HISTORY OF LIBRARY STORY OF ADMIRABLE COMMUNITY EFFORT.

The thought of a Carnegie Library for Sterling originated in the Zeta Zeta Club, a literary organization of young married women. This club was organized in 1904 and from its beginning has done worth-while things for its home town.

According to the record, I find that on February 10, 1909, the club voted to purchase John Lord's "Beacon Lights of History", a publication consisting of fifteen volumes, costing $37.50, to be paid for in monthly installments and for use as reference books by members of the club.

The historian of the club relates: "These books proved to be somewhat of a white elephant, as there was no public place to keep them where members could have free access to them. It was finally decided that the president should be custodian. There was immediately a great clamor for that office. But in the subconscious minds was born the idea of the necessity for a public library, and before many years this idea bore fruit; and this much discussed set of books really became the nucleus of the library that was to be."

The first mention of a library in the club was on October 7, 1910, when it was suggested by a member that "we start discussing with our husbands the matter of a Carnegie library." On November 4th of the same year a motion of Mrs. Platt Burke, a committee was appointed to "wait upon the city council, and to write a letter to Mr. Carnegie relative to establishing a library in Sterling." The committee was appointed by the president, Mrs. E.O. Withrow. It included Mrs. H.P. Burke, Mrs. B.D. Fletcher and Mrs. Robert Bartholomew. Mrs. Burke resigned and Mrs. O.D. Forbes was appointed to take her place. Later, Mrs. A.D. Jackson was made a member of the committee with Mrs. Forbes as chairman. Mrs. Forbes leadership and untiring work more than any other factor secured the Carnegie Library for Sterling.

City Levy Obtained.

From the time this committee was appointed, a lively correspondence was carried on with the Carnegie corporation. On May 5, 1911, presidents of other clubs were invited to cooperate and assist in the big task undertaken. On October 7, 1912 a committee representing the clubs appeared before the city council, asking that an ordinance be enacted providing for the establishing of a library. This was done and is known as Ordinance No. 3, 1912, later, upon the request of a similar committee, the board made a levy of one-half mill in response to a request for one mill on taxable property for library purposes.

On December 7, 1914, a library board was appointed by J.H. King, Mayor, at that time; including P.H. Blair, Mrs. C.D. Forbes, Charles E. Timberlake, Mrs. J.W. Arnold and Mrs. W.H. Conklin. The last named member has served on this board continuously since that time. The first task of this board was the securing of a lot for the building, which was now sure to come. The purchase and payment therefor was one of the requirements of the Carnegie corporation. The aspiration of the Zeta Zetas to pay the first $500 on the lot made this a busy group and this wish became a reality after years of hard work, with teas, bake sales, tag days, picture shows, etc.

The first meeting of the newly created board was held in the City Hall December 7th, the day after the appointment of members.
All members were present. Organization was perfected and officers elected. As provided by the ordinance, Mayor King, by virtue of his office, was president. Other officers elected were: Vice President, F.H. Blair; Secretary, Mrs. C.D. Forbes; Treasurer, H.L. Titus. Mrs. Forbes held the position as secretary until August 8, 1921. From that time Mrs. Titus has acted in that capacity. Since April 24, 1918, the board meetings have been held on the first Wednesday after the first Monday in each month.

Bids are Asked

On January 17, 1915, a call published for sealed proposals of sites for a library building brought responses from sixteen owners of lots in various parts of town, ranging in price from $1,000 to $7,000. The present site was purchased for $4,000 from Mrs. Jennie Middletatd. The dwelling house on the lot was sold to John Held for $332 and removed. Then began the task of raising the $4,000 to pay for the lot. The Zeta Zeta's had their $500 ready and it was the first payment to be made. The W.C.T.U. proposed to pay the last $500 on the lot and an additional $200 for periodicals as needed after the library was opened.

Messrs. Titus and Blair were appointed to solicit funds from friends of the movement, and brought in $4,211.48. With the help of different organizations and individuals the necessary amount was secured and on February 23, 1916, the last cent was paid. At last the time had come when the building could be started. At this time applications began coming in for the position of librarian, Miss Marvin's among them. She had had no training in library work but would fit herself for the position and was employed. The salary was to be $40 per month but later an additional $10 was allowed for help if needed.

William Cowe of Denver was employed as architect, on March 29, 1916, and L.J. Brown as contractor. The sum of money furnished by the Carnegie corporation was $12,500, to be used for the building. Furnishings, floor coverings, grading, sidewalks, and light fixtures were to be paid for by the city. The building was completed early in 1918 and was opened to the public.

2000 Volumes at Opening

Mrs. Forbes, J.A. Saxson, who served on the board for three years, and F.H. Blair constituted the committee on the selection of books. The committee on selection of furniture was Mrs. Forbes and Mrs. Conklin. Mr. Saxson, with a group of high school boys and girls did the work of cataloguing and classifying the books. Miss Irma Downes, librarian at Greeley, assisted in the work preliminary to opening the library to the public. At the time of the opening there were nearly 2,000 books on the shelves, some of them contributed but most of them new. Two days were given to the opening exercises, one for the formal presentation of the building to the city, in charge of the Zeta Zeta's, and the second being devoted to the children's department, the latter in charge of the Reviewers Club, this club having assumed responsibility for that department.

At first Miss Marvin was able to take care of the job with little help, but very soon an assistant became necessary and Mrs. Margaret Marvin was employed. At present three persons are regularly employed with assistants from the training class which has been organized since 1930. Students taking this course are given high school credit and some of them expect to become professional librarians. These students assist in the work of the library for the practice and thus receive valuable experience.

National Book week is observed each year and is becoming more and more interesting. In these celebrations a central theme is depicted which is designed
to create interest in books and reading as well as in literary appreciation. The children love it as do the grown-ups.

In 1928 Sterling entertained the thirty-eighth annual meeting of the State Library Association. Miss Marvin was honored by being elected first vice president at this meeting.

Children's Room Dedicated

Probably the most interesting event in the story of our library took place three years ago, when the lecture room was converted into a children's room, where the children could have their own books, furniture, pictures—everything all to themselves. This had been the dream of the library board for years, and it was a delight when the quarters upstairs were outgrown by the increase in patronage and the children were literally crowded out. When we say this is a basement room, it is not to be thought of as a dark, gloomy place, but, on the contrary, it is light and cheery, with plenty of color and attractiveness. Numerous gifts have been presented to this room which add much to its appearance. "Wynken, Elyken and Nod," a statuette, the work of Mabel Landram Torrey, Sterling's own, from the Zeta Zeta Club; dolls from Holland and Scotland from Mrs. Hadfield and Selberta Conklin and many others.

On August 7, 1929, Mayor George E. McConlay, appointed a committee of Mrs. Titus, Mrs. Conklin and Marcus C. Leh to present plans for converting the lecture room into a children's room to be used for library purposes. The work of this committee may be briefly told by quoting their report to the board eight months later: "About the middle of September the committee met the chairman of the finance committee of the city council and presented to him the pressing need of more money for library purposes. The matter was brought before the council and we were given a mill levy for the year 1930. Being sure that this extra money would take care of the salary of another librarian, the committee called for bids for shelving, floor covering and other necessary work to remodel the room."

In December the work began and the room was ready to open to the public March 19, 1930. The total cost was $1,268.10. Gifts of money were received from Women's Club, $100; Zeta Zeta Club, $100; Reviewers Club, $50; Chapter BG, P.E.O., $25; Lions, $25; Rotary, $40; from sale of piano and other furniture and various other sources amounting to $1,178.56. New gifts for the room include a beautiful Telford clock, bearing the inscription, 'In loving memory of Margaret Marvin, the gift of Chapter BG, P.E.O.; a sleeping-top table from Chapter Z, P.E.O.; an atlas given by a group of grateful friends; 'The Robin's Song', a statuette designed by Mabel Landram Torrey, presented by Miss Katherine Marvin; a physical map of Colorado by Elbridge Gerry Chapter of D.A.R.; and a photograph of Mrs. Margaret Marvin by her daughter'.

Nearly 7,000 Borrowers

During the first year 6,793 children visited the room. The circulation of volumes was 13,013 for non-fiction and 16,743 for fiction. There were 908 borrowers' cards issued. The first card was issued to Jane Ellen McConley, daughter of the mayor at that time, and president of the board.

In this room the children enjoy and appreciate the story hour provided by the library, also the summer reading courses conducted by Mrs. Bertha Rogers. As is well known, this children's room was named the Margaret Marvin Memorial Room in memory of the faithful service of her whose work in the library is the interest of the children was of such great value. The name is inscribed on a bronze name plate above the door of the room.

Mrs. Lulu Boone was chosen to be assistant librarian to fill the vacancy made by the passing of Mrs. Marvin. Mrs. Boone is a trained librarian, with wide experience.
She received her training in the library school of the University of Illinois, and for approximately seventeen years held the position of head librarian of the Kansas State Teachers college. Mrs. Bertha Rogers was engaged as librarian of the children's room. Sterling is fortunate to have a library as well operated.

Of recent years' history of the library, too much has been done to tell in the space available, and the purpose of this article was to give the early history which may have been forgotten.

The Sterling library is an institution of which all Sterling is proud. It is a valuable asset to the town, and those who are responsible for it have provided a safe place for the young people to spend their time profitably and well.

Growth Is Surprising

The growth of the library has been surprising, as will be seen from a few figures given in the monthly reports of the librarian:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Volumes</th>
<th>Borrowers</th>
<th>Circulation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>7,400</td>
<td>3,023</td>
<td>35,849</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1927</td>
<td>9,852</td>
<td>3,944</td>
<td>45,245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1928</td>
<td>10,562</td>
<td>3,511</td>
<td>52,875</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1932</td>
<td>13,724</td>
<td>3,547</td>
<td>74,378</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

An average of 262 books per month was repaired this year by Mrs. Rogers and her helpers.

During the first year of the children's room, the report is:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Number of children visiting the room</td>
<td>6,793</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circulation for non-fiction</td>
<td>15,013</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circulation, fiction</td>
<td>16,743</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total circulation</td>
<td>48,745</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Written and signed by Mrs. Emma Burke-Conklin this 2d day of January, 1934.
A RETROSPECT ON LOGAN COUNTY.

COURAGEOUS MEN AND WOMEN LAID FOUNDATION OF CITY; LEFT IMPRESS ON COMMUNITY.

TRIALS AND ADVENTURES OF PIONEERS ARE RECALLED BY WILLIAM L. HAY'S OUTSTANDING CHARACTERS IN COMMUNITY LIFE ARE EULOGIZED IN REMINISCENCES AND TRIBUTE PAID TO THEIR SERVICE.

The political history of Logan County, as a county, begins with its creation in 1887 to be exact, with the signing of the bill that established the county government by Governor Alva Adams on the twenty-fifth day of February, 1887, just sixteen days after the formation of Washington County. Morgan, Tuna, Phillips and Sedgwick were all finished two years later and these six counties originally constituted a part of Weld County. There was nothing small about Weld County with over 12,000 square miles of territory—more than half as large as my native state of West Virginia, and its citizens, so far as I know them were just as large in comparison.

Governor Ben Eaton, Jared L. Brush, Max Clark and Bruce Johnson from Greeley and its vicinity were specimens of the character of men who made that country the garden spot of the nation in many respects.

But the dominant population of Weld County, at least the Greeley settlement were from the northwestern part of what we now call the East; and among them also were strong men who came from the South and from England, and these with their families sought homes further down the South Platte and established settlements near what is now the city of Sterling.

They were strong men, all of them, and I recall their characters often in my reminiscences with great pleasure and satisfaction. Very few of them are left among us, but Mrs. Sallie J. Cheairs, Mrs. Edna Westlake, W.C. (Cathy) Propst, Ed Davis (now past eighty-nine years of age) and H.D. (Davis) Ayres—twice elected sheriff—surely with us and give us some idea of the kind of people and the kind of men from which it took to lay the foundation of Logan County's prosperity.

Among those who did much for the County in the pioneer days and who have gone to their reward were William S. Hadfield, Sidney E. Propst, Richard C. Perkins, William E. Tatesell, Hugh Davis, J.M. King, M.C. King, Mrs. Mary E. Ayres, R.E. Smith, A.H. Sanders, Calvin Cheairs and son J.J. Cheairs.

Early in the '70's these people with a number of their kind came into what is now Logan County, settling around the present sites of Sterling and Marino. At that time the Indian, deer and buffalo all claimed an equal right to the soil. Supplies were freighted overland by ox team to Greeley and Denver and mountain camps. It was a time of transition from the Indian's mode of life to the semi-wild life of the cowboy and shepherd. Our settlers began by constructing irrigation ditches and combining agriculture with stock growing. And for some sixteen years there was little thought of farming above the irrigating ditches.
Wild Game Abundant

For years during this period Alva Adams, afterward twice governor of the State, and a wealthy hardware merchant, was working as a day laborer; the late William S. Hadfield, one of our wealthiest citizens, was herding cattle and working for Bruce Johnson; the late Sidney R. Frost, one of our best known and honored citizens, was carrying the mail between Greeley and Julesburg; and for five years he continued to connect these outposts of civilization with the rest of the world by keeping them in touch by means of the mail. He told me that although the manner of living in those days was rough, yet wild game—the buffalo, the white and black tail deer, were abundant and so far as palatable food was concerned it was easy enough to enjoy the most luxurious life.

Within a few years the cattle had supplanted the buffalo, and sheep ranches sprang up all over the country; and aside from the owners, the cowboys and shepherders were the important personages of the country. And many thrilling experiences were the lot of these pioneers of civilization. Mr. Hadfield was at one time riding the range when he was fired upon by an Indian in hiding and a severe bullet wound inflicted in his leg. In the early days a unique character, Holten Godfrey by name, constructed a strong sod wall on the south side of the river near Merino which he christened "Fort Wicked" and used to entertain strangers with stories of hair-raising adventures and miraculous escapes from imminent death at the hands of the Indians. The old walls of his fort are still to be seen on the ranch, until recently owned by C.F.(Fred) Lutin.

Immigrant Train Attacked

(Sometime in the early settlement of points in Colorado, probably about 1867, at some point between Sterling and Fort Sedgwick, an immigrant train was attacked by the Sioux Indians and as I understood—every human among them brutally murdered. Major O'Brien, then being in command of the U.S. Soldiers in this part of the West, was at that time; if I have it right, stationed at Fort Sedgwick, at or near what is now the town of Sedgwick; and receiving news of the massacre shortly after it occurred he immediately set out with a band of cavalrymen with whom was a company commanded by Captain Nicholson, afterward elected lieutenant governor in 1892. They hotly pursued the Indians and completely surprised them about daybreak at what is now known as the Battle Ground Spring, about twelve or thirteen miles south of Sterling. A sanguinary fight ensued in which pretty much all, if not all the Indians were killed.

Many of the old settlers can still recall interesting and sometimes amusing experiences with the Indians and some of the tragedies of life occurred in the eastern parts of Colorado. The Pawnees, Arapahos, Cheyennes, all branches of the great Sioux tribe, I believe, were often hostile with one another and all bore deadly enmity toward the Utes, who inhabited the foothills and the mountainous parts of the state. The Utes were constantly making incursions down among the Indians of the plains for the purpose of stealing ponies. Sometimes they were successful and drove hundreds of their prey with them back into the mountains; but sometimes their marauding bodies were attacked and generally massacred to a man; for the Utes were no matches for the larger and more war-like Sioux when they had to fight in the open on the plains. But in the mountains the tables and advantages were reversed, and when the Sioux ventured into the mountains in their efforts to recover their stolen booty, they generally met the same fate at the hands of the Utes as they administered unto the latter when they fought on the plains.
Harry Schneider told the writer an incident that occurred about the year 1873. A band of some hundred Utes passed down the Platte by Harry's sheep ranch on the south side of the river near what is now Atwood. Some few days later of an early morning they came rushing back in the greatest hurry driving several hundred ponies stolen from the Sioux. He said every movement of the Indian showed his anxiety to get back into the mountains. They usually travelled somewhat leisurely and generally wanted something to eat, but not so on this occasion. An hour or such a matter after the main band had passed up the river, their celebrated chief, Ouray, came jogging along at a moderate pace evidently keeping observations on the rear. He was noted for his friendship for the whites and spoke a broken English quite well. He stopped and talked quite a while with Harry, but no reference was made by either to the stolen ponies or their business. But when he started after his band, he pointed to a spot in the sky, where the sun would be about 2 o'clock p.m. and looked at Harry rather comically and said: "Sun get-up there, along come Sioux, heap mad." And Harry said just about that time designated by Ouray, the Sioux to the number of several hundred dressed in their war paint and furious with anger surged along up the river in pursuit. But Harry said that on that occasion the Utes succeeded in eluding their pursuers; but they were not always so successful.

Manassas Litch, who is still of sound mind and memory, lived on the south side of the river, just above the Sterling bridge. He settled on the south side of the river in the early seventies when the prairies abounded with Indians, buffaloes, deer and antelopes. He can tell interesting experiences of those early days and I think a person finds it profitable to listen to many of them and thus connect ourselves by the medium of an eye witness with the early history of our county.

Logan County has played no unimportant role in the development of the history of Colorado. It was one of the very first counties to demonstrate the feasibility of carrying the waters of the Platte River out over the bottoms and table lands by means of the irrigation ditch and thus converting barren wastes into waving fields of grain and making sites for happy homes, prosperous communities, where the school house, churches and roads betoken the advance of our American civilization.

In 1872, R.C. Perkins and a few of his friends began the construction of the old Sterling No. 1 Ditch and the next year W.E. Tetsell began the construction of the Tetsell Ditch above Merino, and these men stayed with their enterprises until they were completed and according to the acreage covered by these canals there are not in the United States more successful irrigating systems.) These were the beginnings of Logan County's wonderful irrigation systems, so that now lands to the extent of 120,000 acres have by means of ditches and reservoirs been made valuable—valuable far above any price that has ever been paid for these wonderfully productive acres.

In the growth of what is called the "dry farming" industry, Logan County was among the first to demonstrate that with a proper handling of the soil crops can be grown with reasonable certainty with no other moisture applied than the natural rainfall. With the birth of the county came a hardy race of what might be called the second pioneers who settled on the uplands in 1886 and '87; and after several years of varied successes and failures that phase of agriculture has been established as a successful business. With the coming of these people and the construction of the Colorado and Wyoming railroad, connecting Holdredge and Cheyenne, Sterling began a steady growth that has continued uninterrupted every since with the exception of the temporary set back in 1894 and for some three years thereafter.
First Grew Sugar Beets

(The growing of the sugar beet and the manufacture of beet sugar has become
one of the greatest industries in the state within the last thirty years, and it is
a matter of some pride to our farmers to remember that the first sugar beets grown
in Colorado, outside of the Agricultural College, were grown in Logan County.
In 1890 the County Commissioners purchased a few pounds of sugar beet seed and dis-
tributed them among a few farmers who cultivated them successfully and continued
every year to do so until now the industry brings into the hands of the farmers of
our county from one to two million dollars per annum for beets alone.)

But this article is not intended as a discussion of the wonderful possi-
bilities and resources of the county. It is merely intended as a retrospect on
some of the features and characters of its history that have contributed to make our
county what it is. To one who came in touch somewhat with the men and women that
were active in the development of the early history of the county, it seems appro-
riate that posterity should take an interest in those characters who forged westward
for five hundred miles into a land considered at that time only as a fit habitation
for the buffalo and the coyote. But those hardy characters had seen life and learned
to do men's work before they came into the territory of Colorado; and when we think
of some of their experiences and know more of them, we can realize that right here
was a place where strong men met to make history.

From distant England came William S. Hadfield, Harry Schneider and William
E. Tatsell; from north of the Ohio River came John W. Iliff, Jared L. Brush, the
Buchanan boys, the Gumm boys, the Fitch boys, D.B. Delzell and among the earlier
immigrants Manassas Litch and later his brother George and A.L. Litch.

But the principal settlers of the early settlement known as Sterling came from the
South and established themselves between the years 1872 and '73.

R.E. Perkins, mentioned above, in 1872 had served in the Confederate army
during the Civil War under General Forest and under Lee in Virginia. He was severely
wounded in the leg at the Battle of Malvern Hill by a minnie ball and after
fighting from the beginning to the end, surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

Sidney R. Propst also served under General Lee until taken prisoner
and lay in prison until the close of hostilities.

Major E.L. Minter also served the Confederacy in the capacity of that official, but
I never knew to what extent he saw active service. James M. King and M.C. King,
the founder of Sterling also Southerners, were among the earlier settlers of Sterling
and each has left an honored family of children in active life among us.

Edward Davis and his brother Hugh Davis, both strong men, helped
develop Logan County. And prominently among them all was Major Newton Isom, father
of Mrs. Edward Davis, Mrs. Hugh Davis, Mrs. D.B. Delzell and Mrs. John Kendal.
Major Isom served the confederacy actively during the war; but I never met a man freer
from sectional or narrow political views. He was truly a type of the old-time
Southern gentleman-sensible, well informed, polite with an unerring sense of propriety.
I can truly say that I never saw a more perfect gentleman.

Leave Impress on County.

Looking back at the lives of these men, I see they have left their impress
upon the character of our country. (John Iliff's name is commemorated by the Iliff
Theological School founded with his money) Jared L. Brush was for years president of
the First National Bank of Greeley and as one of the board of regents of the State
Agricultural College at Fort Collins, had much to do with the bringing of that institution up to its present state of efficiency. His son, Walter L. Brush, son-in-law to R.C. Perkins, served two terms as sheriff of Logan County and enjoys a host of warm friends.

Dixon Buchanan served most efficiently for two terms as sheriff of the county, as did Charles Fitch and Davis Ayres. D.B. Delzell was twice elected and served two terms as county treasurer, and was elected for two terms in later years, and has many warm and sincere friends.

These are all strong men and worthy of the respect that has been shown them and while we have had many good and honorable officials whom I have not mentioned, I have thought of these men in connection with the early history of our county and city, and it seems worthy of mention that those who have done so much for the upbuilding thereof should be thus honored.

Signed at Sterling, Colo. this 30th day of December, 1933.

(Mr. Hayes is 82 years old.)

[Signature]
The town was incorporated in 1884, but there are no city records prior to the year 1887. Very little can be obtained from Weld County, as most of these records which related to the town were sent to Sterling and were lost, no one seeming to know just how these records disappeared. Therefore, the early history must consist of recollections of the old pioneers who are left.

Application for the incorporation of Sterling was made on September 1, 1884, before County Judge Scott of Greeley. The application was signed by forty-one persons, viz: James W. Norvell; W.L. Henderson, W.S. Jenkins; W.H. Schenck; J.M. King; R.C. Wobs; R.A. Huphe; Chas. T. Austin; Robert Tracy; Geo. W. Martyn; W.V. Propst; Wm. Mathwell; M.H. Smith; B.M. Taylor; R.W. Gates; E.R. Peals; H.D. Ayres; W.C. Packard; J.M. Hall; J.R. Wallace; Abe Brun; J.R. May; Charles Kelli; A.J. Weir; W.R. Vaughn; J.J. Weir; Wm. Kelson; John McClure; W.G. Waugh; L.J. Judd; Eugene Waugh; Thos. L. Watson; F.A. Moir; H.R. Judd; W.N. Kennedy; M. Litch; G.H. Wilson; Geo. Wilson; John Alexander.

On the thirteenth day of September, 1884, County Judge Scott appointed the following commissioners to provide for the election: Robert Tracy; John Alexander; M.H. Smith; Thos. L. Watson; and Morris Davis. This election was held on the eighth day of November, same year, with sixty-nine votes cast, sixty-five voted for, and four against the incorporation of the town. The final decree of court, entered November 10th, declared Sterling an incorporated town.

Sterling's first mayor was George Wilson, well remembered by many of Sterling's present people. The first clerk was John Alexander, as was learned from the second mayor, J.C. Strahorn. (Mr. Strahorn now resides at North Platte, Wyo.) The first aldermen consisted of W.L. Henderson, J.M. King, A.C. Strahorn; R.F. Smith and J.E. Wallace. Under the second mayor, J.C. Strahorn, the following were the aldermen: W.L. Henderson, J.M. King, John E. Wallace; and Thos. L. Watson; John Alexander, clerk.

Mr. Wallace built the house on the northwest corner of Second and Chestnut Streets, owned until recently by G.C. Town. Mr. Strahorn first lived in the house now owned by Mrs. Ella Grissom, and later in the W.L. Henderson house on the corner of Fourth and Poplar Streets.

Mr. Wilson, the first mayor, built and occupied the house on Third Street just north of the W.H. Conklin residence. Mr. Wilson died December 19, 1866, and is buried in the deserted cemetery north of town.

The third mayor was R.L. Rowden. The aldermen were W.S. Jenkins, John McClure, C.L. Goodwin and J.M. King. This Board was in office till the spring of 1887. The first available record begins November ninth of that year, and gives the names of the officers of the town from that time on.

The Town Board of Sterling met on November 9, 1887, and the main matter of business was an application for a saloon license, which was unanimously granted to Charles P. Kelly, for three months. At this same meeting a levy of "six cents per running foot" was voted for the purpose of grading Fourth Street, probably the first street grading done in Sterling.

The owners of the townsite, M.C. King and R.E. Smith, agreed at the time of incorporation to eliminate the "liquor clause" heretofore required in all their deeds upon stipulation that the citizens would elect a Board of Trustees that would pledge itself not to issue licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquor during its tenure of office, which stipulation was cheerfully complied with.
The next council meeting was on December 7th, following; one rather interesting and amusing conversation took place at this meeting. Night Watchman J. E. Boyce appeared at this meeting and suggested that as the town was in a "quiet and orderly condition", that it was not necessary to continue the job of night watchmen, and advised that said office be discontinued until the safety of the town should require it. This, the council did, but the record shows that very shortly the office was resumed.

During the year 1888, the Board held their meetings in the Perkins Building on Front Street, paying for its use $5.00 per month. Other town officers were housed in different buildings in the town. As previously stated, a three months saloon license had been granted; this license expired in January, 1888, and another application was presented. This time a counter petition appeared, presented by citizens against the issuance of licenses. The action of the Board is not recorded.

During this year a board of health was established and a Board of Trade organized. Among the members of the Board of Trade were H. C. Sherman, J. F. Watts and J. M. Henderson. The office of Street Commissioner was created.

In February of this year, a bill was before the State Legislature providing for the establishment of a State Normal School, and the town board of Sterling appointed a committee, consisting of Hon. H. E. Tedmon, Ex-State Senator, J. M. Henderson and J. D. Adams to use their influence in having Sterling designated in said bill "as the proper and only place for said school to be located." A committee was also sent to Washington, D. C., to favor the establishment of a Federal Land Office in Sterling.

At the spring election of 1888, three important questions came up for settlement; first, the issuance of water bonds; second, refunding bonds; third, the saloon license question. The vote stood, for water bonds, 138 for and 10 against; refunding bonds, 103 for and 10 against; for saloon license, 101 for and 56 against.

The first City Attorney of whom there is a record was C. L. Allen, whose salary was $50.00 per year.

The records show that Geo. A. Henderson was Town Treasurer and gave a bond of $5,000 and that his salary was "honorary." A report of the finance committee, dated April 26, 1888, showed the receipts of the treasurer for the previous year to be $3,223.58.

In April, 1888, the proposition of issuing bonds for the purpose of building a Town Hall was submitted to the taxpayers and carried by a vote of 103 to 10. The erection of this two-story brick building was completed in February, 1889 at a cost of $8,000. It stood facing Main Street near the corner of the court house square, in front of the site of the present Court House. The first floor of this new Town Hall was used for both City and County offices, and the second for court room, opera house, church dinners, and general community center. On November 27, 1889, the building was sold to the county for a County Court House, the county assuming the bonded indebtedness of the building as the purchase price. Other buildings on this block at that time were the city hose house, the residence of H. C. Sherman, located on the corner facing the Geo. A. Henderson home on Third Street, the sheriff's home and county jail adjoining, and law office of S. A. Burke near the City Hall facing Main Street. These buildings were all moved away the latter part of 1889.
In 1888 the city water of Sterling was analyzed by C. P. Davis and he reported it as being "relatively very hard, containing a large quantity of carbonate of lime and no salts of magnesium, very good for all domestic purposes, except for washing. Its hardness will necessitate the use of a good deal of soap."

In 1890-91 Main Street was graveled; this same year a "hook and ladder" house was built on the courthouse square, near where the band stand is now located. It was built by Chas. B. Baldwin, at a cost of $1,547.00. This was Sterling's first precaution against fire.

