
The Prim Reaper: Muriel Sibell Wolle and the Making of Western Ghost Towns

by Jon T. Coleman

It is dusk in the ghost town and I'm reading, my back to the cabin's windows to catch the dwindling light. The gas lantern hisses and glows, dim then bright, like ripples spreading across a beaver pond. The fire in the stove consumes a knot, flooding the cabin with the apple scent of aspen sap. Someone is watching me. I can feel his gaze on the back of my neck. Dropping my book, I whirl and catch two black eyes staring into the cabin.

For two summers I lived alone in Ashcroft, a ghost town twelve miles southwest of Aspen, Colorado, and my most frightening encounter with a non-human entity involved a mule deer peeping into my window. The episode was brief; I turned, and the buck bolted. But, in that moment our eyes locked, the deer and I lived the ultimate ghost town experience. Our hearts raced, and our eyes bulged. I yelped. He snorted. We scared the hell out of each other. During my two seasons as Ashcroft's caretaker, over twenty thousand people visited the town, and almost everyone anticipated an experience similar to the one shared by the buck and me. People wanted to feel the stare of other-worldly eyes on the backs of their necks, and many expected me, as the official host, to conjure up the requisite spookiness.

The "ghost" of Ashcroft is the summer intern who lives on site, conducts tours, answers questions, operates the gift shop, cleans the privies in the parking lot, and prevents visitors from carrying the place away in souvenir-sized chunks. The Aspen Historical Society provides the housing, rent-free. But the old miner's cabin which serves as the ghost's quarters is also electricity-free, telephone-free, and plumbing-free.

Immersed in the rustic atmosphere of a bygone era, the summer intern would seem a likely victim

for every spook, phantom, and poltergeist hanging around Ashcroft. But I never saw a ghost. During my first summer in the ghost town, a visitor from Aspen offered a theory about my inability to attract the non-living. The woman walked into the Blue Mirror Saloon—Ashcroft's museum and gift shop—and announced that she felt the spirits of the departed all around her. "That's strange," I told her, "I've lived in Ashcroft for two months, and I've had no brushes with wandering souls." The woman looked at me and said: "Well, you're a man." Apparently, the netherworld, like our own, observes a sexual division of labor. Spirits concentrate on haunting women, sub-contracting the men to the deer who sneak up behind them at dusk.

Ghost towns are intriguing sites of popular culture because they encourage people to expect an encounter with the past. There is something about the Western tableau of derelict structures lined up like tombstones along a deserted street that inspires nostalgia. These feelings constitute the chief mystery of ghost town studies: nostalgic for what?¹

Few industrial ruins stir such warm emotions. American cities abound with economic dead-zones. Yet the abandoned shops, decaying factories, and boarded-up crack houses of inner-city ghettos have yet to acquire the romantic cache of the abandoned general stores, decaying smelters, and boarded-up opium dens of the West's equally impoverished mining towns. Industrial capitalism has created and destroyed thousands of communities. Why do some sites of economic devastation prompt moms and dads to pack up the kids for a vacation, while others frighten them into rolling up the windows on the mini-van as they speed by?

No one loved, promoted, and exploited the



Muriel Sibell Wolle, Leadville, 1941, Courtesy Denver Public Library Western History Department, Photo X -6334 (Copyright 1995-2001 Denver Public Library, Colorado Historical Society, and Denver Art Museum)

West's industrial ruins like Muriel Sibell Wolle. From 1926 to 1977, Wolle, a professor of fine arts at the University of Colorado, visited and sketched over a thousand mining towns in the American West. One of the first and most prolific ghost town guidebook writers, she laid the ground rules for interpreting abandoned and even semi-abandoned mining towns as dead places.

Wolle popularized an active and sometimes aggressive form of tourism. For some people, part of the thrill of visiting "dead" towns was the chance to engage in behaviors which would bring criminal charges in inhabited communities. In ghost towns, tourists could enter private homes and handle (and sometimes pocket) artifacts that former residents left behind. Wolle encouraged her readers to seek out experiences in iconic Western places unfettered by property laws, tour companies, or the desires of local residents. Her guidebooks promised direct access to a mythic West, advocating a participatory popular culture that tied the frontier myths people gleaned from novels, movies, and television shows to particular Western places. Tourism became a physical process

that transformed defunct mining towns into locales of popular culture.

