ten.” The sheriff, who knew Dad, told him Bo was too young to drive. Pappy explained they stayed on quiet roads. The sheriff strongly suggested they stick to the driveway.

When Jo and Earl moved from Palisade the jeep was given to Marty to take to the fishing camp, Tres Amigos, on the Piedra River near Pagosa Springs, Colorado. The old jeep has been rebuilt several times, but as of this date, 2005, it is still running, and another generation of kids is learning to drive it.

Bobbie Jo also described driving with her mother:

We hated to have Mother drive. I don’t think we felt safe. It may be that she was uneasy and we responded to her lack of confidence. I remember that there was a stretch of road between Ouray and Silverton on the Million Dollar Highway which was one-way. It was about a six mile stretch. There were only a couple of places wide enough for cars to pass. The rule was if you got past the half way mark and met a car, that car had to back up until it reached one of the turn-outs. We were always happy to get past the halfway mark.

Once when we were on this stretch of road we passed the half way point and met a car from Texas. Dad got out of the car and told the man he would have to back up. The man was polite but said he could not back up even if he had to stay there forever. His wife was in tears. Dad came back and told Mother she would have to drive our car, for he was going to back the Texas car. Marty put a pillow over his head and I cried. Dad told me not to be silly. I don’t remember how Mother felt. It seemed to take us a long time to get down the mountain. The Texans said they were going home. Mountain travel was hard then, even if you were used to it.

In the fall of 1943, their first year in Cripple Creek, Jo realized a long-anticipated dream-come-true: a trip to New York City and from there to Ohio to see relatives. Bobbie Jo said, “Mother and Dad had saved enough money to go. The tickets were bought, hotel reservations made. Something happened that kept Dad at the office, but he insisted that Mother take the trip.” The move to Cripple Creek had been hard on Jo in many ways, as she missed her home and friends and her book reviewing. The trip had taken much planning. It was during the war and the trains were crowded and hotel reservations almost impossible. But she went anyway.

Jo's wonderful trip east was described in a letter to Gertie, who had lived next door to the Shaeffers in Grand Junction. During the years the Shaeffers spent in Cripple Creek, Colorado, letter-writing was the best way to keep up with old friends from Grand Junction. Letter-writing, as an art form, had, of course, been in vogue for many centuries, only to die out in our own time with the advent of telephones, fax, and email.

Darling Gertie,

I'm going to let my dishes go and hasten this letter winging to you, as I want it to carry with it all the good wishes for the coming year and the Merriest Christmas ever. I am wondering if you feel a bit lonely and alone as I do this year, so away from all our dear and close friends?

I indeed have a surprise for you—I have had the most wonderful trip east. It happened rather suddenly this way. As you know, father ... died when I was five and I had never seen his family. They were very anxious for me to come as they said, "before they died, and as the two aunties I mainly wanted to meet were in their eighties. Earl and I suddenly decided not to delay it another minute, and then perhaps regret, so in a few days I was on my way. I decided as long as I had to go into Warren, Ohio, it would not cost much more to see N.Y. so we planned it that way—and let me hasten to add, Gertie, this is NOT to conflict with our planned trip, as now I am more anxious than ever to go with you, and I have four bucks saved for it—are you still saving and planning? Please do, honie, as I think next year is the time for us, and I am absolutely and fully determined I shall take a trip once a year, it did so much for me. Earl spends his allowance on cigarettes and pool and such. Mine I shall save to trip once yearly.

It was all so marvelous—it was just one happy dream! I found traveling conditions not at all as I expected, not at all crowded and most convenient in all aspects. I met such interesting people on the train, in fact, the personalities that came into my scope were half the trip. I went directly into N.Y. and there stood I at 7:30 one early morning in Grand Central Station! It was massive and gorgeous, and one whole side was covered with an American flag. I made my throat catch.

My room was waiting for me at the Taft. A small, but with everything one might want, cozy room. The next five days I spent in one grand whirl of activity and beauty. Oh, honie, I saw Helen Hayes in "Harriet," which as you know is the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Much, much to my surprise she did not have one really dramatic scene. She spoke her lines in almost a conversational tone of voice, which greatly surprised me. Her greatness lies in her perfect simplicity and naturalness. VERY, very natural and simple. I was not disappointed exactly, but, I sat there thinking, and why is she considered the greatest American actress? Gertie, I say this to you honestly, sincerely, I have heard you do many things that were much greater. Oh, Gertie, if only you had gone into that field. Hon, in all the east I heard or saw no one that had as much as you have to offer, Gertie. I mean it. She played in a very small, old fashioned theater. These legitimate actresses play in these old, old, dirty theatres.

