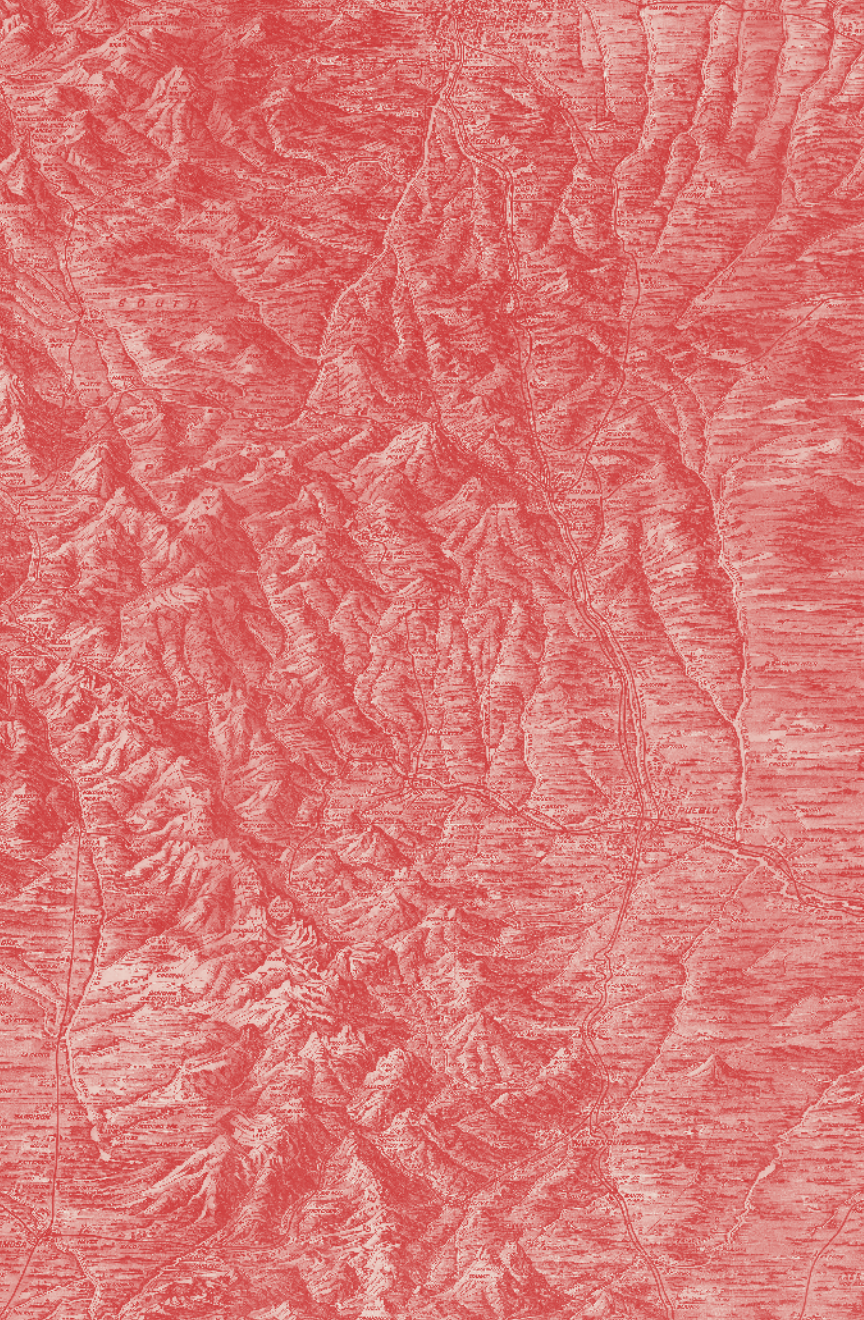

**THE
OUTLOOK
LODGE**

GREEN MOUNTAIN FALLS
COLORADO

ESTD. 1889

**TRAVELOGUE
—
FIELD GUIDE**

FIRST EDITION



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**“I CAN DO NO WORK. IT
ALL LIES ASIDE. I WANT - I
WANT - A HOLIDAY; I WANT
TO BE HAPPY; I WANT THE
MOON OR THE SUN OR
SOMETHING. I WANT THE
OBJECT OF MY AFFECTIONS
BADLY ANYWAY; AND A BIG
FOREST; FINE, BREATHING,
SWEATING, SUNNY WALKS;
AND THE TREES ALL
CRYING ALOUD IN THE
SUMMER WIND AND A CAMP
UNDER THE STARS”**

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
writing to a friend

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WELCOME TO THE OUTLOOK LODGE AND TO GREEN MOUNTAIN FALLS.

This book has some thoughts for you about places to eat, where to go, just how to “be” while you are here so you can have a transformational, mellow, fun, restful, invigorating time. Sections on Dining, Hiking, Drinking, History and even Slowing Down are included. There are also historical sections, factoids and a slightly weird field guide that will, hopefully, encourage curiosity and creativity. Take this with you on your way around. The margins are wide for your own scribbles and notes.

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TRAVELOGUE

by Mike Albo

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Green Mountain Falls feels like a secret. 11 miles west of Colorado Springs, at an altitude of 7,800 feet, surrounded on three sides by Pike National Forest, it's hidden in a valley, right under the nose of everyone. There's even a Walmart a couple miles away, but you'd never know it. It's one of those towns you speed by on your way to someone's wedding, mumble the name to yourself, and wonder: What would it be like to live there? How could I change my life if I just turned left?

It first became a summer resort destination in the late 1800s, but it has always been a resting place: for vacationers, pioneers, Native American Indians, even animals traveling down from the mountains. It's been a respite for anyone or anything in any moment of history who has wanted relief, change, stillness.

"We can't even have a Starbucks" said Chris Frandina, the town clerk of Green Mountain Falls. I visited her

one morning last winter. The town runs on septic, she explained, not a central sewer system like Manitou Springs, and this restricts more major businesses from moving in. “Some people say it’s a town that time has forgot, but we don’t really like that slogan.”

But that ends up being a good thing. Limitations have preserved the area. Look around and you can still see the sepia-toned past: the old railroad that transported hopeful prospectors up to Cripple Creek, the gazebo built during the town’s heyday as a Victorian age vacation destination, and even the powerful, silent mountains that tower overhead like they did when the valley was only known to the Ute Indians. Time isn’t forgotten here, it’s everywhere all at once, whooshing around you.

Now the town has an annual budget of 440,000. The population, 808 year round, goes up to 1300 in the summer. There are 26 businesses, including some artists, two churches, a community center, elementary school, and a pool. There’s even a police force. (HQ is right across from the bar, in that little building that looks like one of those Fotomat kiosks from the ‘70s).

Before there was air-conditioning, families from Oklahoma, Texas and Kansas travelled here to beat the summer heat. Many homes belong to families who have been living or visiting here for generations. One local resident, whose family has had a home here for decades, remembers long car rides from Oklahoma when he was a child, and also the stories his parents would tell him of their much longer journeys here when they were children. “Back then it could take a week to get here in a Model T,” he says. “If it rained you would have to pull over and pitch a tent and wait for the roads to dry.”

* * *

I came here for the first time last Winter. I was brain-fried in an embarrassingly urban way. I drove my rental car through the dark, chilly flatness of Colorado Springs, passing by obedient, wide superstores and clean shopping plazas, to Route 24 and then I climbed the curvy highway to Green Mountain Falls. I arrived around 10PM in pure, unmediated darkness that I am not accustomed to. I stepped out of my car and saw a strange figure yards away: a huge stag with giant antlers, standing there. He scared the crap out of me.

I hadn’t really had time to process that I was somewhere remote, but the next morning I woke up way earlier than I do in Brooklyn. I wandered down the steps, to the Church in the Wildwood. Across the street is a small upholsterer’s store. Two large dogs stood guard outside. I started to cross over to the store but the dogs begin barking violently at me. “Don’t come here!” they said in mean dog language.

I walked towards the Gazebo and saw a store with a sign that read Mike’s Urban Electronics in a deliciously old school digital style font. Wires and gadgets and vintage appliances were displayed in the window with disheveled expressiveness. It was closed. Another sign explained its hours like an unknowable koan:

*some days
we aren't here at all
lately I've been here just about all the time...
except when I'm someplace else...*

Everything seems closed, or sleepily open, and it didn’t seem as though anyone cared. In New York, where lights and flags and people in placards beckon to me outside of every other store, I run around with ATM card in my hand swiping my way through the city, spending eighty dollars before I know

it. Here, stores and restaurants seem like they may even want to discourage me from buying something. There are no engorged shopping centers, no cavernous parking garages, no ubiquitous logos (or, at least, a lot fewer ones).

I went to the Pantry for breakfast. A collection of toys and tchotchkes were crammed onto high shelves on the walls: a Pac Man lunchbox, toy trucks, strange snow globes and superhero figurines. I sat at the counter and listened to the local guys talk about weather and lighthearted news in a chummy way.

People are very friendly here. Even to each other which is always a sign of good energy. Ten years ago, I went on a trip to Mykonos and everyone there was in a bad mood. They barked at each other while they served the tourists they hated. I didn't meet a soul. I sat alone at restaurants reading Balzac's *Lost Illusions*. I didn't feel lonesome here in Green Mountain Falls. Maybe it because I was in a valley and there is a feeling of being cradled when you are in a valley.

A woman entered The Pantry with a small group of mentally disabled men. They shuffled in quietly to see all the toys and knickknacks. I felt everyone gently accept them into the room. One man in the group had a crumpled dollar bill for a cinnamon roll. The waitress gave it to him. He became obsessed with a toy bus on the shelf. He pointed to it and said something over and over. "He wants to buy it," said the woman who came in with them. The waitress, who was in her '20s and had a pretty, fresh face and masses of curly blond hair, apologized to him. "Oh I'm sorry! The toys aren't for sale, I'm so sorry," she said.

