

PHILLIPS COUNTY.

Paper read by J.B. Worley at the 8th Grade Graduating Exercises on June 12, 1908.

Phillips County was formerly a part of Weld County and the county seat of our earliest settlers was Greeley-150 miles away, while the would-be homesteader filed at Denver. When Weld County was divided in March, 1887, the eastern part was called Logan County with Sterling as the county seat. Logan County was afterward divided in March, 1889, and part of the eastern portion was called Phillips County with Holyoke for the county seat.

Phillips County lies between north latitude 40 deg. 44 min. 21.18 sec. on the north and 40 deg. 26 min. 5.44 sec on the south, and west longitude 102 deg. 2 min. 58.53 sec. on the east. Holyoke is 40 deg. 34 min. 47.23 sec. north latitude and 102 deg. 17 min. 47.76 sec. west longitude. A degree of latitude at Holyoke is 68.994 miles long and a degree of longitude is 52.6 miles. Phillips County is 32 miles long and 21 miles wide with an area of 672 square miles.

(The altitude of Holyoke is 3,734 feet, Hartun, 4,062 feet. Although Sterling is only 76 feet higher than Holyoke the highest point of land between here and Sterling is 4,500 feet above the sea level or 766 feet higher than Holyoke.

The lay of the land is what is generally called a level surface except in the southeastern part where the sand hills are situated. The magnesia which we use for plastering sod houses, is composed of small shells from the size of a pea down to nothing. It is found at any depth.

The Frenchman rises in Logan County and extends across our county from west to east, but does not become a flowing stream until it enters Nebraska.

There are no bullfrogs or fish in this county except those which were brought in by man. The underground water of this county is not one great lake, as is generally supposed, but consists of different levels.

The bottom of the wells in the Hartun country are a hundred feet above the top of the standpipe at Holyoke. The depth of the wells vary from 72 feet in the eastern part to 200 feet in the west.

S.C. Evans, the first settler, pre-empted on the SW $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec. 19-8-43, in June, 1885. He put down the first well in the county on the NW quarter of 19-8-43 in 1886. It was 150 feet deep. Mr. Evans still farms this land.

Our first county superintendent was Oscar Trego.

(Holyoke was started at 1 P.M. Wednesday, September 21, 1887, when George E. Clark bought the first Lot where C.M. Mowry's hardware store (Citizens State Bank), is now situated, for \$1,400. This Lot was part of the original claim taken by Miss Lizzie Gordon and who now lives in Sterling, she being Mrs. Kossuth Buchanan.)

The B & M well at Holyoke was put down in September, 1887. It has a six inch casing, 57 feet of water, and a capacity of 85,000 gallons per day. It is 187 feet deep.

The Holyoke Enterprise, formerly the Phillips County Republican, was founded by Roy Ray, June 18, 1900. (The first newspaper published at Holyoke was the Logan County News, the first number of which was issued August 9th, 1887, in a little sod shanty near the Gordon House with B.F. Williams as editor.)

(The State Herald was founded September 10, 1887, in a little shack southwest of the stock yards, with C.W. Painter and W.N. Jordan as editors. Afterwards The State Herald and The News were combined with J.H. Painter as editor and proprietor.)

The first child born in this county was Glendora Fair. She was born May 24, 1886, on Section 18-8-43.

School District 78, the first district in the county, was organized December 15, 1886, with Anna Larkins as its teacher. It included all of Township 7-44, and had forty-four scholars. Phillips County High School was voted for in November, 1900. It was organized Feb. 22, 1901, with Professor O.E. Jackson as its first principal. The High School is a credit to this county.

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OTHER EARLY ITEMS GATHERED:

- First newspaper in Holyoke, Logan County News, first publication August 7, 1887, T.C. Brobst and T.W. Williams, proprietors with B.F. Williams, editor. The editor was a solid Democrat.
- August 16, 1887, George E. Clark erected a temporary building for banking.
- C.W. Hayden, first store and restaurant.
- Messrs. Haley & Brewer opened a saloon.
- Aug. 14, 1887, first preaching by Rev. Mr. Doole, Presbyterian, at home of W.F. Bybee's. Aug. 21, 1887, Rev. J.M. Adair, Methodist, at same home.
- Survey of Holyoke was made during week beginning August 8, 1887.)
- Lot Sale held Sept. 21, 1887.
- Selection of County Seat Dec. 20, 1888; Sterling was selected by four majority.
- Sept. 20, 1887, Holyoke had the following business houses: three lumber yards; two restaurants; one livery bark; two grocery stores; two hardware stores; two feed stores; two banks; two drug stores; two barbers; one meat market; one dray; one physician; two printing offices; four saloons.
- When Holyoke was twelve days old, it had forty-two buildings in course of erection.
- First Postmaster- David Castetter.)
- Jan. 31, 1888, Holyoke had four banks: Exchange Bank, Farmers & Merchants, Holyoke State Bank and Bank of Holyoke.
- Saturday, Feb. 14, 1888- 100 teams in town. March 13, 1888, Holyoke had 7 saloons.
- Post office opened in Holyoke December 12, 1887.
- March 20, 1888, population of Holyoke, 700. Miss Addie B. Handley taught first school in Holyoke, began Apr. 2, 1888, in house south of Smith & Wickersham Store.)
- T.B. Carnahan donated two Lots for M.E. Church building; corner stone laid April 21, 1888. Rev. J.M. Adair, first minister. Lumber in building cost \$1,000.

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April 24, 1888, ninety-three votes cast for incorporation of Holyoke and two against. Was declared an incorporated town May 3d, 1888, in County Court at Sterling, Colo.; with population of 700.

June 12, 1888, two tramps demanded a lunch of Ben G. Decker; he refused, when they proceeded to "shoot" things up. He returned the fire. No one hurt. Both drunk. No officer in town. No one was arrested. Drunken rows were frequent.

1888 was a wet season; plenty of rain all summer.

Holyoke celebrated 4th of July, 1888 with speeches by E.E. Branson, J.H. Painter, Rev. Richards and P.C. Westover., and "The Franchman Valley as it Was and is", by E.E. Armour. Many games, such as climbing the greased pole, greased pig, sack race, base ball, etc. BIG TIME.

Holyoke's first officers:

Mayor, Ben Hoskins; Trustees, Baker, Raymond, Webb, Walsh, Kenyon and Temple.

HOLYOKE IS NOW NINE MONTHS OLD.

(These items gathered and saved by S.S. Worley, who pre-empted near Holyoke on July 14, 1885; came on the following March, and has resided here continuously ever since).

Mr. S.S. Worley, who homesteaded, or rather took a pre-emption near Holyoke on July 14, 1865, came out the following March, and has resided in Phillips County continuously ever since. A pioneer resident of Holyoke; a man who came to the County almost a half century ago, when only barren prairies extended over practically all of Northeastern Colorado from the state line to Denver. He homesteaded several miles south of the present site of Holyoke. He has a wonderful memory of the principal happenings during that long period of years and is able to recall names of early settlers long forgotten by most of the pioneers. He starts with his first visit to this country:

"Why I came to Colorado"; this question has been asked of me many times, and no doubt it has been asked of many pioneers. I always had a longing to go west, even when a boy. I spent most of my boyhood days on a farm in eastern Nebraska.

In the spring of 1865 I received several letters from a cousin, Joseph H. Baird, who was working for the Union Pacific Railroad Company at Denver Junction, Colorado, telling what a wonderful country there was south on the Frenchman Creek. In the early part of July that year he again wrote me that he had taken a pre-emption and timber claim over there. He said the land was being taken up very fast and if I wanted to get a fine farm, to come out at once. I had another cousin visiting us from Pennsylvania, Edwin L. Clay, and when I received this last letter from Joe, he said, "Get ready and I will go with you." We started the next day.

We took the C.B. & Q Railroad to Kearney, where we then changed to the U.P. Railroad. When we were passing from one station to the other an incident happened that was quite amusing for us, at least. As we neared a livery barn we noticed a small boy with a garden hose in his hands and a stream of water pouring from it. He was standing near the corner of the barn, with the hose pointing toward the street. Then we noticed another boy stick his head around the opposite corner and grin but did not let the boy with the hose see him. Now, a man came along in front of the barn; he wore a black dress suit, high black hat, a white shirt with a large starched front—the kind all stylishly dressed men wore at that time. His shoes were highly polished and anyone could see he thought "well" of himself. With head high he came past the corner of the barn, when a stream of water smote him in the forehead, knocking off his hat, then down his face onto that large shirt front and on down to the walk. The boy saw his mistake, dropped the hose and fled around the barn.

The man of the black hat used language, such as convinced us that he thought he had been imposed upon. He even threatened to give the boy a licking, but the boy was gone. He received our sympathy.

