



Reproduced from Oil
Painting of the
Famous

Redfeather Lakes

Colorado's Finest Play-
ground

Story of "Redfeather" — Romantic Cherokee Chief

THE LEGEND OF REDFEATHER.

MANY moons ago in the gentle Southland, where young Redfeather wooed his Cherokee sweetheart, the Great Spirit appeared in a vision and revealed the whereabouts of a veritable Fishing and Hunting Paradise, hidden from the covetous eyes of mortals, far toward the North Star in the home of the Bear, the Beaver and the Buffalo. "Go, Redfeather," he commanded, "take the trail to the sunset that winds up into the clouds. There you will find golden sunshine, laughing waters filled with fishes and emerald forests crowded with game." The vision was gloriously fulfilled. The Mountain Lakes Empire was claimed for the Cherokees by Redfeather, who was then made chief. So even to this day, courier winds carry a message promising reward to those who follow the trail of Redfeather.

REDFEATHER, progressive and courageous, qualities which made him invariably victorious in war and supreme in the Councils of Peace, was an arch-type of the aristocratic Cherokee Chieftain—a worthy and great leader of a valiant tribe of magnificent horsemen and superb warriors.

Loving peace and hating war, Redfeather held in righteous contempt the crafty, blood-thirsty methods of the common savage warfare. Neither borrowing trouble nor shirking the consequences of its visitation, he stood with all the calm majesty of the Indian Prince. In the sunshine or storm of life he accepted all responsibilities and wisely, promptly and completely discharged them with that simplicity of action which is the distinguishing trait of greatness.

Naturally kind and considerate, Redfeather sought, accepted and esteemed all advances of the paleface and through reciprocal trade relations won their respect, confidence and friendship.

Redfeather's Indian Utopia

REDFEATHER had a rather complex character—timid, quiet, and soft-hearted as the fawn, yet strong and fearless as the lion. Charming in his relations with man, he was frightful and invincible in battle. Possessing the colorful imagination and the warmth of soul of the sunny South where he first saw the light o' day, his ambitious youthful mind was haunted with vague ideas for a sort of Indian Utopia to which he might lead his tribe and there establish an Indian nation which, holding fast to the highest ideals, would in its ultimate represent the finest of all mortal works—a reflection of the Kingdom of the Great Spirit here on earth.

Redfeather, the poetic dreamer, responded to the vision of the Great Spirit and discovered the beautiful chain of mountain lakes—now known as Redfeather Lakes—nestling high up in the Colorado Rockies. Here he found the land of his dreams—a Fishing and Hunting Paradise—a Camping Utopia.

Redfeather, made Chief by his happy, loyal followers, claimed this beautiful land for the Cherokee Nation in the name of the Great Spirit, and bound every brave to a solemn oath to defend it against predatory tribes who would soon discover the priceless character of the Cherokee possessions.

A moon had scarcely passed before the new camp of the Cherokees had been disclosed and there was commenced, and continued for years, the most bitter Indian quarrels involving the Arapahoes, Utes, Cheyennes, Pawnees, Comanches, and other tribes excited to uncontrollable madness by the exclusive possession of the Cherokees to this lake-studded land of rare and marvelous beauty.

The End of the Trail Tragic

REDFEATHER loved this beautiful mountain retreat. To him it was holy land—the special gift of the Great Spirit to his tribe, the Cherokees. Under his inspiration his followers rose to the heroic level of Crusaders in defense of their camp, which they believed was specially favored from on high. For many moons the Cherokees flourished and prospered and their neat tepees increased and dotted the landscape for vast stretches.

But misfortune was stalking the happy Cherokee community. The skeleton hand of Death was soon to reach out and snatch away forever the dreamer—the great Indian Leader, Redfeather. And with his passing his tribe was to become disheartened and turn their sorrowful faces and their pinto ponies toward the southland from whence they came.

The end of the earthly trail for Redfeather came suddenly in the most dramatic battle of his triumphant career. The Pawnees, with a well planned attack, surprised the Cherokees, whose unvarying success in repulsing predacious invaders had been so common it led them into the treacherous belief that they were special wards of the Master of Life; that no tribe was strong enough to vanquish them.

