

**MEMORIES
OF A
BELOVED LITTLE GIRL**

“Margarita Mexican”



By

Lulita Crawford Pritchett
Margaret's Little Sister

SCRAPEBOOK — 1893 through TURN OF THE CENTURY

Featuring

Margaret Elizabeth Pritchett



Picture shows Margaret at age 2 years, 11 months

Material collected and edited by
Margaret's little sister

Lulita



MARGARITA MEXICAN

On July 11, 1895 in Pachuca, Mexico a baby girl was born to Carr and Lulie Pritchett, and she was named Margaret Elizabeth. When she was three or four years old and had returned to the States for a visit, her Uncle Logan Crawford clapped a different name on her — Margarita Mexican. He meant to tease her, but she did not mind a bit. She liked being called a Mexican. Mexico, to her, was a happy place of flowers, parakeets, and canaries; a place inhabited by people in bright serapes, who never hurried and were all her friends. When she walked down the street with her mother, she was usually followed by a train of brown skinned admirers who, in their musical language called this fair skinned, sunny haired child "Angelita" — Little Angel.

Today tourists can visit the most remote corners of Mexico in a few hours by plane. In the 1890's not many people attempted sight seeing in what was then a far, primitive, little known country. Explorers from Europe and the United States were just beginning to probe legendary riches reported by the Spaniards several centuries earlier.

Carr Pritchett, Margaret's father, was a mining engineer originally hired by the Guggenheims and later in business for himself. His first job in Mexico was that of assayer and ore buyer at Pachuca. He and his bride, the former Lulie Crawford of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, set up housekeeping in what was little more than a shed. One corner of the ten-foot fence surrounding the stone warehouse which sat in about an acre of property had been roofed over and partitioned into two small rooms. When Carr was preparing to bring his bride there, he had a cloth ceiling put in. The Mexicans who were helping him sewed a lot of cotton goods together and tacked it on wet. When it dried, it stretched tight. They painted one room a dark chocolate and the other a dark rose. They added a lean-to kitchen, and as a final touch, nailed a few boards together out in front to serve as a porch. To hide the porch's deficiencies, Carr edged it with potted plants. Another fence corner had been made into living quarters for the servants.

The wall had jags of broken glass cemented on top to keep thieves from climbing over. Much of the ore processed in the

warehouse was very, very rich. The two big doors in the wall were closed and locked at sundown. At night people going by would knock on the wall, which was somewhat unsettling for anyone trying to sleep on the other side.

The Pritchetts stayed in Pachuca only a year or two. Carr's employers, the Guggenheims, were involved in many locations and were well on their way to becoming the "Metal Kings of America." As business dictated, Carr moved his family to San Luis Potosi, Parral, and San Luis de la Paz. In Mexico City Carr went into business for himself, and in the fall of 1900 he brought his family to Colorado so Margaret could enter school. He opened an office in Denver but continued to work in Mexico from time to time.

Years later, Margaret was sometimes called upon to talk to various groups about her childhood South of the Border. Here are a few notes she wrote down for one of those programs:

"My memories of Old Mexico are very pleasant. I can recall a great deal about San Luis de la Paz where we occupied part of a 20-room hacienda that had mysterious figures painted on some of the walls. There was a garden enclosed with a stone fence. A mozo (man servant) brought us fresh fruits and vegetables every morning. There were fruit trees and trailing tropical vines. Someone gave me a white dove that I used to carry around on my shoulder. We had a bull terrier that could climb a ladder as well as any person.

"My most vivid memories are of Mexico City, where we lived last. I had my fifth birthday there. It seems to me I can remember everything. I can hear again the wild clamor of church bells on Sunday mornings. The sound was tremendous, I assure you. Many beautiful cathedrals grace this city. Even the commonest peons when passing a church remove their sombreros and cross themselves.

"We lived upstairs in an apartment building, in an L bordered on one side by a corridor overlooking a patio. I could peer through a high iron railing at a Norwegian pine tree that grew in the patio, and I could see a well where people drew water. In pots along the railing were bright fuchsias, geraniums, marguerites, and nasturtiums. To my delight, great big snails lived among the nasturtiums.

“A public bath nearby was a popular place. Peons passing under our balcony would look up and call to me. I remember one who begged, ‘Angelita, throw me a curl!’ Entirely willing, I ran to get the scissors, but Mother caught me.

“Our rooms opened out on a level rooftop where I could play. I was having a fine time jumping rope till Mr. Romero, the apartment owner, said the people in the unit below objected to the thumping noise and to the plaster dislodged from their ceiling. And so I had to content myself with swinging in a hammock woven of maguey, which Papa stretched lengthwise of our living room. My companion was a little parrot named Juan. He would hold on to the hammock beside me, chattering and screeching, while I pulled a string attached to a bedpost in the next room so we could swing higher and higher. Though my hair was naturally straight, Mother kept it curled with kid curlers. Juan liked to ride on my shoulder under my curls where he would whisper to me in Spanish, occasionally poking his head through the curls. At meal times he climbed the tablecloth and helped himself to the butter. His bill made scallops all over it.

“Our doors were locked with immense iron keys as long as a grown person's hand. Once I turned a key and locked myself in the servants' room. Fortunately, Mother could tell me through the barred window which direction to try to turn the handle, and I managed to do it.

