

DISCOVER

FALL 2020

My
POLIO STORY
By Betty Herron Gleaton

Hidden Histories

Josephine Waldman's
memoir from *A Woman's
Life in Golden*

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Director's Welcome

Sometimes history can seem rote and monotone. In school (and in museums) we learn established narratives and timelines, hail important people, and commemorate significant occasions. It's not that those stories are wrong or bad—it's that they don't give us the fullest and truest picture of the past. Many important stories don't make it into the history books or get commemorated in exhibits. They become obscured or forgotten. And, unsurprisingly, a large portion of those stories are from historically marginalized people—people of color, religious minorities, women, immigrants and those without wealth and fame.

These stories are often harder to find. They aren't always published or even recorded. But, with a little extra effort and searching, we discover these stories are often hiding in plain sight. Over the next

few years, Golden History Museum & Park will explore a theme of "Hidden Histories" to uncover, collect, and share with the community the richness of Golden's unsung residents who contributed to the texture of our unique city. In this edition of *Discover*, we begin by sharing personal histories from a woman's perspective. One of my favorites is by Betty Herron Gleaton who as a 22-month-old contracted polio, which left her disabled. Her courageous story about how she dealt with the challenges of the illness throughout her life with the love and support of her family, to me, is both touching and illustrates how revealing hidden histories gives us greater understanding of our past and our community.



Nathan Richie, Director

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Three-year-old Betty Herron Gleaton walks outside for the first time with crutches and a new brace, 1955.
Photo © Golden History Museum & Park, City of Golden Collection, courtesy of Betty Herron Gleaton.

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Hands-on History

Hands-on History summer camp is a fun-filled weeklong day camp for kids aged 6 to 12 in the beautiful Golden History Park. Campers will use their hands as much as their brains, whether in Dirty Jobs, Pioneer Kids, or History Mystery. In our full-day Silent Stars, exclusively for kids aged 9 to 12, campers will write, direct, and star in their own silent movie.

Some camps fill very quickly, so keep an eye on the calendar!
Learn more at GoldenHistory.org/HOH or by calling **303.278.3557**.

- Exclusive members-only registration (Household level and up): January 4 - 15, 2021
- Early-bird discount registration: January 16 - February 28, 2021
- General registration opens: February 29, 2021



Bancroft History Award

Golden History Museum & Park won the Josephine H. Miles History Award in 2016 for the 4th grade program, *Building Colorado: Cities*. Now we've been recognized again! GHM&P won the Caroline Bancroft History Award, also from History Colorado, for the 3rd grade program, *Building Colorado: Communities*. This award is given annually by History Colorado to the "individual, organization, or museum in a municipality of Colorado which year to the advancement of Colorado history."

Based on state standards, *Building Colorado: Communities* focuses on short- and long-term financial goals that must be met through trading and hopefully surviving historic events that impacted Colorado communities. Students are divided into six different cultural communities and must make individual decisions to progress while also taking the rest of their group into consideration. The program covers economics, geography, and history with a real emphasis on Colorado's people to encourage empathy for historic and present-day communities.

With the current COVID situation, we are unable to return to classrooms this year. However, the Education Team is working hard to create something digital to share with students. Stay tuned for developments!

Anything but Ordinary: 2020 Hands-on History

By **Grace Brown**

For six summer weeks in 2020, Hands-on History camp was the most "normal" thing happening for the Golden History Museum & Park. Even with new restrictions (masks, social distancing, LOTS of handwashing), it was still very much an in-person summer camp experience.

The campers dutifully wore their masks and did their best to practice "airplane arms"

to stay far apart from their peers. In the midst of camp health and safety measures, campers made clay sculptures, played improv games, made origami boxes, and laughed at their instructors' silly dance moves.

The groups were much smaller than in any previous year so activities had to be adjusted, but camp went on. Kids in the Silent Stars section direct and act in their own silent film. This year, each group had to come up with their own explanation for why their characters were wearing masks. One film, "The Toxic Plan," explained that their characters wore masks because of an evil mayor that grew poisonous plants. One innovative townspeople creates masks to block the toxic pollen and saves the day! You can see this summer's masked films at GoldenHistory.org/silent-stars.

For the younger age groups, the "History Mystery" camp engaged campers with a historic "whodunnit." Campers were tasked with solving the mystery of who stole the Jolly Rancher recipe. Using fingerprint clues,

anagrams, scavenger hunts, and morse code campers pulled together enough information to catch the culprit. This year, it was the scary neighborhood dentist, Dr. Toothurty.

For staff, getting ready each morning meant a long list of tasks. First, instructors took their temperatures and went through a list of symptoms. Then instructors prepared for the day by shutting down the History Park to the public, sanitizing all of the tables and touch surfaces and setting up hand-washing stations. The last piece of the morning ritual was donning a neon yellow vest, securing masks, and greeting each summer camper with a thermometer at the ready. And after all of their hard work, the summer wrapped up with no reported illness! It was this ritual that kept every participant safe during the pandemic, but it was the campers that made it worth it.



A Woman's Life in Golden

Foreword, 1980 Edition

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This book is not a history of Golden, Colorado. Men have written that. Rather, this book is a compilation of the human interest and often funny events that remain vivid in the memory of the members of the Pioneer Delphian Study Club after many years.