She is small, homely, but oh, so [illegible]. That's the only word that describes her truly. She moves quickly and lightly and gives the impression she's walking on tiptoe. Her voice is not at all heavy, most light, but every word is enunciated so clearly, you get every single word. There were five curtain calls, gradually eliminating the cast, until she took her final call alone. Her most powerful and impressive line was, "I'm so tired, so terribly tired. I'm tired way, way into the future." In her final scene she was standing on a raised window sill (all this to give her much needed height) and made a plea for freedom. She was in a direct ray of light and you may imagine how every effective it was. The cast was superb. The timing perfect. I felt it was all that that carried the play, rather than her great acting.

The next night I went to the Zigfield Follies. I was delighted and I laughed and laughed. The girls were not beautiful but attractive and this astonished me: they were quite on the thin side. No nakedness. I do believe the directors are getting smart and learning the psychology that it's much more enticing to leave a bit hidden, to excite and stimulate the imagination. Eric Blore (takes butler parts in the movies) was grand. I thought the funniest line in the whole thing was in the Eric Blore skit. A newly married couple were hiring a butler, and instead of the usual procedure, it was reversed, and he was demanding their credentials and such and the following line ensued, "What does he have that I haven't got and where do I get it." I must tell you there

were only a very few smutty or suggestive lines, and they did not get laughs. It was the refreshing, clean lines that got the response every time.

The few hours I spent watching the Russian Ballet, I believe were two of the most enjoyable and inspiring and thrilling I ever spent in my life. Words are simply inadequate for such beauty and grace. Then the Philharmonic and the art galleries!

The view from the Empire State [building] of the island was breathtaking. I spent three hours there and then just had to drag myself away. And the old Trinity church down in Wall Street, right down there in the heart of the business world, of the whole world. Its quiet, somber, restful, peaceful beauty impressed me much. As I sat there in the small chapel for an hour, I saw many finely dressed men, business men I imagine, come in, stay twenty, thirty minutes in quiet meditation, then go their respective ways to God-knows-what.

I think my supreme thrill was seeing the Normandy, renamed now, in the harbor, after she was retrieved. And my impression of Broadway was so very, VERY different than I had pictured. Instead of the very elegant, formal, pretentious thing I imagined it to be I saw a street running diagonally across the city, filled with every sort and description and kind of humanity—most intelligent. Millions of little shops, jewelry, junk, book, clothing, pushcarts selling [everything] from silk hose to onions, balloon stands, shooting galleries, dirty little boys, hundreds of them, with little boxes on their backs, looking into your face with the words, “Shine, lady, shine?” Teeming millions of people pushing you along if you dare to loiter a minute—in short ‘twas simply a small town country fair (or Glenwood Springs on Strawberry Day) multiplied by four or five million. The soldiers interested me—Free French, Australian, Austrian, British—Suddenly I realized regretfully my five days were up and I must be Cleveland bound, so down the Hudson (glorious) into Cleveland. One day in Cleveland spent mostly in the art museum there, then on to father’s people in Warren [Ohio]. I found them fine, kindly, earthy, intelligent (not brilliant) folk. I LOVED them and felt immediately as though I belonged, if you know what I mean. They had a family reunion and Osbornes came from all over the state. Nineteen were there. They were so deep and real, and I felt most proud to be of their stock. We all laughed and wept together. It all gave me something to love and remember all my life—something to live on forever.

Gertie, how I loved eastern people. We seemed to click. I could go on and on drooling about it all, but guess I best call a halt so as not to tire you, or worse yet, bore you. Dear friends, we do love you, and are very grateful for your loyalty and understanding. [Jo]

As a follow-up to the foregoing description of her trip east, Jo saved a letter to her mother written by her cousin, Alice Miller Brown. It was postmarked November 1943:

