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BOX 2999

10-23

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
NATIONAL MONUMENTS
----- NATIONAL PARK

FILE NO.
PART I.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS

"HANGING LAKE"

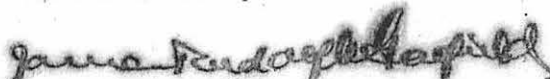
LAST DATE ON TOP.

October 17, 1907.

Dear Mr. Wadleigh:

Can you give me the exact location of the hanging lake in Colorado, about which you spoke to Mr. Ballinger and me this summer? I wish this information in order to determine whether or not it can be made a national monument.

Sincerely yours,


Secretary.

Mr. F. A. Wadleigh,
A.G.P.& T.A., D.& R.G.R.R.,
Denver, Colo.



The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Co.
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

S. K. HOOPER, GEN'L PASS. AND TICKET AGENT, DENVER, COLO.
F. A. WADLEIGH, ASS'T GEN'L PASS. AND TICKET AGENT, DENVER, COLO.
J. D. KENWORTHY, ASS'T GEN'L PASS. AGENT, PUEBLO, COLO.

IN YOUR REPLY PLEASE REFER TO
NO. _____

Denver, Colo. Oct. 22, 1907.

e-gh

Hon. James Rudolph Garfield,
Secretary of the Interior,
Washington, D. C.



Dear Mr. Garfield:--

I am in receipt of your favor of Oct. 17th making inquiry in regard to the location of the Hanging Lake.

We have no map that will show the exact location of this lake. It is situated at a point between nine and ten miles east of Glenwood Springs and a mile and a half in a northerly direction up Dead Horse Canon, a small gulch leading into the Grand River opposite Shoshone station on our line.

I am enclosing with this a copy of the April, 1906, issue of "The Four Track News", containing a description of this natural wonder,-- page 309. I very much hope that you will find it possible to make of this a national monument.

With personal regards, I am,

Yours very truly,

F. A. Wadleigh

A. G. P. & T.A.

FAW-Enc.

T. 58 87 u 88 w.

Vol 32

WONDERFUL HANGING LAKE

By George L. Beam

With photographs by the author

MANY a mad prank has Nature played in the Rocky Mountain region, but at one recently discovered spot in Colorado her gambolings seem to have reached a climax.



Setting out for the Hanging Lake

Here one can easily imagine the sprightly dame, ages ago, casting about for something new with which to give vent to an exceedingly sportive mood, and then, having found a demure and unprotected little mountain stream, straightway pouncing upon it and toying with it merely

to see what her exuberance could accomplish. And the first results must have been

century, at the same old diversion, never seeming to tire of the spot and the charmingly curious result of her handiwork, started when the world was young.

Ten miles east of Glenwood Springs, on the north side of the magnificent canyon of the Grand River, opposite the little station of Shoshone, there is a beautifully wooded though smaller canyon extending northward at right angles to its parent. The gigantic gulch itself is beautiful beyond description at this point, but the traveler who is seeking the marvelous Hanging Lake is prone to give such sights but a passing glance. Imagine yourself at the bottom of this little canyon, climbing the trail alongside the tiny stream for a distance of rather more than a mile—a most beautiful trail, by the way, and one which gives the "tenderfoot" a very adequate idea of what a Colorado mountain path is like. The way is steep, but you scarcely heed this in the expect-



"On the top you will be confronted by another similar result of Nature's craftsmanship"

most pleasing to the wanton beauty, for she has kept on and on and on, century after century, at the same old diversion, never seeming to tire of the spot and the charmingly curious result of her handiwork, started when the world was young. tation of what you are to see above, and there is always consolation in the thought

that it will not be quite so arduous in the descent.

As you proceed the earth becomes more moist, the rocks have a porous appearance, and snail shells are abundant; at the same time the vegetation, from the dainty fern to the majestic pine-tree, is most luxuriant, and strange but beautiful flowers appear at intervals. At last you approach the head of what is called in the West a "box canyon," in other words, a gulch which is almost, if not quite, closed at the upper end.

Suppose you imagine yourself in Fairyland for a few hours, for, if you make the trip to the Hanging Lake, you will certainly think of the caverns and grottoes with which you became familiar in the books of childhood. Here is the great dark chasm; here is the gurgling mountain stream tumbling over the rocks; here are the ferns from under which the elves used to peer; here are quantities of the most beautiful green moss, sufficient to carpet many a Titania's realm.

