

Reflections on Mud Lake

JAY SCRUGGS
KEIZER, OREGON

My name is Jay Scruggs. I'm also known as J. L. Scruggs and legally as John Scruggs. My cousin, Forest Scruggs, who currently resides in Kentucky, and his Sister, Dianna Wagner, who lives near Black Hawk on the west side of the Peak-to-Peak Highway, suggested that I should write an article about the time my father leased Mud Lake. Mud Lake is located about two miles north of Nederland and is only a few yards west of the Peak-to-Peak Highway, but the only thing visible from the highway nowadays is the metal gate that guards the entrance.

My father, Donald Scruggs, was often the mining partner of Bus Wilson, a long-time resident of Nederland. Dad was the first of three sons and one daughter, all of whom were born in Wall Street, circa 1916. My grandfather was Hayes Scruggs, and his wife was Eva Blanche Bailey. Hayes Scruggs and his family mined gold at the Nancy Mine which was located about half way up the north side of the canyon above Jim Bailey's old home on the Switzerland Trail. The point of mentioning these things is to establish the fact that all of the people I mention in this article are or were so-called "mountain folk." My brother, Ron, and I were born and raised in Boulder, but we spent a disproportionate amount of time with our father in the hills west of Boulder because he was a gold and tungsten miner, and he knew most of the mining families that lived in the hills. Our dad kept several guns and one split-bamboo fly rod in our house, and if we ate meat, it was usually trout, venison, elk, or cottontail. After WW II, we were similar to most of the families around us—barely solvent. My brother and I worked in the mines with our Dad, but going into that chapter of our lives would be a lengthy digression. In short, my brother and I had a unique upbringing.

The U. S. government, under FDR's insistence, froze the price of gold at around \$32.00 per ounce, and it became illegal for a person to own gold. The only place a miner could sell gold was at the Denver mint. Making a "button" of gold from raw ore and selling it at the Denver mint is another interesting chapter in our family history, but again, I digress. Simply put, it cost a lot more than \$32.00 to produce an ounce of gold, and the gold miners were forced to close their mines. There is still a lot of gold in the hills west of Boulder, but back then, the miners had to find other ways to make a living. Dad tried to mine tungsten, but the government allowed it to be imported from Korea, and the local tungsten mines were shut down much of the time. There were times when tungsten was mined and sold for a profit, but it depended on an unstable market. Dad occasionally found work as a steel worker, but the union kept the men out on strike more than it kept them working at a job. In spite of these setbacks, the economy improved steadily after WW II, and as soon as President Eisenhower ended the Korean War, the economy flourished. People purchased new cars and moved into new houses in the subdivisions around Boulder, such as Martin Acres, and that era was when Dad got one of his better ideas.

Colorado experienced a series of dry winters in the early to mid 50's, and the high range didn't get its normal amount of snow. Mud Lake dried up and people were hauling peat moss out of it to put on their lawns and gardens. My brother and I helped Dad hand load his old pickup with peat moss, and we spread it generously on our garden area behind our home on Maxwell Avenue. Several neighbors asked us to haul a few loads for them, and Dad got his idea and started a small business. The next thing we knew, we were hauling and selling peat moss to a variety of people. Dad drove us to Martin Acres. I took one side of the

street and my brother took the other. We rang doorbells and asked people if they wanted to purchase some peat moss, and several people did.

Dad knew that Mud Lake was part of a large mining claim called the Crow Patent, and it was owned by an investment group back east. The investment company hired a local man to manage the Crow Patent property. His name was Harrison Cobb, and he lived a few blocks from our house in Boulder, and of course, Dad knew him. Dad contacted Harrison Cobb, and Mr. Cobb agreed to lease Dad the Mud Lake property. They signed a formal lease a few weeks later. Dad agreed to pay the investment company twenty-five cents per cubic yard for the peat moss he removed from Mud Lake. He paid it on a quarterly basis. It doesn't sound like very much money, but some of those checks were fairly hefty. A "mountain folk" factor played a roll in Dad getting that lease. Harrison Cobb was aware of the fact that my mother had terminal cancer, and he knew Dad didn't have health insurance, so Harrison Cobb helped him.