Our train whistled in and we started up the Platte Valley. It looked very beautiful to us. No irrigation then, only ranches and open prairie mile after mile. Every now and then we would see a lone cottonwood tree standing in a bed of alkali or a sandy spot, where the wind had swept the grass away as fire could not destroy it. We were told that in the days when caravans passed along this valley on their way to California or Oregon, it was customary to hang wicked men on these trees and leave them to the mercy of the vultures and wolves. We noticed each tree as we passed but saw no body dangling from the limbs.

I was a tender-foot in those days, believing everything I was told. The towns even had wild fantastic names; North Platte, where Indian Battles had been fought and Ogallala, that is the way they used to spell it. This was a puzzle for us how to pronounce it with so many l's and a's. But we learned.

Denver Junction at last! Later it's name was changed to Julesburg, as we know it now. The Old Julesburg was seven miles further west on the main line of the U.P.R.R. to Sidney and Cheyenne. This Old Julesburg was reported to have had a population of 15,000 at one time. The old ford across the South Platte is south of there; the California trail coming up on the south side of the river from North Platte.

Denver Junction, at the time of our arrival, had a population of less than 500. There was not a tree in the town. The open space between the depot and front street was covered with a scanty growth of buffalo grass. David Casteller operated the best hotel those days-that is, he cleaned the spittoons, his wife did the cooking and their son, Otis, was clerk.

My cousin was out of town, but had made arrangements with real estate agents Keister & Green to show us the Frenchman country. We went to bed early as Mr. Green who was to go with us said we would start by sun up next morning.

After we left the canon of the <sup>Platte</sup> Platte we stopped and all looked down over the Platte River at Denver Junction about three miles away, and bade good-bye to civilization. Away down the river we saw a freight train coming up the valley with the smoke trailing along back and looking like a white ribbon. Again bidding good-bye to the ties that bound us to home we turned our faces southward to view the promised land. We felt like explorers just starting to view a strange land. Prairie, just prairie, as far as the eye could see, not a house, not a tree, nor a single thing that man could say he had made or even conceived in his mind. Prairie, covered with buffalo grass that trails along the ground and takes root at joint. It does not grow tall like bluestem or gramma grass, but is one of the richest of all grasses. It cures itself in the fall, making splendid winter feed. As Uncle Jimmy Hamilton used to say, "The oil in buffalo grass was more fattening than corn for horses and made their hair far glossier."

We passed through several large "dog" towns; some a mile or more across. These towns were thickly populated and the inhabitants greeted us on all sides with their chirp, chirp, chirp. I never could understand why they were called dogs. Did you ever try to wiggle your little finger as fast as a prairie dog wiggles his tail when he says "good-bye" and enters his home head first?

Noon came and we ate our lunch after which we again were on our way. My, the air was fine, so pure and sweet. It seemed we could never get enough of it. We had gone but a short distance when my cousin said, "Look at that lake, my isn't it pretty, and what are those things running away from the water?" They have big white tails like a rabbit." We all laughed. Mr. Green said they were antelope. We saw many after that. Mr. Green said there was only one thing that could out run a jack rabbit and that was an antelope. After watching the antelope until they disappeared over a rise in the ground we looked ahead again, our lake was gone and nothing but buffalo grass and cactus left.

Pretty soon we saw another lake. This time some wild horses seemed to

be drinking from the lake, but as soon as they saw us away they went. They looked fine with long manes and tails. I wanted one but of course did not get him. (By the way, H.C. Harhreeves, brother of Tom, caught the last wild horse in the Frenchman Valley a few years later.)

Mr. Green now called our attention to a row of low laying hills to the south and said they were called the sandhills. He also called our attention to three prominent hills that stood out more prominent than the rest and seemed to have valleys between them. He informed us we were heading for the central one. The one on our left is now in Herman Poe's pasture. The one in the center, south of Dot Harmon's old place or southwest of the Jeffrey ranch, while the west one is south of the W.A. White ranch or west of W.E. Johnston's farm.

I never will forget that view of the fake lakes, the antelope, wild horses and now and then a coyote. That afternoon all of the above or a part of them were in view all the time. We seemed to be in a valley all the time, always a small hill ahead but never could get to the crest. Our road had long since disappeared but we now had only to head for the Jeffrey hill. There were wild flowers a plenty, many have long since disappeared.

Toward evening we reached the Frenchman. I was disappointed. No water, no trees, no fishing, no skating and no chance to scare a rabbit out of the brush. I wanted to get a homestead with all of the above thrown in. Ed and I finally took a tree claim a piece. He selected the SE $\frac{1}{4}$  of 23-7-44 and I took the SE $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec. 25-7-44, both south of the Frenchman.

We asked our guide how they came to name this gravel bed the Frenchman. He said a Frenchman used to trap on it. But we failed to see anything to trap.

When we had selected our claims we threw up four mounds to represent the corners of house which was notice to the world that we claimed that particular quarter of land as ours and they were to keep off.

After locating our land, that is we knew it was somewhere north of the Jeffrey hill and south of the Frenchman, we started for home. The sun soon went down and Mr. Green and I could not agree on which direction we were going; he said north, I said east. He had a pocket compass, so he placed it on the front wheel of the buggy and it pointed with the wheel. "There," he said, "I told you we were going north." But I was not satisfied, so I took the compass some distance from the wagon and called Mr. Green to take a look. This time it said we were going east. It took me some time to convince him the wheel had any influence upon the compass. As darkness was now on, we camped for the night. We slept in the open with our clothes on. I should have said we tried to sleep for who could sleep when every time you opened your eyes you were gazing at a few million stars and, my, how bright they were, and then just as you closed your eyes again a number of coyotes would turn loose with their yeh, yeh, yeh and we would all jump up thinking we were about to be attacked by all the wolves in the world. I learned later that two or three coyotes can make as much noise as a large number. In the morning, with a few sore places and short of sleep, we ate a cold lunch, turned around and headed for home.

Arriving in Denver Junction, Ed and I each filed on a 160 acre pre-emption and 160 acre timber claim. In those days one could file on a homestead, a pre-emption or a timber claim.

I planted my cousin's timber claim and cultivated it for five years, but never raised any trees. The government finally let him make proof on it for what he tried to do. We went back home in Eastern Nebraska, and in the following spring I came out again arriving in Denver Junction on the 18th day of March, 1886. It was misting when I got off the train and rained all that night. They told me that was the first moisture they had had all winter.

I hired out as a locator for W.F. Keister, a real estate man, at thirty dollars a month and board. It was my business to meet all passenger trains and spot all homesteader prospects and take them to a hotel and "herd" them until we had all we could have then we would take them down to the Frenchman. I often made two or three trips a week this way.

The Platte was low at this time of the year. We crossed about a mile above where the bridge is now located. Along the latter part of the month of March, we had twelve men collected who wanted a home where they could raise horses, cattle and all sorts of things, so we loaded them into three wagons and headed south. There seemed to be something in the air that indicated a change in the weather, although the sun shone brightly all day long with little or no wind. The roads were heavy from the recent rains. Every once in a while some fellow would jump off of one of the wagons and run out to one side of the road and bring in an old buffalo horn. The prairie was strewn with them and we all gathered them for relics of the plains. Later some of the homesteaders hauled them to Denver Junction and sold them for fertilizers, this included the bones as well as the horns. I saw one head with hair still on it and a large Spencer ball fast in one of the horns. These horns, when scraped and polished, made fine hat racks. I picked up many of them but gave them all away to some one from the east. I wish I had kept at least one, but they are all gone now. I believe it was this year that the last buffalo was killed down in the sandhills. M.D. Coyp told me he hunted buffalo in this section of Colorado many times in the early seventies.

All over this valley we saw small lagoons or water holes. These were made by the milling of buffalo during the summer time after a shower. That is what hunters tell us, hence the name "buffalo wallows."

Of the twelve who made this trip, I am the only one who is still in the country. Most of them took up government land; some never came back afterward. Mr. Hiram Sapp, a surveyor, who was now a partner with Keister, having bought Mr. Green's interest in the firm. He went with us. He is now a resident of Cheyenne, Wyoming.

The night of my second trip to the Frenchman valley we spent in my cousin's dugout on Section 6-7-43. It was not what you would call a finished house. It was a hole in the ground 12x12 feet, four feet deep, board roof, no doors or windows, gables not closed and no floor but the ground. We ate our supper, a cold lunch, parked our wagons south of the house, spread our blankets on the floor, put on our night clothes, which were the same ones we had worn all day, drew our hats over our eyes and were soon sound asleep. To say we did not dream any that night would be an untruth, for long before daylight I dreamed that I was sleeping in an Eskimo Igloo without any cover over me. All the boys said they had similar experiences.