The annual appropriation made by the town board for the town in 1891 was as follows: streets and public grounds, $400.00; fire department, $1,000.00; officers not otherwise provided for, $500.00; ditch fund, $150.00; contingent fund, $500.00. In 1892 the total appropriation was $1,200.00 and in 1893, $1,400.00. During this year the town voted to close the saloon.

During the following year Sterling had two street lamps installed, the first in the town. A. D. Jackson was appointed as "lamp lighter."

On August 17th, 1893, an ordinance was passed by the town council requiring that in the future all sidewalks be made of cement or stone, thus doing away with the old board sidewalks.

At the municipal election of 1895, when the temperance issue was warm, there were four women candidates on the ticket: Mrs. Sam Ard, Mrs. E. M. Henderson, Mrs. Edna Heir (Westlake) and Mrs. E. M. Stanton, none of whom were elected. At this time instead of "bootleggers," there was the illicit, liquor selling drug stores, the "Club Room" and the "Poker Garden;" the last named being what is now known as Pioneer Park about one mile west of Sterling.

During this year the town board passed an ordinance, drawn up at the request of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for the purpose of prohibiting and suppressing as nuisances, saloons, club houses, and all other places for the selling, keeping, or giving away of intoxicating liquors within the town of Sterling, and within one mile of the city limits.

On March 24, 1890, the town board called "A special meeting for the purpose of settling the town well question." A committee reported that the well was finished at 245 feet with a good supply of water, which by analysis of Dr. J. W. Hall was found to contain 24 grains of mineral, Springfield 16 grains and Tobin's saloon well 72 grains. Trustees Henderson made a motion that the well be accepted and settled for on a basis of 245 feet. Motion carried.

A petition for a saloon license in this year had the signature of one woman.

In 1890, the Land Office was opened in Sterling. Norman H. Meldrum was appointed Receiver; E. W. Tebon, Register; and C. W. DonCarlos, chief clerk. The first homestead entry in this office was made by Aafer Arnold. The smallest amount of business transacted was in 1895, and the greatest was in the years 1910, 1911 and 1912.

The first entry on land within the present boundaries of Logan County was made by Wm. S. Hadfield, on April 4, 1873, and at the time of his death, May 23, 1937, still owned this land. The first final proof within the county was filed August 3, 1880, by Frances M. Stevens.
When the Land Office opened its books for the transaction of business there were 828,710 acres of land subject to entry within Logan County. The first surveys of lands were made by A. W. Fahringer. On July 1, 1885, the office was moved to Denver as the amount of business here was not sufficient to justify its continuance. Charles E. Timberlake served in the office as Receiver for seventeen years.

The first Block Additions in Sterling were known as King & Smith's in 1884; two years later there were two more, namely, Packard's and Park Place; also Packard's Sub-division, and M.C. King's Sub-division. In 1887, there were the B & M Addition, Broadway, N. & H. Riverside, Smith & Hunter, Bowling Green and Poppleton's Additions, and Clark's and McLaughlin's Sub-divisions; in 1888 the Allen and Paul's sub-division, also Sutherland's and Rogers', and Bowden's sub-divisions, and the Colorado Central Railroad's Addition; in 1889 Schenk's Sub-division was formed. Some of the later additions to Sterling are: Homebuilders', Cheira's, Beatie's, Armour's City Park Addition, Gillett, and Wootla Addition.

Banks of Sterling.

The first bank in Sterling was established in 1884, by M.F. Smith, a private institution; capitalization was $20,000.00.

The First National Bank was organized in the summer of 1900 by Charles Yale, Geo. A. Henderson, L.M. Judd, W.J. Powell, W.S. Hadfield and F.M. Kelsey. Location was in the building now occupied by the W.J. Hendrick Jewelry Store. On November 23rd, same year, the bank opened for business with Mr. Henderson, President, and Mr. Yale as Cashier. Capital stock was $25,000. In January, 1902, Mr. Yale sold his interests and was succeeded by W.M. Kelsey as cashier. In 1909 the capital stock has increased to $100,000.00, with surplus and profits of $50,000.00, making the bank the largest and strongest financial institution in Northeastern Colorado. With the increase in capital, new stockholders were admitted and the board of directors increased to seven members, Mr. Henderson continuing as president; Daniel Beagen, vice president; W.E. Giaconini, Edmund Burke, W.P. Montgan and F.H. Blair, directors. Other officers were W.T. Watts, assistant cashier and B.B. C.H. Woodard, assistant cashier. This Bank for years occupied the corner of Main and Second Streets.

The Logan County Bank dates back to 1892, when W.M. Gillett and C.T. Gillett opened the private Bank. On November 5, 1896, the institution became a national bank, with J.J. Cheira as president and E.M. Gillett, cashier. At the death of Mr. Cheiras in 1907, W.M. Gillett became president. This bank was made a government depository April 1, 1907. In 1913 this bank had a capitalization of $50,000.00 and a surplus of $75,000.00. The officers at that time were E.M. Gillett, president; John Lutlin, vice president; C.J. Bank, cashier; R.C. Cheira, Mary D. Armour and E.T. Wollman, assistant cashiers.
The Farmers National Bank was organized in 1909; the capitalization was $50,000.00. A.G. Sherwin was the first president; later F.W. Elks was president; R.J. Patterson, vice president; W.C. Propst, vice president; J.H. King, cashier; & G.S. Simone, assistant cashier.

At the present time (1933) Sterling has two banks, namely, The Commercial Savings Bank and The Security State Bank.

The Commercial Savings Bank of Sterling was established in 1813. The present capitalization is $50,000.00; surplus $50,000.00. J.M. Sanders is president; A.M. Rex, cashier and W.S. Sanders, assistant cashier.

The Security State Bank was established in 1925. The present capitalization is $50,000.00. J.A. Tame is president; Roy B. Smith, vice president; Gerald J. Batin, cashier; L.B. Propst, assistant cashier.
On the spacious lawn before the Cheairs home on the edge of town in Sterling, eighty-eight members of the Davis family tree gathered yesterday to honor the memory of their ancestors and fraternize. There they spent the day in pleasant converse, listening to addresses and partaking of a huge family dinner.

Most of the members of the family live in or close to this vicinity, the farthest removed being Dr. J.N. Hall and wife of Denver, S.G. Hall and wife and O.W. Hall of Fort Collins. These were here to attend the reunion.

In addressing the gathering, Mrs. J.J. Cheairs said:

"Dear Uncles, Aunts, Cousins and all: It is with a great deal of pleasure that we meet here today, to commemorate the memory of our beloved ancestors, Hugh and Elizabeth Davis, and to strengthen the ties that have bound our hearts as one these many, many years.

There are eighty-eight of us here and there are others whom we very much regret could not be with us on this occasion, but we are thinking of them and believe they are here in spirit.

Oldest and Youngest

Those of us here range in age from 87 1/2 years to two months. Our dear Uncle David Bancroft Davis, brother of grandfather and the only surviving member of his father's family, has almost reached his eighty-eighth milestone in life. Being a bachelor he always made grandfather's home, and is as loving and lovable today as when in the old home he welcomed each little stranger that came with as much joy as did their parents, and endeavored by precept and example to teach them the way of truth and true holiness. Little Edward Bryan Davis, son of Arthur Davis, grandson of Edward Davis and the great grandson of Hugh Davis, is also present. He is two months old and the youngest member of this large group of relatives. We welcome him with joy, and hope that some day he may be as useful a man as his great grandfather, and perchance as large a man physically, as pulled the scales at 205 pounds.

Now, for the benefit of the younger members of this connection, I will give a brief sketch of the lives of this couple. Grandfather was a native of Elizabethtown, North Carolina, and was born in 1806. He learned the trade of a carpenter in his native place, but feeling dissatisfied with what he had learned, on reaching his majority he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, and served another apprenticeship of three years at the trade. He became a skilled mechanic, thoroughly familiar with every detail of his trade. After his marriage to Elizabeth Jones in 1831, who was a native of Alabama, he settled in Marshall County, Mississippi, where he engaged in contracting and building.

Held Large Contracts

During the years of railroad building in the South, he had large contracts in bridge building, and was the owner of an extensive plantation and many slaves.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he was a wealthy man, but the strife between the North and the South swept his fortune from him. After the close of the war he sold his place, and in 1873 he and grandmother came west to make their home with their then, two bachelor sons, Edward and Hugh Davis, who with two sisters,
Mrs. Mary Ayres and Mrs. R.C. Perkins, and Uncle David Davis, had come to Sterling five years previously and settled at Sterling, a little settlement three miles north of the present townsite of Sterling.

They were the parents of thirteen children, nine of whom were living when they sold the old home, and all came west and settled in or near Sterling, Colorado.

A Happy Reunion

The nine who came to make their home were Mrs. Calvin Cheairs, the eldest of the thirteen children, and now in her eighty-fourth year, Mrs. Mary E. Ayres, now in her eightieth year, Edward Davis, Mrs. R.C. Perkins, Hugh Davis, Mrs. Maggie D. Armour, Mrs. John W. Landrum, J.M. Davis and Mrs. Anna King, all of whom are here today except Mrs. R.C. Perkins, whose spirit passed to the Great Beyond March 16, 1913.

There have been born to this couple, as I have said before, thirteen children, forty-one grandchildren, forty-six great grandchildren and five great, great grandchildren.

Grandfather died December, 1878, six months after coming to Colorado, at the age of 72 years. Grandmother died July, 1878, in her eighty-first year, having lived to see all of her children married and settled in homes of their own, excepting three, who died in childhood.

This is a happy reunion, and yet, it brings tears to our eyes and a pang of sorrow to our hearts, when we think of the dear ones who are awaiting a happier reunion, where friends and loved ones shall meet to part no more.

(Mrs. J.J. Cheairs)

Another interesting feature of the program at this reunion was an original poem entitled "The Davis Family," by (Mary) Mrs. Ned Davis, daughter-in-law of Mr., and Mrs. J.M. Davis. It is as follows:

THE DAVIS FAMILY.

On the hillside of the prairie, In the land of corn and cotton, In the great state, Mississippi, Lived the elder, Hughie Davis, With his loving wife, Elizabeth; On the river Wolf, their home, Davis' Mills were close beside them; Thirteen children blessed their happiness; One alone, ere manhood reached him, To the home of the Great Father, To the happy land eternal, At the age of thirteen left them, And the others of this family Grew to manhood and to womanhood, The Creator of the Nations Looked upon them with compassion; With a father's love of gentleness, Blessed them with the greatest blessings. "As unto the bow the cord is, So unto the man is woman, Useless each without the other." Thus the youthful Davis family Sailed within themselves and pondered; Thus they chose their heart's desire. From this home they all departed To the home of their beloved, And the elder Hughie Davis Turned again unto his labor, Sat down in his sunny doorway, Murmuring to himself and saying: "Thus it is our children leave us, Just when they have learned to help us, Leaving all things for a strange land." For this happy Davis family, To the westward had departed, To the land of hill and valley,
To the land of snow-capped mountains, To the land of peace and plenty,
To the sunny Colorado. In this little city Sterling,
Lived so many of this family, Numbers to exceed one hundred.

Far they grew in size and number—Landrum, Armour, King and Perkins,
Ayres and Morrell; Chaires and Intin; Whitney, Hunt, Brush, Hall and Curran—
In this pleasant land and peaceful. In this land of Colorado.

Some do fish in lake and river; Some do hunt the red deer only.
Some there are who trill and warble like a lark that soars at evening;
Some there are who till the cornfield, Till the land so bright and fruitful,
Strip the yellow husk of harvest, Filling all the land with plenty.

Some there are who take their colors, Take their paints of different colors,
Paint many shapes and figures; Figures strange and brightly colored,
And each figure has its meaning. Then take clay and mold the figures,
Mold the figures thus suggested. Some do bear a pouch of healing
Filled with magic roots and simple, Filled with very potent medicine
For the cure of all diseases. Some there are who teach small children,
Teach them many words of wisdom, Teach them precept after precept.

And so we have joined this family, Wish to them the best of all,
Wish them health and wealth and happiness. As the years do come and go
May this happy Davis family Grow in love, in strength, in number,
Until all the world shall know them; Know and reverence, love and honor.

(A picture of this gathering can be secured if desired).
EARLY HISTORY OF STERLING IN OLD BOOK.

Volume Issued Here in 1900 Gives Many Facts of Interest to Present Residents.

In the year 1900, the Epworth League cabinet of the Methodist Church of Sterling, compiled a booklet which contains many items of interest to present day residents of Sterling. Historical facts, not known to every one, are contained in this volume, together with pictures of the business section of the city at that time, pictures of houses and scenes familiar at that time. These pictures show conclusively the big advancement which has been made in this city in the past three decades.

There is a picture of the residence of the late George A. Henderson, who was mayor at that time. It is the same residence which is now occupied by his widow, but changes have been made since. On the porch stand Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, the former holding one of his children in his arms. In front of the house, hitched to a phonograph, is tied a horse and a bycycle is leaning against a wooden-picket fence which surrounds the yard.

Advertisements display pictures of W.H. Conklin's general store, of H. C. Newman's general store, the Methodist Church, the residence of Mrs. A.H. Pattit, the old Sterling Mill, the old Presbyterian Church which was used by the Salvation Army several years, the old Baptist Church, the residence of S.R. Fryst, the residence of Wells Cole, the residence of H.G. Sherman, the residence of J.W. Toml, a party of eastern excursionists going over the plains in spring wagons, the residence of John Harbottle, pictures of cattle and hogs over the caption of "Some of Logan County's Industries", the old Sterling High School, the old Court House, a portion of J.V. Nelson's feed yards with hundreds of sheep. Pictures are also shown of the pastors of the churches here at that time.

THE START OF STERLING

It is stated in this small book that Sterling was born on September 24, 1881, on that day the plat of the original town being placed on record. The land on which Sterling stands was preempted by John E. Boyd and purchased from him by Jno. C. King for $400.00. The plat of the original townsite of Sterling commenced at a point 668 1-20 feet due west of the section corner between sections 28, 29, 32 and 33, of township 8 north, of range 32 west of the 6th principal meridian. It was "marked with a railroad splice-bar" driven flush with the ground.

The first business house in Sterling stood on the lot in the rear of what is in 1900 the Sterling Supply Company's Store. It was a hardwate store conducted by J.C. King and J.C. Smith. The first business transaction was the purchase of a sack-knife by J.J. Cheairs from King and Smith.

The first freight ever shipped by rail to Sterling was six mowers from Reading to King and Smith and received July 4, 1881.

Sterling's first post office was in a fruit and confectionery store on the site of the building occupied by the Sterling Pharmacy in 1900. Mrs. Edna W. Weir was postmistress.
The first child born in Sterling was Nina Smith, daughter of Robert and E. Walter Hollister. The first school in Sterling was held in a dugout not far from the present Junior High School, Miss Carrie Ayres being the teacher. The second school was in the second story of Bird's restaurant, Miss Ayres continuing as teacher.

Sterling was incorporated in 1885. George E. Wilson was the first mayor. He was appointed to serve until the first regular election. Early mayors of the city included J.C. Strahorn, R.S. Rowden, Richard Scully, J.N. Hall, J.C. Scott, H.C. Page, W.W. Foster, W.I. Brush, L.E. Stanton and George A. Henderson.

Sterling was in Weld County until it was six years old. It became the County seat in 1887, after the division of Weld County and the formation of the new county of Logan. It had to win the honor from Atwood by ballot.

The First Grocery

Sterling's first grocery was on the lot which in 1900, occupied by the Palace Drug Store. It was owned and conducted by Hugh Clark. J.J. Cheairs purchased the building and it accidentally caught fire and burned. Sterling's first attorney was W. Norval, who opened his office in 1881. Sterling's first newspaper was the Platte Valley Record, founded in 1881 and edited by Connell.

First Couple Married

J.H. Simpson and Miss Alice Harris were the first couple married in Sterling. J.M. King, justice of the peace, officiating. The ceremony took place April 22, 1878.

The first church organized in Logan County was the Cumberland Presbyterian. It was organized three years before Sterling was born, or in September, 1878, in a house. Rev. S.H. McElvain was the organizer. It had a membership of twenty-two. When Sterling started the church was moved to town to its present proportions.

The first Methodist minister to preach in Sterling was Rev. Lemmon of Nebr. He delivered a number of sermons in Sterling in 1881.

It was said about Sterling in 1900: "It is the queen city of the Platte Valley and is making a rapid growth." Some other features appear in the book. A list of county officers is given at that time as follows: County Clerk, Mrs. E.W. Page; county treasurer, F.W. Reeks; county judge, S.A. Burks; county sheriff, D. Wilson; county assessor, A.M. Wilsay; county attorney, R.D. Hinkley; county surveyor, T. Wells; county coroner, W.A. Scull; county superintendent, Miss L.M. Dyer; County School Commissioners, J.P. Dillon, W.A. Pyffe, W.W. Foster.

City officers in that year were as follows: Mayor, George A. Henderson; Assessor, J.W. Wells, Wells Cole, J.M. Sanders, D.B. Delsall, E.C. Withrow, C.M.C. Isaac; treasurer, F.J. Henderson; clerk, C.L. Goodwin; attorney, Geo. E. McConley; district magistrate, O.W. Weeks; marshal and acting street commissioner, B.W. Estes.
The advertisements which appear in the book show few names that are found today. Some of them follow: Frost & Campian, General Merchandise; A.H. Pettit & Co., General Merchandise; Logan County Bank, E.M. Gillett, president, L.T. Gillett, cashier; A. Stockton, assistant cashier; W.H. Conklin, General Merchandise; The Democrat, Daily and Weekly, Charles T. Price, publisher; H.C. Sherman, General Merchandise; Snoddy & Brauner, Meat Merchants; E.A. Burke, attorney at law; Edward von Gabain, Shoemaker and jeweler; Sterling Supply Co., Implements; W.L. Brush, Livery Barn; Goodwin & Henderson, Lumber and Building Material; George A. Henderson, hardware; W.A. Young, Groceries, Queensware and Glassware; H. Platt Burke, Lawyer and Notary Public; F.J. Henderson & Co., abstractors; Mrs. E. Knudson, Millinery; George E. Koonlet, attorney at law; G.P. Rose, furniture; Palace Drug Store, L.E. Stanton, Proprietor; Wm. F. Beckford, Ph.G., Manager; New G.K. Barber Shop, Alvin Anderson, proprietor; Quim & Co., dry goods, shoes, notions and groceries; The Majestic Hotel, W.R. Lambert, Manager; New York Store, dry goods; L. Benge, blacksmithing; C.E. Talmage, house and carriage painter; H.D. Hinkle, attorney; W.B. Blatchford, fashionable dressmaking; Dr. J. Lincoln Graves, dentist; A.A. Holdman, stenographer and bookkeeper; Reading-Room and Library, J.C. Scott, proprietor; F. Stewart, photographer.
Kossuth Buchanan was born near Moscow, Ohio on March 15, 1852 in a loghouse. He was one of fourteen children. His youth was spent in Ohio.

Mr. Buchanan tells many interesting happenings of the early days:

A younger brother, Dick, had already come to the West, so I made up my mind to follow. I bought my ticket at Cincinnati for Sidney, Nebraska; Sidney being the nearest railroad town to what is now Sterling. This was in Sept., 1877. After getting off the train at Sidney, I met Mr. A.H. Sanders and Dick (Richard) Harris, his son-in-law from the Sterling settlement. Mr. Sanders had hauled a load of melons and other produce from his place over to Sidney. I got acquainted with these two gentlemen and Mr. Sanders brought me to the Gunn ranch near the mouth of today, about nine miles northeast of Sterling. I rode behind Charley Fitch on his horse across the river and walked the rest of the way to the J.B. Ranch near Iliff, where my brother Dick was located as cook.

While we were driving from Sidney to the Gunn ranch, I did not see a house, nothing but prairie. I should have stated above that I spent the first night at this Gunn ranch, going to the J.B. the next day. After Charley let me off his horse I had to carry a heavy grip, filled mostly with apples from our orchard in Ohio. I can see the boys yet enjoying these apples, among them were brother Dick, Billy Ramsey, Billy Longfellow and Geo. Stuart.

When I landed here I had $15.15 and two suits of good clothes. My impression of the country then was that it was only for grazing purposes; my object for coming here being to work with cattle. There was nothing but buffalo grass and looked to me like it was for nothing but the cattle-men.

A few days before I went to work on the J.B ranch, three of us went up to the Buttes to get two loads of pine wood. I went with Geo. Stuart, driving a four horse team and wagon. Lee Henderson drove another wagon. There was no timber along the river at that time, the cattle and buffalo kept it trimmed down; this wood at the Buttes had probably been there for years and years—three trees that had fallen and some of them were one and a half feet in diameter. It took five days to make this trip, but it was an interesting trip.

On this trip I saw my first band of wild horses just above the Pass. When the leader of the band saw us he came running toward us and stopped about two hundred yards from us. He snorted, kicked up his heels and away he ran for his band which seemed real docile and paid no attention to us. He fired the band out of sight in a hurry, and I believe he was the prettiest stallion that I ever looked at—a large dark dappled gray. The first night on this trip we camped at the south Pwnee water hole. This was the first time I had ever slept out in the open, and as we lay there on the ground, looking up at the stars, I just wondered what my father would have thought if she had known it. The Wolves and coyotes were singing their night songs, but we got some sleep nevertheless. We got to the Buttes the afternoon of the second day, finished loading the third day and started back to the ranch. It would take the three of us to load some of the largest logs; it seems almost unbelievable now as there is no wood to be found there now.

We would take enough food for the length of time that we expected to be gone. Lee Henderson's horses ran away, and some of the beef that was tied on his wagon was dragged in the dirt for quite a distance, and when we went to get our dinner, cooked some of this meat, and at that time I could not understand how they could do anything like that, but we all ate it and thought it was extra good.
Also might state while on this trip, some of the boys at the ranch, Bill Longfellow, Billy Ramsey and brother Dick, got my clothes out of my trunk and a few dollars that I had, dressed up and went to a supper at the school house and had a good time. Miss Carrie G. Ayers was the teacher then.

After getting back to the ranch from this wood trip, I took my brother Dick's place as cook on the JB ranch, owned by Jared L. Brush—this was in Sept., 1877. I worked for him until Sept. 21, 1881. Mr. Brush started Dick in as a cowboy after I took his place as cook. I was cook and general roundabout at the ranch for one and a half years. Although I had never done any cooking or dishwashing before, I think I must have done fairly well from the way the boys hung around for something to eat. I remember my first experience in baking yeast bread. I got my loaves too large, and I had quite a time coralling it with boards on the side, but none of it was wasted.

In May, the boys all left for the Republican River for the spring roundup. The cattle ranged on the south to the Republican River; on the north to the North Platte River; on the west as far as Greeley and on the east to Ogallala. The boys would be gone two or three months.

I was getting some experience by this time. We were milking only one cow, and I wanted more milk and butter, so I broke four more cows, and will say that this was not an easy matter. However, when the boys returned, I had made enough butter to last most of the winter, packing it in stone jars. One time when Mr. Brush went to Greeley, he took a four gallon jar of this butter with him. I want to tell you that I was certainly "swelled up" over his approval of my butter.

The last two and a half years with Mr. Brush, I was a cow hand on his ranch. This ranch probably had eight to ten thousand head of cattle—these were natives and had long horns. He also bought Texas cattle and would run them for a year or so, then when they were fat enough they would be shipped to market in Chicago.

My first experience on one of the big roundups was in the springtime in 1879 as a cowboy from the JB ranch. The outfits from the various ranches congregated at this ranch—it being about eleven miles east of Sterling on the south side of the river. This year, 1879 was a bad winter and the cattle had drifted badly to the south. If I remember correctly, there were about ten or twelve outfits. Each outfit would have from four to eight or ten men and each man would have from five to seven horses. The big outfits would have a chuck wagon and bed wagon. The chuck wagon had a big cupboard built in the back part of the wagon and a door would let down which would answer to a table when there were only a few men to eat.

As to the food, well, of course we had to bake our own bread and we took flour instead of bread, and had yeast bread and biscuits, but not as many hot biscuits as we would liked to have had as some of the owners did not like to furnish baking soda, as it was too expensive. Navy beans, bacon, potatoes, canned goods, sugar and coffee was what our chuck wagon consisted of. Later on when the cattle had fattened, we would have fresh meat.

Our bedding was made up of blankets, quilts and a "tarp". We are just about ready to go now and do our part in rounding up probably fifty to a hundred thousand
head of cattle. It took several days to get to Culbertson, Nebr., which was the starting point for the general roundup. Here, of course, we met a number of other outfits from farther south on the Republican River and Medicine Creek and even from the Arkansas River.

The first thing that was done, the foreman from each outfit appointed a manager for the roundup. He would tell you where to camp each day. There probably would be twenty thousand cattle in one roundup where they were the thickest. These would be cut up in three or four bunches so that more men could work more thoroughly and get out their cattle. Each "rep" of a ranch would have his own "caw" where his cattle were herded and held, and moved from roundup to roundup until they were ready to take them to their range. If we would have the time, the calves would be branded each evening after the roundup. When we got up to the forks of the Republican, the north and south forks of the Republican and the Arickaree were worked over to the head of Beaver Creek and then down Beaver Creek to the Platte. Of course the cattle below Beaver Creek were sent across to the Platte from near Eckley.

We only had one big roundup during the year and that was after the grass started good in the spring. Of course there was branding for each outfit on their own range during the summer.

The last two years that I was on the JB ranch, 1880 and 1881, Mr. Brush shipped from Indianola (in 1880) four thousand head of half Texas and half native cattle. The natives were much harder to handle than the Texas cattle. They all had horns and when they would stampede you could hear their hoofs and horns rattling for miles. In 1881 we shipped from McCook. Mr. Brush had some disagreement with the Union Pacific people is why he shipped from these points. These two points were as far west as the Burlington extended at that time.

Here is one thing that created some amusement for us near Indianola: we had a gentle pair of oxen with us which we used in corralling the cattle when shipping. The oxen and one fat steer strayed off one night. I was detailed to hunt them. I found where they had been—about three miles away in a corn field. The farmer had driven them down towards Indianola and when I got up to the farmer and oxen I said, "I see you have my cattle" and he answered "Yes, and you will pay for them before you get them". I said "that is all right, how much do I owe you?" He replied "Fifty cents" in an attitude as though he might have to throw me in order to get the fifty cents.

While I was still at the JB ranch, when no one was there excepting Dick and I, three old buffalo bulls came in for water. We let them go in and fill up on water as that would prevent them from running fast or very long. A buffalo will always save water over the same route that it came in, so Dick slipped around a hill, keeping up of their sight, just as they were leaving the water. When they had gone about a mile from the river, I started on my horse after them with a six shooter and three cartridges. They dug in and ran their best, and when I got too close to suit him, one of the old fellows turned on me for a fight. I poured three bullets in him, but learned afterwards that one bullet would have killed him. Dick shot and crippled one and then hurried on to try to get the third one but he turned on Dick and at away. We dried part of the meat and took the rest of it to Sidney and sold it.

In November, 1885, brother Gene and myself heard there buffalo in the sandhills south of where Holyoke now stands. We were anxious for the sport and needed little money, so thought we would try our luck. Some of the old buffalo hunters laughed at the idea we had. In the first bunch that we found, there were about forty or fifty, could judge. We got five out of this herd. I hauled the meat to Eckley and shipped
When I left Eckley I thought a storm was brewing, but got back to the
place where I had left Gene. We, too, looking for a storm, had gathered a lot of fuel-
chips. We did have a real blizzard and it lasted two night and one day. After
the storm subsided, Gene went out on a hill near by to look for the horses that had
been away and rode over there and found four homesteaders and a locater of government
who had been in all of this storm. They had left Julesburg the day before the
storm, they had no provisions nor bedding when found, and were all muddled up around the
camp ready to die. Gene brought them into camp, and on his way in, killed two ani-
mals. We filled these men up on bread, meat and coffee. I hauled them to Jliff and it
took me two days to get there. This was the last I heard of the homesteaders until
four years ago. I was called up from the Graham Hotel in Sterling by one of the
men who was passing through Sterling. He wanted me to come down to the hotel and
have a visit with him. So I did, and he said he realized if it had not been for me and
my brother Gene that his bones would be bleaching on the prairies today.

