



FRIENDS OF
EAGLES NEST
WILDERNESS

Eagle Post

July 2016

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EAGLE POST - The newsletter of Friends of Eagles Nest Wilderness, apprising you of important activities in and around Eagles Nest, Holy Cross, and Ptarmigan Wilderness Areas.

Greetings!

Our topic this month: **Colorado: A Summer Trip**

Saturday, July 2 9AM - The event was POSTPONED due to inclement weather, but the dedicated folks who missed the postponement notice and showed up on Ute Pass reassembled indoors, where a spontaneous ceremony was held - see www.fenw.org/img/fb/160702/ for pictures. Please check the FENW website (www.fenw.org).

July 2 is the 150th anniversary of the first written description of the magnificent panoramic view of Eagles Nest Wilderness from Ute Pass. Join us at 9AM for a sesquicentennial celebration of wilderness!

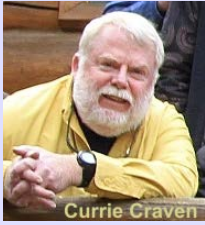


The view from Ute Pass, *first described July 2, 1866*. Click [here](#) for high res image. Photo by **Paul Winters**.

INTRODUCTION: It's not often in Summit County that we have an opportunity to celebrate a 150th anniversary, but that's what's going to happen on Ute Pass, Saturday morning, July 2. It will be an exhilarating, inspiring way to start your July Fourth Holiday Weekend. ([MAP](#))

PROGRAM: hosted by

JOIN US! 150 years to the day - July 2, 1866 - for a sesquicentennial celebration on Ute Pass of Eagles Nest Wilderness.



Currie Craven (left) & Sam Kirk (right)

- 8:30 - coffee, pastries, meet & greet
- 9:00 - Welcome. Invocation.

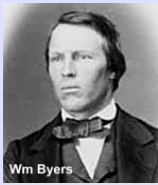


Introductions. Sam Kirk will read from *Colorado: A Summer Trip*, by Bayard Taylor. Readings from the audience - bring your favorite quote about Wilderness (keep it short, please), or choose from several dozen that will be available



- The Honorable Manuel Heart, Chair of the Ute Mountain **Ute Tribe**, will speak - providing a perspective of those Native Americans who knew Ute Pass more than ten thousand years before Bayard Taylor's visit.

- Colorado poet **Erin Robertson** will read her POEM, "**A View From Ute Pass**", composed especially for today.



In the early summer of 1866, **William Byers** (founder of the Rocky Mountain News) led a hearty group on a loop trip through the Colorado high country (**MAP**). The group included **Bayard Taylor**, a popular travel writer, who sent letters back to the New York Tribune, later collected in the splendid book,

Colorado: A Summer Trip.

Over Berthoud Pass and down the Colorado River through the heart of Middle Park they rode, and then up the Williams Fork River, following an old Ute Indian trail, crossing on July 2, 1866 the Williams Fork Mountains at what was then and is now **Ute Pass**- exactly 150 years to the day before our July 2 celebration on Ute Pass (see notice to the right).



"This landscape is unlike anything I have ever seen," Taylor gushed. "How inadequate are my words...." He was looking straight west, into the heart of what would become, more than a century later, Eagles Nest Wilderness, and his was the first written description of that view. Read more below, and join us

SATURDAY JULY 2

9AM **map**

Light refreshments
A refreshing start to your July fourth weekend! We will have brief readings (bring your favorite wilderness quote), and a special offering by Colorado poet **Erin Robertson**, created especially for today.
MORE

Make a donation



Make a difference!



Interested in becoming a **Volunteer Wilderness Ranger?** **Details**

Trail projects - no experience necessary!
Day Projects Saturdays: June 4, June 18,
Pack-in weekends (Fri-Sun): July 15-17 and August 12-14. **Details**

We also need volunteers **outside the Wilderness**

- If you're a **writer** - HELP with newsletter editing, public policy advocacy positions, grant applications to raise funds for FENW and Forest Service stewardship programs and special projects.

on **Saturday, July 2 at 9 AM on Ute Pass** for a fun *sesquicentennial* celebration, and an exhilarating way to start your Fourth of July Weekend in Summit County.

an excerpt from

Colorado: A Summer Trip

Bayard Taylor



[The party descended part way down from Ute Pass into the Blue River Valley before the full panoramic view appeared.]