He was puzzled, maybe a little distraught. "C'mon buddy!" said his guide. She was encouraging, patient, trying to lead him back out the door and into the morning sun, hoping to get him out of his mental loop. I've been in

that loop so many times, I thought, pointing and wanting something and not understanding why the world keeps me from having it. I wished so much that I had a toy car for him.

I left soon after and sat near the lake. Birds arrived in the tree beside me, chatting frantically, all at once. Then they just stopped like they are all emailing but still pretending to be paying attention. Silence. Maybe it was because it is off-season, but the emptiness of the town was audible. And maybe this is also the effect of being in a valley. Everything—feathers, rocks, thoughts—settles here.

Then, out at the gazebo, a Real Housewife appeared. She had huge blond hair, wore white sunglasses, pink Ugg boots, tight white leggings and a matching pink and white quilted, cropped down jacket that fit over her like a bra. Next to her was a guy with a surfer-styled brocaded T shirt on and over-gelled hair. I've never seen two people look more like they are on a reality show. It was jarring. But they seemed to be passionately in love. They embraced each other, then separated to take photos of each other, then embraced again. The birds started chirping again. I looked up to them and then over to the gazebo. The couple was gone. I have to clear my head, I thought.

A couple months ago, I asked my friend Sebene, who trains in mindfulness meditation, to give me some kind of "Meditation for Frazzled Dummies" starter course. She recommended the dharma talks of Tara Brach, available for free through iTunes.

I played one of Ms Brach's talks while I walk up Hondo Road, adjacent to the Lodge, to the Catamount Trail.

I passed houses along the way, each with their idiosyncratic wind chimes and yard ornaments. According to the hiking map, somewhere along here, Bigfoot was spotted. I kept my eye out because I would be that one

random person who would eaten by Bigfoot. The altitude was making me wheezy, which forced me to slow down. Catamount Trail is one of the steeper trails, and has a great number of waterfalls along its route. It was early winter, and the waterfalls were partially frozen in place. Blue-white bulbs of ice formed over rocks. Curtains of icicles hung motionless over their dark mouths. It was beautiful and something to photograph. I took out my Android and clicked away and then I thought: I should share these on Facebook! (I did) and text my friends! (I did) And start a Frozen Waterfall Pinterest page! (I am doing that too).

I kept walking. Another frozen waterfall came into view, motionless blue glass, the sound of water gurgling under it. I took more photos, and my mind started whirring again. Why am I drawn to frozen waterfalls? What do they mean? Maybe they are a metaphor for change. No they are a metaphor for being frozen in place. God! Shut up Mike you are supposed to be meditating!

“Notice your thoughts,” Ms. Brach said in my earbuds. She had a very calm voice and said this in an easy way, as if it didn’t matter if I understood it or not, just as long as I tried to notice.

Suddenly I got it. I am thinking. These were thoughts. Thoughts aren’t real. The frozen waterfalls do not mean anything. They are simply frozen waterfalls and I had draped neurotic metaphors all over them. Everything around me became what it was, forest, lichens, logs, breezes, leaves, waterfalls.

It was nearing sunset and I headed back. I felt very calm. The stag was there—standing in front of the Lodge. I would love to say that I felt so calm that I communed with him and our spirits become one, but all he did was scare the shit out of me again.

It’s been months since I was at the Outlook Lodge. I am back in New York, probably too brain-fried to notice that I am brain-fried. But now I have a special place in my heart for Green Mountain Falls. (There are also really great images of frozen waterfalls in my phone and Facebook wall and Pinterest page if you want to check it out.) If I can find a moment and stop all the express trains running on 24 hour loops in my head, there’s a really easy stillness there. It’s a quieter space, somewhere further inside me. And, it has always been there: a secret valley I kept rushing by.

— MIKE ALBO

“What shall we make of the frozen waterfall? We might regard the ice as a symbol of impermanence, or of the secret creativity of nature, or of some stern principle beneath the surface of existence, or of the right resolve too long frozen within us - but symbol or not, the frozen waterfall is certainly an outlandish presence that reminds us how little we have really explored, how seldom we have crossed habit into freer territory.”

— BHIKKHU NYANASOBHANO, *Longing for Certainty: Reflections on the Buddhist Life*

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THE OUTLOOK LODGE

The Outlook Lodge was built in 1889, when the town was just beginning to blossom. The building was used as a summer parsonage for ministers visiting The Church in the Wildwood next door. It became a lodge a few years later. It's assumed to be designed by the architect M.H. Mark Dusenbury and built by E.E. Brown and other community men — the same gentlemen who constructed the Church in the Wildwood. The curved, stained glass windows and hand-cut molding of the parlor are original.

In 1924, the house separated from the church property and was sold to Mrs W.F. Hunter from Olanthe, Kansas, who named it Hotel Outlook, with four rooms. "She and her daughter Lottie operated the hotel, famous for home cooked meals, for more than 30 years." writes Jan Pettit in her excellent handbook, "Green Mountain Falls: Self Guiding Historic Sites Tour," written in 1990 to coincide with the town's centennial celebration (A very tattered copy is available in our Lodge library for reference). Mrs. Hunter "offered a package tour that included round trip train fare from Chicago, six days lodging and three meals a day for the magnificent sum of \$95.00."

For many years Hotel Outlook had the distinction of owning the first and only bathtub in GMF. Mrs. Hunter rented out the footed tub in the present upstairs bathroom for 25 cents. "One guest in their twenties remembered people standing in line in the hall with towels and soap in hand to have their turn at the bath," writes Pettit. "She said some of them were cowboys from the outlying farms and really needed that bath!"



In 1946, Russell and Aimee Samuel purchased the hotel from Mrs. Hunter. On the following pages is a letter written by their daughter, Emma Lou Samuel Skiffington, who vividly describes what it was like to live and work at the Lodge in the summers of the 50s.

I was expected to prepare the dining room and serve the breakfasts each morning, as well as helping to clean the kitchen. Then I would help clean the guest rooms, assist my mother with the laundry of sheets and towels (in those days, laundry was hung on a clothes line and the sheets were ironed on a mangle). When all the chores were finished, I was permitted about 2 hours of free time, which usually found me horseback riding at Jack and Sally Gayler's Elkhorn Stables downtown by the lake.

At 4:30p.m. I was expected back to again set the tables, help the cook, and serve the evening meal to our guests; and once again help clean the kitchen at the end of the day. This was the summer routine each day for me and all without any salary. It was expected that our family work together just to make a living for all of us.

During the summer CO Springs square dance caller, Ray Hope, would come to Green Mountain Falls and I looked forward to that as I loved to square dance. Another big event was the annual Bronc Day. It was a day full of community fun with a parade full of horses in the morning, horseback contests and races in the afternoon, and a square dance in the evening to end the day's festivities.



Another night time enjoyment was the EI Pueblo (where the Saloon is now). Retired Sgt. Gene Garrison operated a curio shop, in the main part of the building which also housed the post office. In an adjacent room was a soda fountain, knotty pine booths (where names were carved into the tables), and a juke box providing music for dancing. Many teen-agers from Manitou Springs brought their dates there, also. It was a great place for teen-agers looking for a good time and parents did not have to worry about their children. Gene Garrison ran a "tight ship" with no nonsense as I remember.

The summer of 1951 was quite eventful for me, as I was allowed to work for a salary at the EI Pueblo Restaurant which had recently opened for business. My younger sister, Martha Sue, was old enough to take over my duties at the hotel. I also started dating George Skiffington of Manitou Springs, CO whom I had met in Boulder, CO, where we both were attending the University of Colorado. June is, 1952 found us marrying in the Church in the Wildwood (down in front of the hotel). Mr. Red Quinn sang at our wedding which was very special. Our flowers for the wedding came all the way from La Junta, CO in big wash tubs of water, as one of our yearly guests, Mrs. Mayer, had a floral shop there and wanted to partake in my wedding. What a job that must have been for her to drive such a distance with the flowers. As I said before, our guests became like family.

My parents sold the Outlook Hotel to Kay Mason in June, 1954. They had Gene White build them a summer cabin next to the hotel and would come every summer until my father passed away. Many fond memories remain with me from summers spent in Green Mountain Falls.

– Emma Lou Samuel Skiffington

The Stag

18

I thought I recognized you today,
bounding up the boulder-banked incline
beneath powder-laden pine, raw rocky ridge,
granite-grey sky.

The wind carried muffled hoof beats to me,
each one pounding like a slow, steady heart
and the footprints following me stopped as I stopped
to listen.

The smokeless stone chimney of the creek-side cabin
witness to twelve antler points blending with branches
until all the forest seemed your kingly crown.

No one watched from the windows of the white Victorian
as you slowly circled its spiral stair
and froze mid-stride

to look

back over smooth-muscle shoulders
and dun dappled flank,
your breath crystallized in mid-air.

In that instant before the white flag raised,
disappeared without warning into wisps of cloud,
your agate eyes went soft
and I thought you recognized me.

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HISTORY

Much of the history of Green Mountain Falls I have collected here comes from Betty Morrow and Dorothy Hart Conn's absorbing but unfortunately out-of-print book, *It Has Been*. This slim but extensively researched volume was first published in 1956 and then updated in 1978. Plans are underway to reprint the volume. In the meantime, an edition is available at the Penrose Library of Colorado Springs.



THE GEM OF THE ROCKIES

In 1873, this valley had no name. There was just one log cabin built by rancher George Howard and his friend Ogden Whitlock. Howard was a successful rancher, with operations in the South Park region and Wilkerson Pass, further up route 24. In 1881, he bought the land in the valley for 600 dollars and used it as a cattle ranch. Howard married a young woman from Wilkerson Pass, but, apparently, the marriage failed and she left him. Howard, broken hearted, ceased taking care of himself and his properties, and the ranch fell into disrepair.