While it was still dark, a man by the name of Armstrong stuck his hand out from under the cover and drew it back quickly and said, "snow". Then Sapp raised his head up but did not keep it up very long for the wind was blowing the snow right through the dugout, the open ends being north and south. Soon we were all awake and then began a discussion as to what we should do. Here were twelve men, three teams and wagons with only one day's provisions for men and horses! No shelter for the teams, no place for ourselves.

When daylight finally came, we were covered with a foot of snow. There was no stove, fuel or furniture in this "cottage". If we stayed here we would freeze or starve to death. Our horses were shivering with the cold. Thirty miles to Denver Junction, forty miles or more south to Wray through the sand hills and none of the party had ever been there. There was not a house between here and Wray so far as we knew-just prairie. Our only hope was to go north a mile to where Peter Zimmerman had built a sod house and see if we could stay there. We decided it would not be safe for all to strike out until we knew whether they could keep us or not. No one was anxious to go. There was no road to follow and no fence to guide a person. All we knew was that it was due north of us. It was finally decided Mr. Sapp and I would make the attempt. We started and as far as the eye could see, which was not very far, there was nothing but snow-every direction falling snow, drifting snow whirled along by a high, cold wind. We discussed whether we would try or not. If we missed the Zimmerman house, death would be our lot. Then we thought about the other boys; what would happen to them. They were not acquainted with the ways of the blizzard.

Well, we reached our destination, but Zimmerman said they could keep only four men and one team. He had a wife and four children. He told us that Rufus Cooperrider had a good dugout and a frame stable for four horses just one mile west of his place and the rest of us might go there.

So we again ran a chance of losing our direction and our boys, but we must try. We were almost past the boys when we heard a horse whinny, saw the wagons and reported what we had found. We hitched up and started north. I got into Armstrong's wagon, took the lead and told the rest to follow. The horses did not want to face the storm and kept wanting to turn around. Armstrong had no mittens and did not seem to be able to control his team, so I was compelled to drive. After what seemed a long time, the sod house came into view. We all felt better for part of the party was going to be cared for, but the rest must now decide what to do. To hit the Cooperrider place seemed impossible. It was finally decided that we would form a line. One was to lead out and as soon as it was hard to see him number two was to start and so on, until all were in line. We drew lots to see who was to lead. I won or lost whichever way you wish to put it. Mr. Sapp had his surveyor's instrument along and set it up and let me take a look through it so I could get a good idea where the west was. I led out. When almost out of sight number two started. Mr. Armstrong came next with his team and so on. Mr. Sapp was the last man to leave. Soon we were all strung out. The whole snow bound world before us and no breakfast to cheer our way. We might have been headed for eternity, no one knew.

Now there are several things to remember about a blizzard. First, the wind comes from the northwest and never changes. The snow drifts form in this same direction and never change while the storm continues; that all real blizzards come in February, March or April and the temperature is usually around the freezing point.

Very few people freeze to death in a blizzard, but chill to death. So it pays to have on a rubber or slicker coat, as most other clothing will wet through. I had been raised in eastern Nebraska and had passed through several real blizzards there in the early seventies, so I was pretty well dressed for it. Some of the other fellows were not so well protected. When I looked through the surveyor's instrument I noted the angle which it made in crossing the snow-drifts. We started out and never looked back until we arrived at the Cooperrider house. Sometimes we could not see ahead at all, then the wind would lull and then we would plow forward. Sometimes the snow was only shoe top deep, the next step, knee deep. There is another thing to do if you ever get caught out in a bad snow storm, never tire yourself out and never get excited, keep your head and your nerves steady.

It began to dawn upon me that a mile was a long way in a blizzard with no road or anything to guide you but the wind and drifting snow. Also the responsibility of seven lives besides my own and two teams to think about. I wondered if I had missed the house and stable; many thoughts ran through my mind; the wind lulled a little and lo, there stood the stable just ahead. I turned and called, "Here we are ! Here is the house and stable." Each man kept his place. We counted them as they came up. All were there, we felt like embracing each other! The storm seemed to lack some of its severity and even seemed to smile and say, "you won out." Some of the boys put the horses in the stable and some went to the house. None of us had ever seen it before. It was situated on the East Half of Section 35-8-44. We tried the door but it was locked but we soon forced the lock and were inside. This was also a dugout, about 14x16 feet. There was a few provisions here, which we made use of. It was necessary to keep the fire going day and night to keep warm, the wind and snow blew through the cracks in the wall and roof. Three slept in the bed and five on the dirt floor.

The storm lasted three days and nights without any let up. On the evening of the last day the stars came out and the storm was over. Besides cooking and feeding the horses, we spent the time telling truthful stories and playing jokes on each other. The morning following the close of the storm, we were up and ready to start for Denver Junction at day light. Our provisions had run out. Nothing for us to eat until we had driven the thirty miles through the deep snow. No snow plow had been over the road for us ! Our comrades at Zimmerman's were in no better shape, as provisions had run very low there also.

Might add that during the storm many small droves of range cattle passed. We could hear them bawl and saw the fate of many of them later.

We arrived safe in Denver Junction that evening after dark. Our teams were almost played out, we were snow blind, tired, and, Oh, so hungry. If I remember correctly, this blizzard began on the 24th day of March, 1886. Dr. W.E. Fugh says it was on the 28th. During this storm a man, I have forgotten his name, camped with his boy west of where Holyoke now stands, in a covered wagon. The boy was so badly frozen during the storm that it was necessary to amputate both his legs below the knee.

During the year 1886 it seemed as though everybody wanting a home was coming west. Every train from the east into Denver Junction brought would-be homesteaders. Some rode in Pullmans, some in day coaches, some on top of the coaches, some on the bumpers, some in wagons, some on foot-some had money and some had none-all headed for the now famous Frenchman Valley, where the land was free, rich, level soil, such as was never seen elsewhere.

Nothing else was talked of in Denver Junction. The hotels and restaurants were all crowded day and night. It was almost equal to an oil or gold rush. The new settlers came in from Nebraska, Kansas, and even from Missouri and Arkansas by the wagon load.

Among the many creeds were a Catholic priest, Methodist, Dunkard, Christian, and other ministers; doctors, lawyers, blacksmiths, merchants, farmers and would-be farmers, including meat packers from Chicago, book-keepers, printers' devils and all, both male and female. All old timers will remember Polly's hotel, the Castetter hotel and Robbins' restaurant. You bought your clothing and groceries at Peterson's, and your door hinges at Krumpaintsky & Hutchinson's hardware store.

Otis Castetter later became postmaster at Holyoke. He was the son of the man who ran the hotel. Those were great days for Denver Junction. There were several locating agents at that time. W.Y. Keister & Co., Mac Robbins, A.M. Axelson, Charley Erickson, Antelope Bill and others whose names I have forgotten. The last I heard of Keister, he was in the gold mining business in Old Mexico. Hiram Sapp is in charge of the late Senator Warren's business in Cheyenne. Mac Robbins is travelling for a grocery house out of Greeley. A.M. Axelson is deceased; Erickson is living at Hartun. Antelope Bill disappeared when the other antelope left.

(The territory now known as Phillips County was divided into sections for the settlement of different people as follows: The Germans, in the northeast part around where Amherst is now located. The Swedes, in the northwest around Fairfield. The American born in the southern part, including the Frenchman. The people from Arkansas in the sandhills; the people from Missouri and Ireland were to be dumped wherever there was any spare room. This division was made by the locaters themselves.)

This was a very busy summer, houses had to be built, a small patch broken out and a garden planted upon the homestead. All building material had to be hauled from Denver Junction, thirty to forty miles. Some had no teams and had to hire it hauled. It took a man and team at least three days, and long ones at that, to make the trip. The horses, like the people, were not used to this high climate, 3,737 feet at Holyoke, and could not stand the travel. Many a horse, when driven to Denver Junction, never returned. It is true, part of the trouble was due to the alkali water.

As stated before, the ford across the Platte was about a mile above where the present bridge is located. The river was somewhat broader there and consequently more shallow with fewer sand bars. These sand bars were the cause of many teams and wagons becoming stuck in the so-called "quick sand". The drivers soon found that if in passing a sand bar they kept on the upper end (they always extended up and down the river) they always found solid footing. There was nearly a month during June and July that it was impossible to cross with a heavy load. For at this time of the year, the snow had mostly melted in the mountains and caused the river to run brim full. Many a poor fellow lost part of his lumber or ruined his flour by trying to cross. I crossed many times with four men in a spring wagon when the water came into the bed and swung the back-end down stream.

There was very little claim jumping. The localities were on the square about this matter. I understand many localities were less fortunate. Almost all the land papers were made out in Denver Junction. When a homesteader made a selection his locator notified the rest so they would not make out papers to any one else on that particular piece of land.