You soon reach a wall of rock from twenty to thirty feet high, extending across the lower part of the chasm, against which great pine-trees, fallen in ages past, now sorrowfully lean. Over and through this wall falls and drips the pure mountain water, crystal clear—"through" because the formation of carbonate of lime, of which the rock is composed, is very porous, and Nature was not content simply to allow the water to overflow and form an ordinary waterfall. If your visit happens to be in the Spring, Autumn or Winter, it is likely that gigantic icicles will be found suspend-

ed like stalactites from the brow of this overhanging wall, forming great dark grottoes underneath.

But follow the trail again. Around to one side you will find a way to surmount the barrier. On the top you will be confronted by another similar result of Nature's craftsmanship; but decided differences are apparent in the general aspect of these walls or terraces, there being sufficient variety to call forth new exclamations from the beholder at each successive stage.

Proceed again up the path by the side and you will discover the most beautiful of the three walls, this one bearing great quantities of clinging green moss through which the water constantly trickles or pours, according to the quantity in the lake above; for remember you have yet to see the crowning glory, the marvelous Hanging Lake.

Another short climb, and as you reach the top you feel as though intruding upon a sacred place. It is old, very old and

lonely, but surpassingly beautiful. From the wall at the back to the very verge of the terrace at the front stretches this little gem of emerald, surrounded by rocks and verdure, and containing within its bosom the corpses of once stately pines, which are now embalmed in the peculiar incrustation which the water produces. Like dead sentinels they lie and have lain for hundreds upon hundreds of years—and it is a most sublime sepulcher. The water is a very deep green, except as an occasional zephyr stirs its surface, when the shadows caused by the waves produce a



"The most beautiful of the three walls"

The Four-Track News

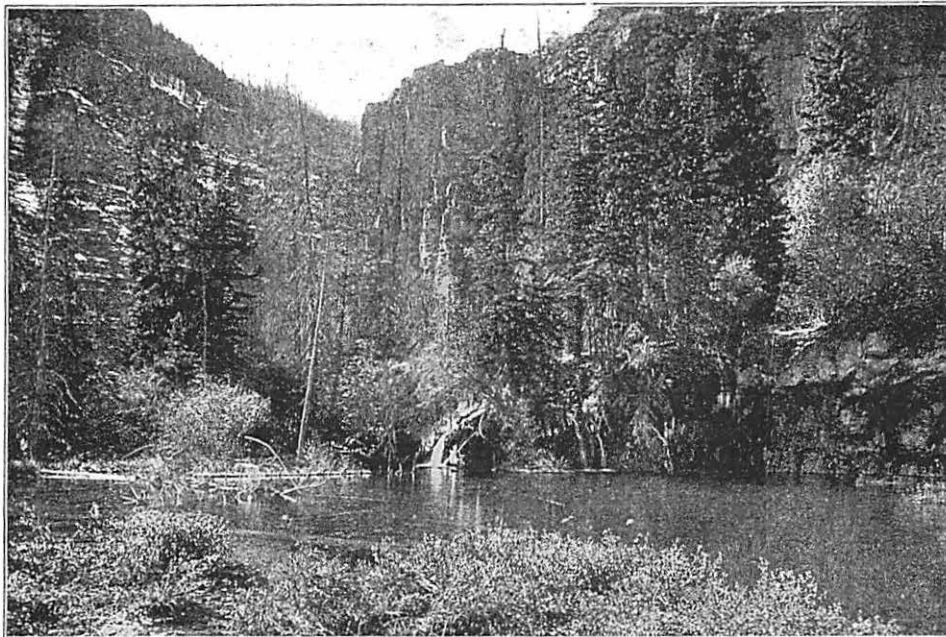
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dark blue, which mingles with the emerald in beauty indescribable.

As you stand at the brink of the lake and marvel at its perilous position, you see at the back a little cascade tumbling in over the rocky wall, showing one source of supply, although the bed is of such a porous nature that it is more than likely there are subterranean inlets as well as outlets. One can

time must have been necessary to accomplish such a stupendous result!