Dear Aunt Pearl,

...I surely was delightfully surprised when I heard that Helen was in town. I was disappointed that she had gone to the hotel, but I trust she will not do that the next time. It just cheats us out of hours of chatting—that’s not to be tolerated when we have so little time. I am afraid that I did all the talking, which I am always inclined to do. But I do have a lovely memory of a beautiful, sweet nature abounding in cheer and interest in everything. Helen can keep quiet, or she can give off—and all of it is good. She was only 16 when I saw her last. We had a good laugh. She tried to get Carl [Alice’s husband] to say that he had fallen in love with Denver. How like a little girl. But she has matured and has a broad sympathy and understanding. I love her quick mind and her ability to express herself in beautiful English. She has surely read books with a purpose and in fact I felt all the time I was with her that her whole life was purposeful. She has a beautiful mother-attitude toward her home and family. In fact I found no fault in her anywhere. As for her looks, I saw a pretty good mixture of you and her father. She is more fearless and aggressive than you, but I felt very sure that her interests were stemming from you. They were not of Grandmother’s nurture, but Aunt Pearl, they are used to further the causes that she loved. I so often regret that Grandma didn’t have the joy of a broader understanding. But she was of her time and it is so right that we should build on her foundation a broader and more complex structure if only we can stress the fundamental truths that Grandma and her generation loved so much.

I hope that Helen begins to gain weight. She seems so well but just losing weight is enough to worry me, and I know it does all of you—else she would not have made this trip. The next time she must not go so far or so fast. I am afraid it did more harm than healing. But we meant to be kind. There were a few times when Helen looked like Alberta, not always. But what a lot of energy your girls radiate. You have always seemed so quiet to me. How Grandpa loved you! I think that you hardly realized the light that glowed in his heart for you. You always seemed to be his own—a little different from the others. I think your family [is] more of the Miller than the Mercer and of course, they have much of the Osborn [sic]. Only very selfish, self-centered women have children of their own likeness, or so it seems to me...

I must tell you about Daniel [her only child] for I feel quite sure that he has not written as he should. He did not tell us what he was doing in Harlingen, but he graduated as a sharpshooter and is a tail gunner. He is a sergeant with \$78 per month and half pay when he flies. He made a very good record, almost twice as high as the average in his class, and to his great disappointment, was held as a temporary instructor for 30 days. He feels that they are definitely lengthening that time and he chafes under the delay—for like all his ilk he craves action... [tragically, Dan was killed December 25, 1944 in Belgium]

Thank you for Helen. We did enjoy her so much and I wish that you and Bobby could come to see us, too. Lots and lots of love... Alice M. Brown

Another letter from another cousin Jo met at the Osborne reunion:

December 14, 1943

Earl, Helen, Bobby Jo and Marty,

Our Very Grand newly found cousins—Greetings: warm and sincere... Mother was just pleased beyond words to hear from you and once again she reiterates that we just must share the joy of knowing and seeing Aunt Pearl so we may realize how wonderful she and hers are...

Any pleasant times you may have had in which we had a slight part are a thousand fold repaid by being honored by the presence of one so vivacious and affectionate. And that printing is so pretty! It is difficult to pry into the lives of your family or ask questions but if the snapshots arrive we will know them somewhat better. Snip off a few little bits of something about them...

And so in closing we send oodles of love from this family to yours and trust you may have a most enjoyable holiday season. Martha

While she was away, Jo received the following letter from her husband and kids at home:

Wednesday, 8:30 PM

Dear Jo,

I guess you will be surprised to hear from your tribe. We are getting along fine although we need a good cook. If B.J. doesn't burn the macaroni and cheese and I don't burn the bacon we will make it OK. I just got through cutting Marty's hair—saved 50 cents. I haven't heard from Howard Wolf yet. I guess I will have to go after him about Friday. But the big surprise: we received the check for the bond.

If you have time to look up my mother, her address is 1353 Gaylord [on her way back through Denver]. Honey, I do hope you are having a good time and hope you find your mother well and happy. We all miss you, Earl

Dear Mom,

I know you will just die when you hear our menu. Here it is: Monday – Dinner, lunch meat, tomato juice, tea, bread - Supper: steak (too much pepper) my fault; potatoes (not quite done), gravy (so thick you can't eat it), corn (burnt to a crisp) ugh! Marty wants to write so I will sign off with just Monday's menu.

PS: Mrs. Kraii invited us for dinner. THANK HEAVENS

Gee, you don't know how much we miss you. Have a swell time. Marty has been awfully good. He read 20 pages in his book. B.J.

Dear Mom,

We have very good meals, awfully well done (in fact a little too well done). We are going to have some ice cream for a change. Good luck, mother, Earl Martin Shaeffer, Jr.

Jo returned from her trip refreshed and invigorated which certainly prepared her to meet the challenges that followed:

There followed a year that left its mark forever. Perhaps it was meant to teach us to put first things first, to discern the really important things in life, to know humility or to pray. Very suddenly one day Earl collapsed and was seriously ill for many, many months. He was beginning to make a slow recovery when Sissie was desperately hurt in an accident. To complete the trilogy Marty and a baseball bat in the hands of a pal accidentally collided, with the result of a broken hand that had to be re-broken and reset, the consequence of which was a long, painful hospital sojourn.