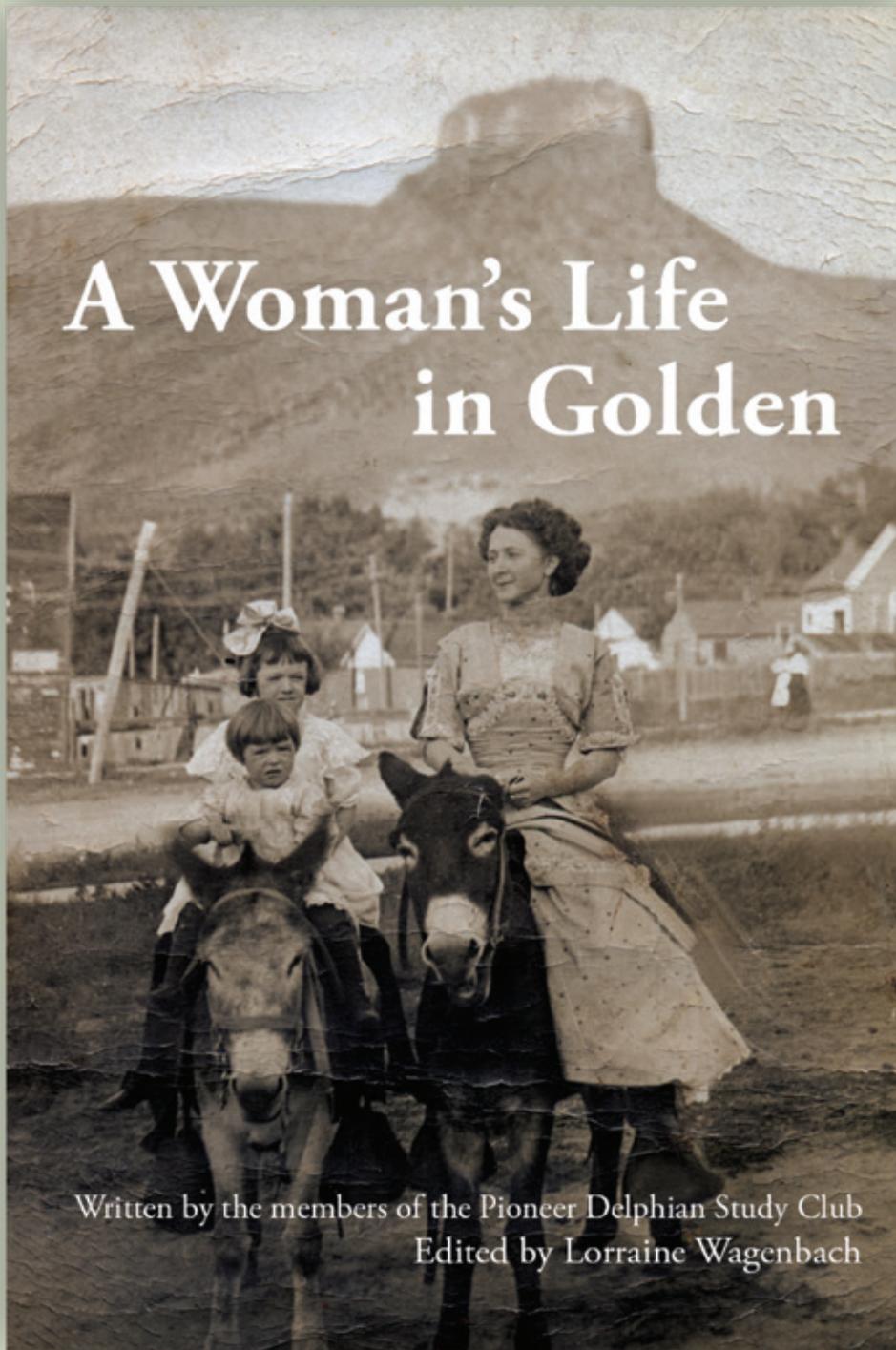
Our stories recall the good times and our abiding faith in the future as we watched our families grow and the city expand. The eight decades span a period which may be unequalled in American history—a period of tranquility and abundance and compassion.

We are grateful to the Coors family and Coors Industries, who also share our Golden memories and are frequently mentioned throughout the book. With their support, our book was printed.

—Lorraine Wagenbach

Bernie and I came to Golden in 1951 after five years of hard but rewarding work on a farm in Arvada that we had bought at the end of World War II. We were both raised in a city, I in Birmingham, Alabama, and he in Denver. We met, fell in love, and were married in Macon, Georgia, while I was a secretary and Bernie an Army officer. We thought after the war that living on a farm on the good earth was the life for us. And it was. Coming to Golden from Arvada to buy an homogenizer from the then defunct Golden Eagle Dairy, we bought the farm and the dairy, Golden welcomed us, gave us a home for our two growing boys, friends for life, an honest and wholesome livelihood, and roots for always.

The years have brought many kindnesses to us from the Golden people. In the process of moving all the farm equipment and the dairy herd, we had to continue the daily delivery of milk. With three or four hours sleep at night, Bernie collapsed. The unbelievable goodness of people was amazing. Our friend, Mike Evans, then with



Josephine and
Bernard Waldman,
about mid-1960s
Photo © courtesy of
the Waldman Family



Kellogg Hardware, dropped everything to come to the dairy plant and do all the bottling, for Mike had worked for Frink Dairy. Bud Freeland and his two younger brothers did all the milking and delivery of milk, for they were farmers in Arvada. And Heinie Foss, our new next door neighbor, came over on his crawler tractor and kept the drive cleared of snow. We felt so fortunate.

Looking back, we had some things happen that were really funny. One day at noon, when no one was around, I discovered the huge fire hose that fed our irrigation system had an enormous break and was flooding the bank. I didn't know how to turn it off, so I put the biggest thing I could find on the break. When Glen Johnson came by, he found me sitting on the hose, bouncing up and down to 30 pounds of pressure and looking like a drowned rat. He was laughing when he came to my rescue, but that day I didn't have a sense of humor.

Our friend, Barbara Crane, was known to the Golden police as a very fast driver. One day Bernie looked out the door to see her coming at a tear up Ford Street hill with a police car right behind her. Barbara never saw the car and came at the same speed down our drive with the police car still right behind. Bernie had gone into the dairy and brought back a pint of whipping cream, which the officer accepted with gratitude, but he still gave Barbara a ticket.

One day George, our young eight-year-old son, was sent out to put the trash in the incinerator, not to burn it. He decided not only to burn it but also to start the fire quickly with some gasoline from the huge pump we had for the milk trucks. Where the gas had dropped from the pump to the incinerator, the fire jumped and soon had the 150 gallon underground tank on fire. Just before the blessed firemen roared down the drive, Barbara Foss called me and queried, "Jo, is that fire under control?"

Returning from a Georgia trip, Bernie and I missed directions at the airport, and I wasn't met by anyone. Having called the house a number of times and after sitting on my suitcase at the front door for an hour, the then cheery "central" on the telephone line told Bernie that his wife was trying to get him, and she was at the airport. Finally we found each other, and neither one of us was in a happy mood. And a little town being what it was, it didn't take long for the town to know the story. Someone at the Golden Merc asked George, our son, if his daddy was glad to have his mother home. George's response was, "I'm not sure. They slept in separate bedrooms last night."

Our experience with the big flood down Tucker Gulch was something we shall never forget. We had been given 15 minutes of warning before it struck the dairy. We had all our sprinkling system in the pasture

down by the creek with the pump set up in the creek. Four of us worked like men to get everything out. When we heard the awful sound of huge rocks hitting against each other and saw the awesome sight of the rush of water, we had to give up and scramble for high ground. Bernie, our two sons, and I sat on the corral fence, dripping and exhausted, witnessing the damage done by the power of water.

