

COGNATE



RICHARD, ROSEMARY, DAVID HICKEY  
1967



COGNATE #8 from Rosemary B. Hickey, 2082 W. Estes, Chicago IL 60645

First draft begun October 1, 1967. My humble thanks to Ben Solon of NYARLATHOTEP fame who so kindly repro'd these stencils for me and included this run in his mailing envelope. ("Carried it as rider" for those of you who understand the terminology.)

An especially respectful, grateful courtsey to all who have been so kind even when they didn't know why I've been so delinquent in communicating.

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Last year, maybe it was two years ago, I did attempt to type up a COGNATE. A couple of pages were second-drafted on to stencils. Several stencils were wasted when I attempted to first draft on them. One was at least 3 years old because it reported my retirement from active podiatry practice and Richard was in the hospital for major surgery and then the exciting news that there was a baby for us to adopt. My gosh, that was a long time ago.

At least one - maybe two - stencils presented David, our live didie doll and his first gross muscular attempts. How dated. Now, at 2 years, 8 months, he runs (walking not a first choice,) climbs, jumps, talks, rides a tricycle, is quite properly self-toilettrained and is, of course, a charming little boy.

Stencils 3&4 were filled with our revisiting the Telluride/Colorado 145/Trout Lake territory. A long paragraph extolled the glories of that portion of the western slope and just dripped with pity for those who missed such a pleasurable experience because they were afraid of an unpaved mountain road. WELL! Fear no more! There's been the biggest sort of shindig going on at Lizard Head Pass with Governor Love and dozens of federal, state and local notables as well as all the other good-wishers who were lucky enough to be able to be there to help commemorate the paving of Colorado 145. (The paving is usually referred to in conversations and in The Telluride Times as "oiling" when it looks like asphalt to me but - well - never mind.)

About a year or so ago, there was another hot circulation builder conflict being reported in The Telluride Times. There's been nothing mentioned in recent months but let me tell you those were highly emotional times. You see, thousands of people were attracted to Telluride, the Queen of the Western Slope, during its heyday of mining activity. That same garbage dump has served the community since the town's very beginnings which goes back some 80 plus years. Today, bottle collectors value the dumping area as a source of great treasures. To find a bottle that's 60 years old, these collectors gladly drive "1250" miles just to dig in (Telluride's) dump as we are collectors of bottles...." (That's an excerpt from a letter to the editor in TTT.)

BUT - non-collectors were (and maybe still are) quite disturbed by the thought of (or the reality of) people digging in a garbage dump and the conflict grew. I bet if you said "GARBAGE DUMP" or "OLD BOTTLES" with just a teeny, weeny bit of a wrong tone, there'd be fisticuffs at no paces immediately. The "war" must have been resolved peaceably but I don't remember reading about it. The only indication of a resolution or armistice was a short announcement in the paper that the San Miguel Historical Society will supervise the "archeological" garbage digging now (and in the future) being conducted in Telluride's garbage dump.

I could stay outside the whole thing with a most objective attitude. That was easy since garbage dumps don't excite me nor do old bottles....but I admit to getting a sudden surge of adrenalin when even the thought of old, musty, dusty, romantic, intriguing second-hand book stores comes to my mind.



Another portion of those old stencils was of Hartley Lee who edited the Dolores Star (Dolores, Colo., that is.) Mr. Lee died a little while ago. It's one of my especial regrets that I never had the chance to meet him. No biographical information has been published so far. A pity. John McPhee, editor of The Telluride Times, sparked up his editorial column now and then with a reprint of Hartley Lee's entertaining pieces. I've tried a quickie research into my file of TTT and, of course, couldn't find the particular reprints which I thought were exceptionally funny but one example of his personalized form of news reporting (my reprint of John McPhee's reprint of one of Hartley Lee's) follows:

"NEVER A DULL MOMENT IN RICO DEPT.

"Hartley Lee in the Dolores Star:

Friday night while all the Rico firemen were giving a dance down at the Masonic Hall, the siren blew just as we were having intermission about midnight. Walter William's house was on fire. What happened here last summer he decided to tear down an old log cabin in his yard and make an attractive chimney out of the logs for his fire place on the north side of his house. Even though he had it packed with fiber glass and tin, something got hot and set the outfit on fire.