When I returned from my trip to Jliff back to the camp, I found Gene had
bought five buffalo bulls. We got three of these. I hauled this meat to Julesburg
and sold it, and took the locater's team and wagon to him. This locater lost his feet
from freezing in this storm. We got six buffalo out of the last bunch that we found,
being in all fourteen on this trip. We had killed three of these and the other three
had their feet crippled. Gene roped a three year old heifer and he made a run and
whirled with her head to him and planted her feet and the rope snapped. Gene made
another loop and caught her again. We were out of ammunition, and the only way we
could get the meat and hide was to rope them and pull them down with our horses and
their thraits. I can see now that I took a big chance in cutting their thraits; I
had to do the roping. We were out about thirty days and only realized something like
four hundred dollars. A Greesley tanner ruined eight choice hides for us.

We went out in the fall of 1886 to the same place, but did not see nor
hear of any more buffalo. We thought we left two hundred there and have never been
able to understand what became of them. This ends my buffalo experience.

I would like to say that I always found Mr. Brush a prince of a man
and do not believe but what every man would swear by him. Sometime we would have
"punalage" to work on the ranch, but most of them were gentlemen.

Most of my life was spent on a ranch. I was married to Miss Lizzie Gordon
on June 21, 1899, and our life has been spent on the ranch and in Sterling. I am past
eighty-one years old and fifty-three years have been spent in Logan County, the other
three in California. I have never regretted coming west, feeling that I would not have
lived to this age had I remained in the east. We are living at present in the Colonial
Apartments, Sterling, Colo.

Written and signed by Mr. Buchanan this 27th day of December, 1933.
I, Joseph P. Dillon was born August 23, 1859, in Henry County, Yorktown, Illinois. I was raised on a farm. My education was received in this same State in a District School, and by persistence was able to conquer the multiplication table.

It seemed to me that there were not very many opportunities for a young man in Illinois, and having an uncle, W.H. Gleason, in Sterling, Colorado, and desiring to get some place where I could get some cheap land and establish a farm, I decided to come to Sterling.

I landed in Sterling on Feb. 22, 1884. I remember the date very well as it was Washington's birthday and also the birthday of my youngest sister.

My first impression of the country was not good; it looked so wild and unpopulated, only one or two little stores in Sterling, and I remember asking my uncle if the people here got enough to eat. I was glad that I had money enough in case I got tired or hungry and wanted to go back, I could.

In a few days after arriving, I secured employment with J.H. Simpson on his ranch—this was about five miles northeast of Iliff, Colo. My work was helping to develop the new ranch, such as building fences, putting up buildings, and taking care of livestock, cattle and horses. The longer I stayed here the better I liked it, and at last I filed on a pre-emption and tree claim about six miles northeast of Iliff. After proving up on the pre-emption, I filed on a homestead adjoining the pre-emption.

When filing on these lands, I got the three-quarters of the section in a row, making it one and a half miles long, and I had in mind of developing this land later and having corn rows a mile and a half long. This land being located on the plains (or dry land), but is now under the North Sterling Irrigation District, it seemed that the longer I stayed here, the more convinced I was that I did not want my non-irrigated farm in this country. Consequently, I made these lands into pasture with other lands adjoining and used it for stock purposes. I had had quite a little experience with livestock in Illinois in handling cattle there on the prairie before the country was settled up and also with cattle in the feed lots.

The first spring I was here, in 1884, when the big roundups came up the Platte River, I was very much impressed with the scene. I had read and heard about these moving in and out of camp. The roundups at this time would come up the river there they generally started at Ogallala, Nebr. and would work west to the Greeley Colony in the Platte valley.

They would consist of from ten to twelve mess wagons and there would be from ten to fifteen men with each wagon and each rider would have from seven to ten saddle horses. This would make from 1000 to 1,200 saddle horses in the roundup. It was a great sight when they would start to move at sun rise in the morning on herds work. This would be about the middle of May to the first of June. There would be a Captain of the roundup and each wagon had a foreman, each evening after supper the foremen would meet at the Captain's tent and receive their orders for the next day's work, being told what territory they would gather the cattle from, here they would round-up, etc.

The different foremen of the different wagons would give instructions to their cooks and horse wranglers (might explain what a horse wrangler is; a man that rides and takes care of the horses for each wagon so as to have them gathered and
It gave me the impression, when I saw the first roundup, of a small army being out under the instructions of a General. Everything in those days with the big roundups was carried on very systematically and in a business-like way.

The big outfits at that time on the Platte River in the vicinity of Logan County were the "LF" outfit on the north side of the Platte, owned and controlled by the Iliffs and Sniders; on the south side of the river the big outfit was the Western Union Cattle Company, Jared L. Brush was the President. Of course there were other outfits, but will not take space to mention them all. There was a better class of men in any line of business in my estimation than the old-time proprietors and owners of these large cattle companies. They were fair, honest and upright. The cowboys were a good class of boys, but of course being out on the prairie for three or four months at a time without getting to any town, sometimes they would have a rather lively time when they got to a town and maybe some of them would drink a little too much, but if a stranger would stop at either of the above mentioned cow camps or wagon, they were always taken care of and treated as a friend.

(The first two falls that I was here, 1884 and 1885, the Iliff Cattle Company shipped 20,000 head each fall; they were shipped to Chicago as there was no packing houses in Omaha then. Good grass-fed beef would bring from three to four cents per pound in Chicago. This Company were running about 80,000 head. The fall before I came to Colo., the Iliff Cattle Company branded 16,000 head of yearling steers at one branding at the old Riverside Ranch just below what is now the town of Iliff, Colo. This was their head-quarters ranch. The ranch is now owned by Frank H. Blair of Sterling.

J. W. Iliff, who died a couple of years before I came to Colo., was known as the "cattle king of Colorado."

As I was working for other people at that time and not having to buy individually, I do not remember much about the prices of food, but in regard to the Iliff Cattle Company, I do remember that they use to ship their supplies from Denver to Iliff, Colo. in carload lots and store it in a large store-house that they had at their ranch two miles below Iliff, and then their provisions were distributed from there to their different camps and different mess wagons when the roundup was on.

In branding the calves—this would be the "calf roundup"—about the first of July each day the calves that they gathered that day were branded and marked. Sometimes this branding would take place right out on the prairie; the cowboys would rope the calves and drag them to the cow-chip fire and brand them. Other times they would be driven to corrals and branded there in the same process.

In order to get calves branded for the party that owned them, the cow and calf was always out from the roundup, and as they were brought in to be branded the owner's brand would be called out, then his brand would be put on the calf. This was the method of designating the different brands of the various outfits.

A big branding, like the "LF", as mentioned above, branding 16,000 at one time, they would generally run them through a "chute" in a corral and would sometimes take several days to brand this herd.

In regard to holding cattle which they would be gathering for the beef round-up in the fall, and also through the summer when they were gathering the ones that had strayed away from their home range, would hold these cattle until their herd got sufficiently large to take back to their home range, and here on the Platte River it
usually meant to take them back to their home range which was on the North Platte River or Pumpkin Creek in Nebraska. It was necessary in these days to-night herd these cattle. If the weather was nice and nothing unusual occurring, after the cattle were added down shortly after dark, they would be pretty quiet until morning. But sometimes in the fall if the weather was stormy when holding a big bunch of beef steers—maybe one thousand or two thousand in the herd, these cattle would get uneasy and it would be necessary to call out all of the cowmen in order to hold them together, until morning, and even then, sometimes, they would stampede and get away from the boy, taking several days to get them together again.

In this night herding, when the weather was good, they generally had three shifts or reliefs. Three or four men going on duty about dusk and staying until about 0:00 p.m.; then they would go to camp and call three or four more who were designated to go on second relief and would stay from 10:00 until 2:00 A.M. Then this second relief would go in and call the third relief which would stay from 2:00 A.M. until morning. There has been times when great stories could have been written about these cowmen standing "night herd". Sometimes it would be a very dark stormy night and you might say they could hardly see their hands before them, and if a bunch of cattle get to stampeding, the cowmen would go right with them and hold them together and had to depend upon the sure footing of their horses to take them over the prairie in safety. There have been many cases where cowmen got badly crippled and maimed by falls received from horses jumping over embankments or stepping in holes at times like this.

As a rule the cowmen tried to get good and experienced cooks and they provided good food and a good variety. Of course after the first of July, they had the very best of fresh meat for then they could butcher a nice fat short yearling out of their herd any day. Fresh vegetables were always provided when they were within reach of a town, and when that was impossible, always had a good supply of canned goods, vegetables and fruits. It was not possible to have fresh butter and eggs at all times, but when it was possible to get them, we had them. I have eaten and enjoyed meals at the roundup wagons as much as I ever did at any hotel in Denver or Chicago.

As to how the meals were served will say that the cook was always assisted when he struck camp for the day by the horse wrangler and bed wagon man, who would gather fuel, help to prepare the provisions to be put in the dutch ovens, steam-kettles, etc. Then when the boys came in for their dinner, which was generally about twelve or one o’clock, everything was cooked and ready for them, and each man got his tin-plate, knife and fork, spoon and tin cup and helped himself from the dutch ovens and kettles. After getting their plates filled up, some of them would sit down on the ground with their legs crossed and plate on their knees and eat their meal; others would sit down on their roll of bedding and do likewise. They all had good appetites.

The usual amount of sport and entertainment that would be practiced among a bunch of young cowmen would be something along this line: some days they would have very hard strenuous work and would often be dusk or sundown before getting through with the work, and thought more about rolling up in their blanket than they did about sport. Other days, when they would get through with their work about noon, there would be foot-racing, horse races, sometimes card games, which very often would drift into a game of poker. Each mess wagon generally had their champion foot racer, wrestler and all-around all-athletes and each wagon would be contesting for supremacy. Each cow man generally had his fastest horse and would contest along this line. Out of a bunch of one thousand to twelve hundred saddle horses, there naturally would be quite a few fleet animals. Use to be quite a good many singers and would have
songs, political arguments and other arguments which were of interest.

When I came to Colorado the buffalo were practically all gone, although the
fall of 1884 or '85, I am not positive which, Gene and Ems Buchanan killed about four
teen buffalo on the head of Frenchman Creek south of Sterling and hauled the meat here
to Sterling; I ate some of it, which was the first I had ever tasted, and which I would
say was equally as good as beef.

There were lots of antelopes here then, quite a few deer, lots of coyotes
and gray wolves. A few quail and prairie chickens were along the Platte River, and
there were a good many ducks and geese too, which consisted most of the game in
those days. At one time there was a bounty paid by the State for coyote and gray
wolves pelts. If I am not mistaken the law is still in force but no appropriation
has been made for several years, consequently, is discontinued. A gray wolf hide in
those days would be worth about $10.00.

In regard to coyotes and gray wolves destroying livestock will say that
coyotes use to kill quite a number of little calves and lambs when they would find
them away from their mother; the mother leaving them asleep and going to get water for
themselves. Coyotes would hardly ever attack a grown animal, but the gray wolf use
to kill a great many colts and some grown animals. Every one having livestock be-
came interested in exterminating them, so by trapping, shooting, poisoning, and also
a great many were caught and roped by the cowboys who would ride up on them and rope
them and drag them to death. At the present time there are quite a few coyotes
in the country but they do not bother the stock a great deal.

When I first came to Colorado, Logan County was very thinly settled with the
exception of a few merchants in Sterling; the rest of the people were all stock and
farmers engaged in raising cattle, sheep and horses. I might give the names of a
few of the old-timers that were here when I came, most of them having been here eight
to ten years before my coming: Uncle Billy Hadfield, as every one called him; Lee
Henderson, the families of Cheairs', Propst, Buchanan, Davis, Harris, Simpson,
Fitch, Sanders, Kings, Busy Clark, Jake Patterson, Monroe, Ramsey, Chambers, Landrum,
Ayres, Litch, Spencer, Bennett, Sutherland, Robuck and others.

Many years have passed between then and now. It was this handful of courage-
ous souls that found this part of the country; they took up their great task, the task
of making a way for the steady advancement of civilization. Almost all of these
brave ones have gone to their reward, but the memory of their deeds and the result of
their labor are with us still, and they have not left us without the ability to point
with pride to their well done work.

We have a city and country well developed, and to them we are indebted in a
way, and if they were permitted to look back, deep must be their satisfaction in knowing
that they had a hand in the shaping of this, the Sterling of the present day, with all
its advancements. The life of the pioneers was one of self-sacrifice, and we revere
their memory.

Dated and signed by Mr. Dillon this 23d day of December, 1933.

[Signature]
Mr. Morrie states that he knows nothing of importance in his career, as he was not one of the early settlers, but no doubt some of his experiences were typical of those first old pioneers.

I, Winfield Morris, was born on the 30th day of May, 1862 at Morristown, Minn. My father came to Colorado, passed through what is now Logan County, in 1864 from Minn, driving an ox team. We went to Pueblo, Colo. We did not stay long and any events that happened on this trip would only be "hearsay," so will not mention them. I was just about two years old.

We went back to Minn., going to Duluth in 1869, and lived there for eight years. In 1877 we drove out to Otoe County, Nebraska. In the winter of 1884-85 I came to Pueblo again but did not stay long and went back to Nebraska. In Sept., 1886, I came to what is now Logan County in company with some other young fellows. We stopped at Crock where we met J.W. Ramsey and he located us in timber claims. I then went back to Nebr. and stayed until the following February, 1877, when myself and some of these other fellows who had taken claims came back to Logan County. The bunch of us charted a car and shipped to Culbertson, Nebr. Part of the boys were going to Kansas and part to Colorado, but we only took one car and unloaded at Culbertson. After we had unloaded and gotten our things fixed up, they all had made up their minds that they would go to Kansas and wanted me to go with them. But I told them "No, that I had started to Colorado, and that was where I was going." So I took my own mule team and covered wagon and started up the Frenchman River to Colorado alone.

The first night I stayed at a small place in Nebr. It was very cold and the wind was blowing a gale. I put my team in the livery barn and I slept in the wagon. I got so cold during the night—and having a lot of baled hay—got up and put this hay around the wagon to break the wind. I did not know enough to get down under the wagon where it would have been much warmer. From this small town in Nebr. I drove over to Julesburg; here I bought a plow, few provisions, some grain and went on to Crock and got Billy Ramsey to take me over and how me where my land was.

My claim was about three miles west of Fleming; some of the others were five or six miles northeast of Fleming. I was to "break" these timber claims. While I was on this claim I had to haul water from the Platte River and hay from the Jimmy Chambers place near Crock. I was there for two weeks and never saw a soul, and when I would go after hay and water, I would take my plow and what few other belongings that I had with me for fear that I would not be able to find my way back to the claim; there were no roads of any kind then.

I found that the Burlington Railroad had been staked through that country from Holdridge to Sterling, and while there was no one out there at that time, the summer of 1887 when the railroad activity began, people came in by the hundreds to this "Frenchman country."

The town of Fleming, which is about twenty-six miles east of Sterling, was first known as "Siding No. 29" and was located about one half mile from where the town is now situated. The reason for this change was that the Lincoln Land
Company had to get land that had been "proved up" on (in other words, deeded) before they could start a town. The names of the people holding down these six quarters were Walter S. Stratton, whose shack was the first one built; Chichester, a jeweler from Lincoln, Nebr., Baker; a druggist from Lincoln, Nebr.; Marson and his nephew, and H.E. Fleming, a representative of the Lincoln Land company and for whom the town was named. I helped to haul the lumber for the first building where Fleming now stands. The town was moved from Siding No. 29 to the present site in Feb., 1889.

In the fall of 1887 I drove back to Nebraska and spent the winter, and in the spring of 1888, my brother "Cash" (C.M.) and I shipped out to "Siding 29". There was a rather amusing incident on the way out: I charted a car but the Railroad Company would only give one pass with the car, so Cash made up his mind that he was not going to pay railroad fare and said he would get in the car and beat its way. We had to change lines at Holdrege and when we got almost there, I had made up my mind that I had had just enough of the freight train and could take a passenger train to Fleming, so before getting into Holdrege, I told the brakeman that there was a "bum" or somebody in my car and I wished he could get him out. But I knew he could not do it because I had a mail in the car and the brakeman would have to get behind him and he would never allow a stranger to come any where near him, but this brakeman tried his best to get passed the rule to get to this bum, my brother, but finally gave it up and said, "Just let him ride for I can't get behind that mail." So when we got to Holdrege I took the passenger train and gave my brother the pass to come on. Both Cash and I had lived on homesteads, and Cash still owns these lands.

(Some of the early settlers in Fleming were; O.M. Vaughn, first hardware store; R.M. Burton, first lumber yard; Woolman, grocery store; Lake Bros., groceries; A.F. (Bert) Brown, first barber shop; W.W. Foster, section boss; old Joe Dough, a noted character, lived there; L.E. Stanton, first doctor; C.M. Morris, restaurant; Cyrus Reed, meat market; Nelson & Hood, blacksmith shop; Crab's livery stable; Fred Scheick, a feed store; Major Cramer, a shoe shop—later was County Commissioner of Logan County; Sam Morris, uncle of mine and quite a noted character in those days; Lewis, had a dry; J.C. Smith, a harness shop; there was a saloon, but now recall who had it, then there were the Mother's, Purdy's, Tim and Henry Kepler and several others. Some of the early postmasters were Dr. L. Russell (mother of Ed A. Russell now of Sterling); John McDonald, who later was County Commissioner of Logan County, and Miss M.C. Detamore. R.G. Fulford was the man that agitated the starting of the building of the dirt road through the sand hills, and still lives on his homestead four or five miles south of Fleming.)

In the early days, all the country around Fleming was the cattle range of Jared L. Brush; of course the farmers were not able to fence their land and were bothered a great deal with these cattle. Finally a meeting was called with the intention of trying to do something about getting a "hard law" so as to make the cattle men take care of their cattle. So when this meeting was called, there was one old man present that had more sense than the balance of us and he arose and made this kind of a statement: "We don't want any hard law; if the cattle were moved out of this county, how are we going to stay here; they are furnishing us with meat and fuel", and that ended the meeting.

I had a hard time those first years that I was over there. I use to plow, walking barefooted a great deal of the time, and there were a lot of cactus and
rattlesnakes out there. At night I would tie my team to the wagon with a long rope so that they could graze. One night they were stolen; I was broke, did not have a penny. I borrowed a horse from a man that I had never seen before, by the name of Jacobs, and I rode to Crook to Billy Ramsey's house and told him about my troubles—told him I had no money and asked him if he could let me have any. He said he had no money but did have a check on a Sterling bank for $10.00 which he would let me have. Of course I had to come to Sterling, a distance of thirty miles, to get it cashed before I could get started after the team. Well, I cashed the check and got started on my way back. Passing through the big cut between Galien and Fleming, there were a lot of men working on the road. I went up to a bunch of them and told them about losing my team and that I believed they had been stolen. I had not shaved for weeks; my hair was long and I was dirty and looked, I suppose, like a "bum." I remember before I left these men, I overheard one of them say: "Horse thief; if that feller does not look more like a horse thief than any one I have seen since I have been in this God-forsaken country." But I got on track of the team at Julesburg, finally located them and got them back.

My first "business" experience was in the newspaper work that was in 1869. I had sold my team of mules and other things that I had on my claim for $300.00. I took this money and went back to Nebraska and got married. I then brought my wife out to this bleak country. If she should die before I do, which God forbid, I think my chances of slipping by St. Peter will be pretty slim, for any one that would bring a woman into that country without a job and nothing in the world, I think had a lot of nerve. Well, we arrived there and I did not know what to do. Joe Reed had bought the newspaper business there and wanted me to go in with him. I told him I had no money and he said "I'll sell it to you on time as I need some on to help me." So we started up, neither of us had ever had any experience in a printing office, had no education, at least I didn't have, and do not think Reed had much, but we ran the newspaper just the same. I might give one little instance which would prove to you that neither of us knew much. When Dr. Stanton first moved into Fleming I noticed one day that my partner was looking through his dictionary for a long time and he finally said to me, "How do you spell "physician"?" It appears that he did not want to just say that a "Doctor had settled in our midst", but wanted to bring it out that "an eminent physician had settled there". So I said to him, "For Heaven's sake, I don't know how to spell it, but why don't you look it up in your dictionary?", and he said, "I have looked through the "P"s" twice and the word is not in there.

The next business venture that I engaged in after getting out of the newspaper work was a hardware store. I wrote down to a wholesale hardware house in Hastings, Nebr. and told them that there was an opening there for a hardware store and that all I had was an unsecured note of $300.00 which I had from this said newspaper business, and asked them what they could do about it. They wrote back to me to meet a man whom they would send out on a certain date at the Sterling House (Hotel) in Sterling. Well, when we met I asked Mr. What his Company had said and he replied, "Nothing, only to come out and sell you a bill of goods." So I ordered the hardware stock. I bought a lot from the Lincoln Land Company for $300.00; I bought a building from Charley Lake for $30.00, also on time, and moved to this lot. When the goods came I had to make arrangements with the station agent, A.D. McAlpine (who was later agent at Sterling for many years, and who just died in California a few months ago) to sell out enough goods in the freight depot before I could move the goods. That's how I got started up in one business. It might have been all right, but the following year was a dry one, the grass could not even start, and all the people left by hundreds, and I was "broke again."
Fleming, you might say, was deserted during the depression of 1893-94; the depot was moved away and there was nothing left but the Post Office. Buildings that I had hauled lumber for from Yuma, two of them at least costing from eight to nine hundred dollars a piece, I bought for $25.00 each. I gave one to "Cash" and it is still on his farm, the other I sold for $50.00.

My next venture was the government mail route. The run was from Fleming to Cheena by Leroy, making this trip on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, and was fifty-two miles round trip. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, I would only go to Leroy, which was twenty-six miles round trip. My brother helped me, and we had six horses, a buggy, cart and a kind of a sled that we would use some in the wintertime, and sometimes we had to go horseback. For this job we got $480 a year—$40 a month or $20 each. I kept this job until we moved to Sterling in 1895.

I should have said before coming to Sterling, I finally got a little fourroom house built on my claim and we got a heating stove, but there is no man living that can pick up buffalo chips fast enough to keep heating stoves going, so I told my wife we would have to give up the heating stove. She was pleased over it and said she would go out and help pick up chips, but I told her that that would not do because if we were going to try to keep two stoves a-going, we would have to move there there were more cattle. So we gave up the heating stove.

In 1904, the town of Fleming was rebuilt and has continued to grow ever since. It has several hundred people, and until the depression it was a very prosperous town and country surrounding it. In the first days there, it only had shacks without floors, but now the homes are as good as in any farming community in the United States.

I remember after coming to Sterling, I got a chance to go to Denver and saw my first picture show. I recall that I was sitting near the aisle and it was a moving picture of a train. I was seated pretty well to the front, and as I saw this train coming right down towards me, it was just getting ready to get out of it when it swished off to one side. When I came home I was telling my wife and children about this moving picture, and the children were very much interested, but my wife showed no enthusiasm whatever. When I went put to another room to get a drink or something, I heard my wife say, "Huh, dad's been drinking again, he always gets to seeing things whenever he drinks a couple of drinks", so of course I saw she took no stock in that picture which I saw in Denver.

After being in Sterling a while, I learned there had never been any one to go to the top of Pawnee Buttes. George Buchanan—blind a brother of Dick, and Gertie, was bound that the American flag should be put up on these Buttes, so there was a bunch of us, among them being Art King, Art Hudaupeth, W. S. Jenkins, Joe Patton, Woolman, Squire Conkel and myself, decided to do the job. The town had fire protection of ladders and buckets, and in case of fire they would have to pump water from a pump and the men would stand in line from the pump to the building to put out a fire. But when we went up to the Buttes to place the flag there, we took these ladders with us; so the town had no fire protection for several days. We got there and the flag was put up. I did not go up because I was afraid. Joe Patton tried it several times, but finally said after he could not make it, "Holly, my wife, told me when I left home for me not to try to go on top of those Buttes". So Joe and I did not go up. There was a cowboy outfit out there under the efficient care of the veteran cowboy puncher, Mont Fitch, and it appeared
as though one of them had brought some boose along, and I am telling you this cow-
outfit put on a rodeo thelike of which I have never seen before nor since.

Yet in my time, but I would like to say this that the first old settlers
that came here and found Indians and endangered their lives, and to have gone
through the hardships which they did encounter, certainly deserve a lot of credit.

In my acquaintance ship with the real old-timers of Logan County, will
not mention names, I think there was never a better class of people ever got to-
together in any community. Today, when we are suffering through taxation, taxation
which is almost manifiscatory, and when I hear some of the people who come here in
later years not wanting to cut out this and that so as to reduce taxes, it makes
me feel rather sore. Those old pioneers made this country what it is, and if it
had not been for them, the younger people would not be here. All glory and honor
is due to the pioneer.

Dictated and signed by Mr. Morris this 24 day of January, 1934.

The Morris Brothers, Win and Cash, as they are known and called through-
out the County, have been prominently identified with the history of Logan County.
Cash Morris was County Commissioner of the County for twenty-four years; he and
his wife live in Fleming.

Dr. Win Morris was a Justice of the Peace in Fleming and Notary Public; was Road-
 overseer for Logan County for two years; was County Assessor for four years.
Both of the brothers have always been affiliated with the Republican party, and
considered to be "real politicians." Win says he has always been a Republican and
still is—too old to change, he says. He is now past seventy-one years of age and
Cash is past seventy-three years. Both are quite active and are interested in all
of our County Affairs. Win says he feels he could not live any other place than
Colorado. He was in California for several years, but he says he is always uneasy
and restless when away, and wants to get back to his old "hunting grounds", Colorado.
Chicago, Dec. 26, 1933.

Dear Miss Armour:

My brother, Mr. William Lee Henderson, has sent me your letter and papers with the suggestion that I send you some recollections.

I enclose a few items with the hope that they may be of use to you.

Thanking you for this opportunity to express myself again in printer's ink, I am,

Very respectfully,

[Signature]

Mr. John M. Henderson,
3023 N. La Salle Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. Hafen:

I just received the attached and am not sure that it can be used; part of it is good, but there is not enough of it.

Miss Armour
FROM

JOHN M. HENDERSON, AGE 78.

I came from Titusville, Pennsylvania, where seven generations of my family have lived. My first American ancestor came from Scotland to Virginia in 1607. Five of my ancestors were soldiers in the American Revolution.

The first oil well ever drilled was at Titusville. My father, William H. Henderson, drilled the second well, locating it on a small island in the Allegheny River near the village of Tidioute.

My brother, Milton P. Henderson, was the first man to decide upon a definite place as a permanent location for himself within the territory that is now Logan County. This he did in the fall of 1870, taking possession of "Valley Station" the next summer. This was an abandoned stage station about three miles east of the present town of Sterling.

In the spring of 1872 I invested my small savings in cattle and from then on, continuously, until the fall of 1912, a period of over forty years, I was interested in the cattle business.

I knew all the old timers from John W. Iliff to Wild Horse Jerry.

In stage days the road over the sandhills below Valley Station was paved with "dobe," and for many years it was advisable to stick to the old pavement. On July 18, 1874, my brother, William Lee Henderson and I (with my father who was on a visit to Colorado), were going from the Henderson ranch to the J.B. Ranch when we came upon some new settlers in trouble.--Mr. and Mrs. Fitch, with their boys, Charlie, Mont and Billy--they had a house on "wheels," as it was always called, were off the pavement and hopelessly stuck. Of course we unhooped our team,
hitched on ahead and the four horses, assisted by the men and
boys, put the 'house on wheels' back on the pavement. Mrs.
Pitch, bless her heart, never forgot us Henderson boys, nor
failed to express her friendship at each meeting.

(About five miles east and south of the Henderson ranch is
a "basin" where the Indians, in the winter of 1874, put on an
old-time buffalo hunt, such as we now read about in history and
fiction. The Indians corralled two thousand buffalo in the
"basin" and killed them all. Being advised by Chief Long Dog as
to the program for the day, I was on hand early and missed noth-
ing of the show until the last buffalo was killed.)

I lived in Sterling after it became a thriving town, and in
1888 I was a delegate to the National Republican Convention,
voting for the nomination of Benjamin Harrison. In 1890 I was
elected Auditor of State and exofficio Insurance Commissioner
and lived in Denver for the next ten years.
I, Mrs. Sallie J. Cheairs, wife of the late J.J. Cheairs, and daughter of the late Mrs. Sarah Ann (Mrs. Calvin) Cheairs, was born August 18, 1852, in Marshall County, Mississippi, the town now being known as Michigan City.

My youth and education was received in the South. I attended and graduated from the girls’ college at LaGrange, Tenn., in the year 1888. Several years after coming to Colorado I burned my “sheepskin,” feeling that I knew so little that I did not for my one to see it, and realizing that the colleges in those days were much inferior to the present day colleges.