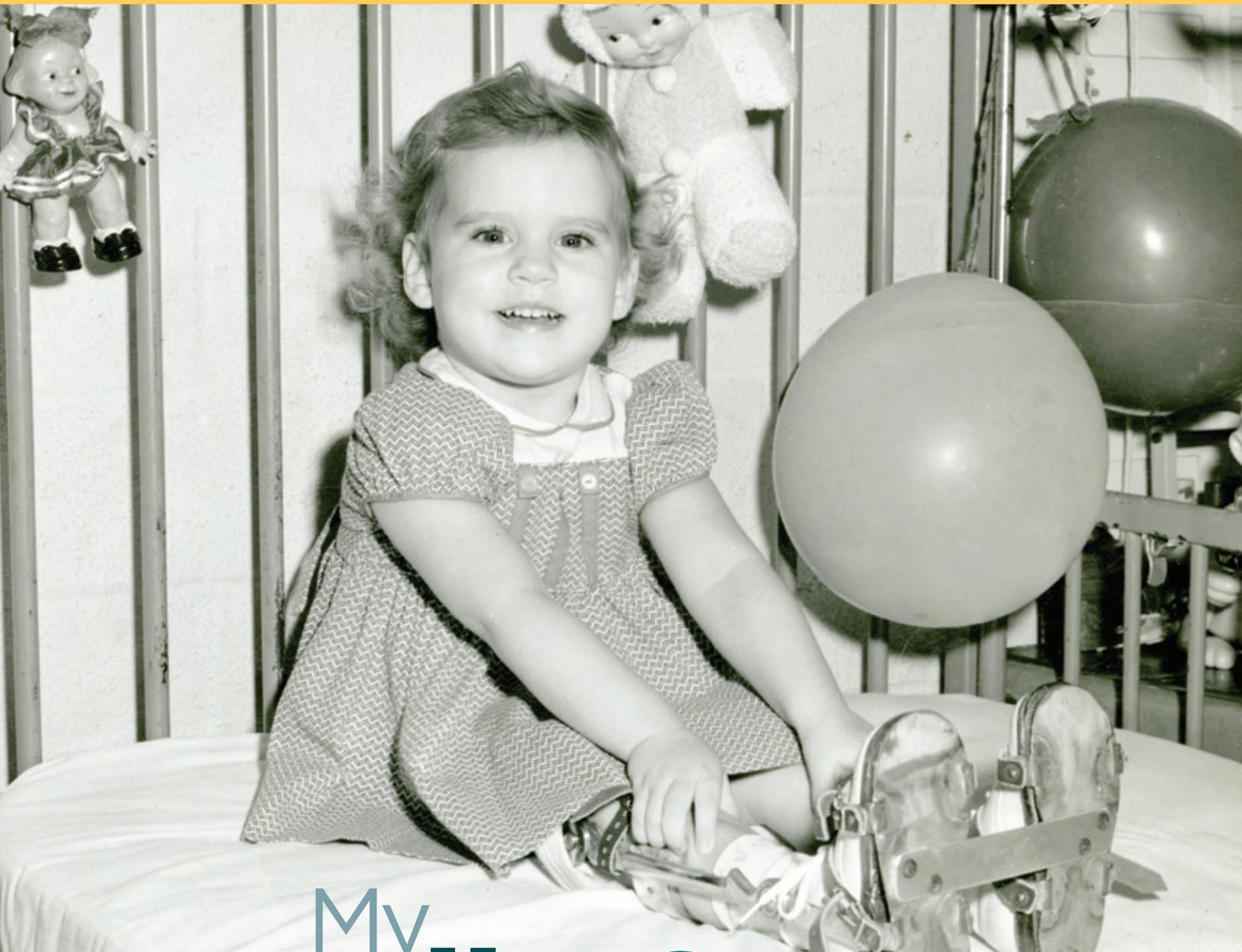
When we were taxed per square foot for our land on Ford Street, we knew we had to sell the dairy. Barbara Foss found me the day after the milking barn was bulldozed sitting by it and crying. Bernie and I both hated to give up the life we had had, but it never dawned on us to leave Golden.

Golden has changed and grown bigger. Yet most of the things that make it special are here. A few weeks ago I went out to the parking lot at Foss' only to find my car battery wouldn't turn over. I met Lee McBride as I was going back to call someone. Lee asked me my problem and then took care of it. He had to clean the battery cable connections and then go get his pickup to get me started. When I profusely thanked him, he said, "It was nothing."

The very next week I was entertaining a Denver friend for lunch at the Golden Mercantile restaurant. When she went out, she found her keys were locked in her car. I went into Meyer Hardware, saw Harold Schaefer, and told him of my friend's problem. He said he'd take care of it for me while I took my friend to a book review. When we came back, the keys were in the hardware office waiting for her, and my friend was amazed at the courtesy of our little town. I told her that was the way it had always been. Bernie and I hope to grow old together here in Golden among the friends we've made during our 29 years here, including the warm associations we have in the Delphian Study Club.

—Josephine Waldman

This excerpt is from the 64-page book, first published in 1980 and re-released in 2010. It is available in the Golden History Museum Gift Shop for \$12.95, plus tax. Get your copy today in-person. Alternatively, order by phone at 303.278.3557; extra shipping charges apply.



My Polio Story

By *Betty Herron Gleaton*

I was recently asked if I had been in an accident by a twenty-something who was referring to my crutches and leg brace. I told him “No,” that I’d had polio and he asked “What’s that? I’ve never heard of it.” My first instinct was to let him know he hadn’t heard of it because he’d probably been vaccinated for it when he was a child but instead I just told him it was the last pandemic- not the Spanish Flu as many people think.

He looked at me blankly and then asked

if that was why I had the crutches. I said yes and told him polio caused paralysis. “Huh”, I’m sorry,” he responded. At that moment I was so glad Mark Dodge at Golden’s History Museum contacted me and asked me to write about my life, having survived polio which killed many thousands of people and left so many others with life-long disabilities.

I believe it’s important to have historical reference when going through times like these. During the polio pandemic public swimming pools were closed, airline travel

was prohibited to those who had contracted the disease, and families had to stay inside their homes if they had someone afflicted with it. Sound familiar?

My story is not unique in that any story of disease or disability involves the whole family as well as the community at large. Parents having to take time away from siblings to care for the sick child, the financial strains, the ups and downs of treatment and the emotional toll illness takes on everyone.