“Mother often took me to the Alameda (park) so I could run and play. She who had grown up in a pioneer mountain community where servants were completely unknown, now had to adapt to a different life style. A Mexican girl named Natividad helped take care of me; another, Antonia, helped with kitchen duties. Somebody had to go to market every day since we had no refrigeration. Live ducks, chickens, and turkeys were brought to our door by a Mexican woman, and if we purchased them, she would dispatch them quickly, sitting on the floor while she dressed them. Cooking was done on a brasero. (See illustration) Sometimes Antonia cooked. When Mother tried to cook, she must have longed for a real stove!

“I was not troubled by the anxieties and inconveniences my parents endured. Lepers could sometimes be seen on the streets. Sanitation was unheard of. Whenever we moved, new living quar-

ters had to be thoroughly scoured and fumigated. All our drinking water had to be filtered through coarse volcanic rock and boiled. Scorpions and tarantulas were everywhere. One morning Mother found a tarantula in my bed. On the outside of every window were heavy iron bars, and on the inside were wooden shutters two inches thick that could be closed. During one earthquake at night these shutters banged and woke me up. Papa, who was sleeping on a separate cot, was thrown back every time he tried to reach Mother and me.

“Once Grandpa and Grandma Crawford and Aunt Mary made the long, tedious journey from Steamboat Springs to visit us. When I walked down the street with Grandma, I would introduce her: "This is my policeman friend....This is my priest friend...." When I walked with Grandpa, I always steered him to the ice cream parlor. Mexico City did offer a few modern refinements I

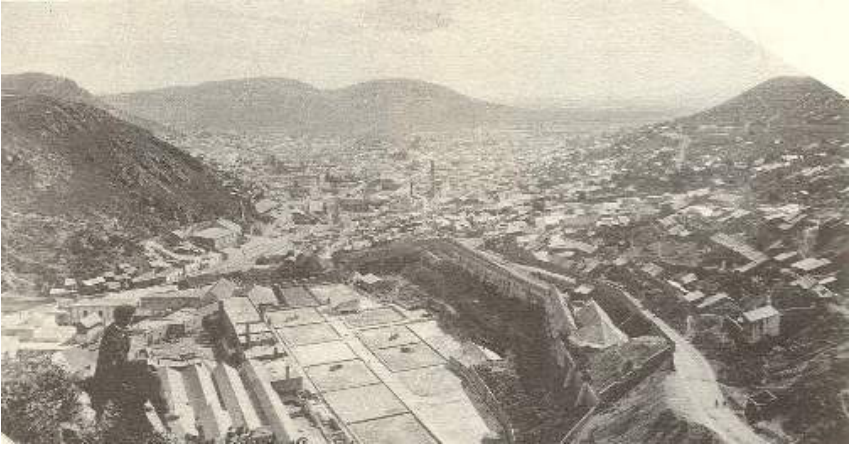
“While the Steamboat kin were with us, we experienced another earthquake. Papa had told us that, in case of a tremor, we should stand under a door frame, the strongest place in a building. Mother, Aunt Mary, and Grandpa were downtown when pictures on the wall began to twist and chairs began to rock by themselves. I was about to run out to the middle of the street with the servants when Grandma grabbed me and we stood under the door frame. This quake destroyed a silk factory a few blocks from us and killed twenty people. The water in the well in the patio beneath us slushed out, and the pine tree was knocked over.

“Life soon settled back to normal, and we took our visitors to see the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, only a short distance away by railroad....”

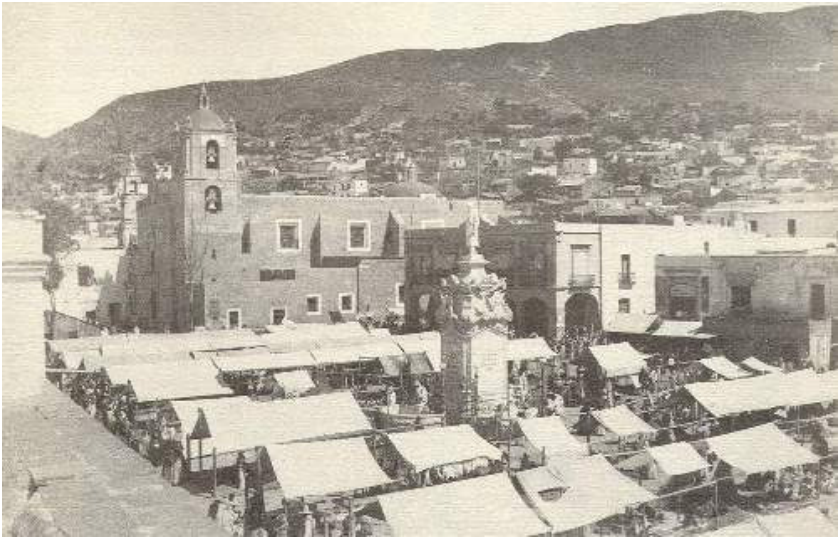
Margaret's notes end here. Your editor will now have to depend mainly on pictures, interpreting them as we go along.

PACHUCA, MEXICO

First, two views by a professional photographer named Waite.



PACHUCA — GENERAL VIEW. The Patio Process for separating silver ore was discovered here. In the level squares in the foreground the pulverized ore is being trodden by mules to thoroughly mix it with quicksilver.