"From the top [of Ute Pass] we looked down a narrow, winding glen, between lofty parapets of rock, and beheld mountains in the distance, dark with shadow, and vanishing in clouds. The descent was steep, but not very toilsome. After reaching the bed of the glen, we followed it downward, through beds of grass and flowers, under the shade of castellated rocks, and round the feet of natural ramparts, until it opened upon wide plains of sage-brush, which formed the shelving side of an immense valley. The usual line of cottonwood betrayed a stream, and when we caught a glimpse of the water, its muddy tint - the sure sign of gold-washing [in Breckenridge]- showed that we had found the Blue River. We had crossed the Ute Pass, as it is called by the trappers, and are among the first white men who have ever traversed it. We now looked on Park [Ute] Peak from the west side.

"Instead of descending to the river, our trail turned southward, running nearly parallel with its course, near the top of the sloping plane which connects the mountains with the valley. **The sun came out, the clouds lifted, and rolled away, and one of the most remarkable mountain landscapes of the earth was revealed to our view. The Valley of the Blue, which, for a length of thirty miles, with a breadth varying from five to ten, lay under our eyes, wore a tint of pearly silver-gray, upon which the ripe green of the timber along the river, and the scattered gleams of the water seemed to be enameled. Opposite to us, above this sage color, rose huge mountain foundations, where the grassy openings were pale, the forests dark, the glens and gorges filled with shadow, the rocks touched with lines of light - making a chequered effect that suggested cultivation and old settlement. Beyond these were wilder ridges, all forest; then bare masses of rock, streaked with snow, and, highest of all, bleak snow-pyramids, piercing the**

- If you're good on **social media** - HELP with Facebook (posts, ads, boosts, events) and other social media

- If you're a **website manager** - HELP maintain our WordPress-based website (www.fenw.org/)

- If **Public Relations** is your thing - HELP raise our visibility in Summit County

- If you like **Event Planning** - HELP put together our annual meeting, volunteer thank-you parties, educational events for members
Your skills and experience are needed to assist with this important work. Please **CONTACT US** and join in!



Friends, Friends, Friends! Check out our sister 'FRIENDS'

- Friends of the Lower Blue River (FOLBR)

- Friends of Dillon Ranger District (FDRD)

Newsletters

- April: "**After Malheur**" by Currie Craven
- May: "**Bikes in Wilderness**" by Tim Drescher
- June: "**Birds of ENW**" by Dr. Susan Bonfield
- Next month: "SaveTheColorado" by John Fielder

Upcoming events

Join us! for our next

sky.



"From south to north stretched the sublime wall - the western boundary of the Middle Park; and where it fell away to the canon by which Grand [Colorado] River goes forth to seek the Colorado, there was a vision of dim, rosy peaks, a hundred miles distant [Flat Tops]. In breadth of effect - in

airy depth and expansion - in simple yet most majestic outline, and in originality yet exquisite harmony of color, this landscape is unlike anything I have ever seen. I feel how inadequate are my words to suggest such new combinations of tints and forms."

Pretty potent words from a man who had traveled - and described - much of the world, including the Alps. The party moved on upstream along the Blue River to what is now submerged under Lake Dillon, then on to Breckenridge, and over Hoosier Pass to South Park, over to the Arkansas River Valley, and back (via South Park) to Denver.

About Bayard Taylor: Bayard Taylor was a prolific travel writer, and also lecturer, novelist, and a poet. Born in Pennsylvania in 1825, at 19 he set sail for a two year grand tour of Europe, which shaped his subsequent career as a travel writer. His true passion, however, was poetry, but it didn't pay as well as travel prose.