Smiling in bed: Betty's smile beams even after undergoing endless hospital treatments. "At night they would put me in traction (don't know if that's even a thing anymore) but they would attach sandbags to my legs that hung over the end of the bed for the weights to pull on my legs. Now that I think about it, it sounds like a goofy idea, but I had to lay on my back all night and couldn't move my legs."

Photo © Golden History Museum & Park, City of Golden Collection, courtesy of Betty Herron Gleaton



Betty still owns her first leg brace and crutches after all of these years.

Photo © Justin LeVett Photography



Three-year-old Betty Herron Gleaton walks outside for the first time with crutches and a new brace, 1955.

Photo © Golden History Museum & Park, City of Golden Collection, courtesy of Betty Herron Gleaton

For me, however, my story feels special because my parents, Don and Dorothy Herron, made living with polio, the treatments, corrective surgeries and the extended times in the hospital, bearable because of their unending love and support. My grandparents, Chuck and Mabel Herron (Chuck's Market on Washington Ave.) and Bert and Jessie Thomas, my uncle Ken Herron, who also contracted polio while helping care for us, all played a big part in my dealing with everything that comes with illness and disability.

It was late July 1954 when polio hit our little south Texas town, Alice. This is where my dad, Don Herron, had his first job after graduating from Colorado School of Mines. It is where I, at 22 months old, and my entire family fell ill with the virus.

My parents had to be hospitalized for a couple of weeks in Corpus Christi but I had more lasting effects from the disease. I was taken to the Warm Springs Rehabilitation Hospital in Gonzales, Texas. Warm-water therapy helped with the stiffness, pain and

mobility. I was between two and three years old at the time and spent several months there with my parents being allowed to visit only 45 minutes on Sundays.

When I was five my dad was able to transfer back to Golden and the series of corrective surgeries began in my kindergarten year. There was always a cast involved with the surgery so whenever I was recuperating at home, mom would carry me to the backyard on nice days and lay me on a lounge chair for some fresh air.

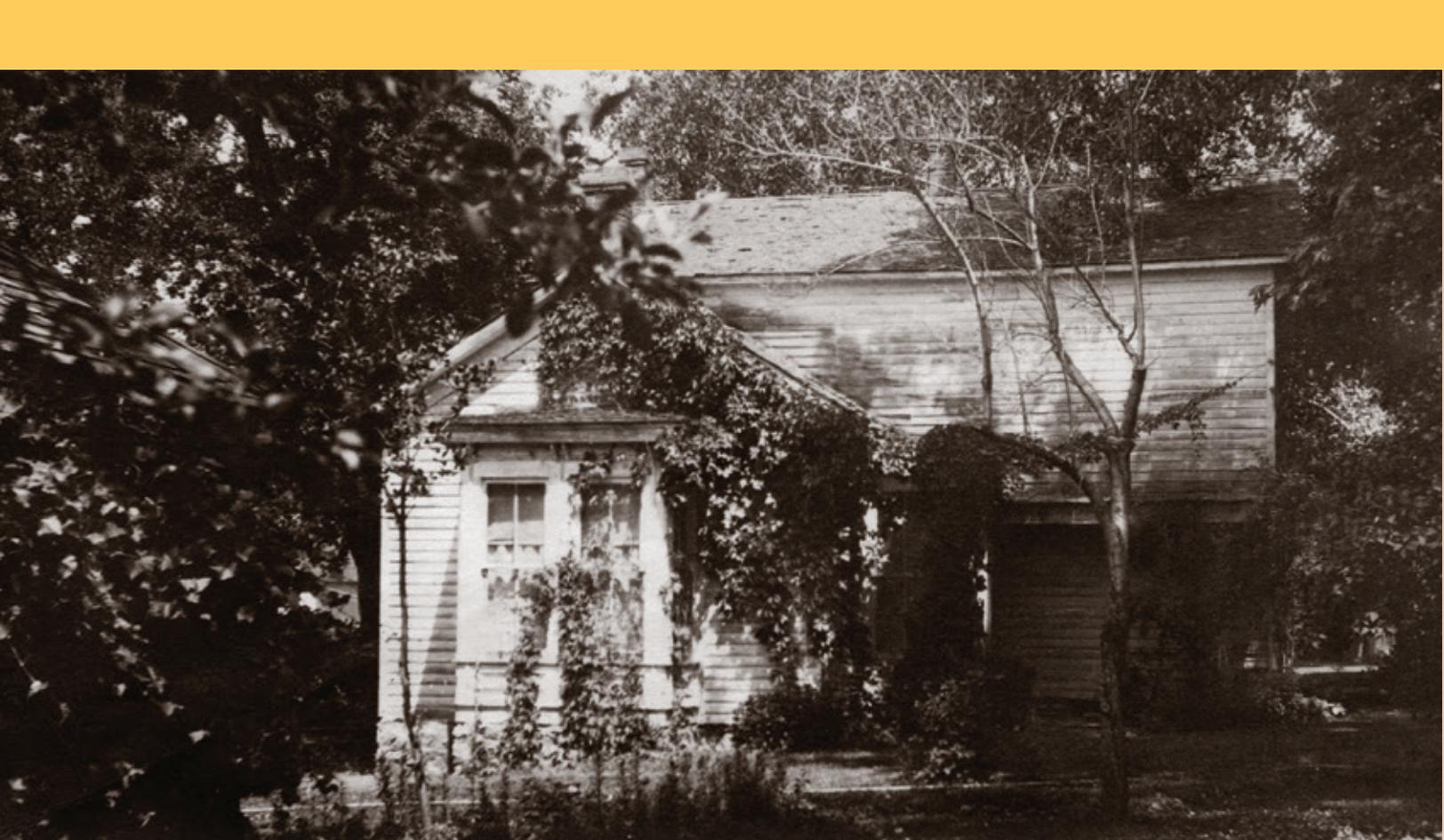
My most involved surgery involved cutting my shin bone in half horizontally and stretching my leg twice daily for a month (the polio affected leg was two inches shorter than the other). I spent most of that year in bed in a body cast and to get through the hot summer mom would bring bags of ice and lay them on the cast to cool me down. To bathe me she would set a chair with a tub of warm water by the edge of the bed so she could wash my hair and upper body. What she went through for me!

The surgeries and physical therapy went on throughout elementary school, but my parents made sure I could go to our neighborhood schools, not the Boettcher School for disabled and wheelchair-bound kids. They found travel opportunities when a school sanctioned group wouldn't accept me. They signed me up for 4-H when my siblings joined Westernaires. It was because of their efforts to make my life "normal" that I saw myself as just that.

