

Feb 2 '54

219 W Myrtle

Fort Collins, Colo.

My dear Miss Gilpin -

Several ground-hog
days have passed since we Jammons
have heard from you.

This evening as I sat at my desk
your wonderful story of the Rio
Grande was tempting on a nearly
book shelf. I have spent quite a
pleasant half hour "coming down"
as far as Wagon Wheel Gap. There
I stopped as I recalled Julien Jammon's
diary record showing cost of stage
fares from Denver City to the Gap
where he took baths for rheumatism.
From there I began to wonder if
you had ever heard of my husband's
sudden passing in May '51. Also
a more recent death of your father's

close friend, Sam Wilder. These men were each of the pioneer day stock. Wasn't Sam at your home when he first came west in the early eighties?

Last August I drove down to the Big Sandy and had an interesting visit with Sam. His brilliant mind never faded the least. At eighty seven his heart "felt tired" and he went into a restful sleep. He had outlived all the others of his period; Lem Garrison, Ira Kutch, Jim Shuckee, your father etc etc.

Eugene was somewhat disappointed in never meeting you. I'm sure you each would have enjoyed such an experience.

Kindly return the enclosed clippings. They are my only copies - Sincerely

Gertrude Dunning Garrison.