The resurrection of ghost towns as sites where tourists can commune directly with their Western fantasies casts a new light on the relationship between Western tourism and popular culture. The appeal of ghost towns lies in the way they break down the boundaries of the typical tourist attraction. Tourist sites can be divided into "front" and "back" regions. Back regions are the hidden spaces of an attraction that conceal the props and activities which might diminish or discredit the front or "contrived regions" intended for tourists.²

Empty, abandoned, and forgotten, ghost towns erase the line between front and back regions and grant their visitors certain freedoms. Unlike most attractions, nobody tells ghost town enthusiasts where to go, what to touch, or how to think. This freedom of thought and action tempts tourists to break down other boundaries. Muriel Wolle and her readers displayed an ambivalent attitude toward tourists and tourism. Although they looked and acted like tourists when they visited decrepit towns,



Drawing of Senate Saloon, Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western History Department, Photo X-3056 (Copyright 1995-2001 Denver Public Library, Colorado Historical Society, and Denver Art Museum)

Wolle and her audience struggled to carve out and inhabit an intermediate category between “tourist” and “local.” Women and men wrote guidebooks, formed ghost town clubs, immersed themselves in local histories, and traveled to abandoned mining camps in order to establish their credentials as Westerners. They based their claim to a regional identity on their unmediated access to certain sites. Ghost towns transformed the people who strolled through them by appearing to dissolve barriers that separated these people from the Wests of their imaginations.

Born in New York, Muriel Wolle built a successful career as an artist and writer on her ability to see death in Western places. Between 1926 and 1977, she wrote six ghost town guidebooks based on research collected during dozens of road trips.³ For the towns, a visit from Wolle resembled an encounter with a grim reaper.⁴ With a few strokes of a black crayon, she could turn the liveliest communities into

“skeletal shells.”⁵ Wolle based her morbid vision of the West on a theory of art best described as emotional realism. She advocated art that recorded the “authentic” appearance of landscapes while also capturing their “mood and quality.”⁶

According to Wolle, good painters enhanced the authenticity of the objects they depicted. Like photographers, visual artists generated graphic records, but they filtered these records through their “mind’s eye” rather than the lens of a machine. These artists’ ability to sense and portray invisible moods and qualities made them the perfect recorders of history and culture. Wolle understood her art to be an act of preservation. Her drawings, sketches, and paintings preserved not only the appearance of places, but also the “echoes, and memories, and history” that surrounded them.⁷

In practice, Wolle’s philosophy of emotional realism worked like a neutron bomb, erasing people

while preserving their buildings. Wolle sketched over nine hundred mining towns during her career; not one human being appeared in any of her drawings. The absence of humanity in her sketches may seem appropriate. Ghost towns, by definition, lack residents. But the dearth of people in Wolle's portraits hides a dirty little secret of her and others' ghost town guidebooks: truly abandoned towns proved nearly impossible to find. She bumped into people in even the most remote locations.⁸

Local residents inhabited a nebulous place in Wolle's ghost town books. They surfaced in the text to give directions, tell stories, and open their homes for viewing, but then vanished in Wolle's "pictorial records" of their towns. She justified their disappearance on artistic grounds. She sketched architecture in order to preserve a historical mood. These buildings were the last connection to a romantic past in which pioneers discovered mother lodes, founded communities, and endured "insuperable hardships." Loss and longing were the emotions Wolle hoped to call forth in her books. Her sketches cultivated these sentiments by depicting a world on the verge of disintegration. But for the people who called these teetering landscapes home, Wolle's portraits aroused more ire than wistfulness.⁹

In 1933, Wolle published a booklet of sketches and historical descriptions entitled *Ghost Cities of Colorado: A Pictorial Record of Central City, Black Hawk, and Nevadaville*. The booklet angered many of the same residents who had provided her with lodging, anecdotes, and directions during her sketching trips. "We hardly approve of the book . . ." the editor of the *Central City Register-Call* wrote, "[Central City and Black Hawk] are far from being 'Ghost Cities' as the young lady author well knows through her many visits here." Other residents complained that Wolle illustrated "only the old and dilapidated buildings" in town and that she deliberately "made walls lean crazily." The inhabitants of mountain towns saw themselves as members of communities that may have fallen on hard times, but were by no means dead. As one resident of Victor, Colorado, explained to Wolle when she visited, his town was "no has-been place."¹⁰