Mining peat moss, we learned, was a seasonal business. The highest demands for peat moss came in the spring and fall. We started our business that fall with Dad's old pickup, three shovels, and two young, unpaid laborers. The next year, Dad purchased a small dump truck, and he eventually was able to purchase a used Ford loader. The following year he purchased another dump truck. Dad also sold peat moss at Mud Lake for two dollars per cubic yard which was three loader buckets full. Someone had to be at Mud Lake during the day, and that was how I came to spend so much time out there alone. Sometimes I amused myself by looking for arrowheads in the dry areas of the lake bottom on the east side of the bog where we first removed the peat moss. I found several of them. They were usually small ones an Indian

made out of white quartz. A hungry Arapaho Indian probably shot an arrow at a duck or goose out on the lake and missed. Each arrowhead was a unique work of art. I believe Dad gave his extensive collection of spear and arrowheads that he collected during his life to Lowell Swenson, the curator at the University's Museum in Boulder, and Mr. Swenson put them into various displays.


One fall afternoon, we found the skeleton of a mature horse about 150 feet from the north-central shoreline of the lake. The animal had apparently waded out there, gotten stuck in the peat moss, and was unable to free itself. I dug the skeleton out by hand and didn't find a horseshoe, an arrowhead, or anything else that would have provided more information. Dad asked me to dig up the bones because he knew it would keep me busy, and he said he didn't want those bones to become part of someone's order.

During the first two years we operated the bog, Dad dropped me off in the morning, and he went on to work at various tungsten mines in the area. The names of the mines escape me, but two of them were just a few miles from the bog. Dad returned around 5:30 in the evening and relieved me of any money I earned for him during the day. Most of the time I didn't earn much money, but on a few occasions, it amounted to as much as forty dollars. In those days, forty dollars would feed our family for two weeks or more.


The temperature at Mud Lake during the spring fluctuated between cold and colder, and the cold was often made worse by a sharp west wind that stabbed through my clothing. Occasionally the wind sailed off the high range with jet-stream intensity, and I could tell a few stories about how it picked up quarter sized rocks and pelted me with them, but most mountain folks are familiar with this phenomenon, and once again, I digress. I built a wind shelter out of the drift wood on the

east bank of Mud Lake in an attempt to at least break the wind—the bone-chilling kind—not the stronger one. I located two large logs that were four feet apart and used them as the foundation for a crude shelter. I made an extensive effort to plug dozens of holes with rocks, chunks of bark, and driftwood, and it helped. That crude hut afforded me at least a modicum of shelter. A customer brought me an old piece of carpet, and I soon had the luxury of a log-to-log rug in my shelter. That little hovel became my home away from home for three seasons. After I crawled into it, I could barely sit up, but at least I was out of the wind. Dad gave me a used, bolt-action, Stevens 22 rifle for my birthday and said it was also my salary for the first year I worked for him at the bog. One bitterly cold spring day, I crawled into my hut with my rifle, got into my sleeping bag, and fell asleep. An hour or so later, I heard a series of weird noises which awakened me. I opened my eyes and saw several shadowy figures pass within a few feet of me. Twenty or more wild dogs were snooping around the shelter. I only had three, "long-rifle" shells in the rifle's clip, but I sensed danger and quietly chambered one of them. Several of the dogs appeared to have been domestic animals at an earlier time in their lives, but they all looked and acted wild. It appeared as if they had joined a pack of coyotes, and it was difficult to tell several of the wild dogs from the coyotes, half-breeds perhaps. Five or six of the other animals were clearly multi-colored dogs. I made the decision that the better part of valor was not to shoot at them unless I was forced to defend myself. The animal