In 1850, Taylor married a childhood friend, Mary Agnew. She died only two months after their marriage, leaving Taylor bereaved and anxious to travel again to cope with his grief. He went on a two year trip to Arabia.

During the Civil War, Taylor served as Washington correspondent for the NY Tribune until 1862, when he was appointed secretary to the U.S. Minister at St. Petersburg, Russia.

In 1866, Taylor traveled to Colorado and took a strenuous loop trip through the northern mountains on horseback with a group that included William Byers, founder of Denver's Rocky Mountain News. His letters describing this adventure were later published as Colorado: A Summer Trip. During this decade, Taylor published 11 works and delivered more than 600 lectures (including one in nearly every town visited on the Colorado trip).

Taylor's deep interest in German life and literature (especially Goethe) culminated in his appointment as Minister to Prussia in 1878. Sadly, he suffered repeated illnesses, and died in December, 1878.

MONTHLY MEETING

Thu July 28, 5:30 PM,
Silverthorne >> **MAP**

Details at www.fenw.org/

- Thursday, **June 23**: FENW Monthly planning meeting
- Saturday, **July 2**: Ute Pass party 10 AM
- Fri-Sun, **July 15-17**: Pack-in trail project
- Monday, **July 18**: Memorial Kiosk Dedication
- Thursday, **July 28**: FENW Monthly planning meeting
- Fri-Sun, **August 12-14**: Pack-in trail project
- Thursday, **August 25**: FENW Monthly planning meeting

Visit the FENW **website** for in-depth information at www.fenw.org/

CITY MARKET COMMUNITY REWARDS PROGRAM

Please register your City Market Value Card in 2016. This year, City Market will once again make a contribution to area non-profit organizations. The program allocates funds (rebates) to the organizations based on purchases made using the City Market Value Card. Organization members must go online at www.citymarket.com to register their Value Card, and link their card to FENW's organization name and/or registration number - 46910. Individual purchases will be counted towards FENW's rewards allocation without compromising your earned fuel points. Please note that each card holder may only sign up for one tax exempt organization. THANKS!

A Little Perspective

Bayard Taylor wrote Colorado: A Summer Trip in **1866**, two years before John Wesley Powell first climbed Mt. Powell, three years before the trans-continental railroad was completed, and six years before Mark Twain published Roughing It.

A View from Ute Pass

by Erin Robertson

*You cannot cram this scenery into the compass of a block-book;
it requires a large canvas, and the boldest and broadest handling.* -Bayard Taylor

A. The Gore Range

The sheer rough lift of this
fault block range
takes the wind right out of all
the close-in city folk
who stumble, seeing it
piercing and clawing the sky
with its mishmash alphabet soup
of spires, peaks named after all kinds of bad weather,
not to mention the bugs.
Your eye might follow
the slow slope of snow from the north
south to the distant point of Powell
and the prominent but not-warranting-a-name peak
raked by avalanche chutes plummeting straight down,
past the arrowhead notches and
ripsaw ridges cut by smooth fins
of even more rock.
You watch cloud shadows slip down snowfields,
bottoming out at the Blue,
then start working your way back up again,
pillows of glacial outwash and
soft grey smudges of sage
yielding to the vibrant green-gold aspen,
to the near-black brooding spruce-fir,
to the snow-softened rock,
then, only, to the sure azure slab of sky.

It's a range named for a man of excess,
for stabbing and piercing,
for the triangle of spears.
Ireland's Sir St. George Gore
lost all semblance of saintliness in
America, just went by George.
He hired on Jim Bridger
and about 40 others
and a fleet of wagons and horses and guns
to haul him through the West,
a sporting expedition
slaughtering game over 6,000 miles.
At the end, even James Kipp of the
American Fur Company
took exception to his arrogance,
offered a pittance for his leftover supplies
to convey his contempt.
Gore, enraged, wealthy enough he needed nothing,
made public display of his disdain:
burned it all out of spite -
his fur-lined commode,
his bathtub with engraved coat-of-arms,
his journal and his violin -
everything but the trophies and guns.
A bad man's name on a beautiful place
he never set foot in -
that's what we Anglos like to do.