Excerpted from Betty's memoir, "My Polio Story," which she shared with GHM&P earlier this year.

Read her complete story in the online collection, accessible via GoldenHistory.org/Gleaton.

Do you have a personal story of forgotten history? Let's talk.



MEMOIRS of my **treck** across the **Plains**

By *Mrs. Mary Kalbaugh Whited*
Pueblo, Colorado, April 1948

It was in April, 1870, my Father with his family, also an uncle, Wm. F. Hunter, and family and other neighbors and people from Rock Island, Ill., left for the West seeking a fortune. There were all covered wagons, a carriage Father had made for the family's comfort, and one cart hauled by oxen for packing wood on from one camp over night to the next camp.

We were two months crossing, - three the other two times, - first one in 1859. Time was monotonous, day after day with occasional break in monotony. Every so many miles apart would be a well or stream of water, and campers might stop to make sure of water. On one occasion teams were all ready to move on for the day and we had

to ford the Platte River nearing Denver. A soldier came riding up on a high-stepping bay horse - broad-brimmed hat, etc. - and told us to cross over as quickly as possible, to hurry across as the scouts were bringing a bunch of Indians for the summer and would bring them over this ford - teams were ready to pull out for the day's travel when he rode up and there was some rushing to get over, and as soon as all were across, Mother and Sister Clara began to wring their hands and scream. I was too small to grasp the situation. My two-year-old sister had wandered off a short distance picking flowers and was overlooked in the big rush. Buffalo Bill grasped sister in his arms, crossed the ford and placed her in Mother's

arms and seemed not to recognize he had done any noble deed. I was talking to Mr. MacDonald about it and he said that was exactly as it happened. He was one of the scouts with Buffalo Bill taking the Indians to the North Reservation.

Another time darkness came on before my four brothers and other young men got the stock to water. They remained out all night, - campers being afraid to have a fire at night for fear of detection by Indians. Father with others met the boys coming with stock. Mother walked the camp circle all that night. In the morning campfires were made and we had a feast for a king set out, - home cured meat, eggs packed in salt - keep fresh in salt - and sour dough biscuits

Mary Emma Kalbaugh, about 1885.

Photo © Golden History Museum & Park, City of Golden Collection



House built by Zadock Kalbaugh, once located near the intersection of 19th and Ford Streets in Golden, about 1880.

Photo © Golden History Museum & Park, City of Golden Collection

that came out of the Dutch oven light enough to raise the lids off the ovens. We brought two muley cows that were pets for a long time after our trip was finished, gave us plenty of fresh milk and cream, and I am sure many a city family had not the breakfasts our colony had each morning. Of course, each family had their own supplies and plenty of them. I don't remember how we did at noontime but I imagine a cold lunch, as we seemed too rushed to get through. Indians broke out and killed a colony of campers, keeping some of the women. This was known as the Meeker Massacre.

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We finished our journey, arriving in Golden, capital of the Territory, July 1st, and I was four years old the 28th of July. Brother Perry took all the stock, only what horses we kept for our use, and put on a large freight route from Floyd Hill to Idaho Springs and Georgetown. Then Father and oldest brother immediately started building the home - both being good carpenters. They purchased one-half block of ground at the top of Ford Street hill and the work began on what at that time was the largest house in Golden; but many other homes soon outshone it, being built of brick, - two brickyards having started up. The soil there was adapted to making them, and more brick homes were built than frame.

Jarvis Hall, the first college, was established and students were attending it when we reached Golden, but this was soon changed to School of Mines, and as time went by many beautiful buildings went up, Jarvis Hall one of them, and the University of Denver started in Denver. The Reform School for boys opened up in what was Jarvis Hall in Golden. A fine school was built in same distance as the School of Mines.

Mother taught me at home till Sister was old enough to start to school and we went to school together. But I was in advance of my class and promoted to upstairs, which made me feel I was very much elevated,

being upstairs in school. Our professor drilled the entire school in fire drills and we never knew when the call would come to go through this drill. Wind in those days blew harder, - no buildings for breaking it. This day school had begun and the wind came up. In one gale the school began to shake and it sounded like the school building was coming down. The professor turned pale, gave the fire drill signal and building was empty right now. Scholars took shelter till the wind would go down, then they would go on the run for home till another gale would start, and children would drop to ground, faces downward, and in this way we made our way home. I am speaking of small children, including myself.

.....

John Vivian, our ex-Governor, was our most studious student in high school, having no time to waste in frivolities. Mary Crippen, Eddie Hannah and Mary Kalbaugh were the three honor students. We never knew which one would lead in class standing each month but it would be one of us. No credit to me but my good memory carried me through.

One laughable incident: One morning, I was possibly twelve years old, sitting in our

stairway in the old home, dreaming as girls will, all was quiet from having gone through the horrors of seeing a flood sweep down Table Mountain, flooding cellars, including our own, and washing out a railroad bridge one block below our home. Two men with a mule team were plowing ditches along the street to stop the water from flooding the homes again. Two little girls, I would say eight and nine years of age, came quietly out of their home across the street from our home, each one with a doll in her arms. They sat down to a play table and dishes and started their meal when all was ready, as only children can do. Suddenly one child jumped up from the table and started running and screaming. The other child followed suit. Mother came out and took after the two girls, all running around the house and all screaming. I ran from home across the street, and in the side street gate; a tall man jumped the fence, having left the team with the other man. Mrs. Orton came, going over a four-foot division neighborhood fence. The man picked up the leading child in his arms and as a rocking chair was nearby, Mother sat down in it.

Continued overleaf ►

The man placed the girl in Mother's arms. The other child stood by ready to pass out. The man said, "What's it all about?" Little Katie said between gasps, "Annie is going to have yellow fever, - got a caterpillar on her and didn't spit." The man's partner calls out, "What happened?" and the answer went back, "Oh, hell, a little worm."

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There was once a hanging in Golden that was carried through in the quiet of a beautiful full moonlight night. A Mr. Woodruff, neighbor of ours, kept his home in Golden to send his two girls to school and in the summer the family lived at the ranch. He was alone there at the time when two tramps stopped and asked for quarters over the night. They were taken in and kept over night and were leaving for Denver the next morning. Farmer told them to help him get started and they could ride as far as Golden with him, which they did, and that was the last seen of Mr. Woodruff. A big reward was put up and search began for the two men, but to no avail.