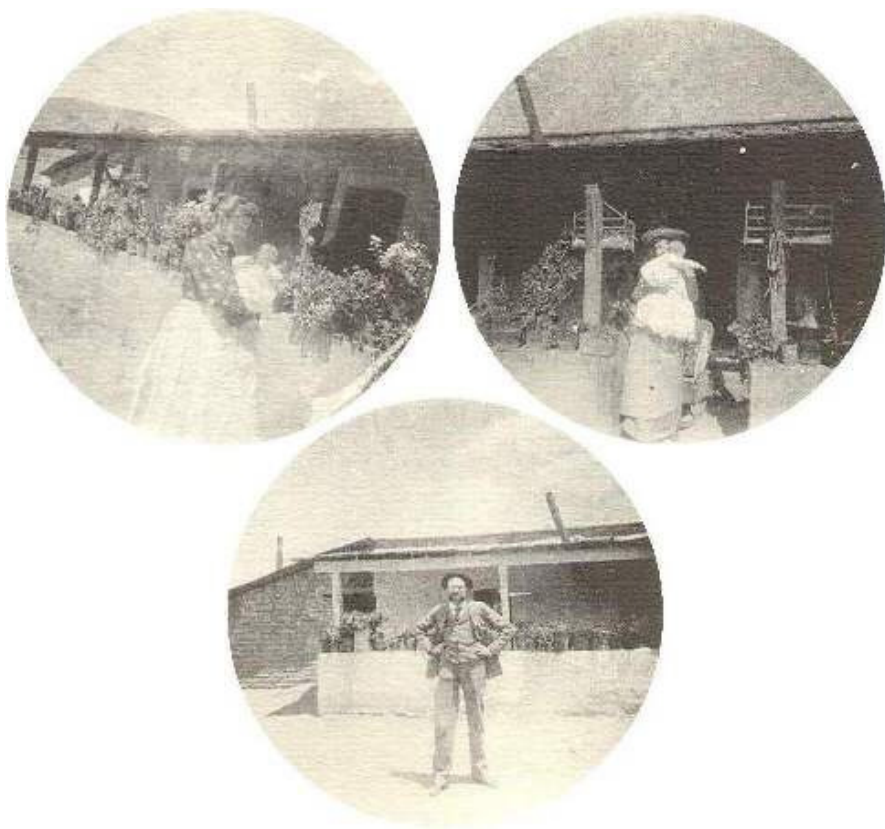
PACHUCA — OPEN AIR MARKET NEXT TO CATHEDRAL

Pachuca, Margaret's birth place, was a settlement of some 40,000 inhabitants sixty miles north of the City of Mexico in the state of Hidalgo. It was an important mining community surrounded by high mountains veined with silver, which the Spaniards had begun to mine in the sixteenth century.

In addition to mining, Pachuca carried on a profitable industry making pulque, a white, thickish sort of liquor derived from the maguey. On the outskirts of Pachuca were acres of maguey. From the leaves of this plant the Mexicans made ropes, string, and cloth.

The little round pictures were taken with one of the earliest hand-held cameras. Carr also owned a big camera that had to be set on a tripod and required the operator to poke his head under a hood. This hand-held invention was much more convenient but he had to send the entire camera to the shop to have the films removed and developed. In due time fifty little round pictures would be returned along with the reloaded camera.

With this camera Carr snapped the first views of his daughter one month after she was born. Lulie was holding the baby near her front porch. Then someone snapped Carr's picture — same location in front of the Pritchett mansion.



Later, another picture of Carr shows him with two friends in front of the stone warehouse.



Carr wrote a letter to Lulie just before he came to Steamboat Springs to be married: "Will you let me make some suggestions about dresses? Silks will be ruined here. The people do their washing by pounding the clothes on rocks in the river. A washboard and hot water are unknown. I think we will try to buy a tub somewhere...."



WASH DAY

MEXICO CITY



CARR'S OFFICE

Sign above door reads:

C. W. Pritchett, Jr. Ingeniero de minas

Translated:

*C. W. Pritchett, Jr. Mining Engineer Assay office
and Chemical laboratory*



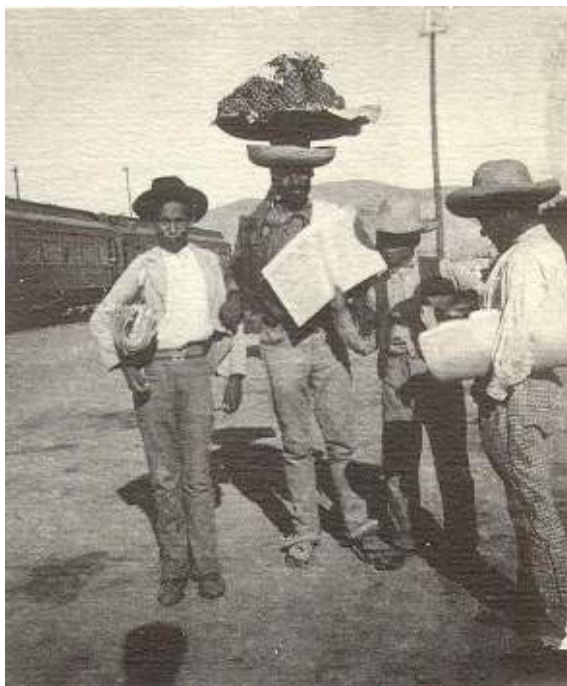
MARGARET ON HER FIFTH BIRTHDAY — on balcony of second floor apartment; the doll was a birthday present