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that appeared to be the leader caught my scent. When he did, he spun around, and glared in my direction. The hair on his neck and back bristled, and so did mine. He couldn't see me, but he sensed that something was out of place, and he lowered his head and snarled in my direction several times. The other animals stopped sniffing around, looked toward my shelter, and waited. It became deathly quiet. All I could hear was my heart pounding. Several tense seconds slowly ticked away while those wild dogs and I stared at each other. The leader decided to move away from there. He spun around and led the others toward the north side of the bog. He stopped and looked back twice before he led the pack out of sight. I relaxed a little and engaged the safety on the rifle. At that point I realized my hands were shaking badly, and I knew it wasn't because of the cold. I felt relieved that I didn't have to defend myself and let out a huge sigh. I smiled and sighed again because I realized I most certainly would have used all three shells if necessary. That evening I explained the situation to Dad, and he asked, "Why didn't you shoot him?"

The next spring, two students from one of the state universities asked if they could take some samples of peat moss to see if they could carbon date them. Dad said they could, and they dug a deep hole and took small samples at various depths and measured how deep each sample was taken and documented the information in a notebook. One evening, after we had forgotten about it, the students returned and gave Dad a copy of the paper they wrote. It contained all of the dates. The younger samples, as I recall, were 1 to 5 thousand years old and the older ones near the bottom of the hole were around 225 thousand years old. We didn't have to be told that it took a long time for a small mountain lake to create six to ten feet of peat moss, but the larger numbers overwhelmed us.

One geographical feature of Mud Lake is a crescent shaped ridge that starts at the northwest corner and runs to the northeast corner near the highway. Another ridge starts at the southeast corner and runs toward the southwest corner. It appears as if a small meteor struck the ground at an angle and pushed up the ridges. The shallowest level of peat moss—six inches to a foot—was at the east side of the lake, and the deepest amount of peat moss—six to ten feet—was on the northwestern corner of the lake. The meteor hypothesis may be strengthened by the fact that Dad and Bus Wilson found a deposit of tungsten ore in the middle of the lake a hundred or so feet east of the north south center line and near the center of the east west line. They built a hoist building, erected a gallows frame and wheel, and attempted to sink a shaft on a promising vein of ore. The problem was that the ground was "erratic" and "shattered" and the shallow shaft they dug soon hit an abundant amount of water. They gave up the mining operation and Bus Wilson processed and stored the tungsten for many years. When the price was right, he sold it and gave my brother and me our shares. It was clearly something he didn't have to do, but it was also a testimony to his character.

We used the mine building to get out of the wind and weather for two or three years. Every spring I camped at the bog and maintained the pump we used to drain the lake. We ran the pump 24-7 until the job was done. I slept under the stars or in my hut the first few years and moved into a small log cabin Dad built near the entrance until someone cut it up for fire wood and hauled it away. I lived in the mine building after it was completed. I saw northern lights several times after dark, but they were normally faint ones. On a moonless, clear night, there were always billions of stars in the sky, and the view was spectacular.

One spring day in the early afternoon, I decided to boil some eggs for lunch. I built a

fire in the wood stove in the mine building and set a small pot of water on it. A thunder cloud peeked over the high range about one-thirty, and I knew that within an hour it would begin its assault on the Nederland area. A strong gust of wind blew the stove pipe over on the roof, and smoke back drafted into and immediately filled the mine building. I took a hammer, climbed up the ladder, stepped onto the low pitched roof, and assessed the situation. It was just as I expected.