I believe this was the wettest year our country ever had. The ground was soaked all summer. I had many a man say, "you can not locate me on a low level piece of land, no swamp for me!" Do they say so now? I guess not!

I am going to tell how a real sod house is built. I presume you have all seen a sod house, although there are very few left, possibly none in Phillips County. Most sod houses either faced south or east for obvious reasons.

All buildings made in 1886 were either made of sod or part sod and the balance dug out. Most of the early ones were of one room, usually 12x14 feet and six foot high at the eaves.

One had to be very careful in this country about selecting the right kind of sod to make the walls of, as not all of our soil made good building material. Most of it would break up and crumble when turned over with a breaking plow, as many a man found to his sorrow, for, when his walls were laid up out of this poor sod they would fall down of their own weight. We learned to select a place along the edge of a lagoon where the grass grew thick and the soil was bound together with plenty of roots. This made the best material to use.

Having selected the best place to get your sod, we broke it out with a sod plow. Mine was called "The Grasshopper". It was small and so light, one could carry it in one hand. To get best results, we broke our sod about three inches thick, and even width and thickness, as this made it easier to make a good even wall. Next we cut into even lengths about thirty inches, as this was the average thickness of walls, although some were thinner and thicker. In later years we fastened two old breaker lays to sled runners, the runners being the distance apart the length we wanted our sod cut. Then we would hitch a team to it and jump on to weight it down so it would cut the ground the depth we wished to break our sod. We would drive this sled cross ways from the way we wished to plow, thus cutting the sod before it was plowed, saving time and trimming later. Generally it was necessary to haul this sod some distance, especially if the soil was quite sandy where you wanted to build.

Next, we marked off the ground where our home was to be-inside measure-not outside the way frame houses are measured. Then we laid the first course of sod crossways of the wall, grass side down; evened up the top side, filled in the joints well, pounded in with the side of the spade. One should always use a sharp spade, which will save tearing and destroying the sod. Then lay the next layer lengthwise of the wall, smooth the top and chunk in as before. Do this all the way up. When up about two feet lay a straight board on top of the wall, stand upon it and trim first one side and then the other side of the wall. By doing so it will settle evenly and last much longer. Be sure and make good laps at the corners and sides, this makes a much stronger warmer house. When you get to where

the bottom of the door and windows doors, leave space for them; these openings should be a foot narrower than their width to allow for trimming and fitting of the frame. Most sod shanties had a half window in each side and one door in the end. The window panes were usually 8x10 inches, for in each sash.

There were three styles of roofs used. Hip, gable and shed. Hip roof was by far the best as in this style the walls were all the same height and did not fall down as easily as the other ones. For a roof we used 2x4 rafters, tight sheathing, then one or two thicknesses of tar paper and this we covered with one thickness of sod, usually grass side down. The roof extended over the wall about a foot to protect it against being washed down by rain. The inside was plastered with magnesia and sand. Usually two coats were used. If a good job was done, it made a nice clean white wall.

Drive two pegs into the wall, place on a short piece of board and your clock shelf was made, also my lady's looking glass, if there was a lady-generally there was none. The walls were decorated with pictures from magazines. A dry goods box fastened to the wall with other pegs and a strip of calico made the cupboard. A home made table; three cracker boxes for stools, a two hole stove and a home-made bedstead with 2x4's for legs, with three or four cheap comforters that caused your face, next morning, to look like an Indian with war paint on. For pillow covers we used empty flour sacks.

Our stables were made this same way, and all other buildings, large or small. These sod houses were cool in the summer and warm in the winter, when made as above. While they were cheap, they saved a great deal of hauling of material from Denver Junction, and very little skilled labor being required to put them up. In fact, it would have been impossible for many to have settled here at that time otherwise.

At the present time there are one or more windmills on every section of land in Phillips County, but forty or fifty years ago it was not so. The locaters all brought drinking water with them from Denver Junction. These same locaters said they thought water could be gotten anywhere in the valley at from fifteen to twenty feet. The only available water was in the Frenchman Creek. This creek runs clear across the county from east to west, near the center of the county, every settler far and near was compelled to haul water from this creek.

It has been compared to a large trough filled with sand and gravel. There were depressions in it which formed pools of water which never ran dry. The gravel being two to fifteen feet deep, generally two to three feet. To get the water we dug a hole in the ground down to the water, curbed it up with lumber or a barrel, then dipped the water out with a bucket and short piece of rope. There were numerous such wells along the Frenchman.

If one wanted the latest news, here was the place to get it. There was always some one there who had just returned from town or some one who had been there and told them the latest news and so it was passed on and on. The water was hauled in barrels, kegs, jugs, kettles or anything else that would hold it. To keep the water from splashing out of the barrels they were covered with an old piece of carpet or blanket. During the first two or three years, the men spent most of their time hauling water. Every one was careful about wasting it. Two horses and a cow can drink lots of water in hot weather. So you see three or four barrels would not last very long. The housewife saved every drop she could.

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The Frenchman water got very warm in the summer time and slightly colored from the clay bottom. Many horses died after being driven from the Frenchman to Denver Junction, thirty-five miles, without any water on the way, when allowed to drink too much water out of the Platte.

Fred Borland got tired of hauling water and decided to put down a real well. Keister said he ought to get water at twenty feet, at the most. Alec Graham helped Fred dig it and when they struck water the twenty feet had been stretched out to ninety-two feet. But they had found water, real water, cool and pleasant to the taste. This well was completed in June, 1886. I believe this was the first deep well put down in the valley. By the way (Alec Graham was the first and only negro to make proof on a homestead in Phillips County. Alex was surely a white black man.) Many wells were dug after this.

In 1887, Charley McKee started to put down a well, got down 130 feet, as near as I can remember, when the wall caved in and buried McKee. They tried to recover his body, but could not and the well was filled up. After this accident C.C. Bevard and E.E. Worley bought augers for putting down bored wells. This was a much safer and better way. It made a hole 10 to 16 inches across and was lined with wooden curbing. The water was drawn with a crank, pulley and a round galvanized bucket, shaped like a three gallon cream can with a valve in the bottom so it would fill by its own weight.

When Holyoke was started in 1887 the water question became a serious one. It was at this time that Fred Borland and several of the other boys came to the rescue. Fred had a span of big gray horses, named Dick and Ned. Did you ever see a camel travel, that was their style. They certainly could pull! Fred put down a well in the Frenchman a short distance between where the bridge is now located east of town and hauled and delivered water to Holyoke housewives at 25 cents a barrel. If the saloons and stores would unload it themselves, the charges were 18 cents per barrel. A drink of beer or water cost the same, 5 cents.)

The first deep well in Holyoke was put down late in 1887 on the lots where the Continental Oil station is now located, near the railroad tracks, by Sam Shriver. This same winter the town, by popular subscription, put down two city wells. One in the center of the street in front of where Byars Store is now located and the other one between the Hiat store and the Pinter buildings. At first the water was drawn with buckets but later the North well became quite aristocratic and put up a windmill, pump and watering tank. Every one said that was a great civic improvement. It surely was. You could pump yourself a drink if the wind was not blowing, free of cost.

The next necessity after water is fuel. In the Frenchman Valley there was neither timber or coal beds. So, the fuel problem became a real problem. But it was easily solved. The Indians lived and roamed over these prairies for ages cooking their juicy buffalo steaks and broiled the antelope ribs without wood or coal. Why not the white man do the same? He or she did. This is how it was done. Simply made a fire with buffalo chips. Most women hesitated very much about cooking over a chip fire the first few times. To gather buffalo chips, I used a gunny sack, a short handled, two tined fork. It saved backache, stooping so much. Sage brush was also used. It was harder work to procure it and was only to be found in the sandhills. Soap weed was used to some extent.

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The first store was started in the fall of 1886 by E.T. Shamp and his son, Walter. It was located on the Northwest Quarter of 1-7-44. It was of sod, built after the most approved style, with hitch racks in front. Here you could get all of the necessities of life, including dried prunes, slabs of hog side, flour, coffee and tobacco, and the mail when some one thought to bring it over from Denver Junction.

The next store was started down at Amitie on the Northeast Quarter of 32-7-43, now owned by A.C. Cauble. This was a favorite resort for playing croquet.

The prairie was covered very scantily with buffalo grass. There is very little of this variety of grass left at this time, but in 1886 it was the prevailing grass. In the low ground a little wheat grass was found. Later this grass was destined to overcome the buffalo grass. Buffalo grass requires very little moisture. It is a vine and takes root at the joint. Thus it propagates itself. Uncle Jimmie Hamilton said it was the greatest fattener for cattle and horses in the world. Stock would live on it all winter without any other feed and be in good shape in the spring. It was a very oily grass. One would think that there were very few varieties of wild flowers in the Frenchman Valley, but this was not true. There have been gathered and pressed over a hundred different kinds. Some of them were very beautiful. In June, the cactus would be in full bloom, red, yellow and purple, in a week they would all be gone, but the country looked beautiful while they lasted. One of the most beautiful cactus was the pin cushion, so named from its round shape. Nature seems to hate a waste place, so provides a plant for every variety of soil or climate, as the climate changes the plant life changes to correspond.