While Colorado's other ranges were being dug up
and the forests cut down in the mad rush for ore,
most of the Gore Range looked on quietly,
too rough and rugged for easy entry,
too poor in metal to attract much notice,
lucky to be spared,
to hold the Colorado River's heart above the fray.
Even now, as Tweto *et al.* say,
"uplift continues".

B. Eagles Nest Afternoon

On June first when the aspens are just dotted,
the clouds lodge against the mountainside
and our family rambles,
explores the mere fringe of the place.
The boys balance on fine beaver-made terraces,
and we learn to tap the grandfather spruce three times.
Cataract Creek tumbles down with a milky roar,
drumming out all thought but being,
and a dipper zips by,
bows, flashes a white wink our way.
Grey catkin fuzz gives way to
pendant golden-spangled anthers:
summer isn't far.
On the last hill before home
we find more pasqueflowers than we've ever seen,
give up on stroking them all.
It's a short hike, barely inside the boundary,
but enough to yield a bit of
wilderness treasure.
Driving out past Heeney we stop, gape, picnic
watching a real eagle's nest,
adult and fuzzy young safely caught in our scope.

C. What Wilderness Does

Yes, it does all those soul-filling things,
all that beauty-revealing, space-creating,
renewing, recharging, reinvigorating stuff.

And more:

it gives you a sense of scale you need
to remember what it is to be a humble little human animal,
dwarfed by peaks and distance,
at the mercy of lightning and avalanche.
It makes palpable how tiny your breath is
in the big space of here now.

Wilderness is not just some spiritual tonic -
it is political, an Act of restraint
in this land prone to excess.

This Eagles Nest is not just some symbolic retreat,
Solitude's home;
for 85 years we've truly protected it,
since the Gore Range-Eagles Nest Primitive Area's birth.

Wilderness designation wasn't smooth, wasn't a given;
it never is.

There were highway proposals and water grabs,
acres added and subtracted,
lawsuits filed and won.

To his credit the Forest Service's Freeman stood fast,
pushed I-70 out despite the seduction of an 11-mile shortcut,
summed it up by saying,

"We have all the land now that we will ever have" -
insisted on keeping it whole.

Wilderness isn't just a line drawn once,
it's a binding commitment to hold that line,
a promise to maintain first-class air, and
to conserve the West's most valuable resource,
something Eagles Nest gushes with:
water.

And 133,000 acres without engines even
allows for a Bighorn Creek that is still aptly named.

There will always be battles, greed,
restless hands reaching,
stubborn campfire rings and housing developments,
too many people, too much poop,
hungry bikers, and Denver's thirst,
but there are also you warriors
and friends, who must battle back,
who must hold that line.

C-Prime. Of What Wood

150 years ago
Bayard Taylor was running late.
He gambled on a shortcut,
trusted for a moment
thousands of years of Ute familiarity
with this land he just rode up on.
Along the way his party found
their own nest of eaglets,
sage-grouse with chicks,
trees mapping the route
and the Utes who mapped it,
and finally the breathtaking view
of the Valley of the Blue
we take in today.

It was before railroad linked the coasts,
before the first white man climbed Longs Peak,
before the Ute Removal Act;
back when only 6,000 people called Denver home,
when Colorado Territory was seven years young.
But already in that short time
plenty damage had been done:
forests felled, water fouled,
beaver gone and bison scarce,
the land pocked by scars.
Even Taylor, a blatant booster,
was openly appalled at the destruction he witnessed.

I think he'd like seeing us here now,
celebrating a bit of "the sublime wall" preserved,
our "cheerful energy" and "agreeably free and unconventional" society
bearing out his theory about the Colorado type.
Unlike Gore he traveled light,
slept on fir boughs instead of a ponderous brass bed,
brought along only one spoon for six men.
He saw the value in doing with less,
praised the company of Mr. and Mrs. Silverthorn
and their rough cabin-hotel decorated with newspaper ads,
reminded us, "Mountain life soon rubs off the veneering,
and we know of what wood men are made."