A nail that held one of the three strands of bailing wire that secured the stovepipe pulled loose. I put the pipe in its proper place, drove the nail into a new hole, and wrapped the end of the wire around the nail. I stepped back to admire my work, noticed that the pipe was a bit crooked, put the hammer down, and used both hands to straighten it. Just as I pulled my hands away from the stovepipe, a lightning bolt struck somewhere nearby, and the last thing I saw was the pretty yellow light that flowed between my hands and the stovepipe. I regained consciousness several minutes later and became aware of the fact that I was on my back, on the ground, directly under the edge of the roof, six feet from the ladder. Rain water dripped on my face, and I heard thunder rumble way off toward the east, and realized that the storm had passed over the bog and continued on its way. I don't know if I were knocked, or fell, or crawled, or climbed, or jumped off the roof. All I knew for sure was that God decided it wasn't my time. There is a lot of iron under the ground throughout the Crow Patent area, and lightning literally pounces on it. The iron also gives most of the ground water a nasty, rusty taste. There was a spring near the lake that produced the potable water we used. I learned

some of life's most important lessons at Mud Lake--the hard way, and staying off buildings during a lightning storm was one of them. I never tempted fate that way again.

One afternoon, I was sitting on the ground with my back against the south side of the mine cabin, eating a sandwich. Lightning struck a dead pine tree on the southeast corner of the lake and instantly ripped a four-inch wide strip of bark off the tree from its roots to the top. Someone had nailed one end of a long snow fence that kept snow from drifting across the road in the winter to that tree, and the wires that held the boards in place momentarily turned white hot and singed the wood the full length of the fence. A fairly large chunk of bark sailed off the top of the tree and tumbled in my direction. I put my left arm up to protect my face, and the bark landed in my open lunch box.

The point is, if you want to experience lightning up close and personal, all you have to do is hang around Mud Lake during a thunder storm.

One fall afternoon, my brother and his friend, Dave Warren, left the bog to hunt rabbits. They began their journey around one o'clock and were supposed to be back before dark. It started to snow heavily around three, and it was six inches deep by the time it got dark. A dense fog settled-over the area. Dad went to town and called Mom. He said the boys hadn't returned yet, but he expected they would construct some kind of shelter, build a fire, and wait for daylight. He said they didn't respond to his yells, but the snow probably muffled the sound. He assured her that he thought the boys would be fine and asked her to notify the Warrens. It was a long night for everyone, especially Mom. She worried, drank coffee, and paced

the floor all night. Dad, Bus Wilson, and Mr. Warren yelled for the boys periodically all night, to no avail. The boys found their way back to the bog shortly after daylight. They said when they came across their own tracks they realized they were lost. They built a lean-to and a fire and waited. My brother slept most of the night, but Dave didn't. He fed the fire. Bus Wilson offered his home, and his wife made one of her famous pancake and bacon-and-eggs breakfasts which included hot chocolate for the boys and hot coffee for the adults. The boys said it was the best breakfast they ever ate.

Mud Lake is a great place to watch bull bats flop around in the summer evening sky while they hunt for insects. They make a distinct, high-pitched, and friendly "cheep" as they go about their business. For some reason they will occasionally dive vertically for a hundred feet or more and make a sound similar to a bull's mating call just as they pull out of their dives. One evening, some friends and I decided to see if we could shoot a bull bat with our shotguns, and we fired at least a box of shells at them and didn't hit a single bird. The next day Brownlee Guyer, the local game warden, stopped by the bog and chatted with Dad about some kids shooting at bull bats. Mr. Guyer left, and I was firmly told what I could shoot at and what I could not shoot at, and bull bats were high on the lengthy negative list. Brownlee Guyer told Dad he found a dead bull bat on the road two miles or so from the bog, and somehow he knew I was the culprit. I don't know if Brownlee Guyer's story was totally honest, but I do know that he put a sudden halt to my idea of using bull bats for target practice.

