

Castle
Rock
— and the —
KU KLUX KLAN

by Todd Lowther

*“And be sure your sin will find you
out.” NUMBERS 32:23 (B)*

A GYPSY PUBLICATION
GOLDEN, COLORADO

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While this book does contain references to actual incidents and events involving the Ku Klux Klan in Colorado, there are much more exhaustive treatments of this subject. The most recent is *In the Shadow of the Klan, When the KKK Ruled Denver 1920-1926* by Phil Goodstein. Another is *Hooded Empire: The Ku Klux Klan in Colorado* by Robert Goldberg. For those seeking more in-depth non-fiction studies on the Klan in Colorado, these are excellent texts. Another source is the Ku Klux Klan collection at the Colorado Historical Society. The local Golden, Colorado information came from family collections at the Pioneer Museum operated by the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The historic Golden newspaper, known both as the Golden Transcript as well as the Colorado Transcript, provided marvelous reading and a sense of the age. And, finally, there were the memories and collections of my father, Arthur Lowther, his cousin Pat Quaintance Bradley and his childhood and lifelong friend Lorraine Wagenbach. In addition, there is the Quaintance genealogy compiled by Alfred M. Quaintance in 1971. There is a wonderful, though out-of-print, copy called *History of Red Rocks Park* by Nolie Mumey that correctly tracks the exchange of ownership from private to public interests. Other references include *Historically Jeffco* and an intriguing essay on Cañon City by University of Colorado student La Donna Gunn, available through the Cañon City Public Library.

Most I would like to credit my great-great grandfather Jesse Quaintance for being the strong-minded, rugged individual he was. On a very personal level, I'm glad he believed the Biblical imperative to multiply. My maternal great-grandmother was his 10th child and many of the characters in this book were descendants of his 12th and last child. Finally, to my grandmother Katherine who instilled in me a love of history, the arts and family and to her papa, the judge, whom she adored, thank you.

PREFACE

I moved back to Golden, Colorado, my home town, after 36 years living in the mountains about forty miles west up Clear Creek Canyon. My father was raised here and was the town's third city manager in the 50s. His mother was born here in our old home at 1606 Ford. At that time it was a stately two-story brick house. Had it survived, that home would certainly be one of those shown annually during historical walking tours.



Judge William A. Dier's home at 1606 Ford Street, lost to redevelopment and the construction of the new Safeway.

It was demolished, torn down with an entire two blocks to make room for a new Safeway store. The old Safeway became a wellness center for Coors employees. Our old home had once been owned by my great-grandfather, Judge William A. Dier, who moved out west in 1873. Papa, as my grandmother Katherine called him, taught school, first up Ralston Creek and then in Silver Plume, before settling in Golden in 1875. He was admitted to the Colorado bar simply by studying hard shortly before

Colorado became a state in 1876. His new bride arrived in Golden about the same time with her father, my great-great grandfather Jesse Quaintance, who built the Golden Mill north of the Ford Street crossing of Clear Creek. The remnant of that business sits on the same location today. Our family has its roots in this town.

Of course, one can't mention Golden without conjuring up visions of Coors. The brewery sits prominently under the picturesque mountain called Castle Rock. My great-grandfather settled in Golden about the time the Prussian immigrant Adolph Kuhrs settled here too, along the shores of Clear Creek as it rolled gently east toward Denver between the two mesas — North and South Table Mountain. As an attorney my great-grandfather represented Mr. Kuhrs and the company in those early years, and later, as district judge, he ruled on issues affecting land and water needed in the brewing process, adjudicating all the water along Clear Creek.

Even though we share a common ancestor in Jesse Quaintance, there was another side to the family I knew less about—the Quaintances themselves. My great-grandmother Althea Quaintance, who married the judge, had one brother Brough [rhymes with “rough”]. From his side descended a line that has helped shape the town even to this day.

Golden, now seen as a great family and recreation town, has always had its land use issues. Once the territorial capital, Golden lost that distinction to Denver at least in part because nestled up tightly against the foothills, it didn't have enough room to grow. Next, the Queen City of the Plains gobbled up much of Golden's surrounding terrain to the west for its mountain park system, and majestic Lookout Mountain remains in controversy today over television towers—who wants them and who doesn't. Then there are those mesas, which rest gently between Green Mountain to the south and Rocky Flats to the north separating the vast Denver sprawl from the stately old town of Golden. Most of the table mesas have now been purchased as “open space,” but the private owners and public interests have battled for years over who should control this barrier land of volcanic stone and prairie grass.

Of course, to me, that's where this story ties together and gets interesting. One of those land owners was the Quaintance family and another was the Coors family. The two families held title to most of South Table Mountain, including Castle Rock. What might surprise and even anger some today, after most of the mountain has been purchased by public interests for open space, is that the Quaintance family still owns the

rock itself, even though hikers, joggers and bikers easily access it undeterred from many directions.

For the last forty years, a man named Leo Bradley has been a highly controversial character in Golden. Bradley, a graduate of the Colorado School of Mines and the Denver University School of Law, married Pat Quaintance, great-granddaughter of Jesse Quaintance. Bradley took over the law firm begun by Pat's father Arthur Quaintance who, along with two brothers, had built a wide range of enterprises in Golden, Denver, and Evergreen, from the law practice to the building and loan association.

To me, Leo was always in a heap of trouble. He was a loud man and one couldn't be in the same room with him without knowing he was there. He carried that voice into the courtroom and public meetings, and clearly Leo liked to make waves. For example, he proposed a rock quarry up popular and picturesque Clear Creek Canyon, a venture opposed vigorously by environmentalists. He wanted to obscure a local historic landmark (ironically the Quaintance Block) with an addition to a bank he proposed, arousing the ire of historic preservationists. He built a golf club south of Morrison open only to men, galvanizing feminists. He entered negotiations with Nike to build a factory on land his family owned, land on the top of South Table Mountain. He threatened to build a quarry up there, too. Both ventures were opposed openly and fiercely by a group seeking to purchase the mountain for open space.

So when I moved back into town the same year Leo died, I began to wonder why the man had so vehemently opposed open space and the right of the public to take private land, especially his family's rocky parcel known as Castle Rock. I sensed there must be something in the family's history that I didn't know. So I began to ask around, but like the mineral veins of long ago, some prospects never seemed to lead anywhere, some petered out along the way and others were locked up behind private property—that is until I met Pauline.

THE TURNING POINT

I walked into her living room, a place I was becoming accustomed to after many visits during the eighteen months of research leading up to this draft of the manuscript, the current version sheltered under my arm from the wet snowfall as I slid onto her front porch. Pauline Hoffmeister for years had been acknowledged as one of Golden, Colorado's leading historians, if not the best. People had urged me to contact her early on as I delved into research that seemed hidden from easy public access. Initially, she had been eager to assist me, with suggestions and clues as to the whereabouts of certain documents or such details as "It wasn't Quaker Street back then. It was called Lava Lane."

She had mentioned how I could search historic Colorado newspapers on-line. She had related about the house on the corner of 18th and East Street, where a former owner had been the local grand wizard of the KKK. In fact, she related a story that an acquaintance of hers had nearly purchased an old trunk at a garage sale containing the paraphernalia from the grand wizard himself—robe, hood, and insignias. But her friend had "freaked out" when she espied the spooky contents and passed up on the bargain sale. We were both quizzical about what that "haul" might bring on eBay today, but she was glad the contents now belonged to the local historical museum, though not for public display.

She recollected that, as a girl visiting her grandparents' home in Wide Acres, open-air touring cars loaded with Klan members eerily passed by on dark summer evenings as citizens peered from their porches. She remembered being afraid. When members of the mysterious organization marched down Washington Avenue, the town's main street, in broad daylight behind masks, hoods and long white robes, she recalled that local kids would try to identify the participants from the rings on their fingers and the brands of their shoes. And, yes, she remembered stories of the gatherings on top of Castle Rock with their burning crosses. Pauline seemed energized when sharing such memories from her youth. Her bright, intelligent eyes were alive with the recall of history and its political

and social implications today in modern times. It was sad to both of us that human beings had seemingly forgotten the dark side of historical fact, and in light of some of the current political rhetoric surrounding immigration, had hardly progressed since the early part of the 20th century with regard to society's general acceptance of one another.

But this day was different. The eyes that had previously sparkled and danced with delight when she shared another historical tidbit were looking away from mine.

"You know," she started, "I just can't be a part of this any longer. You've got some of this wrong." I felt socked in the stomach, like when Larry Dodd hit me with a sucker punch during a basketball game in junior high P.E.

"Well, Mrs. Hoffmeister... you know," I was choosing my words very carefully, "that's the reason I came to you from the beginning. I wanted this story to be historically authentic even though much of the stuff is purely fiction. I thought I had been clear about that. I'd also admitted to you that it would be tricky going back and forth between the 20s and the decade before."

"But you mentioned a feud in your family, and it seems to me you may be attempting to fan the flames of this feud." She continued to look away.

"Oh, no," I objected. "I only mentioned the family rift to you to avoid any misunderstanding, and in case you knew when my grandmother's brother ran for the statehouse—if it was the election of 1925, you know, when the Klan was in its heyday. If that's the year he ran and we know his own cousin opposed him, there might be something there. But I can't verify anything on that one way or another, so it's really inconsequential." I tried to be reassuring.

She was having none of this. I felt like I did when I was a high school student being severely reprimanded by my favorite teacher, that thin line between being embarrassed and just pissed off.

"Just take me out of this. Your cousin is my son's best friend and I doubt if he even knows any of this history. Granted, there was one black sheep way back then but this family has a reputation, and I won't do anything to tarnish it for those who are still alive. Just keep me out of this. You mention 'talking to me.' Take it out."

"Pauline, I admire you so much and I promise you, I had no inten-

tion of mischaracterizing anyone. In fact, from the beginning, I hadn't intended to use real names. It's just that every time I learned something new, it seemed to bolster my suspicions about the family's involvement. The story began to get legs."

"The part about Harvard is scurrilous. Richard never went to Harvard. He went to the law school at Michigan."

"Scurrilous? That's a little extreme, don't you think?" I was rapidly trying to remember who told me what, and I knew she was probably right. She always was. Even though she was closing in on 90, her memory was sharp as the proverbial tack.

"And I don't think you should mention Coors either. Call it 'the brewery'."

Now I was really confused. "I think I've handled the company—and the family—very, very...fairly. I mean there are hundreds of articles and books going this way and that about them. I think I've been balanced. Peter and I were friends growing up. Our families went to church together. Shoot, we were altar boys. I wouldn't want to tarnish his reputation, either. He has enough to deal with in gossip and jealousy in Golden without me adding to it."

"I don't think so. It's not all settled."

"You mean Castle Rock?" I asked.

"Yes, it's not all over yet. You need to leave me out of this."

As I gathered my things to leave, I was perplexed by this change of heart. Always willing to take a second look at myself, I began to question my own intentions. Was I, by trying to trace this story, really adding to some family feud? Didn't Pauline realize that by exposing what secrets might lurk in my family's history, I was really urging the current generation of politicians not to repeat the mistakes from the past? Now, the closer I seemed to get to the truth, the less people wanted to say. Was I on hallowed ground, where a certain class can hide secrets and bury their mistakes? What would my great grandfather, the judge, have said about that?

THE GATHERING

One night, George Morrison overheard two Klansmen hatch a plan outside his Rock Rest nightclub. "Now listen, I'm playing my fiddle and listening. They say 'This is the first g-d--- place we gonna blow up...a g-d--- n----- and a Catholic!' And I got to thinking, 'Well, anytime a man joins that organization, see, he's wrong in the head'. I say, 'Now, he's just fool enough to set a bomb under this place'. And I say, 'I'm not worried about myself but I don't want him to hurt my fiddle. I think it's moving day for me'."

- PBS Documentary—Jazz in Five Points

The cars lined up single file for miles along the stretch of South Golden Road, headlights bouncing and weaving as the caravan of touring cars—mostly Model Ts and a few Studebakers—turned north on Lava Lane just past Rock Rest leading up the narrow gulch toward Table Rock. People watched quietly from the porches as the parade of ghostly apparitions passed by well below the posted speed limit. For some, the sight made them fearful, but for others, the sight made them proud.

One by one, the cars drove in a funeral-procession fashion from their start in Denver, first on Colfax past the area founded by Jewish immigrants and then on dimly-lit Wide Acres Road, toward their destination on a flat, table-topped mountain above Golden, past the establishment owned by legendary black jazz artist George Morrison in Pleasant View—a curious name for the community of modest homes often constructed with native, round glacial stone. The views and economy of Pleasant View were also modest in comparison to those of its larger sister to the northwest—Golden—the former territorial capital before losing out to Denver, the larger and more rambling city to the east. Golden, which would later be famous for Rocky Mountain spring water, was dominated on its east by a large outcrop of rock with an igneous past, dubbed Castle Rock by locals. On this moonless Tuesday night, a few of

the regulars at Rock Rest watched from the door as the procession continued, one gent guessing the string of cars must have been about five miles long.

At the top of the gulch the vast southern mesa separating Golden and Denver began. The dirt road trailed off, leaving a wagon-wheel trail further northwest toward the rock. There the cars were met by men on horseback who seemed to be checking the identity of drivers and passengers alike, making sure they had the proper credentials or invitations. The snake of cars continued until the first one pulled up in front of a set of concrete steps leading to the top of the circular rock. The steps had once serviced the cable tramway, called the funicular, so that paying passengers, mostly from Denver, could climb the final ascent to the top, where they would be met with glorious views—the Rocky Mountains and the Continental Divide to the west, Golden, the brewery and the campus of the Colorado School of Mines below, and a hazy view of downtown Denver and the Daniels and Fisher Tower to the east. This night, though, no one was thinking about the view.

At the top of the rock stood a pair of wooden structures, one a dance hall, the other a casino, both long since closed but lately the secret headquarters of those heading to the top. Owned and operated by a trio of industrious brothers from the town below, these buildings had been doomed when day tourists began preferring the motor car over the incline railway. But folks hadn't come to dance this night, though "dance" some would.

As each car parked, bobbing flashlights and a few lit torches replaced headlights, and three or four ghostly figures emerged, clothed in white robes and tall, pointed hoods, masking their faces and identities. At the top of the rock between the dance hall and the sheer 100' face, someone lit a bonfire, already built and ready for the occasion. No one spoke as the crowd gathered, five to ten deep, around the fire. Near the edge of the cliff were three wooden crosses, each about ten feet high, one lit with electric lights. As the two other crosses were ignited in flame, the crowd began to roar, and the deep cry could be heard clearly from the homes and businesses below, where people from the sleepy city had begun to peer up toward the rock. It was an eerie sight and the townsfolk were growing more accustomed to seeing these spooky activities and hearing the echoing calls from the top.



The illuminated cross on Castle Rock, dubbed the Kastle by the Klan.

From the town below, the blaze of the crosses in the front and the ball of flame from the bonfire behind cast strange, larger-than-life shadows against the dark smoky sky. Some seemed to be dancing gypsy-style around the fire, while most stood in stoic poses, as if they were being watched. From below people began to hear shouts, and applause, and even what sounded like oratory, but it was impossible to make out what was being said.

From the entrance of the New White Ash Mine, long-since closed in a land dispute with one of the major companies in town, a man watched the spectacle from his vantage point north of the city and at an elevation about equal to the top of Table Rock. He peered toward the gathering, the fire in his eyes matched by the fires on the hill.

THE ORATORY

“We need to keep our homes safe for children and our women!” Cheers met the end of each exhortation. “We can’t let them take our jobs! This country was paid for by the blood of righteous men, our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and we can’t sit idly by while these immigrants take our land and food from our children’s mouths!”

The crowd had grown by now, including a pair of reporters and other onlookers dressed in regular business attire—some likely waiting for initiation. Even a few boys had scaled the mesa from town in the dark, climbing up the burro trail to the foot of the rock and then up the stairs in the back to the summit. They watched, crouching down with their heads popped up just enough to witness it all.

The Grand Dragon bellowed on. “We’ve closed down the distilleries and the breweries...even though the law enforcement in our cities and towns chooses to look the other way...but they keep partaking of alcoholic beverage in their holy sacraments! They worship a foreign ruler...and their plan is to rule by stuffing the ballot box! We can’t let that happen!” The loudest shouts of the night poured over the rock and into the town below, like the rebel whoops of the century before had in the South.

And it went on that way for quite some time, until the fires burned down and the shadows grew smaller and fainter against the lingering haze. In the back of the crowd two men stood together next to the railing on the dance hall steps, anonymous along with everyone else in their robes and hoods, but clearly known to each other. “This is really going to happen, isn’t it?” one said, while the other answered, “Yes, it is. Nineteen thousand strong in Denver alone and growing every day. The political climate is right and this will work...for the good of the state...and the good of the family.”

At the end of the speechmaking, the entire group assembled for the photographer—robed members in the center and those in regular clothes to the sides. One cross continued to burn in the back. The round flat sur-



The proverbial Who's Who in the 1920s.

face of Table Rock forced the participants to be part of the photographs, whether they preferred to or not. Then one by one, around midnight, with much less precision than during the arrival, the touring cars loaded back up and began rolling slowly to the east, the way they had come. At the intersection of Lava Lane and the cement road, most turned east toward Denver and past Rock Rest, where South Golden Road intersected with the road to Mount Vernon and the Denver Mountain Parks, the city's ever-increasing network of parks, scenic areas and other recreational amusements. A few turned west toward Golden.

ROCK REST

One car pulled into the gravel parking lot next to the road house, greeted by the sounds of George Morrison himself. Like many other former bars, Rock Rest was now dry but with a reputation suggesting otherwise—something to speak easy about. It had converted to serving dinner and offering dancing to live music after that. Even with all of the traffic filing by, it had been a slow night, with only a cook, a waiter and George still there at this late hour.

The two brothers emerged from their Model T, sporting suits, ties and broad-rimmed hats, no sign of their earlier robes and hoods evident. They took their favorite corner booth and said, “Late night, George,” as their host nodded in their direction while he continued one of the bluesy jazz favorites for which he was famous.

“A night like this ought to get their attention, don’t you think?” Bentley was giddy with the thought of headlines like *Klan Rally Ignites on Castle Rock*. “And we haven’t had to kill anyone or blow up a joint like this one either!” finishing louder than he should have. George continued to play and it was hard to tell whether he had heard the exclamation or not. He’d been thinking of moving his headquarters to the friendlier climate of the Five Points region in Denver, and what he’d witnessed snaking by his place tonight was the last incentive he would need.

It must have been a strange juxtaposition for George Morrison, who only a few years earlier had played his violin for King George and Queen Mary of England as he toured Europe. “Fiddler!” He hated being called a fiddler even though his father had been a champion using the instrument in that fashion. After all, with his mother an accomplished pianist, he had been classically trained back east in Missouri before moving with his family to Boulder where he studied violin under Professor Harold Reynolds at the University of Colorado. He later attended the Columbia Conservatory of Music in Chicago to further pursue his passion for his instrument. He would have preferred using his talent in a major orchestra, but such opportunities weren’t all that available for black musicians. Unlike many he

played jazz with, George read music and eventually would be recognized as a great teacher of younger musicians who would join the George Morrison Negro Orchestra.

Although there would be additional frightening nights of cross burnings and arson in his new Five Points community where the majority of Denver's 5,000 blacks lived, tonight marked a new low in his life. "I think it's moving day for me," he muttered quietly toward no one in particular.

"You need to curb your enthusiasm, Ben," his brother responded, "in more ways than one." Richard, Bentley's brother who was more than half a decade older, had an aura of authority and the sternness of a father.

"What do you mean?" asked Bentley, obviously a little taken back by his brother's rebuke, especially considering the success of tonight's spectacle.

"What I mean is... comments like that, blurted in public and your continuing indiscretion with that woman! You may jeopardize this whole effort." Bentley, though unsympathetic with much of what the Klan represented, believed the political coalition with the Republicans would be good for the law practice and the contacts they would bring. Plus he loved the drama of it all. He began humming along with the music in the background.

"You know, Richard, she was there tonight," offering this bit of news with particular smugness, leaning forward to make sure no one heard this time. "Right beside me, most of the time. You know we all look the same under the masks and gowns."

"That's exactly the kind of reckless behavior I'm talking about. If that bimbo of yours had been discovered, she might get tied back to us. You're dangerous."

"Is it dangerous to have a little fun? We're having fun, remember? You're becoming an old man in front of my eyes, Richard. Marriage has turned you into an old hen-pecked hack."

"Marriage obviously hasn't slowed you down any, that's for sure. Have you ever thought about what your wife would do to you if she finds out about all your vulgar activities?"

"She'll never know anything. I'm out of the house every night of the week as it is." He started his list, counting on his fingers for emphasis. "Ball practice, choir rehearsals, the lodge, church, party caucuses and now, initiation nights for the KKK. Big brother, I've got them all covered."

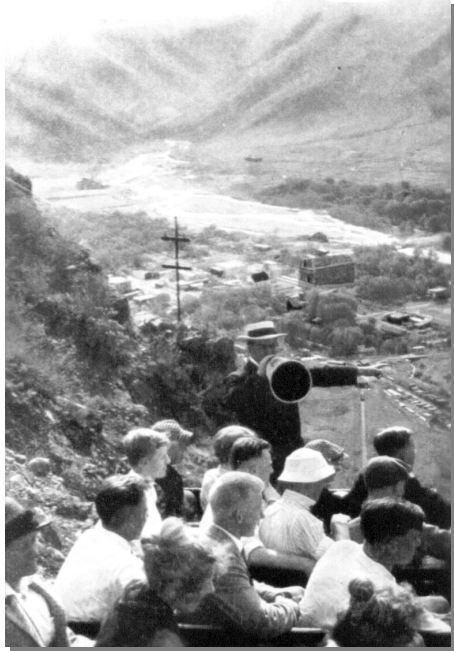
Bentley nodded his head slowly with a thin-lipped smile growing broader as he saw his brother nearing the boiling point.

“You’re nuts, Ben,” Richard growled. “When you go down, I’m not going with you.” He pushed the table sharply toward his brother, got up, grabbed his hat and huffed toward the door. Bentley surveyed the room, saw that no one from the skeleton crew was paying attention and followed his older brother out the door. He loved getting his older brother’s goat.

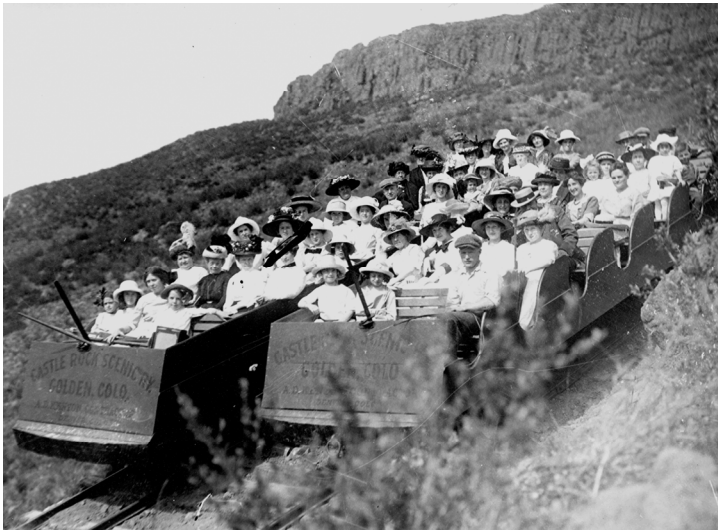
ON THE FUNICULAR

He first saw her on the funicular. As was customary during the prior decade, people from Denver would catch a ride on the interurban trolley, the 84—from downtown Denver and ride the rails into Golden along the Denver and Inter-Mountain Railroad right-of-way through Lakewood, on past Wide Acres, Pleasant View and into Golden, stopping near the Washington Avenue station. From there, the day visitors and picnickers would walk, or ride a rented burro, to 13th and East Street, the base of Castle Rock and the funicular, owned and operated by the Casperson Brothers—McKinley, Richard and Bentley.

But it was McKinley, more commonly known as Mac, who had conceived of the tramway, as much to ride it himself as to make a profit—though make profits he would in later years—just not on the train to the top of the rock and the dance hall perched precariously there. Not really a cable car or a cog railroad, the funicular was constructed with offsetting cars powered electrically, one ascending while the other descended, the cars—dubbed the Douglas and the Pullman—passing



Mac Casperson would often use a megaphone to narrate the trip up and down the Castle Rock Scenic Railroad, pointing out the variety of sites from the yellow rail cars, each designed to carry up to thirty passengers each. A side business processed photos and printed picture post cards.



W. A. Tyler's daughters Katherine and Caroline, Mac's first cousins, ride in the third row in the right hand car with other friends in this publicity photo of the Castle Rock funicular railway.

each other half way up. It was at such a passing that Mac first caught sight of the woman who would catch his passion and interest, and that side of men that makes them dream.