The final and tragic battle between the Cherokees and Pawnees opened up with the first streaks of dawn and continued furiously all day long. Redfeather never before displayed such heroism. In the thickest of the carnage—in the whirlwind of death, there waved the flaming red feather of the

Cherokee Chieftain like the white plume of King Henry of Navarre at Ivry.

His loyal followers, greatly outnumbered, fought with the spirit of the Crusader. The greed-mad Pawnees fought just as fiercely—like hungry mercenaries long restrained from the spoils of conquest. Back and forth the bloody pendulum of fortune swung until the sun began to sink behind the horizon, when Redfeather, gathering all his forces, made a last terrific charge. The Pawnees, tired, weary and exhausted, broke and mercilessly beaten, fled. Victory again crowned the Cherokees, but Chief Redfeather won his last battle. His grand, unconquered soul proudly rode into the Eternal Happy Hunting Grounds, confident that his Mountain Lakes had been saved to his people.

Redfeather was buried on the battlefield where he fell. His bones have long since turned to dust and mingled with the land he loved better than his own life—a truly magnificent sepulchre befitting this aristocratic son of Nature.

Civilization Reveres Memory

THE magic wand of progress has touched these former Indian battle lands and turned them into Elysian fields. Savagery has passed into the mists of memory. Civilization has marched down the dusty centuries and stands radiant and triumphant over this vast Empire, indescribable in scenic magnificence and rich in natural resources far beyond the imagination. Through the thoughtful plans of THE REDFEATHER MOUNTAIN LAKES ASSOCIATION, a Colorado corporation, civilization will revere the memory of Redfeather, Chief of the proud Cherokees. At this good hour, if the immortalized Redfeather pauses on the trail of the Happy Hunting Grounds and turns his keen gaze toward his “laughing lakes” in the top of the regal mountains of Northern Colorado, he will be amazed to find palefaces of fine impulses carrying into execution the splendid idea which he merely sensed in a vague way, but which in the next decade will take form, and the people of the whole world will regard the finished work as America’s most beautiful and fascinating playgrounds—Redfeather Lakes.

Where Once the Red Man Roamed at Will, Now His Paleface Successor Enjoys His Favorite Sports



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ONE OF THE MOST UNIQUE GOLF LINKS IN AMERICA — WHERE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS SMILE DOWN ON OILED SAND GREENS AND ROLLING FAIRWAYS

Redfeather Lakes Today Is Colorado's Finest Playground

REDFEATHER Lakes playgrounds consists of over 6,000 acres of regal mountain nature sweeping from 7,500 to 8,500 feet above sea level. Evergreen forests lighted up in patches by the silvery sheen of quaking aspen groves; broad, undulating meadows covered with gorgeous wild flowers, varying from the most delicately tinted to the most barbaric colored types; gigantic piles of multi-colored, castellated rocks in awesome formation; lovely, azure skies holding the mystery of the ages; rarified air of incredible clarity; babbling brooks that tumble their ways through hills and dales; golden sunshine, more glorious in Colorado than anywhere on earth, and in the distance, the empurpled mountains, their glistening, snow-capped peaks piercing the floating clouds—THAT is the enchanted setting of Redfeather Lakes.

Eight beautiful lakes constitute the Redfeather chain. They are Redfeather, Columbine, Shagwa, Owaissa, Pocahontas, Ramona, Letitia and Hiawatha. Combined, they cover hundreds of acres of ground, and each lake can easily be reached by automobile. By reason of the diversified character of their shore lines, thousands of picturesque sites offer unlimited possibilities to carry out cherished dreams of an ideal mountain-lakes home. There are clear, level spots carpeted with wild flowers; cozy nooks among friendly, singing pines; rugged crags high up where eagles build their nests; or, there is the complete seclusion to be reached farther back in the emerald-clad forests. In the deep valleys there are numerous ice-cold springs of purest water, and pretty dells abounding in wild strawberries, raspberries and huckleberries.

The Cache la Poudre River, a dashing, swirling stream teeming with trout, rises in the Black Mountains, just west of Lake Pocahontas and flows north and east across the Colorado National Forest, which completely encircles Redfeather. Along the numerous streams tributary to the Cache la Poudre, willow and quaking aspen grow in profusion. The North Fork of the Lone Pine flows for miles through the northern part and the South Fork touches the southern border of Redfeather and is filled with native and brook trout.