One evening driving home from his work in Denver, Mr. Dollison, a man who settled in Golden, as it was the capital, got to a culvert two miles the other side of Golden and his horse refused to cross the culvert. So he got out of the buggy and fastened the horse with a hitching weight, then looked under the culvert, and there was a man's hand in



▲ Kalbaugh family picnic in 1914.
Photo © Golden History Museum & Park, City of Golden Collection

sight. Getting to Golden as fast as the horse could get him there, it was found the body was that of the farmer. A vigorous search was started and the two men with the team were caught at Durango. They were placed in jail at Golden to await trial, but the law took its course by a lynching. It was a beautiful night and at one o'clock it sounded like a regiment of soldiers on horseback, firing guns and shouting. We knew at once what had happened. The prisoners were taken from jail by neighborhood farmers and hanged to a railroad bridge one block from our home, - one of two railroad bridges we children called our bridges, because Father had granted the Golden & Lakewood right of way through his property. My Aunt Mahalah, who was visiting us at the time, was entirely deaf, but she heard this mob - vibration, of course.

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Old Auntie Irish, as we used to call her, got on sprees and was fighting mad. I was walking up Fifteenth street when who should come along but old Auntie Irish, waving an umbrella. She made a rush for a street car and began beating the horse over the head with her umbrella. It stopped all traffic for the time being, but the police soon had Auntie, and traffic went on as usual.

Another time Mother was in the store purchasing groceries. I was sitting in the buggy and as Mother came out of the store, here came Auntie with a box of potatoes. She set them on the sidewalk and went to throwing them at anyone in the street.

The clerk came along and said to Mother, "Drive on, lady, drive on." We started and immediately felt the pelting of potatoes against the buggy top. This, too, did not last long with Auntie.

The narrow-gauge train up Clear Creek Canyon came into Golden right after we moved there. Our home was not yet finished. A jubilee day was made of it, barbecue, etc. Everybody turned out in their best. I remember many men wore swallowtail coats and silk stovepipe hats. Women all wore hoop skirts and skirts to fit the hoops, and Quaker bonnets. Mother did not go, but her hoop skirts and dress and bonnet were in the garret. Hoop skirts were soon modified and hoops made flat in front. My great joy on a rainy day was to go to garret and parade in that hoop skirt outfit, the bonnet and all. Fashions soon changed as time went by.

Well, enough of my foolish chatter. Just to make my grandchildren and Aunt Lottie have a good laugh at an old fashioned Grandmother.

Excerpted from Mary's memoir, "MEMOIRS of my trek across the Plains, the last time in 1870, and early childhood days." Read her complete story in the online collection, accessible via GoldenHistory.org/Kalbaugh.



▲ Zadock Kalbaugh and his daughter, Clara, (Mary Emma's sister) about 1890.
Photo © Golden History Museum & Park, City of Golden Collection

Programs

These programs are subject to change and may potentially have in-person viewing options (to be announced). Masks will be required for all in-person events.

Go to GoldenHistory.org/events for the most up-to-date details.

Programs are free for members and \$10 for non-members (plus eventbrite fee).

Photos © Golden History Museum & Park, City of Golden Collection

November 11, 2020, 6 pm

 **Viva Los Americanos!**
Presented by Geoff Hunt

Viva los Americanos looks at the adventures, trials, and tribulations of the First Colorado Volunteers who fought in the Philippines in the Spanish American War. Follow the 1898-1899 exploits of the First Colorado as they travel from Denver to Manila to first fight the Spanish and then later the Filipinos. Get to know such Colorado characters as Dr. Rose Kidd Beere, Sgt. Dick Holmes, and Colonel Henry McCoy.



1

November 24, 2020, 2 pm

 **History in the Baking: Thanksgiving Traditions**

Join GHM&P Director Nathan Richie and his children, Julia and Colin, as they learn about Thanksgiving traditions in Golden and make a surprise holiday treat. Broadcast on Facebook Live; be sure to "like" our page to get notifications.

 **December 5, 2020, 5 - 9 pm**
Christmas in the Park

Have you ever wondered why chestnuts roasting on an open fire is a Christmas tradition? Do you know the origin behind holiday greeting cards? Join us for Christmas in the Park for a taste of roasted chestnuts and learn the history behind some favorite traditions. This family event allows you to stroll through the Golden History Park, take in the colorful lights, peek through the windows, grab some goodies, and bask in the season.

January 13, 2021, 6 pm

 **What's for Dinner in 1920**
Presented by Dr. Geoff Hunt

Have you ever wondered what shopping was like without the shopping cart? Or how your current grocery bill compares to that of the 1920s? In the 1920s, foodways were on the edge of revolutionary change, as industrial and household technologies were about to transform what, and how, America ate.

February 10, 2021, 6 pm

 **Golden City Immortals and the Arapahoe Snow Eater**
Presented by Dennis Potter

On May 3, 1855, a small number of mercenaries referred to as the Immortals, boarded a ship in San Francisco and sailed under the command of William Walker to Nicaragua. These hired guns fought alongside nationalistic troops at Rivas in order to open the South American country to slavery. Unfortunately for the Immortals, the Battle of Rivas was ill conceived and poorly led. They were lucky to escape Nicaragua with their lives. Rumors abounded in California that a number of Walker's Immortals had somehow reached Golden City and in the process unleashed the infamous Arapahoe Snow Eater.

1 *Bird's-eye view of Golden City, 1873.*

March 17, 2021, 6 pm

 **"We Just Did It": Colorado Women in World War II**
Presented by Gail Beaton

Four months before the attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Mildred McClellan Melville, a member of the Denver Woman's Press Club, predicted that war would come for the United States. Colorado women from every corner of the state enlisted in the military, joined the workforce, and volunteered on the home front. Whether or not they worked outside the home, they wholeheartedly participated in a kaleidoscope of activities to support the war effort.

2 *Pilot Barbara Fleming (Foss) crouches on the wing of a World War II aircraft in 1943.*



2

April 12, 2021, 6 pm

 **"Equal Rights, Which Equal Laws Must Protect": Religion, Race, and Constitutional Conflict in American Education**

Presented by Dr. Amanda Beyer-Purvis

As public school systems began to integrate in the 1960s, private schools—especially religious private schools—became havens for whites seeking segregated education for their children. The people involved with these religious private schools believed themselves to be fulfilling what they saw as God's mandate to keep the races separate. The ardent religious beliefs intertwined with the private academies' discriminatory practices, however, created a challenge for the legal system.

