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Letter from Great Grandfather Hanley to Warren T. Hanley, his son

Campbird, Colorado
January 27, 1916.

Dear Warren,

You are developing into a great letter writer. Your long letter reached me three days ago. I admired the improvement in your diction so much I sent the letter to Mamma, with comments. Possibly the theme inspired you to outdo yourself. Well, if there is any one sentiment in the human heart that is calculated to make one do his best, it is love. Mamma and I are expecting, as a sequel to the "firing" of Miss Smith the announcement that Miss Smith's successful suitor had been obliged to "walk the plank" also. However, we hope to be disappointed in our expectations.

The inclement weather here continues. There no longer is any trail between here and the Mills. The mail comes up over the tram. The carrying cable of the tram has been in bad condition for some time and Mr Beatt has been very much averse to issuing passes over the tram. We had a couple of bright days two weeks ago and advantage was taken of these to put in a couple of sections and a third will be put in the first fine day we have. A young fellow named Wilfred Noel (brother of Jim) came up to work in the place of one of our waiters, who was sick. It seems he is of the "rolling stone" variety, and after working a week, determined to quit. I gave him his time check and he borrowed a pair of skis from one of the compressor engineers and started. I had to go to the storeroom and one (sic) my way back, discovered him, not more than three hundred feet from the house, floundering around in snow waist-deep. He never had been on skis before and had no more control over them than I have of the stars. After watching his efforts to rise and get the shoes under him and convinced that he never would get to the Mills alive, I called him back and loaned him a pair of Webs. He had neither gloves nor overshoes and as it was bitterly cold he was almost frozen, before he started. I would have loaned him my overshoes but he could not have gotten his toes into the toe pieces of the Webs with them on. I did give him my gloves and pinned his coat on him with safety pins. He started out

bravely enough then and made fair headway down the “point” of the road, where I lost sight of him. I called up the Angle Station, told the boys he was on his way down and to keep an eye out for him. That was 10.00 am, at 11.00 am they called me up to say he had just passed Angle Station and they had cautioned him to keep on the right side of the gulch until after he had passed the U.S. I had reported the issue of the time check to the office (by phone) at 9.30 am. At 12 o’clock they called up to know if Noel had started. I told them he had left here at ten o’clock and passed the Angle Station at eleven and should have arrived at the Mills by that time. At 12.45 I called up the office to learn if he had arrived. He had not. At 1.30 am (sic) I called up again. He had not shown up. At 1.40 Mr Beatt, who was at Mills called me up to get all the facts. He then sent a man over the tram to try to locate the kid. He did so. He found him lying in the snow below the “high tower”, all in and nearly frozen. Kirk got off on one of the towers, caught a return bucket to the Mills, got a pair of snow shoes and returned to Noel, helped him up, broke trail and helped him to the Mills arriving there nearly five hours after leaving here. Close shave, wasn’t it. I had tried my best to keep him here but he had a check for \$12.90 in his pocket and it was burning a hole there.

Forty eight hours before that, or rather, thirty six hours before, one of the women of the village came over and wanted me to go over and see her husband. He was “awful sick and had a temperature of 104”. I told her I could not walk over there and it was arranged that the boys should go over and carry him to the boarding house on a litter. Eight of them went to relay him. They had a severe tussle to get him here. I found he had a temperature of 103, pulse of 108 and a respiration I could not average. He was twitching like a man loaded with strychnine, or with some brain trouble. I went over to the post office and consulted with Dr Sheldon. We took heroic measures and at 2 am the next day he walked down to the tram house and with his wife took the big bucket to the Mills: thence to town by stage. At 7:00 am. Dr Sheldon reported to me he wasn’t a bit sick but would keep him down there a couple of days to see if the fever would return. He is back at work. We don’t know yet what caused the trouble, but if for any reason he had not received the treatment he did, when he did, he’d probably have been sent down on the timber carriers. In this case I had considerable help. His wife is a good nurse-took his temperature every half hour, kept a chart, gave him medicine every hour and watched

him nearly all night. I went up at one o'clock and again at four and found him progressing fine.

I only recite these things to remind you that though we are isolated, things will happen to keep alive our interest and prevent us from dying of ennui. But this letter is long enough and I'll stop the grind.

Good night, good health and success.

Papa.

P.S. From the fact that you put the return address 736 On-An-Alley-SX on your envelope, I presume you want me to address you letters there until further notice.

Papa.