For the first two or three years there was very little to do on the homestead in the fall and winter, excepting hauling water and gathering fuel. The rest of the time was spent in visiting and various form of amusement. As said before, at Wakeman's store they had a croquet club. We had several base ball clubs and say, we could play ball in those days, hardly ever failed to make at least 20 to 40 tallies in a single game. Joe Baird was one of our hardest and most noted pitchers. And how we did yell at those games! People came from every direction. We were not compelled to travel east or west, north or south, as we do now. No fences, no plowed fields, go where you pleased and how you pleased. People would come across the raw prairie, in wagons, in buggies, in buckboards, in carts, on horseback or on foot if they had no other way to go. Every one came, father and mother, boys and girls, dogs and all. Every one took "sides" in the game, especially the young women. Did you ever see Dora Summers, Anna Reynolds, Edna Mackey, Eda Gilmore, Mamie Whitney, Lillie Borland, Minnie Norris, and a dozen others, whose names I can not recall at present, clap their hands and wave their bonnets at one of these games, when Curt Cauble missed the ball and fell down and ran over himself or when Sam Lomaster could not find the base, or when Ed Reynolds made a mistake and slid to a base over a cactus bed?

Then in the early fall we went down into the sand hills and gathered sand cherries. These cherries are the most delicious of all wild fruits. They will grow in most any kind of soil but do the best in very sandy soil, hence the name. We also located several patches of fine choke cherries. We saw some large cottonwood trees, which have long since been cut down and hauled away. These were just south of Holyoke, a mile or two west of O'Connor's ranch. We had a number of picnics every summer. I remember one at Fair View school house (now Amitie). The house was built of sod and located two miles west of

where the present building now stands, on the southwest corner of 36-7-44. We had a fine program and dinner. Say, folks, I loved to get into a gathering of that kind in those days. You see I was a bachelor then and so would not have to make flap-jacks for a day or two. Some of those present at that time who have long since left or passed away were: Mr. and Mrs. Mackey, Mr. and Mrs. P.B. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. J.H. Zoll, Mr. and Mrs. Iva Werley, Mrs. Ruthan Baird, Mr. Cauble, Mrs. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. W.L. Irwin, A.A. and Ella Shafer, J.A. Borland, Mrs. Judge Slater and Rev. Bailey, a Methodist minister. About one hundred were present.

There were several literary societies in the valley in the early days, and what can be said about one can be said about all so far as the programs and abilities of those taking part were concerned. They all had good debaters, good readers and splendid singers. Of course each society thought they had the best talent. I remember one time we were debating the subject, Resolved: "That our country pupils should have free text books." P.B. Reynolds was for the FairView Society, and Mrs. Reynolds for the Daggy School. The Daggy school won. Never knew a man to win in a debate with his wife! Of course there were a number of debaters on each side who did all they could to help along, but the Reynolds' were the chief speakers. She sure did enjoy defeating him and would guy him about it for days. The Reynolds were a wonderful help in the early days to make life enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. J.H. Zoll were two more of the elderly people who helped to entertain us young folks. Mrs. Zoll wrote and read some splendid essays on the themes of the day.

M.N. Worley and Herbert Mackie were our chief violinists. I never tried to dance but I always enjoyed listening to such tunes as "Money Musk," "Devil's Dream," "Virginia Reel," and "Pop Goes The Wessel." I would like to mention many more of these who took part but it would take too much time.

I loved the good old times, I love them still. Old Timer, how would you like to trade your flivver off for that old buggy?

Obtained from S.S. Worley, a resident of Phillips County since 1885, now residing at Holyoke, Colorado.

Holyoke, Colorado,  
March 19th, 1934.

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ZETA ZETA CLUB CELEBRATES TWENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY.

In 1904, in a little town nestled between the foothills in the valley of the South Platte River a group of young matrons found themselves in need of an organization, which would not only be a means of drawing and keeping them together in a social way, but which would grow into something more serious and worthwhile. Consequently, the movement developed into the calling together of this group, at the home of Mrs. A.D. Jackson, and, on May 12, 1904, the organization which has for thirty years been known as the Zeta Zeta Club of Sterling, Colorado, was formed. The purpose was to be literary and social. The club was to be a branch of the Zeta Zeta chapter of Denver.

Zeta Zeta signifies the ideal, "Live While You Live," which has proved to be a very fitting name. Nowhere else, perhaps, can be found a club of women of the same number, who are able to crowd more of life into the twenty-four hours of each day. From the viewpoint of an observer, these women are able to accomplish the almost impossible within a given time, along the lines of housekeeping, and home making, church activities, Red Cross, patriotic, social, public service and club work. There is no doubt that those with whom they come in contact, agree that they are surely "Living while they live."

The club was launched with Mrs. A.D. Jackson as president; Mrs. T.J. Board, vice president; Mrs. E.D. Wesner, secretary-treasurer; with the following fifteen charter members; Mrs. A.D. Jackson, Mrs. E.D. Wesner, Mrs. J.N. Sanders, Mrs. T.J. Bovard, Mrs. C.J. Funk, Mrs. W.C. Harris, Mrs. C.W. Day, Mrs. G.P. Rose, Mrs. Paul S. Whitacre, Mrs. L.W. Davenport, Mrs. J.B. Smith, Mrs. C.D. Forbes, Mrs. E.N. Forbes, Mrs. R.M. Watts and Mrs. J.F. Watts.

Of these fifteen charter members, only two are deceased, the other thirteen being active or honorary members.

During the past thirty years, up to the present year, the Zeta Zeta Club has maintained its leadership in literary clubs in Sterling, while assisting with all philanthropic needs of the community.

During the past thirty years over \$1,126 has been given to the Sterling Public Library. In 1909 the club purchased the nucleus of the Sterling Public Library, a set of John Lord's "Beacon Lights of History," at a cost of \$37.50 and these were paid for in monthly installments.

The books, which were in reality procured for reference books for the various club members, proved to be somewhat of a white elephant. There was no public place to keep them, where the club members could have free access to them. It was finally decided that the president should be the custodian; there was immediately a great clamor for that office, but in the subconscious minds of the members, was born the idea of the necessity for a public library. Before many years, this idea bore fruit.

The first venture to raise money for the library was the selling of tickets for a picture show in the new Princess Theater on North Second Street. This sale netted the club \$78, which was a great deal for that time.

In 1913-14, Mrs. C.D. Forbes, the president, brought to success the plans around which the club had worked for so many months. The Carnegie associa-

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tion pledged the building, and the City council passed the one-half mill tax for maintenance of the library, two things that were necessary to insure a public library for Sterling.

The Zeta Zeta club made the first payment on the library site and first payment on the children's room of the Sterling Public Library.

The course of study followed by the club are varied. The Bay View magazine provided the first course of study. The Mentor, the National Geographic, Atlantic, Chautauqua Home Reading Course, Literature of the World, History of Colorado, Sociology, Readers Digest and miscellaneous courses followed.

Many outstanding social affairs have been held by the club the past thirty years. The following is an excerpt taken from the history of the club, which will perhaps be remembered by many of the older residents of Sterling:

"The first meeting in June, 1905, was indeed a memorable meeting. Late residents will remember the electric and historic rain storm on that day. The lightning flashed and the thunder crashed, and the board sidewalks, with which the Sterling public was provided, left anchor and floated away. Irrigation ditches, with which the town was provided, to water gardens and trees, overflowed their banks. All the spring bonnets and gowns, that could be left with safety, were left with the hostess, to be claimed by the owners the first sunshiny day."

Of the complete membership since the organization of the club in 1904, there are four deceased members, being: Mrs. B.D. Fletcher, Mrs. Myrtle Ragatz, Mrs. C.W. Day and Mrs. C.D. Forbes.

In celebration of the twenty-ninth anniversary of the Zeta Zeta club, a party was held on Friday, September 20, 1933.

In commemoration of the organization of the club, a number of the members, including Mrs. W. Mabry King, Mrs. P.L. Conklin, Mrs. I.L. Marsteller, Mrs. Frank Morrell, Mrs. C.A. Greenawalt and Mrs. George E. McConley, Jr., dressed in costumes worn about the year 1904, as a surprise to the hostess. They represented Mrs. Una B. Wesner, Mrs. W.C. Harris, Mrs. C.J. Funk, Mrs. L.W. Davenport and Mrs. A.D. Jackson, all charter members.