On one of his many rides up the hill on the funicular, Mac gazed toward the top of the mountain, his mind elsewhere on one of his many business pursuits, most of them related to land acquisition and town planning. He allowed his eyes to rest on the descending car, the Pullman, as if fixated on it but without focusing. Then she came into view, somehow sparkling against a backdrop of typical tourist faces, and his blank gaze turned quickly into an intent stare. She was laughing, even appearing flirtatious with the group she was with, bobbing back and forth and turning to catch each flattering remark aimed in her direction. As the two cars passed each other, her eyes met his, and she looked at him just long enough for him to know she noticed. Just as she turned away to play more with her companions, she gave him a slight nod and a wink. Women didn't wink. Mac couldn't stand it; he climbed quickly over a couple of passengers, properly excusing himself, to reach the low end of his car, the Douglas, hoping she would turn to him again. *Look at me!*

It was the longest ride on the funicular Mac had ever endured. Once on top, instead of climbing the stairs to the resort, he paced around the upper platform until the descending passengers trudged aboard and were ready to embark for town. *Gadzooks!* He needed to get back down the mountain, run to the trolley and meet this woman before she left for Denver. Staring blankly ahead, he envisioned himself running toward the tracks, only to arrive too late, with the diminishing sounds of the trolley car retreating down the ribbon of steel and disappearing as a dot on the horizon. He pushed his way aboard the Pullman, much unlike the gentleman he was, and the car started descending at the same methodical snail's pace it always did. *Go faster!* Mac liked getting his way and it just wasn't happening now. His eyes were glued on the loading platform at the bottom of the cable. It seemed further away than ever.

He didn't notice the Douglas car as it approached, with its new load of paying passengers, all eager to pay fifty cents per round-trip for the expansive view from the top of the rock—a new load of passengers, that is, except one. Just as the cars passed each other, Mac blankly looked over, only to meet those two glorious eyes once again, along with a smile that immediately transformed from a proper and prim, how-do-you-do smile, to a wide-open, laughing, can-you-believe-this grin, all the time keeping her eyes fixed on his until the distance between the cars made that effort vain. Watching her car approach the upper platform, Mac didn't know whether to follow her up again or wait for her to come down. Would she wait for him to climb up again or would she glide back down again as he ascended? Would she disappear with the dot of the "84" on its way back to Denver before he could catch up with her again? He was smitten.

AT THE CHURCHES

The Sunday morning after the latest rally, churches in Golden would all feature messages about the gatherings on Castle Rock. Baptist, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Catholics—all had a stake, vested interests in the literal sense, and the preachers, pastors and priests each seized their individual opportunities. The Denver dailies had both printed photographs of the rally along with news accounts. One even gave it space on the editorial pages, urging folks to consider—carefully—the views spoken that night, especially with the rise of fascism in Europe, with immigration placing pressure on jobs and with the lawlessness and corruption accompanying the “dry” state of affairs. There was even a sidebar piece about similar activities, even uprisings, in Cañon City, a town south and west of Colorado Springs, where many citizens opposed the establishment of a Catholic monastery called the Abbey. The editorial did not address the Catholic issue directly.

At the First Baptist Church, the rhetoric was charged. The words could have been coming from the Grand Dragon himself. Warnings. Hints of reprisals. *Women—support your men. Men—stand up for the country. Children—watch out who you make friends with.* The altar call became a call to action, even political action at the polling places in the next election. *You know who to vote for.* Most of the men in the assembly—law officers, store owners and the husband of the town librarian—had been on the rock one time or another, so this perspective was not surprising to them. But no robes today—this was a Baptist church after all and this assembly really believed they were right on the mark.

At St. Joseph Catholic Church, a block from the decaying loading platform for the Castle Rock funicular, there was a decidedly different take. To the congregation of factory workers, miners and women who raised large families, the priest spoke briefly before conducting the Latin mass. *We're over-comers. We have as much right to be here as anyone. If they really believed all that stuff, they would not have to hide behind hoods and capes. Be patient. They're our neighbors. They'll come around. Jesus was persecuted. We're suffering like*

Jesus. But be ready; we'll fight if we need to. They prayed for the Pope and shared communion with the breaking of bread, and the priest drank fermented wine—a use still allowed by state law—and then went home, a little uneasy but convinced God was still on their side.

At First Presbyterian Church, up the hill on Washington Avenue and facing Castle Rock directly, many of the town's more prominent citizens gathered—attorneys, accountants and women who gave piano lessons. They were second and third-generation families—descendents of pioneers. It was this church where Richard and Bentley attended, when the latter was in town for the weekend, along with their eldest brother Mac. The Presbytery had recently called a young man as their new pastor; actually he'd been preaching for several years now but to most he was still the “new” pastor. He never—ever—saw things the way others did and this time was no exception. *I know some of you may have been there. I can read it on your faces. You're fighting the right battle but you've got the wrong enemy. No one 'deserves' better treatment. No 'group' is to blame. We are 'all' to blame. God is the Giver and the Forgiver.* The Presbyterians left confused.

The Methodist-Episcopal Church, a block north on Washington, heard another in a series on temperance and patriotism, not unusual to those in the assembly who had changed the law and closed the bars in Colorado four long years before the nation followed. And there was a small group over at Calvary Church, a congregation that sparred with its sister in Georgetown over which group had the oldest Episcopal church in the state. They were simply aghast by the whole episode.

COAL MINERS' DEMISE

Old man Humphreys hated most of the people in this town, people who seemed to forget the miners who had kept the town alive during really hard economic times. As he trudged around what was left of the portal of the New White Ash Mine north of downtown, he'd often stop to gaze across the city, much of which was owned by Mac, his brothers or the family that owned the brewery and the porcelain plant. And since William A., the attorney who often represented the brewery, was married to Mac's aunt Althea, they were all joined together in Humphreys' book. Bankers, lawyers, judges, land grabbers, cheats. They'll get theirs someday.

Humphreys had descended from one of the survivors of the disaster at the original White Ash Mine, located south of Clear Creek on the west end of 2nd Street, as it was known then. Ten miners, most of immigrant heritage, had been trapped years before in 1888 when three million cubic feet of water flooded the mine, drowning and entombing the men 730 feet below the surface. Investigators never concluded whether the water had come from the Loveland, a mine located north of Clear Creek and long closed due to flooding, or from the creek itself. At the time it was the single deadliest mining event of its kind in the state.

Coal mining had helped build the town, and along with the gold fields west of town, had prompted the establishment of the Colorado School of Mines near the site of the disaster. Now as Humphreys surveyed the changing landscape of the city, he bristled over losing his mine to the powerful clay interests gobbling up the Dakota hogback from near Morrison all the way north of the city. Clay, that pinkish, pukish mud that sticks to the bottom of boots and provides the perfect mold for fossilized dinosaur tracks found in the area—geologists had long recognized that clay deposits often formed along side the deeper coal deposits, and as the “black diamonds” of the coal played out, clay became the diamond in the rough.

Mac, always on the lookout for a new entrepreneurial venture, knew

the town's geology. The clay from the area was already producing some of the finest brick in the west and the brewery needed to diversify with Prohibition movement consuming one community after another. Fire brick and porcelain, both from clay and both had long life spans. Mac would buy the miners out, what was left of them—lock stock and barrel.

Humphreys, and a few others, were the casualties, because without their coal—which had basically played out—and with clay pits lining the town to the west, the game was stacked against them, and Mac knew it. North of town, the clay was kaolin, richest of all, and perfect for the scientific porcelain being envisioned by the brewery's founder and his sons. By the end of the decade, with Mac listed officially as the porcelain plant's secretary, the brewery had converted its old deserted glass and bottling plant into one capable of producing some of the country's finest ceramic table ware and scientific porcelain and all Humphreys had left was his shack near the portal of the New White Ash and a few acres of dry hillside, suitable for an occasional coyote and rattlesnake, and little else.

If Humphreys had a leaning one way or the other toward the Klan once it appeared a few years later, he wouldn't have expressed it. Hermits weren't joiners. He was more interested in devising a way to take Mac and the rest of them down, although he had expressed no plan nor had envisioned the means. He just hated the "speculator" and the vengeance kept him going.

THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE

Typical folk were surprised just how quickly the movement had gained momentum, a curiosity most decent folk had dismissed until recently as remnant extremism from the Civil War reconstruction in the south. Others, especially isolationists and proponents of the American Protective League before and during the Great War, saw the correlation. Between 1890 and 1920 a range of curious ideas foreshadowed the rise of the Ku Klux Klan. The percentage of the population labeled “feeble-minded” and condemned to institutional confinement more than doubled. Few intimidations were more effective than the threat of a stay in an insane asylum. Darwinism was no longer the fringe viewpoint but the predominant thinking in the land. Without safeguards, the northern white European stock that had conquered and settled the American frontier was doomed by inbreeding, even as subtle as those darker skinned southern Catholics from Italy, let alone Negroes and Asians.

The “Invisible Empire”—with its imperial rulers, grand wizards and klagards—had begun to establish a political foothold in Colorado, something its followers claimed was not their primary purpose. The platform of the Klan was rapidly being claimed by the Republican Party, and notable Republicans (and even a few Democrats), from candidates for mayor of Denver to the governor of Colorado, were either friendly with the Klan or active members themselves.

It had been different in the south after the war. A whole race of people was emerging from slavery and that reality scared the people who used to own them. To people in the west decades later, some could understand how that same kind of fear might encourage one to protect his job and his family, especially the women, at all costs and to support the local law. With only about 5,000 black people in all of Colorado, mostly congregated in east central Denver, if the bigotry posed by the KKK was to be adopted, they needed a different group to focus their fear and hate.

Some group of outsiders...immigrants...Catholics.

The economy of Colorado depended on mining in the early 1900s, much as it had before and much as it has after. Yet the state was running out of men who were willing to dig holes deep into the earth, climb down daily to salvage the innards and haul them to the surface for processing. The economy needed to recruit a new group willing and able to do the dirty work.

Southern Italians...experienced miners...Catholics.

The problems posed by Catholics were legion, weren't they? They were from Europe for starters and can you really trust those Europeans? Didn't we just fight a war against some of them and aren't there new rumblings coming from Europe again? And their religion...services in a foreign language...sacraments that feature the use of alcoholic wine...allegiance to a foreign ruler...they even want their own private parochial schools...what are those nuns teaching there? They want to take over...the American Crusades...they must be stopped and stopped now.

Printed on the front page of the Colorado Transcript following a night rally was this proclamation:

We are loyal Americans and wish it to be known that the Ku Klux Klan stands, as constituted and operated, for law enforcement only through channels provided by our national, state and local governments; breach of which by any Klansman is a violation of his sacred obligation and forfeiture of his membership.

The Ku Klux Klan proposes the things for which they stand through cooperative efforts with the officers of the law. The very fact of secretiveness is a surety of effectiveness. The man sitting next to you may be a member. If the officers of the law, including the courts, fail to function, the Klan will see to their removal, not by force or violence, but by the effective method provided by law—the ballot. While the courts and law enforcement officers are faithful to their trust, they will have the full support of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. This organization maintains and has steadfastly adhered to the principle that we are a law abiding institution.

In Golden, at the foot of Castle Rock, near the base of the old funicular, someone lit a cross in the lawn of St. Joseph Catholic Church, a sight that brought fear into the mind of a young Catholic, the Garrison

girl, who lived catty-corner to the church. She'd seen the lit crosses before but it had always been up on the rock, far away in distant shadows, not right across 14th Street where she could hear the flickering snaps and smell the oily smoke as it drifted into the night. Those strangers, in hoods and robes, weren't all from Denver. Some might live next door. She was scared.

THE FAMILY

The power of this family was in its connections...not just who you know but who you marry. That kind of connection was extremely important, a holdover from the aristocracy of Europe after the Renaissance.

To qualify as a pioneer family in the Colorado west, the family needs to trace its origins back to the first or second generation of settlers. When one pioneer family connected with another, the union began to resemble the building of a clan, a power base. When a family added wealth, either by inheritance or by acquiring it through sheer determination, a family became a force.

The Casperson family in Golden was an amalgamation of three prominent families: the son and daughter of Jesse Casperson from Ohio, the Taylor family from Morrison, and the Tylers, principally William A., the judge, who married a Casperson.

Jesse Casperson was a mountain of a man, with a temper to match. It was rumored that he had bitten off a man's eyebrow when the unlucky gent spent a little too much time admiring one of Jesse's wives. Jesse was prolific too. Before migrating to Colorado with two children born by his second wife, Jesse had already sired nine children, most a year or two apart. The ninth child died at birth along with his first wife Mary Stewart. His second wife Caroline Zook bore him a daughter, Althea and two sons. The younger son, Bernard, was the twelfth child overall and the one who would help shape the town's future. Bernard had three sons—McKinley, Richard, and Bentley—and a daughter, Eleanor, who doesn't fit directly into this story.

Althea married William A. Tyler, a young attorney who would become a district judge. Tyler had followed Horace Greeley's advice to go west in 1873. As a 19-year-old with a "normal" school education, he was qualified to teach school. He spent two terms educating pupils, some only a year or two younger than he was, one up Coal Creek Canyon on Ralston Creek and another in Silver Plume. Tyler settled in Golden in 1875 and

began studying law, being admitted to the bar while Colorado was still a territory. William A., as a young attorney practicing in the 1870s, helped a young Prussian man —Adolph Kuhrs—with his legal affairs establishing a brewery. Years later “the judge,” as he came to be known, would provide his nephew Richard with the financial stake to attend law school at the University of Michigan, ultimately establishing a law firm that would last a hundred years. Later, as a young attorney practicing in Denver during the kindling of the Klan in Colorado, Richard married Mary Taylor, the daughter of Morrison land baron and entrepreneur John Taylor. Land acquisition was something the Caspersons already knew a thing or two about. A piece of land already acquired by Mac for the Casperson portfolio was South Table Mountain and its promontory point, Castle Rock.

Many small towns in the west boast some natural monument that stands out larger than life in children’s memories and provides the basis for legends and lore. Golden had two such features—Mount Zion to the west that featured the giant white M for the School of Mines, and Castle Rock to the east. Rising abruptly above the stately homes on Ford Street, the rock resembled a giant sentry guarding the city. Occasionally, when slabs of rock split off and came crashing down the mountain under the cliff, sounds like thunder would reverberate throughout the entire town, catapulting back and forth from the Table Mountains to Lookout Mountain and Mountain Zion until the rocky pieces had found their rest. Every time a chunk or slab fell off, the face of Castle Rock would change, as if the vigilant steward was ever watchful and ever changing.

Mac wanted to build a scenic railroad to the top of Castle Rock to service the dance hall and casino he had acquired. The judge was poking along toward the end of his career and didn’t think much of Mac’s plan, preferring law and believing it in his family’s interest to continue the legal practice that serviced the company in town, one of the largest in the state. The judge had always been disappointed that Mac had passed the profession by, preferring enterprises more spontaneous and lively. But the judge was pleased when his own son and his nephews, first Richard and later his baseball-playing younger brother Bentley, also a talented singer, followed him into the legal profession. As for Mac, while his brothers were back east attending law school, he pursued his many passions, purchasing land, planning housing developments, running civic organizations, attending secretive lodge meetings and pursuing the love he’d met on Castle Rock.

But, it was always the mountain, with a rim like a king's crown that captivated his imagination and inspired his dreams.

Even years later when the charm of the funicular faded for tourists, Mac devised other plans for the Castle Rock Mountain Railway and Resort. First, it was announced in the local paper that the Casperson Investment Company intended to mine basalt of the highest commercial value, the mineral located on the rims of South Table Mountain and Castle Rock. Basalt was highly sought by contractors doing paving and cement work. The rock would be crushed and sent to town via the funicular. Always scheming, Mac was.



Lookout Mountain's funicular opened a year before Mac's South Table Mountain funicular.

Shortly thereafter, Mac offered Castle Rock and the funicular to the Cody Memorial folks, who were seeking a final resting place for Buffalo Bill. Mac suggested that Castle Rock itself could serve as a site where, as the Transcript reported, “light from the monument at night ... could be seen for miles.” [In the next decade people would discover just how well “light” could shine from the mountain.] Like so many of Mac’s plans for the mountain, someone had a better plan, and William F. Cody was entombed on Lookout Mountain to the west instead, where an auto road, not a cable car, could zoom there around hair pin curves in only a few minutes.

Mac had always dreamed of lighting the mountain. The announcement of the funicular’s opening in one of the local papers said he envi-

sioned lights surrounding the rock, pointing up to expose the crags and crevices of the stately mount. At the top he'd erect at least three telescopes on a tower and a spotlight aimed at the Daniels and Fisher Tower in downtown Denver, the only skyscraper in the city.

As the funicular rail line failed and the fickle tourist interests favored the cement auto road up the Lariat Trail on Lookout Mountain, and as rumors of war proved true, the dance hall and casino closed, the rails recycled and the vacated rock with its buildings were left to wait for the KKK and its rallies, where burning crosses would be seen for miles in all directions and a ten-foot cross, fed by the electricity that once powered the funicular and ignited by monofilament light bulbs, proved a monument of a different sort. Not really the legacy for Castle Rock Mac had hoped for.

No one asked directly on Washington Avenue, but people wondered privately why the rallies were held on property owned by this particular family, some recalling that the resort on Castle Rock had always been advertised "for whites only." They wondered why this family, so prominent and respected, both for their professional legal work and land development, would be involved—if they were involved—with a movement so secretive and potentially shattering to the community. Their father Bernard, as the stately patriarch, post master and justice of the peace, was much too Presbyterian to embrace the secret activities of the Klan, even though other younger, Republican cronies seemed more and more sympathetic to the movement. His brother-in-law William A., married into the Casperson line, silently supported his wife Althea's work with the Women's Christian Temperance Union while maintaining his law practice from his office in the Rubey National Bank. Certainly the judge wouldn't approve of these secretive nocturnal activities.

So during the short span of the Klan in Colorado, Richard and the much younger Bentley practiced law, and Mac worked on deals—real estate, the local building and loan, and other business ventures. Mac was the bachelor, businessman and baron; Richard and Bentley, attorneys at law. The judge, an old man by this time and reminiscing in his office more than working, wished he could muster the energy to oppose these new notions lighting up as fiery crosses around the state, but his opinion didn't amount to much any more.

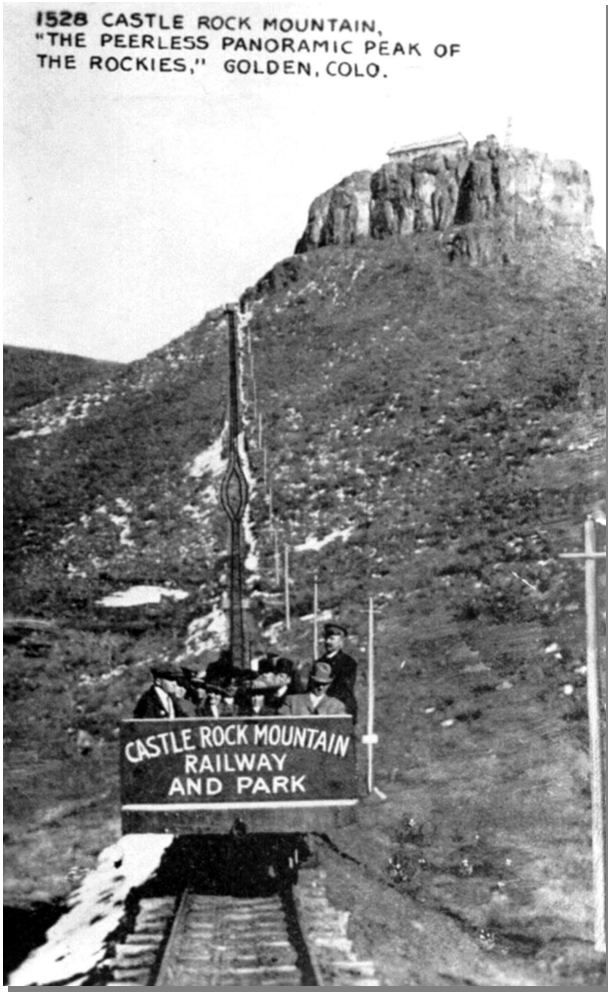
BATTLE OF THE MOUNTAINS

Above the town to the west, Mt. Zion and Lookout Mountain formed the first of the foothills rising along the Front Range of the Rockies. To the east were the table mesas, remnants of volcanic activity long since dormant. In the middle was the pioneer town, named most agree after an early trader Tom Golden, emerging into a new century, with new treasures to be discovered and new fortunes to be made by this new breed of entrepreneur. In Golden, in the second generation of its founding, it was the battle between Lookout Mountain to the west and Castle Rock to the east.

In a similar struggle, Golden just never seemed to emerge victorious with its larger cousin to the east, the Queen City of the Plains. First, the city along the Platte stole the capital distinction away from the more stately golden gateway to “them thar” hills. Next, it grabbed Lookout Mountain for one of its “mountain parks,” to allow Denver day trippers the opportunity to gaze upon the great city to the east, on days when the brown haze was not covering the Platte River Valley.

For local entrepreneurs like Mac, this battle for the “buena vista” presented a marvelous opportunity. He loved his own table-shaped rock mountain. Mac and his sister would photograph passengers on his train and agree to send the photos to them for a small fee after processing the prints in their own facility next to the Casperson office. He would make post cards from the photos and print billboards on the side of the Casperson Block building at 13th and Washington, just across the street from the site where the trolley would turn around for its return trip to Denver. Mac, as a marketer, was ahead of his time.

For Rees Vidler, an eccentric millionaire miner most recently from Georgetown 45 miles up Clear Creek, the competition and opportunity to gain the higher advantage on Lookout Mountain proved equally enticing. Vidler, an Englishman, opened his “funicular” [locals figured only an Englishman would call it that] a year before the Caspersons opened their ride to the top of Castle Rock. At the summit of Lookout Mountain, an



A photo post card showing the funicular and the resort buildings at the top of Castle Rock

enterprising young man from Massachusetts, William H. Wagenbach, ran the ice cream stand, the favorite place to wait for the ride back down. Vidler seemed to love the light-hearted competition with the American brothers. Vidler would meet Denverites as they disembarked from the trolley with a megaphone, mimicking Mac, who used a megaphone to describe the town for tourists from his linear vantage point on his funicular

ride. He would yell, "Want to see a real city from a real mountain? You didn't come all this way to climb some table top, did you? Come see the real Rockies from the top of a real mountain." To those from Golden who heard his chiding, Vidler was already becoming something of a villain, making promises and breaking them, always preferring Denver over Golden and the dollars represented there.

So for a few short years, an adventurous visitor from Denver might choose to disembark from the Interurban Tramway for a ride up the Lookout Mountain Scenic Railway, the funicular to the west, or chat for awhile before climbing aboard the Castle Rock Railway and a ride to the top of the mesas. Dance hall and party pavilions could be found at each destination.

Mac and his family had the financial backing of the "old man," as the brewery's founder was called, and his manufacturing plant below Castle Rock, while Lookout Mountain had the financial backing of Vidler, some prominent Denver families like the Boettchers, and the big-city government itself. It was the same

spirited competition that would spit back its venom in a few short years over Red Rocks Park, but for the pre-



Mac and his burros, the predecessors of the funicular. Mac would rent burros and lead pack trips to the top of Castle Rock.

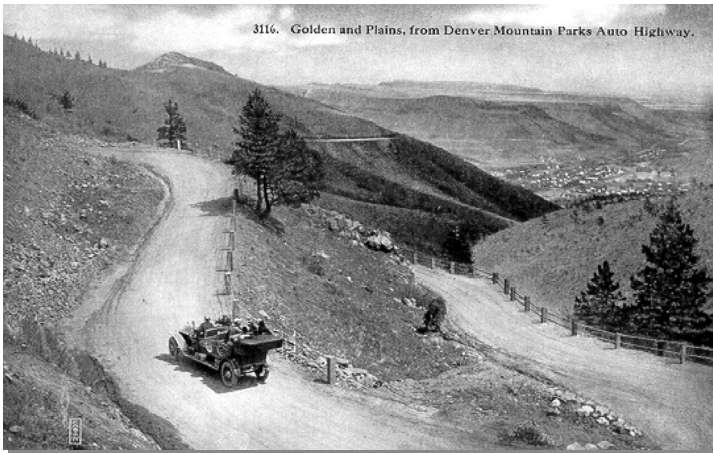
sent, the tussle seemed sporty and lighthearted. Lookout Mountain had a greater elevation, but both summits presented distinct views worthy of the trips to the top.