Wolle answered her critics by suggesting that

they had missed the point of her project. "My whole thesis," she wrote, "was to preserve the past rather than record the present." She believed that the residents of Central City did not realize the gravity of their situation. Leaning walls and crooked structures symbolized the pull of history. Eventually, the old buildings would collapse and Wolle felt compelled to preserve the moment before their demise.¹¹

In 1949, Wolle published an article in the *Ford Times*, a travelers' magazine. The article included a watercolor painting of St. Elmo, located in southern Colorado. Once a substantial nineteenth century mining and railroad center, the town had been reduced to depending on summer tourists for its survival when Wolle visited in the 1940s. Her painting was the opening salvo in the "Stark-Wolle feud," a thirty-year dispute in which Wolle's art played a central role.¹²

Annie Stark and her brothers, Tony and Roy, operated St. Elmo's general store. After the *Ford Times* article came out, ghost town aficionados who had visited St. Elmo began writing Wolle that the Starks were livid about her painting. The Starks accused Wolle of misrepresenting St. Elmo's appearance and falsely labeling the town a ghost, thus ruining their summer tourist business. One ghost town enthusiast reported to Wolle that Annie Stark "said you'd made the picture in the *Ford* magazine with the chimney falling off their store when they were using that chimney every day." Besides the chimney, Stark complained that "[Wolle] had left off the post office sign" and made the sidewalk appear "all wavy and ghostly looking."¹³

Wolle bristled when locals challenged her artistic license. She retaliated against the Starks years later, publishing rumors that their store smelled funny, that they sold inferior goods, and that a Stark brother had once threatened to shoot a group of tourists. The Starks' minds, she implied, were as off-kilter as their town.¹⁴

Muriel Wolle's vision distinguished her from locals. Mining town residents might be blind to the slow decay and disintegration consuming their towns, but Wolle saw the fall coming. Her drawings predicted structural collapse and anticipated a mountain landscape in which only ghosts and ghost

town aficionados roamed. Yet, despite their absence from her sketches, residents did not vanish from the mountains. In fact, Wolle's successes depended upon the people living in or near historic mining towns. To acquire the inside information tourists wanted, she had to ask the locals.

Residents appear everywhere in the written portions of Wolle's ghost town books. In the texts, waitresses, gas station attendants, grocery store clerks, children, librarians, miners, janitors, cowboys, and hotel managers direct her to ghost towns and offer their stories about these places. The inhabitants of mountain towns made it possible for her to write her guidebooks. Without their cooperation, Wolle's ignorance and inexperience would have limited her to writing guides for wandering aimlessly in the mountains. Locals had the power of occupancy and tenure. Family, traditions, property ownership, and history rooted them in places Wolle considered fascinating. Whatever her thoughts about locals' perceptions of their ragged towns, Wolle had to acknowledge their authority. The New York City native did this by casting herself as the Western version of a dumb, clumsy newcomer, labeling herself a "tenderfoot."¹⁵

The activities and attributes which qualified Wolle for tenderfoot status included falling down, becoming lost, spraining ankles, forgetting the location of parked cars, admitting a fear of driving in the mountains, and working within a "decidedly plump" physique which restricted her mobility at high altitudes. Wolle's feet were most tender in the 1920s at Central City, which she first visited as part of a summer bus tour. Central City had a short tourist season during the twenties. Bus companies brought visitors to the town in the summer season and townspeople sold them soda pop and opened the Masonic Lodge for viewing. When Wolle decided to return to sketch the town, summer had turned to fall and the tour companies had closed for the season. Starting from Boulder without a car, Wolle hired a taxi to transport her as far as Nederland, about half way to Central City. In Nederland, she hitched a ride with a Black Hawk family in town to watch a baseball game. The family dropped Wolle off at a hotel in Central City where the owner shared his dinner of

cheese and crackers with her. After four days of sketching Wolle rode home in the Boulder bread man's truck.¹⁶

During this trip to Central City, Wolle stepped into the "back regions" of a tourist attraction. Actually, she entered a back season, a time of year with scant accommodations for travelers without cars, housing, or local knowledge. Her trip's success depended upon luck and the kindness of strangers. The Boulder bread man, the family from Black Hawk, and the owner of the hotel drove her around, fed her, and told her stories about the town. Wolle's reliance on locals underscored her tenderfoot status. She had to cut her trip back from two weeks to four days because "as a greenhorn" she "had not realized how much warm clothing [she] should have brought for mountain altitudes." Yet, while she remained a tenderfoot, Wolle was not exactly a tourist during her excursion to Central City. The absence of a tour company organizing and controlling the trip allowed her to experience the town from a perspective somewhere between tourist and local. By traveling to Central City in the fall, she encountered people tourists seldom met and gained access to "back" spaces they seldom visited.¹⁷