I was married to J.J. Cheairs on January 17, 1889, in northern Mississippi, near my birthplace, and resided there for about seven years. My four oldest children were born in the south, Minnie L., Maggie, Joe and Andrew—the last mentioned having passed away when about one year old.

Some of my relatives having already moved to Colorado and my husband’s health not being good, he decided to come out, which he did in 1877. He looked the country over and thought the climate might benefit him; spent four months, part of the time with relatives and the rest of the time in Colorado Springs and Manitou. Then returned to the south, settled up his business, and we moved to Colorado in June, 1878. Coming with us were my husband’s parents, Calvin and Sarah Ann Cheairs, grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Davis, my Aunt Anna Davis, and of course my four children.

The nearest railroad point to the settlement here then was at Sidney, Nebr., and our relatives who were here came to Sidney in wagons to meet us. We arrived here about June 5th, 1878. When we were met at Sidney, our folks camped out the night before the town, and the next morning just before they were ready to leave for the settlement, they prepared breakfast for us and themselves at this camp on the lone prairie, and then came to the hotel in Sidney to get us and take us to the camp to eat breakfast with them. After driving to this camp and getting out, I remember that they had a huge coffee pot sitting on the fire where prairie chips had been piled to the top of it to make the coffee boil. When they picked up the coffee pot and poured it in cups to pass around to those who were standing, there being nothing to sit on, then they came to me, I thanked them and told them that “I didn’t care for coffee this morning.” When we got to the settlement they told the family that I refused to drink coffee because the prairie chips were used in the boiling of it. It created quite a little amusement, and some of the old settlers teased me about it as long as they lived. Any of the families used these chips for cooking and heating purposes in those days.

On the way over from Sidney, there was nothing in sight but great herds of cattle and it was certainly a desolate looking country.

We stayed a few days with relatives here who had preceded us, waiting for lumber to be hauled from Sidney and Greesley to build a temporary shanty in which we lived until our home was built. The lumber for this home was all hauled from Greesley wagons, and it took almost a week to make a trip.

Incidentally, we built this shanty over a rattlesnake’s nest; there was no fear, nothing but the native grass, and of course we could not see the nest. Incidentally, the mother snake had become frightened and left. The young ones, about six or seven inches long, began to crawl out, one by one, for several days, until they were all hatched out, there being seven or eight of them. They looked as if they were
frightened and hungry and did not attempt to bite, but when we think of it now, it makes us shudder.

It had been told to us that it was a very dry country, and while we still were in our shanty waiting for our house to be built, we had a hard rain which was very unusual at that time, and as the shanty was not built rain-proof, our bedding and clothes were almost ruined by the rain. The roof was nothing but boards with dirt thrown on them, and the rain poured through. My mother and I would try to hold quilts up to keep the rain from getting on our clothes, but of no avail.

There was a partition in the shanty, making two rooms; and there were sight of us in it. Had boards for temporary beds. All provisions were heated from Greeley or Sidney. The first settlers ate a great deal of buffalo meat as they were quite numerous on the prairie then, but there were none after our coming here. We would exchange chickens and eggs for easterly, such as sugar, coffee and flour, and for what few dry goods that we needed. The main cloth used in those days was calico, five cents a yard, and we made and wore these dresses to church and Sunday school in the little sod school house.

In September, this same year, 1878, our house was ready for us to move in. It was built by my husband and father-in-law and assisted by a man who was somewhat of a carpenter. This house was lined inside with adobe and brick for warmth. It was a story and a half, consisting of two rooms upstairs, and two bed-rooms down stairs, dining room and kitchen. Some of the settlers had sod houses and some lived in dugouts. Our furniture was bought in Greeley, and when we got moved and settled we felt as though we were almost living in a palace in comparison to the shanty from whence we moved.

Soon after in the same month, the cowboys put out a report that a band of Indians were going to cross the river near the settlement of Sterling. It frightened the men so that they had the women, children and old men put in wagons and taken to Sidney, Nebr. for safety, where we remained for two weeks. The men would all gather at one house at night with their guns, prepared to fight the Indians if they should come to the settlement. But they did not cross the river very near to the settlement. Our husbands came to Sidney and brought us all home, after which there were no more Indian scares. We lived quietly and peacefully and were not molested in any way.

The long looked for Union Pacific Railroad train gladdened our hearts in 1881.

While living on the ranch in the year 1882, I was preparing to get supper one Sunday evening and had built the first in the kitchen range; a storm came up and a ball of lightning came down the stove pipe near where I was standing and rolled into a little room, called the pantry; the door being opened. This ball of fire exploded there, filling the room with smoke as though a gun had been fired in the room. No other damage was done other than the hole in the stove pipe.

Our home was built on the land taken as a homestead by my husband, and he and the late R.C. Perkins had a good many cattle. These cattle were kept on the range and rounded up twice a year. Once during a roundup, my husband's horse fell and broke his leg; there were no doctors here at that time, so his father set the leg, and I think set it as good as any doctor could. That winter was a hard one and they lost a good many of the cattle, and my husband was indoors all winter with
his broken leg. At one time his foot was so badly swollen and had turned quite dark, so we had a doctor from Sidney to come over and look at it and prescribe for him. The doctor thought he was going to lose his foot, but he came out all right and did not even limp afterwards.

We lived on this ranch for ten years and four more of our children were born; Sam, Oscar, Dave and Calvin. Dave lived only five years. We then moved to the town of Sterling.

(In 1882, father and mother bought four acres of land, which is now the townsite of Sterling, and built the first house in Sterling from the first lumber that came in on the new railroad. This house was built on the ground where my present home now stands, 1012 South Division Ave.)

In 1888, we built a two story frame house, consisting of ten rooms, where the Columbine Park is now located. Two more children were born here, Ralph Grady and Marcia. We lived at this home for twenty-two years and then sold it to the town for a Park. In the meantime my husband passed away April 1, 1907 with heart trouble; he was President of the Logan County National Bank here at the time of his death, and had been for four previous years. My son, Sam, died of Spanish influenza in November, 1918, and my mother died one month later at the age of eighty-five years, at my home.

In 1906, while living in the above mentioned home, my husband, myself and two daughters, Minnie and Marcia, spent the summer in Los Angeles. My mother was alone in the house. A storm came up and the lightning struck a tree outside and followed the telephone wire into the house, injuring the phone and causing the lace curtain hanging near to become perfectly black, but no fire resulted from it, for which we were all thankful.

I am the only one living of the old settlers who were at that time the head of families, excepting Mrs. H.L. Spencer, who now resides at Huntington Park, California, and is about eighty-eight years of age.

On account of poor eyesight and being quite hard of hearing, I am confined to my home all the time, and feel that I am denied much pleasure in not being able to attend Sunday School and Church. For several years I was teacher of the Golden Rule Sunday School Class of the Presbyterian Church; this class was made up of ladies of my own age and some who were younger. I have been a member of the church since I was sixteen years old.

I belong to the First Chapter of War Mothers in Sterling; having had two sons, Grady and Calvin, in the World War.

While the pioneer life was a hard one in many ways, the settlers were like one family and had many things together in common. Most all of them attended church in the sod school house, literary societies and other meetings were held there too. Occasionally we had a picnic.
While it was not all hard, it is a pleasure to recall those days and think of the dear ones who have passed on, and I hope none of the present generation will have to go through the hardships that some of us did.

We have a thriving little city now, for which I am very proud, and I am very glad that we were able to add our little to the building of it. I am now sixty-one years old, and my oldest daughter, Minnie, and youngest son, Grady, live with me.

Dictated and signed by Mrs. Chesairs at Sterling, Colo. this 20th day of December, 1933.

Mrs. Ida J. Chesairs
George E. McConley, with his father, A.R. McConley, came to what is now Logan County, in September, 1881, from Kansas, in a covered wagon. Remained here for a short time and went to Greeley and stayed a few months. Then came back to Sterling and has remained here ever since.

Mr. McConley was married to Miss Mary Boyd on March 26, 1882, in Omaha.

As stated above, I went to Greeley, and on my way there, by the arrows, I killed my first antelope. We (father and I) also passed the place where General Fremont and his soldiers tarried for a while to plant cottonwood trees, which was later known as Fremont’s Orchard. Those trees have grown to a large size, and still are growing. I was about twenty years old then. I was born on March 20, 1861 at Wyandotte, Michigan.

Speaking of the antelope will say that I killed this one with an old basket. Antelope were very plentiful in those days, sometimes as many as 2000 in herd. I remained in Greeley for some months, and when returning here, I took to a claim, first a pre-emption and after that a homestead, north of Sterling. Remember, while on the pre-emption, the wolves took over forty of our chickens from the hen roost in one night. The wolves in those days killed colts and calves, and at one time a special bounty was offered by some citizens of Sterling for the destruction of any wolf in this territory.

(A went on horseback one time and found one of the wolves that was killing a number of colts and chased him about six miles when he laid down between two large rocks over on Springdale. I then got off my horse and cut his throat with a pocket knife. He was the largest wolf that I ever saw; his head, while standing, touched to my breast, and his back above my hips)

At another time I went to Pawnee Buttes with a team and wagon to get a load of wood. It was my habit to take lariat ropes along with me and stake the horses out at night so they could eat grass. I did this, but because of the wolves, had to get up during the night and bring the horses to the wagon and watch to see that the wolves did not come near. These wolves would kill a horse by biting the cords in his hind legs, crippling them, and then finishing their work.

These days large pine trees grew on the prairie near Pawnee Buttes, and it was of these trees, about two feet in diameter, that I obtained at that time.

Pawnee Buttes were named after the Pawnee Indians. Colonel O’Brien, one of the colonels in the U.S. government army, informed me that a band of Pawnee Indians were surrounded by the Sioux at these buttes, and the battle between them lasted for three days. When O’Brien heard of it, he took a band of soldiers and went there and relieved the Pawnees. After this battle, they were known as the Pawnee Buttes. (This battle took place in the 60’s; Colonel O’Brien, who was working for the government, told me about it when I became acquainted with him in the mid-eighties).
One time in the latter part of October, 1885, my brother-in-law, Dave Boyd, now cashier of the Citizens State Bank of Carey, Colo., and I went on an antelope-hunting trip with a span of miles and wagon. We left our team near Blood Springs, about twenty miles northwest of Sterling; from there we went on foot, and a heavy snow storm came so that we were unable to find our way back to the team. So we remained all night in a little place about three feet deep that had been dug by some person to show that he had taken that particular place as a homestead. We found five boards about one foot wide and six feet long; we laid these boards over the top of this pit and got in there, sitting up by the side of the bank and afraid to go to sleep for the reason that we knew we were west of the Platte River, and that when morning came we could watch to see where daylight first appeared. When daylight came we then went towards the east, knowing that if we would follow the dry-creek bed where we stopped over night, that it would lead us to the settlement. The snow fell about sixteen inches on the level; it was the worst storm that I ever saw. After we started, the wind began blowing from the northwest, making it very hard for us to keep our bearings, following the windings of this dry creek. We finally came to the Point of Rocks, northwest of Sterling, and there the storm lifted so that we could see these rocks and knew then where we were.

I told my brother-in-law that there was a sheep camp about one and a half miles southeast, so we left the creek and cut across the country till we came to this camp. George and "Hi" (Hiram) Gunn were living at this camp. George Gunn told me afterwards that he never saw two people so nearly perished as we were and then revived. During those years, every once in a while in the wintertime, someone would perish in these blizzards, or be frozen so that their feet would have to be amputated. From Gunn's place it took us only a few hours to walk home, and the next morning I went back to get the team and brought it home. We did not succeed in getting any antelope on account of the severe storm and getting lost.

In 1886, while I was out to the canyons northwest of Sterling, getting a load of wood, I discovered three coyotes at a carcass about forty rods away. I shot at them but did not hit any, and one of them ran toward the hill where I was standing, and while it was running to get under a large rock out at this Flat Top hill, I shot and wounded him. He went under this rock into a cave that was about twelve feet deep, diagonally down, and about three feet in diameter. It was dark under this rock, and I went down in this hole and got the coyote by the tail and pulled him to the top and hit him over the head with my gun and killed him. He could have turned around and bit me but he was trying to get away-down in the hole. This flat rock hill is located right near the place where the Indians killed three cow boys who were under the direction of Eph. (Emphraim) Cole in the spring of 1876. One of these men that was killed was a colored man, the cook for the cowboys. When the settlers went out to get these bodies, the two white men had been scalped but when they came to the colored man, they found a soldier's coat thrown over his face and was not scalped. I think those Indians had never seen a colored man before.

(In the fall and winter of 1886, Gene and Kos Buchanan came to our place and got our mule team and went down in the sandhills southwest of Hollyark and shot nineteen buffalo and hauled them home with this team, taking several trips. They were gone four or five days on this trip.)

The last buffalo that I saw here was northwest of Sterling near the canyons in 1890. I did not succeed in getting it. I was Deputy County Assessor then.
In 1887, I was on horseback riding across the County, as Deputy County
Assessor, roads being almost unknown then up north of Sterling, I saw an antelope
with two young ones; the young ones laid down flat on the ground and the mother
ran away. I went to within a few rods of where they lay and left my horse and
crept up to where they were, lying about five feet apart. When I got within about
three feet of one of them, I grabbed it by the back of the neck and when it started
to get up, I saw the other one was still lying with its head flat on the ground,
and I reached over and grabbed it. As they were very small I took them in my arms,
set on my horse, intending at first to take them home, but when I had gone about
a quarter of a mile, I thought best to turn them loose so they could have their
mother, which I did.

This same year, while near Seventeen-Miles Spring, I caught another
antelope, J. E. Watts, father of Virgil and Morris Watts, who was with me at the
time, brought the antelope to Sterling where it was raised until it was grown.
It ran around on the street in Sterling for sometime, I do not now recall what
became of it.

While living on our claim, we enjoyed ourselves and were happy, notwithstan
ding the fact that we were very poor. We had a cow, poultry, and raised
a little garden and always had plenty to eat. We had but little use for money
except to pay our taxes. We use to trade butter and eggs for groceries. In the
fall of the year we would go to the canyons and get wood, and in the summer time
we would burn cow chips. Sometimes the whole family would go out on the prairie
with team and wagon and gather a load of these chips at a time. I can remember
of buying cloth for a calico dress for my wife, which, with the thread, would cost
only sixty-five cents, and she looked just as fine as many people do now in their
silks and satins.

Notwithstanding the general poverty and the fact that people to a large
extent lived in sod houses and dug outs, yet I believe they were happier than the
people of today. Wife and I have been married fifty-one years, and in those earli-
er years spent on the claim, we never lacked for anything to eat and got along
just fine, and this was the common lot of nearly every one who took up homesteads.
During the spring and fall there were many wild geese and ducks, and we use to get
a number of them frequently to eat and save the feathers for pillows. During the
summer we would kill an antelope every once in a while; at that time there was no
law against hunting. This helped to make our living all the more agreeable.

In the fall and winter of each of these years, each community had a
literary society where we would gather on Friday nights and speak pieces, have
spell-downs, etc. and genuine good fellowship existed, which encouraged us to keep
going, notwithstanding the fact that we had to put up with a number of inconveniences.

Wife and I regard, the prairies in those earlier days as the most beauti-
ful and inspiring scene we had ever witnessed, and we observed that by drinking
the water which contained alkali, both ourselves and our children, were very
healthy. I might add that I never took a glass of intoxicating liquor in my life,
or acquired the use of tobacco in any form, and do not even drink tea nor coffee.
Never played a game of cards and do not know one card from another. I will say
further that during those early years, many people used liquor and many carried a
bottle with them wherever they went, and while offered again and again the privi-
lage of taking a drink, I always refused. There were also a number of others who
never used liquor and were very temperate in their habits, and it has shown in
their children.
In later years, after this County was cut off from Weld County, I became County Assessor, and after that was elected as County Judge, and I have always had a very warm feeling toward the people of this County for thus having honored me. I used to travel from the claim to the office while County Assessor for the first few years, then moved to town in about 1890.

At my present age of seventy-two years, my hearing and eyesight are excellent, never having worn glasses, and I attribute it largely to the fact that in those early years in hunting antelope, I had to have good eyesight as sometimes they were a long distance away, and when camping at the canyons and other places, while hunting or getting wood, it was necessary to hear every sound to determine whether or not any wolves or coyotes were prowling around.

Written and signed by Mr. McConley at Sterling, Colo., this 16th day of December, 1933.

Geo. E. McConley
Otey E. Smith

Otey E. Smith was born on the 13th day of September, 1868 at Grand Junction, Tenn. His parents were Marion S. Smith and Mattie Perkins Smith. His mother was a sister to the late R.C. Perkins and the late Sarah Emma Perkins Smith, first pioneers of Logan County.

Otey Smith came to Greeley, Colo. with his parents in the spring of 1873, at the age of four years. His father raised wheat and sold it to a mill in Greeley. Most of the land being taken up around Greeley, his father, with other men, came to the South Platte Valley early in 1875 and located about four miles north from the present City of Sterling. At this time the family did not come as there was no place for them to stay. His father homesteaded, and he, with other early settlers, began to build sod and grout houses. In less than a year, Otey, with his mother and two brothers, moved down, to join their father and husband.

There were large herds of buffalo here then, and the Indians, consisting of tribes of the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, would come in on the Platte River to hunt the buffalo. A fort was started on his father's land, but was never completed. He, with his parents, returned to the South in 1876. Otey came back in Sept., 1888, worked in a grocery store for a few months; then went to Denver where he lived for four years. Came back to Sterling in 1892 and has resided here ever since. He worked for W.H. Conklin in a general store for four years. In 1896 he started a grocery store of his own and remained this business until 1929 at which time he sold out to the Adams Grocery Store.

Mr. Smith tells the following account of the early days:

"Sterling, Colo., December 12, 1933.

There were many Indian scares in those days, and when the weather would permit the men would make down their beds in the corrals where they could watch for the Indians, while the women and children slumbered in the sod houses, which were the only kind built at that time.

One morning the little colony—this colony or settlement were mostly Southerners from Tennessee and Mississippi, who had settled on the Platte River, about five miles east of the present town of Sterling, just about where is now Hayford, a sidetrack between Sterling and Iliff on the Union Pacific railroad—became very much alarmed when it was reported that three men had been killed by the Indians near the Canyons between Sterling and Sidney. One man, whose horse was faster than the rest, made his escape and told the story, and I well remember seeing the horse that carried its rider to safety. I was not quite six years old.

This scare caused the little colony to get busy and they started to erect a sod fort. I do not recall the dimensions of the fort, but the sod walls were about two feet thick and stood some eight or ten feet high. The plans were to build a house inside the outer walls for the women and children and also to sink a well inside. Word was sent to the government for arms and ammunition, which was later received. The pioneers made a test of the walls when the guns came, but found that the bullets would penetrate them. For some reason, the fort was never completed entirely.

(I attended the first school that was started in this portion of what was then Weld County. Miss Carrie G. Ayres (now Mrs. J.N. Hall of Denver), then just a girl herself was the first person to teach the children of the first vanguard of pioneers. There were pupils who were several years older than the teacher. We did not have desks, but just benches on all sides of the room, and the teacher sat in the center of the room.)
One night we had a severe blizzard and all of our chickens froze on their roosts and fell down dead. My father told my brothers and me to carry the dead chickens some distance from the house and throw them away. We 'kids' deeply regretted the death of the chickens, and every day for a long time we would ask our parents if we could go out and see the dead chickens. That was about the only amusement we had then. Those were the days of real sport.

You will find by the records and other old timers that Sterling's first irrigation ditch was started in the year of 1873 by Ed and Bob Smith, my father, M. S. Smith; A.C. Petkiss, M.C. King, David Leavitt, Major Minter, "Uncle Dave" Davis, Ned and Hugh Davis and Joe Prewitt. All of the above mentioned are now dead with the exception of Ned Davis, who at this time, is past eighty-nine years. Many of their children, however, still live to tell the story. This ditch was ten or twelve miles long, and a fence was built from the river along the ditch to keep the cattle out. This ditch is now known as Sterling No. 1 Ditch and is the oldest in Logan County today, with the exception of the South Platte Ditch at Merino, whose intake was started in what is now Washington County in the year 1872.

At that time, what few settlers were here put in their crops alongside and next to this ditch to prevent the building of small outlet ditches. Many of the crops were put in on government land, for there were few who had proved up on their homesteads at that time.

This was long before the day of barb wire, and the fences that were erected were made with smooth wire and red cedar posts that were hauled from the canyons, some twenty-five or thirty miles north of the present town of Sterling. Holes were bored through these posts, in which the smooth wire was placed. Apparently no fence staples were used to fasten the wire to the posts. This kind of a fence was built along the entire ditch bank, to prevent the range cattle from coming into the valley and eating the crops, as no one fenced his farm at that time.

I remained in Colorado only four years, when all of my father's family left for our old home in Tennessee. This was in the year 1876. My father traded his land possessions here for some property that Ed Smith, my father's brother, still held in Tennessee.

After living in the South for about ten years, I, then twenty years old, yearned for the sight of buffaloes, Indians and the broad plains, packed up my belongings and again came to this country. This was in September, 1886.

A short time after landing here, I met Miss, Jane "Pink" Isom, daughter of Major Isom, and was married to her on December 14, 1892, in Sterling, by the Reverend A.B.C. Dinwiddie, then Pastor of the Presbyterian Church here.

We lived in Sterling for twelve years after marrying; then went to Iliff and stayed eleven years. We had a store there. In 1916 we moved back to Sterling where we have resided ever since.

Our son, Elmo Isom Smith, was born March 11, 1906, is married and lives in the same home with us.

We enjoy our home and our friends in Sterling, and are glad that we had a part in the making of it."

(Obey E. Smith)

108 So. Division Ave., Sterling, Colo.
Jamie "Pink" Isom Smith
(Wife of Otey E. Smith).

Sterling, Colo., December 11, 1933.

Jamie "Pink" Isom Smith, wife of Otey E. Smith, was born in Oxford, Mississippi, on Jan. 19, 1870. Her parents were James Arthur Isom and Mary Eliza Isom. "Pink", as she was called from infancy, was an only child. Her mother died when she was one month old, and was reared by her mother's sisters. The one aunt who came to Colorado with Pink was Miss Mamie Isom, known to all old timers as "Aunt Mamie Isom". With this aunt she lived until she was married to Otey E. Smith.

Some of their relatives having already come to Colorado, this lady and young Miss Pink, decided to follow. They came from Mississippi to LaSalle, Colo., in July, 1878. There being no railroad here at that time, Major Newton Isom, father of Mrs. Betty Davis and Mrs. D.B. Delzell of Sterling, and Mrs. Alice Kendall of Greeley, Colo., drove to LaSalle in a covered wagon to meet them, and then returned to Buffalo, which later was Merino, Colo. They stayed at the home of her relatives, the late J.C. Kendall. This was a four room sod house. Besides Mr. Kendall and his wife (Alice Isom) were Mrs. Kendall's three sisters, Mary, Betty and Hattie Isom, their father, Major Isom, and the two who had just driven in from LaSalle. Pink was seven years old at this time. Buffalo had school only three months of the year, and part of the time Pink came to old Sterling to school.

At the age of thirteen years, in the year 1883, she moved to Sterling with her Aunt Mamie and went to school in the dug-out, taught by Miss Carrie G. Ayres. The location of this dug-out school is where the E.M. Kelsey home is located now on 20 South Third and Beech Streets. The next school that she attended was a little frame building, consisting of two rooms, and was located where the Farmers Elevator now stands. Mr. Moir was principal and Miss Carrie G. Ayres assistant. In 1886 this building was moved to the present site of the Junior High School, due to the fact that in the spring of 1887, the Burlington started building the Cheyenne-Holdredge line which passed through the ground where the school was located. Some of the pupils were Kate Davis, Lizzie and Salie Perkins, Minnie and Maggie Chairuis, Lizzie Gregg, Lena Probst, Naomi Campbell, Susie Wilson, Blanche Barger, Kitty Watson, Josie Williams, Ella and Alice Wilson, Will and Tom Ramey, Will Harris, Douglas Campbell, Maude and Goldie Etes, Frank, Charley and Bob Weir, Frank and Charley Wilson.

On account of her eyes being very weak, Pink was unable to finish school, and in 1889 she went South to visit her mother's people at Oxford, Miss., and remained there for six months. Then she returned to Sterling, Lee H. Prewitt and wife, Patty Smith Prewitt, accompanying her.

At this time Sterling had only one strictly dry goods store, owned by E.C. McGlaughlin, in which Miss Isom clerked for sometime. The location of this store is where the Mayer Dry Goods Store is now operating.

There was not much amusement in those early days, but Miss Isom mentions that a Shakespearean Club was formed and that the young folks that it very fine. She also states that ice skating parties was the main sport in the wintertime; the boys and girls would walk about one and a half miles to what was then called the Propst Lake-north of Sterling. The boys would build a fire at the Lake for warmth, and sometimes they would almost freeze walking home, but it was fun just the same. Also states that in the middle '80's the Sterling Skating Rink was built; this was a frame, one story affair, about 50x100 feet in dimensions. All important meetings were held at "The Rink", it being the only meeting place of any size in the valley. Dances, dinners, campaign speakers, roller skate parties, cowboys and cattlemen meetings, and in fact most every gathering was at "The Rink".

The marriage of Miss Isom is in the life account of her husband, Otey E. Smith.
LOGAN COUNTY'S FIRST WHITE MAN.

William Shaw Hadfield was born in Derbyshire, England, on the first day of December, 1836. His parents were John and Ann Hadfield. He received his education in the schools of his native land, after which he worked in the cotton mills as a weaver. He came to the United States in 1863, at the age of twenty-five years, and lived in Wisconsin for one and a half years. After leaving Wisconsin, he went to Kansas, seeking work, but was unsuccessful. He stated that all the hotels were filled with people going to "Colorado or Bust." A little later he and his nephew, Joe Hadfield, went to Atchison, Kansas. Here the two boys received a job freighting to Denver with a six-mile team were paid $1.00 per day. He landed in Denver in the spring of 1865 in a covered wagon. From Denver they went to Big Thompson and often drove ox teams from there to Georgetown. Ten miles from Greeley, on the Big Thompson, Mr. Hadfield received employment on the Bruce Johnson Ranch. He said Greeley was a very small village at that time. He later went with Johnson to Green River, Wyo. where the latter had a contract to build a portion of the railroad grade for the Union Pacific. He spent much of his time in hauling ties from Tie Siding, Wyo., at which place there were many cedar trees at that time.

Yearning for a place of his own Mr. Hadfield gathered up his belongings and in 1871 homesteaded (at that time took what was called a "squatter's right") a piece of land on the South Platte River, about two miles east of Atwood, or about three miles south of Sterling, which he owned at the time of his death. (Mr. Hadfield was the first man to take up a homestead in Logan County, although at that time there were several cattle ranches owned by J.W. Brush, Bruce Johnson and J.W. Clift, all big cattle "kings").

After building a sod house and a few fences, he bought a herd of sheep at Pinebluffs, Wyo. and drove them to his ranch on the Platte. There were no railroads here then, and all that caught his eye in the way of trans-
portation was covered wagons on their way to Denver and stage coaches that ran on the south side of the Platte River between Omaha and Denver. Mr. Hadfield's homestead was known as "Hadfield's Island" and became the center of the community of the few families that had gathered up to this time. A post office was established there and called "Garinda," and he was appointed postmaster by President Grant, December 11, 1876 and served until March 14, 1879.

There were plenty of buffalo and Indians roaming the prairies at this time, and when asked if there were any buffalo here then, he would laugh and declared that the country was black with buffaloes, especially on the south side of the river. He killed hundreds of buffaloes himself. In fact, this was about the only kind of meat he could get, for it was a long drive to Sidney and Gresley, the nearest points. In those days the buffalo calves were killed, on account of the meat being more tender.

"Is it true that Indians could kill buffaloes with bows and arrows?" he was asked. "You bet it is," he replied. "In fact, few of the Indians carried guns when I arrived here. They would shoot the buffalo behind the left shoulder with their arrows. And it is remarkable how accurate they became with them."