Nevertheless, in 1886, Mr. Howard had the foresight to sell the right-of-way through town to the Colorado Midland Railway Company for \$1000, to make way for the railroad

that was being built over the Continental Divide. Howard sold the rest of the land to the Green Mountain Falls Town and Improvement Company in 1888 for \$2800.

William J Foster, the general manager of the Town Company, could be considered the founding father of the valley. Foster had a vision of turning the valley into a summer resort that would accommodate tourists and residents of Colorado Springs who were made more mobile from the railway. Not only did Foster secure investors for town development, he is credited as being the one who came up with the name Green Mountain Falls.

Quickly in the summer of 1888, the Town Company started developing streets and buildings. They hired a group of Mormons on their way to Salt Lake City to excavate the lake and build the island and gazebo. About one hundred tent cabins were constructed on the hillsides. These tent cabins were like stationary covered wagons with a wooden framed floor and a canvas top. The typical tent cabin was furnished simply: a pot-bellied stove, beds, a table and chairs. By July, an estimated 500 people were living in these hardback tents rented at \$4 to \$7 a week.

By 1900, the town had several hotels, a train station, three grocery stores, a church, school, newspaper, an icehouse, blacksmith shop and other businesses. There were even two papers in town. The Echo, which started publishing in 1889, and, in 1915 came perhaps the best named newspaper ever: The Green Mountain Falls Gurgle and Cascade News.

Today, most of the vacation homes in Green Mountain Falls have been converted to year-round homes, but many historic buildings and Victorian houses remain. These include the Church in the Wildwood built in 1889, the old gazebo (which was restored in 2008), The Lakeview Terrace Hotel, (now undergoing renovations as well), and our very own

Outlook Lodge. Sadly, the Town Hall burned down in the winter of 2012.

The railroad ended passenger service in 1923 and ceased all operations in 1949. The Town began a steady transition from predominantly summer-only residents to a mix of summer and year-round residents. For a sense of perspective, in 1905 there were 12 families who were permanent residents. In 1956, there were 150 permanent residents and 2500 over the summer, and in 1978, the breakdown was 500 with 1500 in the summer.

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... tent cabins were like stationary covered wagons with a wooden framed floor and a canvas top.

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In 1922 a telephone line finally appeared in town. There were 18 lines to one phone. In 1938, the WPA orchestra played in town every Saturday night to entertain.

Some famous people have been here. The actress Leslie Carter, conductor William Damrosch, and Henry Wallace—the vice president from 1941-45. His son, H.B, a poultry titan, philanthropist, and community leader, spent many summers here. He and his workmen built most of the trails in the valley. He, like many people in GMF, and perhaps like you, loved to live simply here. “He would come here with only pair of shorts and a t-shirt,” says one resident. “And he would only eat from a purple bowl and a purple mug.”



THE OLD HOTEL

Nothing exemplifies the heyday of Victorian Green Mountain Falls like its grand hotel. No you didn't miss it. It burned to the ground in 1906. The three story Green Mountain Falls Hotel was located to the southwest of the Lake, and possessed 70 guest rooms, a large dining room, parlor, a bowling alley, bathhouse, and wide verandas for sitting, strolling, and playing House of Mirth-like card games. The dining room could seat 150 guests. Every Saturday night there was dancing with an accompanying four piece orchestra.



In the evenings after dinner there was usually a dress parade around the lake where the women would stroll in their finery. In *It Has Been*, Morrow and Conn report that the fateful hotel fire was an accident caused by the son of the hotel operator when, while looking for lamp oil in the basement, he lit a match. The basement was filled with barrels of kerosene and gasoline. The building lit up like a candle. A fire department was created in 1908.



THE RAILROAD

The Colorado Midland Railroad was being constructed at the same time Green Mountain Falls was coming into being. With the railroad, one could get from Colorado Springs to GMF in just an hour or so, as opposed to the much longer slog by wagon. It must have felt like teleportation.

For a time, a train would arrive from Colorado Springs every two hours. Trains came up from Colorado Springs to take hopeful prospectors to Cripple Creek to go mine for gold, and then, later, after the gold rush went bust, it transported vacationers and sightseers looking for a break from the hot midwestern weather.

The Midland Railroad sponsored many amusements in the town with the lake as the center of activity: balloon ascensions, baseball games, rides on a burro, boat races, and the Colorado Midland Band, who dressed like indians in buckskin uniforms. The railroad also sponsored "Flower Trains": the train would stop at a field, and passengers would go out and gather armfuls of wildflowers.

A popular activity in the town was to simply meet the train. Morrow and Conn describe the scene back then: "All the people who had cabins to rent, every hotel operator, the baggage men, the grocers, the hack drivers, were Johnny-on-the-spot to swarm upon the poor unprotected and unsuspecting tourist like a cloud of locusts. The situation finally became so embarrassing that an ordinance was enacted whereby a no soliciting zone, extending ten feet back from the tracks, was created."

How did people travel before the train, and also, before Ambien, Immodium and Dramamine? In his wonderful chapbook, "The Time Traveler in Old Colorado,"

Jim Easterbrook describes what you would need to make a trip up the Ute Pass from Colorado Springs in 1876:

“...On Tejon Street, we’ll climb aboard a four team wagon. We’ll pay \$11 fare. We may wish to purchase the following items for an antidote to bad water: one-half pint of Brandy; a half ounce of camphor, another half-ounce myrtle; a quarter-ounce peppermint; another quarter-ounce of cinnamon; a dram of opium; Tannie, one dram; and two drams of soda. This recipe, for mountain sickness or the effects of drinking alkali water, ran about \$4.”



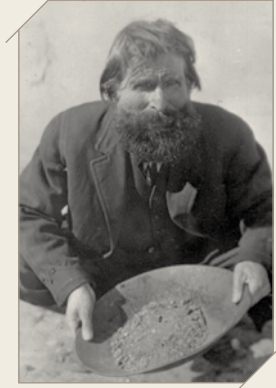
THE GOLD RUSH, THE GOLD BUBBLE, THE GOLD BUST

Prospector Daniel Chessman Oakes was 34 years old when he spent the summer looking for gold in the South Platte River area. Over his stay, he met several gold seekers and compiled the stories and travel advice into a book. With the help of businessman Stephen Smith, Oakes printed the “History of the Gold Discoveries on the South Platte River” in the winter of 1858. “Within weeks, the Smith and Oakes guide and others like it spawned the hopes of eighty thousand people, launching one of the greatest migrations in American history” writes Jolie Anderson Gallagher in her lively book *A Wild West History of Frontier Colorado*.

Much of the delirium over gold was encouraged by good old fashioned American hype. Eastern newspapers published anything they could about gold strikes in the Rocky Mountains, without fact checking. The New York Times

heralded the Pikes Peak region as “The New California.”

“Almost invariably the papers would add another zero to the row of digits sent by the correspondent,” wrote William Larimer, Kansas state senator and founder of Denver Colorado, “thus \$2.50 per day with a rocker would become \$25.00 per day.” There were many cases of mines being “salted.” A landowner of a mine would shoot gold nuggets into the ground with a gun, and then, after an “official” assessment, would sell gold stock to naive easterners.



Regardless of its dubious profits, gold mining became a significant factor that led to the development of Colorado and of the Pikes Peak area. Towns sprang up overnight, and often degenerated into ghost towns.

In 1890, gold was discovered in Cripple Creek, about 20 miles from GMF. It was the tail end of the Gold Rush, after thousands of prospectors had been through the region and were made more penniless than they were before, going from “Pikes Peakers” to “Go-Backers,” but still, thousands of prospectors flocked to Cripple Creek. By then, the Colorado Midland Railway, which passed through GMF, was taking people up there to pursue their destiny. Cripple Creek turned out to be one of the rare spots that actually did have a significant amount of gold. In 1891, William Stratton hit the “Independence Lode,” one of the largest gold strikes in history. By 1893, the population of Cripple Creek increased

from 500 to 10,000. \$500 million dollars worth of gold ore has been extracted from its mines.

Soon people began prospecting around Green Mountain Falls. Many holes were dug, tunnels were made, plans were hatched. In 1892, the Colorado Springs Gazette reported that gold had been found at Green Mountain Falls. “Quite a boom has started in the Green Mtn Falls Company’s stock,” the paper stated. In May 1894, the Town Company changed its name to Green Mountain Falls Town and Gold Mining Company. The capital stock was increased from 100k to 1 million, to enable the town company to acquire mineral rights. But this all ended in 1896 with the town in debt and unable to repay its loans. The Menlo Trading Company purchased a large percentage of its assets, and then, in 1906, the company was taken over by the Green Mountain Falls Realty Company.



THE CAMP CURE

By the 1880’s and 90s, it became trendy to be outdoors. Fresh air, hiking, and surrounding oneself in nature was discovered to be a curative for illness and stress. The “Camp Cure,” it was called.

Citizens flocked to Colorado to seek the cure. “The climate of Colorado is considered the finest in North America,” said British explorer Isabella Bird, who, in her letters, often extolled the curative effect of the Colorado climate. “Consumptives, asthmatics, dyspeptics, and sufferers from nervous diseases, are here in hundreds and thousands,

either trying the ‘camp cure’ for three or four months, or settling here permanently. In traveling extensively through the Territory afterwards I found that nine out of every ten settlers were cured invalids.”

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“The Camp Cure,” challenged notions that the outdoors were dangerously full of unpredictable drafts and sickness.

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The originator of the Camp Cure was Silas Weir Mitchell, widely considered the father of neurology. A leader in the fields of toxicology, pharmacology, and psychiatry, Mitchell had studied injuries of the nervous system as a surgeon in the Union army in the Civil War. While on duty, he noticed wounded soldiers would heal more rapidly in open-air tent hospitals. His treatise, “The Camp Cure,” challenged notions that the outdoors were dangerously full of unpredictable drafts and sickness. “Not only are well people better for such steady exposure, but cases of chronic throat-trouble, catarrhal disorders and chronic bronchitis rapidly disappear under the natural and mild treatment of what, for brevity, I have ventured to call the Camp Cure.”