On Castle Rock before building the funicular, Mac had worn a zig-zagging burro trail up the mountain and his earliest visitors rode the backs of Jacks and Jennys to the top of the rock. On one occasion to promote his mountain over the rival Lookout Mountain, he enlisted the backing of the American Automobile Association and the Golden Civic Club, of which he was president, to stage an outrageous stunt on Castle Rock. Using the old road from Pleasant View, he brought fifty old junkers to the top of the rock, pushing them one by one over the 100' cliff in front of a large crowd gathered up and down the mountain. Then there were the dueling funiculars and finally the battle to become the burial ground for William F. Cody.

But what really doomed Mac's venture on South Table Mountain, as well as Vidler's funicular up Lookout, was the lure of the automobile and the independence it brought. The auto road Mac had hacked up the face of Castle Rock was torturous and in essence, a dead end. A road to the top of Lookout Mountain, winding up the face of Mount Zion with its classic M, would be a sure winner, establishing a breathtaking route to the west and to the resort and camping area planned for the top.

A Golden contractor named "Cement Bill" Williams raised more than \$30,000, half from Charles Boettcher himself, to build the 5.4 mile cement road, first dubbed Williams Road and later the Lariat Trail. They called him "Cement Bill" because the local hardware stores simply could not keep the energetic contractor supplied with the product. [Williams loved the moniker so well that he asked the phone company to use it in his telephone book listing.] From the top of "the Straight-Away" on 19th Street at the base of the mountain, for three years Williams and his crews plowed, picked, pecked and blasted their way to the top, even enduring the Blizzard of 1913, the largest snow storm in Colorado's recorded history. After the road was completed, Denver reneged on paying its part of construction costs so Williams stopped all cars with Denver plates at the stone pillars at the base of the climb and wouldn't let them pass until the big city boys paid up.

Cement Bill and Mac held one value in common. They loved their home town and bristled at the notion that Denver could do whatever it



The lure of travel by the automobile over open roads like the Lariat Trail helped doom the funicular rail lines up Mt. Morrison, Mt. Lookout and Castle Rock.

wanted, whenever it wanted. Such were the skirmishes over rights-of-way and entrepreneurial vision in those days—man against man, city vs. city, town against town, and public vs. private.

With the sporty battle for mountain supremacy most assuredly lost, Mac wasted little time cementing and glazing his own future, traveling east and west across the country marketing the scientific porcelain and ceramics made from Golden's clay. In the decade to follow, with the rails of the funicular long abandoned, all that was left on Castle Rock was the wooden dance pavilion, remote, yet still visible from below...a perfect spot for demonstrating the growing power and prominence of the Ku Klux Klan.

MISS LILLIAN

Mac thought it extremely fortunate that he'd met her so happenstance on the funicular, and from that chance encounter he had begun a vigorous pursuit of the woman he learned from other riders that day was Lillian Prichard from the Capitol Hill region of Denver. A fun-loving farm girl originally from Nebraska who'd spent two years in nursing school at St. Luke's Hospital in Denver, Lillian enjoyed being alive in the decade before the 20s. She was able to focus Mac's interests in a way nothing or no one else could, causing the poet in him to wish he had the time and talent for verse. Instead he poured gift after lavish gift her way, seeking to solidify her attentions from the raft of other courtiers, most from far down the trolley line in Denver.

On one particular occasion, Mac had arranged to meet Lillian at the Golden interurban station and had arranged for a private ride up the funicular with a candlelit dinner at the "resort," as he liked to call it. Once on top, Mac asked the chef to delay their dinner long enough for a quick side excursion to a site known to most as a rumor. Mac took Lillian's hand and began walking toward the south down what appeared to be a game path. The path dipped down between two large outcroppings with native bushes and brush all around the base. Slipping into the side of a small cave opening on the rim south of the larger rock, they entered into a large angular room and in the middle extending back into the dark was a lake, or at least a pond, with a row boat, complete with oars, sitting part on shore, part in the still, dark water.

"Mac, I never..." and she drew him in closer to her side, which up to now had been kept to a gentlemanly distance, arm in arm. "It's beautiful."

"I told you so. Most people in town only think it's a legend, some kind of native lore, but here it is," and with soft whispers barely trickling off the jagged walls, Mac rowed his dreamboat around the lake, which only took a few pulls to accomplish from side to side. She giggled at his "English" accent, a characteristic that marked Mac as one of the town's eccentrics. His marketing scheme of handing out roses and barking

through his megaphone with his accent had prompted his nickname “Rawsey”.

“I have so many other places I want to show you,” Mac said, sitting down on the rocky shoreline and offering his hand for Lillian to join him.

As she sat down, pushing her long skirt and numerous undergarments “just so” to give her a cushion on the rocks, she asked curiously, “What places, Mac? Where on earth would you like to take little old me?” The last question had a tinge of southern belle.

“Well, to Green Lake, for one. We could ride the Colorado and Southern up Clear Creek Canyon to Silver Plume over the Devil’s Gate Bridge. Have you ever done that? Have you seen the high bridge? And then we could ride back down to Georgetown, have lunch at the Hotel de Paris and hitch a buggy ride on up to Green Lake. It’s absolutely exquisite there. The deepest green water...”

“Why, Mac, that’s way too much travel and activity for one day. Just where would we stay?” It really was an innocent question, but it caught Mac off guard.

“Oh...ah...ah...Georgetown, or even Lawson. Or even the Peck House in Empire. Then next day we could take the Argentine Central up Mt. McClellan. It climbs to very top of the divide.” Mac’s enthusiasm was bouncing off the cave walls.

“Mac?” Lillian asked softly and slowly, bringing him back to the dim light from the late afternoon sun shining in almost parallel to the narrow entrance of the cave. “Tell me...why have you never married?” If Mac had been thrown off guard by her previous question, this one threw him for a proverbial loop.

“Well, I don’t know. All my traveling for the porcelain plant, I guess. Gone here and there. In fact, I’ve got a trip to the Northwest next month, and I’ll be gone at least a month. And...and...until I met you, I’d never met the right woman.” Mac paused to see if this statement had found its mark. Lillian looked toward the opening in the rock where the light was beginning to fade as the sun slipped behind Mt. Zion to the west.

“Mac, look. I believe it’s time for us to head back to the pavilion, don’t you think?” Mac stood and cautiously extended his arm for Lillian to pull herself up. Brushing herself off and fiddling with her hair, she added after a very long pause, “Mac, I’d never met the right man either...until I met you.”

From that point on, Mac would refer to her as his “lily of the valley,” because he loved the flower and the wide variety of birds they attracted. Most who knew him believed Mac had finally met his match. No one could know then that Miss Lillian, Mac’s “lily of the valley,” would eventually challenge his family’s involvement with the Klan.

That night, though, was a distant memory now, and Mac was troubled. She had seemed so carefree and vulnerable back then, in the dark calmness of the cave. Now she was one of the warriors, fighting on the side that opposed the Klan and its hand-picked governor who would usher in a new era of law, safety and family values. Her flirtatiousness had been transformed into fury. Mac was still smitten, but more by the woman she had been than by the woman she was becoming.

He recalled how later that night as they descended the mountain, they’d witnessed the rare lunar rainbow, formed when the clouds part enough to let the moonlight shine on lightly falling rain or late evening mist. The result is a gray-scale spectrum where instead of colors, there are shades of gray blending into the darkness of the night. “Mac,” she had marveled, “what do you think that means? Why, in the Bible the rainbow is the sign of God’s promise. What can a ‘moonbow’ mean?”

Perhaps, a curse, he thought now.

CAÑON CITY RALLY

“**Y**ou’ve got to come with us, Richard. It’s not that long of a drive, and we’re bound to learn something from them.” Bentley continued with his onslaught, one argument after another about the benefits of attending the rally in Cañon City. “They’ve even elected men to the school board, for Pete’s sake. They know how to organize and infiltrate. Locke might even be there.”

“Is she coming?” *Will Jezebel be there?* Richard thought. Richard wasn’t impressed by Bentley’s elusive blond lady friend, much too crass and opinionated, especially for a woman. She believed in the women’s vote yet still supported the Klan, even marched with them and wanted to attend the men’s rallies, even if it meant dressing like a man, joining the women’s auxiliary only as a last resort. It just didn’t make sense. Oh, Richard recognized her charm; he just didn’t trust her; you just don’t take up with people this way.

“You bet your pearly whites she’s coming,” Bentley responded. She was the kind of gal he’d always envisioned and pursued, just hadn’t married. She was fresh, spirited, smart yet sassy. She didn’t fit with the “prim and proper” and she made him laugh. But Bentley had married another, his college sweetheart, and they were settled in a snug little bungalow on Gaylord Street in Denver. Similar to other men of the time, Bentley kept his wife and children well-cared-for at home while he lived carefree and somewhat carelessly when away.

“We can be there in four hours, five hours tops. Here’s the best: Locke may be there—even Morley.”

Richard was a family man, and his interest in Cañon City was more of curiosity than of passion but the event would get him out of the house this night and he needed that once in a while. He considered his younger brother, and his ideas, to be reckless at times, uncalculated. Bentley saw the trip to Cañon City as the means to spend more time with his wild female friend and companion. As she came bounding out of her house to join the brothers, she called out “Shot-gun!”, a reference borrowed from stage coach days, but in the new vernacular of the auto ride it meant sitting on the outside, not in the middle all scrunched up near the gear shift.

“Now, that’s it, Bentley! No woman is going to ride shotgun in my car.” She slid in between the brothers with a pout and a smirk, loving to get the best of Richard in this little war of loyalties, never really intending to ride on the outside, but enjoying the tight snuggle riding between them.

To Bentley, the time roared by. To Richard, a millennium seemed to pass.

Pulling into Cañon City, they saw a town much like their own hometown of Golden with bluffs and foothills, and a downtown with an “old west” appearance. But Cañon City was more isolated, miles from Colorado Springs and Pueblo, not nearly as close as Denver to Golden. What many envisioned as the future of the state was already a state of affairs in Cañon City. The Klan was in control.

When the trio arrived at the rally [where even a Ferris wheel would adorn the complex at later rallies], Col. McKeever was in the middle of an extended oratory:

This order has come with its high ideals, drifting away from old party lines, reaching up towards God for guidance to find men, white, with honest hearts, clean brains and that could not be bought. It is a fight for a clean, pure American ballot box against the plunderers of our national and state and town treasuries, and we win! It is a cry of a new John the Baptist in the wilderness, ‘Prepare ye the way for the new citizenship Messiah!’ over against the organized enemies, and we win! It is a leap in the early morning of our nation’s life of the best manhood and womanhood the world has ever seen into a movement to protect our homes, our schools, our Protestantism and our sacred institutions against the low-down, skinny, batwing of the old world, and we win!

After the rally, the group migrated with the locals over to the First Baptist Church for a pot luck dinner, officiated by none other than Pastor Frederick G. Arnold, who would become exalted cyclops of the Colorado chapter of the Ku Klux Klan after the un-ceremonial ouster of John Galen Locke in 1925.



A Cañon City KKK rally, a community event and a wild ride.

As the travelers prepared for their return trip to Golden, Bentley began his critique, “See, Richard, if you get the locals behind you like they do here—preachers, school board members, businessmen—then the vote will follow. We get enough votes, and we’ll control the House, maybe even the Senate. That’s why local organizing is so important. If it weren’t

for the brewery, we'd have Golden too."

On the way out of town, they drove past a sign that read: *Get your Kold Koca Kola at Singer's Drug Store*. So much for the "Invisible Empire" in Cañon City. It was pretty darned visible.

On the long ride back to Denver, Richard felt a discomfort much greater than the one he felt by his association with Bentley and his companion. There was something too polar in the thinking he was hearing, too divided, too reactionary, or in a phrase, bad for business. Bentley wasn't thinking about anything cerebral at all. But if Richard couldn't argue his point with Bentley now, he'd convey it later to Mac; because of the three brothers Mac had a mind for the "deal." If the Klan proved bad for business, the brothers would need to take a stand.

THE AUTO INCIDENT

Some might have thought this was a harbinger of events to follow. Bentley might have chosen a less influential and prominent person to share his first auto encounter...but the circumstance chose him, not the other way around. Bentley, home from his second year at Amherst, had borrowed Mac's car for a night out with friends, specifically two young women and a male friend his age from Golden. As they approached Golden near the Boyd Bridge on the north road, a large vehicle swooshed past them in the evening darkness, causing Bentley to lose control. The Casperson car careened off the road, tumbling over once. Bentley's two lady friends, Miss Elizabeth Hatch and Miss Francis Townshend, both sustained injuries requiring treatment. It was later determined that the mystery car, a Pierce Arrow, was owned by Denver philanthropist A.V. Hunter, a man of considerable means, and driven by Hunter's chauffeur.

A.V. (Absalom Valentine) Hunter, a contemporary of other notable millionaire mining magnates such as Baby Doe Tabor and Molly and Horace Brown, had been lured from his successful pursuits in Leadville to become president of Denver's First National Bank. He and his wife maintained their residence at the Brown Palace Hotel. Thus what would become a business and banking competition between the Caspersons and Mr. Hunter began as a legal entanglement over the auto incident, one that would remain in the courts and appellate courts for years.

The initial law suit, an \$800 claim by McKinley F. Casperson against A.V. Hunter was dismissed in Jefferson County court under Judge William C. Matthews of Gilpin County. Casperson had sought the damages, alleging that Hunter's chauffeur in attempting to drive his car past the one driven by his brother Bentley had struck his car and forced it off the road, causing it to overturn and injuring its occupants. The trial lasted a day and a half, Hunter being represented by Gerald Hughes and Mac being represented by his brother Richard. Hearing the decision, Mac gave notice he intended to appeal to district court.

Two years later a jury reversed the earlier decision, giving Mac \$550 as a settlement. Hunter had filed for, and been denied, a change in venue, suggesting that as a resident of Denver, he couldn't receive a fair trial in Golden. By this time Bentley had transferred to the University of Michigan and had graduated from the law department. Just prior to commencement, he pitched his last game for Michigan against the University of Pennsylvania winning by a score of 4-3. Ty Cobb was the umpire. Shortly after the decision against Hunter, Bentley was admitted to the Colorado bar.

Around the same time, the Colorado Transcript, Golden's paper, reported that a new town was being planned in Weld County, about thirty miles east of Greeley, to be "populated entirely by colored people." To be named Deerfield, it would be located just off the Union Pacific lines, according to its intended founder O.T. Jackson.

As the case continued in the courts and on the pages of the Transcript, Hunter clearly believed that his driver had not been at fault. Why else would a millionaire quibble over \$800, or \$550 for that matter? Hunter wasn't used to being challenged, in the courts or anywhere else, and these Caspersons from Golden were becoming a nuisance to him. Meanwhile, Bentley, the darling of the pitching mound and college glee clubs, began to build a reputation in the legal profession, one that combined his love for fun and frivolity with his competitive drive. But in quiet discussions among themselves, his older brothers wondered whether it was Bentley's carelessness that had caused the accident and whether his stubborn denial was what urged A.V. Hunter to battle so. Perhaps, they reckoned, time would tell.

TEMPERANCE

Prohibition had not exactly descended on Colorado like a “thief in the night.” The Anti-Saloon League and the Women’s Christian Temperance Union had been active for years, lining up one state at a time to oppose the sale and use of alcoholic beverages. For Golden, Colorado, and the many men and their families who depended on employment at the brewery, Prohibition was an enemy to their way of life. But to others in Golden, like Althea Casperson Tyler, alcohol was the enemy and too many families were being brutalized by its ravishing effects. The two forces were converging and with more states allowing the women’s vote, the Eighteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution came as a result. Men voting by themselves would never have gone that far.

For more than a decade leading up to the adoption of Prohibition in the state, local protestant churches used their pulpits to preach the evils of drink. Women from those churches would march up and down Washington Avenue in front of the many establishments located there and in front of the Rubey National Bank where Judge Tyler kept his office. One of the women was the Judge’s wife Althea, all four-feet-eleven of her full of spit and vinegar. Many women in Golden agreed with her stance against alcohol, that Lady Drink had lured far too many husbands into her evil lair. Yet at the same time, many of those husbands were employed by the brewery. And the judge had earned more than a few dollars handling legal affairs for the “old man” and his many business ventures.

As a company, the brewery prided itself in not laying off employees when the business or political climate changed, but would alter its product lines and reformat its jobs in order to accommodate loyal employees. Aware of the embargo against German trade in high quality ceramics and porcelain, the Prussian immigrant saw an opening there. He commissioned a local man, an upstart and friendly entrepreneur, Mac Casperson, to facilitate the purchase of the struggling Herold porcelain venture, one that would become the porcelain plant, with Mac as company secretary,

employing many during the rough and tumble Prohibition era.

The brewery's "home-grown" production of its own ingredients, like the Rocky Mountain spring water that made its beer unique, led to a new line during the dry years—Malted Milk, and the company negotiated an exclusive deal with Hershey to buy that product line. On January 1, 1916, Prohibition became a reality in Colorado. By 1920, it had spread to all states. Working together, the "old man" and his three sons found ways to keep the brewery open and their operations profitable, though barely, during what became eighteen long, dry years.

The family's porcelain business in Golden, established prior to prohibition, blossomed. Orders for its highly regarded products—from cooking ware to scientific items—came from around the country. The brewing equipment was kept busy making several popular food products, including malted milk and a non-alcoholic near-beer called *Mannab*.

The anti-foreign sentiments espoused by the Klan didn't sit too well with the immigrant family that held the future of Golden in its hands. And its many employees, while privately adhering to many of the Klan's ideals, knew their public loyalty to the company would achieve more in the long run. So yet in another way, Golden resisted the anti-foreign influence that was to become epidemic in the capital city to the east, or at least was better at keeping it concealed.

For Mac, who had become close friends with second generation president of the porcelain business and oldest son of the Prussian founder, his fascination with the Klan was fading rapidly, being replaced by an apprehension of those who occupied his family's buildings and property on Castle Rock.

After all, it had been Bentley, number 1041 of the Denver klavern, who had pressured Mac into allowing the Klan to use the remote mountain top and its aging resort. It had been Bentley who argued that the Klan notoriety would bring renewed fame and publicity to Mac's beloved mountain—even though it might raise a few eyebrows as well. So after initial opposition, Mac gave his permission and joined Bentley in wearing down and ultimately convincing their brother Richard. *Let there be light*, Mac would muse from down below on nights when the Klan would gather there, fire up its crosses, initiate new members and hone its political rhetoric for the upcoming election.

THE TRAIN RIDE

Mac paced up and down the landing at the north station, stopping each time he reached the furthest point to the east to peer for some sign of the train he knew would be arriving soon from Denver on the narrow gauge Colorado and Southern line. The train arrived twice a day in Golden traveling roughly parallel to Clear Creek along the same route as the north auto road and then climbed on to the gold and silver mining towns to the west. Mac was doubly excited—first because he loved riding trains of any kind and second because she was on the train, his Miss Lillian. He hadn't wanted all the old ladies in town to gossip, so instead of meeting her on the more familiar Interurban where many eyes would see them, he had walked across Clear Creek along Ford Street with a single leather luggage bag in hand to join her on the train in Goosetown, named for the gangly flock of brewery geese that ran loose throughout the neighborhood. If the eyes of the Cornish women who lived in the small houses of Goosetown were watching, it mattered much less than being seen by the socially elite on the south side of town. *If only the train would come.*

In addition, this rendezvous would leave them alone by themselves as a couple, with no chaperones or older relatives serving tea. Of course, there would be plenty of proper decorum displayed because this was a courtship, not some clandestine get-away. Rooms had been reserved and paid for in advance at the boarding house in Silver Plume run by one of the Buckley clan. Round-trip tickets, one from Denver and one from Golden, had been secured to the end of the line west of Silver Plume. Judge Tyler had given Mac a list of places to see, along with a few notes about some of the local Clear Creek County lore. The judge had settled in Georgetown from Montreal decades before and often vacationed in the area with his family so he knew the places to see. On his list were these: the Mount McClellan railroad, the roundhouse, Union Pass between Empire and Georgetown, the Devil's Gate bridge, the Georgetown power plant on Leavenworth Creek, and of course, his little Georgetown cabin

where he lived when he taught school in Silver Plume. One of his stories concerned the old miner, marooned high above Silver Plume where on quiet nights, one can still hear him playing fiddle music—mystic Celtic tunes. Mac couldn't wait to tell that one to Lillian, because as a storyteller, Mac had few peers, embellishing, fabricating, hypothesizing and moralizing when appropriate.

Mac heard the warning whistle and knew the train was crossing the north road about a mile east of the station. It wouldn't be long now until he'd be gazing into her blue-green eyes, the spell-binding eyes that had caught his fancy on the funicular. He hadn't seen her in months, having endured back-to-back sales trips for the porcelain plant, first back east and then to the Northwest and California. Although he'd sent at least one telegraph message each week, he longed for the discourse of direct engagement, her giggles, her feigned astonishment, and, in a few words, her company. His last message had said. "Can't wait. Stop. Tickets, rooms reserved, 7/20-24. Stop. Make plans. Stop. Mac." She had written him a post card response, which was waiting for him when he arrived back in Golden. It read, "Why, Mac, you are such a dear romantic. Ever since our date in the cave, I've waited to see what you might 'spring' on me next time. I'll take the C&S train in the a.m. on the 20th. Affectionately, Lillian." He had the post card in his jacket pocket along with a dried, faded flower he'd picked for her in California.

Mac saw the engine first, a large number 69 in white letters and a single, but intensely burning, bright light ahead of the rest of the train with coal car, mail car, observation car, two coach cars and a caboose following. Mac waited at the exact spot where he knew the coach cars would eventually rest once the engine gave its final chug. A porter hopped out from the back of the first coach and placed a step on the platform next to the stairs into the car. The porter had barely let go when Mac's shoe excitedly stepped aboard and on to the train. Turning the corner into the car, it took him but seconds to spy her, sitting next to a window in partial silhouette and staring out, with a thin gentle smile on her face. At least Mac thought she was smiling but as she turned to him, she exploded into a startled, open-mouthed, head-shaking grin. *Oh, she was so happy to see him again.*

"Mac, you are such a handsome man." He plopped down next to her, sliding his bag under the two-seated chair and propping himself up to

gaze at her while she went on. "This is happening at just the right time. I've been working long hours at the clinic and I'm so-o-o tired. Of course you'll have to tell me all about your travels." He wondered if he should just kiss her now. If only she would pause long enough.

"Of course, I will," Mac began, "but first I want you to see the canyon. I still remember the first time I climbed into the canyon up the tracks. Nearly scared me to death when a train came from nowhere at one of the skinniest parts, with just the track, the canyon walls and Clear Creek. Phew!" She smiled politely, having heard this story before. Just as he finished, the train lurched forward. They were on their way.

Mac began his rolling cavalcade, describing every place and landmark as the train passed. First, Ford Street, then the porcelain plant and then Washington Avenue—each including a description like those on the post cards he manufactured. As the train entered the canyon, a conductor arose from the front of the car, making his way from passenger to passenger, saying simply, "Tickets?" He would snatch each ticket one at a time, examine it closely and then, using a gadget in his right hand, punch the ticket a multiple of times as if there were a pattern, handing it back blindly with a snap. It seemed like part of a play to Mac and Lillian and they made big eyes and shrugged at each other when he passed them by. The train was chugging quickly by now and the narrow cars rocked and rolled around the turns. Unlike the Moffat route over the Rollins pass, there were no tunnels in Clear Creek Canyon, with the train following the creek, side by side. Here and there the train crossed over wooden trestles to the other side. Mac excitedly pointed out the window. "Up ahead...that's Sentinel Rock!" The engine turned under the large outcropping that to some looked like a warrior's face and disappeared around the corner.

The first stop was at the Beaver Brook Station, where a small stream descended from the south. Passengers were allowed to disembark for a few minutes while the train took on water for its steam engine. Mac and Lillian stepped onto the wooden platform and Mac pointed up the stream toward an old wagon road. "There used to be a lumber mill about six miles up. It supplied the wood for much of Golden's earlier buildings." Lillian nodded her head and seemed politely interested.

The conductor yelled, "All aboard!" and the couple climbed back up the stairs into the car and scurried to their seats. From the narrow cars snaking along roadbed snugly between the creek and the mountain, the

canyon walls appeared rugged and jagged as the train continued its course, the vertical slabs of granite rising up about 1,000' on both sides. An old man spoke out in brogue, "The moll that picked out this route must have been a perfect divil wid wings!"

Next they passed Elk Creek and a side track where an uphill train often waited for a downhill train to pass. They kept on chugging along. About three miles on up, near the spot where the old Mt. Vernon road descended from Bergen Park on its way to Black Hawk, the train slowed and then stopped abruptly. "Stay in your seats!" the conductor shouted and he left the train, walking up toward the engine. Next to the coal car, the conductor huddled with the train's engineer, pointing and motioning up the valley. Their conversation lasted several minutes and Mac took the extra moments to whet Lillian's appetite about the rest of their adventurous ride.