April 21, 2021, 6 pm

 **What are we really arguing about? Environmentalism in the 21st Century**

Presented by Sandy Woodson

Climate change has emerged as the central environmental problem facing humanity in the 21st century. According to NASA, 97% of climate scientists agree that climate change is occurring. There are daily news items featuring truly stunning facts about hurricanes, melting glaciers, increased turbulence during trans-Atlantic flights, etc. Many Americans, however, remain unpersuaded, or even infuriated, by this barrage of bad news. This lecture uses philosophical tools to unpack the competing claims that surround environmental issues, and to provide new ways of looking at the arguments that continue to pit us against each other.

Staff Profile

Megan Murphy



I was born and raised about 20 minutes southeast of Golden in Denver, Colorado. My mother taught math at my high school and my father served as a Denver Police Officer for a bit over 33 years until his retirement in 2015. Perhaps civil service runs in my blood but for as long as I can remember I wanted to give back to my community.

From 2007-2015, working my way through high school and college, I served as Intern and Assistant to Councilwoman Jeanne Faatz. While getting my first taste of government service, I experienced the full plethora of complexities that go into leading. But for me, the most lasting lesson is that a willingness to empathize combined with extensive research and knowledge can give you the power to make a difference within your community. It was in this role that I fell in love with researching and wanted to do more to educate others.

While pursuing a master's degree in history, I began exploring public education and found my passion for facilitation. It is truly wonderful connecting with a guest and sparking their interest in the past. Most of

my early museum work was at the Denver Museum of Nature and Science where I taught using hands-on artifact carts inside *Prehistoric Journey* and eventually built a human evolution touch cart from the ground up. Also, for a bit over a year, I worked as Archives Intern for the United States Olympic Committee in Colorado Springs. It was in these roles that I realized I loved working with people and spreading the joys of education in a fun and safe environment.

Outside of work, I enjoy being active and busy. You can find me running with some friends or co-workers, playing indoor soccer, or helping friends and family with various chores. My husband, Aidan, and I love hosting and often have family over to enjoy a home-cooked meal followed by games. (It is a miracle that we are still married because some of these games get intense!)

I have been with Golden History Museum & Park for a little over three years. I absolutely love working with all of our volunteers and regularly feel inspired by how much time and energy they consistently give back. An amazing community surrounds us and I am thankful that I can be a part of it.



Volunteer Profile

Arlene Munyon

By **Megan Murphy**

Born in her grandmother's house, about halfway between Pine and Conifer, Arlene Munyon is a lifetime resident of Jefferson County and a longtime Goldenite. Her parents, Torrance and Madalyn Corbin, decided to move from their Conifer family ranch, known as Echo Valley Ranch, to Golden in 1945 because there "simply wasn't enough money in ranching" to support their family of eight. As the fifth of six children, Arlene graduated from Golden High School on June 5, 1953. Four days later, on June 9, she began her remarkable career working for the Jefferson County Welfare Department.

Utilizing skills she acquired in high school such as typing, shorthand, and bookkeeping, Arlene first began in the Welfare Department by taking shorthand notes for the Social

Workers who were assisting the people applying for welfare benefits. Over the years, Arlene held numerous positions and finally retired as the Manager of all the Public Welfare programs including Food Stamps, Medicaid, Old Age Pension, Child Support Programs and numerous others. Arlene served the Welfare Department, later known as Social Services and Human Services, for a little over 47 years before retiring on January 15, 2001.

Arlene fondly recalls marrying her high school sweetheart, Jess Munyon, on February 5, 1955 and their nearly 57 years of marriage until Jess' passing on October 6, 2011. Jess and Arlene had four children, Cathy, Bob, Monty, and Pam. Arlene has 12 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren.

In January 2019, after reading about the Museum in the *Golden Informer*, Arlene decided to become a front desk volunteer. She recalls thinking, "this is something I could do, even with my oxygen tank." Her favorite part of volunteering is meeting the public from all parts of the world, while also talking with the staff and meeting other volunteers.

Arlene's knowledge on Golden is an invaluable resource to the museum and we are incredibly thankful to have her as part of our volunteer team.

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Special pricing on premium programs and events	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
Insider's Discovery events, other special programs	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
Hands-on History camp discount			●	●	●	●	●	●
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Guest passes to almost all programs when accompanied by member				2	3	4	4	4
Recognition on website and donor wall				●	●	●	●	●
Reciprocal admission and benefits at over 1,000 museums				●	●	●	●	●
Lunch with the Director								●
SPECIAL FRIENDS OF THE FLOCK BENEFITS								
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Friends-only programs like Story Time with the Hens, Crafts at the Coop, and Birdy Bedtime	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
Name on Friends of the Flock donor panel				●	●	●	●	●
Invitation to Chicken Coop Tours				●	●	●	●	●
Special volunteer opportunities at the coop				●	●	●	●	●
Exclusive tickets to Meet the Chicks event and other special programs				●	●	●	●	●
Personal tour of the coop and hives					●	●	●	●
Exclusive jar of History Park Honey (seasonal availability)					●	●	●	●

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Collection Corner

Exciting new addition!

By **Mark Dodge**

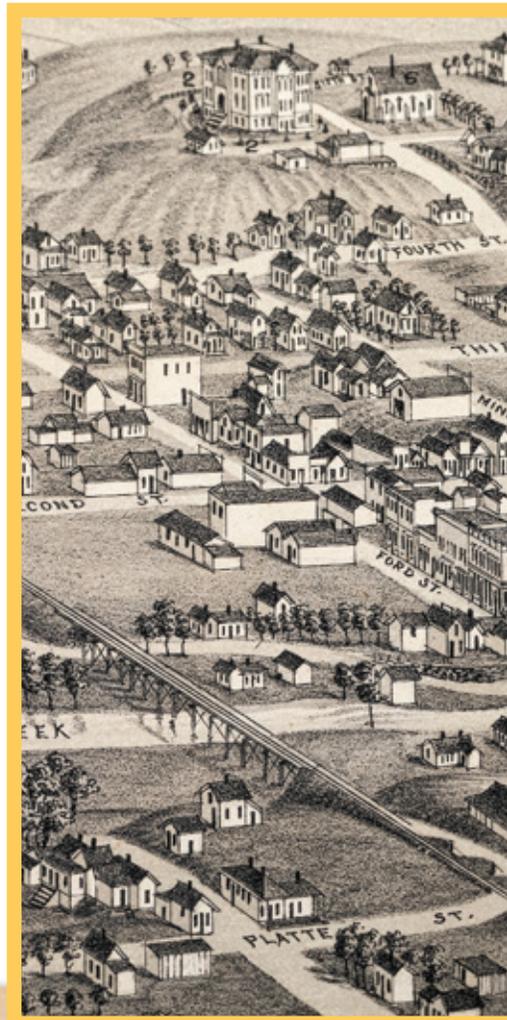
The museum recently acquired several rare artifacts from the Ben H. Parker Jr. estate in Golden. The Ben H. Parker Student Center at the Colorado School of Mines is named after his father. Notable finds include a signed 1896 second edition imprint of “Prospecting for Gold and Silver in North America” by onetime Colorado School of Mines professor Arthur Lakes, and this stunning “Bird’s Eye View Map of Golden, County Seat of Jefferson County, Colorado, 1882”.