Mrs. George E. McConley, Jr., this year's president of Zeta Zeta, came to the meeting in the old horse and buggy way. It is said the others refused to risk their lives thus and chose the safer and saner autos as a means of transportation. Mrs. McConley, dressed in an elegant old-time cream lace gown, with large black picture hat, carrying a black parasol, sat in perfect dignity beside Peyer LeBlanc, who drove his "one horse shay" with the old cavalier manner of days gone forever.

Zeta Zeta club was founded on ties of friendship and has grown its thirty years through the same deep bond.

The officers carrying on the work this year are as follows: Mrs. G.E. McConley, Jr., president; Mrs. G.W. Dersham, first vice president; Mrs. J.B. Montgomery, second vice president; Miss Katherine Marvin, recording secretary; Mrs. R.R. Knowles, corresponding secretary; Mrs. I.L. Marsteller, treasurer. The club has fifty-three members at the present time.

Sterling, Colorado,  
February 20, 1934.

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LOGAN COUNTY DRY LANDS INHABITED AFTER 1886.

After 1886 "dry" farming began to develop in Logan County. Gradually homesteaders located in the dry sections and planted their crops. Most of the early crops cultivated in the non-irrigated districts were corn and wheat, while potatoes for the farmer's own use were also grown.

The "locaters" who assisted the homesteaders in finding suitable farms on the south side of the Platte River were M.H. Smith and W.L. Henderson, and at a later date Richard Bates served as a "locater" on the north side of the river.

Dr. D.C. Patterson of 603 North Third Street, Sterling, Colo., who came to this section when he was a baby, in 1875, declared that "prosperity in the dry land sections moves in cycles. During the wet years fine crops have been harvested, and during the dry seasons the farmer, naturally, can not produce as much as during the more favorable years."

As a veterinarian, Dr. Patterson has kept in close touch with the development of non-irrigated farming.

Settlers in the dry sections came and went. During the "wet" years, which often extended for five years, many established farms and planted and harvested crops. Then, when less moisture fell, and the dry period would sometimes extend for two or three years, some of the farmers would leave their places.

Every few miles, however, was a farmer who remained and was able to raise sufficient crops to provide a living. Then the unoccupied farms would be inhabited again and large crops would be harvested.

"The farmer who ran stock was in a better condition to withstand the dry season," Dr. Patterson states. "I believe the farmer who used horses for farm work was also better off."

During favorable seasons, dry land crops are of greater value than the production of the irrigated fields. By the early '90's the dryland sections were practically all settled. The section between Sterling and Holyoke, known as the "Frenchman country", the name derived from Frenchman Creek, has been one of the large dryland farming districts. The settlement of the northwest part of the county was slower and more gradual than east of Sterling.

Wheat production is as high as thirty to forty-five bushels an acre, and fifty bushels of corn to the acre is produced in the plains farming sections. Between five and six thousand acres of non-irrigated land in Logan County is capable of producing and has produced, wheat, oats, barley, rye, corn, potatoes, and forage crops.

When the first settlers filed on claims in the Frenchman country there were no roads. Each farmer made his road. As more farmers located in that section the need of a good road was realized, but most people said that the construction of such a road was an impossibility, for not enough earth could be hauled to build the road.

Dr. Patterson states that "R.G. Fulford, a farmer who lived seven miles south of Fleming believed that a road could be built, and continually advocated

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such a road. Finally the road through the sandhills from Sterling to Holyoke was started as a county project. In the spring the farmers hauled in earth to fill in the bad places and the road, now in use, became a reality."

Dr. Patterson's father, the late R.J. Patterson, came to this section in 1875. He pre-empted land three miles east of the present site of Crook. This same year he purchased a ranch three and a half miles northeast of Sterling and operated this place, which consisted of 800 acres, for many years. This land is now the W.C. Harris place.

The Patterson family performed an important part in the development of Logan County.

Sterling, Colorado,  
February 21, 1934.

Harry Monroe, son of the late James Monroe, was born in Adams County, Iowa, on the 30th day of October, 1876, and writes the following story:

Letting my memory wander back to fifty-four years ago this spring, it stops at a little town by the name of Prescott in the great state of Iowa, and circles about a little group of folks-father, mother and four children.

The father, taking Horace Greeley's advice "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country", left the little town above mentioned in the spring of 1880, bound for Colorado, the best then, and now the sweetest State in the Union, arrived at Sidney, Nebraska over the main line of the Union Pacific.

The little group took an overland trip from Sidney to what is now Sterling and surrounding country. The trip was made with the late S.R. Propst, who is a brother to W.C. Propst, T.K. Propst, Mrs. Edna Westlake and Mrs. Lena Emery, all living in Sterling at the present time.

This trip of forty miles consumed two days travel, as only a one-horse buckboard was used for transportation. A cousin of my father's came with this little group, and these two men had to walk up hills and ride down, as the horse was unable to pull the large load.

The journey ended at the R.J. Patterson ranch which was about two and a half miles northeast of the present Sterling-this ranch now being owned by W.C. Harris. The late Mrs. R.J. Patterson was a sister of the late Mrs. James Monroe.

In a few days the Monroes were located in a sod house a short distance southwest of the Patterson ranch. My father found employment with the N.H. Cattle Outfit; this was the only employment to be found, and he was away from home for weeks at a time.

I recall one little unpleasant instance; about midnight one night my mother was awakened by the buzz or hiss of a rattlesnake. Now imagine, if you can, just how you would feel under those circumstances. Would you like to step out onto the dirt floor in the dark, trying to miss stepping on the deadly snake, when you didn't know just where it was? My blood runs cold to think of it, and to think it was forty miles to the nearest Doctor, and the message must be carried by horse power. Now in this day and age we are impatient with the Doctor if he does not show up in ten minutes. It did not pay to get sick in those days!

Then I might mention the hard winter of 1880-81, and the settlers having no fuel but prairie chips. That winter, one great storm after another, and day after day- sometimes a week at a time- the merciless storm drove cattle by the thousands southward, and along the trail the weak and old ones dropped by the wayside and perished, while the strong ones kept going south. The late W.J. Powell, brother of Mrs. H.B. Davis of Sterling, told me he had bought cattle in Texas in 1880 and trailed them up here that summer and were on his range north and east of where Iliff now stands; the following spring not many cattle could be found and the hard winter took its heavy toll. He said to his surprise when

the 1881 trail herd arrived at the JB ranch just south of Iliff, a great number of his brand was with this herd, having been gathered in Texas that spring. The cattle, during the hard winter, had trailed back to Texas onto their old range.

Then in a short time progress rolled into this valley on two ribbons of steel laid from Julesburg to LaSalle, and Sterling came into existence.

I would not have you believe that it was all sadness and sorrow here in those days, for it was not. You know where home is there is joy and contentment when that home is founded on love, and as the wheels of progress has been moving forward, the scene has changed from time to time, and now we see a thriving little city of Sterling with its many and varied places of business. It has a well populated rural community on all sides, and we are all just holding on to our breath to withstand that wave of better times to come around the so long looked for "corner, and now I must go chase my hat for I believe the wave is just about here, so good-bye.

Sent to me by Harry Monroe of Sterling, Colorado, this 21st day of February, 1934.

HISTORIC JULESBURG.  
OLDEST TOWN IN COLORADO NORTH OF ARKANSAS VALLEY.

At the outset the reader should get clearly in mind the rather "migratory nature" of Julesburg. The town has had four distinct locations. For our purpose we shall designate the different locations as: "Old Julesburg," "Julesburg No. 2," Julesburg No. 3," and "Present Julesburg."

The Platte River was the route followed by the early explorers of the West, first by water as far as possible and then on foot, then by pack trains and later by vehicles.

The Platte became the great highway for travel and for commerce, linking the East with the Rocky Mountain area and the Pacific Coast.

The site of "Old Julesburg" on the south side of the South Platte River, just east of the mouth of Lodge Pole Creek, was on the highway, from the time of the very earliest explorations. There were, it is true, variations in the route from the earlier times until the late 1850's, when the route and line of travel were almost exclusively through Julesburg.

In the summer of 1825 Ashley and his party passed over the site of "Old Julesburg" and then up to the south side of the Platte to about Latham, his route being about the same as what became the Overland Trail after 1862. Later, probably as early as 1849, a part of the traffic of the Oregon Trail, instead of using the Lower California Crossing, continued on the south side of the river to the site of "Old Julesburg" and then crossed the Platte and followed the Lodge Pole Creek to about the present Sidney, Nebraska, thence across the ridge to join the Oregon Trail again on the North River. This new crossing near the site of "Old Julesburg", became known as the Upper California crossing. The change in the route was for the purpose of avoiding Windlass Hill at Ash Hollow, as the Hill was very hard to negotiate with anything but very light wagons, especially going east.