We all carry scars of that year. Earl with a definite limitation of his strength, Sissie with an angry scar on her forehead, Marty with a slightly crippled hand and [me] with a 'Don't let anything more happen' persistent little fear at the edge of [my] mind. We all learned that if we have each other and our health, that is all that really counts.

The following incident was described by Jo in the audiotape of 1987 which illuminates the circumstances under which the photo below was taken:



Bobbie Jo decided that for Mothers Day they would have their picture taken for me for a Mothers Day present. And so this particular day--and this was all secret, of course--Marty was to meet her right after school and they would go down for their sitting for the pictures. And the time came, and Marty didn't come. And he didn't come. And he didn't come. She had the photographer waiting and waiting. Then she went right down to the football field and she grabbed him and said, "Come on, we are going to have our picture taken." He was mad as he could be. And she said, "It makes no difference. I'm taking you." And she took him. First she had to wash his face and comb his hair. And he was protesting all the time, mad as mad could be. But they did have their picture taken. And we have the picture of the two of them together. Marty is looking half mad and she looks so happy. But she got the picture.

Often during those years of wonderful letter-writing, letters would be forwarded or included with other letters to share the news of friends. The following letter had a note penned in Jo's handwriting, "Will you send this back, Mother, please." Then the Mother was scratched out and "Emma" was written. Evidently Jo shared the following letters with her mother and also with a friend named Emma. The following two letters, from Jo's friend, Elio Gower, are first hand accounts describing what it was like sending young sons off to fight during World War II:

March 8, 1944

Dear Jo,

It has been ages since I wrote to you. Letter-writing has become a chore to me for some reason; so I write to the boys each week and to Dad occasionally and very seldom manage any other letters.

Things are marching along much as usual here, same old problems to meet, with the addition of new ones from time to time. I simply pray for strength to meet whatever may come; and of course, I am only one of millions all over the world who are sending up such petitions to the throne of grace. When I used that expression "Throne of Grace" not long ago to Patsy, she said, "Is that what you call it, Mom?" Seemed to take her fancy for some reason.

Patsy is growing so tall and long-legged this year. She may yet grow to be quite large, in spite of her inauspicious entrance into the world.

Calvin will graduate in May and expects to leave for Denver in June and work. He will have to register for the Draft in November, and they may take him into the army in spite of his defective eye-sight. Tell Marty that Calvin won a letter – a big "G" to wear on his sweater from playing basketball. I am going to miss Calvin, Jo, because he has been such a help to me for the past two years. But, after all, they have to strike out for themselves sometime. And if he's in the army, he will probably be farther from home than Denver...

Dorothy is much the same. Not many dates this year, but she turns down most of the boys for one reason or another.

Mary is really pretty this year, Jo. She still doesn't like training much, and I don't know whether she will finish or not. She is having her first serious love affair, and I don't know how it will turn out. She came right to me for advice, which pleased and touched me very much.

We got some beautiful chocolates from Wiley, Jr. at Christmas and I got a big kick out of it till I found out that he had sent some to a girl friend of Mary's too... and I must admit I felt rather jealous... Strangely enough, when I told (dad) Wiley about being jealous, he said, "Sure you were. I don't want anyone looking at Mary, either."

Jack went to Camp Roberts, California, on maneuvers, about February first. That's another grief to be met, Jo, because I feel sure that he will be sent overseas – and probably to the South Pacific – worst place of all. Jo, I pray daily that Jack will be able to "take it." I'd rather not have the boys come back at all than to return with a mind impaired. No letter from Jack for almost three weeks, but they are out some distance from Camp Roberts, so maybe it's rather difficult to write. I'm trying to hold on to myself. Isn't war a damnable thing, though!

... For a touch of comedy to relieve this rather somber letter, did I tell you that Wiley, Jr. has a bright red moustache? And he refuses to discard it, even at my request...

Jo, do write and tell me how you all are, etc.

Love, Elio [Gower].

In another letter dated August 29, 1944 Elio wrote:

Jo, my dear,

I have thought of you so much since you called. I'm afraid you're too concerned about me, Jo. You needn't be, because I think I had my worst time before I actually received the news.

From the time I heard that Jack was going overseas, I simply knew that he would not come back. Never before was I superstitious or inclined to trust hunches, but that feeling was too strong for me. I could not shake it off. Dorothy and Mary, also Mrs. Kraai and Elvira Howard

knew how I felt. Life was a nightmare to me, Jo, day and night I could not relax to sleep or eat right.