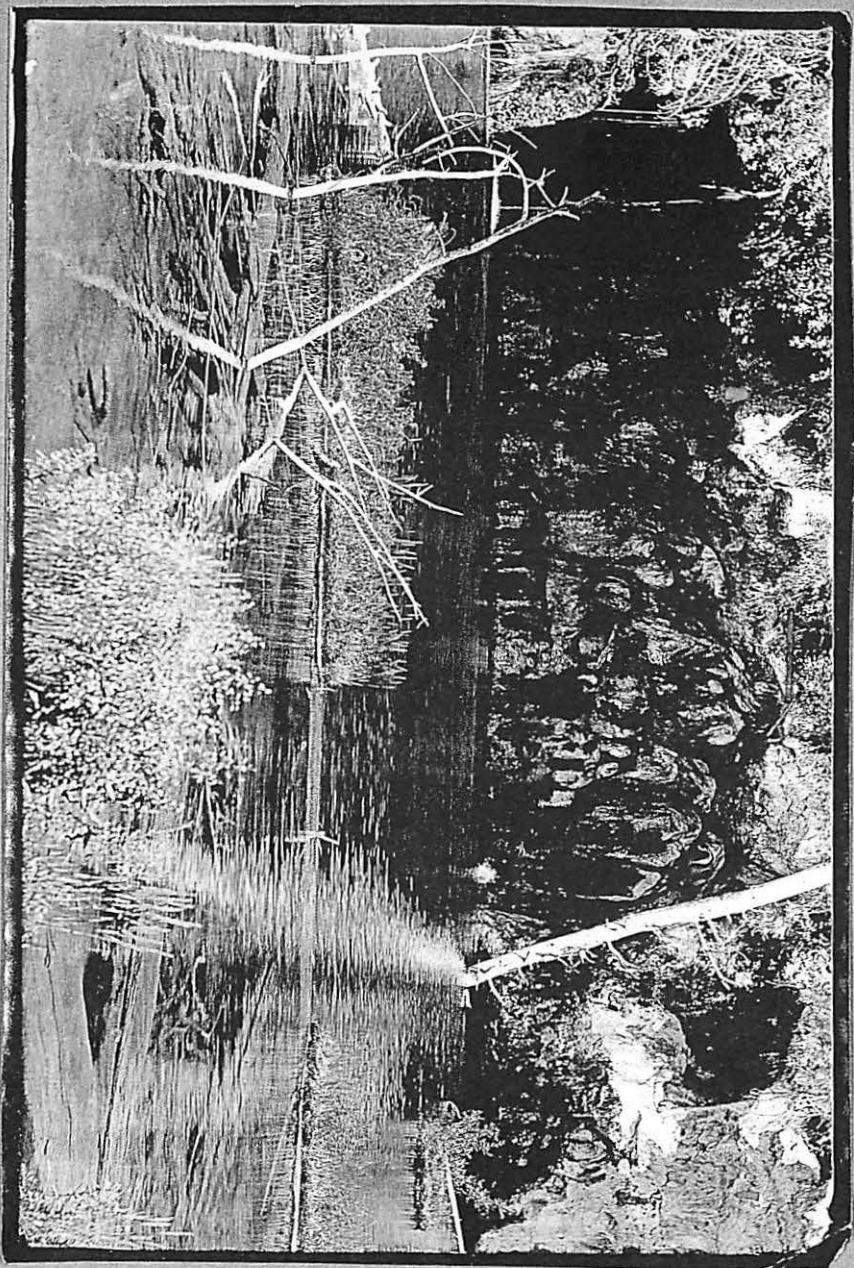
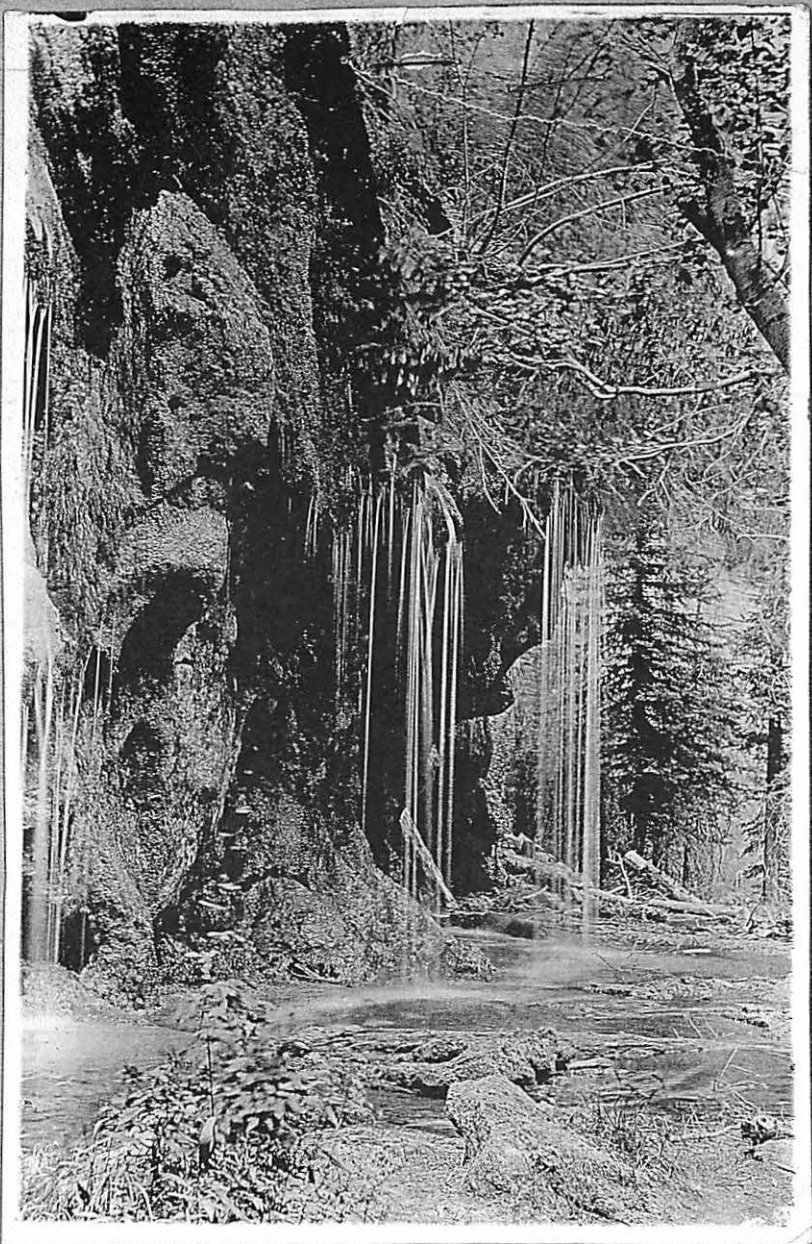
Even the least contemplative mind cannot fail to be impressed upon beholding this monument which Nature has reared in her own honor, and all in her quiet way with, perhaps, not even an Indian or a cliff-dweller to applaud. While mortals out in the world have been struggling for ex-



