

**ALLAN BOWLES, North High Class 1959**



The Bowles Family: Pat, Ellis, Allan

Both of my parents, Gertrude McCarty (born 1915) and Ellis Bowles (born 1908) met while attending Barnes School of Business in Denver sometime around 1934 and were married in July 1936. Both of them experienced the Great Depression of the late 20's and 30's. My dad's family, Leroy and Ivy Bowles homesteaded and farmed a section of land north of Ft. Morgan Colorado near New Raimer. I and my wife, Maggie, and my Son Andrew drove by the farmstead five years ago. The only thing left was a root cellar and a one room school house my grandpa had helped build. The land itself was poor farm land – just a few cows grazing on the land now. There were six children in my dad's family, four boys and two girls. The only one still living is my aunt Evelyn who is now 93. The depression took the farm with each one of the family moving to Denver to find jobs. Each of Dad's sisters lived with him for a time until they could get a start. Both my mom and dad had jobs and loaned money to his brother and wife for a wheat crop – that's the way families survived. My parents bought a home in 1940 at 2717 Lowell Blvd. in North Denver. That's where I and my two sisters, Cathy and Lori grew up. Dad served in the US Army from 1943 till the end of the war. He took basic in Ft. Hood Texas, and was then stationed in Maryland till the end of the war.

Concerning my grandmother, Ivy, before her dad would let her marry Leroy, her dad demanded proof of who Leroy was, plus assurances that he was of good character standing. Leroy had to ride on horse back to Hannibal Missouri and

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get a letter from the minister of his church verifying who he was and that he indeed was a decent honest man. Ivy had traveled from Iowa in a covered wagon to homestead in northeastern Colorado. Years later she flew by plane back over that same area. I think that is pretty extraordinary

My mom had grown up in Leadville Colorado. Her dad, Wallace McCarty had moved out west from Allentown Pennsylvania. Her mom, Gertrude Schmitt was of German descent; her family had emigrated from Germany. Gertrude's grandfather had worked in a silver mine called the Little Johnny located east of Leadville in what is now the historic mining district. There were seven children in the family, three boys and four girls. Three sisters are still living. All of my uncles and my aunt's husbands have worked most of their lives for Climax Molybdenum in either the mine or mill over by Fremont Pass. The mine is currently owned by Freeport McMoRan and is in a shut down mode. One of the stories my mom would tell me is about when she was a young girl. She and her friends would walk up 7th Street to where the Tabor Silver Mine was located. At that time Baby Doe Tabor was still alive, and living on the property as a recluse. Baby Doe would come out and yell at the girls and chase them off.

I loved Leadville and the mountain range that jumped up to the west, Mt. Elbert, Mt. Massive and the rest of the Collegiate Range running south. Once on top of Mt. Elbert you can almost see the San Juan's and look clear over to Aspen. During the summer when I was staying in Leadville, I would hike around to the old mines collecting rocks and minerals. My mom was always worried that I would fall down an old mine shaft. I had bought a gold pan, and would go gold panning over in California Gulch behind my grandma's house.

I carried the Rocky Mt. News in 8th & 9th grade. Betty Burn lived on like 37th and Meade or Newton St. She and her family were on my route. I didn't know her then. I always threw papers on both sides of the street from my bike and I really had to wind up to throw the paper onto the porch. Well, early one morning I put a paper right through the front window, and of course, being the good paper boy that I was, I paid for the new window.

After my senior year at North and before I started my Freshman year at Mines, during the summer, I worked as was a Gandy Dancer (section hand) for the UP Railroad working on tracks out by commerce city and E 48th Ave out by the county jail. The old Mexican sections hands would ask me if I had been to college meaning had I ever spent time in the county Jail, and of course I hadn't Jack Dennis's dad got me that job. He was a union rep. I would work hard all day in the hot sun and then play at night. My biggest fear was that I would fall asleep riding the section car, fall off and get killed. I was pretty tired and half asleep when I started work in the morning. I worked part time during that same

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time for the Rexall Highland Drug on 32nd and Lowell stocking the shelves with aspirin, laxatives, sundries, toilet paper, and liquor. I would go to work directly there after getting done for the day on the railroad, finish that and go out with my friends at night and then start all over again at 5:30 am.



Leroy and Ivy Bowles



Homestead Farm



Leroy Bowles



Wallace and Gertrude