"Wait until you see the Loop, where the track actually crosses over itself. It's really only about a mile from Georgetown to Silver Plume as the crow flies but in order for the train to maintain an eight percent grade, it winds hither and yon and then, even over itself. That's why it's called the Georgetown Loop. When you see the roiling rapids and how high the bridge is, you'll know why it's called the Devil's Gate." Mac was pleased with his explanation.

The conductor climbed back aboard and all the passengers in the car quieted, assuming that when they were silent, he would speak. They were right. "We have encountered a problem. We've been informed that up the line, the descending train has jumped the track and hit a rock wall. This caused the engine to flip. I'm very sorry to inform you that the engineer, James Duffy, was pinned inside and scalded to death by the engine's own steam." This statement took the steam out of those listening as well. "You have two alternatives, actually three. The Colorado and Southern has engaged the services of a wagon that will take you up the old road to Bergen. From there, you may hitch a ride into Idaho Springs. The second alternative is this: we'll uncouple one coach car and those who desire may wait until the derailment engine is successfully righted. You can wait in the other coach at the siding we just passed and when the engine arrives, it'll pull you on west. As for the 96 and the rest of the train, we will back up down to Golden where all remaining passengers will disembark. I regret that due to the delay already encountered, you must decide upon your

course right away.”

Mac was visibly distraught and depressed. All his planning was going to waste. His sliver of time with her was being squeezed by events completely out of his control. “Lillian, we must return to Golden then. As it was, we needed to be back by tomorrow evening. Either of the other two alternatives makes it practically impossible to return tomorrow.”

“But, Mac, what about the reservations and all the places you wanted to show me? Can’t you re-schedule the meeting?”

“How can I, Lillian? It’s the porcelain plant’s board of directors. It involves something about the German market and a new line of product. It’s important that I be there!”

“I thought I was the most important...” Lillian’s words trailed off and were interrupted by the conductor.

“I apologize, but you must make your decision now. We need to know how many to plan for: the wagon, the coach or the train back to Golden. What will it be? Sir?” He looked directly at Mac.

“Back to Golden,” Mac sighed.

“And your traveling companion? Miss?” The conductor continued his part in this play gone awry.

“I’ll wait in the coach, sir.” *I’ll wait.*

The two said little as Mac took Lillian’s grip to the other coach car. He climbed outside as the train decoupled from the second coach car. The process seemed to take forever. Finally, it was over and he climbed aboard the train.

She watched as Mac’s train began its descent, and as the train rounded the bend, the 96 and its strong light disappeared, vanishing along with the sound of the mechanized world, leaving only the rush and ripple of the creek in its never-ending ritual of replacing itself. Lillian noticed an aspen leaf in the current, prematurely yellow and floating on its own.

That’s me, she thought.

That nursing assignment in France with the Red Cross might be what she needed right now after all. McKinley was simply too busy pursuing his scientific porcelain sales as part of the war effort, at least it seemed that way to her, so perhaps a justifiable and patriot absence would make his heart grow fonder. And the home boys needed her there, didn’t they? She was more than somebody’s girlfriend. She was a nurse.

THE MOONSHINERS

The two boys, nine or ten years old, climbed the hill to the house hastily vacated, windows left open and front door ajar. One of their parents had told the pair at breakfast that during the night a truck had rumbled down the hill from that direction with a heavy, clanking load, and they figured whoever lived in the house had packed up and taken off during the cover of darkness. The boys scurried off to confirm such suspicions.

One of the boys attended the North School in Golden which meant it was unusual to have a chum from the South School where the other boy went. Typically, up through sixth grade at least, boys from the north side pretty much kept to themselves and didn't take too kindly to lads south of Clear Creek, boys who were sons of shop keepers and School of Mines' professors. If a kid from the south side got caught up on the north, he might end up with a shiner, de-pantsed or worse yet. But these two boys, like Tom and Huck, were able to bridge this social gap, especially in search of a good adventure.

"Isn't this where old man Humphreys used to live with his maniac sons," the south-sider asked a little frightfully as the boys made their way to the top of the hill.

"Yeah, but that was before the bank repossessed it. They live in that old shack by the mine now. But they're still maniacs, all right. I heard one of them was going to marry his cousin."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, but then someone caught her and took her back to the zoo." The boys giggled softly, still a little wary about their task at hand.

"What's that smell?" asked the south-sider. "Gosh, that stinks."

"Have you ever smelled dead people?" his friend asked with a wince. "They say they smell kind of sweet. Doesn't this smell sweet to you?"

"It smells more like garbage to me. Rotten pumpkins." By this point the boys had reached the dilapidated front porch. The front door was wide open and other than their own panting, the only other sound they heard

was the Chinook wind blowing down from the foothills above. The warm wind seemed to intensify the foul fragrance emanating from inside.

As popular as Prohibition was, not only in the United States but in many parts of the world, the Great War was over and in general people were happy again. People were ready to celebrate and that meant alcoholic beverages, though prohibited by law, were still in demand, regardless of supply. Prohibition had forced many working men from the brewery to learn new trades. The collapse of the price of precious metals like gold and silver did the same for the hard-rock miners from Central City and Blackhawk, many of them settling in north Golden. One of the new trades was “bootlegging” with its new vocabulary of booze, hooch, moonshine and white mule whiskey. Many houses had been vacated as families left for greater fortunes elsewhere and others were simply foreclosed and deserted.

Inside, the boys found no furniture or worthwhile belongings, just a myriad of old newspapers and magazines. In the middle of the front room floor was a hole about the size of a basketball sawn roughly through the floor planks. The smell was coming from the cellar below, carved out from the native rock and soil below. On the side of the house was the cellar door, perched like a shed roof next to the north wall. Back outside, it took the lifting might of both boys to gain entrance because the door hadn’t been opened in a long time. Inside the cellar at the bottom of the steep steps, they were met by a stench of strong chemicals, rotting vegetation and a revolting wall of “mash” from the floor to the ceiling joists—mash, the residue, the aftermath of the distilling process. Apparently, once the cavity had been filled, the residents, the squatters, the moon-shiners, had no choice but to move on to another abandoned house, farm or mine to carry on their illicit trade.

“Let’s look around back,” said one of the boys. “Maybe they left some of their stash behind.” If some were to be found, it might fetch \$7 a gallon or a dollar a pint.

In just a few months Sheriff Walter Johnson would investigate a forest fire at the mouth of Coal Creek Canyon, where an explosion of a still in an old mine building had triggered the fire with alcohol the likely source for the blaze. He was quoted as saying, “Fire destroys a lot of the evidence but it doesn’t take a college professor to figure out what was going on here.”

It would not be the last fire deliberately set in these parts either. When hiding evidence, fire can be a great friend.

THE SERMON

The young Presbyterian pastor was clearly agitated. His question was this: how could he oppose this movement that tarnished the heart of Christianity even as others, some from his own congregation, claimed Scripture taught these radical positions? On the other hand, he wanted to avoid trouble with the Session and the Presbytery, and he was uncertain whose feathers he might ruffle there. Although he had no certain proof, he guessed there were some from his own flock who were robed in white during the dark of night lighting crosses on hillsides.

The pastor, seeking counsel outside his inner circle, left his church study one evening, traversing Courthouse Hill and crossing the train trestle over the gully called Kinney Run up to Ford Street. He knocked on the door of the judge, William A. Tyler, seeking his advice even though the judge was not a Presbyterian but a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church down the hill from his church. The pastor was pretty sure the judge was not one of the Klan.

“You know, pastor,” the judge began after exchanging pleasantries, “I’ve seen a great deal in my life. This enchantment with the Klan will pass. Its message has no meat and its controlling component is fear. People will tire of being afraid. We may have scars but the incisions will heal. The west was born in fury but it will surely settle in reason. It may just take time, of which, I declare, I wish I had more.” Of course, there was more spoken between the two, along with some tea served by the judge’s wife called by most Little Mama, but this was the gist of it. And with this affirmation, the pastor determined to make his stand.

Later that night the judge wrote one of his final letters to the newspaper which for years he’d been the “western correspondent.”

Special to the Forrester, Ill. Herald...

I visited the home of one of my former associates one evening last week. He lives under the shadow of Castle Rock, the igneous

outcropping publicized recently in the Denver papers as the site of KKK demonstrations. After dinner, he invited me into a room he kept under lock and key. Lined up on the wall were a dozen or more white robes and hoods, each neatly hung by hooks on the wall, making up a row of ghostly garments about ten feet long. Neither was my old friend embarrassed nor ashamed. He believes he is guarding his family from the evil influences of foreign immigration, of popery, of lawlessness, of a wild and wooly style of living being espoused by the younger generation, all shielded by a cloak of patriotism. I realize I am older now and not in much of a position to influence the politics of my home and state, but I abhor what lurks in shadows, what refuses to face the light of day. We face fascism in Europe and imperialism in the Far East. We don't need such thoughts invading so close to home. This "invisible empire" must be exposed and see the light of day.

W.A. TYLER, GOLDEN, COLORADO

So after visiting with the judge (who would die from natural causes in less than a year), the pastor chose as his text for the following Sunday:

EPHESIANS 2:14-22

For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us;

Having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace;

And that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby:

And came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh.

For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.

Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the

household of God;

And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone;

In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord:

In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.

Are we not all aliens when it comes to the Kingdom of God? Are we not all foreigners and strangers, knit together as the people of God? The cross should join us, not separate us. The cross should shine—not as a symbol of hatred and separation—but as the bridge of hope between God and man. Grace, not hatred. Communion, not division.

And white supremacy? Only through Christ and the cross are we supreme, and our God is not a respecter of persons.

As the young Presbyterian minister looked out at the blank stares and questioning countenances on many of the people sitting in the curved pews, he wondered if this was how Custer had felt when he mounted his famous last stand. Some of the stares were almost as fiery as arrows.

THE KISS

Mac remembered the night when romance had been jolted by the reality of chance. He had met Lillian at the Interurban station and together, arm in arm, they had walked over to Ford Street, past the funicular loading platform, and up the hill toward Judge Tyler's home. They were meeting other young couples there that night, though they were the only unmarried couple to be invited. The judge's daughters, Katherine and Carol, had recently met and married two very different gents and Lillian looked forward to hearing about their particular backgrounds. But that was her anticipation as she rode the trolley to Golden. Now, as she engaged in every moment of the evening, she was making up for a week of loneliness and quiet study. She snuggled a little closer to this man who had once tracked her down, romancing her like no man she had ever known. She talked about the medical ethics class she was taking at her hospital and some of the guest speakers. One woman had spoken recently on the "sacred and profane" aspects of nursing, and Lillian bubbled on while Mac just focused on the sound of her voice and the range of expression, but little on the words coming from her mouth, much less their meaning.

"You can be there in the middle of child birth, and in the middle of marveling over the stupendous miracle taking place, the mother can literally bleed to death with a look of satisfaction on her face. Or after what appears to be a perfectly normal birth, the doctor can announce that the baby is defective and should be institutionalized. Now that's what I mean by 'sacred and profane'." Mac had asked her to give an example.

"I'm so excited to meet your cousins' husbands. They sound intriguing." One was a wild-cat oil man from Louisiana, a southern white gentleman who simply "must be charming." The other was a railroad man, an engineer for the Union Pacific Railroad who had once stopped all traffic and cleared the way for Teddy Roosevelt. Mac liked his cousins, women who were cultured and proper but who could cackle like a brood of hens when they laughed out loud. Then, at the end of one of their bursts of

laughter, one of them would say, "Oh my!" and the two would regain their proper composure. Katherine played piano and Carol played violin, and a typical evening together with friends and family would include a number of instrumental duets and some sing-along songs led by Bentley. Mac admired his cousin Katherine, who was one of the first women in the state to graduate from the University of Colorado with a master's degree in fine arts. He was a little nervous bringing Lillian along with him this night, but he knew she would be able to hold her own with the ladies and he already knew her effect on men.

As the couple topped the hill and turned toward the porch of the Tyler home, Lillian giggled and asked Mac, "How do you know which door to knock?" The house had a rounded covered porch, shaped like the quarter of a pie, with one door straight ahead and one door at a right angle, although the door was actually to the left.

"You've heard of a parlor door, haven't you?" To her shrug of uncertainty, Mac responded, explaining that in old family homes like this one, when someone died, they often had services and a time of visitation within the home. The door leading directly out to the porch, as opposed to the one at a right angle, allowed the pall bearers to carry the casket straight out, unencumbered, toward the street and to the hearse. "But," Mac added with a grin, "I usually pick the door with a bell," and at that he wound the handle in the middle of the door ahead, ringing a loud chime on the inside of the door. He opened the door and in a falsetto voice said, "Hoo hoo!"

"You come on in, McKinley," said the judge, sticking his head out from the direction where the aroma of something like pie seemed to be originating. "The others are in the dining room and Little Mama is baking in the kitchen."

"I hope she'll be done soon, Judge. I'm hungry!" Mac joked and Lillian groaned at his weak double-entendre. She was getting used to his playful use of the English language.

"I see your young lady friend already appreciates your odd sense of humor, Mac. And just how long are you going to delay our introduction?" The judge had already extended his arm, gently taking her hand in his, as he nodded toward her. "It's so nice to meet you, um, um..."

"Lillian, Judge, Lillian Prichard, from Denver. A nurse." Mac couldn't believe how stuttering and choppy he sounded. "I met her on the funicular."

"I've heard the story, Mac, more than once, you'll remember. Young lady," he said, turning his attention completely toward his young female guest, "I have never seen McKinley Casperson—the salesman supreme and gentleman of charm and sophistication—so undone. I'm impressed!" With that, Mac led Lillian into the dining room where his cousins and their husbands had already gathered, along with three other couples who had joined them, including Mac's brother Richard and his new bride Mary Taylor from Morrison.

After a round of introductions and pleasantries, Little Mama brought a plate of cookies and tarts into the room. "Is that what smelled like pie?" Mac queried.

Only about 4' 8" tall but tough and full of spirit, Little Mama was one of the leaders in the Christian Women's Temperance Union. "I assume you're all drinking tea," she said with a mischievous glint in her eyes. Then as if on cue, Katherine took her place at the piano and began to play Chopin. Her husband, Willis, responded too, "Anyone want to join me on the porch for a smoke?" No one smoked in Little Mama's house, not the judge, not anyone. Mac and Bentley had already joined the group at the piano, when first Richard, and then Lillian, followed Willis out the door. That Lillian, Mac thought, there's just no guessing her. But he wasn't prompted by jealousy but rather amazement. She simply amazed him.

Yet, to a degree, he was a little jealous, because Mac wasn't all that fond of Willis. His cousin's husband had that roving eye, the kind that followed the movement of women around the room, lingering too long in appreciating the finer features of the fairer sex. But as he had determined earlier, Mac knew Lillian could handle Willis and he certainly wasn't worried about his brother Richard.

"Tell me, Willis," Lillian began, "just what exactly does a railroad engineer do? Do you operate the trains or build the rail lines? You must enjoy what you do."

"Oh, I do. I do. I like the variety. I've lived a number of places already, and we'll be moving to Idaho soon. I may actually sign a contract to work the Russian line from Moscow to Vladivostok. Not much of a life for a woman, though, or a family." Even in the darkness of the evening, Lillian could feel the intensity of his eyes as he looked at her, up and down, then up again. Just then, Carol's husband, Douglas, opened the screen door and joined the group.

“Well, I’ve had about enough of that!” pointing back with his thumb extended, his hand gesturing back over his shoulder. “My wife just pulled out her violin, so it’s time for the hogs to head for Havana,” he said, chuckling at his own colloquialism. “Willis, you better leave this young lady alone. She has too much class for a shyster like you.” He said all this in a southern drawl so thick and drawn out that Lillian knew he was just trying to get his brother-in-law’s goat.

Lillian started in again. “Douglas, tell me about the oil business. Mac called you a ‘wild-catter.’ What in the world is a wild-catter? Aren’t those rigs dangerous? Aren’t you afraid of those awful fires I’ve read about?”

“Take a breath, woman. You’re talkin’ faster than a woodpecker in pile of termites!” Regaining the lead in this dance of this and that, Douglas began a series of tall tales, making up lurid and unlikely details as he went, laughing at his own jokes, and basically keeping Willis from getting any more of Lillian’s time or attention. Willis walked back into the house, not used to being out maneuvered.

“You all come in now,” Carol said from the doorway, giving Douglas a little disapproving look that he understood all too well. She wasn’t pleased that he always seemed to slip away whenever she began to play her instrument. “We have a wonderful game to play. You come with me, Lillian. This is a game where the women compete against the men. We’ll see just how smart they are,” she said a little condescendingly, linking arms at the elbow with Lillian as they almost skipped back inside. This was going to be fun.

As the women were setting the “stage” for the game, the front bell rang again and in stepped young John Kenworthy, the son of the influential Jefferson County Republican. Many of the town’s gossips and gadabouts had thought one time that John and Katherine were destined for marriage. Classmates in high school and college, they had seemed so drawn to one another, both concert pianists, but then Willis intervened, and what might have been was nevermore. Still they remained friends.

A sheet had been extended between the dining room and the front room with a hole about the size of a fifty-cent piece cut neatly in the center about three feet from the floor. The rules of the game were explained: the men would stay on one side of the “curtain” and the women on the other. Then the women would take turns extending a finger, an elbow, a forearm, a big toe and so on through the hole so that the men folk, as ob-

servant members of the human species, would be challenged to identify their loved one from this single clue. Since John Kenworthy had no partner in the game, at least not a current one, he opted for a conversation with the judge in the dining room.

The first entrant was a big toe, with the nail painted bright red, a long, rather boney toe that seemed attached to someone rather embarrassed to be selected to go first. Each man examined the toe, bending down and looking closely for some tell-tale detail. Finally Douglas said with his southern assurance, "That must be the toe of my lovely and beloved bride, Carol," and at that, the sheet was lowered by the two women holding it in place to reveal that Douglas had been correct in his choice. The women cackled and the men shook their heads as if to suggest smoking cigars on the front porch would be a much better use of their time. And so it progressed, a thumb, an eyebrow, an ear, an elbow, and each time after much consideration, each man picked correctly, except for the elbow, which brought quite a defensive oratory from Richard Casperson as he explained how he'd had little opportunity to observe his wife's elbow recently. The more he explained himself, the louder the cackles became and he finally sat down in a huff.

The sheet was raised again, and by this time, each of the women had taken her turn except Lillian, and Mac was giddy with anticipation. Unless the women tried to pull a fast one, whatever shown through the hole in the curtain would most certainly belong to Lillian. His pulse increased and he could feel his heart beating from within his chest. Just that quickly, the men were surprised and intensely interested in what they saw extending through the hole in the sheet—a shining pair of lips, sparkly moist and slightly pursed. Each man moved very, very close to examine them, impressed by the boldness of Mac's lady friend from Denver. They looked at Mac, and he shuddered a little with the embarrassment of it, while at the same time marveling again at this woman who continued to surprise him. Then it came to him like an inspiration. All through their courtship, he had never summoned up the courage to kiss her, not in the many months now he had known her. *What an opportunity*, he thought. *This is the sign I've been waiting for.* Turning to each of the men with an expectant gleam in his eye, he moved forward quickly and planted a kiss gently on her lips.

As the recipient shrieked on the other side, the women holding the curtain let it go abruptly, revealing Mac's sister-in-law Rose, Bentley's new

bride, with eyes wide open in shock and backing up, almost tripping as she moved away. Amidst the gasps and laughter breaking out, Mac looked left and right for Lillian and realized quickly that she had been one of those suspending the sheet. As she continued to stand on the chair from her position holding the sheet, Lillian had a curious smile on her face but wasn't laughing, only shaking her head slightly back and forth. "Mac," was all she said, turning her head away and stepping off the chair. Clearly, the game was over.

Mac couldn't believe how his golden opportunity had just vanished. He had been sure it was Lillian. After all, it was her turn. Plus she possessed the courage—the character—to take such a dare. That's why he'd taken the risk. It would be their first kiss, witnessed by all those close to him—family and friends. Now he was embarrassed. *I am such a stupid!*

More went on that evening, and Mac and Lillian went through the motions, but they both knew. Something of their magic had been lost that night, and what seemed even worse to Mac, he was beginning to doubt his good fortune.

THE AILMENT

Bentley gunned his newly-acquired Pierce Arrow up the “Straight-Away” heading toward the stone gates of the Lariat Trail, which now connected to the new road over Floyd Hill and on into Idaho Springs. The local druggist, who had been visionary enough to keep his original state liquor license in effect during Prohibition in order to fill doctors’ prescriptions for alcohol, also operated the drug store in the small mining community about twenty-five miles west of Golden up Clear Creek. In fact, Henry Foss held state liquor license number one. Bentley, like many others from prominent Golden families, preferred filling his prescriptions in the mountain town, where fewer eyes would cast their disparaging judgments. Public scorn did not keep him from having his blond companion tag along however, and she slid as close to him as she could, anticipating the tight, hair-pin curves that were just ahead.

The two local doctors were both pretty liberal in writing orders for alcoholic concoctions, as long as the patient presented any of a long list of acceptable symptoms. Bentley’s ailment was a case of “nerves.” A successful law practice with his brother, entanglements with local governments, family duties and a robust extracurricular life all gave him ample ammunition to need a little cure now and then.

There were some who believed a good deal of illegal activity accompanied the legitimate practices at the local drug store, but much like the Klan activity about to surface, all the good people didn’t wear white hats and all the villains didn’t dress in black. In fact, except for the public demonstrations and marches orchestrated by the temperance union, people just didn’t talk about it all that much.

As Bentley rounded one of the hairpins near the top of Lookout Mountain, he pulled over to stop at one of the stone pavilions where day-trippers picnicked and where over-heated vehicles could take on badly needed water from a spring. He escorted his companion to one of the bench seats, also constructed from native rock, and stood, as if surveying his kingdom below.

“From here, it’s much easier to see why Golden doesn’t have a chance rivaling Denver,” he started, more talking to himself than to his fun-loving sidekick. In fact, she was already bored, hoping they would stop at one of the establishments on top of the mountain where they could eat and dance, and perhaps, sample a little local brew.

“Are we going to be here long?” she asked curtly. “I’m simply famished. We’ll never get to Idaho Springs at this rate.”

“When push comes to shove, Golden doesn’t have the muscle. Not enough money, not enough representation and too many pioneer families with their heads in the sand.” He ignored his girl friend’s questions. “There are people out there, on the other side of those mesas. They are just ruthless. I’m afraid I may be in over my head.”

“What are you talking about, Bentley? I think you cover your trail pretty well, don’t you think? Look at us. Your sweet Rose knows nothing about us.”

“I’ve told you not to mention my wife’s name,” he scolded her. “What I do with you has nothing to do with her. I’m talking about the cops. I’ve got some friends there, but you can’t trust them. Too many Italians.” He paused. “Look. Do you see that line? That’s Colfax and there. See that lake? That’s where most of the Jews are. Then look north. Italians. Catholics. And there, north of the tower, that’s where most of the Negroes are. You don’t see that in Golden. And I think it’s important to keep it like that. Hey, I’m not prejudiced, just realistic.”

“Honestly, Ben, honey, I haven’t the foggiest idea what you are talking about. Can’t we get something to eat? I’m about to waste away.”

Bentley turned from his long staring match with the panoramic expanse of Denver and the tight little town of Golden below to gaze at the curvaceous woman. He gave her a wry smile and said, “That’ll be the day.”

“Honey, I think that case of the ‘nerves’ you’ve got is getting a lot worse. We better go get the prescription filled right away,” she said with mocking sincerity. “And I sure hope your car doesn’t break down again. It would just be awful if we had to stay at the hot springs hotel again, don’t you think?” she asked with a giggle, nudging up against him with at least half of her shapely physique.

“Yeah, you’d think a fine new car like this one would be more reliable. OK, I’m ready,” he said, gazing below one last time. “Let’s go.”

THE APPOINTMENT

It had been quite some time since John Kenworthy had stepped onto the porch of the Tyler home. He used to visit it quite regularly before the war and before he became so important to Jefferson County. This evening's visit would prove to be different. As he approached the front door and rang the bell, he was greeted by Althea. "Why, hello, Mr. Kenworthy. Are you here to see Katherine, like in the old days?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tyler, I mean, yes and no. I did hear Katherine was visiting here and I do in fact wish to see her, but I actually came to deliver your pledge card in person." Kenworthy had recently been named the federal food administrator for Jefferson County and as a result, housewives were being asked to state on record in writing that they would conserve commodities for the war effort by preserving, canning, pickling and saving everything they could. The only exceptions were sugar, flour, bacon and other scarce staples. According to the local paper, a few persons had refused to sign the pledge cards, making "statements derogatory to the administration program on food conservation and in some instances have uttered slanders regarding other departments of the government and the government generally." Certainly Mrs. Tyler was not among those vagabonds and traitors, but as a good Republican and Methodist, she would certainly consent to do her part in the conservation effort.