Wolle relied on locals to help her enter spaces off limits to tourists. The residents of mountain towns unlocked their homes, churches, courthouses, and saloons so that she could sketch their interiors as well as their facades. Entering these spaces altered Wolle's status. She became a hybrid—not quite a tourist, not quite a local. Through her ghost town forays, she acquired detailed knowledge of hundreds of Western places. She knew more local facts, anecdotes, and legends than any tourist and most locals. But the historical context in which she placed this hard-won information made her and everyone else residing in the twentieth-century West perennial outsiders. For Wolle, the past had no connection to the present. It was dead. A black veil separated twentieth-century Westerners from their heroic nineteenth-century forebearers. Only buildings remained as monuments to the pioneers' epic achievement. This funereal vision of history explains the absence of local residents in Wolle's ghost town paintings. If the heroic West was dead, then all liv-

ing people stood outside the only West worth sketching. Wolle erased locals from her portraits because, from her perspective, even they were tourists in history's graveyard. She did more than preserve historic relics in her drawings; she created them through her understanding of history.

Muriel Wolle pioneered a new regional identity in the post-war West, an identity based on visiting, researching, and writing about quintessential Western places. Millions of people moved to the region during and after the Second World War. These newcomers could never become natives, but they could rid themselves of their status as outsiders by visiting, studying, and becoming experts on the West's ghost towns.

The growth of the urban West transformed Muriel Wolle's career. The Second World War transformed Colorado's demographics, creating a market for ghost town guidebooks on the urban Front Range. Wolle had written ghost town booklets on Central City and Leadville in the 1930s, which nobody bought. In 1949, with her own money, she published *Stampede to Timberline: The Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of Colorado*. *Stampede to Timberline* eventually went through fourteen printings. Wolle's success encouraged imitators. Coloradans formed ghost town clubs and dozens of ghost town guidebooks appeared in the 1950s and 1960s, citing Wolle's "magnificent and monumental" guide as inspiration.¹⁸

Founded in 1958, the Ghost Town Club of Colorado (GTCC) met in Denver once a month "to study, visit, perpetuate and otherwise concern ourselves with ghost towns, mining camps, and allied subjects and their history." To accomplish these goals, the GTCC planned trips, printed a newsletter, invited guest speakers to lecture at meetings, and encouraged its members to present slide shows and give talks. From 1958 to 1970, the club's membership hovered at around two hundred. Its members came from a variety of occupations. Engineers and employees of the Denver Public Schools predominated, but members' occupations ranged from "stove repairman" to "paleontologist." While many Colorado natives joined the GTCC, the club appealed most to recent arrivals to the Front Range. The

GTCC's first president, Dr. Gerald Coon, was a newcomer who "had just moved to Denver and was the only one without an excuse for not being president."¹⁹

Jane and Gene Holden joined the ghost town club in 1961. The Holdens had recently moved to Denver from California. They grew up vacationing in the Sierra Nevadas and had developed a love for the mountains. They hoped the GTCC would help them "transfer this strong, rapport to the Rockies." The Holdens never gave a presentation at a meeting, but they were "continually astonished at the talent displayed by the club members in the talks." Through the ghost town club, Jane and Gene Holden "obtain[ed] a quiet sense of belonging" and "a vast amount of satisfaction in being close to people who, if they were not an integral part of the state's history, at least sat on the top step of the front porch."²⁰

The Holdens' porch metaphor summarizes the aspirations of many club members. As newcomers, the Holdens were not an "integral part" of Colorado's history. Like Muriel Wolle, the Holdens subscribed to an undertaker's view of history. The past was dead, therefore newcomers—and even locals—could not fully take part in it. But through the ghost town club, the Holdens associated with people whose interest in the state's romantic past elevated them above the category of outsider. Ghost town club members distinguished themselves from other newcomers by cultivating their expertise in Western Americana.