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If a person stands on the high ground on the northeast side of Mud Lake, up on that little ridge, and he hits two sticks or two boards together or whistles loudly, or hits a stump or tree trunk with a large stick, the sound it creates will make an awesome echo. One day, I decided to drill a hole through a large rock with a piece of hand, drilling steel and a single jack, a short handled hammer. I hit the steel, listened for the echo, and repeated the process several hundred times, each time I turned the steel slightly, the way Dad taught me. I made very little progress before a small sliver of steel flew up, hit me in the left eye, and imbedded itself in the center of the pupil. I couldn't see it in the small signal mirror we kept on hand for such things, so I waited for Dad to get there. He couldn't see it either, and we drove home. He used his ore glass, a magnifying device similar to a jeweler's horn, to try to see it, but that attempt also failed. He said it was probably just a scratch and that it would go away, but I was positive something was still in my eye. Dad decided to try a home remedy I had never encountered before or since. He slid a four-holed button under my upper eye lid and told me to sleep with it in there. He removed the button in the morning and hoped it had wiped the object away. We tried that remedy for two or three nights, and by the time we got home that last evening, my eye had nearly swollen shut. Dad relented, and we walked across the street to Dr. Page's home. Dr. Page was an optometrist, and he led us to his office at the Sanitarium Hospital two blocks away. Dr. Page treated the eye with several chemicals and got to work on the piece of steel imbedded in it. I heard his tweezers make several "pink, pink, pink" sounds. He finally removed the sliver of steel. He examined it and said we were lucky it didn't blind the eye. Dad said my eye looked like "a pee hole in the snow, and it did. Dr. Page said he had never heard of the button idea before, but he was certain it made matters worse. I told Dad I would never let him use that remedy on me again.

Mom's death was a horrible and ugly chapter in our lives, but we were all relived about one thing—her terrible suffering had come to an end. We felt that we should keep ourselves occupied and continued to work at the bog. I was hunting for arrowheads

on the eastern side of the bog when a strange wind blew in from the east. It was a powerful gust, and it started at the northeast corner and made a sweeping counter-clockwise lap around the outer edges of the bog. I watched it brush and bend the tree limbs as the leading edge of the blast completely circled the bog. It spun off the southeast corner near the lake bed, produced a huge dust devil, and instantly vacuumed up a bunch of dirt and debris. It seemed to me as if it looked to see where I was standing and turned and sailed directly at me. Dust devils were unusual at the bog. I had seen a few small ones, but none as big or tall as that one. It intrigued me. I watched it until the last second and closed my eyes just as it engulfed me, but it was too late. A piece of debris hit my left eye and scratched the heck out of it. I felt instant pain, and I panicked. As soon as the dust devil had done its damage it lost its punch and died out. I ran toward my mirror, which was hanging on a tree limb up on the northeast ridge, and attempted to find and remove the object in my eye. It hurt so badly I couldn't hold my upper eyelid open, and I nearly wet my pants. Bloody tears trickled down my face and splattered on my white tee shirt. I saw the blood in the mirror and knew I was in a serious predicament. All I could think of doing was to pray. I fell to my knees and said, "God, if you are real, I need your help, and I need it right now. Please get this piece of dirt out of my eye." The pain stopped. I tried to get to my feet but couldn't. I felt His presence behind me, and He gently placed His right hand on my left shoulder. A feeling of unbelievably calming peace filled my being. His touch was unspeakably and profoundly reassuring. I blinked and knew the pain was gone. I opened both eyes, and it felt as if nothing had happened to my left eye at all. I said, "Thank you," got to my feet, and turned to face Him, but He was gone. I was dumbstruck and turned completely around to see where He went, but He wasn't there. I looked at my left eye in the mirror, and it appeared to be completely normal. There wasn't any redness anywhere. I looked at my tee shirt in the mirror again and saw where the bloody tears stained it and knew I wasn't dreaming. Either Jesus Christ Himself or The Holy Spirit of God, or an angel nudged me so solidly that afternoon at Mud Lake,

that He knew I would never forget it. He also knew that a far more dramatic dust devil was about to cross my path.