"I've read of your recent promotion, Mr. Kenworthy," Little Mama said as she looked him over from head to toe. In her mind she was measuring him against the man her daughter Katherine had married—the railroad man. Her daughter was visiting Golden again, as she did often, while her railroading husband was off again following that meandering vocation. She wished her daughter had given Mr. Kenworthy a little more time to pop the question, but the young musician and future politician had procrastinated once too often.

"Hello, John," Katherine said as she joined her mother at the front door. "Won't you come in?"

“Katherine, I’m so happy you are here. I’ve always valued your advice and I want to discuss another opportunity that has come my way.” John followed the women inside, sitting uprightly on the sofa near the bay window—the same one in front of which she had married Willis—while Katherine sat in an easy chair. “I’m also here to give your mother her pledge card. All housewives are being asked to guard their buying, serving less quantities and seeing there is no waste. This is a very serious time, my friends. I’ve actually been ordered to report any hoarding, especially sugar or flour. I’d have to report my own mother!”

The women laughed at this, hoping he might be exaggerating, at least a little. “I’ll leave the two of you alone,” Little Mama said. “I have some hoarding and stockpiling to do in the kitchen.”

“John, what advice do you need?” Katherine began once her mother was out of the room. Like her mother, she had begun to wish she might have waited longer for her young former suitor, her piano playing companion and confidant. He had been such a progressive thinker, following the tradition started by his father. He loved his Jefferson County home, especially Golden, the county seat. She remembered his masterful writing ability, writing for numerous newspapers and periodicals, but specifically his editorial pieces concerning Golden and its road system connecting to Denver. As a railroad attorney, he knew the railroad’s days were numbered, at least west of Denver. A road system connecting Denver and the mountains to the west was the answer for the future, preferably a direct route through Golden. Otherwise the town would be off the beaten track and might wither and die. He had written so eloquently why Denver should improve the middle or north road instead of the south road. Such a southern route would necessarily miss the center of Golden, allowing motorists to come as far as 24th Street and then west to the mountain parks via Mt. Vernon canyon. He had written so predictably, that this decision would direct future transportation planning for decades to come. In addition he had urged a motor road from Golden to Boulder, similar to the scenic highways being built by Fred Steinhauer around South Table Mountain and up Mount Evans. Of course, the south route ultimately was chosen as the favored route, winning legislative approval at Denver’s urging, and Golden was essentially bypassed on the way to Denver’s mountain park system.

“So, John, do you really need my advice or are you just here to see

my pretty smile?" Katherine knew how to read her younger friend, though by only a year, and it embarrassed him, and gratified him, that she knew him so well.

"Two things, really. I have the opportunity to secure a commission in the officers' reserve corps. If my case is successful in front of the secretary of war, I'll be Major Kenworthy by next month."

"Does that mean you would enter the war? To fight?" Katherine stated more than asked.

"Of course, but I don't know when, and it would still be related to legal issues. In the meantime, I'm being appointed as the chief for the Jefferson County American Protective League. Do you think that's wise?"

"I'm not sure, John. What is it, the Protective League?"

"It's being formed by the government under the department of defense and the bureau of investigation. The purpose is to detect all pro-German activities that interfere with the war and to stop all the Hun propaganda. Violators would be reported to the department of justice. This country has so many immigrants from that part of Europe."

"Isn't the family that owns the brewery from Germany?" Katherine asked slowly, hoping to challenge where the discussion seemed to be headed, at least a little.

"Well, Prussia, actually, but the family's been here a long time now. I wouldn't worry about them. There are aspects of the League that do worry me, though, and that's why I'm asking you."

Katherine looked at him with her eyebrows lifting, as if to say, "Go on."

"There are those who are against more than the Germans. They oppose anything European, especially the Catholics and the Jews. They believe the white race is threatened by inter-marriage. So, to them it's the survival of the white race, like Darwin."

"Oh, John, you can't possibly believe all that, can you? Fighting German sympathizers is one thing. Unbridled bigotry is another." Katherine was standing now, moving toward the front door, her gentleman friend taking the gentle hint and following her.

"So you think the Protective League idea is a bad one, eh?"

"John, I know you have political aspirations. Lining up with extremists of any sort doesn't seem to me to be the wisest course." Just then, she paused. "And John, I wanted you to know. Willis and I are expecting a

baby sometime after the holidays.”

“Oh, I’m so happy for you.” He walked slowly out the door, pushing the screen door out of his way. Then he turned with a smirk. “Just don’t name him John. People might talk.” The young Mr. Kenworthy nodded toward Katherine, took a deep breath, and walked away toward the trolley that would lead back to his house in Wide Acres. *Damn.*

The following week, the Colorado Transcript and the Denver dailies reported that John C. Kenworthy had been named director of the Jefferson County branch of the American Protective League. Katherine read the news at the station as she waited for the train that would eventually take her back to Pocatello where she would join her husband again.

THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT

Lillian rode the train from her Capitol Hill apartment to Arvada, Golden's neighbor to the northeast. The Klan "auxiliary" was planning a parade and boasted it would attract ten thousand women, Klan "auxiliary" members representing each of thirty units across the state. It was to be a demonstration of force never rivaled before nor since. The traffic caused by the onslaught of vehicles entering the small community was unprecedented, and spectators were kept in line by the women's loyal and loving men folk dressed this day in plain clothes. Colorado's Klan was proud of its notoriety as the only state where women could join the KKK. Robed and hooded, but not masked, the women—mothers, wives and daughters—marched silently with arms folded.

Lillian watched as the line of women filed past. Her disdain for the movement was turning to outrage as she witnessed many of her women friends and colleagues being swept away by what she considered false promises and empty rhetoric.

Just weeks before she had attended a lecture during a town hall meeting where a local woman physician spoke, a woman she recognized with a voice all too familiar. Under the cloak of the Klan and support of the Invisible Empire, this woman had been elected to the Colorado statehouse. Using scientific and medical arguments, she pontificated about the purity of the white race, and then proliferated more about eugenics and the purging of the human race. *Could this be the woman who once delivered babies and sheltered orphans?* Lillian was appalled, but the physician, gaining stature in the state, was resolute and unrepentant. Lillian watched as many in the audience, other nurses and nursing students, nodded their heads in agreement, looking to one another for affirmation.

As a car nearby let out a loud back-fire, Lillian was jolted by what she saw next in the parade of good women passing by. At once, as if on cue, each woman raised her left arm, outstretched with palm in front, in a greeting to the crowd remarkably similar to the gesture that would soon



Women of the Klan showed their faces unlike their male counterparts, who shielded their identities under masks.

become so popular in Europe. The crowd cheered wildly. Lillian shook her head and walked sullenly toward the Arvada station for a trolley ride back downtown.

The following month, a similar throng of ten thousand, emerged on the town north and east of Golden, this time comprised of Catholic men from twenty-one parishes, along with their robed priests, two companies of soldiers from Fort Logan, a squadron of Marines, a few women sympathizers and, in full dress, uniformed members of Knights of Columbus and Knights of St. John. If the Klan could boast ten thousand, the Catholics could match them, for Heaven's sake.

The two parades, first the women of the KKK and its counter demonstration a month later by the Catholics, caused the first two bona fide traffic jams in Colorado history and a similar jumble in the minds of its citizens.

Although not a Catholic, Lillian, Mac's love-at-first-sight from the funicular—more than a decade into their courtship—marched in the second parade, joining publicly with those taking a stand against the Klan and the political and social views they represented. Few suspected, as Lillian did, just how deeply into the fabric of human society the Klan intended to go. She knew all right. She had heard the words herself from the mouth of Minnie Love.

BEWARE OF GIFTS

As the worshippers entered the sanctuary one Sunday evening, they noticed a number of unknown men sitting in the back row and others scattered around. As he entered the auditorium, Richard Casperson, an elder for the Golden Presbyterian church and prominent, law-abiding, Denver attorney, nodded to the strangers. The young pastor began his lecture using a stereopticon machine, an innovation few of the older parishioners approved of, and was nearly to his main point when ten masked and robed men marched into the room, two guarding the door while the other eight walked right up to the lecturn where the pastor was standing. They held a large bundle. None of the parishioners moved, absolutely unaccustomed to such a break in routine.

When their leader asked to address the congregation, the pastor simply shrugged and motioned to go ahead. “Dr. Dressler, we want to make you a little present, and hope you will accept it in the same spirit which it is given.”

After taking a moment to craft his response, the pastor said, “It’s difficult for me to accept in our church men hiding in disguise.” A number of women audibly gasped.

“Why Dr. Dressler, we stand for the same things you do,” and grabbing the large bundle, presented the astonished young shepherd with a well-sewn rug exactly the size the parishioners were hoping to buy for the parsonage where he lived.

Then the men marched out of the room, left the building and drove off. The perplexed pastor never returned to his main point that evening.

Some time later, the scene was similar at the Methodist church, where thirty robed Klansmen entered, announcing the same principles of similarity with church members, and presented the pastor with a cash gift of \$25. The Baptist pastor received \$50 a few weeks later.

The Transcript, reporting in its Local Paragraphs column, acknowledged other beneficial efforts—a cash gift to a man suffering with cancer, a \$145 cash award to the school board, and another \$100 to the commu-

nity, all from the same secretive benefactors. The local Golden KKK meeting place, upstairs at the Woodmen Hall at 10th and Washington in one of the town's historic structures, was nearly as busy as the rock where their Denver brethren held their rallies and lit their crosses.

There were no gifts or surprise processional visits at the little red brick Catholic church. Worshipers at St. Joseph found only a distribution of unwelcome pamphlets that read:

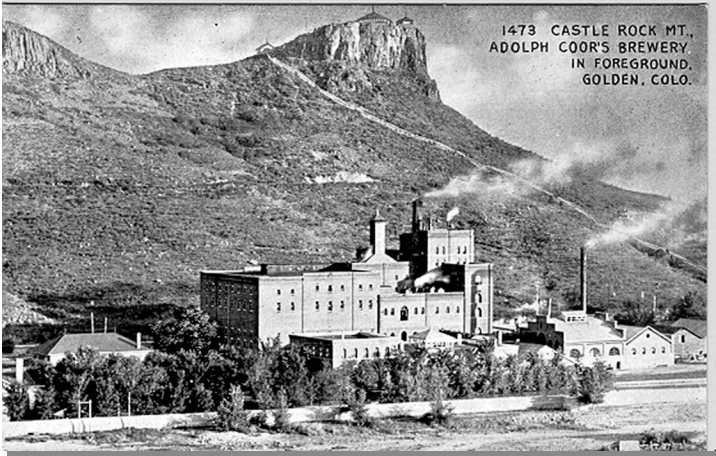
*I would rather be a Klansman in a robe of snowy white,
Than be a Catholic priest in robe as black as night;
For a Klansman is AMERICAN and AMERICA is his home,
But a priest owes his allegiance to a Dago Pope in Rome.*

But instead of fighting, this particular Catholic priest, Father John P. Moran, known for his spirited Irish personality, invited community members to a talk at the Golden Library called, "Can a Catholic Be an American?" In the Transcript he asked that an announcement be published, a proclamation that read:

*Our non-Catholic friends are always welcome to our services
and will never hear anything from our pulpit that offends Christian
charity. Religion is founded on love.*

Unlike those in Cañon City, good citizens of Golden were divided, divided by loyalties and divided by their faiths.

THE BREWERY



1473 CASTLE ROCK MT.,
ADOLPH COOR'S BREWERY
IN FOREGROUND.
GOLDEN, COLO.

The Brewery, nestled under the ever-vigilant watch of South Table Mountain and its sentry point Castle Rock.

Some have written that the “old man,” the one who started the Golden Brewery and built it into one of the state’s largest businesses, supported Prohibition. Perhaps he had no choice. Colorado had gone dry four years before the official federal date in 1920 when a sufficient number of states ratified the Constitutional ban on alcohol, making it the law of the land. His company had already anticipated the change in political climate and shifted product lines, keeping many men working. He bought the Herold China and Pottery Company and established a porcelain plant, where he employed a sizable contingent of women as well. He bought mining properties and established his own cement company, rivaling Charles Boettcher from Denver. Enterprising, the “old man” was.

An embargo on German products had eliminated the supply of



The Porcelain Plant, with its own spur on one of the major rail lines, kept many people employed during Prohibition and the Depression that followed.

chemical and scientific porcelain and the “old man” envisioned a new market. He would help to keep his town alive and prosperous during the Great War and after, as Prohibition dragged on into the Great Depression. But it’s hard to think he would have looked kindly on the Klan or in any way supported their subversive activities. He was an immigrant himself, and he’d witnessed what extremism had ravished on his native European land in the Great War and what it was doing now. A grandson, a boy at the time, would say years later that the Klan scared his grandfather as he watched the activities of the Klan with his family from his home just below the mountain that was his company’s trade-mark.

McKinley Casperson, the fun-loving entrepreneur, had become tight friends with the oldest son, being of the same generation. So he worked side-by-side with the second generation of brothers, helping to establish them in the porcelain business on the site of the old Glass Works plant, arranging for all the local clay they would need.

The Casperson business enterprise shied away from Prohibition’s more seamy-sided businesses—notorious speakeasies on the outskirts of town and stills on North Table Mountain, Clear Creek Valley, Fairmont, Pleasant View, Coal Creek Canyon and the old mining communities to the west—preferring the more lucrative legal opportunities made available by the ban. Of course, Mac’s prior venture with the Castle Rock Railway and

Resort, with its funicular, had been an attempt to anticipate the need for alternative adult entertainment, which proved true in 1916 when Golden's numerous bars were forced to abruptly close their doors. Many of his contemporaries brewed their own concoctions in stills and private cellars, some of them the men of the KKK who continued to meet at the Woodmen Hall to plan upcoming strategies. Men like Mac, who had been drawn in initially more by the group's lofty promises than by the movement's biases and bigotry, began to show up less and less to the meetings, sensing the change that was bound to come.

How could Mac reconcile his younger brother Bentley's fanciful and dangerous interest in the Klan with the enterprising business interests so important to his town and his own family's livelihood, while trying to contain the ever-growing opposition by his girlfriend, his Miss Lillian? It was a good question, and as he worked through its many layers, he reflected on it more and more each day.

THE MEETING

“I’m perplexed, Mac,” Bentley began. “I thought you were in tune with all this.” Mac, Richard and Bentley were holding their customary Saturday morning breakfast meeting, where they discussed family business and formulated social and political strategies. “Why are you pulling back?”

“Lillian, for one,” Mac shot back. “She’s virtually assured me that if the family doesn’t begin to live up to a higher set of standards, she’ll never become part of it. I will have wasted nearly ten years.”

“Besides,” Richard joined in trying to take the heat off Mac, “Bentley, you’re getting in too deep. Locke is about to go under, Morley is impotent and the legislature can’t pass a bill with Adams controlling the senate.” Richard was referring to the gridlock in the Colorado legislature. Even though Klan confidants controlled the House, the Senate, while controlled by Republicans, had a number of senators who had been elected prior to the onset of the Klan. It was enough of a voting block to deadlock any concerted attempt by the Klan to fundamentally alter the governmental structure of the state. In fact, Senator Billy Adams would ride that counter momentum to victory in the next governor’s race.

Mac interrupted his younger brother, “It’s different in Golden, Bentley. You live in Denver. We live here. Half the town owes the brewery its allegiance, not the Klan. Hell, I owe the company my allegiance, too. You can work your divorce cases and they keep on coming, but I need my contacts. I can’t...”

“Pipe down, big brother,” ordered the youngest brother, interrupting right back. Bentley always reverted to this sibling snipe when Mac tried to assume his elder status within the family. “Locke and his contacts will feed my family and pay my bills for many years to come. I couldn’t give a damn about his ideas. You and your suffragist act like this charade is serious. The only serious thing is the money we can make.”

“That’s what I’m talking about, Bentley.” Richard kept his side of the law practice involved with legitimate criminal cases, unlike Bentley, who

seemed to enjoy representing a seamier lot or taking emotionally laden divorce cases, especially counseling desperate women who had been abandoned by philandering husbands. "You keep representing the kind of clown that could turn on you, you know, or one of those husbands." It sounded like a warning. "Something bad is going to happen to you."

"You don't seem to mind when you divide the spoils at the end of the month." Bentley was right about that. He was holding his own generating revenue with Richard, his older brother and law partner. "When you're heading home on the trolley each day, I'm still working. By the time you're having dinner with the wife, I've met with another prospect and landed a new case."

"All right! Enough of this." Richard tried to regain control. "We've got to talk about Red Rocks. Walker is still holding on, but part of his parcel is already on the delinquent tax list. It's public record at the court house. I've talked to John and he'll get Walker to sign. If we can get a hold of that section, the rest will go on the roll next year. We should be able to get Mt. Falcon too."

"I feel kind of sorry for him," Mac said solemnly. "Walker hasn't been the same since his wife died. Bentley, do you think it was lightning that burned the castle or was it some kind of incendiary incentive?"

"Who the hell knows, Mac," Bentley responded. "He was a dreamer. I'm a realist. He was ready to let Denver have it all for a damn dime. We can get top dollar. Tell me, what's wrong with that?"

To that question, neither Richard nor Mac had a ready response. Of course there were other conversations and discussions that morning, but compared to what had already transpired, they were relatively insignificant. Mac wished he'd followed his initial instinct about the Klan and Richard was sorry he'd ever listened to Bentley and his claims. Bentley lamented the weaknesses he perceived in his brothers and vowed to himself to keep supporting the surreptitious movement regardless of the apprehensions of his brothers. To Bentley, it was only the seventh inning stretch; the game was hardly decided.

MORLEY AND THE KLAN

In later years people would marvel that a state so centrist in its politics would have elected someone associated with the Ku Klux Klan to political office, let alone the office of chief executive. In fact when Clarence F. Morley took office in 1925 as the 24th governor of Colorado, it was the highest political position ever held in the country, and likely since, by someone openly active in the Klan, unless one considers Rice Means, elected the same year to the U.S. Senate from Denver.

For a number of reasons historians would debate, Colorado provided the right combination for a takeover by the Klan. Building on the fear of foreigners, the remoteness of the West and the rapidly changing moral fabric of the country, the Klan singled out Colorado as the place to engage in old fashioned politics, and that meant getting out the vote after telling them how to vote.

The national KKK had sent its Imperial Wizard to Colorado early in the decade, meeting with local organizers at the prestigious Brown Palace Hotel, to pave the way just after the war ended, feeding the fires of fear that continued to be fanned. Local men were hired, charged with recruiting members to this new political movement composed of white, American-born, protestant males. Under the direction of John Galen Locke, a Denver osteopath, the Colorado Klan blossomed primarily in the larger cities along the Front Range. Denver boasted the largest membership, but the circles were active from Pueblo to Fort Collins, west to Grand Junction and in more secluded pockets like Cañon City.

At least initially, the men who responded positively to the recruitment effort were from the professions—well-educated and relatively well off. Many were friends and associates of Locke himself. Formed first prior to the election of 1924 as the Denver Doers Club, the group shed its civic club cover and emerged as the Night Riders they were. It was during this original recruitment for the Denver klavern that Bentley was recruited. He loved the camaraderie he found at the meetings at the Cotton Mills Stadium and at the late-night gatherings on the rock above his home town. He enjoyed the



Colorado's 24th Governor, Clarence Morley, arguably the least effective governor on record.

male humor and jousting, reminding him of his baseball playing days at Michigan and Amherst. And the mass bellowing of patriotic songs that led off most meetings and rallies fed his love of song and choral singing. It had even been his idea to use the summit of Castle Rock, land his family had acquired, for the gatherings where new members were initiated. It provided a dark and remote site with limited and guarded access, yet yielding a spectacular and distant aura to observers.

The activities on Table Mountain and elsewhere in the state during 1923-24 were merely precursors to the landslide election for Morley at the state level, Ben Stapleton for a second term as mayor of Denver and many legislators, judges and local officials, even members of local school boards. Colorado was controlled by the Ku Klux Klan, disguised as Republicans, and although its influence would crumble as fast as it arose, the movement left its trail in the attitudes and politics to follow.

Morley, prior to his election, had been an obscure Denver district judge, the "klokan"—chief investigator—of the Denver "klavern" or chapter. In his inaugural address in January of 1925, before the cheers of a crowd of brethren, Morley proposed a ban on the use of sacramental wine, still legal under Prohibition, a move that would have exiled the Catholic mass from Colorado. Like most of the legislation proposed by Morley, the bill never left committee and Morley's political power during the election never transformed into support by the public or in the legislature for his policies.



Morley visiting with dignitaries, one of whom was a Denver councilman, at the Manor House on Ken-Caryl Ranch in Jefferson County.

Getting its slate of candidates elected proved much easier than governing and the Klan, comprised of political novices, hadn't counted on how a divided legislature can stalemate any platform. Longtime politicians proved more than a match for Locke, his stand-in governor and the minority legislative delegation.

In fact, of the 1,080 bills introduced his first year, a mere fifteen percent reached the governor's desk and only three bore the fingerprints of the Klan. Morley, spurned by the legislative branch, as a show of executive power outside the legislature added 200 prohibition agents as a way to repay unemployed Klansmen for their campaign support, all under the guise of supporting Prohibition and opposing the lawlessness surrounding it.

By the end of the legislative session and Morley's first year in office, there were open divisions in the Klan's ranks. Locke was outraged with Mayor Stapleton when the mayor refused to name a Klan crony as chief of police, only to call out the Klan vote when the mayor promised to repent. "I will work with the Klan and for the Klan in the coming election, heart and soul," Stapleton vowed at a Klan rally. "And if I am re-elected, I will give the Klan the kind of administration it wants."

With a host of Klan supporters, Stapleton was able to gain re-election and to fend off the subsequent recall. By June 1925, the national KKK questioned Locke's use of Klan funds and how he was handling what was by now open rebellion by Senator Means and a fickle Stapleton. The Klan was about to implode.

To the Casperson brothers, who had quietly and secretly permitted the Klan to use its decaying buildings on Castle Rock as its most prominent demonstration site, they were done. Too many deals were being made way beyond their control...hurting the family and its interests. The alliance between Morley and Stapleton, though strained, had one common feature—survival of the capital city at all costs, certainly above the minimal interests of Golden or Morrison, for that matter.

Richard Casperson, a Republican of some stature as well, was among the group that was beginning to find Morley and his cohorts too extreme, too covert, too driven by bigotry, ideas that were bad for business. His younger brother Bentley, fresh from law school himself, was studying the implications of water law and the Colorado River Compact being pushed by Morley, potentially a lucrative legal niche. On general principle the family opposed the growth of Denver mountain parks being orchestrated by Ben Stapleton and George Cranmer. Birds of a feather to Bentley—liberals—and their talons were exposed, appropriating land in the public interest, a local version of manifest destiny.

For Richard it was time to hop off the hooded bandwagon. For Bentley, he'd ride on a little longer.

MINNIE LOVE

“Mac, I’m really grieved.” Mac looked over at Lillian, his romantic companion during the last ten years from his seat on the Interurban. As was customary, he was escorting her back to Denver after spending Sunday together in Golden. Her position as a registered nurse for a general practitioner required that she return home to her apartment at the end of the weekend. So did her morality and the social convention of the time.

“Grieved?” Mac ventured. Her increased stand against the Klan was somewhat irritating to him, even though he had reasons of his own for breaking ranks.

“Not really grieved, perhaps, but distressed...bothered perhaps...disillusioned, yes, disillusioned,” she seemed to need the right adjective in order to continue.

“Okay,” said Mac, holding onto the last syllable long enough to form a partial question.

“It’s Minnie Love, you know, one of the founders of Children’s Hospital.”

“You’re disillusioned by Minnie Love?” Mac was trying very hard to be a good listener. He was familiar with her, recently elected to the legislature and sympathetic to the Ku Klux Klan. Minnie Love was an inspiration to many in the medical community, especially women. Once a disenchanted housewife, she had entered medical school at an all-black college and graduated as one of only two white women. After a stint in San Francisco, she moved to London to do post-graduate work in obstetrics. Forced to move to Colorado in order to find a suitable climate for her husband who suffered from tuberculosis, she practiced a dozen years as chief medical officer at a home for unwed mothers. A feminist who long supported women’s suffrage, she was a member of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union and staunch proponent for Prohibition.

“She’s introduced legislation to keep people—people with problems—from marrying. It’s a Klan move...to purify the White race!” Her

voice intensified as she got to the last phrase, and Mac began to look behind him to see if anyone was paying close attention.

“Problem people?” Mac asked softly, hoping to keep this conversation somewhat hushed.

