

STATEMENT OF THOMAS PENROSE.

I was born in Cornwall, England, in 1858. I came to Pennsylvania when I was about sixteen or seventeen years of age. I there worked in some iron mines for a time, and then went to Nova Scotia where I worked in the London-Jerry Iron Mines for a few months. I then came back to Pennsylvania where I worked in the harvest fields in Adams County, and from there I went to the State of Missouri. I worked in the lead mines near what is now Joplin, from the fall of 1876 to the fall of 1877 when I came to Colorado. I first stopped in Pueblo, and from there went to Rosita. In March 1878, I walked from Rosita to Leadville. One night on the trip to Leadville we stayed at a cabin near Bale's ranch. The next night we stopped just this side of where Buena Vista is now, and the next night after that we stopped at Granite, and the next day we went on into Leadville. When we arrived in Leadville, hunting for work, there were a good many people came to us on Main Street, and wanted us to go to work for them. The first night I was in Leadville, I slept in a wagon. That night the Marshall was killed by a man by the name of Bloodworth. Bloodworth took the Marshall's white horse and started over the pass toward Alma. On his way he met a man by the name of Bonny who happened to know him real well. Bloodworth stopped when he saw Bonny, and told Bonny that he had killed the Marshall, and that there was a posse of men following him, and he asked Bonny to tell the Posse that he had met Bloodworth, and for them to come on for him. Bonny soon met the posse and told them what Bloodworth had said. The posse started out toward the direction that Bloodworth was going, but soon returned, apparently afraid to go on after their man.

I went to work at Oro City mining, after working for two or three places, then went to work at the Adelaide Mine, in which ~~Holbrook~~^{Hulbert} and Judson Bent were interested. I got acquainted with them, then they wanted me to come to Monarch where they were interested, so I came down to Monarch, in May, 1879, and went to work for Bent and ~~Holbrook~~^{HULBERT} on the Monarch Mine. In February, 1879, at the request of a number of parties in Leadville, including Tabor, I joined the Odd Fellows. Fourteen of us made the trip by wagon from Oro City. We went through Pinon Canon and stopped all night in Poncha. I remember very well that Mamie Jackson, now Mrs. Smith, was there at the Jackson Hotel at that time.

The next morning we started to Monarch by wagon. Up there near where the upper power plant is, we found there was no road, but they were building a road in the bottom of the gulch, and Hugh Boone was the foreman, so we drove up on the side of the hill, along about where the present road is, until we got to where Arborville is, and from there the road had been made on to Monarch. The next day I started work for the Monarch company on the Monarch Mine. Soon I and Tom White took a contract sinking a shaft and also driving a raise. We got \$12.00 a foot on the shaft and \$8.00 a foot on the raise, and in the raise the ground being soft and easily worked, we made seven and eight feet a day. Mr. Jim Kinney, who was before this time sergeant for Custer, and who later discovered the Rawley Mine at Bonanza, worked with me on this job, running a windlass. In February, 1880, we finished the contract, and had \$1250.00 apiece clear. We had a check for that amount, and went to Cleora to get it cashed. Wilson Brothers ran a saloon at Cleora, and ordinarily cashed the checks, but when we arrived there, they said the check was too big, and they could not handle it. So we took a stage to Canon City where we finally got the check cashed, and came

back on the stage. At Wilson Brothers in Cleora we asked if they had anything to drink. They told us that the whiskey was in the back room and that there was a syphon there and for us to go ahead and take a drink, and pay 25¢ for a drink. That was the method used in serving liquor at that time. On the way back from Canon City, we stopped at Poncha. Jim True was there at the time. Kinney was with me on the trip from Cleora down to Canon City and back to Poncha, and also was with me on a trip to a saloon and dance hall out on the hog-back near Canon City. Jim True, Tom White and I hired a team from Mr. Jackson and went to Leadville. We stopped all night in Buena Vista. At Buena Vista I stayed at Mrs. Herrick's place. She ran a boarding house there, and had formerly been at Monarch. The day we arrived was the day the first train came in from Denver over the south park. From Buena Vista we went on to Leadville, where my mother and an uncle were living at the time. I stayed there a few days and then went back to Poncha. By the time I arrived in Poncha, I was flat broke.

Tom White and I went back to Monarch and took a contract on the Saraphen property which then belonged to Jim True and Joe Hutchinson, the father of the present Hutchinson boys. We were being paid \$8.00 per day driving an incline on the Saraphen. The ore had two distinct walls that went into the hill instead of away from it, and there was no ore between the walls, it being filled with sand, and we made a lot of money driving this because it was such easy digging.

After finishing the job on the Saraphen, we went back to work for ~~Halbrook~~ ^{Hulbert} on the Monarch, and drove the No. 2 tunnel in from the place it was and received for that \$12.00 a foot. McIntyre, who later discovered the Wilson property on Monarch hill, worked for me on this job. In the Monarch No. 2 when we struck the ore body, we drifted to the right until we struck the incline that we had sunk the

year previous, then sunk another incline about 200 feet.

Jim Kinney, Tom White, Charley Hobart and I then went up on the Paymaster and camped and worked there. Charley Hobart was the man who later discovered the Taylor Park country.

I then came back and timbered the shaft on the Monarch. Then I took a contract on the Mammoth property on Silver Creek.