In his paper, Mitchell recommends a couple simple rules to follow when partaking in The Camp Cure: never go into the woods without flannel garments, and, no matter how cool it is at night, one should “partially undress” and rely upon a “rubber blanket beneath and two good woolen blankets, one over and one under.”

For all his groundbreaking work, Mitchell was still a man

of his time, ascribing to weird, essentialist views of the female gender. His companion treatment to the camp cure was the “Rest Cure” in which mostly “hysterical” women were prescribed interminable bed rest.

Mitchell was, in fact, the physician of feminist writer Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who sought his medical expertise after experiencing post partum trauma. After months of rest (he prescribed for Gilman to be “domestic” and not touch a pen or pencil), she fell into a suicidal depression that only lifted after she abandoned the rest cure, left her confined marriage and moved to Pasadena. She was inspired by her experience to write the famous feminist classic “The Yellow Wallpaper” and sent Mitchell a copy.



THE UTE PASS

Green Mountain Falls sits along the legendary Ute Pass, the oldest documented trail in the West. A natural chasm through the mountains, it has been used as a route from the Great Plains to The High Country for over 10,000 years. The Pass skirts the north side of Pikes Peak through the Fountain Creek canyon, and climbs 3,000 feet to its summit at 9,165 feet. It is one of the only access points into the Rocky Mountains along Colorado's front range. Now US Route 24 runs along the trail, but you can imagine how the Ute Pass may have looked before there were signs and exit ramps and people and prospectors: a forbidding canyon surrounded by dark granite cliffs, the Fountain Creek pouring over boulders.

Gold was discovered in 1858, and in the 1860's, the Ute

trail transformed into a wagon road that connected Colorado City (the old town of Colorado Springs) to the mining camp of Leadville. In 1872, a new route was built by pioneers, and in 1887 the Colorado Midland Railway was built. In 1894, the train to Cripple Creek opened up. As prospectors searched for gold, a series of towns sprouted along its route: Cascade, Chipeta Park, Crystola, Woodland Park, Divide and Green Mountain Falls.



THE UTE INDIANS

The first humans to wander through here were thought to be Paleo-Indians of the Clovis period (9000-1100 BC), although recent archeological findings challenge this theory and posit the appearance of earlier dwellers. Like the later Plains Indians, the Clovis era prehistoric peoples did not build permanent homes, and followed game over the land. They were nomadic, traveling through the region to hunt ancient bison and mammoth as well as easier-to-catch animals like antelope, deer, and rabbit using a “clovis point” — a sharp weapon-tool that was made out of stone.

The Ute Indians made this region their home around 1300 AD, although the Pass was also valued by plains indians like the Arapahoe and Cheyenne. Battles were fought between the tribes for possession of the area, and one can imagine that this valley was the spot for several conflicts or encampments.

Compared with other Native American tribes, The Ute Indians were smaller in number, as well as subdivided into smaller tribes each with its own hierarchy. The different

tribes traded and intermarried with each other, but remained mostly separate.

Utes lived in both teepees and wickiups: conical shaped structures covered with branches and bark, weatherproofed with mud or elk hides. Animals were considered the equal of man, and were envoys from another world. Wanton killing was a crime against nature. In his book *The Utes Must Go! American Expansion and the Removal of a People*, Peter Decker describes typical Ute fashion: “Women wore skins of buffalo deers, elk, coyote, badgers. Men wore their hair in two braids with otter and weasel skins woven into the end for decoration. Shaved hair indicated mourning. Small tattoos, made with porcupine quills or cactus thorns dipped in cedar leaf ashes, often marked their cheeks and foreheads...both men and women wore necklaces of animal claws, bone beads, stones, and juniper seeds.”

The Utes hunted deer, buffalo, and smaller animals, but avoided eating dogs, coyotes, lions, wolves and waterfowl. They also ate wild currants and berries, roots, wild carrots, and yucca. They harvested potatoes and onions and dried grasshoppers, which they pulverized into a mixture with berries. If there was a shortage, the Utes survived on the bark of the Ponderosa pine, which is full of vitamins and minerals. This area of Green Mountain Falls was sacred to the Ute Indians, especially Manitou Springs. “Manitou” is a term used to designate spirit beings among many Algonquin Indians of North America. It refers to the concept of the interconnection and balance of nature. The spirit is seen as both a being as well as a concept. Everything has its own manitou—every plant, every stone, every animal.

“The Ute Indians made a yearly trek down the pass from their Shining Mountains to pay tribute to the Great Spirit

at Manitou Springs. He was thought to reside beneath the springs,” writes Jan Pettit in “The Ute Pass, A Quick History,” “The Indians believed His breathing caused the health giving waters to bubble and steam from the earth.”

George Ruxton, an English traveler visiting Manitou Springs in 1846, described the offerings the Indians had placed in this sacred space. “The spring was filled with beads and wampum, and pieces of red cloth and knives, whilst the surrounding trees were hung with strips of deerskin, cloth and moccasins.”

The Ute was a peaceful culture. They avoided military engagement, unlike other tribes like the Sioux. Living up in the mountains, they remained relatively undisturbed until white settlers and miners came to the Rockies after the Civil War. When, eventually, they had to confront the white settlers and soldiers encroaching upon their land, they sought peaceful negotiation over aggression.

Isolated in the Rocky Mountains, the Utes were insulated from disease, and so, perhaps, more prone to illness when confronted with foreign bacteria and viruses. By 1850, the estimated population of Utes in Colorado was about 5,000. But according to some scholars, by then the tribes may have lost nearly 50 percent of their population due to disease after contact with the Europeans. On his way to the Ute hunting grounds in the North, American frontiersman Kit Carson reported that smallpox broke out among a Ute tribe. The Utes accused the Colorado superintendent of Indian Affairs of having distributed infected blankets among the tribe.

Peter Decker details the struggle and survival of this native population. It’s worth checking out and it’s available in the Lodge Library, along with other books on Native American history.



CHARACTERS

ALBERT D. RICHARDSON [1833 - 1869]

Reporter Albert D. Richardson travelled through the West during the explosion of prospectors and settlers. “There were Americans from every quarter of the Union, Mexicans, Indians, half-breeds, trappers, speculators, gamblers, desperadoes, broken down politicians and honest men,” he wrote of life in Denver during the Gold Rush, compiled in his book *Beyond the Mississippi*. “Almost every day was enlivened by its little shooting match. While the great gaming saloon was crowded with people, drunken ruffians sometimes fired five or six shots from their revolvers, frightening everybody pell-mell out of the room, but seldom wounding anyone.”

ISABELLA BIRD [1831 - 1904]

Isabella Bird, a British explorer and adventurer, traveled extensively through the Pikes Peak region. “A Lady’s Life in the Rocky Mountains” is a collection of her letters to her beloved sister and describes the Wild West in a vivid (but sometimes racist) style. If the Dowager Countess from Downton Abbey were to ride horseback through the Rockies, this is what she would compose.

Bird wore the “American Lady’s Mountain Dress” while riding around the region: a half-fitting jacket, a skirt reaching the ankles, and “full Turkish trousers gathered into frills falling over the boots, — a thoroughly serviceable and feminine

costume for mountaineering and any other rough traveling.” In all her adventures alone through the mountains, she, amazingly, never felt herself in danger. “Womanly dignity and manly respect for women are the salt of society in this wild West.”

Bird’s lively descriptions help color in the picture of how life may have been in the Rockies during Westward Expansion and the Gold Rush. Her book is full of fascinating details, especially when she describes other travelers and residents of the region. Bird doesn’t hold back from her judgements. Bird describes a western woman as irritating her because she was vulgar, talking “in a racy Western twang, without the slightest scruple as to what she said.” She passes by Mormon cabins and spies some men “each with two or three wives... The women were ugly and their shapeless dresses hideous.” Her observations of Indians are often condescending, but she often finds the lives of the white settlers equally as piteous. She doesn’t hold back about the hardship she observes. “One of the most painful things in the Western States and Territories is the extinction of childhood. I have never seen any children, only debased imitations of men and women, cankered by green and selfishness, and asserting and gaining complete independence of their parents at ten years old.”

Still, her descriptions of the mountains are always majestic and florid, as if, despite the human squalor, the human spirit is elevated by the Rockies. “The Alps, from the Lombard Plains, are the finest mountain panorama I ever saw, but not equal to this; for not only to five high-peaked giants, each neatly the height of Mont Blanc, lift their dazzling summits above the lower ranges, but the expanse of mountains is so vast, and the whole lie in a transparent medium of the richest blue, not haze — something peculiar to the region.”



**GEORGE BENT
AND ANTELOPE WOMAN**
[1843 - 1918]

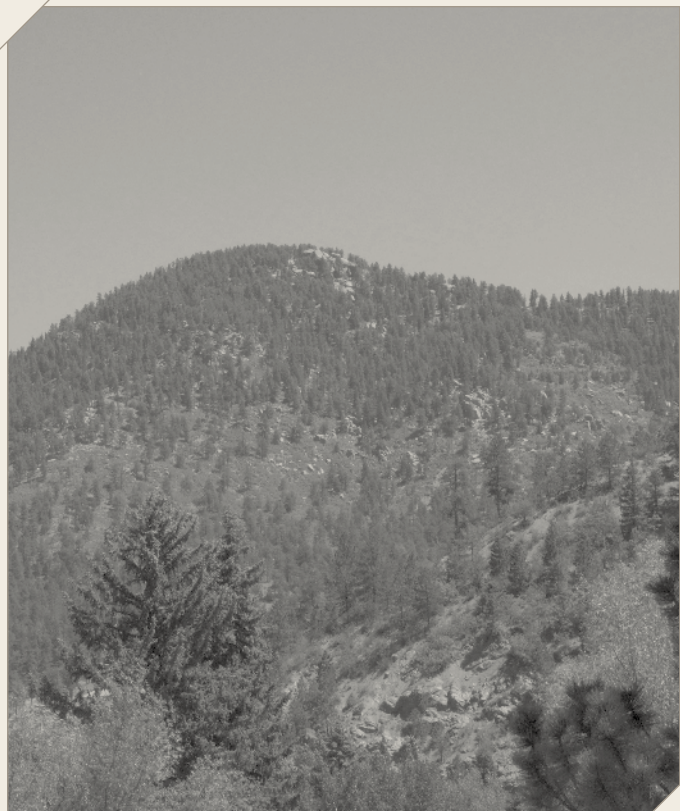
George Bent was the half-blood son of Colonel William Bent, who owned and operated Bent's Fort in southeastern Colorado. His mother, Owl Woman, was the daughter of White Thunder, the high priest of the Southern Cheyennes. Bent spent his youth living among both the Cheyenne

tribes and the white settlements. In the book "The Life of George Bent," which was published by his friend George Hyde after Bent's death, Bent tells his life story, and offers rare insight into Cheyenne culture, describing life for Native Americans before and during the westward expansion of white Americans in fascinating detail.