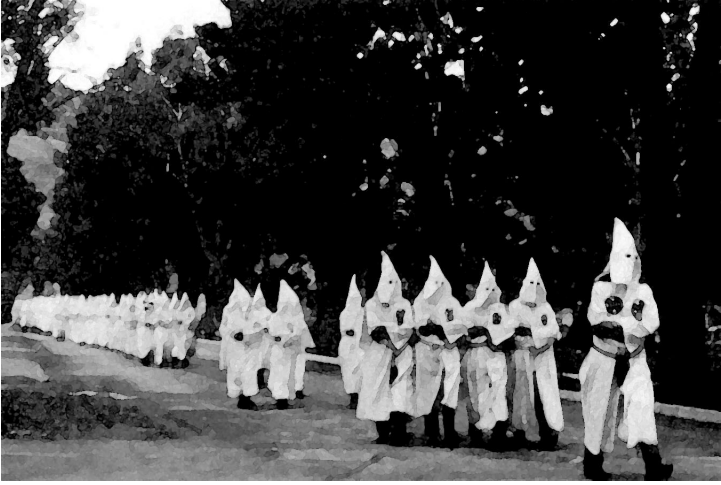
“You know, people with epilepsy, drug addicts, drunks, oh, and I hate this word...idiots...even patients with TB. She’s sponsored a bill to sterilize them!” She nearly shouted the last sentence, and Mac was fumbling for a response, one that sounded intelligible but also one that might defuse her. She wasn’t about ready to stop.

“How can someone who has taken the Hippocratic Oath propose to legislate the annihilation of whole groups of people? I can’t stand for that!” she nearly shouted amid the sobs she could no longer hold back. “And you...you’re not doing anything to stop all this. None of you. Your brother...your damned little brother...”

Fortunately for Mac, they had arrived at the station and she got up to transfer to another streetcar. She didn’t look back as she left the car and Mac waited without moving until the Interurban left for its return trip to Golden.

Where did that come from? Lillian had a way of surprising him but this tirade seemed overly out of character. Something had struck a nerve. Mac simply stared out the window and shook his head back and forth. He wasn’t sure he had the energy to chase her any longer. A bachelor he was, and Mac began to believe, a bachelor he would remain.

IN LOCKE STEP



Marchers in one of the final parades of its type in Golden during the reign of the KKK in Colorado.

Locke did not go down easily. First, the National Klan was concerned that Locke kept a Catholic secretary in his employ. Would he be buying her Jewish dresses from Neusteter's next? Intercepting a message that a national emissary was being dispatched to Denver, Locke sent a squad to greet the "messenger" in Kansas, abruptly ushering him off the train and sending him back in the direction from which he came. When the national group first suspected that not all of its dues were rightfully making it back east, another national representative was sent, but somewhere en route to Denver, the man simply disappeared, never to be seen again. Locke, like many Coloradans after him, didn't take to easterners telling him how to act and what to think.

Ultimately, the National KKK used an unlikely ally—the Internal Revenue Service—to do the work it couldn't seem to handle on its own.

It seems that Locke had failed to report any income for the first twelve years of the agency's existence and was now facing a relentless assault by the IRS. Just prior to announcing his "resignation" as Grand Dragon of Colorado's Klan in July, 1925, he assembled those closest to him and formed plans to create a new cloak and dagger organization to be called the Minute Men of America. While publicly denying any knowledge of this new group at his last meeting with the Klan at the Cotton Mills Stadium in Denver, Locke had already stashed the Klan's financial records, along with his own, in some secret location, avoiding the IRS and anyone else who might be snooping around. Shortly after, his own family crypt at Fairmont Cemetery was opened and thoroughly searched, but investigators found nothing. One place they didn't look was inside the dilapidated buildings sitting on top of an isolated mesa some fifteen miles to the west of downtown.

"It's risky," said Richard as the brothers gathered at his house at 18th and Arapahoe in Golden. "I thought we had agreed that we were washing our hands of this group."

"I owe him this one," Bentley protested. "Lots of work and many deals have come our way due to Locke. Can't say the same for Stapleton, but there are a couple of men—you don't know them—who would take it pretty hard if we don't help. No one will find his stuff up there. The resort hasn't been used for months. No one goes up there anymore."

Mac stared blankly ahead. He was worn out from all this. He wondered just what it was the Klan held over Bentley's head because it just wasn't like him to hold on so stubbornly against his own brothers. And there was Lillian and her growing disenchantment with him, not for his personal views, but for those still pursued collectively by those close to him, especially those of one younger brother.

"For how long?" Mac was able to mutter.

"Just until the heat is off from the IRS. He thinks he's figured out a way to freeze the Klan's assets and transfer them to the new group. That's up to him. We just have to leave the side door unlocked. We have no idea his stash is there, get it? We never go up there anymore, right?" Bentley continued to make his case with the men who despite their reluctance knew they'd ultimately give in to their little brother.

"What about Red Rocks?" Richard switched subjects. "Will he help keep the City off our backs on that one? If this goes down the way I think

it will, he and Stapleton are going to land on two very different sides of the coin. So, what about Red Rocks, little brother?"

"Haven't discussed that, and really, why would we? He's covering his own tail now. But I'll ask him. Gees, Rich, give me a break." The younger brother couldn't tell his brothers everything. They just wouldn't understand.

THE NOTE

Lillian turned up the sidewalk and as she walked toward the old stone house, she felt the same gnawing pain in her stomach that she had when she received the note requesting the meeting. She had been instructed to come alone to this address and enter through the basement door on the right. She would have dismissed the note and its message except that it was in the handwriting that she knew all too well, that of her boss, the physician she worked for at the clinic. Before she could reach for the door knob, the door was pulled slowly open from the inside with a beaoning assurance of “Come in...come in,” in a high-pitched nasal voice, similar to the one Mac used when mocking the same person.

“Lillian, I assume, McKinley’s friend? Let me introduce myself. I’m...”

Lillian was quick to cut him off, “I know who you are, Dr. Locke.” Her curttness even surprised herself. “What I don’t know is why my employer would direct me to have this visit with you.”

“Sit down...sit down, won’t you?” Locke kept the charm flowing even though Lillian was having nothing of it and continued to stand defiantly. “Well, dear, if you must stand, I must sit anyway. I’m sure you don’t mind.”

“Not at all.”

“It’s come to my attention, Lillian, actually from your own employer, a long-time friend and medical colleague, that you strongly oppose the efforts of my brothers and sisters and may be trying to influence my friends the Caspersons from continuing their engagement with the movement.” Lillian just stood there, offering neither an affirmation nor denial. “I have to tell you, that’s a very dangerous position to take.”

“And just why is that.” Lillian offered this more as a statement than as a question. Only now was she able to calm herself enough to begin to look more closely at the man, a short, oval-shaped fellow with a goatee, hardly the image of someone leading a powerful political movement that had followers from across the state and from all levels of society—white society, that is.

"It's not your friend McKinley, if that's what worries you. That old bird-watcher is harmless. It's the attorney brothers, Bentley in particular. He's a loose canon, and the more you get those brothers riled up, the more danger you bring to them, and by proximity, to yourself. That's about as specific as I can be. I'm sure you understand the need for discretion, after sharing a relationship with a bachelor all these years."

"Dr. Locke! I resent the implications in that last remark. Mac and I have never done anything of an improper or socially unacceptable nature. Why...why..." Lillian began to stammer as her fear gave way to anger.

"Oh, Lillian, I'm sure that's true. You and McKinley. Mac, you say?" He paused with a knowing smile before continuing. "Nebraska, Lillian, I'm thinking about Nebraska. Just what brought a poor farm girl from Nebraska to Denver in the first place, hmmm?" He continued with a sickening smugness and Lillian began to feel ill.

"I don't know, but I've heard through the grapevine that you may have been in need of a place to stay while you awaited a certain medical procedure, the kind a pretty young farm girl might not want to seek except in a city miles away from those curious eyes of family, neighbors and friends. Am I right, Lillian? Do I have that information correctly...about your blessed event?"

Lillian was stunned and she slumped down into the chair closest to her.

He continued, "Probably not the kind of matter you've discussed with McKinley either, on those moonlit walks at the top of his little mesa. Do I have that right, Lillian?"

She couldn't move, the heaviness in her heart reemerging after years of being hidden away. "How did you...find out?" Her question rose out slowly from lips that hardly moved.

She didn't track how he answered at first but his words began to drift back into her consciousness like a train pulling slowly into view from around a hidden curve. "And I'm sure it's no secret that my organization has supported an old friend of yours in her quest for the legislature. Certainly, you know that, don't you, Lillian?"

"Yes, I know," she said softly, "but I never expected that she would reveal anyone's identity. The mothers and their babies...it was all to remain confidential."

"It's hard to keep secrets in this day and age, don't you think? When you march in an anti-Klan demonstration, people notice, Lillian. When

you encourage a prominent family to reduce their support for our efforts, people resent that. So one day we're reminiscing about the old days on Castle Rock, and your name comes up. Minnie just says, 'You know why she came here in the first place, don't you?'

"'Why no,' I say. 'Why?' I have to tell you, Lillian, I was shocked."

Lillian had no obvious reaction, still lost in the memory of that day. *I'm afraid there's something wrong with your baby, Lillian. It may be impossible for your baby girl to be adopted as we planned. She's a Mongoloid idiot. A mental defective. She will need to be raised in a state institution. That's if she survives. But first, Lillian, we'll bring her into you. You're too weak to hold her now, but at least you can hold her little hand.* She remembered what a mighty grip her baby had as she grabbed her mama's index finger and held on for dear life. *This is certainly no mistake, she thought. This is not a mistake!*

"So, Lillian, I just need a little of your cooperation. Just a little information now and then, and your secret will be safe with me." His high-pitched whine returned like a swarm of flies. "I don't think I even need to mention backing off of your criticism of my organization, do I? That should simply be obvious."

He waited for her eyes to make contact with his. "This is what I need from you. There's this Red Rocks business near Morrison. There are a number of reasons why it's important to my organization that Denver is successful in these negotiations. Then there's Bentley. Like I said, he's a loose canon. I need to know if I can continue to trust him or not. I need to know if Castle Rock is still safe. Now, you'll help me with those things, now won't you, Lillian?"

The way he said "Lillian" enunciated his nasal whine, with the 'nnnn' sound sliding up the cavity between his eyes.

"That's a nod I see, isn't it, Lillian? Yes. Of course, it is."

RED ROCKS

Rattlesnake Park—a great description for the place—especially when one is trying to lower property value or make it impossible for the owner to sell. That’s how Denver’s legendary mountain park promoter, George Cranmer, described it as he conspired with Ben Stapleton on how to add this scenic natural wonder to the fold of Denver Mountain Parks. At least it seemed that way to Mac, Richard and Bentley.

Most thought *Cosmopolitan Magazine* magnate John Brisbane Walker still owned the park, made famous by the naturally-occurring red rock amphitheater formed perfectly in the park’s center between massive red sandstone monuments jutting skyward just slightly less than vertical. Walker, after selling the eastern magazine for “a fortune,” is generally recognized as the first to envision an outdoor amphitheater amidst the rocks and even enticed celebrated opera singer Mary Garden to perform there once, accompanied by his wife Ellen on a wooden stage erected just for the occasion. Walker had great dreams of building roads throughout the park, with routes from Morrison, Denver and Mt. Vernon feeding amphitheater staging and seating he’d construct where audiences would be treated to the best acoustic sound production available outdoors anywhere in the world. Walker had indeed been the first of the Front Range visionaries to build a funicular railway in the region, constructing an incline railway up Mt. Morrison from the base of the “Garden of the Titans” a few years before Vidler’s rail up “the Mountain” and Mac’s up Table Rock.

On Mt. Falcon, Walker built a “castle” for his wife and dreamed of building a summer White House for the Presidents. But similar to many other stalled ventures, all he was able to complete for the Presidents was the placement of a marble cornerstone complete with an engraved dedication statement. Walker’s presidential vision stalled abruptly with the sudden and unexpected death of his wife. The fortune he’d made from selling the magazine to the Hearst family had dwindled away, so he pursued the city of Denver, encouraging its leaders to buy the park. Along with other



Walker's visionary dream of a Summer White House for Presidents.

civic leaders who dreamed of a system of Denver mountain parks and revenue-producing resorts, Walker had engineered a victory in the 1912 election, giving Denver the right to tax its citizens to fund the creation of Denver Mountain Parks. But a few years later the stone mansion he'd built for his wife on top of her beloved Mt. Falcon burned mysteriously and the cause was never determined. Although some folks reported a lightening storm that day, locals suspected a more sinister explanation.



Denver's Mountain Park contingent posing after its victory in court condemnation proceedings.

Perhaps the City was trying to whittle down the selling price. With most of his dreams gone, Walker left the area and returned back east to New York. Few people knew that his good friend from Morrison, John Taylor, and his relatives, the Casperson family from Golden, were quietly buying up major portions of the park for back taxes owed. In the end, the Taylor and Casperson coalition owned the entire park.

The Casperson brothers envisioned the same potential that Walker saw for the park, but the toughened trio had no intention of selling it to Denver, at least not for the pittance Denver was offering. But then Cranmer planted his “rattlesnake” quote and the newspapers lapped it up.

“They already scalped us with Lookout Mountain,” Mac started as he and his brother left town for Morrison on the Old Golden Road leading toward Mt. Vernon. “We’ve got to put up a better fight on this one. Denver...” he sighed with a tone of disgust.

“I didn’t go to law school for nothing, and neither did Bentley” Richard retorted, already beginning to create his common man defense against big government, one that would find a sympathetic audience with most jurors, if he could only get this case into court.

“The bastards have already filed for condemnation. You heard what Cranmer called it. Rattlesnakes. Talk about poison. He’s got to have a stake in this somewhere. He’s always one step ahead of us, like he knows our every move. Why shouldn’t we be able to develop it privately? Who’s to say Denver could run it better than we could? They’re crowding the

common man out all for their so-called public interest. I just don't buy it," Mac kept the litany going.

Lillian. Mac wondered, what if Lillian were in cahoots with Cranmer? Had she fed him family secrets? She had warned Mac about Bentley and his connection with the Klan, more than once. *No, not Lillian, not my lily of the valley.*

At the top of the road near the base of Creation Rock and the base of the old Walker/Mt. Morrison funicular, the brothers parked their car and prepared to meet the men from Denver, men on a mission. The power players from Denver seemed smug as they watched the brothers approach and a photographer, hired for the occasion, was preparing his camera and tripod. The sales negotiations had broken down and a stalemate had seemed certain when Richard received the telephone call requesting a meeting in the park.

"So, Mr. Cranmer, that rattlesnake quote was really below the belt, don't you think?" Richard was known for getting right to the point. Bentley stood right behind Richard like a second in a dual while Mac slowly walked back and forth as if watching the red dirt gather on his shoes.

"Settle down, Casperson," George Cranmer gave a slight, dismissive wave toward the brothers. "I didn't plant that quote. The reporter asked what kind of wildlife lived in the park. I told him. Hell, you can't tell me there aren't any rattlers here. There are thousands of them up and down the Hogback...right in Golden, too!"

"It wasn't your intent to drive down the price?" Bentley shot back, getting right up into Cranmer's face.

"I don't need to." Cranmer opened a leather briefcase he was carrying and handed a thick set of legal-sized documents to Richard. "This should explain the City's intent. We've given you plenty of time to think about our last offer. It was fair and it was what your old friend Walker wanted."

"I think you should leave Walker out of this," Bentley snarled. "That old dreamer wanted the park system in the mountains, not on his own land, at least in the beginning. You just wore him out."

"Winners never quit and quitters never win," replied Cranmer as his contingent mockingly shook their heads in agreement. "Let's see just how good you attorneys are. I think you'll find the condemnation papers in order. They do pose a fair price—and final—offer." With that Bentley spit

on the ground and the three brothers briskly walked back to their car.

As the brothers pulled Richard's Pierce Arrow back through the hole in the rock near the top of the park on the first of Walker's auto roads, Richard was already fuming. Eminent domain was a sneaky way to separate hard-working citizens from their land; a way to crush private competition, and a way for big cities to plow over smaller ones. At least so it seemed to Richard.

So, as it was, the band of brothers from the little town overseen by majestic Castle Rock would soon lose another round to the big city to the east. As they gazed between majestic Ship Rock and massive Creation Rock toward Denver, obscured by the brown haze that collapsed over the Platte Valley even in those days, they knew this battle was over. Another victory for the "public interest" over the private rights of property owners, a controversial theme would divide the town and its good citizens for years and decades to come.

As old man Humphreys read about the proceedings in the following week's Transcript, he enjoyed watching this "land grab" in reverse. What's good for the goose is good for the gander, he told his boys. Boys...hell. They were men now, with condemnation plans of their own.

THE FIRE

They felt snake-bit all right. The brothers from Golden, together with the land baron from Morrison, had put up a good fight against the Queen City of the Plains. It was 1927 now and Morley was near the end of his ill-fated term. The Klan was on the wane in the state except for the southwestern corner in towns like Bayfield, where it took more time for things to change. Mayor Ben Stapleton, who had originally accepted support from the Klan, now pretty much acted as if his association with the secret association had never existed. Denver Mountain Parks, under George Cranmer, was relentless in its offensive to secure Red Rocks, using rattlesnake publicity or whatever it took, followed by one condemnation suit after another. Whatever the Casperson brothers devised as a defense was somehow undermined by the City, as if the City knew in advance what the brothers would claim next. Bentley led the legal team, representing the interests of John Taylor, Richard and of course Mac.

When the onslaught by the City had begun, Walker still held title to about two-thirds of the park while the Taylor-Casperson alliance had gathered about one-third through the delinquent tax sale process. As the City of Denver continued its acquisition process, Walker was clearly a broken man, his wife dead and his fortune gone, with his personal dreams vanishing in smoke along with his castle. Near the end of Denver's multi-year condemnation battle, Taylor and his Casperson in-laws had managed to acquire title to the entire park, in the name of a number of businesses, still hoping to develop the park according to Walker's vision, with a few of Mac's innovations, of course.

County abstract records would later document the total and complete victory by the City. The Taylor-Casperson group, with titles in the names of John C. Starbuck and John Taylor, Clear Creek Development Corporation, McKinley F. Casperson, R.D. Casperson and Park of Red Rocks Corporation, ultimately were paid \$25,000 for one parcel of 540 acres. They received \$50,000 for the tracts recently surrendered by Walker. Bentley surmised the Casperson law firm had spent nearly that much defending their right to the land, their private development dreams, and against eminent domain in prin-

iple. His opposition to the City had been vigorous and he worried that he might have burned some bridges. He considered the battle lost but not the war. He knew an appeal would be costly and might take years, but he loved a good fight. After all, Bentley was a competitor from way back and he loved a good game.

Bentley lived in Denver with his wife Rose and two little girls on Gaylord Street in the heart of the city. Following his undergraduate experience at Amherst, he had met Rose Vannier from Michigan while a law student and baseball player at the University of Michigan. He and Richard maintained their law practice in the City although Richard had continued to live in Golden, using the Interurban line to travel back and forth to work.

The Klan had abandoned its use of Castle Rock before the 1924 election, when it became clear that visual demonstrations to promote fear were no longer necessary nor prudent with the Klan's own man running the state from the Capitol. The buildings, once a dance pavilion and gambling casino, were now abandoned, under lock and key, and empty except for some trunks and suit cases Bentley and Richard were storing there—deeds, filings, legal abstracts, and a stack of boxes in one corner labeled simply “Locke”—items the brothers wanted secured in a more secret location than their homes or law offices in case they were needed in upcoming appeals, as well as records of associates and old cronies, items that would never again see the light of day.

Lillian knew about the stash as well. Mac had a way of telling her everything, even though by now, their relationship was less than a flicker. Mac had taken in his widowed sister and was devoting a great deal of his personal time to her while Lillian seemed more occupied by her other interests, including other male interests, and a new cause—retarded children. So opposed as she had been to the Klan philosophy and the family's continued involvement, Lillian Prichard appeared to have given up and was finally becoming that dot on the horizon Mac had so worried about during his initial desperate pursuit of her. Like a train chugging out of the station on its final run, Mac knew that Lillian wasn't coming back, and for the first time, he was actually okay with it. She had simply worn him out.

One day in early August the entire family was out of town, Richard and Mary in Morrison, Bentley in Denver and Mac up Golden Gate Canyon on a bird-watching expedition with his sister, when those cerie flames and shadows of smoke appeared again to the town folk of Golden, who were gathering below and straining up to see what was occurring up on Castle Rock. As more

and more town's folk began to realize what was happening, there were shouts, cheers and rebel whoops. But this time it was not some demonstration or secretive ceremony—the decaying buildings of the Castle Rock Railway and Resort were burning to the ground. People just watched. No fire bells rang nor were there any attempts by the volunteer fire department to climb the mountain. It would have taken too long and besides, most people were glad to see the aging eye-sores go.

The Colorado Transcript would describe it this way in the Aug. 11, 1927 edition:

“FIRE DESTROYS HALLS ON CASTLE MOUNTAIN
*Spectacular Sunday Blaze Causes Damage of \$3500 to
Landmark*”

The dance hall and meeting place on Castle Mountain were completely destroyed by fire Sunday morning. The origin of the fire is unknown, but four youths who were said to have been in the neighborhood earlier in the morning are in custody of the sheriff's office awaiting further developments.

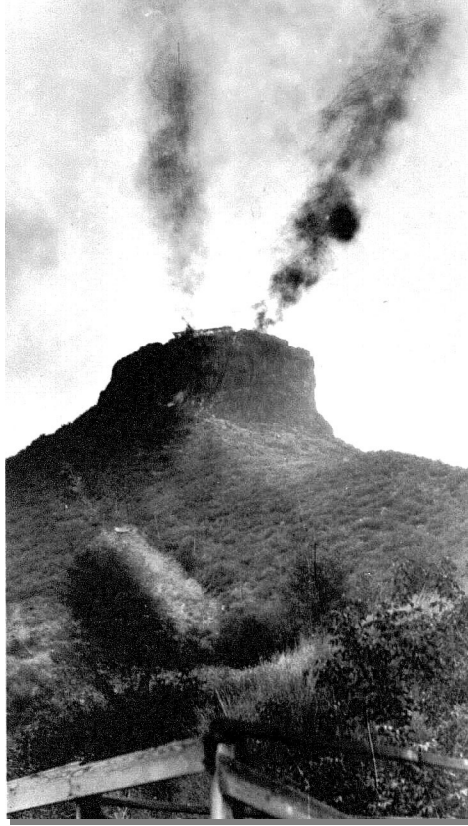
Damage is estimated at \$3,500, of which \$2,100 was covered by insurance. The fire was spectacular as the flames and black smoke from the burning buildings were visible for miles. No fire apparatus could be used because there is no water on the mountain.

The property is owned by the Casperson Investment Co., of this city and has had a long and eventful career, especially in the days when Castle Mountain was Golden's greatest attraction and McKinley Casperson operated the funicular railway and other attractions in connection with the scenic spot.

For some time it was used as a meeting place of the Ku Klux Klan.

The building was last used about a year ago as a dance hall called Lava Lane. Since then it has not been in use. A power house situated near the buildings and used for the funicular railway was not damaged.

Members of the Casperson family were out of town when the fire occurred and did not know of it until they returned Sunday evening.



*Sunday morning
blaze on Castle Rock
levels the vacant
dance hall.*

Old man Humphreys had to smile as he gazed across the valley following the billows of smoke as they trailed into the afternoon sun. Just where were those boys of his? As the word made its way to Denver, a portly man with a goatee, a Dr. John Galen Locke, smiled too. What a cryin' shame. Hope those boys were insured.

As the Casperson brothers gathered at Richard's home on 18th Street and Arapahoe, looking up toward the rock and the last wisps of smoke melting into the evening sky, Mac sighed, "At least now it's finally over."

Bentley, seeming to stare far beyond the ascending flume, replied softly, "I'm not so sure."

THE PHONE CALL

It was early for the telephone to ring on a Saturday, even at the home of a prominent Denver attorney. Rose, who was the only one in the household up at the early hour, turned from the kitchen sink and walked quickly into the hallway where the home's only phone sat on a desk in the vestibule.

"Hello," she said with some uneasiness, considering the time of day.

"I need to speak with Casperson. Now." The last command was delivered after a pregnant pause.

"Certainly...one moment, please. May I say who's calling?" There was no reply.

Rose climbed the steps to the couple's bedroom and roused Bentley, typically a light sleeper, but the round of drinks he'd put away the night before had left him pretty zonked. "Bentley, the phone. It sounds important."

Bentley slipped on a robe as he groggily left the bedroom and descended the stairs. "Hello," he offered with more of a grunt than anything civil.

"Sorry about the fire, my boy. A fire on South Table Mountain, just like in the old days, eh?"

"Who is this?" Bentley asked with a growl. He recognized the high pitched, nasal sound of the once mighty Grand Dragon, but if the phone line were being tapped, he wanted Locke's identity confirmed. Locke knew better as well.

"Were the records destroyed...completely?" was his answer, less as a question than as a statement.