Well sir, if you think that wasn't a sight for sore eyes to see all those guys fighting fire in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, you'd thought they were attending a funeral procession. Most of them had on their best suit of clothes, fancy shirts and ties. Take the city cop who came to the dance wearing a beautiful white starched shirt, while his badge loomed up like a harvest moon in autumn. Boy when he got back to the dance, you couldn't recognize him. First he was covered with a layer of mud and water, then a layer of ashes and so on. But don't think he was alone. We have never attended a fire but what some guy managed to douse us with a full head up above the eaves of the house just in time to get the full force of a three-inch hose in the face. By that time that new \$75. suit of clothes is ready for the Salvation Army. The fire being between the logs ;and the building it was hard to get to, but never the less we saved the house outside of the north room which received considerable damage. The boys did a good job, everybody worked in unison while the damage should run around six or seven hundred dollars. "

I think I had asked the McPhees if Hartley Lee wrote up his whole newspaper in this style and that they looked sadly at me and said "Unquestionably, no." Just found another Hartley Lee reprint (Yes, Mr. and Mrs. McPhee, I read your paper thoroughly.) who points with pride to a new motel being built. He says it's modern. His last comment in this item is "First new log cabin we've had since old Sam Coffee built his hogan down on Smelter Flats back in the spring of 1893." Mm- now I'm not certain what he meant by "modern."

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Ordinarily any letters received or my comments on other mailings would be in a separate section from my nattering, but my acquaintanceship with ghost towns and ghost mines is all from around the Telluride/Trout Lake area and the stories told me before, during and after our trips into the past. The relevance and continuity will be obvious to you as you read what I'm copy from another old stencil. On December 8 - of some year - I wrote:

Paul Wyszowski's ERGO SUM and the Sears addenda arrived today. Sears sees ghost towns so differently from the way I do. My ghost towns are "peopled" immediately we arrive. There's an irregular line of men waiting outside the tar-paper shower shack. Some are leaning against the structure. Some are sitting on the ground and some lucky enough to snag space on the bench along the wall outside. Miners are meandering in and out of the saloons or lounging about in the unpaved road. A porch extending out and above the front door of the saloon or "hotel" showcases the girls...and gives them a dhance to get some fresh air while they speculate on the potential customers in the street below.



Across the road are a row of homes. Little children are playing in the dirt. One is using a spoon as a toy shovel. A little girl is cradling a home-made doll. Three boys are racing around in a wild version of tag. Prim, bonneted women scurry from their homes to the general store down at the other end of the road...their eyes unseeing the rough crowd in front of the tavern and their ears not hearing the provocative remarks of the girls on the proch and the sallies from below. There's the store owner proudly perched by his door ready to greet and escort the favored customer into his emporium.

Down the narrowribbon of a mountainside road comes a light, high, fancy cart bringing a farmer and his wife to town. They're dressed for a Sunday in Town - for church meeting and visiting. It's been easy to fantasize the long, low wooden wagon (or the one with the high sides) which the farmer used to bring the feed he raised. He raised feed for the pack mules and horses. The steep, very narrow road from his farm to Colorado 145 still exists and it astounds me that that man lived long enough to move out and away. According to all the western movies I've seen, wagon brakes were never that good.

Yes, in my ghost towns, there are a lot of people. There are miners, storekeepers, itinerant artists, a barber who doubles as mayor, a pharmacist who's the only source of medical advice and the fellow who's the sheriff and, of course, there's the editor of the town's newspaper. If we begin to list the women...the wives who worked at the mines alongside their husbands...or who worked behind the counters with their husbands in the stores or who stayed home to give their children a full life...and the school teacher and the minister's wife.....yes, I can't look at, or remember, a ghost town without immediately peopling it with those whose existence created the town in the first place.

Have you ever looked up a mountainside at that small black dot that's really an old mine adit? Haven't you marveled at the switchback that was needed to get up that high? Can't you just see a miner plodding along in front of his well-packed mule about 2/3 of the way up one of the legs of that switchback? One switchback has a grade so steep that no packed animal could ever make it. The miner had to carry all his provisions, tools and materials on his own back!