Mr. Hadfield was shot through his left leg by an Indian while herding cattle in 1869, not seriously and probably not intentional, as he was never molested by the redskins. Despite the fact that the Sioux and Utes staged many battles among themselves in the valley here then, neither tribe showed any hostility toward him; he had many good friends among them. Chief Sitting Bull and his squaw quite frequently dined at the Hadfield ranch, and Chief Red Cloud was also a good friend of his. The Utes' favorite stamping ground was the mountains, he said, and sometimes they would come down in large numbers and fight with the Sioux, who were making their home in this section of the country.
Mr. Hadfield was a real pioneer, and familiar with every phase of western pioneer life, including the treachery and cunning of the Indian. He enjoyed telling of how at one time he attempted to use against the Indians some of the strategy which they themselves often employed. About two thousand Sioux were camped across the river near his homestead; one morning several of them came to his hut and were caught peeping in, probably with the intention of stealing; knowing the hostility of the Sioux towards the Utes, he called to them, "Utes! Utes!" and they hurried away. Very soon they returned and brought a hundred more of their tribe in war paint and feathers.

The chief of the tribe asked Mr. Hadfield where the Utes were and being told that there were none at his place, and refusing to believe him, the chief and his men rode to the top of a hill near by and watched the rest of the day.

Late in the evening they went back to their camp. Two weeks later, when Mr. Hadfield had gone to a neighboring ranch, a number of Indians came from the hills and stole several hundred ponies.

The Indians made several raids on the Hadfield place and his neighbors. One time he was grazing cattle on Crow Creek and was advised by the owner to move camp over on the Platte River; just about this time the Indians came down the Creek on a stock-stealing expedition, and attacked a many by the name of Brush, also two other men who feeding cattle. The men were killed, and the Indians took their horses, saddles and guns, and rode away just as if nothing had happened. An old man and two squaws lived near by. These Indian women gave the alarm by setting the prairie on fire.

A number of Mr. Hadfield's men mounted their horses and rode in pursuit of the Indians, but failed to overtake them.

One night an Indian came to steal from Mr. Hadfield and neighbors; it was a custom in those early days for the ranchers to have a guard on duty through the night, and at this time the guard or sentinel found the Indian attempting to break into the barn where the horses were kept. The sentinel
shot the Indian and the gruesome story goes or to say that those who were
in the camp arose, scalped the Indian, cut the ice, and threw the body into
the Platte River.

Mr. Hadfield often told of the time when H.L. Henderson and W.H.
Smith, who were the next settlers to follow him and who homesteaded land
across the river from where Sterling now stands, rode up to his ranch and
said they were leaving for Greeley, that the Indians had given them orders
to "vamoose." They told Mr. Hadfield he would be killed if he stayed, but
refused to go with them, stating that he did not want to give up his ranch
and herd of sheep.

The Indians frequently called on Mr. Hadfield for coffee, bread and
"firewater." He gave them quantities of bread and coffee, but stated that
whiskey was something he seldom had.

Mr. Hadfield, like the other settlers who followed him here, hauled
his provisions from Sidney and Greeley. Although Greeley was much farther than
Sidney, the pioneers here did most of their trading there. The reason for
this was because several white men had been killed near the canyon between
here and Sidney by the Indians, and feared that such trips might result in
some one getting killed.

"Of all the tough places I ever saw," ejaculated Mr. Hadfield,
"Sidney was the worst. There was a government fort there and two companies
of soldiers, whose duty it was to quiet the hostile Indians. It was nothing
to awaken in the morning at Sidney and see a man hanging to a telegraph pole
or dead in the street."

Mr. Hadfield lived on the "Hadfield Island" ranch until 1879.
He then took up land north of Sterling in what is now the vicinity of Peetz,
on Cedar Creek, where he raised stock extensively and successfully for many
years.
Mr. Hadfield was married to Miss Charity A. Sanders on August 11, 1879. In the spring of 1880 they moved to their ranch north of Iliff where they made their home until July, 1900. At this time they moved to Sterling and lived in their home at 402 South Second St. until their death.

Mrs. Hadfield died on December 16, 1914.

After moving to Sterling, Mr. Hadfield lived a somewhat retired life, devoting whatever time was necessary to the management of his various financial interests. He was a stockholder in the Logan County National Bank and for many years served on its board of directors. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity ever since he came to the Platte Valley, at first in Greeley, where he attended meetings until a lodge was organized in Sterling, riding the distance on horseback.

On October 10, 1921, Mr. Hadfield married Margaret Hart Seibert, a nurse who came to Sterling from Pennsylvania in 1906. Mrs. Hadfield is a graduate nurse; did post graduate work in Philadelphia, after which she was superintendent of a railroad construction hospital in North Carolina.

From this position she came to Sterling as a private nurse for a daughter-in-law of Dr. C.B. Fisher who had served as chief surgeon in the same hospital. Previous to her marriage Mrs. Hadfield was engaged in the practice of her profession in Sterling. She was active in the Sterling Hospital and other civic enterprises, and served on the board of that institution for many years.

To Mr. Hadfield belongs the honor of more than half a century's actual residence in Logan County; he was a valued citizen, and is numbered among Logan County's most honored pioneers. He reached the age of eighty-nine years, having died May 23, 1927.
Cowboy Life on the Open Range in Colorado

Frank Jan

I was born March 23, 1871, at Decora, Iowa. The first twelve years of my life were spent in Iowa, South Dakota, and Minnesota. My father came to what is now Minneota, Colorado in 1883 and worked for the Pawnee Cattle Company. The rest of the family came July 15, 1885. We settled in Colo., Jan., 1885.

In the fall and winter of 1885, I started to work for the Pawnee Cattle Co. at Minneota, and also attended school there during the winter. The school was held in one room at the depot; the teacher was Mrs. McMillan, the agent's wife; and there were less than a dozen pupils. We only had three or four months school during the year.

In 1886, I was about fifteen years old, I went to work for J.L. Brush at Hills on the J.B ranch. My first work on this ranch was that of horse wrangler, this being to take care of the horses in the day time for the outfit during the roundups. In this spring we started out at Benkelman, Nebr., where the various outfits were to meet, and from these each outfit took different parts of the country to work, that is, to gather the cattle that had been on the range during the winter months. If I remember correctly, the outfit worked up the Republican River. We gathered quite a herd that had drifted from the Platte River down to the Arickaree and think we had about 2000 head of cattle, then started back and turned them loose at Julesburg.

There were about five or six outfits. I recall several at this time: the 22 outfit, Trowell outfit, 131 outfit, J.B outfit and several others. Each outfit consisted of a mess wagon, bed wagon, cook, about twelve men (these being daw hands and bosses) and each cowboy had from seven to eight horses. There were "Ropers" from other outfits with us, sometimes eight or ten with us, and they would go along with us to gather cattle for the outfit which they represented. When we would get back, these "Ropers" would round up the herd and cut out what cattle belonged to the several representative outfits and take these cattle back to their ranches. The various outfits would work their own country or range and brand the calves. One day's branding would be from ten to three hundred. The roundup generally started in May and sometimes lasted six weeks to two months. You might say there were three roundups each year; the spring roundup, where they would gather cattle that had drifted away from their home range and take them back; the fall roundup; and then in the fall would be the beef roundup. This would consist in gathering the best grass-fed beef and shipping it to market. The names of practically all of the boys that were with us are: Dick Buchanan (foreman), Bill Flitch, Andy Weir, Walter Bunting, Paxton Delano, Chris Kelly, Frank Wilkinson, Walter I. Brush—these being cowboys; Walter Bascom, cook; Frank McCullum, night wrangler; and myself, horse wrangler.

In the spring of 1886, on our return with the cattle from Benkelman to Julesburg, Walter Brush (son of Jared L. Brush of the J.B Ranch) was in the lead of the cattle and he spied a black object on top of a sandhill. He rode up to the spot and it happened to be a buffalo. This buffalo jumped up and ran past the chuck wagon and Walter ran from where he found it down past the wagon and shouted to me to take after the buffalo. This I did, thrilled to pieces, and run it for about one and a half miles. I was afraid to rope it at first, so chased it a while until I thought I could handle it. Then I roped him, jumped off my horse, got my old frog-knife out and stabbed him. The blood flew as high as my head. I ran back to my horse and sat on the horse until I was sure the animal was dead.
I should have said that when I roped him, I ran around him and "wrapped him up with the rope" and made my horse hold him. When I felt satisfied that he was dead I skinned him, mind you, I was all alone getting this buffalo—and cut out one hind quarter and a "roll" out of the other hind quarter, being horseback, I could not take the whole thing. I also took the hide with this meat to camp. This was about a three year old bull. I was just past fourteen years old then, and I remember the date very well; it was August 9, 1886, and have always counted it as a great date in my life.

Dick Buchanan, the foreman, when he came to the wagon asked where "Frank- ies", the horse wrangler was, and the cook told him that I was chasing a buffalo, and Dick said, "That will be the last of the kids, horse, buffalo and all." Not but just a little while I showed up with my buffalo. The whole outfit was eating dinner when I got back, and when they saw me and the horse loaded down they realized that I had killed the buffalo all right, and helped to take the meat and hide off my horse. Dick was tickled as much as I was, in fact all of the boys jumped around in great fashion. For several days we lived "high" on buffalo meat.

There was supposed to be fifteen or twenty buffalo in that country and evidently this one had strayed away. There was a lake where they would drink and no doubt this one had been to water and then had gone up to the hill and laid down. After dinner Walter Brush and another cowboy went back to where I skinned the buffalo and got the "hump", which is supposed to be the best meat of the animal.

The next year, 1887, I saw another grown buffalo about this same place when I was on circle. Another cowboy by the name of Rex and myself chased him, and the harder we chased the farther he got from us, and we were not successful in getting him.

In the fall of 1887, I saw a cow buffalo at Buffalo Springs about twenty miles south of Sterling. This was the last wild buffalo that I saw in Colorado, although there were two or three seen later by other parties.

In 1888, I worked for Murray Bros., who owned a harness and saddle shop in Sterling. They owned a bunch of range horses out at Cedar, about fifty miles northwest of Sterling. We rounded up these horses; then fixed up our bedding, buckboard and grub and started for Leadville, Colo., with the horses. The Murray boys expected to sell these horses at Leadville, but had very poor luck as they were too small for that country.

Still longing for the J.E. Ranch, in 1889, I went back to work for this outfit at Iliff, and they sent me to work on the north side of the Platte River, gathering their cattle that had crossed the river. I was with the 70 wagon and also the LF outfit. During the fall of this year, a cowboy by the name of Allen Pearson and myself took a notion we would climb the west Pawnee Butte. Well, the next thing was to climb up a straight perpendicular wall of clay about thirty feet, and from there on up was rock. We found a point of rock projecting out about a foot and decided to get our saddle ropes and try to rope this rock. Well, we tried and tried and were just about ready to give up when I finally roped it. Both of us took hold of the rope to see if we thought it would be safe for us to climb up. We decided it was safe, and Al started up but he swung away out into space; he did not have any footing, so I thought the best thing to do was to hold the rope next to the wall of the rock, which I did, and up the rope he went.
He kicked dirt all over me getting up there, and he finally said, "Well, I'm up." I brushed and shook the dirt off my clothes and looked up at him and he was walking around to see if any one had every been up there, or if he was the first fool, but he could not find any signs that would indicate that any one had ever ascended this Butte. He came down on the rope, and we went back to camp and cited our experience to the other boys, but they would not believe us, and we wanted to bet our saddles and bets that we could do it again, but they gave us the "horse laughing." The year 1890, I worked for the LF outfit as a cow hand, and the winter of this year I worked for the JB and 131 as a line rider. The other cowboys that rode with me were Cathy Propst, Bill Clark, Jim Gillette and Jim Miller. Our line was between Sterling and Akron, Colo. We had our camps along this line, two men to each camp and one in Akron. Our duty was to keep the cattle back west of this line. East of this line the county was pretty well settled up and the cow outfits did not want their cattle destroying any crops of the settlers. We did not have any trouble keeping the cattle back as the weather was the finest I ever saw—it being in the fall. But in the spring of 1891, we had some very bad storms and our line was broken and the cattle drifted east. The snow was knee deep to a horse. We could track the cattle by the blood in the snow. Well, we moved our camp to Redkey, Colo, and started our line again in order to hold the cattle back from going any farther east. We rounded up all the cattle that we could find and started back to the home range. Well, here is a true story that I must tell on ourselves that happened on this trip as we were taking the herd back home.

The first day out we had cheese and crackers for lunch; this seemed like pretty "dry" eating, so I said "Let's rope a cow and milk her." That was O.K. with the boys. I roped the cow, but we didn't have anything to milk in. One of the boys said, "I'll get my slicker (rain coat) and we will milk in it." So we did, and then broke up our crackers in the milk. Some of the boys had a pint of whiskey, and we poured this in with the milk and crackers, and oh, what a mess, but we all enjoyed it nevertheless. After lunch we started on with our herd to the Platte River.

In 1891, I worked for the 131 outfit across the Platte River from Sterling. There were only seven "Bill's" that worked for this outfit that year, namely: Bill Pitch, Bill Turner, Bill Clark, Bill Tidwell, Bill Jones, Bill Nobles and Bill Wyman.

In 1892 I went to Montana to work as a cowboy for the Continental outfit. Their brand was a hash knife - and milliron - these were the cow brands.

The herd was H on the shoulder and S on the thigh. This outfit claimed 75,000 head of cattle, 2,000 head of horses and 500 head of saddle horses. They had three roundup outfits; had three ranches. The home ranch was on Box Elder Creek, twenty-five miles north of Camp Crook, S. Dak.; horse camp was on Box Elder, and another cow ranch on Little Missouri River. I worked for this company for three years and came back home to Sterling in 1894.

On May 25, 1895, I was married to Amy Kelly, May 25, and settled down, I might add here that the little inland town of Kelly, about sixteen or seventeen miles southeast of Sterling, was named for my wife's parents, W.C. Kelly and wife, who settled there in 1866.
I tried farming for two or three years but did not have very good luck, and I am almost of the belief that you can not make a farmer's out of a cow puncher. So I got me a cow camp and went into the cow business for myself. I still have my ranch, located about one and a half miles west of Messex, Colo., and raise a few cattle and farm just enough to have feed for the cattle. Our range is all settled up, therefore the cattle are cut down to smaller bunches and are run in pastures.

We have two children, Elsie and Russell. Both are married and each of them have two children. Elsie married Maynard Repp; their children's names are Ruth and Lois; Russell married Alta Geer, and he is looking after the head-gates of the North Sterling Irrigation District. Their children are Edward and June. Like all grandparents, we think these children are just about right.

Practically all the years of my life have been spent as a cow man and in Logan County. I feel that if I had it all to go over again, it no doubt would be in this same line. There is something rather fascinating about it, and when you get started in the work, you feel that that is about all you are fitted for or care to do. I suppose, perhaps, we had hardships, but everyone else did also, so none of the people complained, just went along and did the best we could. Of course Logan County has changed a great deal in those forty-eight years, but at the same time I am glad that I was one of the "chaps" of those early days.

Signed by Mr. Frank Tanberg at Messex, Colo. this 6th day of January, 1934.

Frank Tanberg
SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE LED MISS DETAMORE TO SEEK COLORADO PLAINS.

Miss Margaret C. Detamore is one of a small number of early day residents of the Fleming community, who still resides there. She celebrated her seventy-third birthday anniversary last April, but is still young in spirit. She remembers very vividly her first impressions of this country, which was largely uninhabited plains when she arrived in March, 1891.

Coming from Weston, W. Va., to central Nebraska, Miss Detamore taught school for a year or two. She, with other teachers there, began making plans to come to Colorado to take up homesteads. However, when the time came to make the trip, the others decided not to make the attempt, and Miss Detamore, accompanied by her two nephews, Norval and Arden Smith, came on to Fleming. It took three days by train to make the trip from Lincoln, Nebr., to Fleming, delays being caused by spring blizzards. The present Burlington "high line" from Holdredge to Cheyenne was built in 1887; and at that time was called "the Jerkwater" by residents of the country.

Miss Detamore described the country as being very wild and desolate looking when she arrived. Rattlesnakes and coyotes were the terror of her existence. There being a settlement at the present site of Fleming, she decided to open a small general store. In 1903 she was appointed postmistress, which position she held for nine years. At the time of her appointment, cancellation was the only salary paid. Sometimes when the mail sack was sent out, there would be but one letter in it. Not a very lucrative position! Later she secured the money order department, which added a little to her income. As the country became settled, Miss Detamore was instrumental in securing three rural routes for her office. The last official paper she signed before turning the office to her successor in 1902, was the one whereby these routes were made automobile routes. Previous to this, for a few years, the Fleming post office had served, by a star route, the four offices at New Haven, Kelly, Leroy and Schleuter. Frank Grauberger was the carrier of this star route.

For several years, Miss Detamore taught in Fleming, and in other districts in the vicinity. The first year she taught in the Fleming school, she had fifty-two pupils. Then came the drought and many families moved away. The school board, finding there were but five pupils to attend school, asked Miss Detamore to take them to her home, in which was located the postoffice. Desks were moved from the school house and she efficiently attended to the duties of postmistress and district school teacher.

During the extremely dry years of 1893 and '94, people were unable to raise any feed whatsoever for their stock. They became discouraged. Selling what they could, they moved on west where prospects seemed brighter. Nothing had consistent value, four nice yearling calves would not bring more than $7.00. It was necessary at this time to haul overland from Greeley all the vegetables needed for the winter. A man planning to make the trip for vegetables asked Miss Detamore if she wished him to bring her some "spuds." She asked "What do you do with them?" Having lived in the West, she had not heard the word connected with potatoes. A "spud" in West Virginia was a tool used for tamping in fence posts.

The lots in Fleming on which stood the one story frame house owned by Miss Detamore and used by her as a home for a number of years, were sold to the First National Bank, on which to build its present brick building.
When her term in the post office had expired, Miss Detamore bought some property in Fleming just south of the present State Highway and built a comfortable two story house, in which she now resides. With her lives her grand-nephew, Gerald Smith, who is a senior this year in the Fleming High School. Miss Detamore has educated a number of children, this being the fiftieth year that a child under her care in her own home has attended the public schools.

Although having undergone all the hardships and difficulties of pioneer life, Margaret C. Detamore is still young at heart and takes an active interest in community life.

The above remarks are true. Signed by Miss Margaret C. Detamore at Fleming, Colo. this 4th day of January, 1934.

Margaret C. Detamore
CULTURAL FOUNDATIONS LAID BY MRS. H.B. DAVIS.

During fifty years the arts have developed in Sterling in proportion to the growth of the city. Although the townsite was laid out in the cow country, where little refinement was supposed to exist, pioneers of Sterling believed in religion, education, music, art, and, accordingly, developed the finer things of life.

Mrs. H.B. Davis, who was instrumental in bringing about this growth, has, for instance, watched music develop in Sterling from the not-too-much-harmony of a small choir in a pioneer church to the outstanding musical organizations of the city today which are the first in the State.

In March, 1878, Mrs. Davis, then Miss Lizzie Powell, came with her brother, E.A. Powell, from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, to Buffalo, which is now the town of Merino. She came to Sterling in 1883 and that year became a member of the choir of the Presbyterian church. The next year she became director of the choir of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, of which the Rev. Mr. Majors was the preacher. This church was later discontinued. Mrs. Davis assisted in the organization of the Methodist church, North, and sang in the choir, although she was not a member of this church. Services of this church were first held in the King building on the site of the present Voelkel Drug Store, Main Street.

Fifty years ago the great figures of the stage were touring the country and performing in the larger cities. Edwin Booth was portraying Hamlet as perhaps no actor since has acted that role. Edwin Forrest shook the rafters with his great voice in the part of King Lear. Lawrence Barrett, Carlotta Crabtree, William Gillette and others were seen in many towns of the country, but not in the village of Sterling. Since Sterling was too small to attract outside talent, those who believed in culture resorted to home talent for entertainments.

What was perhaps the first musicale ever given in Sterling was stated in 1884 at the old Franklin School, which then stood at Fourth and Poplar Streets, where an elevator now stands. This program consisted of music and tableaux and was directed by Mrs. Davis.

One of the tableaux is still vivid in the memory of some who attended the performance. This scene represented Jacob at Beth-El when he saw a vision of angels descending and ascending a ladder to heaven. Believing that the signal had been given to open the calico curtain, Mrs. Davis, who was at one end of the stage, and Dr. J.N. Hall, who was at the other end of the stage, pulled on the ropes. The curtain divided and the audience, instead of seeing the sleeping Jacob, saw the Rev. Mr. Majors sitting up and frantically motioning at the children in white robes on the ladder, who represented the angels. When the clergyman realized that the curtain had been opened, he gave more directions to the "angels" and then calmly placed his head on the rock and closed his eyes.

Great indeed is the contrast between this small school room where this musicale and tableaux were given and the present Sterling Municipal Memorial Auditorium, which cost $150,000, where, shortly after its dedication, Mrs. Davis presented the play, "In Old Virginia." This performance was the first given in the new auditorium and was for the benefit of the Sterling Hospital.
It was on the evening of Wednesday, October 3, 1888, that an oratorio, "Queen Esther," was presented under the direction of Mrs. Davis at the Rink, which was located on the southwest corner of Ash and Front Streets. Following is the cast: king, W.E. Powell; queen, Mrs. H.E. Davis; Haman, W.F. Bybee; Mordecai, W.F. Rhodes; Mordecai's sister, Mrs. T.S. Storey; prophetess, Mrs. Whiteley; scribe, C.W. Roland; guards, George A. Henderson and Henry D. Hinkley; high priest, R.A. Williams; queen's attendants, Miss Susie Wilson and Mrs. F.E. Smith; king's pages, Johnny Storey and Sidney Propst; queen's pages, Alice Hunter and Alice Propst. There were also semi-choruses of children, chorus of Persians, and chorus of Jews.

A Sterling newspaper at that time had the following to say of the performance:

"The oratorio, "Queen Esther," drew a large audience at the Rink Wednesday evening to witness this beautiful and impressive entertainment and, being well received and by request, it was decided to repeat last night. It is a beautiful and impressive piece when well rendered and teaches us a valuable lesson. It is our pleasure to assure them that we have seen the performance several times before, but never have we witnessed it in which the participants were all so good vocalists, in which the acting was done with such ease and grace, in which the costumes were so rich and suited to the occasion and in which everything passed off so smoothly, everybody satisfied and well repaid." The newspaper goes on to comment for a column or more about the oratorio.

On March 19, 1904, "Belshazzar's Feast" was presented by Sterling talent for the benefit of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal churches. Mrs. Davis was the director, and included in the cast were: Tamar, Miss Greta Gillett; Atalia, Miss Lyra Stanton; Feastus, Horace Davis; Zerlina, Miss Werdna Delzell; Antonia, queen of Belshazzar; Miss Carrie Perkins; Belshazzar, king of Babylon, John H. King; Nyra, child of Zerubbabel, Madeleine Davis; Zerubbabel, governor of the Jews, J.F. Manning; and Shelomith, wife of Zerubbabel, Miss Nora Tetsell.

Many have been the performances and plays that Mrs. Davis has directed for the education and amusement of Sterling people. With the establishment of a dramatic department in the Sterling High School, the students began presenting plays and there was no need for many other home-talent performances, although several were usually given a year.

(The name of Sterling was carried far and wide by the Davis children, Horace, Madeleine, and Joe, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Davis toured various parts of the country. Newspapers pronounced the Davis children among the foremost juvenile actors on the American stage. They appeared on the Orpheum circuit and at leading theaters in large cities and by their ability demonstrated to the world that a small town of the plains, Sterling, could produce theatrical talent.)

Sterling people also derived inspiration from fraternal organizations that taught morality by symbols. Mrs. Davis was interested in such organizations
and instrumental in the forming of the Sterling chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star in 1905. She and Mrs. William Greig secured a sufficient number of members for the forming of the local chapter and an organizer who installed the chapter, was asked to come to Sterling. For seventeen years Mrs. Davis served as organist of the order.

So far, only music, the lodge and theater have been mentioned. Sterling people did not confine their interests to these forms of art. Although Mrs. Davis had devoted perhaps more time to church music than any other person in Sterling, for she was director of the Presbyterian church choir from 1902 until 1931, she was also vitally interested in painting and drawing.

Others in Sterling were also of an artistic temperament and showed ability in painting and sketching. An art class was organized by Mrs. Davis in 1898 and met in her home, which was located where the present Mrs. George A. Henderson home now stands. Oil painting was taught, and in that class were Mrs. Allen Winch, Mrs. Grant Brown, Mrs. Zeb Yonge, Miss Mamie Dickerson, Miss Alice Propet, Miss Susie Wilson, Miss Mora Jackson and Gene Buchanan.

As the result of this class, Sterling people became more interested in art, and in 1898 Mrs. Davis formed a larger class which met in the postoffice building, located on the present site of the Waymire Clothing Store. Those who first joined that class were: Mrs. G.A. Henderson, Mrs. F.J. Henderson, Mrs. S.A. Burks, Mrs. Wells Cole; Mrs. L. Benge, Mrs. C.B. Goddard, Mrs. L.H. Stanton, Mrs. A.H. Pettit, Mrs. D.G. Fleming, Mrs. E. Weidenheimer, Mrs. J.C. Payton, Mrs. W.H. Cates, Mrs. W.H. Conklin, Mrs. G.C. Brown, Mrs. J.E. Buchanan, Mrs. Julia Shelton, and Misses Mabel Landrum, Perrie Ritchie, Minnie Hunker, Lizzie Tetsell, Madeline VeVerka, Belle Harris and Miss McCracken. Other classes at different times and places were taught by Mrs. Davis. It was in that class that Mabel Landrum Torrey became greatly interested in art. Mrs. Torrey is now a world famous sculptor.

Other art classes were formed by Mrs. Davis, one in 1901, that worked in oils, water colors and burnt wood. This class met for years, first on the second floor of the old fire department building on the court-house lawn across the street from the present Advocate plant in the Odd Fellows Hall, and later in the Davis home, which is now the J.P. Dillon residence.

Scores of original paintings by Mrs. Davis adorn the walls of the Davis home. On the walls of many other Sterling homes are hung pictures, oils, water colors, pastel and crayon, that have been made by members of the family, for Sterling people have carried their interest in the fine arts to the stage of creating pictures for themselves.

Pioneers who built their homes fifty years ago in this little town of the cowboy country built for permanency and established refinement within those homes. Great has been the development from the small church choir with its "woody" organ in a one-room frame building to the magnificent municipal memorial auditorium, where during Music Week the foremost musical organizations of the State-Sterling's own present their excellent programs.

The above remarks are true. Signed by Mrs. H.H. Davis at Sterling, Colo. this 13th day of January, 1934.

Mrs. H.H. Davis
I, Hugh Davis Ayres, was born on the 8th day of February, 1858, at Davis' Hills (now Michigan City), Mississippi.

When but a small lad, my mother, the late Mrs. Mary E. Ayres, and my sister, Carrie (now Mrs. J.N. Hall of Denver), with some other relatives came to Greeley in 1874. My father was killed in the Civil War. We did not stay in Greeley but a short time and came on down to the old Sterling settlement early in 1876.

Shortly after coming to Sterling, a report got out that Chief Dull Knife had left the reservation in Oklahoma and was fleeing northward with a large band of followers, destroying everything as they went.

It was thought perhaps these Indians might ford the South Platte in the Sterling region. Consequently, most of the women and children were taken to Sidney, Nebr., and the men awaited an expected attack of the Indians. The red men had been thick in this region a few years before, though they were peaceful and were in nominal charge of a government agent who accompanied them. At any rate, this was only about ten years since the burning of old Julesburg and simultaneous attack upon Valley Station and Godfrey's ranch, Fort Wicked, near Merino. Three cowboys have been murdered at "Dead Man's Spring, seventeen and a half miles north of Sterling.

There were not many people here then—some twenty or thirty—there were the Perkins', Smiths', Kings', Minters', Prawitts, Hugh and Ed Davis (my mother's brothers), Tidwells and a few others.

These men thought the most sane and safest thing to do was to build a fort and they all assisted in this work. The sod was turned evenly with the plow and squares were cut out with a spade. These squares were stacked carefully, making a thick, strong wall about seven feet high. Bastions at the corners were square, with port holes, to command a view of the sides of the fort. This enclosure was approximately one hundred feet square—large enough to contain all the livestock of the settlers. When the fort was built, the men felt that they should have some organization and be trained in the art of "warfare." Among these few settlers, there were a number who had had long experience in the Civil War, and the one deemed most capable was made commander of the settlement's defense forces. San Kempton was selected as Captain or Commander, and R.E. Smith as Lieutenant. This same Kempton was foreman for Jared L. Brush. The State furnished carbines or rifles.