The Mummy and Medicine Bow Mountain Ranges, the latter a link to the Great Continental Divide, make an impressive border on the west and southwest, and three towering peaks of the Black Mountains stand like mighty sentinels at the northwest. Bear, deer and elk make homes in these thickly forested fastnesses.

The high ridge extending almost through the very center of Redfeather is a spur of the higher mountain ranges to the west and north, and is the natural runway for deer in their yearly migration from above timberline to the lower and more open winter grazing.

All sorts of healthful, vigorous exercises can be had at Redfeather. The Redfeather Mountain Lakes Association has plans now in the making for an unusually beautiful eighteen-hole golf course and club house, fine tennis courts and a baseball field; all these will be operated upon a community basis, and will be exclusively for all homesite owners and their guests to enjoy.

In the winter, all kinds of sports can be planned—skating, skiing, snowshoeing, tobogganing and ice-boat racing.



A Few of the Many Cabins Built at Redfeather Lakes



Maintained Exclusively for Stocking Our Lakes. Capacity 1,000,000 Trout Eggs Annually.

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The
Redfeather Mountain Lakes
Colorado's
Finest
Playground

HOMESITES in the mountain playgrounds of America are growing scarce. Prices are steadily advancing. Desirable locations are becoming less available as demand increases. The history of all famous resorts of Colorado proves this. In the past few years prices for Colorado mountain homesites in the vicinity of Colorado Springs, Manitou, Evergreen, Lookout Mountain, Grand Lake, Estes Park, etc., have increased manyfold.

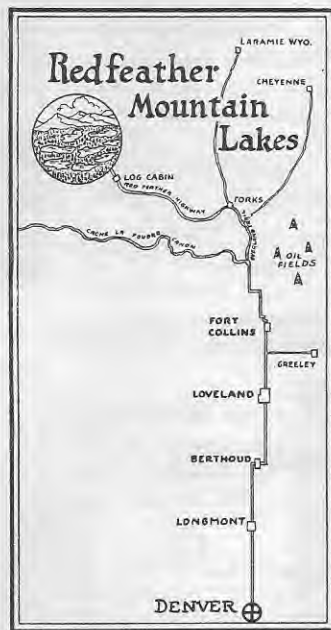
Never before has Redfeather Lakes been open to the public. Never before has anyone had the opportunity to buy a homesite therein. But now, under the plans of the Redfeather Mountain Lakes Association,

you and yours can have a place of your own to enjoy the rare pleasure of outdoor camping in God's wonderland. This is the first time, to our knowledge, that mountain homesites are being offered and SOLD to the public under a Written Guarantee (copy of same on request), in a scenic environment of such enchantment, possessing the many additional features of Nature's most healthful recreations—fishing, hunting, boating, bathing, golfing, horseback riding, etc. This is the first time, to our knowledge, that a mountain homesite, with so many desirable features can be bought and OWNED OUT-RIGHT for as low a price as we offer. Is it any wonder these homesites are selling so rapidly?



The Redfeather Silver Fox Farm is among the interesting attractions at Redfeather.

- FACILITIES**
- Hotel
 - Dance Pavilion
 - Filling Station
 - Groceries
 - Meat Market
 - Bakery
 - Cafe
 - Row Boats
 - Saddle Horses
 - Golf Equipment
 - Fishing Tackle
 - Lumber Yard
 - Building Material
 - Contractors and Carpenters
 - Post Office
 - Electric Lights



ROAD MAP
Redfeather Lakes is located but four hours' motor ride from Denver, over paved roads to Fort Collins, and hard-surfaced gravel roads beyond. A scenic drive all the way.

- IMPROVEMENTS**
- Administration Building
 - Gate Office
 - Silver Fox Farm
 - Highways
 - Lake Development
 - Fish Hatchery
 - Golf Course
 - Many Cottages
 - Spring Houses
 - Telephone
 - Public Toilets
 - Stables
 - Tourist Camp
 - Boat House



A Few Hours Hunt at Redfeather Resulted in These Ten Mallards

PRICES, TERMS AND FURTHER INFORMATION ON APPLICATION

The Redfeather Mountain Lakes Association

Cor. Seventeenth and Stout Sts.

Denver, Colorado