However, I managed to get to Calvin's graduation exercises, take care of Mary after she had her tonsils out, and help M & C get started for their summer's work. But always feeling like a person in a dream.

When the telegram came three weeks ago tomorrow, at eight in the morning, I got up out of bed to answer the door. D. & I were here alone. Patsy was gone for a day or two. I said to Dorothy, "It's come, Dorothy. He's not coming back," before I opened the telegram.

Dorothy almost collapsed, so I had to send telegrams and make phone calls. Dad was here within three hours after I called and he took it so hard, Jo. Mary and Calvin came in that night. Calvin gave up a good job in Denver just because I asked him to come home. I felt as if I had to have him here, Jo. He may be drafted after he's eighteen and that will be hard to take, too. He's really a good boy, Jo, and so good to me.

Wiley is in Italy now. He traced Jack to a depot which he had left only two days before, but did not get to see him. Yesterday we got such a pitiful letter from Wiley. It almost broke my heart, Jo. He was stunned and shocked at the news. And think of the poor kid over there so far from home and from all of us. Jo, they all expect me to be strong. Dad and all of them look to me for strength and inspiration, as they always have; but Jo, my dear, where is my strength coming from?

Let's remember this, though, all of who are grieving for Jack—the "outworn shell" that is his earthly body lies at rest somewhere in Italy, but his gallant spirit goes marching on. This is a kinder way than to have him come back crippled or maimed in body or with his mind affected.

Cards and letter of sympathy continue to come. I have a box full now—some of them from people that I had almost forgotten.

Perhaps you can come over later on, Jo. That would be better because it would give us both time to get hold of ourselves somewhat. Let us not grieve, Jo, perhaps Jack is better off than we are. Thank God we here can remember him as we saw him last: marching down the street tall and erect and handsome.

I hope this outpouring hasn't been too much for you. Write when you can, Jo, and don't worry about me. Catherine Cunningham's sister in Colorado Springs got word Saturday that her son, Eddie, just such a boy as Jack, was killed in action in France. He had been "over" about as long as Jack. I'm going to write a note to her.

We have failed Eddie, Jack and all of the others who come back maimed in body and mind, Jo, if I haven't the strength to do everything I can while I live to prevent another holocaust like this. I don't know yet what I can do. Maybe I can write something. My righteous anger has dried my tears.

I'll stop now. Love to you, Elio

The war had become the overriding concern of every American. The country was united in its goal to rid the world of Adolph Hitler and his cohorts in Europe and in Asia. Patriotism was at a level not seen since the Revolutionary War. Every effort was made to sustain our fighting men and women, and ordinary people were motivated to abide by higher standards of unselfishness and community. In subsequent wars involving the United States that same level of unity and patriotism has never been duplicated.

During this time period Jo penned the following words:

What world shaking days are these! One cannot plan one's life for the grim march of events thousands of miles away shape our fates, rough hew them as we may! Out in the malaria ridden snake infested jungles of the South Pacific islands, the flower of American youth are dying as our Marines battle with cold steel for the possession of some worthless bits of land with slant-eyed sons of Mikado or should I say bitches. American and R..A.F. fighters take off on their missions of death in their daylight sweeps across the English channel. Some 2000 miles across the broad plains of Russia like some jagged, bleeding wound, stretches a battle line in which millions of men

face each other like wild beasts gone berserk at the taste of blood. Where will it all end? It hasn't touched our country yet—a little less sugar, a little less joyriding as a grim, cruel and awful task that confronts every man, woman and child in our land—for this is a total war! Live by the creed: "He who does the best his circumstances allow does well, acts nobly—angels can do no more."

All wars come to an end, but it was evident that before the official conclusion of WWII the Axis forces were defeated. Even before the end, however, the telephone company was gearing up for the post-war efforts. As seen in the following news clippings, Earl faced many challenges in his job with the telephone company. One of these challenges included making preparations for what was to follow the war. It required much initiative and effort.

TELEPHONE CO. PLANS
POSTWAR RURAL SERVICE

Dec. 1 - '44

Earl M. Shaeffer, manager of the local exchange of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company, today released the following statement on the post-war program for improvement and extension of rural telephone service:

A joint committee of representatives of the Bell and Individual Operating Telephone Companies throughout the United States has been formed to advance the Nation Wide Post War Program which the various telephone companies have been working on, individually, to extend and improve farm telephone service, it was announced today.