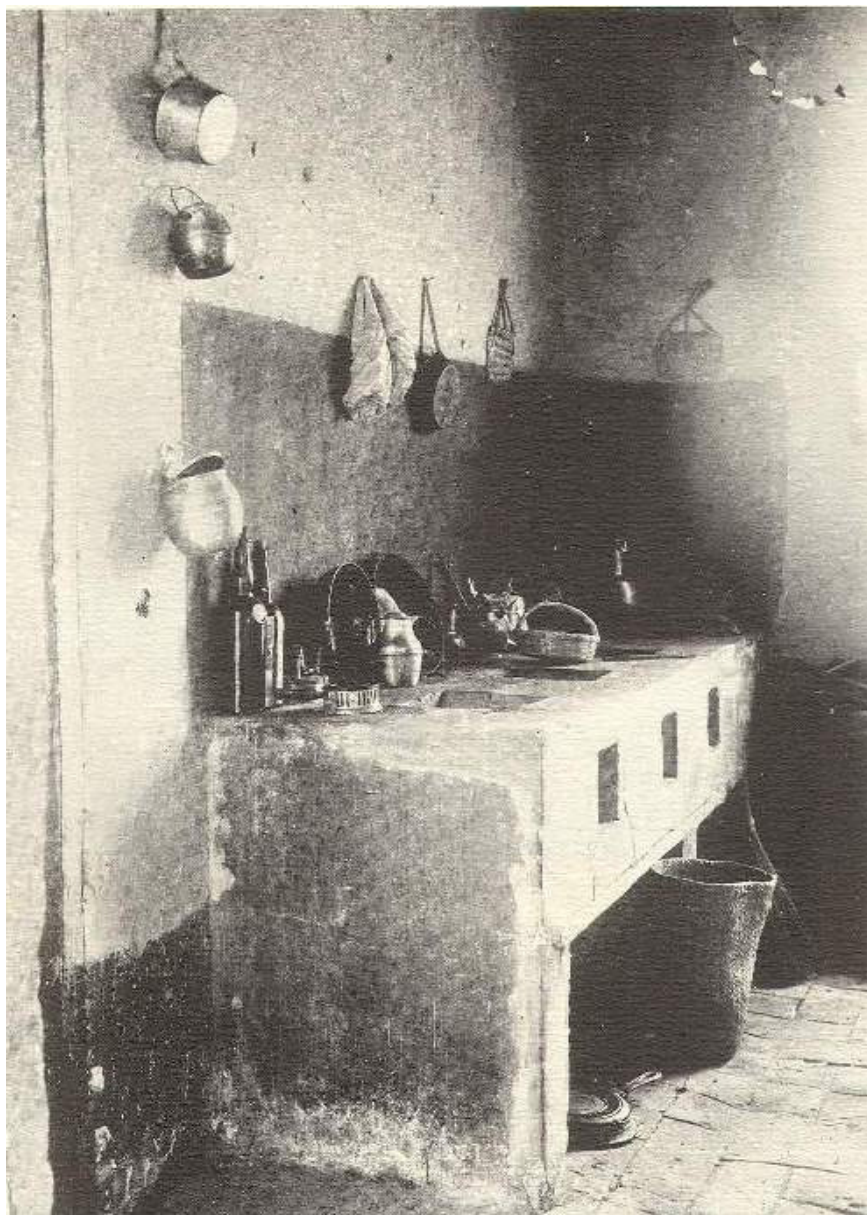
CARR PRITCHETT AND JOHN CRAWFORD — on same balcony



OX CART



ONE WAY TO CARRY PINEAPPLES — price, 8 to 10 cents each



TYPICAL MEXICAN KITCHEN

Cooking was done on a brasero. A kettle was set in a depression under which was a pan to hold burning coals. A cook could increase heat by wielding a fan at the front openings. Note two woven maguey fans hanging on wall.



GROUP — On flat roof level with apartment
(where Margaret jumped rope.)

Back row:

Grandma Crawford, Grandpa Crawford, Mr. McKay (a friend), Aunt Mary, and Mother

In front:

Margaret, Natividad, Natividad's mother, and Andres, Natividad's small son

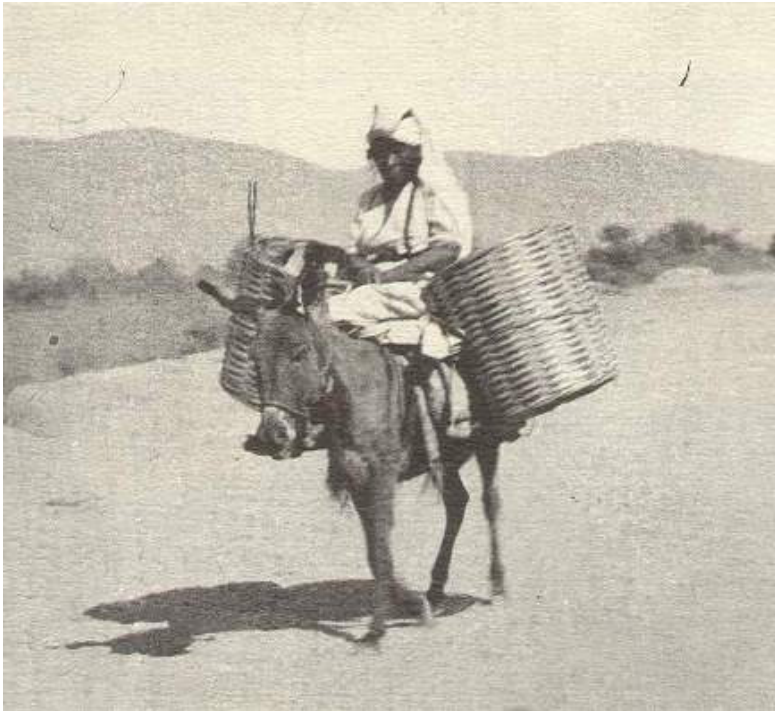
RUINS OF MITLA (pronounced MEET-la)

