

Chapter 12

Tuesday morning, July 5
Colorado Springs

“I can’t believe we’re going to the mountains to stay,” said Heather excitedly.

“I just know it’s going to be fun,” said Lindsay.

Lindsay turned left on Nevada Street.

Heather and I talked to our respective mothers last night. My mom said she missed me. She thinks she might be pregnant and she’s excited. I told her I missed her and dad too. Mom said Detective Williams has several leads. She said Wilbur was arrested in Colorado and is being held for questioning in Billings. Wilbur’s and Mark’s dates at the dinner dance — Nora Whitworth and Callie Norris — are also being held for questioning. Detective Williams said their stories didn’t match. Imogene has calmed down. She has her private detectives digging up information on the three suspects.

“Is that the old city hall museum we went to on our second day here?” asked Heather.

“Yes.”

Lindsay was wearing black shorts, a blue tank and white tennis shoes. Heather was wearing white shorts, a red tank and white tennis shoes.

Lindsay turned right onto Cimarron. She knew it would connect with highway twenty four.

“Pike’s Peak is beautiful,” said Heather.

“I read somewhere that when Teddy Roosevelt visited the area around Cripple Creek he said to detail the stunning beauty would bankrupt the English language.”

“We’ll find out for ourselves when we get there,” voiced Heather.

Our new adult supervisor is Kadie Anne Masters. She’s Ina May’s cousin. Our moms thought it would be great trip. We’ll be living at 9,000 feet in Victor. We probably won’t get to Cripple Creek for a few days.

“It’s too bad about Ina May’s daughter,” said Heather.

Ina May’s daughter is having female problems.

“I’m sure her daughter will be fine.

“See that old ore processing site, Lindsay.”

“Yes.”

“They handled excess ore from Cripple Creek mines.”

”Yes, Gold Hills Mesa it’s called, but it’s in the planning stages. It will be a residential development.”

“Aren’t the tailings classified as toxic waste?”

“Yes. I hope it’s not going to be another Love Canal,” said Lindsay.

“I liked the Van Briggle pottery place. I think I might take a pottery class sometime.”

“There’s the Seven Falls billboard,” voiced Lindsay.

“Ina May said it wasn’t that much.”

“There’s Manitou. The Manitou Springs sing as in playing a piano so they say.”

“There’s the *inline*, the old trolley line up the mountain,” said Heather. “It’s steep.”

“It moved by cog wheels,” Lindsay sounded.

“The top of Pike’s Pike is bare.”

“It’s above the timber line.”

“When we went up there I thought I would faint for being over 14,000 feet,” explained Heather.

We had fun in Manitou both times we were there. The Manitou cliff dwellings and the museum’s replica of ancient cliff dwellings of the old Native Americans intrigued me.”

“The artifacts of the tribes in the Four Corners region interested me the most,” said Heather. I saw bowls, farming tools pottery, clothing and so on.”

Heather looked up.

“The red rocks set against the blue sky, green trees and native grasses are gorgeous,” swooned Heather.

“There’s Waldo Canyon.”

“When I heard gunshots I hit the deck.”

“I did too.”

“We took the 6-mile hike. One end of the loop is close to Pike’s Peak road. It’s near a shooting range also. There’s the entry to the Pikes Peak highway,” said Heather.

“Bust, Colorado is on the left. Population two!”

“We’re at 7500 feet elevation. Look at the cyclists on the shoulder.”

“My. Ina May said Cave of the Winds was a tourist trap,” said Lindsay.”

“I liked the Garden of the Gods.”

“Me too, Heather, but I think it should be garden of the goddesses.”

“Chipta has lovely mountain homes,” said Heather.

“I wouldn’t mind having a cabin here,” Lindsay daydreamed aloud.

“There’s Chipta Green Mountain Falls to the left.”

“Yes.”

“We’re entering Teller County.”

“License plates have *Teller* on them, near the bottom,” observed Lindsay aloud.

“We’re approaching Woodland Park — city near the clouds. Wealthy people live here.

Many of them commute to Colorado Springs. We should fill up with gas here.”

After Lindsay filled up the tank and paid the bill she proceeded to drive through the business district.

“Take highway twenty four,” said Heather.

“We’re on it.

As she drove out of Woodland Park Lindsay noticed there was a 12-foot wide bicycle route.

“That sign said Bike Route,” said Heather.

“Yeah. Looks like fun.”

Lindsay turned left at the traffic signal onto highway sixty seven to Cripple Creek and Victor.

“There’s Mueller State Park on the right,” advised Heather. “There’s hiking and camping one hour from Colorado Springs.”

Lindsay drove by a mountain with a sealed tunnel.

“Look at the north side of Pike’s Peak, Lindsay.”

“Most of it is bare on this side.”

She drove along a winding road.

“I see a fork in the road,” Lindsay said.