The pastor of the First Christian Church came to our house after school that afternoon and asked to speak with me. I was talking with Lee Swenson on the phone and told him I would call him back. I figured I was about to receive a lecture for not attending Sunday school. The pastor was in the living room when I entered it, and he asked me to sit down. I did, and he said, "There is no pleasant way to tell you this sort of thing, son. But," he paused briefly and said, "you father was killed in a trucking accident in Boulder Canyon this afternoon." My jaw dropped, and I gasped. I attempted to comprehend what he said, realized he was serious, and managed to ask, "My dad?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"It must be some kind of mistake."

"No. I'm sorry. It's true."

That evening, Bus Wilson and his wife came to our home, and he explained his part in this drama. He was the town sheriff in Nederland at the time, and he received word that Dad's truck had wrecked at the bottom of the hill below Barker Dam. Bus Wilson drove to the scene and discovered my Dad was on his back on the highway just above the bend on the down hill side of the road. Bus Wilson cradled Dad in his arms and spoke with him. Bus Wilson said he thought Dad's last words were, "Jesus, take me." Other people arrived at the scene before Bus Wilson, and one of them was Brownlee Guyer, the game warden. This accident happened in the spring of 1958, and it is still a frequent topic of discussion in the Nederland area to this day.

Dad drove the larger of our two trucks that afternoon, one that previously belonged to the City of Boulder. I was with him in Boulder when a man stopped us while a city crew did some road work. The man recognized the truck and told Dad, "I'll tell you for a fact that that truck is a man killer. Sell it as soon as you can. Don't use it anymore. I drove it, and it does spooky things. I'm not kidding. Get rid of that truck!" Dad said he didn't particularly like the truck either, and we left.

To the best of my knowledge, no one actually saw the

accident happen, but over a period of time, I was able to piece together what appears to have happened. Dad loaded the truck at the bog and drove it passed the dam and part way down the hill. He experienced some kind of mechanical problem, either with the brakes or with the transmission. He pulled the truck onto the edge of the road, stopped it, set the emergency brake, locked it in low gear, and blocked the passenger-side, real wheels with a large rock—his standard procedure. I think he set up the warning flags and reflector kit. He intended to catch a ride back to Nederland and call my brother to drive up there, as soon as he got home from school, to assist him—something he had done a year earlier in that very spot, but that problem happened on the other, or up-hill, side of the road. The transmission locked. Dad and I waited for my brother to come fix it, and he did.

The afternoon of the accident, Dad secured the truck and walked to the west side of the road and waited for someone to come along who would offer him a ride to Nederland.

A man driving toward Boulder stopped, but Dad declined his offer for a ride since he wanted to go in the opposite direction. The man offered to turn around and take Dad to Nederland, but he said he didn't want to inconvenience him and would wait. That man stopped at the bog that summer and told me those details. Dad may have walked a few steps toward the dam when the truck somehow kicked out of gear and started to roll on its own. It slowly pushed the rock in front of the rear wheels forward. That rock left a three or four foot long scratch mark on the pavement. The rock caught on the pavement, and the tires rolled over it.

I carefully examined that area a few days after the accident. At that point, the truck started free-wheeling down the hill. Dad ran and attempted to catch it. He intended to jump onto the running board, open the door, climb into the cab, and drive

it into the field on the north side of the road below the bend. The truck was gaining momentum, but Dad caught up with it.

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It may have been raining lightly, and the running board may have been slippery. Dad grabbed the door handle and pulled himself onto the running board. He tried to get inside of the truck, but he slipped and fell. It also seems plausible that he fell trying to climb aboard. Because of the distance between the top of the hill and the bottom, I feel he was able to get onto the running board and ride the truck for a short time. Either way, he fell under the rear wheels, and they rolled over his chest from his right shoulder to the opposite hip, which suggested he landed face down. The truck continued most of the way around the bend before it crossed the highway, hit the bank, flipped over, dumped the load, and landed back on its wheels. It rolled across highway backwards, slid over the east bank and stopped with the cab facing west. At that point it may have been on its side. Dad was a very athletic man, and based on what I was later told by a witness, he managed to get to his feet. A car came by and Dad told the driver to go to Nederland and inform Bus Wilson, the sheriff. That man also came to the bog a few months later, and he told me his part in this story. I didn't know either of these men and can't recall their names.