In the State of Oaxaca (pronounced wah-HAH-kah)

During the last week of February in 1900, Carr and Lulie Pritchett and Margaret, with John Crawford and William Fielding Smith (an agent for Wells-Fargo in Mexico), visited the ruins at Mitla. They went in a special car on the Mexican Southern Railway to the City of Oaxaca — a long day's journey. Probably they stayed there that night, and continued in an old stagecoach the next morning some 30 miles to Mitla.

On the way they took a picture of a Zapotecan Indian woman on her donkey, headed for market. Here are Mother's comments written in an album she later sent to Steamboat Springs:

"The Indians living around Mitla do not speak Spanish. All vegetables, etc. are carried in these baskets which they make, and often the heads of several children will be seen looking out of them..... These ruins are said to be the oldest on the continent..."



From the travel guide published by the Mexican Southern Railway we quote:

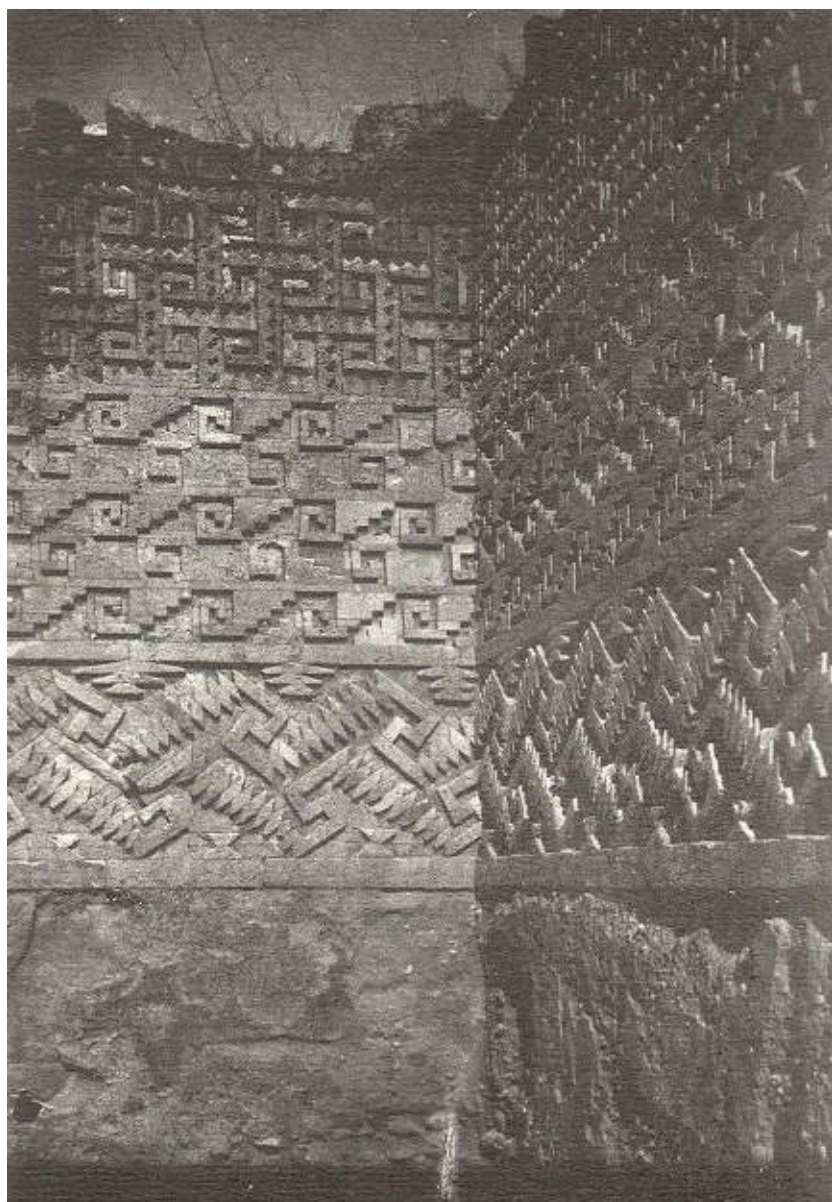
"All that is known of the prehistoric and ruined City of Mitla may be written in a paragraph. The walls and their curious carvings are mute evidence of the city's past greatness, but they give not the slightest clue as to who were the builders, or what their purpose was. As the huge monoliths are now, standing or fallen down, so the Spaniards found them, and the description written by the chronicler employed by Cortez 400 years ago for the King of Spain, might be used with hardly the change of a word, to depict the ruins as we find them today.

"In the so-called Corridor of the Mosaics the tiles are so accurately cut that no mortar was used to hold them in place. In the Hall of Monoliths the walls are 4 to 5 feet thick, and the lintels over the entrances are of one solid stone fifteen to eighteen feet long, five feet wide, and four feet high. The columns measure twelve feet to the top, and are eight in circumference. It is a mystery how these immense stones could have been moved from their quarries and lifted into position without mechanical aid.