Many stories are oral histories, written down for the first time. Bent recounts, for example, the story told to him by Antelope Woman, who, in 1912, was eighty or ninety years old. It was itself the story told to her by her mother about her Cheyenne tribe and the winter buffalo hunts on the plains, before horses were introduced to Native American culture by way of the Spanish and the tribe traveled on foot.

"Everyone went on these hunts, men, women, children, and dogs. A herd of buffalo was surrounded by the people and driven into the deep drifts, then while the huge animals were floundering about in the snow, the men ran up and shot them with arrows. In this way a whole herd could be killed without one

animal escaping. After the kill the buffalo were skinned and the hides were laid on the snow, fleshside down; the meat was then cut up and laid on the hides, which were then folded up over the meat, and the whole bundle was then corded up with rawhide thongs. Thongs were then tied to the bundles and the other ends of these long things were fastened to the dogs' necks. The hunters then set out for the camp, the dogs dragged the bundles of meat over the snow. If a stream was handy the dogs dragged the loads of meat over the ice, where the going was much better. As soon as the camp was reached, the dogs were loosed, and at once the whole pack rushed back across the plain to the place where the herd had been slaughtered, and there they feasted on parts of the game that had been thrown aside while the butchering was going on. I have often heard old people describe how mother dogs who had little puppies in the camp would run to the slaughter ground and gorge themselves with meat and then run back to camp and disgorge part of the meat for their puppies to feed on. Sometimes a mother would make several trips to the slaughtering place, miles from camp, to get enough meat for her litter of young ones."



FIELD GUIDE

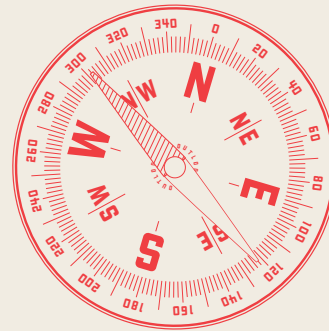
Trees seem to do their feats so effortlessly. Every year a given tree creates absolutely from scratch ninety-nine percent of its living parts. Water lifting up tree trunks can climb one hundred and fifty feet an hour; in full summer a tree can, and does, heave a ton of water every day. A big elm in a single season might make as many as six million leaves, wholly intricate, without budging an inch...A tree stands there, accumulating deadwood, mute and rigid as an obelisk, but secretly it seethes; it splits, sucks, and stretches; it heaves up tons and hurls them out in a green, fringed fling.

Annie Dillard Pilgrim at Tinker Creek, pg 114

HIKING

"The Green Mountain Falls Trails System consists of 16 magnificent trails totaling over 20 miles that provide a variety of experiences. All are non-motorized hiking trails of which four are suitable for mountain bikes and two for horses. The American Discovery Trail (ADT), a 6,800 mile long coast-to-coast trail route across America and the Ute Pass Regional Trail, a 40 mile route from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek, pass through the Town of Green Mountain Falls on a bicycle/pedestrian lane along Ute Pass Avenue. Two of the Green Mountain Falls trails connect directly to the Ring the Peak Trail, a 57 mile long loop that circumnavigates Pikes Peak. Most of the system consists of back country single track hiking trails carved out of the forest on the steep ramparts that overlook the Town and feature spectacular views."

WWW.GMFCOTRAILS.ORG



The best thing about the hiking trails in GMF is that they are literally out the door. In minutes you can wander up a trail and reconnect with your wild side. Some trails (especially over at the Kirkpatrick Trailhead) are less strenuous and good to do with kids. Some are more difficult if you are looking for a good workout, and some amble along the side of the mountain, if you are looking for time to just stroll and clear your head.

There are two trail maps. One is green and one is white. Their areas overlap. The green map offers directions for the trails on the Northwest direction of the valley (to the right, facing the front of the lodge) and the white map covers the recently renovated H.B. Wallace Reserve trails, toward the left (if you are facing the front of the lodge), Southeast side of town. You can hike from one set of trails to the other by way of the Thomas and Kirkpatrick trails. The new Kirkpatrick Trail connects over two miles of trails built by the late H.B. Wallace to over five miles of trails in Green Mountain Falls. You can find trail maps at the welcome sign near to the Gazebo. You can also find a map, and the latest information about the trails at www.gmfcotrails.org

TRAIL ONE**CATAMOUNT FALLS**

The entrance to this trail is over a waterfall, next to a small dam. The trail is older and feels somehow more traditional and authentic. It will take you over beautiful little creeks and rivulets. From here you can rest and listen to the waterfalls, or take the Kirkpatrick Trail across the valley.

.....

A SELECTION OF LOCAL HIKING TRAILS

TRAIL TWO**KIRKPATRICK TRAIL**

This trail traverses the valley and connects the H.B. Wallace reserve trails with the Cascade and Crystal Falls trails. It winds past a handful of waterfalls and streams, and there are a couple of possible exits that let you out among the streets above the town.

TRAIL THREE**CASTLE ROCK TRAIL**

This takes you to a rocky cliff, on which a flag has been hoisted. It's a beautiful, dizzying spot that makes you feel like you are as tall as the trees around you. Also can be a good workout.

TRAIL FOUR**CRYSTAL FALLS TRAIL**

Takes you up to a large chasm, where there was once powerful waterfall (now it has been dammed up). The trail is steep and has a lot of crosshatching, and eventually lets you out on a road to the reservoir. It offers a beautiful view of the town and a lovely setting for lunch. A great workout and also good for goal oriented self reflection. "Be the energy."



TREES

Essentially, we are in a forest in the mountain zone. It is mainly an evergreen forest, with three permanent evergreen trees: The Ponderosa pine, Douglas-fir, and Spruce. Over the years, of course, people have planted vegetation that isn't from in the natural environment such as piñon pines or lodge pole pines. Up on Pikes Peak, there are trees that are 2500 years old. In this valley, where there was a major fire in the early part of the century, much of the forest is relatively young, but there may be a few 500 year old trees in the valley.

SPRUCE [*Picea*]

To the casual observer, the Spruce looks like a fir tree. They love their feet in water. The fresh shoots of many spruces are a natural source of Vitamin C. Captain Cook made alcoholic sugar-based spruce beer during his sea voyages in order to prevent scurvy in his crew. The leaves and branches, or the essential oils, can be used to brew beer. Native Americans in New England also used the sap to make a gum which was used for various reasons, and which was the basis of the first commercial production of chewing gum.



ASPEN [*Populus tremuloides*]

There are lots of aspen here. The aspen like sun and water, so they are frequent along the streams where they are well watered. If you are looking for an underground spring, you should follow a trail of aspen trees, and if you want to find the best place for a well, follow a pattern of aspen trees. Aspens are also the first to arrive. If there is a fire or clear cutting of an area, these vigorous trees move in more quickly.



PONDEROSA PINE [*Pinus ponderosa*]

Ponderosa pines are the biggest of the trees. They have long needles and big woody pinecones. They love the sun, and are found on the sunnier sides of the mountain. If you look to Red Mountain and the Rampart Range across the highway from GMF, you will see it is predominantly Ponderosa pines. These strong trees survive drought very well. Native Americans ate ponderosa pine seeds and the inner bark. The Cheyenne Indians of Montana applied ponderosa pine pitch inside whistles and flutes to improve the instruments' tone.



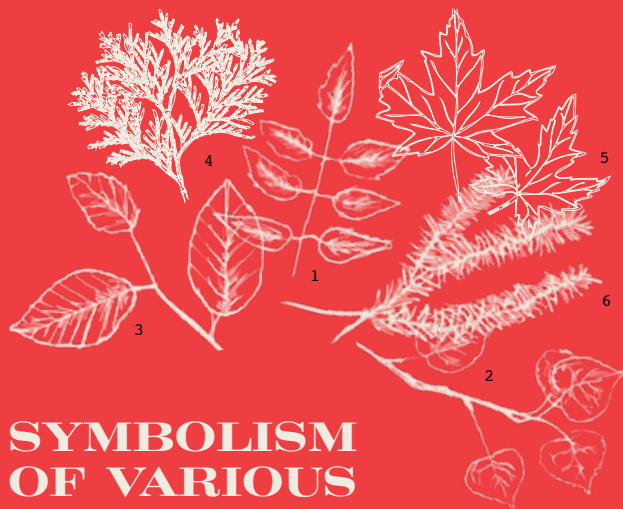
DOUGLAS-FIR [*Pseudotsuga*]

There are also huge numbers of Douglas Fir which have that classic Christmas Tree shape. They have short needles, and are softer feeling. They also can reach great height, and populate the north facing slope where the Outlook Lodge is located.



ROCKS & LICHENS

Pikes Peak is mostly composed of granite. The soil in the valley is mostly a decomposition of granite. It drains well, doesn't hold moisture, and has a reddish tone. Many rocks are covered with lichens: a living partnership of a fungus and an algae. Lichens have been used in folk medicine as purported cures for many ills, from headaches and toothaches to tuberculosis, diabetes, and asthma. Some often have a reddish tone. The more orange a lichen the better they do in bright sun.