Here's to the wild Eagles Nest,
to all you friends who make the time
to be humbled by its presence,
to stalwartly guard its heart,
and gladly let urbane veneer fall away.

Ute Pass on Pebble Creek

The Ute Pass celebration of Bayard Taylor's first description of the view of Eagles Nest Wilderness 150 years ago (details [here](#)) was rained out, but we gathered up those who braved the rain up on the pass, and brought them to a cabin on Pebble Creek, where an alternative celebration arose spontaneously.

We celebrated the view from Ute Pass (now on this gray day only a photo - taken last week - taped to the hearth behind the speakers), and the Wilderness that it reveals, as expressed by poet Erin Robertson, and also the return of a Ute Native American, Manuel Heart, to his ancestral home. We hope that he and his wife will consider this cabin their home for future visits.

More information in the [July newsletter](#)

48 images - Thanks to Matt Hoke for photography

Our two guests of honor: poet Erin Robertson and Manuel Heart, Chairman of the Ute Mountain Ute Tribe



24. The Program was ready to begin



26. Sam Kirk welcoming the 40 attendees



27. note panoramic background view



28. Bill gave a brief summary of Bayard Taylor's trip



29.



30. Sam introducing Chairman Heart



32. Manuel Heart spoke movingly of the Ute people, reminding us of their enlightened past lives - lives lived in this area, of their tragic history of "removal" 150 years ago, and of their exemplary and enduring efforts to adjust to life in an Anglo society while simultaneously preserving their ancient native traditions and practices.



35.





36.





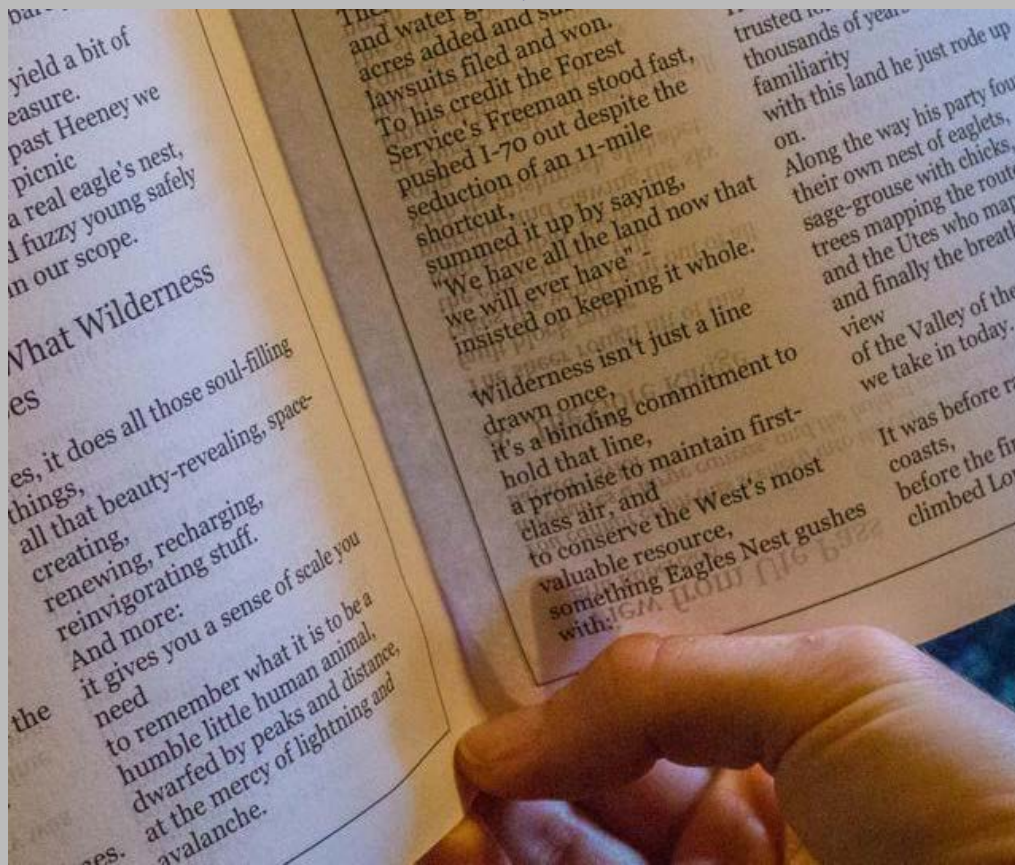
39.