"Mitla was not one city alone, for all over this valley of Oaxaca are found the remains of walls, columns thrown down, and huge monoliths—treasures of the dark and misty past."

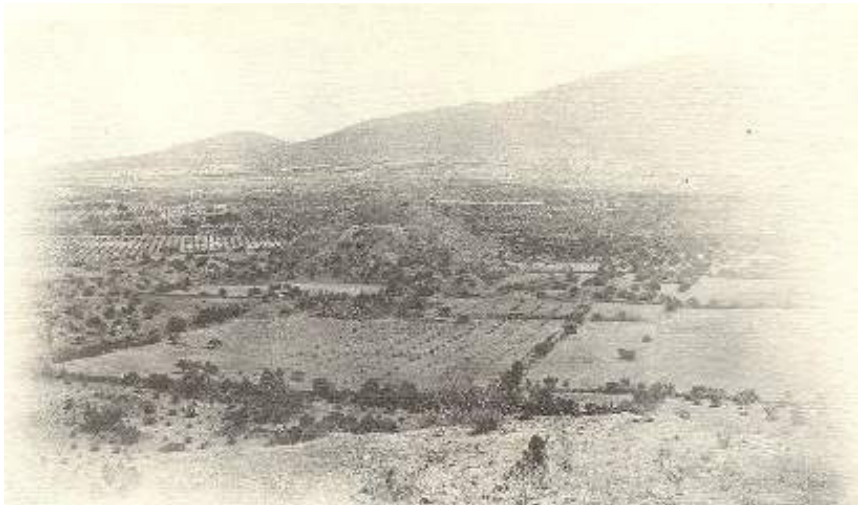
It would be interesting to know what further discoveries have been made in the more than three-quarters of century since this guide book was published!







PYRAMID OF THE SUN — near the town of San Juan Teotihuacan, not far from the City of Mexico. Left to right — Grandfather Crawford, two musicians (sons of the guide), Grandmother, the guide, Aunt Mary with parasol, Mother, grandson of the guide, and in front Margaret, shading her eyes from the sun.



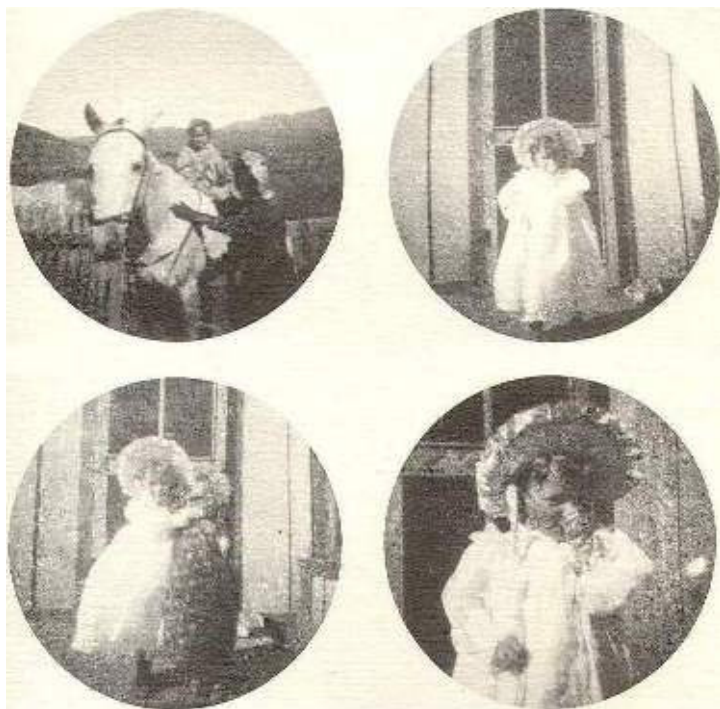
PYRAMID OF THE MOON — The group could look toward the Pyramid of the Moon, a short distance away. When these pictures were taken in 1898 these pyramids were just immense mounds covered with vegetation. Little excavation had been made.

Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Margaret had her first visit to Steamboat Springs when her mother made a trip from Mexico with her in 1894. She was 1 year, 10 months, 2 weeks old.



MARGARET IN 1894



MARGARET IN 1896

The next time Margaret visited Steamboat was the summer of 1896, when her mother again brought her up from Mexico. She was a big girl then, but not too big to suck her thumb! The four little round pictures show her in front of the south door of the cottage frame house. The folks in Steamboat found her to be afraid of nothing. She chased the angry old turkey gobbler when the older children were afraid and ran away.



“GRANDFATHER’S HOUSE”

And here is “Grandfather’s House” of hard gray sandstone quarried from the hill half a mile away. Margaret helped Grandfather supervise a few final details. Note piles of lumber in the yard. Margaret spent many summers of her childhood at Grandfather’s in Steamboat.

Margaret celebrated her ninth birthday with a party in the Stone House on July 11, 1902. The top picture shows the group just outside the front door, while the bottom picture shows the same group in the dining room. Margaret is standing near the china cabinet. In the upper right of the picture someone is holding a "Jack Horner pie" from which the guests could draw surprises. Standing in foreground: Marian and Nancy VanDeusen. Seated in front of door: Pearl Williams and Leona Stukey. Others are not identified.