The location of the "fort" was near the river, about a half mile or thereabout north and east of the present Minto school, or about four miles from the present town of Sterling. About a quarter of a mile from the fort was the first school, built of sun-dried brick. It was so placed in order that the children, in case of an Indian attack, could rush to the fort and be under the protection of the defenders' guns. My sister, Carrie, was the teacher of this school. On June 27, 1927, the D.A.R. chapter dedicated a bronze tablet as a monument to mark the spot of the first school in Sterling. This tablet is placed four miles northeast of Sterling on the Lincoln Highway, and is the gift of Dr. J.N. Hall (Carrie's husband). Carrie taught the school for a period of one year at the place which is now marked.

It might be of interest to give the inscription on the marker: "Sterling First Public School. This tablet commemorates the establishment of the first public school in the
Sterling settlement, October, 1875. It was taught by Carrie G. Ayres, later Mrs. J.N. Hall of Denver. The sod schoolhouse stood 3,160 feet south, and the sod fort, built by the early settlers for protection against the Indians, 4,200 feet southeast of this point. This tablet is placed by the Elbridge Gerry Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

I never saw any large band of Indians, however, the earlier settlers of Sterling did see great migrations. One was of emigrants, going westward to the gold mines or camps. The great development of mining transpired in the years when Sterling was having its beginning. I have seen as many as fifty wagons in a train, slowly crunching along the old Overland trail, east of the river.

(Another great movement of the early days was the moving of cattle. I believe I am safe in saying that I saw more cattle in a year, those days than there are now in Colorado. For days at a time, when the wind raged, dense masses of cattle moved before the wind, drifting as far as from the "North River" to the South Platte valley. I remember in the big roundups that the cowboys worked from Ogallala to Greeley, along the streams where the cattle congregated. The cattle could be found on Crow Creek, Wildcat Creek, Pawnee and Cedar Creeks. Wherever there was water, there you would also find cattle.)

The South Platte was a real stream in the early days; in the spring and early summer it ran bank full, and crossing was a difficult matter. Of course there was not the great volume of irrigation which today equalizes the flow of the river.

(I might mention about John W. Iliff-known as the "cattle king of Colorado" in those days-put up a board fence around a section of land on the Riverside ranch, for the purpose of keeping the horses within known range. This fence preceded the old fence of smooth wire and red cedar posts which was thrown up along the Sterling No. 1 ditch to keep the cattle and buffaloes from the settler's gardens.)

When the town of Sterling was started, we moved in; for six years I was engaged in the drug business, later was deputy sheriff, and in 1885 was elected sheriff of Logan County. I was also assistant postmaster under R.W. Smith.

On February 9, 1885, I was married to Catherine Davis (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Davis who came to Sterling in 1882). Mr. Davis worked in the car shops of the Union Pacific here for three years when the road was first built.

We have four children: Mrs. Barry (Margaret) Duffield, lives in Roswell, New Mexico; Felix G. Ayres, lives in Sterling; Mrs. Earl E. (Carrie) Wright, lives in Whittier, Calif., and Morris W. Ayres, living in Los Angeles, California.

My wife and I are glad to have been among the pioneers of this County, and it has been a great pleasure to us to see the town and county grow to its present achievements. Our home is at 229 South Third Street, Sterling, Colo.

Written and signed by H.D. Ayres at Sterling, Colo. this 10th day of January, 1934.
Lizzie Gordon Buchanan (wife of Kossuth Buchanan) was born on January 9, 1857, in Green County, Pa., about eighty miles south of Pittsburgh.

I came west in September, 1883 with two brothers-in-law, W.H. Moore and E.F. Moore and their families. Our destination was Wahoo, Nebraska, owing to glowing reports we had from friends who had gone from our locality to this place.

There was a vacancy in the grade schools in Wahoo, and I was fortunate enough to get the place. I well remember I was paid in gold—$40.00 per month— the first month. I do not remember how long this continued.

In 1885 I had the western fever more than ever. I was anxious now to get some land in Colorado and start a fortune for myself as I had such wonderful pictures in my mind what this country would look like and be like in the near future. I remember, when probably ten years old, of seeing a young lady and her brother who had been to Denver and hearing them tell of Colorado. Oh! how it charmed me, especially the name "Colorado", and it is dearer to me today than ever.

In September, 1885 I came to Colorado and filed on a timber claim south of Haxtun. At that time you were not required to live on a timber claim, but were required to plant ten acres to trees. I did not feel brave enough yet to try to live on a claim, but later on, listening to the experiences of others, I felt equal to the undertaking.

In 1886 I came back and pre-empted one hundred and sixty acres on which a person was required to live at least six months and make certain improvements and pay $1.25 per acre. An 8 by 10 plank house was erected with one door and one window, and all of the built-in features—a cracker box over the head of my bed for books and one over the table for dishes. The table and bed were stationary, made of up-to-date planks. A trunk, small stove and two chairs were the furnishings of one of the first domiciles where Holyoke is now situated. It was Logan County when I filed and made proof on this land.

The nearest Land Office at this time was in Denver, where I made proof. An agent of the Lincoln Land Company made it a point to be in Denver when I made proof, as my claim was one of the quarter sections that the Burlington & Missouri Railroad Company wanted for a townsite. In a short time I sold the land to this Land Company, the first eighty acres in July, 1887 for $1,000, and in September, 1887, the other eighty acres for $6,000.

(The first bank in Holyoke was built by Geo. E. Clark on the southeast corner of this claim. Holyoke had three banks in a very short time. To give you an idea how the lots sold, Mr. Clark paid $1,400 for his lot.)

(When I sold my land I agreed to put up a building, which I did. The building was a two story hotel, known as the Gordon House. W.H. Moore was the first proprietor. Many living today remember this hotel as a place where they enjoyed the sights, tidiness, good accommodations, and the genial host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Moore. While Holyoke had nine saloons at this time, no liquors were served at this hotel, and only the better class were taken care of here.)
I realized before I was through seeking this fortune that "anticipations were sweeter than realities", for a panic and drought soon followed--1891 to '94--and Holyoke soon looked like it would never recover.

I will tell something of my life on this claim; I was so hopeful of the outcome of my undertaking the time did not drag. The most of the home-seekers were good citizens--people you could trust. You could lie down at night and sleep as it was not likely any undesirable characters would be in this section of the country, as at that time there were no automobiles and no railroad.

Of course my relatives and I thought I should have a gun and know how to use it. I was prepared to defend myself, but never had an occasion to use the revolver. I never risked a light in the house at night; I ventilated by taking the two lids off of my stove. I had no trouble to sleep. If not a native of Colorado, you no doubt remember your experience about "sleep" and "eats" when you first came to Colorado.

One night, shortly after retiring, I heard someone walking towards the house. I was frightened. I knew by the noise the boots striking together that it was not one of my people, but a stranger. He knocked on my door and asked to be directed to a near by place. I sent him to my brother-in-law, B.F. Moore. This stranger told my folks "he guessed there was a woman alone in the shanty northeast of there for her voice sounded like she was scared to death". I thought I had done wonderfully well and had not given away that I was frightened. My door was locked and a very large trunk, a "Saratoga", was wedged in between the foot of the bed and door.

Another time I felt alarmed, I saw a large herd of cattle approaching, looked as though there were thousands, and I guess there were. A cowboy came galloping up to my door--my heart was in my mouth--I wonder when I think of it that I did not expire from what I had read and heard about cowboys. My fright was for nothing. He inquired something about the cattle that had passed, very courteously, and away he went.

One more fright during these months on the claim: this was my first and last experience in a lonely shack alone through one of the worst blizzards I ever saw. It was in February, 1887. The day before was a beautiful day and I was having breaking done on my claim, getting ready to make proof. There was no warning whatever, the evening before the storm, what we might expect. I had only enough coal in the house for one fire, and it was not safe to try to get out or go any place or anyone get to me. I soon found out that it was not safe to have a fire. I realized the only thing to do with any safety was to go back to bed and stay there until the storm was over. My house was well anchored, and banked up with sod. I was well and comfortable physically, but not mentally. I knew a brother and brother-in-law and some friends had only a tent to shelter in through this storm. They had gone the beautiful day before to be located about twelve miles southwest of our settlement. All survived. The second morning the sun came out and "We looked upon a world unknown on nothing we could call our own." Neighbors came bright and early to see if Elizabeth Gordon and her shack could be found. The snow was piled to the eaves, but they soon dug me out and went on their way rejoicing to see what they could do for others that might be suffering. I memorized, during this storm, "Rock Me To Sleep, Mother", but I could not be rocked or put to sleep. There was no sleep.
When in Denver, after making proof on my pre-emption, I decided to file on a homestead on a vacant one hundred and sixty about two miles southwest of Holyoke. At this time you were not required to live on the homestead five years, but could commute after six months residence by paying $1.26 per acre. At this same time when I was in Denver a young man heard I was going to file on this claim and he rushed up a shack on this land, hoping to beat me out of the claim, but I lived on the west part and he lived near the east line. He contested my right, but I won the case. I complied with the law and proved up on this place.

Holyoke was a flourishing town at this time, with her three banks, nine saloons and a railroad, and I did not have the assurance of safety that I did on my pre-emption. My dwelling was near the public road going west from Holyoke.

One beautiful moonlight night I heard a racket that I could not understand—looked out my east window and could see a lot of men around this shanty on my claim. I supposed they were drunks and pilferers and would soon be at my place. So I got off to a neighbor's as fast as I could run. This is another time "I crossed the bridge before I got there." A lot of the good men of the neighborhood decided this young man was only pretending to live on his claim, and to prove it, they turned his shack over. As there was no floor in the house, the furnishings were exposed outside the next morning—just a bed. He was living with his parents on an adjoining claim.

As to social affairs in our community when pre-empting, we had a literary society and a Bible school, and occasionally just a social gathering where we laughed and chattered over nothing and feasted on "canned peaches" with cream—sometimes, cake.

Some of the early settlers in this and adjoining communities were:
Stewart Beggs; W.F. Bybee and wife; Chas. B. Timberlake and wife; J.C. Aiken and wife, and many others of this type that I could name. I mention a few who are well known in eastern Colorado, because some refer to the first settlers as "undesirable citizens."

Were we happy under these conditions? I would say "Yes". It was sweet hope that kept our spirits buoyed up and gave us happiness.

"It's wanting keeps us young and fit, It's wanting something just ahead, And striving hard to come to it, That brightens every road we tread."

Written and signed by Lizzie Gordon Buchanan at Sterling, Colo., this 16th day of January, 1934.

(Lizzie Gordon Buchanan's place you will see they were married June 21, 1899; before her marriage, Miss Gordon was a teacher in the Sterling High Schools for 21 years—1893 to 1894). Mrs. Buchanan celebrated her 77th birthday Jan. 9, 1934.
STERLING PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH FIFTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

A History of The Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Now the Presbyterian Church, In Sterling, Colorado.

By Rev. E. Roy Cameron, Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

The first permanent settlers came to this region of the South Platte valley in the early eighteen-seventies. They were cattle and sheep men. In the middle seventies a group of southern families came here from Union Colony, now Greeley, and located on claims a few miles north and east of the present site of Sterling, Colo. The chief inducement for locating here was a railroad grade which the Colorado Central Railroad was building from Julesburg to LaSalle. Rail connections through the fertile valley promised a glowing future to those on the "ground floor." But the railroad company went bankrupt, and the project was not revived until about 1880, by the Union Pacific Railroad Company. In the meantime the first group was joined by another group of southern families who came down from Sidney.

Among these people were a number of Southern Methodists and Cumberland Presbyterians. It was not long before a Sunday school was organized. It was held first, in one of the homes, later in the new adobe school house near the old fort, then still later in the new sod schoolhouse which was 3.7 miles northeast of the present Sterling High School, on the Padroni road. This was on the spot where the Minto Valley school now stands. A ridge of soil in the school yard still indicates the outlines of the old sod walls. The building is described as having a good plank floor and fairly comfortable benches for seats.

(For a year or two the spiritual work seems to have been done by the Methodists, with Rev. Craven as preacher. But a number of families felt that they should propagate their own Cumberland Presbyterian faith and while they co-operated in the Sunday school and church work, did not unite with the Southern Methodist organization.

First Presbyterian Minister.

On a Saturday in October, 1878, a young, dark haired, rather heavy-set man of twenty or twenty-five years of age, carrying a quirt and wearing boots, looking more like a cowboy than a minister, came riding into the settlement on horseback. This was the Rev. S.H. McElvain, who had ridden from Greeley, apparently on the order of the Synod of Missouri, to investigate the advisability of organizing a Cumberland Presbyterian church. He called a meeting of all those interested in such a church, to be in the sod schoolhouse the next day, which was Sunday. When they assembled, there being so many more people than he had expected, he inquired from where they had all come. They replied (having in mind their dugouts and sod homes) that they had come out of the ground.

Being satisfied that there was a sufficient demand for a new church on that Sunday, according to the living charter members, he organized what officially known as the Sterling Congregation of the Rocky Mountain Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian church. The following twenty-two people, according to the extant records, were the charter members:

Elizabeth Davis, Anna Davis, Bettie Davis, Calvin Cheairs, Sarah A. Cheairs (Mrs. Calvin), Sallie Cheairs (Mrs. J.J.), Carrie G. Ayres, Mary E. Ayres, Cornelia C. Perkins, E.L. Minter, Isabella H. Minter (Mrs. E.L.), M.C. King, Mary E. King (Mrs. J.C.), J.M. King, Priscilla King (Mrs. J.M.), R.A. King, J.B. Walker, Hattie Walker
(Mrs. J.B.), H.L. Spencer, Lida A. Spencer (Mrs. H.L.), Anna A. Tidwell and Mattie D. Tidwell.

Seven Surviving Members

These have all passed from this life except Carrie G. Ayres (Mrs. J.N. Hall) of Denver, Mrs. Lida A. Spencer of Huntington Park, California, and the following five who reside in Sterling: R.A. King, Anna Davis (Mrs. R.A. King), Sallie Cheairs (Mrs. J.J.), Mattie D. Tidwell (Mrs. C.L. Goodwin), and Bettie Davis (Mrs. J.W. Landrum). (Mrs. Landrum while commonly rated a charter member did not come to Sterling until 1880).

Of the charter members Major E.L. Minter, Calvin Cheairs, J.M. King and H.L. Spencer were elected ruling elders, and W.C. King, R.A. King, D.E. Davis, J.M. King, H.L. Spencer, E.L. Minter and Calvin Cheairs were elected deacons and trustees.

The next day Mr. McPhail rode back to Greeley and never returned to the Sterling settlement. But the little organization held regular Sunday-school and worship services, probably with Major Minter serving as Sunday-school superintendent. The whole Sunday school was in one class, since the schoolhouse contained but one room, and the lessons consisted entirely of studies from the Bible, there being no Sunday school materials of any kind. One day some one discovered among his or her boxes of possessions shipped from the East a box containing twelve copies of Blake’s “Condemned Theology” and they used these in Sunday school for several months. Singing was from a little brown hymn-book, “Pure Gold”, with a little organ for accompaniment.

This was a real pioneering period for these people, and the Major was often heard praying that the settlement might be protected from the Indians. Until the Union Pacific Railroad was laid through the valley from Julesburg to LaSalle, the settlement for the most part secured its foodstuffs and clothing materials from Greeley, hauling them across the country by wagon. The settlers secured their flour from the mill at Evans, near Greeley. It is said that W.E. Tetsell, a Methodist preacher, occasionally preached in the schoolhouse, and that one day when he was supposed to preach he failed to appear. An Englishman, thinking that he had gone to Evans for flour, said, “He must have gone to h’Evans for a load.” It was reported that on another occasion an order for dress goods was filled by a single bolt of bright calico, which was divided among the families needing cloth, and that the following Sunday the women folk all tended church wearing dresses exactly alike.

Settlement Is Moved

In 1880 the Rev. H.C. Nicholson came to be the pastor. It is said that his support was chiefly derived from the tithings of ten families. A two-room manse, having stone and grout walls, was erected for his use, one mile west of the schoolhouse, which he occupied until the congregation moved to Sterling.

The townsite of Sterling was platted shortly after the completion of the railroad in 1881, and soon many neighboring families moved to the new village. Many new families came to live in the valley made available by the railroad, and by the beginning of 1883 there was a sizeable, bustling town.

In the meantime, realizing that the new town would soon supplant the old settlement, the little congregation, under the leadership of Mr. Nicholson, began to make plans for the erection of a church building in the village. W.C. King donated a building site on the northwest corner at Fourth and Main Streets, and a
(Mrs. J.E.), H.L. Spencer, Lida A. Spencer (Mrs. H.L.), Anna A. Tidwell and Mattie D. Tidwell.

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The whole Sunday school was in one class, since the schoolhouse contained but one room, and the lessons consisted entirely of studies from the Bible, there being no Sunday school materials of any kind. One day some one discovered among his or her boxes of possessions shipped from the East a box containing twelve copies of Blake's "Condensed Theology" and they used these in Sunday school for several months.

Singing was from a little brown hymn-book, "Pure Gold", with a little organ for accompaniment.

This was a real pioneering period for these people, and the Major was often heard praying that the settlement might be protected from the Indians. Until the Union Pacific Railroad was laid through the valley from Julesburg to LaSalle, the settlement for the most part secured its foodstuffs and clothing materials from Greeley, hauling them across the country by wagon. The settlers secured their flour from the mill at Evans, near Greeley. It is said that W.H. Tetsell, a Methodist preacher, occasionally preached in the schoolhouse, and that one day when he was supposed to preach he failed to appear. An Englishman, thinking that he had gone to Evans for flour, said, "He must have gone to Evans for a load." It was reported that on another occasion an order for dress goods was filled by a single bolt of bright calico, which was divided among the families needing cloth, and that the following Sunday the women folk all tended church wearing dresses exactly alike.

Settlement Is Moved

In 1880 the Rev. H.G. Nicholson came to be the pastor. It is said that his support was chiefly derived from the titheings of ten families. A two-room frame, having stone and grout walls, was erected for his use, one mile west of the schoolhouse, which he occupied until the congregation moved to Sterling.

The townsite of Sterling was platted shortly after the completion of the railroad in 1881, and soon many neighboring families moved to the new village. Many new families came to live in the valley made available by the railroad, and by the beginning of 1883 there was a sizeable, bustling town.

In the meantime, realizing that the new town would soon supplant the Old Settlement, the little congregation, under the leadership of Mr. Nicholson, began to make plans for the erection of a church building in the village. M.C. King donated a building site on the northwest corner at Fourth and Main Streets, and a
building was begun, probably in the autumn of 1862, with Taylor and Payne the contractors.

Concerning the erection of this building, J.A. Borie, the first telegraph operator in Sterling, wrote: "By the second year (1883) we had ...... a church, built by subscription. There were seven preachers in the valley, but no church up to this time. They represented some particular offshoot of the Methodist church.... We built the church with the understanding that all would use it. It was not long before another subscription paper was being circulated, but I told them that I could not conscientiously help to starve more than one preacher." Under date of January 15, 1883, the Sterling Record names, among buildings "erected during the last fourteen months", the Cumberland Presbyterian church.

Early in 1883 the congregation moved to their new location in Sterling, having held regular services in the sod school house until that time. Mr. Nicholson remained until July 23 of that summer, but a manse had not been erected and he lived in a house in town, the location of which we do not know. The manse was erected sometime after 1885, at the rear of the church, facing Fourth Street, and Mr. Shull was probably the first minister to live in it.

Home for Fifteen Years

The church was not extravagantly built, but it was comfortably large for those days. It was rectangular in form, having on the front end a low, square bell tower containing a bell. It was lighted with kerosene lamps. Here the congregation was to worship for fifteen years, entering into all the activities of a rapidly growing town, and leaving its impress on hundreds of temporary and permanent residents.

We have no record of the membership when the congregation moved to town, and but little information of the congregational activities preceding 1906, from which year detailed records are available. But the church took its expected part in the development of Sterling, and increased as rapidly as conditions permitted. It held many social functions in the old Sterling Skating Rink, erected in 1885 on the southwest corner at Front and Ash Streets. Board-walks were built along the business streets, and it is reported that cowboys raced their ponies on the boardwalks from Front Street up to the Presbyterian church, breaking many boards but paying for much of the damage.

On November 9, 1887, the town board levied "six cents per running foot" for grading Fourth Street. This was probably the first street graded in Sterling, and no doubt the Presbyterian church was required to pay its share of the levy. From that day to this the church has had to pay continuously for city improvements, the happy penalty for being a desirable location.

As an indication of the community interest of the church, the oldest women's organization in Sterling was organized in it on February 24, 1892. This was the Madame Willard Women's Christian Temperance Union, which began with thirty-three members. In checking over that group of members we discover that at least eleven were Presbyterians.

Official Lamp Lighter

Sometime in 1892 Sterling installed its first street lights, twelve in number. They were flaring, four-sided glass boxes set on four-by-fours. One of
them stood at the corner of the Presbyterian Church, and a young Presbyterian, A.D. Jackson, was the first official lamp lighter.

During this period several other churches were organized in Sterling, for its rapid growth indicated a promising future. Naturally there was much shifting of families throughout the valley, creating a prevailing spirit of pioneer restlessness. This spirit of the people was reflected in the short pastorates of the ministers of that time. Counting Mr. Nicholson, there were nine Presbyterian ministers in the fifteen years of worship in the first building (1883 to 1898), as follows: E.G. Nicholson to July 23, 1883; J.H. Barnett, October 1883 to 1884; R.A. Williams, June 12, 1884 to March 4, 1886; S.R. Shull, March 11, 1886 to June 20, 1887; R.A. Williams (second pastorate), July 15, 1897 to September 22, 1898; J.G. Lange, 1880 to October 1, 1891; A.E.C. Dimmick, October 15, 1891 to September 15, 1893; F.E. Lawler, October 1, 1893 to October 1, 1896, J. Wood Stone, beginning October 23, 1896.

By the time Mr. J. Wood Stone came as pastor, Sunday school and worship attendance so crowded the building that a number felt that a new and larger church should be erected. Accordingly, the building was sold in 1898 to the Evangelical Church, and was moved by them to the corner of North Fourth and Poplar Streets. During that summer a new building was erected on the old location, and the congregation began holding services in it on Sunday, November 6, 1898.

**Delzell Constructs Building**

This second, frame building was more beautifully built and much larger than the first. It contained a full basement, mostly above ground, a large sanctuary on the main floor, and some classroom space in the tower, which was crowned with a high, pointed steeple. The large windows were Gothic, and were of stained glass. The two main entrances faced Main Street and were reached by flights of thirteen steps. It was lighted by four huge kerosene lamps suspended from roof girders. This building is described as a credit to the town of nine hundred population. The builder was Elder D.B. Delzell, using one mechanic, J.G. Held. Much of the labor was donated, such as for the excavation of the basement, hauling of stone for the foundation, laying of the foundation and basement walls, and numerous items of construction, so that the cash outlay was but approximately $6,500. Being so reasonably constructed, it was dedicated without debt.

Occupancy of this new building began the third stage in the history of Presbyterianism in Sterling. We do not have the records of that date, but eighteen months later (April 16, 1900), the pastor, Mr. Stone, stated that then, when he was writing, the resident membership was 156 and twenty-nine more lived nearby. The Sabbath school had an attendance of 100, with Professor E.W. Cunningham as superintendent. Christian Endeavor had fifty-four active and seven associate members, with Mrs. Z.L. Yonge, president. The Ladies' Aid Society had twenty-two members, with Mrs. Maggie Armour, president. The Women's Missionary Society had eighteen members, with Mrs. J.W. Wells, president. The session was composed of Elders E.L. Minter, H.C. Perkins, J.C. Aiken and D.B. Delzell. The deacons were F.J. Henderson and H.D. Hinkley.

**Presbyterian Church of U.S.A.**

In May, 1906, the Cumberland Presbyterian denomination was united with that part of the Presbyterian church in the U.S.A., and that fall the Sterling congregation petitioned its Presbytery for dismission, so that it might unite with the Presbyterian church in the U.S.A. The petition was granted, and on October 9, the congregation
was received as a member of Boulder Presbytery of the Synod of Colorado of the Presbyterian church in the U.S.A.

The building of the sugar factory in 1905 had added another impetus to the development of the town. The Presbyterian congregation, housed in its new commodious building, without debt, developed rapidly. In 1908 its income exceeded $5,000. The story of the church from that time until the present, or third building was erected, is the story of any normal congregational activity.

The following are a few items of interest gleaned from the rather voluminous records of the session:

September 9, 1911, a motion was passed that the pastor should have a weekly bulletin printed; May 18, 1913, the church and manse property were offered to the United States government for the post office site, for $15,000. But on December 29, 1915, the session wired the government withdrawing the offer. September 7, 1913, the music committee was authorized and instructed to procure a tenor for the choir. November 5, 1913, the question of purchasing an automobile for church purposes was discussed and taken under advisement. (It was not purchased).

Missionary is Asked

April 20, 1914, the session asked the board of home missions to send a missionary to supply the "out-stations" of Padroni and Graylin, two young and growing communities north and west of Sterling. September 6, 1914, Mrs. H.B. Davis was commended for having served as choir director for eleven years.

For a decade now, Sterling had grown very rapidly. In 1909 it had become a second class town (more than 2,000 population and less than 15,000). Improvements of many kind kind had been made and there were rapid changes in population. These increases are discovered in the church records by occasional remarks that more Sunday school class room was needed, at which times committees were appointed to provide more room, even in the church tower. By 1917 the church membership numbered 364 and the Sunday school numbered 276. Thus both membership and Sunday school had more than doubled since they first began to occupy this building. March 22, the building committee was authorized to proceed with the building of a new church, although the plans called for a greater cost than was anticipated. November 28, the cornerstone of the new church building was laid. The names of J.H. King, W.I. Brush and F.J. Henderson appear on the cornerstone as the building committee of the church, although long before the work was completed W.I. Brush was succeeded by J.P. Burney.

Beloved Pastor Passes

The total cost of manse, church and equipment was approximately $110,000. It was very commodious and beautiful for a town of 7,000 inhabitants and a membership of 560. The vision of this third church building was largely accredited to the pastor, the Rev. M. Gatwood Milligan, Jr. Previous to and during the erection of the building Mr. Milligan was in failing health, and shortly after the laying of the cornerstone (December 14, 1919) he resigned as pastor and was made pastor emeritus. One of his last pastoral joys came on the Easter preceding his resignation, when he baptized eleven infants and received into the church eighty-three new members. He continued to reside in Sterling, passing from this life on March 2, 1924.
Lacking but one week of being two years after the laying of the corner-
sone, the present building was dedicated, with a week of services beginning Novem-
ber, 1920. This location of this—the present church—is at the corner of South
Fourth and Ash Streets, being just one block south from where the other two churches
stood.

The church under the official title of the "First Presbyterian Church,
Sterling, Colorado," was incorporated under the laws of Colorado, April 11, 1921.

Now that the congregation was housed in its new building, what happened to
the old church building and manse? Of course, worship services had been held there
until the dedication of the new building. After that the Sterling Lumber Company,
the owners, sold the church bell to the Methodist Episcopal church of Merino, and
the pews, pulpit and pulpit chairs to the Christian church of Sterling. The church
was torn down and all the available materials went into the new Chevrolet garage,
erected on the same spot. The manse was moved to 524 Park Street, was remodeled, and
is now occupied by the G.D. Lewis family. Best of all, the large pulpit Bible was
brought over to the new building, and placed on the new pulpit.

In order for the congregation to express some of its affection and love for
Mr. Milligan, early in November, 1925, with the approval of Mrs. Milligan, the social
hall of the church was named Milligan Hall, for which occasion W. H. H. King had been
appointed to give an "Appropriate speech."

The outstanding evangelistic effort of this congregation was its uniting
in the community evangelistic campaign in April and May, 1929, in charge of Evangelist
William A. (Billy) Sunday and his party.

Women were granted the privilege of serving as ruling elders in our denom-
ination during the church year 1930-1931, and at our annual congregational meeting on
April 14, 1931, we elected two women elders, Mrs. W.E. King and Mrs. W.S. Hadfield.
The following year Mrs. M. Gathwood Milligan was elected an elder, and this year,
1933, Mrs. Eunice P. Cheairs was made an elder. Elder Mrs. W.S. Hadfield holds the
distinction of being elected to the first office ever held by a woman in Boulder
Presbyterian, that of temporary clerk, in the fall of 1931.

The pastors after Wood Stone were Rev. Jonathan Williams, 1902 to 1903;
Rev. J.E. Aubrey, sometime in 1903 to 1909; Rev. E.G. Mitchell, from 1909 to 1915;
Rev. M. Gathwood Milligan, from Nov. 4, 1915, resigning on account of his health,
Dec. 14, 1919; Rev. Harry B. Veal, from May 4, 1920 to March 19, 1923; Rev. Thomas
W. Haynie from June 24, 1923 to Dec. 22, 1924; Rev. James M. Todd, April 1, 1925
to January 1, 1929. I became pastor March 5th, 1929.