"What would you expect? Those old buildings. No water to fight the fire. No one even tried. The only thing left is the steel from the foundation driven into the rock."

"Some of my former associates are not convinced. They want proof you didn't move the contents or have your secretary re-type anything."

Bentley's temper began to kindle. "Tell your... associates..."

“Hold on,” Locke interrupted. “I told them you knew how to take care of business. Relax. Did I wake you? You sound stressed.”

“Look, I did my part, ok? All your records—everything Internal Revenue needs—are gone, ok? Up in smoke.”

“My associates...and I...just wanted to be sure. You know, if you’ve held anything back—anything—you could be in jeopardy. Anything.”

For the first time in this morning’s irritation, Bentley felt a shiver. There was a file or two...still in his office...material not that relevant, or was it? Bentley whispered, “The Stapleton file.”

“What about it?” Locke shot back.

“I’ve still got it. In my office. I meant to take it to the rock but it just never happened.”

“But you know it’s still in your office, right?”

“Yes, it must be.”

“It better be.” Click.

THE PERFECT CRIME

According to local historians, if someone were guilty of a crime, they would have wanted Richard Casperson as chief defense attorney. His dog-eat-dog style, evident from the days when he battled mining magnate A.V. Hunter, would never allow him to back down when there was justice to be done. Yet, when his own younger brother was gunned down mysteriously one winter evening, he quickly succumbed to the police and party line after less than a month, concluding that this unthinkable crime was indeed unsolvable. Some wondered why an attorney with so powerful a reputation would not be a little more diligent to find his own brother's murderer. What did Richard know? What was he concealing? What motivated such a man, described as a piranha in a pond of guppies, to say so little?

Bentley turned up the alley toward the rear of his house on Gaylord Street in Denver, bumping down the narrow lane as he maneuvered his vehicle to the right, anticipating the tight turn he would need to make into his garage. Pausing with the engine still running, he stepped out of his car, the headlights casting a beam through the cold darkness toward the doors, a set of doors that latch and lock in the middle. After opening the doors he returned to his car and slowly negotiated the turn into the one-car garage. As was customary for him, he then got out of the car, closing one door first. Just as he started toward the second door in near blackness, a single shot rang out, hitting Bentley in the chest.

Still in great athletic shape, Bentley stumbled under the crush of the blast but was able to regain his balance. The shooter began to run down the alley toward the street. At least that's what Bentley thought. The shadowy figure slipping past him must be the shooter. Bentley attempted to pursue his assailant but fell to the ground after a short chase as the sound of the bolting footsteps gradually faded away.

Bentley had no idea how long he had lain there. In reality it was just minutes. A man came running to his assistance and asked excitedly without much breath left, "Who are you? Are you okay?"

"I've been shot..." was about all Bentley could respond.

"Did you see who shot you?" The man was kneeling over Bentley now, while a Ford coupe drove down the street, pausing for just a moment, driving off down East Ninth Avenue slowly in second gear, where it turned into an alley.

"No...a well dressed man...that's all I saw." Those were the last words Bentley was able to muster before falling into unconsciousness.

The good Samaritan, a neighbor who lived in the house next door to the Casperson family, had been awakened by his daughter. "Someone has been shot, Daddy!" his daughter shouted out excitedly. Her father, Eli Lidvak, dressed quickly in a bathrobe, grabbed a revolver and left the house in the direction of the shot his daughter had heard. He found Bentley near the end of the alley, already in a heap on the ground and apparently dying. Lidvak's wife, arriving abruptly with another neighbor, recognized him. "That's Bentley, Eli, our neighbor."

Within fifteen minutes, Bentley was loaded into an ambulance and was on his way to Mercy Hospital when he died.

The two Denver daily papers were loaded with stories about the shooting, with front page headlines and numerous sidebar stories. MYSTERY MAN MURDERS DENVER LAWYER blazed across the top of the Denver Post with the sub-headline: Bentley B. Casperson is Waylaid in Rear of Home. A third sub-headline read BULLET FROM DARK BRINGS DOWN VICTIM and a fourth, Mortally Wounded Man Chases Attacker But Drops in Alley; Police Believe Revenge Was Motive.

The Rocky Mountain News ran the front page headline across the width of the broad sheet format: DENVER LAWYER IS SHOT TO DEATH followed by CASPERSON IS MYSTERIOUSLY SLAIN AT HOME. A third sub-headline read: Assassin Fires Bullet Into Attorney's Heart as He Closes Doors of His Private Garage. A fourth read: REVENGE IS BELIEVED SLAYER'S MOTIVE and finally, a fifth: Dying Man Says He Didn't Recognize Well-Dressed Assailant.

Bentley's wife Rose, who was already asleep at the time of the shooting, was wakened by a neighbor's phone call. By the time she had secured her daughters with the housekeeper and was driven by neighbors to the hospital, her husband was gone. She collapsed at the news and was driven back home.

People were curious a day later when Rose was described by one of

BEREAVED IN MYSTERY DEATH

Mrs. Bentley Casperson, whose husband was shot down by a mysterious assassin at the rear of his own garage Thursday night.

Rose Casperson, Bentley's widow as shown in the March 9, 1929 edition of the Rocky Mountain News.

the daily papers as appearing unemotional and dry-eyed. "Surrounded by weeping friends who sought to comfort her for the assassination of her husband Thursday night, the pretty blond widow sat stoically in her chair, her blue eyes dry, her manner calm."

"I have nothing to say about the tragedy. I can't talk about it. I have so much to think about." Then Rose added, "I'll have enough notoriety

later, anyhow.” Reporters questioned her about this prophecy but she denied knowing anything that would assist the case or what might cause such notoriety.

Mac, Richard and Bentley’s father Bernard were all questioned by the police and interviewed by reporters, indicating that all possible clues had been shared. “We’ve told them about all the cases in which there was a chance that someone might have had a grudge against him,” Mac was quoted. But it was what Mac kept to himself that bothered him more as he lay awake later that night. He hadn’t mentioned the woman Richard and he had labeled “Jezebel,” the mistress Bentley had maintained now for more than a half dozen years. He hadn’t mentioned that there were those in city government still harboring hard feelings against him over Red Rocks and rattlesnakes. He hadn’t mentioned that remnant of the Ku Klux Klan who just might have thought Bentley knew a little too much. Nor had he mentioned Humphreys and his boys because, while he knew of their threats, Mac had never really considered them a serious concern. This murder seemed a little too well planned and cleanly carried out for that grizzly group from Golden.

The night of the murder Bentley left his home about 6:30 p.m. for choir practice, giving his wife a kiss. Police agreed that Bentley had attended the rehearsal at the home of Mrs. H.P. Johnson, excusing himself about 8 p.m. for another engagement. According to friends from the University Club, he then went to the Denver Dry Goods tea room to discuss a minstrel show. About 8:30 he left for an appointment with a number of men at his office at the E & C [Earnest and Cranmer] building. One of the men, Guy B. Kaynard, also an attorney, said the men left Bentley alone about 9 p.m. to do some work he needed to finish alone. He left the building for home shortly before 9:30 according to the elevator operator, Zita Oswald. Oswald also reported a strange looking man hanging around earlier in the evening, looking for Bentley and appearing nervous and distracted. He left the building shortly before Bentley and the others arrived. She described him as well dressed.

For days afterward, police hunted for this mysterious man. Footsteps found next to the garage at the murder scene indicated a man had been standing in the narrow passageway next to Bentley’s garage. A number of cigarette butts at the scene seemed to validate that the man had waited for some time before springing into action. Police concluded that a .44 caliber

antique revolver had been used, but later changed the description to a .41 caliber. The gun itself was never found.

The same elevator operator also reported a number of women coming and going from Bentley's office in the weeks before the killing. One in particular, a well-endowed blond-haired woman, had been observed on a number of occasions, most recently just a week prior.

The headlines and stories would continue for nearly a month as various clues, leads and people were checked out by the Denver police. Motives ranged from revenge [husbands and wives of clients during divorce cases]; robbery [although police detectives determined that nothing had been taken]; a serial mad-man killer [at least one other similar murder attempt occurred the same month as a man left his garage]; and women [Bentley and a male friend had been seen in the company of two women recently and a recurring story emerged about a mystery "buxom" blond with the nickname "Jezebel"]. Theories seemed aplenty but curiously, there was not one reference, not a single word, about Bentley's membership—number 1041—in the Denver klavern of the Ku Klux Klan. Such a connection would never be made, not ever.

Divorce cases, a fistfight with another attorney, and an encounter with a drifter—all these potential motives were checked out systematically, but police, led by Captain Burt Clark, seemed stymied at every turn. While appearing conscientious, police were hopping down every conceivable bunny trail, and some began to conclude that the Denver police never intended to find the killer. Leads led nowhere and clues evaporated. The buxom blonde turned out to be a "brunette" from Greeley, a divorce case client. The fistfight with a fellow attorney? Just in a day's work for two competitive barristers. The appeal by the Casperson/Taylor family against the City of Denver over the condemnation of Red Rocks Park?

Strangely, nothing appeared in the multitude of press clippings about that. Nor was there any coverage connecting the mysterious torching of the buildings owned by Bentley and his brothers on Table Rock in Golden. The Denver police, at least half of whom had been card-carrying members of the Klan, couldn't seem to follow a single clue leading to the solution of one of Denver's most notorious unsolved crimes. Within months, with the crash of the stock market monopolizing the news and with the lives of so many impacted by the collapse of the economy, the

unsolved murder of an up-and-coming attorney from Denver rapidly became an afterthought.

A reward offered immediately by Donald Porter, another prominent Denver attorney, was withdrawn after less than a month of investigatory work. Bentley's former friend and colleague described the case as, indeed, the perfect crime. Some wondered why an attorney, of all people, would conclude in less than one month that the Casperson murder mystery would never be solved. How did he know? The Bentley Casperson murder became a cold case while the trail was still warm.

THE GRAVESIDE

Lillian had not ridden the Interurban into Golden for nearly three years now, having penned that dreaded letter to Mac breaking off their relationship shortly after her fateful meeting with Dr. Locke and after she'd betrayed the family sufficiently enough by handing over the Stapleton file, delivered unread. Nor had she seen Mac or any member of the Casperson family since then, preferring to keep a very low profile among a small group of friends and co-workers from Capitol Hill. Descending the steps from the rail car within walking distance to the cemetery, she had chosen to attend the graveside ceremony, skipping the more widely attended service at the Presbyterian Church down the hill in town. The Golden Cemetery, where many of Golden's pioneer families held plots of eight or sixteen, was actually outside the town south of the city in Pleasant View. The Casperson plot had been purchased years before, ready for the patriarch, Jesse, but the tenacious Little Mama had deposited her father's remains in the Judge's plot instead a few cemetery blocks away much to the chagrin of the Caspersons, even though as patriarch to both lines, it could be argued he belonged properly in either final resting place.

As unlikely as it was then, Bentley had become the first male eternal entrant into the Casperson plot and his site on the southeast corner of their plot had been prepared. As Lillian walked toward the south entrance of the cemetery, she saw the procession arriving slowly from the South Golden Road. She had read the daily accounts in the Rocky Mountain News and the Denver Post for nearly a week now about the spectacular, mysterious murder of the noted Denver attorney and his family's roots in Golden. She read with bemusement of all the police theories and she knew down deeply that this crime would never be solved but not for the reasons the papers speculated. Those behind it were good at concealing their tracks, even though she had her suspicions, like the rest of the speculators, she could never be sure.

"Lillian, is that you?" Mac was the first to see her, identifying those

familiar eyes as they emerged from the cloak of black apparel. “Oh, I was so hoping you might come.”

“Mac, I am so sorry.” They embraced for a time that began to seem uncomfortable to her and pushing back slightly, she asked, “Will you walk me to the trolley when this is over?”

“Of course, Lillian. Of course.” He then walked over to take his place with his parents, his sister, Richard and Bentley’s widow. The committal was brief with no mention of the crime or circumstance of Bentley’s death. Apparently, the family had already decided to play the dramatic ending as low key as possible.

In the midst of the pastor’s last few words, Mac gazed across to Lillian and remembered the words of her letter. He’d read that final epistle at least a hundred times those first few days, trying to glean the truth that must have been hidden there.

My dearest Mac,

This is the hardest letter I have ever written. You have meant the world to me and words can never describe the mountains of joy you have bestowed upon me. When we met, it was no mistake. I mean, in God’s providence, it was no accident. We were meant for each other. But I kept something from you, a secret that if now revealed would cause you great pain and significant embarrassment, both to you and to your dear family. I cannot risk that and simply will not permit it. You have always allowed for my independent streak and I must ask you to honor it again. If this secret were known, it would ruin us. So, my dear, our ride is over, our chapter complete. Please do not pursue me. You are such a dear romantic. My heart will forever be yours.

Lillian

And he hadn’t pursued her. But, oh, how much he wanted to, how many times he’d gotten as far as the operator before saying, “Never mind.” Now, she was there again, looking at him with those captivating eyes from across his youngest brother’s grave, with just a hint of a smile within her expression appropriately serious for the occasion. He looked intently at her now, as if to coax some explanation from her. She looked back and simply shook her head slowly. “Later,” she mouthed. “Later.”

EPILOGUE

Time Magazine, in its March 19, 1929 edition, would report:

Died. Bentley B. Casperson of Denver, able lawyer, onetime crack pitcher at Amherst College and the University of Michigan; by murder; in Denver.

Jack Carberry, Denver Post Staff Writer, would write nearly twenty years later in the August 24, 1947 edition of *Rocky Mountain Empire Magazine*:

THE CASPERSON MURDER UNSOLVED AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS

It has been said no man ever committed the "perfect crime;" that "every murderer leaves a clue." The storybook detective always discovers that clue. In real life such is not the case.

The outstanding case in this volume, perhaps, is the slaying of Bentley B. Casperson, brilliant young attorney, shot to death at the rear of his home the night of March 7, 1929.

Bentley Casperson was a native of Golden. His father was a leading citizen of the peaceful foothill town. Bentley had two brothers, Richard, who was his law partner, and McKinley F. His sister, Mrs. R.S. Kramer, resided in Denver.

With a gift and deep love for the law, he had by the time of his death built up a practice which was the envy of many an older barrister...

The meager clues, the apparent lack of motive, the mystery remains today as one of those unsolved murders.

The reign of the Ku Klux Klan in Denver and most of Colorado was over. As the 20th century ended and its successor began, people would marvel that the Centennial State, known for its political neutral-

ity and social centrality, would have nurtured such an extreme movement in the first place.

Land development continued as a major pursuit for many prominent Colorado organizations and families, including the Caspersons and those who married into this family line. Lines were drawn, and redrawn, while parcels of land were swallowed up for development. Luxurious homes were constructed, snuggled within the red rocks in the foothills just south of Denver's Red Rocks Park. Instead of rivaling funiculars, the mountains competed for transmission towers, golf courses and reservoirs. The interests of the public versus the private continued in debate, especially the emerging issue of open space.

Catholic priests continued to urge tolerance and Presbyterians continued to embrace forgiveness and grace while foreign terrorists crashed airplanes into skyscrapers and disenfranchised and bullied students slaughtered thirteen of their Columbine classmates less than ten miles from the shadows of Castle Rock. And Tom Tancredo was elected to a fourth term in Congress from southern Jefferson County on a platform of opposing illegal immigration and its negative social consequences and even announced as a Republican candidate for President.

- *McKinley "Mac" Casperson*, b. 1883 d. 2-21-1940. Buried, Golden, Colorado. Founder—President Golden Savings and Loan Association; Colorado Federal Savings and Loan Association, Single, never married.
- *Richard D. Casperson*, b. 1884, d. 11-13-1959 (married to Mary Taylor, daughter of John and Mary Snell Taylor, cousin to Harold Taylor, editor, New Yorker Magazine. Denver attorney. Republican. Presbyterian.
- *Bentley Casperson*, b. 1892, d. 3-8-1929. Denver attorney. Murdered by unknown party.
- *Lillian Prichard*, b. 1886 d. 1935 of ovarian cancer. Registered nurse. Founder of the Retarded Children's Fund. Single, never married.

What is fact? What is speculation? During the 1920s, there were many dark secrets, while people of prominence attempted to guard family reputations. Many people were swept away in a movement that quickly turned ugly. Some recognized their mistake in following a flawed cause, but just as their involvement had been invisible, their return to civility was likewise impossible to document. Others undoubtedly regretted their participation but were in too deeply to disengage. Bentley may have been one of them.

From the Colorado Transcript

GOLDEN: 1900-1909

- May 25, 1905 With 21 graduates, Golden High School has its largest class ever which includes Katherine Dier, John C. Vivian and Mabel Tubbs.
- July 20, 1905 Coors buys building on northeast corner of 15th and Curtis in Denver for \$65,000. It will be used for general offices for the company.
- August 10, 1905 Two boys find the body of a male infant wrapped up in a Denver newspaper of the previous day under the bridge of 14th and Ford. Possibly an abortion.
- August 24, 1905 Dr. D. E. Garvin arrested on a charge of performing a criminal operation on Miss Grace Jospa of this city. Trial today for malpractice.
- August 31, 1905 Case against Dr. Garvin dismissed for lack of evidence.
- January 21, 1906 A 24' by 24' pavilion has been erected by Ashworth and Son at the summit of Castle Rock. Building has a hardwood floor and electric piano. Jack trains will leave at stated intervals from the hotel on Washington Avenue to the top of the rock.
- February 22, 1906 Charlie Quaintance resigns as chief post office clerk to start photography business on the corner of 13th and Washington.

- July 5, 1906 Ashworth and Son's jack train running between the Avenue and the summit of Castle Rock has commenced business. Local photographers are kept busy making snap shots of parties before and after the novel ride.
- July 19, 1906 Harry Hartzell and Charles Quaintance advertise Lookout Mountain trip to mountaintop resort and sell postcards and curios.
- May 30, 1907 2,300 acres on Lookout Mountain resort site is sold to syndicate headed by Rees D. Vidler of Georgetown for \$50,000. The stage line will be maintained from Golden.
- June`13, 1907 John C. Vivian, Colorado University student, is a reporter on the staff of the Denver Republican and is acknowledged as a versatile writer.
- July 25, 1907 Beer is declared the national drink.
- August 29, 1907 "Golden was cloudy the greater part of last Thursday, owing to a picnic of an African Methodist church of Denver. One of the colored 'gemmen,' who had evidently found picnic lemonade insufficient for his thirst, refused to obey the request of Sheriff Whipple for the crowd to clear the walk in front of the Inter-Mountain depot, and as a consequence was landed in jail. The parson in charge made a touching plea in behalf of 'de brudder' and he was released half an hour later."

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- October 12, 1907 On Sunday at 7:30 p.m. the Anti-Saloon League of Golden will hold a temperance rally in the Methodist church. On Oct. 2, Boulder became a dry town and all saloons were closed.
- November 2, 1907 Prayer at religious camp meeting by a good sister, "Oh, Lord, had I but one more feather to my wing of faith, I would fly away." A good brother nearby prayed, "Oh, Lord, stick it in and let her go."
- December 14, 1907 Buffalo Bill visited Golden for an hour coming up from Denver in an automobile. The journey was undertaken so that Cody could ride over the old trail on which he drove a stage in 1860.
- April 4, 1908 Charles Quaintance will purchase a dozen burros to be used this summer on the Castle Rock trail.
- June 20, 1908 Charles F. Quaintance offers special dances at the Castle Rock resort on Tuesdays and Saturday nights beginning at 8 p.m.
- July 11, 1908 One can ride a burro or follow the foot trail to the summit of Castle Rock.
- August 22, 1908 The first marriage ceremony was held on Castle Rock.

April 10, 1909

In a vote to establish Prohibition, 1,100 votes were cast. A 382-vote majority voted that the city would not part with saloons. "Now let us all forget differences of opinion and unanimously pull together for a greater and more prosperous Golden."

July 17, 1909

The rock crusher (basalt rock) on North Table Mountain is running full blast. Rock is conveyed 1,378 feet down the mountain on a 30 percent grade by gravity and loaded onto railway cars.

From the Colorado Transcript
GOLDEN: 1910-1919

March 10, 1910

Cost to Die:	
Doctor, 10 visits at \$3	\$30
Hospital for 12 days	\$28
Surgeon fee for operation	\$125
Casket	\$40
Undertaker	\$10
Cemetery Lot	\$20
Hearse	\$5
<u>2 Carriages @ \$5</u>	<u>\$10</u>
TOTAL	\$268

April 30, 1910

Crown Hill Cemetery new burial grounds will not allow colored people to be buried there. Cemetery has a plot of ground for veterans but Negro veterans are refused burial space there. "When one thinks twice on the matter, a grave question arises as to the humanity and prejudice involved. A white veteran lying beside a black veteran and the flag floating over both does not to us seem inappropriate. At resurrection day, color of skin may not be of much importance."

October 1, 1910

Aeroplane owned by Charles Quaintance "in which many persons have sailed over Castle Rock was overturned and damaged last Saturday night. Repairs have been made and daily voyages are now made as weather permits."

- June 11, 1910 John J. Herold has purchased the Coors building formerly occupied by the glass works and has installed machinery for a small but complete pottery plant and art studio. All ware will be made and decorated here and at least 90 percent of the material used will be found near Golden.
- July 16, 1910 Lights are again gleaming from Castle Rock and the trail is also lighted so the climb can be made day and night.
- May 27, 1911 A funicular railway similar to that on Mount Morrison is now being constructed on Look-out Mountain.
- June 24, 1911 Charles F. Quaintance Investment Company advertises \$1 down and 50 cents a week will buy a lot on which one can build a neat little home, have a garden, raise chickens and stop paying out one's wages for rent.
- July 29, 1911 A.D. Quaintance opens office in E & C Building in Denver.
- December 11, 1911 The Leyden Coal reopened after the December fire that killed ten miners from suffocation, the worst mining accident since the White Ash Mine disaster.
- January 13, 1912 Office of A.D. Quaintance on the corner of 13th and Washington in Quaintance Building will be open 5 to 6 p.m. by appointment.
- July 20, 1912 Charles F. Quaintance sues driver of Pierce Arrow for \$800 plus costs. A.D. Quaintance is the lawyer for his brother.

- July 27, 1912 Mr. Coors hosts 100 motorists on front lawn of his home with salad, sandwiches, beer and cigars. Guests went up Mt. Lookout funicular and returned very late.
- August 24, 1912 Man tried on charge of lunacy. A.D. Quaintance maintained case had not been made so Judge Jameson discharged the case.
- August 31, 1912 Cement Bill Williams purchases a 15-passenger Stanley steamer and will open a stage line to the foot of the funicular railroad that runs to the summit of Lookout Mountain.
- November 30, 1912 Blind pauper will be clothed and furnished food and care for \$15 a month to be paid by the County Commissioners.
- February 8, 1913 Herold Pottery officers are A. Coors Sr., President, A. Coors Jr., Vice President, H.M. Rubey, Treasurer, Charles F. Quaintance, Secretary, and John J. Herold, Manager.
- February 22, 1913 Adolph Coors Jr. initiates a survey to find the corners and lines of the Coors property on South Table Mountain.
- February 22, 1913 The funicular road is already in operation on Lookout Mountain and another is in process of construction to the top of Castle Rock.
- June 28, 1913 About 300 darkies enjoyed picnic and dance at the Golden Opera House. "Cullud gemmen and ladies were an orderly bunch and Marshals Scott and Petrie had no trouble keeping darky hilarity within bounds."

- July 5, 1913 Premature blast kills worker on Lookout Mountain road.
- July 19, 1913 Charles F. Quaintance offers Golden people 25-cent rides on his incline railroad to Castle Rock on Monday and Friday nights during the summer.
- November 22, 1913 Willamain Cranmer marries Grover Coors in home where the bride was born and the couple left for a trip around the world.
- November 29, 1913 Charles F. Quaintance gets order for several hundred pieces of Herold Pottery from Marshall Fields in Chicago.
- December 6, 1913 Front page: Big Snow. Drifts from six to ten feet high and five feet on the level. John Bergen found dead within 50 feet of his cabin near Evergreen. He was attempting to shovel a path to his cattle.
- January 17, 1914 After a long search, the body of John Klaassens has been found within 150 feet of his home. His body was in a big snow drift with only one hand above the snow. He was searched for in vain for 38 days.
- March 14, 1914 Mrs. John Klaassens, widow of snow victim, gives up lease and may return to her home in Holland.
- April 4, 1914 William Wagenbach has secured the exclusive right to operate a refreshment stand on the upper station of the Lookout Mountain funicular railway and he will construct a building near Wild Cat Point.