BIRTHDAY PARTY IN 1902



MARGARET — enjoying a ride on grandfather's horse.



FAMILY GROUP ABOUT 1907 — Margaret, Rowdy (her horse), Lulita, and Mother. Barn in background.

Every fisherman is proud of his (or her) catch. Margaret shows what she caught in Trout Creek in Twenty-Mile Park, and Grandmother shows what she caught in Bear River. Polly parrot in her cage has been brought out to add to the festivities.



THE DAY'S CATCH



WASHING

By the time this was taken Margaret had a little sister. Washing was being done in the yard at Grandfather's. There wasn't room in the kitchen. Guess who was helping Margaret hang out the clothes!



ANOTHER FAMILY GROUP ABOUT 1912

Margaret, Mother, Papa, and Lulita — in front of Stone House, looking east.

Denver, Colorado



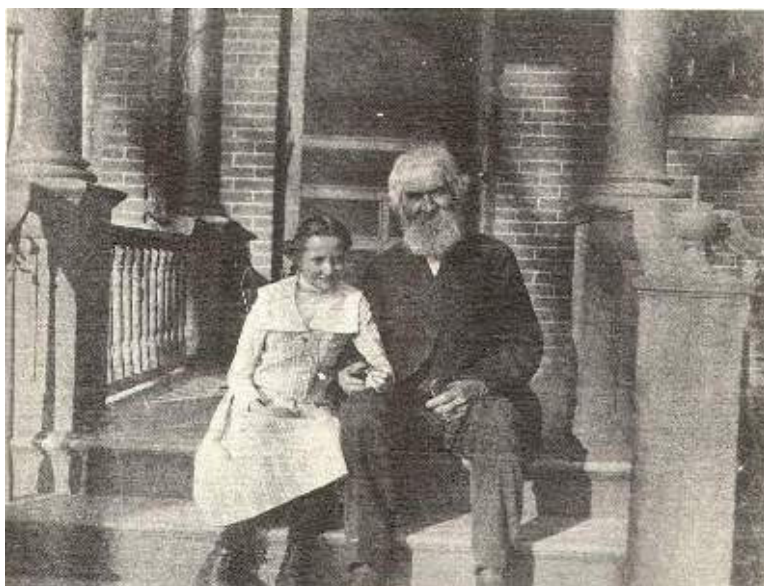
2735 BOULEVARD "F" (now Federal Boulevard)

Boulevard "F" originally traversed a series of hills. The house the Pritchetts had bought in 1902 from the Roy Kents who had built it a few years earlier, sat on top of one of those hills. When this picture was made, street and walkway were almost side by side. A horse could be hitched to an iron ring in the front cottonwood. Later the Boulevard was cut down and widened, leaving the walkway 12 to 20 feet above it.



IN GATEWAY

Margaret is in the front center; behind her, left to right, are Aunt Annie Crawford, Mother, Uncle John Crawford, Sr., Uncle Grant Crawford, Grandfather Crawford, and Aunt Mary kneeling on stone post. Across the street is a cow pasture.



SEATED ON FRONT PORCH

Margaret with Grandfather Pritchett.



NEAR BAY WINDOW

Margaret near bay window holding Rex, the canary, and then holding her violin. The year is 1906, early spring.

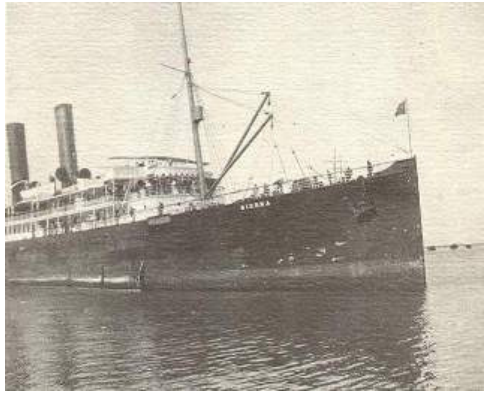


MARGARET IN 1909

This portrait of Margaret was taken when she was a freshman at North Denver High School. The year was 1909.

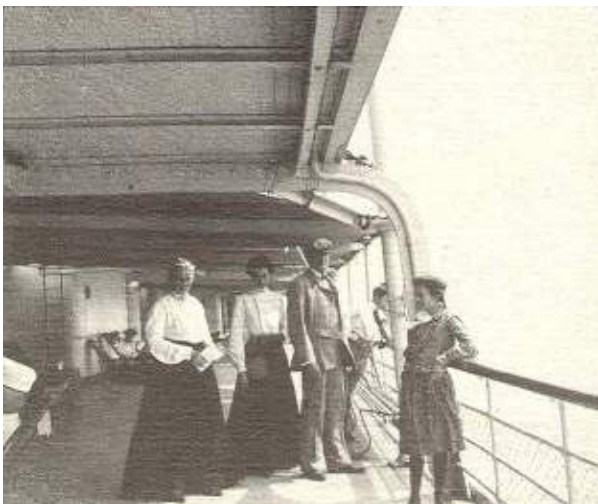
HAWAII

The ocean liner Sierra carried passengers, mail, and goods between California and Australia, stopping on the way in Hawaii. On March 9, 1904 the EVENING BULLETIN, published in Honolulu, reported: "The Sierra left San Francisco March 4 at 12:45 A. M., she having been de-



layed eleven hours by the late arrival of the British mails. She enjoyed a pleasant and uneventful voyage, making the trip in five days and thirteen hours. Over a hundred passengers for Honolulu, of which a very large proportion are tourists, arrived in the steamship this afternoon at 2:45." Listed among those passengers were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crawford, Miss M. B. Crawford, Jno. D. Crawford, Mrs. C. W. Pritchett, and Miss M. Pritchett.