SYMBOLISM OF VARIOUS TREES

ASH 1

Might, immortality, a universal source of life

BEECH 3

Awakens tolerance, aids contact to higher self, beneficial for all times of growth

MAPLE 5

Balances yin and yang, draws prosperity and love, grounding to psychic energies

ASPEN 2

Calms anxieties, tree of resurrection, soul fearlessness, communion

CEDAR 4

Protective, healing to emotional and astral imbalances

PINE 6

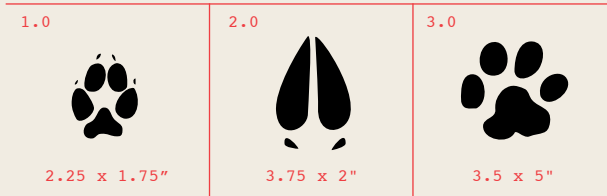
Calms emotions, awakens occult salvation, understanding, sacred tree of Mithra and Dionysus

May Day Saga of the Baba Yaga Trees

See these gnarled aspen,
their wrinkled ashen skin
blotched black with age,
a quad of crooked crones
whose stunted branches writhe
against surrounding sky and crag
these ragged hags, how they defy my camera,
conjure a shroud of light to vex my lens,
hoard by hex their leafy gems to themselves
offer not a wink of viridescence
no matter aim nor angle, but instead
this bangle wound wound round my wrist,
a twist of scratch and scab from where
they try to grab and hold then pull
a boulder from beneath my boot
so that, without a fig of warning,
soil and sky and twig twirl together
into one tumbled ball of falling halting-slow
as though a corporal form of drawling
until dizzy and dumbfounded my head
at rest on this nest of grassy shocks
rather than the rocks themselves,
and in exchange for fouled photos and
blood let from both arms, this charmed
faerie pool amidst the cool shade
of moss-wedded stone, dripping diamonds
which ring into rings of the long-sought
green of spring.

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EDITION OF THE ELEVENTH MUSE, JANUARY 2012

MAMMALS



TRACKS of local large mammals species

Fig. 1

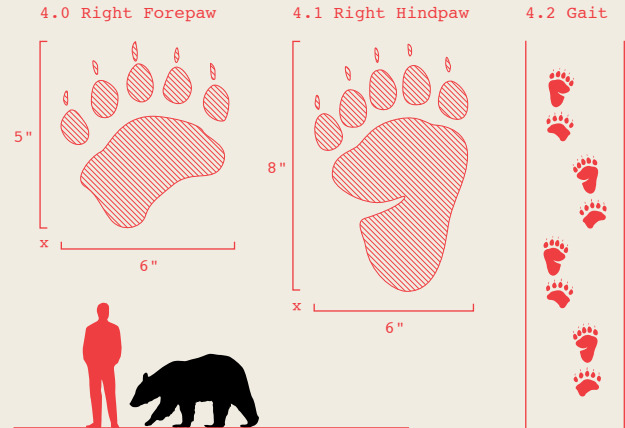
FOXES [*Vulpes vulpes* / *Urocyon cinereoargenteus*] Red and gray foxes are three feet long and weigh nine to 11 pounds. Red foxes are reddish orange above, white below, and have a white-tipped tail and black ears and feet. Gray foxes have a black-tipped tail, reddish ears and feet and a mane of stiff black hairs on their grayish brown back. Foxes mostly eat rodents, rabbits and birds. The gray fox is distinctive in that it sometimes forages in trees for fruit and nestling birds. Red and gray foxes are most active at dawn and dusk; the smaller, arid-land foxes are more nocturnal.

Fig. 2

MULE DEER [*Odocoileus hemionus*] Quite a few deer are around all the time. They are of one species, the mule deer. They travel together in families of five or seven. They love the watering system of the Outlook, so you may see them often. The male mule deer grow antlers during the summer and fall and shed them each spring. Mule deer eat a variety of vegetation like mesquite leaves and beans, fairy duster, jojoba, cat claw, buck bush and other shrubs and grasses. Mule deer usually live 9 to 11 years in the wild. They have no upper teeth, only a hard pallet.

Fig. 3

COUGAR [*Puma concolor*] Once you have deer, you have cougars. There are a couple in the valley. They are secretive and sneaky. They are also fond of pets, and you should be aware when bringing your pets into the valley. They are very territorial. A male and one or two females and their kittens will cover a large area. They hunt at night. If left unprotected, domestic livestock such as llamas, ponies, goats, sheep and chickens can become food for cougars. Cougars will also feed on a variety of small mammals such as raccoons, squirrels, and domestic pets.



4.3 SIZE of black bear with 6ft man

Fig. 4

BLACK BEAR [*Ursus americanus*] Black Bears are the largest of Colorado's carnivores. Although called black bears, they can be honey-colored, blond, brown, cinnamon or black. They may have a tan muzzle or white spot on the chest. Although brown or cinnamon-colored bears are sometimes mistaken for grizzly bears, there are no known grizzlies living in Colorado. Adult males weigh from 275 pounds. Females weight about 175 pounds. Depending on the season, food supply and gender, black bears may weigh anywhere from 100 to 450 pounds. A black bear can smell food up to five miles away. Bears routinely travel five to fifteen miles a day looking for food. They are smarter than the smartest dog and capable of simple deductions like coolers equal food.

GRAY WOLF [*Canis lupus*] Gray wolves once roamed throughout Colorado, but around the 1940's, the wild gray wolf was killed off because of preying on local livestock. The gray wolf is now extirpated in Colorado and can only be seen in zoos and wildlife parks. You can see these distinctive, former Ute Pass natives at the Colorado Wolf and Wildlife Center, www.wolfeducation.org, located in Divide, CO (a short drive from the Outlook Lodge).

BIRDS

There are many Magpies. Eagles soar overhead but not in great numbers. Predatory birds you may see with more frequency are Turkey Vultures. They are smaller than the bald eagles. You may see them looming around at the top of the ridge.

Fig. 5

MAGPIE [*Pica hudsonia*] The magpie is a member of the corvid family which also includes crows and jays. They are opportunistic omnivores, feeding on a variety of food sources not limited to insects, fruit, eggs, and carrion. The magpie is the only non-mammal able to recognize itself in the mirror; a feat of intelligence which only very few animals are capable of performing (apes, elephants, dolphins, and humans, of course). You can recognize the magpie by its distinct black and white shoulder and wing markings and very long tail.



Fig. 6

BALD EAGLE [*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*] Bald eagles (and golden eagles) are the largest raptors in the area. They have a wingspan of up to 7 feet and build the largest nest of all North American birds (which can weigh up to a metric ton). The bald eagle builds the largest The bald eagle was on the brink of extinction within the continental United States until recovery efforts and the ban of the pesticide, DDT. As of 2007, the bald eagle has returned in large numbers is no longer considered a threatened species.



Founding father, Benjamin Franklin wrote privately to his daughter of his distaste for the bald eagle as a symbol of the newly formed United States of America in 1784:

"For my own part I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen the Representative of our Country. He is a Bird of bad moral Character. He does not get his Living honestly."

Franklin was referring to the eagle's ability to take prey from other predatory birds rather than hunting on his own; however, eagles are, in fact, very swift and accomplished hunters.

Fig. 7

TURKEY VULTURE [*Cathartes aura*] The turkey vulture is one of North America's largest birds of prey. It reaches a length of 32 inches with a wing span of 6 feet. Its head, like its namesake, is featherless and red. Its plumage is dark brown to black. The turkey vulture is a graceful and skilled glider. It will launch itself from its perch only after the morning air has warmed. Then, it circles upward, searching for pockets of rising warm air, or thermals. Its ability to detect odors allows it to find dead animals hidden below trees and brush. Like a stork, the turkey vulture is often seen standing in a spread-winged stance. This is called the "Horaltic Pose". The turkey vulture has few natural predators. When it does encounter an enemy, its primary form of defense is vomiting (!), coughing up a lump of semi-digested meat. Contrary to popular belief, circling vultures do not necessarily indicate the presence of a dead animal. Circling vultures may be gaining altitude for long flights, searching for food, or playing.



B · I · G · F · O · O · T

(or more precisely "HB")

You will notice that one trail map marks where Bigfoot was spotted. This is false. It was actually just an HB. HB is a "hairy biped," the term used by Bigfoot believers and cryptozoologists to signify a humanlike or ape-like entity in North America. Apparently, HBs may differ from the usual Bigfoot sightings in that they can sometimes appear to have fangs and have paranormal abilities like sudden disappearance or invulnerability to bullets.

"on March 28, 1987, at 11:45pm, Dan Masias of Green Mountain Falls happened to look out his window to see 'these creatures... running down the road right in front of my house, which at one point is thirty feet from my front window. The whole road was

covered with about a quarter of an inch of fresh cold snow that had fallen. They ran down the road in a manner with their arms hanging down, swinging in a pendulum motion. The first impression I got was that they were covered with hair. It was the most incredible thing I've ever seen.'

After Masias's sighting was recounted in the newspapers, other residents of the area, near Pike National Forest, came forward with their own reports, about which they had kept quiet for fear of ridicule. Sightings and hearings of unearthly howls and growls continued, and persons who followed HB tracks in snow swore they vanished in midstride."

VISUAL CHARACTERISTICS:

Bigfoot and most HBs are described by witnesses as large hirsute, mostly ape-like creatures, in a range of 6–10 feet (2–3 m) tall, weighing in excess of 500 pounds (230 kg). HB hair or fur varies from dark brown or dark reddish hair to black and gray.

BIGFOOT CROSSING SIGN on the Pikes Peak Highway



There is a pervasive form of contemporary violence ... The rush and pressure of modern life are a form, perhaps the most common form, of its innate violence. To allow oneself to be carried away by a multitude of conflicting concerns, to surrender to too many projects, to want to help everyone in everything is to succumb to violence...It destroys one's inner capacity for peace. It destroys the fruitfulness of one's work, because it kills the root of inner wisdom which makes work fruitful.