Members presented lectures and slide shows on topics like "Extra Legal Governments and Law in Pioneer Colorado," "A Trip into Navaholand," and "Colorado Ghost Towns Through the Seasons." They screened Hollywood Westerns and documentary films (Gary Cooper movies were their favorites). Members even participated in "quizzes" that tested their knowledge of ghost towns and Colorado history. In 1964, the Ghost Town Gazette, the club's newsletter, included this announcement: "Start cramming, Spooks, the 'final' will be given on June 1 at 7:30 p.m. This will be the most entertaining exam you've had since last year. A prize will be given to the three who identify the most ghost

towns.”²¹

Through quizzes, movies, and lectures the members of the GTCC acquired and displayed their expertise. But the true test of their virtual-native status came when the club ventured into the mountains. During their field trips to ghost towns, club members tried to convince the locals that they deserved their place “on the top step of the front porch.”

The GTCC hit the road four times a year, holding its largest expeditions on the Independence Day and Labor Day weekends. Members organized and led the trips, and the club visited as many as six ghost towns in a day. These field trips were serious undertakings. In 1962, the club’s president admonished some of its members for their inattention during trips. “Let us save,” he wrote in the newsletter, “our visiting, comments, and miscellaneous chit-chat until after our program is over.”²²

But some club members’ behavior continued to frustrate and disappoint the organization’s leaders. In 1966, the president printed a code of conduct in the newsletter to combat rule breaking and souvenir collecting on trips: “1. Obey leaders! 2. People must have proper transportation! 3. No Free-lancing! 4. No souvenir collecting!” These rules of etiquette were necessary to protect the club’s reputation. If club members behaved badly, locals might mistake them for “mountain recreationists.” Only tourists, the president implied, scavenged for souvenirs and attempted to traverse mining roads in two-wheel-drive cars.²³

The members of the GTCC identified themselves as “ghost towners,” as opposed to tourists. The GTCC issued special “ghost tags” for the license plates of members’ cars. With these tags, members took on the responsibility of behaving as if the gaze of mountain residents were always on them. “The temptation to pick up a likely looking souvenir,” reported the president in 1966, “has earned us a bad name with the miners of Clear Creek and Gilpin Counties.” That same year, the president wrote that “at the visit to the Cache Creek Cemetery . . . several members could have appeared to outsiders to be collecting souvenirs.” The opinions of “miners” and “outsiders” meant a great deal to the GTCC’s leadership. Why did an urban social and historical club

feel compelled to measure up to the expectations of the inhabitants of these mountain towns?²⁴

Ghost town aficionados used uninhabited places to feel more at home in the West. Perfect ghost towns promised newcomers an encounter with the state’s mythic pioneer past, even if this encounter was as ephemeral as a mood or a quality. But perfect ghost towns never really existed. Miners, old timers, tourists, families, and caretakers lived in most “deserted” towns. Muriel Wolle acknowledged the presence of all kinds of locals in the texts of her guidebooks. She then erased them from her sketches after acquiring access to “back spaces,”—the anecdotes, directions, and “local color” she needed to become an expert. Wolle transformed herself in the process. She became a Westerner—or at least a non-tourist—in the judgment of those who held her books to be scripture.

Members of the Colorado Ghost Town Club followed Wolle’s example. They became experts on ghost towns through the lectures, tests, and slide shows that they gave to one another. When the club members visited ghost towns, they hoped mountain residents would accept them as virtual-locals, a type of Westerner hanging out on the front porch of the home the locals inhabited.

To be fully equipped, advised guidebook author Robert L. Brown, ghost town hunters needed a jeep, accurate maps, extra cans of gas, a sleeping bag, emergency rations, and a copy of *Stampede to Timberline*. The placement of Wolle’s guide on this list reflected a change in tourists’ attitudes towards the Rocky Mountains and their inhabitants. Ghost town enthusiasts entered the mountains with their own food, lodging, transportation, and directions—necessities once provided solely by locals. The copy of *Stampede to Timberline* supplied legends, anecdotes, and “local color.” Wolle, thus, replaced locals as the expert on defunct mining towns. She became the “old timer,” the interpreter who connected tourists and dead places.²⁵

Why do people flock to the West’s industrial ruins? After observing ghost town enthusiasts in the field, I’ve given up the notion that a single western myth motivates them all. Ashcroft accommodates a broad range of fantasies. I have met people who

travel to the town to see “where John Wayne lives;” and I have met others who have hunted ghost towns for years and seem to know every detail of Colorado mining history.