Thus we come down to April 1, 1933, and find ourselves to be a congregation
having: a session of fifteen elders; an active membership of 655; a Sunday school
of 399 members; twelve organizations, active and meeting regularly.

According to the available records of the Church, the above facts are true.
Signed by Rev. W. Ray Cameron, Pastor of the Church, this 11th day of January, 1934.

E. R. Cameron
HOSPITALITY OF OLD TETSELL PLACE.

STILL LINGERS IN MEMORY.

Perhaps no change that has taken place in the last fifty years has been
greater than the transformation that has occurred in the customs of traveling.
On the old frontier, hospitality was ever in evidence. When a traveling stranger
knocked at a door he was admitted and given food and a bed for the night. No
bill was presented the next morning when he was about to depart, although he had
occupied the best bed in the house. Today when a person travels he is presented
with bills, bills and more bills.

Hundreds of travelers in the early days found shelter at the home of the
late W.E. Tetsell, Sr., one-fourth of a mile south of Mesa City. This ranch was the
logical stop for the night on the trail from Sterling to Greeley. Consequently,
the traveling public stopped at the Tetsell home, although it was not a hotel.
No charges were made for the hospitality offered by the Tetsell family.

The children of W.E. Tetsell, Sr., who are old enough to remember this
ranch and the children born after Mr. Tetsell left this place, often recall inci-
dents that they saw or heard about this stopping place. The Tetsell children are
W.E. Tetsell, Jr., A.H. Tetsell, Mrs. Maude Robertson, Mrs. Virgil B. Watts, Mrs.
J.P. Dillon, and Mrs. Arthur C. Warner of Sterling; Mrs. Melvin Cooper of Califor-
nia, Mrs. T.W. Culbertson of Plainview, Nebr., and Mrs. W.H. Edwards of Fort
Morgan.

Mr. Tetsell, who came to the United States from England, located in Greeley.
In 1875 he filed on a timber claim near Mesa City and planted a large grove of trees.
He and a neighbor built a ditch to bring water from the river. As time passed he
acquired more land, having about 700 acres in all. The house was of six rooms, sev-
eral of adobe, and the others of frame.

At this place stopped the traveling public. People going from and to
Greeley in covered wagons would drive into the yard and camp there for the night,
for there was plenty of water and firewood. Others, on horseback, or in wagons,
were admitted to the house as guests.

When a wagon rolled up to the Tetsell home near the close of day, the
occupants piled out and the Tetsells helped put the horses in the barn. Whether
the travelers were friends or strangers, they were welcome, for that was the custom
of the old West. After being made comfortable in the house, they were called to
dinner, and in the evening often visited with the family. The next morning some of
the Tetsells would assist them in hitching up and wave to them as they drove off.

The travelers were folk of all kinds. Some of the cowboys and cattlemen
were known from the Rio Grande to Canada, some were men looking for land on which
to file. Once a week a mail man stopped en route from Greeley. He was very much
welcomed by the children, for he often had candy to distribute among them.

One incident that some of the Tetsell children remember concerns two young
cowboys who had been caught in a blizzard. Cowboys were too proud to wear overhaes
like a farmer. Their shiny leather boots were no protection against the severe cold,
and the feet of this pair were frozen. They rode to the Tetsell place to get warm
and were given first aid treatment and required to stay for several days.
This family state that it was not only at their home that travelers were welcomed. Any Westerner who was worthy of the name of Westerner in the early days opened their doors to the traveling public. If one went away from home no doors were locked, for a traveler might need to rest or cook a meal. That was the Western custom. Now many doors are locked and strangers stop only at hotels or rooming houses. As the population of the West increased and as more people began to travel, this custom gradually went out of practice.

In 1894 the Tetsell family moved to a ranch two miles north and one half mile west of Sterling. Doors of the Tetsell home were again opened to travelers, but not as many passed this ranch. It was mostly friends who put up for the night there.

For twenty-six years W.E. Tetsell, Sr., operated this ranch. His cattle, which roamed the open range, packed the XT Bar brand. Part of this place is now farmed by W.E. Tetsell, Jr., and A.E. Tetsell. The children of W.E. Tetsell, Sr. who died at the age of eighty-nine years in 1928, in Sterling, often recall the stirring events of those early days. Those, indeed, were the times when hospitality was as genuine as the pure Colorado air.

Mr. Tetsell was an ordained minister of the M.E. Church, and many weekends he would ride miles to preach to eager listeners who would meet him by appointment at some ranch house or sod school house. He gave his time and services freely. This pioneering was a new experience for his wife; she had been educated in the best private schools of Old England, and had come from a family of refinement and wealth, but her loyal sons and daughters bear loving memory of her marvelous courage and bravery.

Rev. W.E. Tetsell and his wife were outstanding characters in Logan County, earnest Christian people of the finest type. They stood for the best things and it is no wonder that their "children rise up and call them blessed."

The above comments are true. Signed by Mrs. J.P. Dillon and Mrs. Maude Robertson, daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. W.E. Tetsell, Sr. at Sterling, Colorado this 9th day of January, 1934.

Mrs. J.P. Dillon

Mrs. Maude Robertson
MANASSES LITCH CAME TO LOGAN COUNTY FIFTY-NINE YEARS AGO.

Fifty-nine years ago, Manasses Litch, of Sterling, Colorado, who for a number of years has served as constable in this city, spent the night at the old LF ranch near what is now the town of Hiiff. Fifty-nine years ago, October 8, 1874, Mr. Litch walked down the South Platte River, passed the site of the present city of Sterling, to the camp of Jimmy Irvin, which was a short distance this side of what is now Atwood. This stranger from Ohio passed the ranch of the late William S. Hadfield, the first white settler in Logan County, on his trip down the river.

Mr. Litch made this trip from Julesburg to Sterling on foot. He stopped at ranches along the way, which were about fifteen miles apart. Although the South Platte River bottom is now lined with trees, Mr. Litch says that at that time there was not a twig sprouted in the river banks. The trees have rooted and grown since that time. There were only two trees between Julesburg and what is now Sterling, Mr. Litch says. The river had no trees and none started to grow until years after he came here.

Mr. Litch lived in Ohio prior to coming to Colorado. He had a brother, James Litch, in this state, the latter being on a ranch near Buffalo, the early name for the town of Merino. "I came out here to shoot buffaloes," said Mr. Litch. "Hunting was good in '74, '75 and '76, but I did not hunt any buffaloes later than 1876. I sold the meat at Julesburg or Greeley, as well as the hides. The last load I hauled to Greeley."

The first fall he was here, that of 1874, the Sioux Indians broke into a war and went on the war path. Mr. Litch had the experience of seeing the redskins in their warfare, war paint and in the war dances. He was accosted by several groups of Indians on his trip out here, but other than being searched, was not molested. He made a trip back to his old home in Ohio in 1879, but has never visited there since.

A man who has been in this country since 1874 is certainly in the pioneer class. That was before Sterling was considered, before a railroad was built through this section of the country and before there were fences or farming of any description. Mr. Litch, despite his age, says that if he knew of another country that would be the same as Colorado was at that time, that he would want to go there. He enjoyed the wild life on the plains.

He was born at Marion, Lawrence County, Ohio, on July 22, 1853. This particular town of Marion is not the home of the late President Harding, for Mr. Litch is authority for the statement that Ohio boasts of two such towns, one in Lawrence County and one in Marion County. Mr. Litch lived in Ohio until he was twenty-one years of age and then started west, coming direct to Colorado, which was then Colorado Territory. It was not admitted to the Union as a State until two years later. He first reached Kansas, where he spent the summer and in the fall reached Colorado via Julesburg. The date was October 6, 1874.

Mr. Litch states that buffalo were numerous at that time, and that he saw at least a million head of buffalo in one herd while standing at Cap Rock, near Akron. "Gunfire were shooting the buffalo fast," said Mr. Litch. The animals started moving southwest and as I stood on Cap Rock I could see an endless
procession of the American bison. As far as I could see there were buffalo and one can see for fifteen miles from that point. It looked like a black cloud. They moved from ten o'clock in the morning until night. Buffalo were seen around here until 1876, although I quit hunting them in 1876. There were so many buffalo that one man could kill as many in a day as ten men could skin. Antelope and deer were also numerous. There were at least 200 buffalo hunters here in 1874."

After the buffalo hunting was over, Mr. Litch worked as a cow puncher for several years, and after the town of Sterling was established, when the railroad was built here in 1881, he ran a pool hall for a number of years and then engaged in the dray business and conducted a livery barn. He was for four years a deputy sheriff of Weld County.

Mr. Litch was married at Sterling on October 25, 1887, to Miss Alice L. Symes, of Canada. Four boys and one girl were born to this union, two of whom are living, Norman and M.M., members of the firm of Litch Brothers, dealers in automobiles.

Mr. Litch encountered many Indians in the early days. There were no settlements near here, but bands of Indians were in the habit of moving from place to place to hunt. He has seen as many as five hundred in one band, the men riding ponies and the women, young and old, walking and carrying the babies. On his first day out of Julesburg he encountered a band of Cheyenne Indians. He has seen Indians on the war path, but this was at a distance. In one band the Indians had over 600 horses and ponies which they had stolen from rival Indians, and Mr. Litch says he never saw a better looking bunch of horses in his life. All were dapple grays.

"Our fire is made with buffalo chips, Our bed is on the ground;
Our house is built with buffalo hides We build them tall and round.
Our furniture is a camp, kettle, A coffee pot and pan,
Our chuck is bread and meat, All mixed up with sand."

The above verse is only a portion of a song that Mr. Litch sings, and as he sings, one of his legs, which was crossed over the other, he begins to keep time. And as he started to harmonize, his eyes became bright and a far-away look spread over his countenance. He knows a number of what he called "buffalo songs", many of which he said he learned from one "Whiskey Parker", a buffalo hunter who was here when he came in 1874.

"Whiskey Parker", he says, was a buffalo hunter who never killed a buffalo. He was a well-educated fellow from Vermont, who quit teaching school back there because whiskey began to get the best of him. But he was a brilliant fellow and a wonderful song composer, says Mr. Litch. Although he seldom attempted to kill a buffalo, he says, the other hunters kept him well supplied with meat, for he was a great entertainer who was liked by all.

And as Mr. Litch tells of the old days on the Colorado plains, the old man, who is in a singing mood, occasionally intermingled a buffalo song with his stories about the buffalo days. And he let out his voice and sang as only a brave, free-spirited old man can sing. He can tell a lot of things about Wild Horse Jerry, who was well known by all the old settlers in this country. As he talked about the late Wild Horse Jerry, his eyes welled with tears, and he remarked: "You can
just write all you want from now until don't's day about Wild Horse Jerry, and when
you get through you can just say to yourself that you haven't given him one-tenth
the praises he deserves. There never was a more praiseworthy man that ever drew
the breath of life. All the old pioneers will tell you the same thing, too."    

(Mr. Litch claims that in the area between Greeley, Kit Carson and Sid-
ney there were some 250 hunters. Nearly all the camps were dugouts, while many
of the hunters made no claim of a resting place other than the camp wagon and the
ground on which the camp fires were built.)

When asked if the buffalo hunters made any money, he declared that many
of them did. The meat and hides were nearly always taken to Greeley and Kit Carson,
the latter town being on the Kansas Pacific at that time. There they would ship
meat and hides, sometimes getting good returns.

Very often when these men had hunted buffaloes during the day and into
the night, they would become lost. They had nothing to guide them save the moon
and stars, and frequently they would wander far and long. In cases of this kind,
Mr. Litch says they would ride to a hilltop and start shooting. The hunters in
the buffalo camp nearest them, if they heard the report of their rifles, would start
shooting also. This was the signal that prevailed when lost on the prairies.

When Mr. Litch was shooting buffaloes in the Battle Grounds country,
south of Atwood, and over by the Reynolds's burying ground, about eight miles south
of Akron, he ran into two buffalo hunters by the name of Wild Bill and Joe Bulidge.
He says he believes to this day that Wild Bill was no other than the late Bill Cody,
alias "Buffalo Bill", who acquired his cognomen when he went into the circus business.
He added that he never got a chance to talk to Buffalo Bill after the latter became
nationally known, but that he has every reason to believe he was none other than the
Wild Bill he met while hunting buffaloes.

"I will always remember old Joe Bulidge," said Mr. Litch. "One cold
winter day he froze one of his big toes, which afterward gave him considerable trou-
ble. Every time he bought a pair of new shoes, he had to cut a hole in the toe of
one to prevent the sore member from hurting him. Ever after that everybody called
Bulidge "Old Sore Toe Joe."

Speaking of the Reynolds's burying ground, south of Akron, Mr. Litch explains
how the place was named. In the early 70's, two buffalo hunters, brothers, started
from their camp where Akron is today with a load of buffalo meat, which they took to
Greeley. On their return trip, a severe blizzard came up and they made their camp
in a gulch. The horses were hitched to the wagon, and during the night the snow
covered men, horses, wagon and all many feet deep. A few weeks later, both men and
horses were found dead. The men were buried near the spot, which later became known
as the "Reynolds's burying ground." When the hunters were found, Mr. Litch says all
indications were that they had drunk whiskey all night long in an effort to keep warm.

Such was the fate of some of the old time buffalo hunters! May their
memory ever be cherished. They were a brave lot of fellows, who came where others
feared to come, for their lives were in constant danger at the hands of the redskins.

Mr. Litch could say nothing but something good about the buffalo hunters
of the days of yore. He asserted that when a stranger rode into buffalo camp he
was extended every courtesy. He stated, too, that no man was ever mistreated unless
he proved himself unfit to associate with honest and upright men."
"Furthermore," continued Mr. Litch, "I'd just like to be back hunting buffaloes with that old gang again. We had to make our own fun, but there was always some one around who was equal to the occasion. And while the young men of the present day have their share of fun, they don't need to be sympathising with the young fellows of fifty and sixty years ago. We lived in the wide, free open, which made us healthy and happy. So what more could you ask for?"

"Speaking of making your own fun," went on Mr. Litch, old Judge Withersbee, who was not old at that time, though, had the world cheated. That fellow would put up a job on his grand-mother. I never saw a cow puncher in my life who could manufacture so much fun when it was least expected. When he was a young man, he was the most handsome looking cowboy I ever saw astride a wild cayuse. And don't think he couldn't ride either." Mr. Litch tells how, in 1881, when he and Withersbee were working for the 131 ranch, directly across the river from Sterling, the two of them forded the river on horseback to help put out a fire at the late R.C. Perkins home, a mile south of Sterling. He states that his and Withersbee's attention was attracted by the continual whistling of a train, which came along when the house was burning down. (Speaking of fording the river near Sterling, Mr. Litch says the Platte River bridge was put in in 1882, and is of the opinion that this was the first bridge constructed on the Platte between Greeley and Julesburg.

"Our fire is made of buffalo chips, Our bed is on the ground; Our house is built with buffalo hides—We build them tall and round," etc., etc., sang Mr. Litch as he departed.

Fifty-nine years ago when Manasses "Moe" Litch arrived here, more than a month was required to receive news from Ohio, his former home.

Today his son, Norman Litch, by delicately turning his eight-tube superheterodyne all-wave radio set, listens to programs coming direct through the etherial lanes at the rate of 186,000 miles a second from far-off Japan, Berlin, Australia, and other distant places. Such is the progress that has been made in communications during the time "Moe" Litch has been a resident of Northeastern Colorado.

(When I left a letter at the South Platte postoffice, across the river from what is now Merino, it was more than a month before I got a reply from my folks in Ohio. It took seven days to go and come from Greeley in those days," says Mr. Litch.)

Almost any day when Norman Litch has the time to do so and when atmospheric conditions are favorable, he tunes in on broadcasts from stations X2Q, KDF, Berlin; Sydney, Australia; KSU, Davenport, England; Hawaii; KSJ, Manila, Philippine Islands, and scores of other stations. At 8 o'clock one morning recently he heard a program from a Japanese station on K2M's frequency on the "broad" band.

"We got mail at South Platte once a week and the mail was brought from Evans," Mr. Litch stated. A score of times a day from many stations important information is dispatched with the speed of lightning and is heard in Sterling. That is the essence of progress in communication and "Moe" Litch has observed that
great development while a resident of the Sterling region.

Before the Union Pacific Railroad was built from Julesburg to Cheyenne, a
telegraph line was operated in this region by the stage company, but was abandoned
with the advent of the railroad. Some of the poles still remained when Mr. Litch
arrived here in 1874.

Mr. Litch declared that there were only a few houses at Merino then and
none at what is now Sterling. Across the river from Buffalo, now Merino, was the
settlement of South Platte, where I located for the time being. There was a post-
office there; Johnny Doughty was the man who went to Evans once a week and brought
the mail. He also brought the few letters that went to Buffalo.

Mr. Litch was asked to recall the names of the settlers in South Platte
valley settlement: "I'll name those who were there in 1875. They were across the
river from Merino and were on the ditch that was built in 1873. Coming down the
ditch, they were John Floyd, Lowell Bell, both bachelors; Johnny Doughty and family;
Bird Hurt, S.D. Clanton, James E. Litch, with whom I stayed; the John Payton family
at the old Fort Wicked ranch; a man named Hansborough, who was postmaster; Simon
Fisher and family; Phil Allen, Jimmie Chambers and Columbus Chambers, at the old Amer-
ican ranch; the Walker family, Charles Ballar, J.B. Landrum and Jim Wright.

"I'm safe in saying that I was the first to plant corn in this section,"
Mr. Litch continued. "My corn was grown here before 1875. There were a few small
gardens before that and a few potatoes had been raised. In 1875 I planted corn and
harvested between 400 and 500 bushels. In the spring of 1876, Clanton, Fisher, Allen,
Walker and Chambers raised wheat. They hauled the wheat to Greeley. It took four
days to get there with a load. They got sixty-five cents a bushel for the wheat and
had to pay $7.50 a hundred for flour at the same mill. Three days were required for
the return trip to South Platte."

In speaking of Indians, Mr. Litch stated that although there were some
Indian scares, Indians killed no persons near South Platte settlement after he arrived.

"Indians, however," he stated, "attacked a camp seventeen miles northwest of
Sterling at what was known as Seventeen Mile Spring, in 1876. Ephriam Cole, accompa-
nied by two white cowboys and a negro cook, had stopped there for the night with their
cow outfit wagon. The Indians swooped down upon the camp. Cole escaped, but the two
employees and the negro were killed. I helped move the bodies, which were buried
about three miles north of what is now the Logan County Fair grounds. Later in 1892
I assisted "Daddy" Armour and John Rowland move the bodies to the old cemetery, north
of Sterling. While we were moving the bodies a steel arrowhead, which had caused the
death of Spence, one of the cowboys, fell from his body. I still have that arrowhead.

(This Indian attack on the Cole camp greatly frightened the settlers. They
feared a raid by Indians on South Platte settlement and left their homes and congre-
genated for several days at old Fort Wicked, which was fortified, and at the nearby
Doughty place. But the Indians failed to put in an appearance.)

During the time that it was feared the Indians would attack, I gave
the settlers quite a scare early one morning. Instead of sleeping in my brother's
house at night, I slept out doors in a wagon and had my pony picketed nearby. Early
one morning I decided to hunt antelope and in those days one did not have to go far
to find antelope. I went a short distance and spied an antelope. I aimed my Sharps .44 caliber breech-loader and pulled the trigger. That old buffalo gun made plenty of noise. Hearing the shot, the settlers at Fort Wickard and at the Doughty place thought the Indians were attacking and were thrown into consternation. But when they saw me riding in with the antelope on my horse the laugh was on them."

Mr. Litch killed antelope and sold the meat to the settlers for a while. From 1877 to 1879 he tended sheep. Then he began "punching" cows for the 22 outfit and held that job from 1881 to 1883. It was in 1883 that he came to Sterling and has resided here since that time.

Rapid has been the advance in communication during the residence of "Nas" Litch in Sterling. But practically no progress had been made in speeding up the sending of messages from Bible times until the advent of the railroad train. Thirty-eight years before Mr. Litch was born, one of the most famous examples of slow communication occurred. On December 24, 1814, at Ghent, Holland, a treat of peace between the United States and England was signed and ended the war of 1812. But news of the signing of the treaty was slow in reaching this country, so on January 8, 1815, the British attacked the American army under General Andrew Jackson near New Orleans, and were repulsed. Thus the battle of New Orleans was fought after the war had ended.

It took "Nas" Litch a month to hear from Ohio after he came to this section. NowNorman Litch, his son, can whirl a dial and a loud voice from a radio set will say "HELLO, AMERICA— LONDON CALLING."

Manasses Litch,
Sterling, Colorado,
March 6, 1934.

(80 years old).
The following written by Cal Cheairs, who was Sporting-Editor for the Sterling Advocate for several years. Written on or about July 30, 1923.

After a man has lived in this country for over forty years, he learns a whole lot about conditions and people.

Len Sherwin, well-known cattle-man, has lived here four decades, has dealt in cattle on an extensive scale since he was a boy, has ridden horses, roped steers, branded them and is still in the business.

Not only has Mr. Sherwin been a factor in the cattle business, but only recently he shipped in nineteen head of buffalo for his ranch. He likes livestock, even to the buffalo.

Len U. Sherwin was born at Brazil, Indiana, on September 17, 1875, moving from there to Kentucky, thence to Ohio and when he was seven years of age, the family reached Pueblo, Colorado, that having been the objective point of his father, the late A.C. Sherwin, who was a contractor and later a well-known Sterling banker. The elder Sherwin was for years in the lumber and hardware business here and later was the prime mover in organizing the Farmers National Bank of this city. He was its first president. Although the father of Len Sherwin was a business man, located in town, the son had little desire in that line. He soon went to the ranch, entered the cattle business and has grown up on it. Today he is one of the biggest cattle men in Colorado and has been unusually successful in this work.

Mr. Sherwin, besides having interests in the meat business in Sterling, farms on a large scale at Winstch, where he lives. Eight hundred acres of this land are under cultivation at this place. He owns large areas of grazing land near Goshen Hole, Wyo.; Broad Water, Nebr.; Snyder Creek, Wyo., and only recently purchased a large tract of grazing land on the Cheyenne River, fifty miles from Newcastle, Wyoming. The latter point is the nearest town. On this place there are forty miles of four wire fence, which fact gives one some idea of the extent of it. Improvements on the ranch are ideal, the house and bunk houses being modern, electrically lighted and convenient. There are numerous barns, a blacksmith shop and sheds.

At Goshen Springs, Art Anderson is interested with Mr. Sherwin in running the cattle business, there being a thousand head grazing there at the present time. At Broadwater, Nebr., Mack Radcliff is on the ranch where there are 700 cattle, and at Snyder Creek the cattle number 1275 head.

Mr. Sherwin was married on June 3, 1906 to Miss Hilma M. Anderson of Sidney, Nebraska. They are parents of the following children: Gus, Carl, Marguerite, Paul, Lenore, Marie and Genevieve. This only order to which Mr. Sherwin belongs is the Elks.

When the Sherwin family came to Sterling, the residence of Jacob Silvers was the mansion of the town. Len Sherwin's father erected the first courthouse and built the first school houses here. The elder Sherwin, after arriving in Sterling, stood in the center of the small village and remarked: "This is a fine place in which to rear a family of children." Sterling grew, however, and Mr. Sherwin, the same man who made this remark, lived to see it a thriving city of brick buildings and fine residences.
Len Sherwin has always been progressive. He has always done business on a square scale. During the winter, with H.S. Lindsey, he fed over 700 head of cattle at one place, and Sherwin and Anderson fed 300 more at another place. Mr. Sherwin is business in his actions and business in his dealings. He is a tireless worker, and by his energy and business judgment has succeeded far beyond those early expectations which he dreamed about when a boy on the plains of Colorado.

Men of the type of Mr. Sherwin account for the community being what it is today. Coming from sturdy pioneer stock, Mr. Sherwin has made opportunities when there were none visible and has never failed to do whatever he could to further a worthy project in this community. (End of piece).

Leonard (Len) U. Sherwin died in Denver, April 27, 1929, at the age of fifty-three years. In the passing of Mr. Sherwin, the West lost one of its most progressive and successful stockmen. He early developed a love for the cattle business and was unusually successful in the accumulation and operation of well stocked ranches. He was held in the highest esteem by countless friends in the West, who will long cherish his memory.

Mr. Sherwin had been ill for a period of eight weeks, having submitted to a major operation in a Denver hospital. The operation was regarded successful, but he became ill of pneumonia. Despite expert care and attention on the part of physicians and nurses, the battle was lost.

Len Sherwin was successful in business and he was successful in making friends. So far as known, he had no enemies. He was a cattleman; reared on the plains of Colorado, a man who loved the life of the stockman and prospered in it. He was owner of numerous ranches in this State and in Wyoming, and was the possessor of the largest herd of buffaloes owned privately by any man in the United States. The herd is frequently seen in the sandhill pasture east of the city, and for several years have been displayed at the Logan County Fair.

Len Sherwin was popular with all. His neighbors and old friends realize their loss. He was charitable; he did much good that few ever learned about. He helped the struggling rancher and homesteader, used his money to assist those who were worthy of help, but none save those benefited heard of it. There are men in Logan County today who owe their start to none other than Len Sherwin.

The Sherwin home is a typical ranch abode, north of Padroni. Here Len Sherwin enjoyed life in a residence modern in all appointments, although his business office was in Sterling.

When he was nine years of age, Mr. Sherwin's parents moved to Logan County, Colorado, where he grew to maturity and where he continued to reside until his death.

He was a faithful husband, a wise and loving father, whose example and memory will be cherished and treasured as life's greatest heritage. Mr. Sherwin's finest life-long residence in Logan County and his active career as a rancher and
stockman extended widely the range of his acquaintances beyond the boundaries of County and State. His rigid integrity, his personal worth and likable disposition, and his loyalty to the spirit of friendship, won for him the esteem, friendship and love of all who knew him. "In him the elements of nature were so mixed, that all the world might say, 'This is a man.'"

A man who had dealt squarely with humanity, who had helped the unfortunate, and had done his full share in the building of a County. Tribute may well be paid to a man who is a public benefactor, but whose deeds are not published. There was a man in Jesus' time whose name had not come down to us on the pages of history. He was busy working. Such was the case of Len Sherwin, always industrious, doing good, building and profiting for himself and others. A great many people live their lives almost unknown publicly. It is not a bad feature to be known to the public, and it takes but a few things to make us known. We are always in danger that we may overlook the home for the field. The itinerant preacher is not the one who builds. The roving cowboy is not the one who erects a monument. It is the rancher who settles down and makes the most of opportunities. He erects the monument. The intellectual giants are not the ones doing the greatest work. The ones who are doing the most are those in private work, saying little but building in their own way. It is a wonderful tribute when men can truthfully say, 'Here was a man.'"

Mrs. Sherwin and children still live on the home ranch and carry on in a very capable manner.
TRIBUTE PAID LEN U. SHERWIN AT LOGAN COUNTY FAIR,
AUGUST 28, 1929.

Over 250 horses and riders in the cowboy parade attracted wide attention today. It was a feature of the annual Logan County fair. The cowboy reunion has attracted former residents here for a number of years and there were more men in the procession this morning than ever before. It was a wonderful turnout.

The parade started in the business district, led by the Sterling High School band, and the horses of various sizes and colors, carrying old time cattlemen was the biggest single attraction in the city for a year. Men who formerly lived here, drove their cars for miles to be on time. The big ten-gallon hats were in evidence.

Upon arrival at the fair grounds, the cowboys, old and young, rode their horses to the enclosure in front of the grandstand, where all stood in silence, hats removed, as tribute to the late Len U. Sherwin, whose death occurred last spring.

One year ago Mr. Sherwin led the cowboy parade. Today, Charles Burt, old friend and employer for years of the deceased cattleman, headed the procession and led Mr. Sherwin’s horse, with an empty saddle.

J.P. Dillon, who has dealt in cattle here since the 80’s, made a few remarks and then introduced Raymond L. Santor, local attorney, who paid high tribute to the life and deeds of Len Sherwin, as the speaker and his other friends knew him.

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Santor spoke as follows:

“My friends, there is one familiar face missing today among the old-timers. There is one empty saddle; one horse that will know his rider no more. There are men here who are longing for the touch of a vanished hand. There are those listening for the sound of a voice that is stilled.