Thomas Merton

THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN INCREASING ITS SPEED.

– *Ghandi*

SLOWING DOWN

It's important to air out your brain like it's a moldy carpet. Here are some podcasts and audio books that you can download and listen to while you hike through the forest and try to get back to who you really are:

Tara Brach **FREE**

Meditation, emotional healing, spiritual awakening

- Podcasts available through iTunes and other sources

tarabrach.com/audiodharma.html

Dharma Seed **FREE**

Freely offering Western Buddhist Vipassana Teachings

- Podcasts available through iTunes and other sources

dharmaseed.org/

Eckhart Tolle **\$**

The well-known author of *The Power of Now* has nine audio recordings of his books

- Available through iTunes, Audible.com and Amazon.com.

eckhartolle.mybigcommerce.com/categories

Martha Beck **\$**

In *Steering by Starlight*, the Oprah Magazine columnist reconnects readers with their best destinies

- Available through Amazon.com

marthabeck.com/product/steering-by-starlight-the-science-and-magic-of-finding-your-destiny/

Alan Watts **\$**

Essential Lecture series

The late “dharma bum” was one of the first to find an easy, humorous, expansive way to ease Buddhism and its teachings into our stiffened minds.

alanwatts.com/collections/essential-lectures-series-1/

Read an excerpt here.

deoxy.org/w_world.htm

WITH KIDS

Joseph Cornell

Sharing Nature with Children

Joseph Cornell's amazing work helping to reintroduce children to nature.

www.sharingnature.com



“The heartbeat of a tree is a wonderful crackling, gurgling flow of life. The best time to hear the forest heartbeat is in the early spring, when the trees send first surges of sap upward to their branches, preparing them for another season of growth.”

– Joseph Cornell, *Sharing Nature with Children*, (Inner Path)



COCKTAILS

THE ORIGINS OF DRINKING OUT OF A SHOE

“...two students at Oxford were each enamoured of the reigning belle of that sober University... One, determined to prove that his love did not stick at trifles, took a spoonful of soot, mixed it with his wine, and drank off the mixture. His companion, determined not to be outdone, brought from his closet a phial of ink, which he drank, exclaiming, "To triumphe and Miss Molly." These crack-brained young men also esteemed it a great privilege to get possession of any great beauty's shoe, in order that they might ladle wine out of a bowl down their throats with it, the while they drank to the 'lady of little worth' or the 'light-heeled mistress' who had been its former wearer.



FIFTEEN
Most Popular
DRINKS
 OF
1881

GIN SLINGS
WHISKEY COCKTAILS
MINT JULEPS

GINGER POP

 * **WHISKEY PUNCH** *

ROOT BEER
EGG NOG
APPLE JACK

STONE FENCE

HUBBARD TOM and PUNCH JERRY

SWEET POTATO BRANDY

LEMONADE WITH A STICK
SWEET, SOUR, & PLAIN
TODDIES

CLARET • SANGAREE



APPLE JACK

- Apple slices
- 2 Dashes of Angostura Bitters
- 1/2 oz Curaçao
- 2 oz Applejack or apple brandy

Shake the applejack, curaçao, and bitters with ice; then strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Garnish with apple slices.

GIN SLING



- Lemon spiral for garnish
- Dash Angostura Bitters
- Soda water
- 1 oz Simple syrup
- 3/4 oz Fresh lemon juice
- 1 oz Sweet vermouth
- 1 1/2 oz Gin

Pour the ingredients (except soda) into a cocktail shaker filled with ice. Shake well. Strain into a chilled Collins glass. Top with soda. Garnish with a lemon twist.

STONE FENCE



- 2 Dashes Bitters
- Club soda
- 2 oz Scotch Whiskey

Pour into a highball glass.

A SELECTION OF

FILMS

SET IN THE
UTE PASS AND
BEYOND

McCABE AND MRS. MILLER

1971 ★★★★★

R Deadwood wouldn't have happened if it wasn't for Robert Altman's naturalistic and atmospheric film. Starring Warren Beatty and Julie Christie as a gambler and a prostitute who become business partners in a remote mining town. This film was a gamechanger in terms of the Western genre. It unromantically depicts a pioneer town in all its mud, sweat and debauchery. But there's also a score by Leonard Cohen so it balances it out into early 70's cool.

THE MANITOU

1978 ★★★★★

PG-13

Nothing sets the mood for sex like a campy horror film about a Native American tumor. In this totally hilarious and weird movie from 1978, The Manitou, Karen (Susan Strasberg) discovers her tumor is actually the deformed fetus of an ancient shaman. She gets help from a sham psychic (Tony Curtis) and a Native American medicine man to get rid of it. It's a very post-Exorcist horror film, and provides a hilariously campy take on Native American folklore. It's also a weird depiction of female power, or, rather, our culture's fear of female power. I remember watching it late at night when I was 13 and feeling very funny inside afterwards.

MEEK'S CUTOFF

2010 ★★★★★

PG

You think YOU had a hard time getting here? Director Kelly Reichardt's cinematic yet spare film depicts three pioneer couples trekking across the Great Plains trying to get to "The Pass" (which, I assume, is the Ute Pass, though maybe they are up in Oregon). Their blowhard of a guide (excellently played with salty speciousness by Bruce Greenwood) seems to be lost. They are running out of water, one woman is pregnant, and they don't have any idea where they are. Then they capture a Paiute indian and have to decide if they kill the indian, kill the guide, or follow the indian, or follow the guide. Michelle Williams, as always, is superb as Emily Tetherow, who, in her bonnet and humble long dress tries to take matters into her own hands. I loved this movie till the last scene but maybe you have more patience for open-ended subtlety. Available on Netflix streaming.

LISTINGS

Sometimes you want to be around a fire pit with friends, singing bad 80s hits. Sometimes you want to be alone and hope no one sees you while you literally hug a tree. You can do both in GMF. Go drink cheap cans of beer down the street at the Mucky Duck. Enjoy the Lodge fire pit. Go hike alone and spend the entire day by yourself. The bar is stumbling distance away, so are the hiking trails.

SHOPPING

FOR SOMETHING UNEXPECTED

Green Mountain Falls

As you could probably tell, GMF isn't the kind of town with a BabyGap, Sephora and CVS, thankfully. But there are a couple of lovely, original stores and businesses. Stones Bones and Wood, next door to the Pantry, has a selection of nice jewelry and locally made craftwork. The owners, Ken and Melissa Nord, have extracted many stones and gems from the area. They also have a beautiful dog.

StonesBonesandWood.com

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FOR LIQUOR/GROCERIES/
TOILETRIES/COWBOY BOOTS

Woodland Park

In the 1930s and 40s, Woodland Park was a hot spot for gambling,

dancing and illegal liquor. Now it has a Walmart. Come here for bulk items and drug store essentials. If you are on your way to audition for the country pop star slot on The Voice, you will find cowboy gear, boots, shirts, hats, and more on the main road (Rt. 24) into town. There is a semi-decent Goodwill there, which is heavily trafficked, but, if you have a good eye, you may be able to find a second hand gem.

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FOR GREAT FOOD, TRINKETS,
TEE SHIRTS, TOURISTY
DOODADS, FUNKY CLOTHING

Manitou Springs

Before the 1800's the Ute and Cheyenne Indians would come here with offerings to the great spirit that emanated from the natural springs, then it became a rest stop for gold prospectors, and then a holiday spot for residents



of Colorado Springs, and now it's your perfect tourist attraction. It has charm and character and coffee shops and even an arcade. This is where you can get all your touristy knickknackery and Native American memorables, and amid all that, a few more elegant items.

LOCAL EATING

NO BRAINER BREAKFAST

The Pantry

6980 Lake St
(719) 684 9018

It sounds condescending, but The Pantry is like a living Norman Rockwell painting. Here's where you get your neighborly breakfast. Great food, nice people, affordable prices, but, of course, a little crowded on summer weekends. The "very, very large" Motherlode pancake is 7.49, the Pantry Omelet is 9.49. Check out the collections of toys, doodads and lunch boxes all over the walls.

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FINE DINING WITHIN
WALKING DISTANCE

Black Bear Restaurant

10375 Ute Pass Road
(719) 684 9648

I honestly didn't get here, but it sounds good. The boastful

website claims it has Colorado's second biggest fireplace, and an unparalleled dining experience. "Chef-Owner Victor Matthews is not dealing simply with a fine dining crowd or a group of locals who want inexpensive comfort food, or even a range of patrons somewhere in the middle. He has them all ...

Both clientele had to be addressed, and that is the danger and the magic of the Black Bear. Few would even dare such a challenge. As fabulous as your meal is bound to be, don't scoff at the Burger or the Chicken Fried Steak on the Menu. It isn't weakness, but courage and genius that put it there."

blackbearrestaurant.com

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DRINKING WITHIN STUMBLING
DISTANCE (CENTER OF TOWN)

The Silver Tongue Devil Saloon

"Live Music, Pizza & Wings" about describes this place. This is where you listen to bands and drink canned beer.

thesilvertonguedevil.com/saloon/

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Mucky Duck

Built in the 1800s, added on in 1924. This rustic restaurant serves delicious food in the 18-21 dollar

entree price range. It has the original infrastructure, and maybe the same kind of vibe from back in the day.

muckyduckco.com

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DRINKING THAT'S NOT TOO
FAR BY CAR

Wines of Colorado

8045 W. Hwy 24 Cascade,
CO 80809 (10 Miles West
of Colorado Springs)
(719) 684 0900

Very near GMF, I heard numerous rave reviews about this place. Situated by a creek, you can sit outside on the patio and enjoy your wine flights and pretend you are just tipsy from the altitude.

winesofcolorado.com

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EASY FOOD ON YOUR WAY
TO A DAY TRIP

Denny's

100 Morning Sun Dr
Woodland Park, CO 80863
(719) 686 6464

This Denny's is big, pleasant, and has a gigantic menu. If you can't wait to be a part of the Denny's bar scene or are desperate to catch some sports telecast, there's a large bar area too.

dennys.com

COFFEE

Duckies Coffee Shop

Here's your local hang out place to read the paper and plan your day. Hours of Operation: Friday and Saturday - 7 am to 6 pm, Sunday - 8 am to 4 pm

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Starbucks

320 E Midland Ave
Woodland Park, CO 80863
(719) 686-7850

The Starbucks in Woodland Park is about a ten minute drive. There are a few Yelp reviews about how it is the friendliest Starbucks ever. And let me tell you: it is. The staff was hilarious, funny, adorable and in a good mood when I visited. I walked in and felt like I was part of some super fun day that everyone else was having and I was just lucky to be there.