Published by Joseph John Stoner in Madison, Wisconsin, panoramic maps like this saw their heyday in Colorado in the 1870-90s. The year 1882 saw Stoner publish maps of other contemporary Colorado cities, notably a partial series of other county seats including Buena Vista, Colorado Springs, and Trinidad. The development of lithography in the 1800s made the creation of these maps relatively easy and affordable. Map makers would sell advance copies to interested residents and local businesses in hopes of covering their costs. Designed to promote civic pride, these maps are works of art and not necessarily accurate. Field crews were sent out to locations around the country with engineers and surveyors, who often laid out the basic perspectives before turning them over to artists. Indexes at the bottom often list important government, educational, commercial, and transportation amenities.

Reproductions of this map are common online (GHM&P currently has two), so I took extra steps to ensure it was the real deal before committing to buy. I spoke with Denver map guru Chris Lane (you may know his name from the PBS series

Antiques Roadshow), my favorite paper conservator, Karen Jones, and curatorial staff from the Amon Carter Museum of American Art in Texas, who own one of the two documented originals known to exist (the Library of Congress owns the other original). Needless to say, our due diligence paid off. This wonderful piece will complement our other panoramic map, “Bird’s-Eye view of Golden, Colorado, 1873” by O.D. Morse.

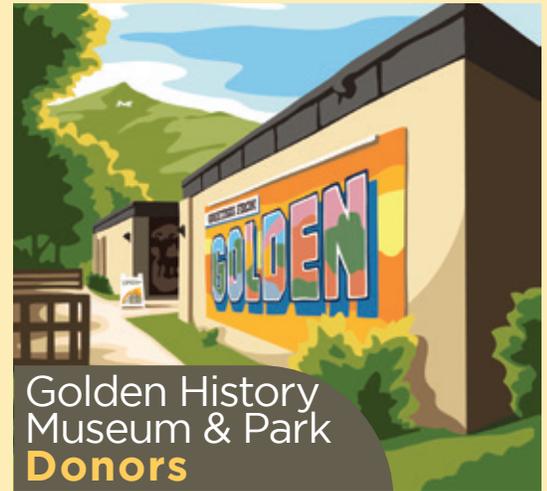
Photos © Justin LeVett Photography





18. Clay Water Works
 19. Golden Paper Mill, E. C. Wells
 20. Golden Brewery, A. Coon
 21. Water Sawing Works
 22. Valley Sawing Works
 23. Golden Sawing Works
 24. General House and Machine Shops
 25. Horse Forging Works
 26. R. E. Dwyer

27. Bank, F. K. Brown
 28. Bank, E. J. Smith & Co.
 29. Golden Hotel, M. Schall, Owner
 30. Garbarran House, C. Garbarran, Prop'r
 31. Overland Hotel, Capt. Jas. Lang, Prop'r
 32. Burges House, T. W. Burges, Prop'r
 33. Omaha House, Jas. H. H. H. Prop'r
 34. Lumber Yard, John & Snyder
 35. Flouring Mills



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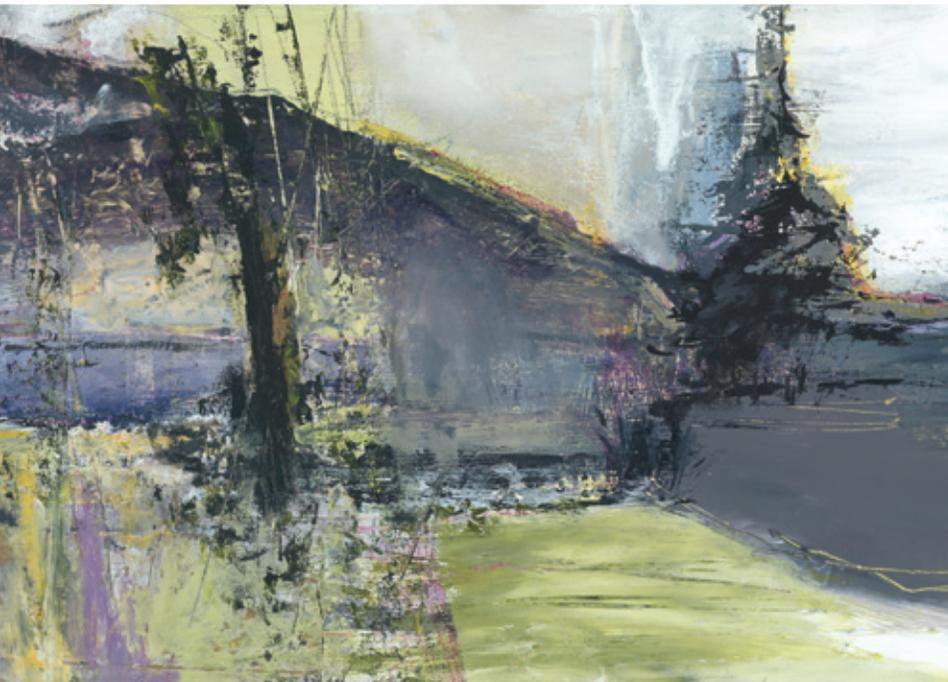
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Salon Art Exhibits

The Salon is Golden History Museum's multipurpose gallery and exhibit space. And now it has another purpose: showcasing talented artists from the Golden area who draw their inspiration from the local surroundings.

COVID-19 has scrambled planned show times for upcoming exhibits. Please check [GoldenHistory.org](https://www.goldenhistory.org) for specific dates.

Nikki Nienhuis: Abstractions
on view September 30 - January 5

Image: *Mystic (detail)* by Nikki Nienhuis

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Behind the Scenes with Curator Mark Dodge, Episode 6



Mark Dodge
Golden History Museum & Park