We little understand the Great Creator’s plan, and wonder why men in the full strength of their years should be called home when life’s day is brightest; why loved ones should be robbed of the comfort and strength of a father.

Though death has stilled the great heart of Len Sherwin and silenced his lips, though the hand that relieved the afflicted and aided the needy has fallen lifeless by his side since last you met, his spirit lives on. His was the spirit of the Old West, as you men have known and lived that spirit. Fearless but kindly, strong of body and will, yet he was tender of heart. Endowed with worldly goods earned by his own ability and tireless energy, he was yet generous to a fault and beloved by all who knew him. That such strength of character should have been linked with such a kindly heart is one of the marvels of the Great Creator’s art.

There was a friendliness in his greeting and a warmth in his companionship which gave his every word a charm. His smile and his echo to every greeting of love and a wonderful welcome that made men and women desire that he be their friend. His every word and his every act was a lesson of the best that life could offer. His every word and his every act was a lesson of the best that life could offer.”

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What a tribute to the memory of Len Sherwin, that men gathered here today should request some reverent mention of his name! What an inspiration his life has been to those who still tarry their little hour on life's roadway! What a wonderful heritage of honor, strength and accomplishment he has left to a sorrowing family!

As often as you men gather together will his name be mentioned. Whenever the oldtimers representative of the West shall be collected, as long as two shall remain to recount the deeds of the past, he will be referred to with reverent respect. There is a place left vacant which none can fill. Truly, it may be said of him that when Len Sherwin was called home, one of God's great noblemen passed to his reward.
THE EARLY SETTLERS.

"All praise to him who hoists a sail, On seas erstwhile unknown; To him who dares to make a trail, Thro' forests deep and lone; To him who dares to dream and think, To speak and dare and do, While others tremble on the brink, Afraid of conquests new.

Thank God for him who lives Upon far frontiers of thought; Who is the first to see the dawn On mountains summits caught; For him who dares to make a way, Through prejudice and fear, On to the new and better day—The "sturdy pioneers."

THE "SHANNONS".

The Sterling, Colorado, branch of the Shannon River had its source in Coshocton County, near Bakersville, Ohio.

Father, Robert Thomas Shannon, of Irish descent (believe it or not), was born in Coshocton County, November 26, 1842. Mother, Eleanor Jane Buck, of German descent, was born in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, June 26, 1844.

To this union, which was on June 27, 1866, was born seven children, namely: Bethia Margaret, wife of Peter Hunsdon, living on a ranch three miles north of Sterling, Colo., and parents of two children, Ellen Marie and Charles Clifford; Ida Jane, deceased, wife of the late Charles C. Durt; Martha Estella, wife of J. Fred Patterson, of San Jose, Calif., parents of five children, Merle Lee, deceased; Daisy Dell, Dwight, Chester and Marcia. Thomas, of Long Beach, Calif., has two sons, Thomas and William. Velota May, wife of Jas. Kinghead, of Sterling, Colo., parents of one son, Lawrence. Etta Deane, wife of C. Arch Monroe, of Sterling, Colo., parents of one son, Floyd Shannon. Chalmor Shannon, of Fullerton, Calif., parent of one daughter, Mary Jane. The first four children were born in Coshocton County, near Bakersville; the last three were born in Guernsey County, near Cambridge, all in Ohio.

Father, Civil War veteran, with two other brothers, enlisted for service in Company C, 51st Ohio Infantry, in August, 1861, and served throughout the entire rebellion; was wounded a couple of times, and honorably discharged at the war's close.

After an eighteen year union in the Buckeyes State of these Irish and German streams, this river, with its seven rivulets, wended its way westward, with a three-year stop at Seymour, Wayne County, Iowa. At the expiration of that period, the "wonder-lust" of the Irish head, on hearing flattering reports of an easy way of securing a home, started for Colorado, and arrived at Sterling in 1886, and filed on a homestead about seventeen miles north of Sterling in what was known as the "Prairie Dale" settlement.

After building a forty foot sod house, three feet underground and four feet above, about fourteen feet wide, with mother earth for a floor, he returned for his family.

In February, 1887, the river started flowing west by way of two covered wagons, one driven by father, the other by Jim Shannon, son of Ferguson Shannon, another branch of said river.
I can look back, although quite young, and see in the dim distance that slowly moving transport, the wagons, with their once white but now dingy covers; the patient and worn-out horses, measuring their weary steps; the men, travel-stained and bronzed by exposure; mother, with mingled hope and care depicted upon her anxious face; children, passing from their uneasy abode and wondering if the end of all this was near. These are pioneers on their way to the promised land; moons wax and wane, again and again.

Day after day the toilsome march is resumed. Bottomless roads are encountered, rugged ascents and deep declivities occur (some paved roads then); teams give out and wagons break down; blizzards overtake; finally, living on coffee, crackers and canned tomatoes, walking and riding, through mud, blizzard, field and wagon trail, after winter had practically broken into the green of spring—March, 1887. "Prairie Dale", the long looked for end of the trail was reached.

Before the first meal in this forty-foot sod could be cooked, the three younger children were sent out to gather fuel-cow chips. With what fear and trepidation we gathered this fuel, as we were told that a "rattlesnake" might be coiled near! This fuel, which was gathered by the hundreds of tons later, proved to be the fuel salutation of the early settlers, without which we would have frozen.

A pioneer is usually considered to be one who has broken a way into and through a wilderness. One of these ways, father broke with a plow from our sod house to a little ten by twelve foot school house, situated on the road between now Padroni and Peets, and near the sheep ranch of the late William S. Hadfield, the first white man to settle in Logan County.

It being five miles from our home to school, and there being no fences, we needed this furrow to guide us. The only teacher we had while attending two years there was Miss Georgia (Dolly) Sanders, now wife of J.T. MoRoberts of Sterling, Colo. One thing which was taught us very emphatically, and stayed with us, was the Roman Numerals.

After a couple of years in our sod abode, father preempted a claim near where the Padroni oil well now stands at the seven mile water hole, and built quite a nice frame house. Here we walked three miles to a fine sod school house, called "Prairie Dale", situated a short distance east of where the town of Padroni now stands.

As for school and religious advantages, "Prairie Dale" was our haven of opportunities. No better school, or Sunday School, entertainments, debates and Fourth of July celebrations, were ever staged. Among our school teachers were Elizabeth Ritchie Turner and Lizzie Tetsell Dillman. Among the debaters was one long remembered from a neighboring district, George E. McConley, now of Sterling.

By milking a few cows, hauling a few pounds of soft butter to Liff, herding sheep, taking care of cattle on the shares, father and older brother working on the railroad section for $1.25 per day; going to Ogalalla and Kearney, Neb., to shuck corn; to Grand Island to dig potatoes in the fall; working in the mines of the Rockies; older sisters working in Sterling for $3.50 per week (some of the homes in which they worked were Mrs. H.B. Davis, Mrs. H.D. Ayres, both living in Sterling now, and Mrs. Dixon Buchanan, deceased); by all these means, I say, we existed, without any county help, A.A.K. CWA, but assisted ourselves by A.O.P. (Aid of Perseverance). If we are anything, we are self-made!
As I recall, beef, antelope, mutton and jackrabbit were plentiful, and as for fruit, it consisted of wild currants and choke cherries which we would pick each fall when a number of families would go to Lewis Canyon, several miles north, spend two or three nights on a big outing and gather all we could. This was equal to a New York trip for the modern Miss.

In our first location—the sod house up on the table land—it was very hard to procure water. Father and brother Tom dug two very deep wells—between sixty and one hundred feet, but finally wound up by hauling water in barrels from the seven mile water hole.

A straight three-day wind, also three day blizzards, were very common occurrence in those days. I recall one three-day wind that blew the porch from our frame house, near the seven mile water hole, and which also blew our chickens many rods over the open prairie and unfeathered them. During one of these three-day blizzards, we remained in our beds, the outer covering of which were blankets of snow which had sifted through the small cracks, and in order to get some Colorado fuel which was piled high in the yard, a rod or so away, necessitated a rope being tied around the waist of brother Tom, that he might be sent out in this blinding snow storm for a sack of the precious fuel. After three days, most of which time was spent in bed in order to keep from freezing, we had to dig ourselves out with shovels.

One of the most outstanding and terrible experiences happened one evening when father and the older children were all away from home. As I stated before, we tended cattle on the shores for John and Wiss Hutts. There had been a terrific rain and electric storm in the evening about six o'clock which had prevented us from getting our cows and calves corralled for the night.

Fearing what the wolves and coyotes might do to our little calves, and after the first storm had subsided, mother and the three children started out in search of the cattle that had drifted. Going barefoot through the day, we slipped our shoes over the bare feet, tied old white towels or rags over our heads and went up over the hill toward the west. No cattle being in sight, we traveled farther than was wise and mother said we would look no more that night. Another dark cloud was gathering and night fell suddenly. Turning toward home, a dispute arose as to which was the right direction, there being neither fences nor houses near, unfortunately the wrong direction was taken and we never did find home that night. One of the most terrific electric and dashing rain storms came on us and we wandered all night on a prairie where were numerous open wells, snakes, coyotes and wolves.

We became so tired and sleepy that we would squat down in a circle—the ground being too wet to sit on—and take turns imitating the bark of a dog, thinking by that means it might keep away the prowling animals. Our heads, covered with those white rags would bob and nod at each other.

During this terrible storm, an electrified phenomenon of some kind danced around us like a great ball of fire or light. We thought it possible that E.P. Woodan, who was among the last to remain in that community, had heard our cries and barkings, had gotten on a horse and carrying a lantern had come to look for us. We ran toward this ball crying—"Here we are! Here we are!," but it would move away from us and soon disappeared.
At daybreak, we found ourselves about four miles due west of our home. After getting our bearings and finally reaching home, we stripped and piled into bed, and the great surprise was that none seemed the worse off, no, not even mother. The cattle were grazing quietly about a half mile up the Helscher draw. This was a beautiful bright Sabbath morning, after that terrible, dark night, and mother said, "No Sunday School for us today". God watched over his own that night! Divine Providence Guards.

Our greatest grief was when sister, Lulu Jane (Jennie), met such a tragic death on her honey-moon. She was married May 1st, 1890 to Charles C. Burt. After a few days they started for the little home he had prepared near Fairfield, Nebr. They reached Grand Island at one o'clock in the morning, retired, and left a call for six in the morning. When called, there was no response. On entering the room sister Lou was found dead, and Charles almost dead, bleeding from nose and mouth. After several hours he was able to accompany her body to Clay Center, Nebraska, for burial. Asphyxiation had caused this great tragedy.

If we could have had moisture at the proper season, or even any season of the year, we might still be living in that section of the country, but as it was, in the early spring we would plant our gardens and corn and it would come up and do splendidly until about July, when the hot winds and drought would come and in less than a fortnight, would be withered and gone. This necessitated our moving to Sterling in 1892, when board walks, kerosene lights, hitching racks and cowboys were familiar sights on the street.

Two sisters, Mattie and myself, received High School educations, and both of us were at one time connected with the Sterling public schools. Father was janitor of the Sterling High School when I graduated under Frank H. Blair. A senior in those days was required to take teacher's examination, get a second grade certificate before they could graduate; also required to write a great, long essay, commit it and give on the eve of graduation.

While we later taught in Sterling, our first experiences were in the country. Mattie's first school was at Willard, Colo. She walked, carrying a telescope (that's what it was called in those days), or as you would say now, suitcase, containing books and some scant clothing, from our sod house five miles north-west of Padroni to Sterling, a distance of some seventeen miles, in order to get out to Willard to her school. Among her pupils in that first school were children of the VeVerka's, Budin's and Walak's—still familiar names in that community.

My first school was several miles north of Proctor, in the Mathews and Simpson District. I walked three miles across unfenced prairies, where range cattle roamed, started my own fires, carried coal, kindling and did janitor work in general. At night, I slept in the same room with the family where I boarded.

At another school, I rode horseback on a man's saddle, on an old white, stiff-legged horse, "sidewise". Of course no girl ever rode astride! I saddled and unsaddled my horse, and again did all of my janitor work. My salary was $35.00 per month.

But with it all—when all is said and done, I'm sure we could say with one
voice: "Those were the happiest days of our lives". No salads, no pastries, no
knick-knacks, therefore no sickness, no doctors. And we did not seem to come
out any the worse for the experience, as these Shannon rivulets grew from 5 ft. 9 in.
to 6 ft. 3 in. in length.

The younger children attended the Sterling schools, taught in Sterling;
worshiped in the three Presbyterian churches, and Mother, especially, God bless her
name, was, until the time of her death on September 5, 1920, one of the most faithful
and devoted members of that denomination. Father still lives at the ripe old
age of ninety-one and at the present resides at North Fourth Ave., Sterling, and
strong of mind and body for one of his age.

Three of the river Shannon branch live in Sterling; the other three form
the mouth of the river extending from Fullerton and Long Beach, as far north as San
Jose, Calif. the river's source began in Coshocton County, Ohio; it's mouth, the
Pacific Ocean.

Written by Etta—the youngest female "rivulet" of the river "Shannon".

Mrs. Arch Monroe,
Sterling, Colo.,
March 14, 1934.
Resident of the County 47 years.
Date of birth: Dec. 4, 1878.

PIONEERS.

I love the man of nerve, who dares to do; The moral hero, stalwart through and through,
Who treads the untired path, evades the rut, And in a forest clearing, builds a hut;
Removes the tares encumbering the soil, And founds an empire, based on thought and toil.

With wants but few, no pioneer will crave a crown in life, nor flowers on his grave.
He leaves behind the slavery of style, The myrmidon of pride, deceit and guile;
Enlisting with the cohorts of the free; The motto on his shield is "Liberty".

What cares he for the Monarch’s jeweled crown? For prince or plutocrat, for Fame’s renown?
The turmoil and the strife of endless greed. When honest toil supplies each simple need.
He seeks not glory, yet though future years, Weave all their laurels for the Pioneers.

And well they may! To them alone is due the march of progress Since the world was new,
They have explored the boundless realm of mind And left their choicest blessings for mankind. The realm of matter bears in every clime, Their works substantial as enduring
time.

Then let me, once for all, propose this toast:
Here's to those of all, we love the most
Those living for the future, not the past,
Surmounting obstacles, however vast!
And so, through joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
I say- "God bless the sturdy pioneers."
A.W. Warren was one of the early residents of Sterling, having arrived here in 1887. He came all of the way from the state of New York and after his arrival here was unusually active in a number of lines. He held public office in various capacities and up to the time of his death, December 20, 1933, was interested in the progress of the city as he was when, as a young man, he came from the east to cast his lot with the west and "grow up with the country."

Mr. Warren was born on December 28, 1850 at Schroon Lake, New York. He was reared on a farm near that place and received his education in the district schools. His father died when the boy was ten years old and there were four children younger than himself. Consequently, he remained on the farm until he was twenty-six years old and at that time he began work in a hardware store. At the age of thirty he decided to learn the tinner's trade. His brothers had gone west so he decided to follow their example. The brothers first located in Nebraska, but later came to Sterling, being here about six months before A.W. Warren came. These two brothers were Emerson A., who died a few years ago, and Alfred E., who is still living in Sterling.

Mr. Warren started to work here for one Thomas Watson, who at that time was owner of a tinsmith. In 1889, two years after his arrival here, he entered the employ of George A. Henderson and continued in the employ of the latter for a period of twenty-one years. Mr. Warren was elected mayor of Sterling in 1901; he also was elected county treasurer of Logan County for two terms, or four years, and perhaps was the only man in the state to be advanced from the tinner's bench to the most responsible office of the county. He and his brother purchased a creamery in 1916 and continued in that business for three years. He was appointed bailiff in the District Court in 1919 and served in this capacity up to a short time prior to his death. He was appointed police magistrate and elected justice of the peace.

When Mr. Warren arrived in Sterling, M.H. Smith was running a bank where Headricks Jewelry Store is now located. Next door was a saloon and on Front Street another was located. For a number of years Mr. Warren was chairman of the anti-saloon league in Sterling, and with other loyal followers was responsible for ridding the city of the bar rooms. For six years, Mr. Warren served as a member of the board of education. He was on this Board when Frank H. Blair was engaged here as principal of the Sterling school. "We brought a good man to Sterling when we got Frank Blair", Mr. Warren had said, and all Sterling agreed with him.

While Mr. Warren was mayor, during the years 1901 and 1902, a well five hundred feet deep was sunk at the northeast corner of the courthouse yard. During his administration there was much prospecting for water.

In July, 1974, Mr. Warren was married to Miss Augusta Dunn, also of New York. Four children were born to this union, all living in the State of Colorado. Mrs. Warren died on November 7, 1917. In 1923 Mr. Warren was married to Mrs. Carrie Brazier, and who now resides in Sterling.

During his long and active life in Sterling, he devoted much time to church and lodge work. He was a charter member of the Methodist Church; he was here when the congregation met in the old court house, was a member and officer when the first church was built and when the second and present edifice was erected in 1909.

He was tolerant in his religious views and respected all churches but he loved his
own with a peculiar affection. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith"; this was true of Mr. Warren from the stirring pioneer days until his death. A few months after he and his family arrived here in 1867, the Methodist Church was organized; during the ten years previous the Methodist Church, South, had been at work. In the summer of 1888 a little group of folk, thirteen in number, met to organize this church. One of this group of thirteen was Mr. Warren. He became one of the first officials of the church and was a member of the official board until his death. His passing was the last of that original thirteen members.

While residing in New York state he was admitted to the Masonic Lodge. He immediately became active in the lodge work after arriving here. He held office for twenty-five years. During that time he served as Worshipful Master for times and as Secretary four times., the last time for twelve successive years.

Mr. Warren arrived in this city in the same year that the Holdrege line of the Burlington Railroad was being built through here; Sterling at that time was not larger than Hiff is today; the school house was a four room frame building which stood where the Junior High School is now located.

Less than a year ago, Mr. Warren became ill and was not in good health after that time. About a month before his death he became severely ill and this sickness resulted in his death. He died just eight days of being eighty-three years old.

Sterling, Colorado,
March 12, 1934.
Charles B. Timberlake was born on the 25th day of September, 1854, in Wilmington, Ohio.

Mr. Timberlake came to Phillips County in 1885 and filed on a pre-emption, and in 1886 moved there. We got off the train at Wray, Colo., in a terrible blizzard, which lasted three days and nights. It was so bad that the horses were just left in the freight car—did not attempt to unload until the blizzard was over. They were better protected in the car than they would have been outside. From Wray, we went by wagon to my pre-emption.

When Mr. Timberlake first settled, it was Weld County, then in 1887 Logan County was formed; and in 1889 Phillips County was formed from the eastern part of Logan, so for several years, he was in various Counties.

In 1889, he was elected Superintendent of Schools of Phillips County, in which capacity he served for six years. While still serving as Supt. of Schools, he was elected County Clerk and Recorder.

Mr. Timberlake came to Sterling in 1897, when he was appointed Receiver of the U.S. Land Office, which position he filled for seventeen years.

He was Vice President of the Logan County National Bank for four years; one of the Directors of this Bank for many years.

After being in the Land Office for seventeen years, he was elected U.S. Congressman of the second congressional district, in 1914, and was elected for nine consecutive terms, or eighteen years. His term of office expired in March, 1933.

He now resides at his home in Sterling, 116 South 4th St., and spends a great deal of his time reading.

While in Phillips County, Holyoke was his home. Logan County just about feels that Mr. Timberlake belongs to it, having been here for about thirty-seven years, but of course was in Phillips County prior to his coming to Sterling.

Mr. Timberlake is almost eighty years of age; during the best of these years he was actively engaged for either Phillips or Logan Counties.

He gives some reminiscences while he lived in Phillips County.
"It is to live twice when we can enjoy the recollections of our former life."

In 1886 with youth, hope and faith all in our favor a band of hardy pioneers settled in that part of the Great American Desert known as Eastern Colorado.

With the rashness of the first, we wondered why so many had passed over this "Paradise of the Plains" and made settlement in the farther foothills of the mountain lands, but later some of us wondered why, we too hadn't pitched our tents farther to the west or remained in the "Land of our Fathers" to the eastward. As the fat and lean years slowly slipped by (mostly lean) youth went and hope waned, but faith, although now less than the proverbial "grain of mustard seed", held us fast to our first moorings.

The early history of this section will disclose that many came, but few remained and of these few, the greater number, as the world war soldiers say, have now "Gone West", but to the few who remain we may "live twice in the recollections" of the early days.

The truly pioneer pillowed his head on Mother Earth, and the cover for his couch was the canopy of the skies. He was lulled to rest by the song of the serpent or the homely howl of the skulking coyote, whose haunts in those primitive days were undisturbed by the discordant honk of the Frisky Flivver.

And so, we by wagon freighted our worldly possessions from Wray, our first landing place, to our point of destination, our preemption entry. In the spring of 1886 there was nothing to do but "pitch our tents" on the open prairie and sleep under our wagons. Often in the morning over our store blankets would be added one of snow, for in the spring of '86 much moisture fell.

Our first sod crops yielded abundantly, in fact much better than for many succeeding years. In '91 we had excellent crops. In '94 a total failure. I think we will never forget this trying period of eighteen months in which no moisture fell. In those days we would often facetiously remark "That we had lived in this country eight years and had a good crop every year but six."

Of this first early band, before the High Line was yet surveyed, was John Hokman, of Wages, who I believe is the only one of the original settlers of the late 80's still living in that vicinity. I built the first house in Township 6 north, Range 46 west, on Section 32, and in '87 homesteading on the same section, the year the Burlington was graded through from Holdredge to Cheyenne, on which the station of Haxton was established—and station it remained for many years.
In later years I never pass through Haxtum that I do not recall the hopeful remark of the old farmer that "There's a heap o' chance for outcome in a lousy calf." The chance came and its enterprising citizens seized the glowing opportunity (However, made possible by the hardihood and sticktoitiveness of the earliest settlers), and have built up one of the most substantial and flourishing towns of the Central Plains, whose property and prospects are attracting the homeseekers far and wide.

Of the early settlers in the immediate vicinity of Haxtum, many still remain to enjoy the reward of their years of hardship and privation, and many have passed on, whose children are the prosperous citizens of this vicinity. I recall with pleasure the early association with Wash Slay, Oscar Peterson, Cris Hafer, Mr. and Mrs. James, D.W. "Dave" Scott, A.M. Axelton, Edward Anderson, John Olson, Mr. Swedlund, Warren brothers, Carl Nelson, P. A. Peterson, Mr. Hendrick, Charles Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. Woods, Thomas Jessen, Sam Goddard, Manuel Anderson, John Berg, Ira Gray, B. A. Rifenburg, and many, many others whom space forbids mentioning.

The chief characteristic of the "Oldest Inhabitant" is the love of reminiscing. I believe it is also a sign of advancing age, but be that as it may, we all occasionally enjoy an excursion into the past and sometimes to hear ourselves think aloud.

Shakespeare says "Let's not burden our remembrance with a heaviness that's gone." But it was not all heaviness and hardships, the pioneer days had pleasures as well as privations. Common aims, common surroundings and common activities constitute community life, and a group of individuals brought together in this way, soon form some sort of a society with the object of mutual helpfulness. Thus, the first such organization that I know of in the present confines of Phillips county was a Sunday school which met on Mr. Varney's homestead, Township 6, Range 45, Mrs. Varney and the writer taking the initiative steps for its organization. By a sort of "underground railway" service getting word to all the settlers within a radius of ten or twelve miles. In fact we had no boundaries or limitations and, furthermore, no competition. No danger attended our efforts of "poaching upon anyone else's preserves" or of being accused of proselyting.

And then, when we did gather together, we were so glad of human companionship that we forgot to ask "Are you Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Catholic or Episcopal," but sang, read and studied, and were, I am sure, much benefitted by our association with the other. It was really astonishing how many people would collect Sunday afternoons on these, apparently, barren plains. But thus our mutual human needs as a community, found expression in a religious gathering showing that man never gets beyond his sense of dependence upon, and for, guidance by
a Supreme Being. At these meetings we exchanged any reading matter we might have received, or brought with us, returning the same next Sunday if possible, thus establishing a sort of primitive circulating library.

It was at one of these gatherings, in the latter part of June in '86, that the thought came to us, that, although we were beyond the screech of the locomotive, the sound of the church bell, and twenty-two miles from our nearest post office, we were still in the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave." Therefore, as a loyal, libertyloving community we should celebrate, in as becoming manner as possible the Fourth of July. In consequence of the above determination the word was silently sent along the line, that at the Varney homestead, a fitting celebration would be held; thus showing that second only, to the religious impulse, comes that of patriotism.

How the news was carried, unless assisted by the prairie dogs, sand lizards and rattlesnakes I cannot guess, but I do know that every human inhabitant in all that section came to this most enjoyable convocation. We were not bored by any long set speech. Your humble servant read the Declaration of Independence. There were recitations, singing, games, basket dinner and the regular program of a "Back Home" Fourth of July, however "sans" fried chicken. In this connection I wish to say that I believe the privation of having fresh meat, of any kind for so many months, was one of the greatest hardships of pioneer life of the plains.

What a contrast to the life of our forebears, in the timmered lands of the East, where abounded game, wild fruits, plenty of fuel for the cutting, and an abundance of that first great necessity of life, water. We all remember along with "The Old Oaken Bucket" the old Elm water-barrel, and how "Dear to Our Hearts" as homesteaders was the overworked water hole; where, when we had risen with the lark to beat our neighbor to it, we would see a long line of wagons ahead of our own, and have to wait our turn, which would bring it to about noon when he returned home, with our precious freight of from three to five barrels of water.

As I warned you before, it is a dangerous experiment, setting an old settler reminiscing, for in this connection I want to speak of another incident of those early days, that stands out clearly and distinctly in the memory of myself and Mrs. Timberlake. It was in the summer of '87 when fresh meat was still unattainable that we decided to drive to Yuma, a distance of twenty-two miles, for supplies. For dinner we camped very near the Williams Ranch (in order to secure water) and while we were partaking of the previously prepared lunch brought along, augmented by campfire coffee, Mrs. Williams kindly and thoughtfully brought out a plate of piping hot fried mutton chops, the first fresh meat we had seen, smelled
or tasted for six months.

Now since that time, it has been my fortune to dine with
the lord high chancellor of England, in the famous cuisines of
Paris, and the banquet halls of our own capital, but never have
I partaken of anything so deliciously toothsome as that plate of
mutton chops. Long live the Williams ranch!

Another experience of this trip, we also distinctly remember,
driving on from the above stopping place, Mrs. Timberlake insist-
ed on camping out for the night, so that she might for once
experience the novelty of the wagon-camp, such as I had enjoyed,
or at least endured, for several weeks the previous season. This
expedition was not at this time absolutely necessary, as Yuma now
boasted of a comfortable and commodious hotel, but it was the
novelty of the experience that was alluring. We, therefore,
selected the most promising spot, tethered our horses, ate our
supper, and repaired to our repose on our couch of hay thinly
spread over Mother Earth.

The moon and stars were shining brightly and the night was
ideal, I thought, for sound slumber, but pretty soon the Mrs. awakened me by a hushed
and awe inspiring whisper that she felt snakes crawling under
our blanket through the hay, and so we tried sleeping in the
wagon bed, although it was a very narrow space for three people.
All went well for an hour or so, when our little girl, then about
two years old, began to cry and said, "Papa, I want to get up, 'dis
hay is giving me hay sterics". So with one member of the
family with tremens and the other with hysterics we abandoned
all efforts for sleep for the rest of the night (and camped in
the open no more) up-to-date.

And now I bethink me, lest I weary the patience of the
reader, and impose too much upon the liberality of the same.
I'd better desist, and resist the alluring desire of further
roamings in the realms of the past.

The settlement referred to was known as "Weld City", just
exactly where its center was located and its boundaries extended,
no one seemed to know, but the early homesteader of this portion
of what is now Phillips county, then Weld, and later Logan, will
recall that there was once, upon a time, a Weld City, or perhaps
more correctly speaking there was once going to be a Weld City,
but in the language of Burns it seemed to "gang aftagley", as
many other of our best laid plans have done.

However to those who have held on, through all the dark and
discouraging experiences of pioneer days, has come a richly de-
served reward and we may now in the memories of the past renew
our youth, revive lost hope, and rejoice in the faith, that held
us fast to our first moorings, and as one whose tent was early
pitched, and whose plow was among the first, to furrow the plains
of Phillips county, I wish to add; "I desire no future that will break the ties of the past."

Sterling, Colo.,
March 21, 1934.

[Signature]