IN MANITOU SPRINGS

FINER DINING NEARBY

Swiss Chalet

19263 E. US Hwy 24
Woodland Park, CO 80863
(719) 687 2001

It sort of looks like a random restaurant on the outside, and,

actually, it sort of is. But the food is great, and the waitstaff is chill. What you lose in atmosphere you gain in serving size, which is big and will make you happy. I had a delicious, juicy salmon steak and fried avocado appetizer! Entrees are \$23-29

swisschaletofwoodlandpark.com

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**SOME OF THE BEST
VEGETARIAN FOOD I'VE
EVER HAD**

Adam's Mountain Cafe

692 Manitou Avenue
Manitou Springs, CO 80829
(719) 695 1430

Cute place in an old building by a babbling creek right off main street. I had the some of the best vegetarian food I've ever had. Senegalese vegetables and tofu for \$19.

MELLOW WINE BAR

Swirl

717 Manitou Avenue
Manitou Springs, CO 80829
(719) 685 2294

This spot, down an alleyway but connected to the Swirl wine store, is a nice little jewel of a place that may offer respite from the throngs of tourists. All bottles are half off on Sundays.

swirlismybar.com

**CRAZILY EXCELLENT (BUT
PRICEY) COLORADO CUISINE
IN A WOODSY, OLD SCHOOL
RESTAURANT**

Craftwood Inn

404 El Paso Blvd.

Built in 1912, this famous restaurant feels like it hovers above the town. Its wooden and old and worn in, and the staff is very friendly and unpretentious, but still professional (They swipe your crumbs away between courses, but chat with you too). This restaurant focuses on game: Antelope, Deer, Wild Boar. The food here is incredible and not cheap. I had a perfectly grilled Elk Steak, \$32.
craftwood.com

COLORADO SPRINGS

NO BRAINER TEX-MEX FOOD

Jose Muldoons

222 N Tejon St,
Colorado Springs, CO 80903
josemuldoons.com

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STROLLING AROUND

Old Colorado City

This historic town next to Colorado Springs proper has become a lively shopping corridor with farmers markets, saloons and a well kept sense of history.
shopoldcoloradocity.com

KIDS

Manitou Springs Arcade

930 Manitou Avenue (right behind Patsy's Candies)
(719) 685 9815

Skee-ball, pinball, and all sorts of whoozeewhatsit games galore in this old school penny arcade.

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NORTH POLE CITY

Santa's Workshop

5050 Pikes Peak Hwy
Cascade, CO 80809

Just grin and bear it. This place will at least tire your kids out so they zonk out early. Petting zoo, ferris wheel, facepainting.
santas-colo.com

MUSEUMS

The Ghost Town Museum

400 South 21st Street
Colorado Springs CO 80904
(719) 634 0696

"The Ghost Town Museum serves as a permanent example of what the wild west towns of 100 years ago might have been like... An impressive collection of everyday artifacts displayed in each of the town's buildings, which are themselves a collection of the very structures left to decay around

the Pikes Peak region; all looking much as they would have been left 100 or more years ago. All of it is housed inside a historic stone structure, built in 1899... There are many hands-on activities for the kids. Crank a butter churn, operate an old time arcade or nickelodeon. See a short film on the gold mining era or pan for real gold in the extensive panning areas, (seasonal). Shop for Colorado gifts, have a picnic, or sip an old time sarsaparilla."

ADMISSION PRICES

\$6.50 for Adults
\$5.00 for Children Ages 6-16
Free for Children Under 6
ghosttownmuseum.com

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Colorado Springs Pioneers Museum

215 S. Tejon St.
Colorado Springs, CO 80903
(719) 385 5990

"The Museum has over 60,000 objects in its collection including nationally significant collections of quilts, Van Briggle art pottery, plus the finest regional art collection in the state of Colorado. The Native American collection includes hundreds of items representative of the Ute, Cheyenne, and Arapaho cultures."

springsgov.com/Page.aspx?NavID=586

The World Figure Skating Museum & Hall of Fame

20 first street

Colorado Springs CO 80906
(719) 635 5200

“The only institution of its kind in the world, the Museum is dedicated exclusively to the preservation and interpretation of the history of figure skating. The greatest names in figure skating are honored in [the museum’s] World and U.S. Hall of Fame. The Hall of Fame includes such distinguished skaters as Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean, Dick Button, Scott Hamilton, Ekaterina Gordeeva and Sergei Grinkov, Midori Ito, Sonja Henie, and Katarina Witt.”

worldskatingmuseum.org

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The Tesla Museum

(719) 222 1911

“First of all let me say that we are the only Tesla Museum in America. We are dedicated to the preservation of the accomplishments, research and life of Nikola Tesla. We are the focal point of new and experimental scientific research in areas of electricity, free energy, magnetic resonance, and many other scientific endeavors. We

prove this by the very nature of our shows and lectures.” They have a “Top Secret” stage show that sounds super fun. They don’t tell you where they are or give you directions till you call.

teslamuseum.us

FINE ARTS

Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center

(Museum Galleries, SaGäJi Theatre, Amuzé at the FAC & Deco Lounge)

30 West Dale Street Colorado Springs, CO 80903
(719) 634 5583

Exhibitions, a permanent collection and a theater company
csfineartscenter.org

MOVIES

MAINSTREAM FARE

Cinemark Tinsel Town

1545 East Cheyenne Mountain Boulevard
Colorado Springs, CO 80906
(719) 576 5082
cinemark.com

INDIE MOVIES

Kimball’s Twin Peak Theater

115 E. Pikes Peak Ave.
Colorado Springs, CO
(719) 447 1945 or
(719) 447 1947

Offers more cerebral fare with a fully stocked bar. cash only!

kimballstwinpeak.com

BOOKS

Poor Richards Bookstore

320 N. Tejon Street
(719) 578-0012

Offers used books in 165 categories, along with a wine bar and restaurant.

poorrichardsdowntown.com

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Green Box Arts Festival

Held during the last week of June. Now in its 4th year, the festival brings performers, visual artists and dancers to create and showcase their work in this incomparable setting. Past residencies included Ballet Oklahoma. Montanan installation

artist Byron Roth, Sculptor Olaf Eliasson, balloon artist Jason Hackenworth, and Larry Keigwin and Co dance company.

greenboxarts.org

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Bronc Day

This town festival has been going on for nearly 75 years, usually the first week of August. The first Bronc Day was held on July 1, 1939, to mark the official opening of the tourist season. Now it usually takes place in August and is a town tradition and a lot of fun. A Pancake Breakfast, SK Run, Parade, and Games, arts and crafts booths, Boat races and more. For schedule, event history, booth applications, parade entry forms and photos please visit the website.
broncdayco.org

PRACTICALITIES



Dogs & Other Pets

The Town has a leash ordinance. Dogs cannot run at large. Please use the pet pickup bags provided in the Town parks. Please remember there are mountain lions and other predatory animals in the valley. Don't leave your dogs outside overnight or unattended - especially smaller dogs.

If you are going to be within the town limits for longer than 30 days, all dogs beyond the age of three months are required to be licensed annually. Fees are: \$12.00 for a neutered/spayed dog and \$20.00 for a dog that is not neutered or spayed. Contact the Town Hall at 684-9414 to obtain a 2012 license.



Trash

Don't leave your trash outside. The bears and deer love it.



Cell Phones

Cell phone service can be a little spotty in GME, which you can use to your advantage: "I am so sorry I couldn't call you back, there was no reception!" I found I could make calls sitting the bay window of my room, and also up on the hiking trails, when you are within range of signal towers in nearby towns.



Recovery

Right next to the lake is the Red Cloud Serenity Club. Meetings are held daily at 12 noon and 6pm, with special meetings for men, women and others. Schedule is available online.

rcserenity.org/



Worship

Church in the Wildwood, United Church of Christ, right next door, is a welcoming, open-minded church, and has been since it was built back in 1889. Sunday service is at 10:30 am, followed by "coffee, treats and good conversation" in the Fellowship Hall at 11:30 am. Check out their website for a monthly schedule as well as information on weddings, adult education and Rev. David Shaw's thoughtful blog.

church-in-the-wildwood.org

BIBLIOGRAPHY

I am deeply indebted to the fine books and writers who have done passionate work on the history of this area. Most of these titles are available in the Outlook Lodge library. You are welcome to borrow and read but please don't take! I recommend checking them out, or even buying them. Most are available online.

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MIKE ALBO

Mike Albo is an author and performer who lives in Brooklyn, NY. His novel *Hornito* was published in 2000 (HarperCollins). His second novel, *The Underminer: The Best Friend Who Casually Destroys Your Life*, co-written by Virginia Heffernan, was published through Bloomsbury USA in 2005. His novella, *The Junket* appeared as a Kindle Single in 2011. He has written for *The New York Times*, *New Yorker*, *GQ*, *Details*, *Glow*, *Out*, and many other publications and websites. He has been performing as a comedian and monologist since 1995, and many of his acts can be found on YouTube.

www.mikealbo.com