Co-chairmen of the committee are John P. Boylan, President of the U. S. Independent Telephone Association, the National Organization of the thousands of Independent telephone companies, and Keith S. McHugh, Vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, representing the Bell Operating Companies. "Rural Telephone Service is more highly developed in this country, under the American system of private enterprise, than in any other country in the world," Mr. Boyland and Mr. McHugh said today in a statement issued by them for the committee. "However, it is by no means as highly developed as we in the industry want to see it, and the industry intends to do everything in its power to provide more service, and better service, at a cost which the farmers can afford.

"Since operating telephone companies throughout the whole country have been working on this problem, a representative joint committee has been formed, consisting of a number of their most experienced officials. We believe that the application of new facilities and methods which were under development by

the industry, before the demands of war interrupted our research and construction program, will help to present telephone service to many new farm customers. As soon as war demands are reduced, we propose to resume and expand our research program and, along with it, is the intensive program for extending farm service which was being carried on before the outbreak of hostilities.

"One practical effect of these developments is to make it physically possible to furnish telephone service wherever there are rural power lines and no telephone lines. The telephone companies plan, in cooperation with R. E. A. Cooperatives and with power companies serving rural territory, to determine the full extent to which rural carrier service can be used economically and effectively. The telephone companies also plan to study the possible application of microwave radio systems to rural telephone service, and to make use of this and any other new methods which will be helpful in service to the farmer."

Cripple Creek, at 9,494 feet elevation, surely presented its share of challenges to the telephone company. Note that the news clipping is dated May 5th.

Heaviest Sleet Storm in Years Wreaks Havoc on Power and Phone Wires

An ice and sleet storm, which began Thursday evening and continued throughout the night and Friday, isolated the Cripple Creek district as far as telephone communication was concerned, and cut off power for most of the day.

Ice forming on the wires proved too great for them, and many poles were broken from the weight of the wires and the high wind which continued to blow.

The power went off Friday morning, when a number of poles carrying high voltage lines, went down in the Cunningham addition of Victor. Many other poles throughout the district were also broken. Crews from the Southern Colorado Power company immediately got on the job, and they were soon joined by crews from Canon City and Pueblo who were sent to assist.

Late Friday afternoon light and partial power service were restored although crews continued to work at replacing the poles and putting up the lines for several days. Robert Moos, superintendent of the Southern Colorado Power company, estimated that at least \$3,000 worth of damage was done. He stated that this was the worst storm in point of damage to power equipment that the camp had experienced since 1906.

The Mt. States Telephone company has experienced equal grief, due to the storm. Cripple Creek and Victor were cut off from telephone communication with the rest of the country for 24 hours. Poles and lines throughout the district were down. Local telephone company men, with the help of 19 men from Colorado Springs, two from Canon City, two from Salida, and three from Fairplay began the work of restoring the service, and by Sunday had lines in to Colorado Springs and to Salida. Most of the local phones were out, but all has now been put back in condition.

Earl Shaeffer, manager of the company, reported 40 poles down, 90 cross arms broken, and 40,000 feet of wire down. All repair work which has been done so far, is temporary, he stated. Many lines have been laid along the ground until they can be strung permanently. Plans for permanent repair and improvement

have been made, he said, and will cost an estimated \$5,000.

H. B. Klaiver, district plant superintendent, of Colorado Springs, M. W. Harvey district engineer, and Mr. Umeson, state engineer, have been in the district, and have worked with Shaeffer in planning the new installations and repairs.

Some idea of the weight of the ice which formed on the power and telephone wires can be formed from the fact that a thirteen inch icicle, removed from a wire, was weighed by the power company and found to tip the scales at a pound and three-quarters.

The power went off just as the men had been taken down in the mines and they experienced a long day's wait before it was restored enough to run the skips to take them to the surface. The Ajax mine was the last to get power enough to run the hoist and the men were brought out around 7 p. m. A number who were not too far underground climbed out, but most waited for the hoists. Some of the men at the Portland rode the motor out to the portal of the tunnel, but when the power came on, another motor was sent to bring them back and out the shaft of the mine.

A. H. Bebee, general manager of the Carlton mining interests, estimated the cost of the damage done at the mines and of the loss of work, totalled around \$5,000.

Business houses and homes heated by stokers were without heat until Friday afternoon. Gasoline stations were unable to sell any gas, even to fortunate people with lots of coupons, as their pumps were run by electricity.

Cripple Creek, Colorado, Friday, May 5, 1944

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