I'm reminded of the large ghost mine we visited. A snow slide swept away most of the larger structure. All that's left of the boarding house are the cement underpinnings - but 150 men lived there. They slept and ate and mended their clothes and had big dances on Saturday nights. (They imported girls from down in the town.) Some of the supervisors' homes are nothing but shells. Others look as though they could be made liveable - although no one's been there for 30? 50? 60? years. The tramway towers still stand and we're bound to hear about the mine cook who didn't mind the isolate life. She didn't mind cooking for 150 to 250 men but she refused to take the road down to Telluride when she had to buy provisions. She thought it was too dangerous a route. But she thought nothing of getting into an ore bucket and take the "slide" route down. She dropped from above 11,100ft altitude to about 8,500 on that ride. When she was finished with her business in town, the signal for a counter-weight would be made. The results of all her shopping were loaded in an ore bucket, she'd get in, too, and it was the straightest route back up to the mine. The story is guaranteed to be true.

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7 lines are not enough to go into personal details - nor to attempt any expression of guilt feelings because it was impossible for me to respond to the phone calls, letters, fanzines and all the kindnesses that were shown me these past two years. I'm feeling very much better now...so much so that I'm daring to attempt to write letters and cut stencils while David is awake and maintaining his permanent ululating mommymommymommom or choclatmilkchocklatmilkchocklatmilkchocklatmilkchocklatmilkpleasepleasepleasepleaseplease It would be so easy to blame ALL typos on him but that isn't true. This is my first real stint back on the typer...@#%&\*#&c Never again while David's awake-or in the house!!!!



## "INDIAN BEADS" are FOSSILS!

Our summer vacation, this year, was just an hour and a half from Chicago on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan about 9 miles north of the Indiana/Michigan state line (Union Pier, Mich.) in a housekeeping cottage on the beach. There was a sheltered spot where only the splashing of the waves along the beach intruded - no people. The sun was warm and the sand dune rising behind me cut off any cool northerly breeze that might blow. Those were wonderful afternoons until my supply of books was exhausted.

When David was awake, we were on the beach. He played with, or alongside, other children when they were present or with me if there were none. We chased the waves and were as frequently caught by them. One of the little girls showed me her Indian Beads, explained that they were fossils and proceeded to show how easy it was to find them along shore. No local people ever mentioned them so I paid no attention. But - the week after Labor Day was empty of people and books and I needed some excuse to be on the beach for as many hours as I liked. So - Indian Beads. Those about 1/16" are easy to find. Then, one day, I discovered a much larger ring, its' outside diameter about 1/2". I was hooked.

Mornings, David would gather his pail, shovel, sprinkler and towel and head for the dunes stairs. My own needs were satisfied with a container/box and a hat to protect my head from the sun. We both wore bathing suits, of course!

The fun/aggravation of picking up these little rings was intensified when they became visible as a wave retreated. When they're wet, they're easier to see...but they're quite buoyant and would float down the slope of the beach along with the receding water. If you reached into the water, whether it was 1/2", 3" or 7" deep, the mechanical action of your hand entering the water set up enough motion to waft the "bead" into flight and was just that quickly out of sight. It was possible to stand there at the edge of the beach and watch the stupid things slide down and into the water with never a chance to lay even a finger on them.

The larger ones seemed to be afloat for a longer time so one warm, still day I hunted them in the very shallow waters just off shore...with mask, snorkel and fins. If you stood right where I was floating, the water surface might reach to just below the calf muscles. Maybe it looked funny from above - but I found some big ones. Spent a delightful afternoon finding and picking up the big ones until my skin was quite puckered and it was time to come in. The last several days there even Richard came down to help look for them.

My one source of information: FOSSILS, Frank H. T. Rhodes, p.152 says "VASCULAR PLANTS ... fossils quite common and widely distributed." p.153 has an illo and the below:

CALAMITES. Mississippian to Permian. A scouring rush (sphenopsid) with ribbed, jointed trunk, and leaf shorts at joints. Ht. to 40ft\* (\* (myasterisk) which explains why there are so many rings floating around!)

If they're so common, how come I couldn't find them on the southern shore of Lake Michigan? Anybody have more to tell me?

My necklace consists of those rings which were sufficiently beach-polished to have the sandstone centers removed and those which succumbed to my small pen knife scratchings strung on a guitar E string. The bead portion of the line measures 10 3/4". We have as many more in a little plastic box. These solid, hard rock beads, Richard thinks, might be broached with a carbide drill. I really don't want to be a rock hound, but I would like to go back and get some more big ones with amenable centers until my necklace is full. Is that how it starts?



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