40. Erin Robertson reading her splendid poem, "A View From Ute Pass," especially commissioned for today. Click [here](#) to read Erin's poem.



41.



43.



45.



47. Our special guests. Erin holds a gift - a ceramic canteen - from Manuel and Marie



48. Hearts (left) and Robertsons



46. Bill & Joan with Marie and Manuel. Joan is holding a beautiful gift - a Ute ceramic vessel - from the Hearts



16. Marie Heart



17.



21. Manuel's love of children was evident



22. Linda & The Honorable Manuel Heart



1. Here are some of the guests who braved the inclement weather



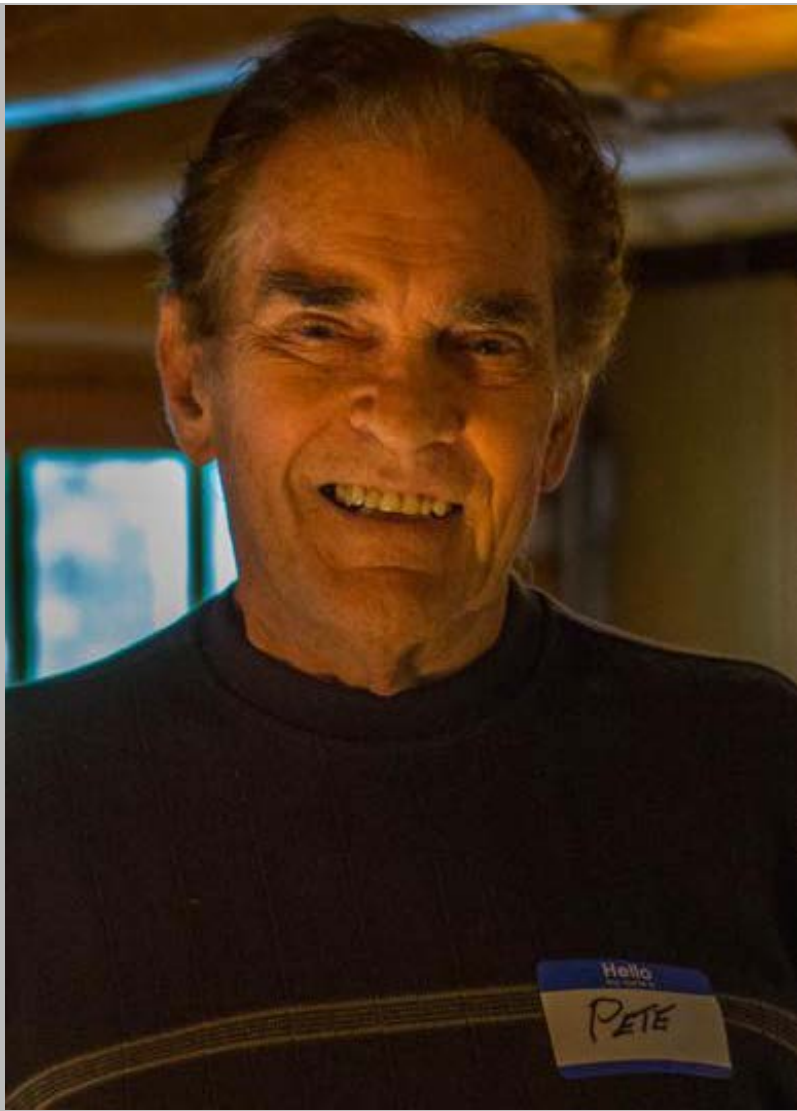


3.





5.



6.







12.





14.