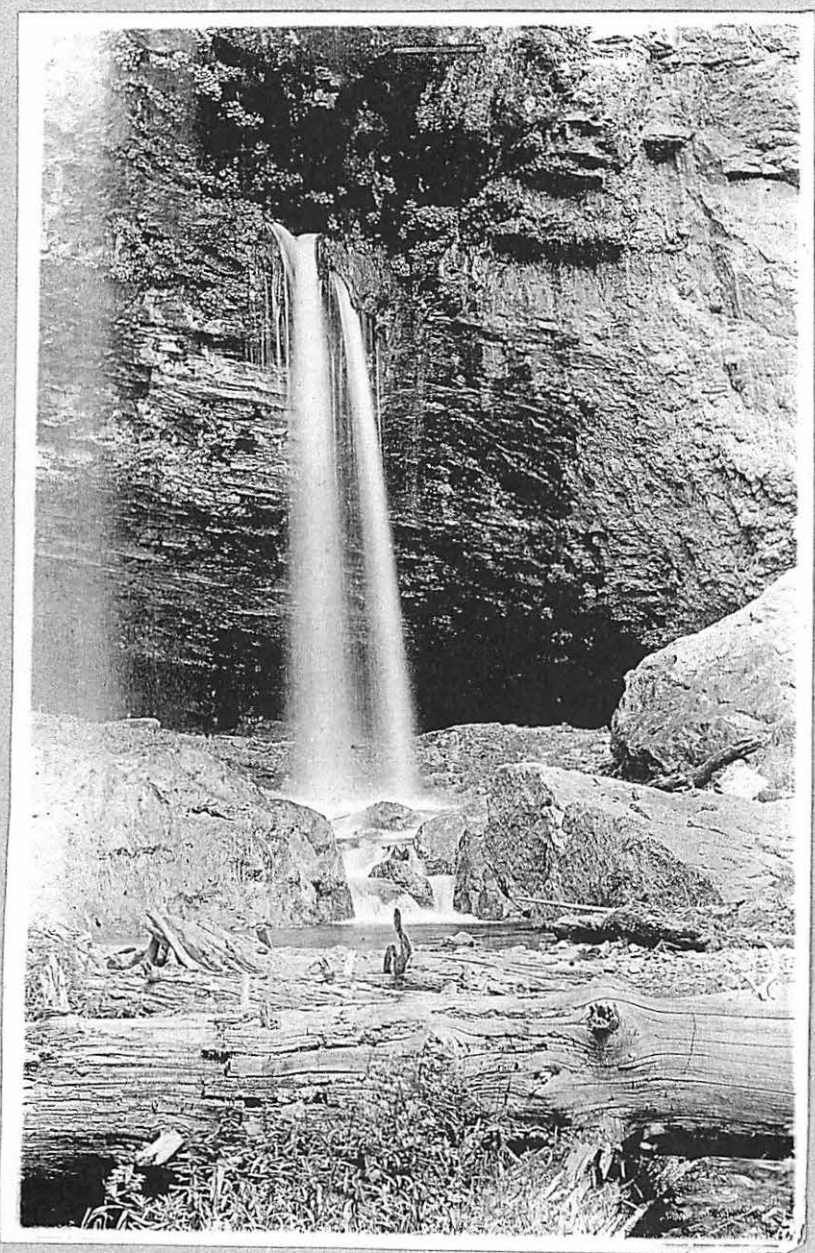
The Hanging Lake—"From the wall at the back to the very verge of the terrace stretches this little gem of emerald"