Who called whom; what the police report or newspaper said; why the news was reported over the Boulder radio station before the family knew—are some of details

that don't matter. At the time, all we knew was that Dad was dead, and we couldn't undo it. Lee Swenson told me he heard the news as soon as he got home, and he knew about the accident while we were talking on the phone, but he didn't say anything. I wasn't upset about it. He did the right thing. A lot of people theorized that the truck's brake failed and Dad slipped when he jumped out. It is a popular view, but it is also problematic.

I would like to put one thing to rest. An unfounded but persistent theory suggests that Dad was unable to cope with the loss of my mother, and he deliberately threw himself under the wheels of his truck. This theory also doesn't fit the facts. Dad missed Mom, but he met a good woman that winter. She was a widow. His friends and her friends encouraged both of them to attend a dance, and that was how they met. Neither of them was looking for a mate. He really liked her, and he told my family he was seriously thinking about marrying her. She wasn't interested in getting married when she met him, but that thought also crossed her mind, and she discussed the matter with her son, a person I knew and liked. Dad was extremely happy at the time; he had weathered the storm; he was starting to enjoy life again; the bills were paid, he accepted the responsibility of raising his sons, and he was looking forward to a promising future.

My family ran the peat

moss business for one more season until the peat moss at Mud Lake was all gone. As I said earlier, my folks didn't have health insurance, and most of the money we earned in that business was used to pay Mom's extensive doctor and hospital bills. During the next winter, the family hauled trash on the weekends in the same manner we started the peat moss business—by going door-to-door. The extra money we earned kept the wild dogs away.

Mom had five surgeries. She enjoyed a brief period of health after each surgery, but those times were all too brief. My parents died eleven months apart, and they are buried next to each other in Mountain View Cemetery in Boulder. There are several other stories I could tell about some things that happened at Mud Lake, but I have gone on long enough and will save them for another time.

My wife, Gwen, and I visit my parents' graves whenever we are in Boulder. Mom was only 41 when she died and Dad was 44. When we look at their grave markers, it makes us sad because we think about everything they missed. Gwen and I raised two kids, a boy and a girl, and we have eight grandchildren. We were unable to go to Mud Lake on our most recent trip to Boulder, my 50th reunion in 2011, but we have been there several times, and we plan go there again. It is a peaceful place, a place filled with reflections—the kind that echo.

Hotel de Paris Museum

What: Hotel de Paris Museum, a National Trust Historic Site, will open its 57th tour season to the public, June 1, 2012. Louis Dupuy's legendary Hotel de Paris dates back to the silver mining boom of 1860. The hotel also served as a first-class French restaurant, a showroom for travelling salesmen, and a luxurious hotel during the Gilded Age. This year, guests will be able to touch a number of historic artifacts owned by Dupuy himself.

Docent-led tours cost \$5 for adults, \$3 for minors/seniors/military; 50 percent discount for National Trust for Historic Preservation members. Free public parking is located next to the museum. For more information, go to www.hoteldeparismuseum.org

Hotel de Paris Museum, 409 6th Street, Georgetown,

CO, 80444

Hotel de Paris Museum, a National Trust Historic Site, is owned and operated by The National Society of The Colonial Dames of America in the State of Colorado. The National Trust for Historic Preservation helps people preserve, improve, and enjoy the places that matter to them. Hotel de Paris Museum is part of a diverse group of National Trust sites that includes Philip Johnson's Glass House, Acoma Sky City, and President Lincoln's Cottage.

Hotel de Paris Museum educates a broad and diverse audience about the site's importance to Georgetown, Colorado, the Georgetown-Silver Plume National Historic Landmark District, the State of Colorado, and the United States of America.

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