In 1881 I went up the Northfork. I rember the date, because the big circus was at Maysville in 1882. I took two men and went with Mr. Billings by wagon, up as far as the falls. The snow was so deep from there on that we had to walk from there on up to the Billings tunnel. I had fourteen men working for me at the Billings tunnel. During the winter we ran out of grub and at the time, the snow was very deep, there having been a terrible storm over the basin. I snow-shoed down to the falls and from there walked to Maysville, and then went to Poncha to see Mr. Billings. Mr. Billings then had a big general store at Poncha, and also had a store in Maysville. He wanted to know how deep the snow was, and I told him it was up half way on the trees, and he said to go ahead and buy all the provisions that we needed, hire all the men we wanted, and go ahead and shovel out the road and go back to work, so I bought two big wagon loads of merchandise, including fourteen hind quarters of beef and took a bunch of men and he sent more men from various places, and we went up and shoveled the snow out, and finally reached the mine. In places, I think, the snow was twelve feet deep. We unloaded the two wagons which had been hauled up by four horses each. Another storm showed up and I told the driver to get out as quick as possible. Before they got far from the mine the snow began falling and continued all the rest of that day and night, and by the next morning the road was completely filled in and on account of the snow being piled on the side, was higher than the rest of the snow.

The snow was packed hard, and from that time on we had a good road and it was plenty hard enough to hold up ^{TEAMS} teams that wanted to cross it for the rest of the winter. The next summer Billings installed a compressor and machine drill, and I quit soon after that.

When the arch was built at the Pride-of-the-West Tunnel, an Irishman by the name of Regan was the chief stone mason, and as I had been born and raised in the Parish of St. Agnes in Cornwall, and as a man by the name of Bennett was working there at the time who also came from St. Agnes, he got a quart bottle of beer and threw it at the arch and christened it St. Agnes at the time it was finished. Billings was paying \$3.50 a day for miners at the tunnel, plus their board. When we went up with a man to shovel out the snow from Poncha and Maysville, people living at Shavano, a number of whom were pretty rough characters, decided that they should have the jobs at \$3.50 a day and board, so they put a barricade across the road with two hangmen's ropes hung on it, and threatened to kill anybody who passed the road. They were well armed, and Billings paid the \$3.50 a day and board for the men to shovel out the road. There must have been a hundred or more people in Shavano at that time, because there were prospectors up the various gulches leading out of Shavano.

The fuel used was all wood, and this required a considerable number of men in the hills cutting timber. Mr. Billings was a member of the company that drove the Pride-of-the-West Tunnel, or Billings Tunnel. Mr. Billings was from Philadelphia. He was a vegetarian and a great walker. He would walk from Gunnison to the Pride-of-the-West Tunnel in one day and from the tunnel to Poncha that same night.

While working at the Billings tunnel we had a brass band consisting of about ten or twelve pieces. We came down to Maysville

for the Fourth of July celebration with the band, played for a picnic there, and received \$150.00 for our trouble. Kid Vernon who had a livery stable at Maysville, and who was later killed by Wilson, was sent for to bring the band down from the tunnel to Maysville. Maysville was booming at the time, and was probably about at its best. There must have been over a thousand people living in Maysville at the time. Dr. O'Connor had just built the log cabin that is now owned by the Schraders. He was practicing medicine there then. From Maysville Kid Vernon took us down to Poncha. There Major ~~Robert~~^{Hulbert} invited us to dinner and after that we played some on the street, and from there went to the favorite saloon which was across the street from where Appleby's store is now. We went back to Maysville that night, and as there was a big dance on at the Knight's of Pythias Hall, we were called on there to play some more. Bill Shaw was in Maysville at the time, and was at the dance, which, of course, lasted all night. Bill Shaw was the father of the husband of the Mrs. Shaw who lives here in town now.

After leaving the Pride-of-the-West, I went back to the Monarch Mine, where I later became foreman.

A man always called Peg-leg, and whose name I do not know, was a gambler at Monarch. In one session, George Davis won considerable money off of Peg-leg, and Peg-leg then shot him in the back of the head and killed him. At that time I lived in the first house on the left hand side of the road as you go into Monarch, and Frank Metts lived across the street from me in a house which was built exactly like mine. As soon as the word reached the miners in the Madonna Mine as to the killing of Davis, the miners all came off shift and came down the hill. By that time the deputy sheriff and

three or four other deputies had Peg-leg in a wagon and were going to take him to Buena Vista. They stopped there at Monarch, however, and were surrounded by a large number of men. Charlie Buck was watching the proceedings and when the wagon started out, Buck reached over and grabbed Peg-leg by the head and pulled him out of the wagon. Peg-leg still had his 45 with him, but it dropped on the ground. Peg-leg was then taken down in front of my house, and surrounded by the men, a nigger got a rope and tied a hangman's knot in it and threw it around Peg-leg's head. Peg-leg was then sitting on the ground surrounded by these men. The men wanted to wait till dark, but after Peg-leg had thrown the rope off three or four times, and the nigger had thrown it back on him, the men finally grabbed the rope and started down the road with it. When Peg-leg reached the bridge he stumbled and fell, and his neck was broken. They started toward the hill just east of our house. When they started up the hill they were accosted by Mrs. Gott who had a gun in her hand, though it proved to be not loaded. She stopped the whole party and they told her, after they had looked at Peg-leg and found he was dead, that she could have him, so they left.