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- April 26, 1914 Golden makes the best fireproof china in the world according to an article in the Denver News.
- May 9, 1914 Wagenbach will open his new stand on Mount Lookout tomorrow. Soft drinks, ice cream and lunches served. He also intends to open a dance pavilion in the near future.
- June 13, 1914 Lowther-Dier nuptials announced with wedding at home of Judge Dier on Ford Street.
- June 25, 1914 A baseball game against Arvada results in a fracas. Arvada's Fallico referred to as a "Dago."
- October 10, 1914 "The Herold Pottery is now working on chemical accessories. The war in Europe has cut off the supply of this ware and the laboratories of this country will now be forced to use an American product. All that it lacks is the inscription 'made in Germany' for which the people of the United States have long been paying good money."
- November 7, 1914 The Prohibition Amendment was adopted by the State of Colorado. Coors Brewery employs over 70 men with a monthly payroll between \$7,000 and \$8,000. Six saloons pay a license of \$600 a year.
- November 14, 1914 "Charles F. Quaintance of the Herold Pottery and China Ware Company is expected home the first of the week from his trip to New York in the interest of the concern. The pottery is readily growing and a market is gradually being opened up for the sale of its products."

- December 5, 1914 Jury in District Court awards Charles F. Quintance a judgment for damages of \$515 as the outcome of the accident in August, 1911. His car was crowded off the road by a car owned by A.V. Hunter.
- March 11, 1915 All stock of Herold Pottery Company belonging to John J. Herold sold at constable's sale to satisfy a judgment.
- April 29, 1915 One of the leading technical journals in the country features long article on the chemical porcelain ware made in Golden. Herold's financial problems have not diminished the success of his product.
- June 24, 1915 A scandal was created by one of the well-known citizens who beat up his wife. Several of the neighbors witnessed the incident. "We withhold the man's name for he has promised his wife that it will never happen again, and as he is now ashamed of his action, he should not be condemned too severely by other husbands."
- July 1, 1915 A jolly crowd of young people danced into a late hour at the Wagenbach pavilion on Lookout Mountain. They rode the funicular and the ladies served supper.
- August 19, 1915 Adolph Coors has announced that his establishment will begin the manufacture of malted milk instead of beer. "This is most commendable since it not only shows the willingness of Coors to conform to laws as they exist, but it will serve to keep employed a small army of men who are now or would be without employment should the brewery be simply closed down."

- September 2, 1915 A cement highway between Golden and Denver is proposed.
- September 15, 1915 B.P. Quaintance and sons Arthur and Cregar go into wholesale jobbing business with 25,000 pieces of Golden Pottery ware.
- October 14, 1915 A wife is without right to her husband's property. During his lifetime the husband may sell, encumber, give away, or dispose of his property without the consent of his wife. He may do this at any time, even for the deliberate purpose of depriving his wife of the inheritance.
- December 16, 1915 Wholesale and retail druggists are allowed by the dry law to keep intoxicating liquors in stock for sale for medicinal and sacramental purposes.
- December 30, 1915 "As the result of the vote of the people, the Golden brewery, one of Colorado's biggest industrial enterprises, will be closed tomorrow. It is with genuine regret that the people of the city will see the passing of this great manufacturing plant, but they are consoled by the fact that Mr. Coors and his sons are not the kind to 'lay down' in the face of reversals but are going ahead with their plans for the manufacture of other products. Mr. Coors' energy, square dealing and sound business judgment tended to build up a wonderfully successful industry."
- January 20, 1916 Adolph Coors Brewing Company begins to manufacture "near beer" in place of the old-time brew now barred by the dry law. Employees agreed to a reduction in wages.

- February 10, 1916 Ridge Home is designated "State Home for Mental Defectives."
- March 16, 1916 25,000 to 30,000 pieces of laboratory ware were fired at Coors. Plant is working to capacity with forty-eight Golden people employed.
- June 15, 1916 Golden Night on Castle Rock advertises five cents a dance with carfare ten cents.
- December 7, 1916 Ladies are urged to look young and darken gray hair with sage tea and sulphur.
- December 7, 1916 First mile of cement road from Denver to Lakewood golf course is complete and another mile will be added in two weeks. Cost of first link is \$30,000.
- January 25, 1917 The rim rock of North Table mountain, South Table mountain and Castle Rock is basalt of the highest commercial value and is just the material that is being clamored for by contractors of the west. The plan to develop is being undertaken by the Quaintance Investment Company.
- January 25, 1917 A three-foot vein of coal is opened up in the tunnel being run by the Rubey Clay Company at the 12th Street pits. The coal vein is believed that of the old Pittsburg Mine operated some forty years ago. This vein was a feeder to the famous White Ash Mine.

- March 8, 1917 Representatives of the family of the late William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) and members of the Cody Memorial Association are expected in Golden this week to make trips to the summit of Castle Rock and Lookout Mountain to determine the site for placing the monument to the memory of the famous scout.
- April 5, 1917 War is declared. State Guardsmen mobilize at the rifle range. Golden High School students who wish to join the army or the navy will be given credit for the year's work. Seniors will be given diplomas as if the work has been completed.
- May 31, 1917 Rubey National Bank ad states: For the German people this country has nothing but sympathy and good will. With unity of purpose we maintain confidence in our fellow men.
- July 12, 1917 The new stone gateway to the mountain parks has been completed at a cost of \$2,000.
- July 26, 1917 John C. Vivian is making a brilliant fight for a commission as major and judge advocate in the Officer Reserves corps.
- October 18, 1917 John C. Vivian appointed food administrator for Jefferson County. His reports will be forwarded to Herbert Hoover, federal food administrator.

- October 25, 1917 A religious survey for the city of Golden notes a population of 1,501 divided as follows: 353 Methodists, 306 Presbyterians, 294 Episcopalians, 200 Baptists, 197 Catholics, 112 with no preference, 28 Lutherans, 25 Christians, 17 Christian Scientists, 11 Congregationalists, one Unitarian, one Universalist and one Jew. The figures do not include students at the Colorado School of Mines.
- November 1, 1917 The local county food drive under the leadership of John C. Vivian orders compliance by signing pledge cards. Slackers are to be reported to the Secret Service.
- November 15, 1917 The name of the Herold Pottery Company is officially changed to the Coors Porcelain Company. Herman F. Coors is manager.
- April 4, 1918 The new Denver Mountain Park lodge just beyond Genesee Mountain is to be named "Hosa" lodge. The name means "Little Crow" who was known in the vicinity in 1859 as the "ideal Indian," a friend and helper of white men.
- April 25, 1918 Chemical porcelain ware is to be used in field and base hospitals here and in France. Government specifies goods should be made in Golden.
- May 2, 1918 Golden schools abolish teaching of despised German language.
- August 29, 1918 Golden girl, Evangeline Lake, called to duty in France as Red Cross nurse.

- October 10, 1918 Front Page Influenza warning: Avoid all crowds. Do not travel except when necessary. Do not sneeze or cough without covering your face. Keep windows open and stay in fresh air as much as possible. Schools, churches and shows are closed and all social events are called off.
- October 17, 1918 “As a token of their regard for Herman Coors, until this week the manager of the local pottery, the employees of the big plant chipped in and purchased a splendid wrist watch which they presented to Mr. Coors just before he left Tuesday to join the Army.”
- November 14, 1918 About 1:30 a.m. Monday morning, people are awakened with bells, whistles and shots. The central fire station bell rings. The great war is over.
- December 19, 1918 After the death of Henry Foss, who succumbed to the flu, the Foss business will continue by Mrs. Foss, with pharmacist E.F. Kronke in charge.
- February 27, 1919 A number of carload orders have been received for Coors malted milk, shipped to firms in St. Louis, Seattle and Kansas City.
- March 13, 1919 Coors “Mannah” plant resumes operations after being curtailed by the government for the purpose of saving grain. When the plant starts up again, “a number of men will be given employment.”
- April 24, 1919 A.D. Quaintance weds Mary Ross of Morrison.

- April 24, 1919 Jefferson County boys who failed to respond to draft notices are listed as “slackers.” Poor records allow some to be mistakenly identified.
- May 1, 1919 To satisfy judgment against Rees Vidler, all property is sold at public sale including funicular railway and a great amount of land on Lookout Mountain.
- May 22, 1919 Elaborate arrangements are being made for the grand opening of the new ballroom at the Wagenbach place on Lookout Mountain.
- May 22, 1919 Charlie Quaintance is preparing his Castle Rock resort for the season.
- July 31, 1919 Coors “near beer” demand is growing daily. Thousands of bottles are being manufactured daily and shipments from the plant will soon be larger than in the days before the state went dry.
- December 18, 1919 2,600 license plates for 1920 have been sent to Jefferson County. Next year two tags will be issued, one for the front and one for the rear of the car. Cost is based on the cost of the car with a minimum of \$5.

**From the *Colorado Transcript*
GOLDEN: 1920-1929**

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| February 5, 1920 | Stockholders of Herold China and Pottery Co. elect A. Coors Sr., President; A Coors Jr., Vice President and Treasurer and H. M Rubey, Secretary. Other directors: Grover Coors and J. H. Linder. |
| February 12, 1920 | Case of A. Coors vs. Charles F. Quaintance growing out of sale Castle Rock funicular was settled out of court. |
| February 19, 1920 | Cement Bill Williams is moving to old Herrod residence at 1600 Ford Street. |
| March 11, 1920 | Two Golden men crushed to death in clay pits. |
| April 1, 1920 | Quaintance Investment Co. lists homes for sale with prices. |
| April 1, 1920 | Golden Building and Loan Assn. plan to form a building company to build and sell homes. |
| April 1, 1920 | Page 8 notes addition to Foss Drug and remodeling with booths and more ice cream tables, and prescription drug department will be enlarged. |

- April 29, 1920 Victor Ziegler sails to British Honduras to make oil examination surveys. The Mines professor is President of Metropolitan Exploration co. which recently secured control of a million acres of oil land in British Honduras.
- April 22, 1920 A big picnic was enjoyed at the pottery last Saturday noon by the 70 or more employees. Manager Coors saw that the terrific snow storm would prevent the men and girls from going to their homes for lunch and so he had 150 big sandwiches made up and ordered pickles, fruit, and everything that goes for a real picnic lunch and the entire force had a big family picnic.
- May 19, 1920 Finishing touches are made on 182 foot high Coors smokestack, erected by Heine Chimney Co. of Chicago at rate of 7 feet per day. Bottom diameter is 12 feet tapering to 8 feet at top. The word *Coors* in huge letters will be painted on two sides of the stack.
- July 22, 1920 Cement Bill Williams installs two-story vault at Rubey bank building.
- July 29, 1920 Golden Building and Loan marks success.
- August 12, 1920 The 2 story vault at Rubey National Bank is completed. It is of stronger kind of concrete, reinforced heavily with railroad iron and steel and with new steel doors and most modern locks.
- October 7, 1920 L.W. Vidler's cottage west of Lookout Mountain was totally destroyed by fire. The home was unoccupied.

- October 21, 1920 Herold China and Pottery Co. will have a special meeting of stockholders on November to amend corporation articles which would change name of company to Coors Porcelain Co. Adolph Coors B & M Company also called a meeting of stockholders for a proposed name to The Adolph Coors Company.
- October 21, 1920 On complaint of Mrs. Jacob Wagenbach and Mrs. Alfred Lowe, warrants were issued this week by Justice Quaintance for Waldemar Thompson. It is charged in the complaint that Thompson beat the 10-year-old sons of Mrs. Wagenbach and Mrs. Lowe. He denied this saying that he merely pushed the children away from his little brother with whom they were quarreling. The case will come up for a hearing before Judge Quaintance tomorrow.
- November 4, 1920 All pottery workers received substantial extra wage checks. The extra payment is in conformity with a plan whereby employees get an increase in proportion to the decrease in loss of ware in manufacturing. Last month the loss was the lowest in years.
- February 17, 1921 Following a series of family quarrels, an aged Golden man attempts suicide slashing throat and both wrists but unable to make serious wounds. As a result, the husband and wife were taken into custody and both will be tried before a lunacy commission. Man is charged with mental incompetence and wife with insanity.
- March 31, 1921 A. D. Quaintance was fined \$25 by the Court after being remonstrated several times before the fine resulted.

- April 14, 1921 Troop A, Colorado Rangers, receive five Harley Davidson motorcycles with side cars, capable of 80 mph to be used in line of duty.
- April 28, 1921 A. D. Quaintance is lawyer in \$100,000 suit against Sheriff Kerr for false imprisonment.
- May 26, 1921 The Lookout Mountain Inn, under the management of Frank and Jacob Wagenbach will have an enlarged dancing floor in order to take care of the increasing business at this popular place. The contract for the work was let recently to Charles Buckman and the improvement will be finished shortly. The Lighthouse orchestra of Denver will furnish the music on Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday nights during this summer and also on holidays.
- June 2, 1921 An inmate of County Poor Farm owes IRS \$2,685.86. He made moonshine under Prohibition.
- July 14, 1921 Children under 15 are forbidden to drive. Normal highway speed is 35 mph and mountain roads speed is 20 mph. Mountain curves are 12 mph.
- July 28, 1921 The new tariff law benefits the Golden pottery.
- September 1, 1921 Tramway fare is now 34 cents one way and 63 cents round trip.

- September 15, 1921 Adolph Coors Co. entertains 1,000 members of the National Association of Retail Druggists attending a convention in Denver. They were served box lunches and entertainment was provided including a ride to Lookout Mountain.
- February 16, 1922 A. D. Quaintance will buy a \$10,000 residence on the corner of Washington Avenue and 18th Street.
- March 9, 1922 Carl Johnson, well known Wheat Ridge gardener, received a note from the Ku Klux Klan warning him to get out of the county immediately. The message came through the mail and post office inspectors and the sheriff are investigating.
- April 20, 1922 The Ku Klux Klan holds a meeting near Golden. Sixty men attended in commemoration of the crucifixion of Christ. The ceremonies were presided over by one of the eminent preachers of Denver. The statement was given that there are now 8,000 members in Denver.
- April 27, 1922 Mountain States Telephone Co. has reduced cost of phone calls from Denver to Golden from 20 cents to 10 cents.
- April 12, 1923 Rubey Clay Co. has rails on ties on the ground for a tramway line from the pits at the head of 12th Street to the Intermountain loading tracks near 11th St. Cars will run from the mine by gravity and an electric motor will probably be used to bring back the empties. This will eliminate the hauling of clay by horse power and will tend to increase the produc-

- tion at the mine.
- June 7, 1923 The Quaintance Building at 13th and Washington is raised on jacks and moved to a new location. As soon as the building is moved, Continental Oil Co. will build a service station on the corner lot.
- June 23, 1923 The new Conoco station will cost \$8,000.
- July 12, 1923 The old tramway loop on 12th and Arapahoe and 13th Streets will be discarded and the tracks torn out. Cars will now come down Jackson to 12th, go on the Avenue almost to 13th, swing to Intermountain lots and leave via Jackson. A third rail in the new loop will permit cars of both lines to use it.
- July 12, 1923 Foss now manufactures its own ice cream. Also, Foss Perfection buttermilk.
- August 2, 1923 A. D. Quaintance is acquitted of charge of subordination of perjury in U. S. District Court. Alleged perjured testimony offered in 1920 in trial of Roy Lucas for violation of Reed Amendment, a federal statute prohibiting transportation of whiskey from wet territory to dry territory.
- August 23, 1923 Gypsies invade Golden and Chief of Police Dennis arranged quick departure of dark-skinned "beauties" with their husbands, children, and dogs.

- September 13, 1923 A. D. Quaintance, lawyer for Margaret Palmer, sues railroad company for the death of W. N. Palmer at Bluffs crossing. The street car was driving recklessly at rate of 30 to 60 mph. Awarded \$5,000 and cost of Ford \$490.94. Denver and Northwestern Railroad Company paid.
- September 27, 1923 Ku Klux Klan holds big initiation on Castle Rock. More than 150 men in citizens' clothing initiated. Sentries, robed and hooded, allowed no one to pass unless identified as a Klansman. More than 100 cars parked near the summit. A large, fiery cross had been erected on the highest point of Castle Rock and it burned through out the ceremonies, visible for several miles. The meeting did not disband until nearly midnight.
- October 25, 1923 Ku Klux Klan displays huge fiery cross Friday night. The cross is made of electric lights about 50 feet high and can be seen for miles around.
- November 22, 1923 The Ku Klux Klan, masked and robed, appears at the Presbyterian church and presents a rug to the church and then disappeared in automobiles. "We stand for the same things you do," they claim. A large number of strangers were seated in the pews when the services began. A rug of the size presented was needed in the parsonage and this need was generally known.
- December 27, 1923 IRS says new simplified form will lighten the income tax task for many this year.

- December 6, 1923 A new Linotype machine at the Transcript replaces hand-set type. The paper presents news without fear or favor.
- March 27, 1924 Mrs. Margaret Palmer awarded \$3,000 from Denver and Northwestern, operating the tramway line between Golden and Denver, in death of William M. Palmer at Bluffs crossing.
- May 8, 1924 The Lookout Mountain Inn on Lookout Mountain has again opened for business under the management of Miss Josephine Wagenbach and Frank Wagenbach, George Hering having sold his interest to them. Dancing is offered on Sundays with Oredigger orchestra furnish the music.
- May 15, 1924 All old fixtures in Rubey National Bank have been removed and replaced with new ones of marble and oak and new marble floor has been laid. Lobby is enlarged and direct entry way is at rear of building. Safe deposit department is in the basement.
- June 12, 1924 Forty robed Klansmen visit Baptist Church Sunday night. Spokesman asked permission to talk and it was granted by the pastor, Rev. Walter Jaeger. A brief talk outlined some of the purposes of the KKK: Organization stood for enforcement of the laws and all things the church stood for. Gave pastor an envelope with about \$50 which the pastor accepted and said he believed the Klan to be a good organization.

- September 11, 1924 A female dope fiend from Denver, wandering the streets of Golden, dropped a package of dope on sidewalk, got down on hands and knees and licked the powder off the sidewalk. She obtained an overdose and was in critical condition when the undersheriff returned her to Denver.
- September 11, 1924 New checks at the Rubey National Bank contain lithographed photo of Golden, tinted in various colors, taken from South Table Mountain showing city, Lookout Road, M, and snow capped mountains in the background.
- September 25, 1924 Klansmen visited the home of William Johnson on Friday night and presented him with a tidy sum. Mr. Johnson is in bad shape with cancer.
- September 25, 1924 Father P. U. Sasse, who has been here since the death of Father Robert Servant, transferred to the Fort Morgan parish. Father John P. Moran, a young man who lived all his life in Colorado, is the new priest in charge of St. Joseph's parish. He has been an Assistant at St. Philomena's parish in Denver. He conducted his first service in Golden last Sunday.
- October 2, 1924 About 30 robed Klansmen paid a visit to the Methodist church during Sunday night services and presented the pastor with a purse containing \$25. The Klansmen opened the door of the church just as the first hymn of the service was being concluded. They formed lines in both the aisles and at the conclusion of the hymn the spokesman went to the front

- and made a short talk. He informed the pastor that the Klan admired the work being done by the church and stated that the Klan stands for the same principles as does the church. He then presented the money and asked the pastor to lead in prayer. Mr. Beattie gave a short prayer and the Klansmen filed out and entered automobiles left standing at the curb.
- October 23, 1924 Engagement of Maude Charlotte Kleyn of Ann Arbor, MI, to John C. Vivian is announced. She is on the faculty of the University of Michigan School of Music.
- October 30, 1924 All businesses will close on Saturday afternoon when CSM plays the Wyoming Cowboys.
- November 6, 1924 Walter Johnson is elected sheriff by a large majority.
- November 27, 1924 The DAR meets with the Fortnightly Club for a benefit for the piano fund. Mrs. Willis Lowther will host the DAR meeting.
- February 5, 1925 "Can a Catholic be an American?" is the subject of a lecture at the public library on February 12 at 8 o'clock by Father John P. Moran, Pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church. This is the first in a series of lectures by Father Moran on "The Faith of Catholics." Everyone is cordially invited.
- February 19, 1925 Jefferson County takes over policing the cement road. The speed limit is 35 mph.

- June 18, 1925 City Marshall Tom Rowe is painfully injured when his motorcycle and side car was cap-sized.
- July 18, 1925 Adolph Coors Co. electric sign formerly at the Denver warehouse is now installed on top of the bottle house. Sign can be seen from Lookout Mountain and is an excellent advertisement for incomparable malted milk
- June 18, 1925 Rees Vidler, 72, obituary.
- June 18, 1925 Paul Mayo inherits 2 million dollar estate from wife Marjorie Reed Mayo, who died recently.
- June 18, 1925 John C. Vivian weds Maude C. Kleyn at St. Johns Cathedral in Denver.
- August 6, 1925 Ladies of the Ku Klux Klan last week presented several baskets full of good things to deserving families of Golden.
- August 13, 1925 Women of the Ku Klux Klan, 10,000 strong, march in a parade in Arvada in which the local members of the order participated. Golden men assisted those of Arvada and other cities in regulating traffic which started at 2:30 and continued until 7:30. The parade was the climax of a big convention in Denver. The women were robed but not masked and were cheered by thousand of spectators. Fife and Drum Corps and two big American flags with military escort were at the head of the parade. The women marched with arms folded and then raised left arms with palms front in greeting. They marched with the precision of a military machine and required more than an

hour to pass a given point. Every one of the 30 units in Colorado was represented in the parade. Edgewater float represented "Little Red Schoolhouse" and bore motto "Our Hope." Within the limits of Arvada was a solid mass of motors, and at the close of the demonstration there "was a rush for the machines" and a two-hour traffic jam followed.

August 20, 1925

The Minute Men and Women of the Ku Klux Klan of Golden held a big joint open-air meeting Friday night north of Golden. A big M and cross were burned. Several out-of-town speakers were present.

September 3, 1925

The Kiwanians propose to make the new park in front of GHS a memorial to George W. Parfet, who was largely instrumental in securing the Nicholls property for the School District.

September 24, 1925

10,000 Catholics make pilgrimage to Arvada and hold their own parade. It took them an hour to pass a given point. The participants were the Knights of Columbus, two companies of soldiers from Fort Logan, a squad of Marines and the Knights of St. John. Twenty-one parishes from Denver were represented along with parishes from Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Brighton. A Mass was held and Benediction on the steps of the Shrine of St. Anne followed. This was to become an annual pilgrimage of the Catholic people to show public profession of faith in God and Country.

- November 5, 1925 The Minute Men of America installed local officers in Regiment 29 in the presence of a large number of local men and from various parts of Jefferson County.
- November 19, 1925 Judge Dier obituary.
- December 25, 1925 Women of the Ku Klux Klan present a \$100 check to the Golden Community Service Association, the local charity organization that aids worthy persons.
- January 28, 1926 Ladies of the Ku Klux Klan gave the School Board \$145 to be used for playground apparatus at the North and South Schools. This organization recently gave \$100 to the Golden Community Service Association.
- March 25, 1926 Mayor Jones suggests city's two motorcycles should be traded for a light truck.
- March 25, 1926 Page 4 lists interesting notes found in the diary of the late William A. Dier.
- May 6, 1926 Woman killed at Pleasant View crossing when street car hits her coupe.
- June 3, 1926 The Minute Boys, remnants from the KKK, have a party with several of the national officers present. Field Commander Critchfield was in charge of the program.
- July 29, 1926 A joint meeting of the Golden Minute Men and Minute Boys was held with a short program. The Minute Boys are reminded of the big party on August 7.

- August 5, 1926 Golden Regiment 29, Minute Boys of America, will have a program at Woodman Hall. There will be the Metropolitan boys' chorus, a social dance and refreshments. It is open to the public.
- August 12, 1926 The Minute Boys party and dance was a big success financially and socially. Louis Shrewsbury and the trained boys' choir made a decided hit.
- August 26, 1926 Mrs. Grace Rowe, son James and mother Mrs. Sarah Jameson were hit by the street car at the crossing at Cemetery hill when their car stalled on the tracks. They were terribly cut and bruised and Mrs. Jameson had broken ribs and an injured right leg.
- September 2, 1926 Billy Gilbert gets a broken leg at the hip socket and bruises when a large steam radiator for the Gem Theater fell on him.
- September 16, 1926 The Minute Boys will hold an important meeting. Commander Critchfield urges every member to be present.
- November 11, 1926 867 Jefferson County people paid income tax in 1925.
- May 12, 1927 The Lookout Mountain Inn dance pavilion will open with an out-of-town six-piece orchestra.
- August 11, 1927 Fire destroys old dance hall and casino on Castle Rock; spectacular Sunday blaze destroys site formerly used by the Ku Klux Klan.

September 15, 1927

“Astor” case ends as Supreme Court upholds jail term of Miss Edith Miller, who figured in a rough house party near Rock Rest. She was convicted of ordinary vagrancy and will serve 30 days in the local jail and fined \$200.

March 14, 1929

Local attorney from pioneer family, Creagar Quaintance, gun-downed outside Denver home; police say crime may go unsolved.