FOUNDING OF "OLD JULESBURG"

We have seen that the site of "Old Julesburg" was on the Oregon Trail near the Upper California Crossing, and this crossing was a favorite one for the Sioux Indians, used by them in their hunting expeditions going from north to south, thus making it a very favorable location for a trading post.

A French trader and trapper by the name of Jules Beni, doubtlessly noting this, established a ranch and trading post at this point for the purpose of trading with the Indians as well as with the White explorers, trappers and emigrants.

There seems to be written no evidence as to the date when Jules Beni established his post. A writer, not too reliable, states that Jules was a trader and trapper in the West as early as 1852. John W. Clappitt fixes the year 1858 as the time when Slade succeeded Jules as Division Superintendent at Julesburg. However, it is certain that Jules' trading post was established prior to 1859, as the Town of Julesburg is mentioned in the Rocky Mountain News of 1859.

The town was named for Jules Beni, who later became division superintendent of the Overland Stage, and was killed by Joseph A. Slade, who succeeded Jules as division superintendent. A feud had sprung up between the two men, and the various and numerous accounts of the two men, their feud, and the resulting death of Jules

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are very vivid and highly colored, and doubtless quite fanciful. In most of the accounts of the affair, Slade is made into a villain and outlaw and treated with a great deal of unfairness. Some writers, on the other hand, have used fairer judgment in accumulating evidence and, in our judgment, more clearly depict the true character of the man, than the highly colored tales that have become current.

#### SLADE AND JULES

John W. Clappitt in "Echoes From The Rocky Mountains," gives the most rational and believable story of Slade and his "affair" with Jules. Mr. Clappitt was a lawyer by training and was on the ground only a few years after the affair happened, as an employe of the United States Government, thus qualifying him to pass on the evidence made available to him, with sound judgment. We quote from his book: "Among all the executions by the Vigilance Committee of Montana, none occasioned so much comment, mingled, on the part of many good minded citizens, with genuine regrets, as that of Joseph Alfred Slade, and no act of the Vigilantes performed while in supreme power met with such adverse criticism. In fact, he was or had been a member of that organization himself, and declared himself to be in favor of "good order" in the territory. To the curse of liquor, however, is due the course which finally led to his death at the hands of his former comrades. He was raised in Clinton County, Illinois, came of a highly respected family, and bore an excellent reputation while residing at home.

He was in no wise connected with the gang of outlaws who made a pandemonium of the young territory and whose death at the hands of law abiding citizens was the just deserts for their dark crimes and numerous deeds of bloodshed. The acts which gave a celebrity to his name were performed in another part of the great West, chiefly on the Overland Mail Line, where for years he was a trusted official. He was a man of good business qualifications and possessed the knack of making money in fields where others failed. He was withal an honest, kind hearted, intelligent man, noted for his strong friendships and generous qualities and the power of attracting the favorable notice of even strangers. There are today a multitude of men in the far West possessing a full knowledge of all the leading incidents of his life, many of whom were associated with him in business, who still speak of him as a perfect gentleman, and not only deplore his death but pronounce his execution as a murder. To the habits of intemperance which grew with his years and excited the wild lawlessness that eventually ended his career on the gallows must be attributed the remarkable changes which reversed his nature and converted him from a good, law abiding citizen to an outlaw, whose acts under its influence were deemed worthy of death."

Slade was division superintendent on the mail line running from St. Joseph, Mo., to Salt Lake City; his division included that part of the line beginning at the "Upper Crossing" of the South Platte River to Rocky Ridge, known as the Sweetwater division. Much has been related of his encounter with Jules Beni, and his subsequent death at the hands of Slade, has been made the subject of much comment by his enemies. There have been numerous versions of the affair, but my source of information leaves no room for doubt as to its correctness.

#### STRONG WILLS CLASH

Jules Beni was a Frenchman who kept the station at the "Upper Crossing, and from whom the Town of Julesburg derived its name. He was known and feared for his lawless character, and his high handed acts and dealings with the stock of the line, and constant feuds arising therefrom, first induced the company in 1858 to appoint Slade to the agency of that particular division. Jules would not willingly submit to the authority of the new agent, nor, in fact, to anyone whom he could not intimidate. But Slade, being a man of most determined will, would not brook the interference of Jules, and finally the mutual dislike lead to an open rupture. Jules had discharged the man and Slade re-employed him. Jules had "sequestered" some of the stock and Slade had recovered it for the company. This brought matters to a crisis.

This difference, however, was smoothed over and the "affair" was presumed by all to be amicably adjusted. It appears, however, that the matter still rankled in the Frenchman's heart and he was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to kill his adversary.

One day early in the spring of 1859, Slade chanced to be at Upper Crossing and he, some other stage boys and Jules were near the corral, engaged in conversation. Jules was the first to withdraw and enter the house. He was followed soon after by Slade, who remarked: "I will go in and get something to eat." There were two houses, one an adobe, where Jules lived-the other a frame structure in which the stage boys were served their meals. As Slade was about to enter the frame building, the remaining boys saw Slade emerge from the adobe with a pistol in his hand and one of them cried out to Slade: "Look out, he is going to shoot!" As Slade, who was unarmed (and this fact had probably been perceived by Jules) turned suddenly about, he received three shots from Jules' revolver. He did not fall, however, and seeking to finish the bloody work, Jules reached within the open door for a double-barreled shotgun and fired the contents of both barrels into Slade's body. He fell to the earth, and Jules, supposing that he had killed him, informed the boys they could bury him in a new goods box he had a short time before received. Slade hearing the remark, raised himself up slightly, and replied that it was unnecessary to make such preparations, as he did not intend to die but would live to avenge the cowardly attack of Jules. He was thereupon taken into the house, received prompt attention and after a few weeks was enabled to be removed to his old home at Carlisle, Ill., where he rapidly recovered. In due time he returned to his duties on the stage line.

After realizing the situation and discussing the cowardice of the attack and lack of provocation, the stage boys decided to be executioners themselves, and, stringing a pole across two large freight wagons, hung Jules Beni to the beam. At this instant Ben Ficklin, the general superintendent of the whole line, arrived and cut him down before life was extinct. After his revival and it was found that Slade would recover, he was offered his freedom on condition that he would leave the country. Jules gladly accepted the terms and quickly departed for Denver.

NO COURTS TO FUNCTION

It must be borne in mind that at that period there was no legal tribunal near at hand, before which he could be tried and punished for his offense. In fact, there was no "law" from the Missouri River to California, save the Miner's courts at Denver and in Nevada and the Mormon Tribunal at Salt Lake City. Colorado was not then a territory; there was a kind of a provisional government and the territorial name presented was that of Jefferson, afterward changed to Colorado upon the passage of the organic act.

When Slade recovered from his severe wounds and returned again to his field of labor, he was disposed to avoid his assailant, and went so far as to send word to Jules that he would never "hurt" him, but warned him at the same time never to come into his immediate neighborhood. They were now a long way apart and Jules would have to come all the way from Denver to what is now Julesburg to reach the vicinity of Slade's labors. Nevertheless he did come, and, as a matter of course, met his death at the hands of Slade.

Two years afterwards, in August, 1861, Slade was proceeding over his division from Rock Ridge, Sweetwater eastward, and on the line he heard that Jules was nearby, driving some stock along the regular stage road he was obliged to pass over in the performance of his duties. Slade's family resided at Horse Shoe, thirty or forty miles west of Fort Laramie, and there he halted and remained a whole week for the purpose, it is believed, of allowing Jules to pass out of the country with his stock. Proceeding again eastward over his division, after the lapse of a week, he

found, on reaching Laramie, that Jules had not gone out of the country, but was only twelve miles distant. After a hasty consultation with some of his friends, he determined to capture and kill his adversary, for he was cautioned that if he proceeded on his way, Jules would, from ambush, fire upon and kill him, and, perhaps, others in his attempt.

A plan was formed, and Jules and his party were captured twenty miles east of Laramie, and Slade, arriving soon after, took the matter in his own hands and shot him to death. Jules offered stern resistance to his captors, firing upon them several times, and was secured after a running flight, in which one shot took effect. After his death a Frenchman by the name of Bordeaux, was chosen to select sufficient stock to reimburse Slade for expenses incurred, while recovering from Beni's murderous attack two years before. The remainder of his stock and the money on his person were disposed of according to his own directions.

The mail company, which employed him, and a military tribunal at Laramie, the nearest for 1500 miles, to which he surrendered after the shooting of Beni, exonerated Slade. It is alleged by others, but denied by his friends, that, after killing Jules, Slade cut off his ears and carried them in his vest pocket for a long time; also, that he prolonged the agony of his enemy by shooting him to death by degrees.