On a frigid September morning, I had a long discussion with a man who insisted that due to poor nutrition the miners in Ashcroft were two to three feet shorter than people today. This man envisioned

a past bustling with gnome-like artisans shouldering tiny picks and shovels, no doubt whistling while they worked. People travel to ghost towns to meet up with the fantasies already in their possession. Dead places encouraged flights of fancy by erasing the line between local history and popular culture while at the same time reinforcing the line separating the past from the present.

Notes

1. “Ghost town studies” is a wildly inflated term. Few scholars have taken ghost towns seriously. For some reasons why they should see Patricia Nelson Limerick, “Haunted by Rhyolite: Learning from the Landscape of Failure,” *American Art* 6 (Fall 1992): 18-39; and Jon T. Coleman, “The Men in McArthur’s Bar: The Cultural Significance of the Margins,” *Western Historical Quarterly* 31 (Spring 2000): 47-68.
2. For a discussion of the spatial organization of tourist attractions see Dean McCannell, *The Tourist: A New Theory of the Leisure Class* (New York: Schocken Books, 1976), 94.
3. For reasons of space I’ve chosen to concentrate on Wolle’s Colorado guidebooks. Also, because these were the first ones she wrote, they explicate her philosophy of art and show her transition from a non-Westerner to an expert in local history. For examples of her other guidebooks see Muriel Sibell Wolle, *The Bonanza Trail: Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of the West* (Chicago: Sage Books, 1953), and *Montana Pay Dirt: A Guide to the Mining Camps of the Treasure State* (Athens, OH: Ohio University Press/Swallow Press, 1977).
4. Muriel Wolle resembled a prim reaper only in her ghost town books, where she promoted mining towns as relics and portrayed herself as somewhat fragile and clumsy. The adventurous spirit she displayed as a professor, as a traveler, and as an artist belie this self-characterization. However, for the purposes of this article I will deal only with the persona she constructed in her guidebooks, not the real person.
5. Muriel Sibell Wolle, *Stampede to Timberline: The Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of Colorado* (Athens, OH: Ohio University Press/Swallow Press, 1949), 228.
6. Wolle, *Stampede to Timberline*, 7. Wolle also discussed her theory of art in two unpublished speeches. See Muriel Sibell Wolle, “Writing Creative Poetry,” (an undated speech given to the University of Colorado English Department, Western History Collection, Denver Public Library, Denver, CO) and “Pictorial Preservation of the West: Indians’ Culture and Mining Towns,” (a speech given 21 October 1976, Western History Collection, Denver Public Library).
7. Wolle, *Stampede to Timberline*, 7, II.
8. For an example see Wolle’s visit to Gladstone, Colorado in *Stampede to Timberline*, 417.
9. Wolle, *Stampede to Timberline*, 1.
10. Wolle, *Stampede to Timberline*, 40, 463.
11. Wolle, *Stampede to Timberline*, 40.
12. Muriel Sibell Wolle, *Timberline Tailings: Tales of Colorado’s Ghost Towns and Mining Camps* (Athens, OH: Ohio University Press/Swallow Press, 1977), 120.
13. Wolle, *Timberline Tailings*, 121.
14. Wolle, *Timberline Tailings*, 122.
15. For examples of assistance by locals, see Wolle, *Stampede to Timberline*, 37, 89, 121, 232. The “tenderfoot” label appears on p. 335.
16. For Wolle’s plumpness see *Stampede to Timberline*, 126. For some of her misadventures see pages 49 and 363.
17. Wolle, *Stampede to Timberline*, 16.
18. Robert L. Brown, *Ghost Towns of the Colorado Rockies* (Caldwell: The Caxton Printers, 1968), 8.
19. *Ghost Town Gazette*, 14 March 1968, March 1964 (Western History Collection, Denver Public Library). The Gazette published short biographies of each of the club’s members between 1958 and 1970.
20. *Ghost Town Gazette*, 14 March 1968.
21. *Ghost Town Gazette*, May 1968, August 1964, 14 February 1963, June 1964.
22. *Ghost Town Gazette*, March 1962.
23. *Ghost Town Gazette*, October 1966, April 1966.
24. *Ghost Town Gazette*, April 1966, October 1966.
25. Robert L. Brown, *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns* (Caldwell: The Caxton Printers, 1976), 12.