This family group had a great time in Hawaii for six weeks until the Sierra picked them up on her return trip to the States. Incidentally, Margaret was the only one who was not seasick. Few passengers could get to the dining room, but Margaret was there, usually dining on pie and Roquefort cheese!



GRANDMOTHER, MOTHER, GRANDFATHER, AND MARGARET

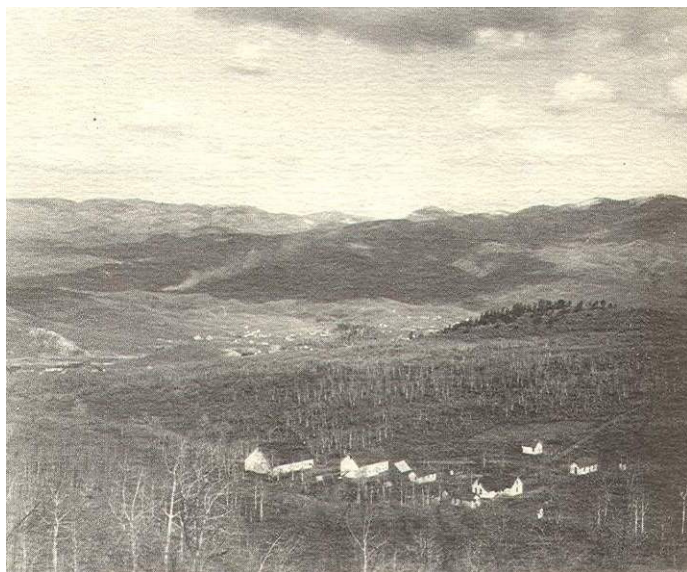
Pritchett Ranch



MARGARET ON WEB SHOES — enjoying the winter woods
on upper Pritchett ranch.



LOOKING NORTH TOWARD TOWN



PRITCHETT LOWER RANCH. Picture taken from Acton hill.
A good view of Steamboat Springs in background.



ROWDY just soaking up a lot of affection from his mistress!



MARGARET checking on the barnyard bunch, lower ranch.
Old log barn casts shade. Horse barn in background.

MARGARET AND MUSIC

Margaret was an accomplished musician. The magic she coaxed from her violin graced many an occasion before the days of radio and television. In Denver she played in a violin, cello, and piano trio, and in a violin quartet. She enjoyed playing first violin in the Civic Symphony Orchestra under Horace Tureman. This was the predecessor to the Denver Symphony.

She taught all the neighborhood youngsters who could manage to get hold of a fiddle how to play that fiddle — and much more. She never taught by the clock.

When the Pritchetts rented their Denver home and lived in Routt County for a time, she continued to teach. Rowdy became used to packing a violin around. She was in demand for weddings, funerals, Lions' Club, church, and everything else. (See advertisement)

This picture of Margaret when she was just sixteen was taken by Mr. Bonney, correspondent for the Rocky Mountain News, who was covering a Pioneer Meeting in a tent at Craig, 45 miles down the river from Steamboat Springs. Margaret, in her best dress and wearing a big hair ribbon, was favoring the crowd with a violin solo. Mother was probably at the piano. Though the picture proved too dim for publication, Mr. Bonney kindly gave it to Grandfather Crawford.



Firemans' Annual Ball

— at the —

CABIN HOTEL

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT
Friday, March 17, 1922

Given by the Steamboat Springs Fire Department

MUSIC THE BEST EVER

Miss Pritchett,	- -	Violin
Miss Mahan,	- -	Piano
Mr. Fick,	- - -	Clarinet
Mr. Steele	- - -	Drums

Come One. Come All. "The Dance of
the Season." Admission \$1.00

PILOT PRINT

Pioneer meetings were grand, festive, patriotic gatherings attended by practically everybody. Towns along Bear River took turns entertaining. When plans were being made for another Pioneer Day, another year, Ezekiel Shelton, whose letterhead read "E. Shelton, U. S. Commissioner, Civil Engineer" wrote to Margaret: 'We have arranged for our Pioneer Meeting in the church in Hayden on the evening of the second day of the Fair and wish you to play at least

two or three pieces. We want you to be prepared to play the STAR SPANGLED BANNER for singing of same by the audience as one of the opening numbers....."



This scrapbook was never meant to be a biography. Memories sketched are not always in chronological order. So much has been left out. Here on the last page your editor can think of no better way to sign off than with a few words from Margaret herself. These words were lovingly recorded in the Baby Book which her mother kept. That book noted all important happenings — First Step, First Tooth.....



Margaret was just about three years old, and her mother was putting her to bed somewhere in Mexico as night fell. No doubt mother had coached daughter on the general pattern of prayer, but daughter had undeniably furnished the specifics. It is easy to catch the enthusiasm with which daughter lifted up her needs to the Almighty:

"Dod bess Papa and Margaret and Mama
and Felipe (Mexican servant girl)
and kittley (kitten)
and pigeon
and all our friends
and make Margaret a good girl
for Jesus' sake for Amen"

And "for Amen" echoes your editor as she lifts up her gratitude for the privilege of having been

Margaret's little sister