“Highway sixty seven goes to Cripple Creek. Highway eighty one goes to Victor,” said Heather.

Lindsay turned left onto the highway to Victor.

“Look at this green carpet of lush grass, Heather. How would you like to get laid down there?”

“I think when I marry a hunk I’ll try it out.”

Lindsay laughed.

“There are mines all over the place,” said Heather. “Let’s read the sign, Lindsay.”

Lindsay stopped and parked.

“Bull Mountain is on our left,” recited Heather.

“That’s the Vindicator Mine in front of us. The Theresa Mine too.”

“Whoa. Let’s go look at it, Lindsay.”

Heather got out.

Lindsay stepped out, shut her door and locked the car.

“This is paradise up here,” said Lindsay.

They walked up a path to the Vindicator Mine.

When they arrived at the abandoned mine Lindsay walked around the tower and into a building.

“Look at all the junk,” said Lindsay.

“Shall we continue up the trail?” asked Heather.

“Okay.”

Further up the trail they saw the Linda K. Mine. By then they saw so many mines that they couldn't count all of them.

“Stay on the trail,” warned a twenty something woman in boy shorts. “The area is a honey comb of diggings and tunnels.”

“Alright we will,” Heather said.

As she passed by Lindsay was taken a back at how much of her tail end showed.

“Look at those cheeks,” said Heather loudly.

The woman heard her.

“Look and wish,” she said as she stiffened her butt muscles.

Heather turned red in the face.

I think we should go back and drive to Victor,” Lindsay said. “Kadie Anne will wonder where we are.”

“I have to pee,” said Heather.

“That's because of all that cranberry juice you drank this morning. Hold it in,” directed Lindsay.

“I'll try.”

When it seemed no one was looking Heather pulled her shorts and panties down.

Splash!

“Have you no shame, woman,” teased Lindsay.

They headed back to the car. It was all down hill.

“The last one there is a rotten son-of-a-peach,” I said.

I began to run.

Heather followed.

We neared the girl who I think had plastic surgery on her derriere.

“Catch us if you can,” yelled Heather.

The girl gave chase, but Lindsay and Heather left her in their dust.

“Hurry up and get in the car,” said Lindsay.

She was unsure of what the woman might do to Heather.

They piled into the Subaru and Lindsay drove to Victor.

“Look at the sign. Victor, Colorado. 9,600 feet,” said Heather. “I have to go again.”

Lindsay stopped and asked a woman where they could find a restroom for Heather.

“The Victor Visitor Center in the old city hall,” she answered. “The only public restroom is in the old jail area.”

“Thank you.”

“Hurry,” said Heather.

When Heather was back to normal we drove to the museum and looked around. Admission was free. We saw antique washing barrels, furniture, and memorabilia from

WWII and information on gold mining. The Independence Mine on Battle Mountain was a big one. We saw the brow of Battle Mountain. It was north of the Linda K. Mine.

Then they walked to the Trading post.

Lindsay took out her dad's GPS unit from her bag. It was 9,619-feet high where she stood. The latitude was 38 degrees, 42.561 minutes and the longitude was 105 degrees, 8.402 minutes.

"Let's go inside," said Lindsay.

They walked inside.

Lindsay took an instant liking to the owner. He looked deliciously handsome with a trim mustache.

"Is there a ton of snow out front in the winter," she asked.

"We have but a foot of snow."

"That's surprising. Do you make brooms here?"

"Yes."

Lindsay walked a few feet. On the wall she saw every kind of broom imaginable. When she turned Lindsay noticed the pretty man had a printing press. He printed postcards and fun cards and envelopes. The owner began to print a map as she watched. His wife stood nearby.

"Look, Lindsay. He has cookie cutters for sale," voiced Heather.

"Yes. "Oh how much is this map of the area?"

"You can have one," said the man.

“Thank you very much.”

Lindsay smiled.

“Victor is called *the city of mines*,” he said.

“Are there any jobs for young women as myself?”

The ring in Lindsay’s voice got a response from his wife. She gave her the lay off he’s mine look.

“A girl as you might get a job as a waitress at the Double Eagle Hotel and Casino in Cripple Creek,” he said. You have to be twenty one to handle money, be a cashier or a slot machine girl. Are you twenty one?”

What in earth is a slot machine girl?

“Yes, we’re both twenty one.”

“You can serve food,” said his wife. “You only have to be fourteen to bus dishes.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Could you direct me to where we’ll be staying a few weeks?” asked Lindsay. “It’s Kadie Anne Master’s place.”

“She went back to Utah. Is she returning? Do you have her key?”

“I don’t know and yes we have a key.”

“Three streets to the north,” he said. “Turn left. You’ll find it.”

“Thank you.”

Lindsay looked at Heather. Then they walked out of the store

“You mean we’re all alone here?” whispered Heather.

“Look’s that way. Let’s go look at it.”

“Okay.”