spend days in this locality discovering Nature's eccentricities. In the Summer-time you will see flowers growing on logs in the water. If you pick up a twig from the margin of the lake you will find it is incrustated with several times its own thickness of the hardened gray deposit. Further investigation will show that everything remaining constantly in contact with the water is so incrustated, and then you suddenly realize that the entire portion of the earth upon which you are standing has been formed by this incrustation, which must have been going on for ages past, as the process of deposit is very gradual. This line of thought brings you to the conclusion that the little stream itself must have formed the basin for the lake and the terraces below. What an enormous lapse of

istence, while the Napoleons have been carrying on wholesale murder, while the Michael Angelos have been painting, while the Shakespeares and the Chaucers have been writing, while the Sir Launcelots have been jousting and the Neros misruling, during all these periods in our civilization, high up in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains this silvery stream has been peacefully pursuing its way down its little gulch, tumbling over the rocks, striking obstacles of fallen trees and boulders, upon which it has deposited its ever-increasing crust, forming its peculiar basin, doing Nature's bidding in the production of this wonderful monument; all seemingly for the benefit of those occasional visitors who at the present day see fit to make the trip up the Grand River Canyon to the "Hanging Lake."







M-K

October 30, 1907.

Dear Mr. Wadleigh:

I have your letter of the 22nd, and thank you for the information regarding the location of Hanging Lake. I have referred the matter to Commissioner Ballinger of the Land Office for immediate examination.

Very truly yours,

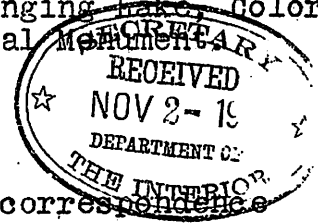
James H. McLaughlin
Secretary.

Mr. F. A. Wadleigh,
Denver and Rio Grande R. R. Co.,
Denver, Colorado.

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FILE

Memorandum Relative to the Location of Hanging Lake, Colorado,
and its Availability for a National Monument



copy
54-031

This lake, as appears from the correspondence of Mr. F. A. Wadleigh, and from the popular article printed in "The Four-Track News", is located about nine and a half or ten miles northeasterly from Glenwood Springs, Colorado, on the north side of the canyon of the Grand River. No mention of this lake is found in the field notes of public survey, nor does the same appear upon any official township plat, and the territory within which it is, probably, located has not been covered by the Geological Survey. The lake may be located within unsurveyed township 5 south, range 88 west, 6th P.M.

It is doubtful whether the object, which is exclusively or chiefly scenic in character, may be reserved as a National monument under the terms of the Act approved June 8, 1906, the wording of which, in part, is as follows:

"The President of the United States is hereby authorized, in his discretion, to declare by public proclamation, historic land marks, historic and prehistoric structures and other objects of scientific interest", etc.

It does not appear that the reservation of scenery falls within the purview of the act. Objects of purely scientific interest, however, have been made National monuments, a notable instance being the Petrified Forest Monument of Arizona.

Dated Nov. 2/07

*R. R. Allison
Commr.*