#### IMPORTANT TOWN ON TRAIL

To rightly appraise the importance of Julesburg, one must think in relation to existing conditions and recall that it was one of the very few towns on the trail between the Missouri River and Salt Lake City. Later, there were a few army posts and more or less of ranches and stores scattered along the trail. After leaving Fort Kearney and "Dobe Town" just outside Fort Kearney, there was nothing in the days of early travel, until one reached Julesburg. West from Julesburg there was none. The first white civilization was at Fort Laramie. One can readily see how important the Town of Julesburg then seemed to the lonely traveler, emigrant and freighter. He doubtlessly fixed "time" by the time of arrival at Julesburg, where he could at least see some white folk, numbering not more than fifty all told, and could there replenish his provisions and make needed repairs. Later more ranches and stores were established and the government erected more posts along the route.

In 1860-1861 Julesburg was a home station for the Pony Express and likewise headquarters for the division on the freight and stage lines of the freighting and transportation companies that operated over the trail. One must also recall the vast amount of travel on the trail through Julesburg. Unless one has read considerable of the history of that time he will not realize the extent of such traffic. This was the main highway from the states to the west into which thousands were pouring, to the mines newly discovered in the Rocky Mountain States and in California. Except as to such traffic as went to California by water, all had to go overland, and practically all went by the Oregon and California Trail.

One writer says: "All the goods imported to Colorado, including supplies of food, were taken up the Platte, and great freight trains bound for Utah, for the new mines in Montana and even for California and Oregon, also passed up that stream, along which too was the great emigrant road"-again-"The rush was so great that the Julesburg Ferry across the Platte was blocked and many were obliged to go up to Latham Crossing and other fords."

To give a better conception of the amount of traffic we quote from various sources, principally diaries:

"August 17, 1865-Arrived five miles below Julesburg. Hundreds of wagons along river, ox trains, mule trains, horse trains."

"August 19, 1865-Met 315 wagons today, making since leaving crossing at Julesburg, 615 in numbers and with what was camped around Julesburg about 1,000 wagons."

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"August 20-Sunday-175 wagons passed today."

August 21-Met 280 wagons going west."

"August 22-250 wagons passed today."

"It is pretty safe to say that for several months during the summer there poured unto Denver a thousand tons of merchandise a day."

One writer reported three miles of wagons. Others counted 800 wagons passing in one day. Such items can be multiplied, but this is sufficient to give some idea of the traffic flowing over the trail, not only west of Julesburg but southwest to Denver and the Colorado mines.

#### DESCRIPTION OF GOLD JULESBURG

"Old Julesburg" consisted of a scattering of squat buildings built out of sod, adobe, cedar poles and some lumber and in a way to resist Indian attacks. An old map bearing date of 1862, made as a road map of today for tourists, gives the condition of the trail, location of bridges, distances between stations and legends, informing the traveler as to accommodations. With reference to "Old Julesburg" it states that the town has "a good hotel and store." The population of the town is usually stated as fifty, and described as a rather motley crowd. It had a very bad reputation after the "Slade-Jules affair." The stage company, to try to counteract this, attempted to rename the town and call it "Overland City." However, it was not successful and the old name of Julesburg stuck.

To give some idea of the kind of store that was there at the time of the burning of the town we quote from Grinnell: "In the store they (Indians) found the shelves full of canned goods and groceries. The store was well located for all the plains trade and the stock was large and complete. There was even a glass case containing gold and silver watches. Some years ago it was reported that the widow of the man who owned this store had put in a claim for forty thousand dollars against the government for damages caused by the Indian raid and had secured, in partial payment, twenty thousand dollars.

#### FORT SEDGWICK ESTABLISHED

Some reference will later be made to Fort Sedgwick and it will be well to refer here briefly to the fort.

In 1864, as we shall later see, there was the beginning of the greatest Indian uprising that had been witnessed on the plains. The government began the establishing of posts along the trail. A post was ordered established near "Old Julesburg". In August of 1864, under the direction of Major O'Brien, the construction of the post was commenced and finished before winter, so far as the then present plans contemplated. It was a sod stockade 240 by 360 feet, with walls about eight feet high. Inside the enclosure was sufficient barn room for cavalry horses for one company, living quarters, two wells, etc. The fort or post was first named Rankin, for Lieutenant Rankin, but was renamed Sedgwick on September 27, 1865, for Major-General John Sedgwick. The fort was enlarged from year to year and became a very important one. At times there were stationed as many as seven companies of soldiers and a company of cavalry. There were at one time something like thirty buildings. The Overland Stage Route passed right through the fort. Troops were finally withdrawn from the fort, May 31, 1871, and that ended Fort Sedgwick. The ruins of some of the buildings are easily seen at this time, especially the officers' quarters and the hospital. The old burial ground, south of the fort on the hill, can also be located. The buried soldiers were removed long ago to the McPherson National Cemetery, about twenty miles from North Platte. The fort was just about one mile west of "Old Julesburg" and the site is just south of present Ovid on the farm of Charles Morgan.

#### INDIAN RAIDS AND BURNING OF "OLD JULESBURG"

For sometime just prior to and during the year 1864, trouble had been brewing with the plains Indians. The Indians had resented the intrusion of the white man

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upon their hunting grounds. The increased traffic over the trail and the permanent settling here and there by the white man gave the Indian good ground to fear that his hunting grounds would soon be gone and that he must make his stand before it was too late and too many whites had come into the country. Added to this, agitators from the South were working on the Indian to get him to make war in order to draw more federal troops to the West from the fighting in the South.

It seemed that sooner or later there would be an outbreak. The immediate cause of the outbreak was the Sand Creek massacre, where the soldiers surprised and attacked a camp of about 400 Indians, mostly Cheyennes, on Sand Creek on November 29, 1864. These Indians were peaceful at the time. The attack was made just at daybreak. Men, women and children were unmercifully slaughtered. This incensed the Cheyennes to such an extent that they immediately sought the aid of their former enemies, the Arapahoes. A party of about 1,000 accompanied by some women with ponies to bring back the plunder, started north for Julesburg about January 6, 1865. On January 7, the Indians sought to draw the soldiers into the hills south of Fort Sedgwick by a ruse. It was partially successful and some fourteen soldiers were killed. The people living at "Old Julesburg" fled to the fort for protection. The Indians then raided the stores and carried off such things as they understood the use of. The town was not burned at this time. The Indians returned to Cherry Creek. About January 26 the Indians again broke camp and started north toward the South Platte for the purpose of plundering and harassing the whites. On this expedition the Indians made simultaneous attacks on the settlements and posts along the Platte, plundering and burning stations and ranch houses and driving off or killing the whites. THE STATIONS NEAR STERLING WERE ATTACKED AT THIS TIME, INCLUDING VALLEY STATION. Julesburg was burned on February 2, 1865.

Colonel Livingston's report of February 5th gives the following partial list of depredations by the Indians during these raids along the Platte:

"Beaver Creek Stage station burned January 14; Godfrey's ranch attacked January 14; Morrison's American ranch burned January 15; seven whites killed; Mrs. Morrison and child missing; Wisconsin ranch burned January 14; Washington ranch attacked January 27; Lillian Springs ranch attacked and burned January 27; Gittrell's (Gillette) ranch burned January 25; 500 cattle run off and 100 tons of government hay burned AT MOORE'S RANCH NEAR VALLEY STATION January 28; Harlow's ranch, Buffalo Springs ranch and Spring Hill station burned January 28; Buler's ranch and Julesburg burned and a train of twenty-two wagons captured February 2; telegraph line destroyed and all the cattle-1500 head- between Julesburg and Washington ranch run off." Official records, Vol. 101, PP. 40, 41. Lieutenant Ware gives further details and mentions three trains captured. Root mentions other depredations." (Grinnell-Fighting Cheyennes).

Thus on February 2, 1865, "Old Julesburg" passed out of existence. The site has been marked appropriately and anyone interested can find the site of the town and can easily locate the blacksmith shop. The saloon has been located and also the telegraph office. The site is on the farm of Anton Sorenson and where once all was activity and men lived and fought and made western history there are now crops growing except that on the spots where the buildings had been crops refuse to grow well as if nature were loath to have such spots fully buried and forgotten.

#### JULESBURG NO. 2

Life and business must go on despite Indian wars and fighting. The pioneers and makers of our West were never daunted nor were they ever licked. A new town must be built. The government had established a military reserve four miles each way from the fort. It will not be possible to re-establish Julesburg on its old site. It must be builded outside the reservation. The town was started just outside the east boundary of the reservation, making it three miles east of "Old Julesburg" and the California Crossing and four miles east of the fort. Doubtlessly the building of the new city, which the founders expected to be a Denver, began as soon as the Indians settled down. In February, 1866, a year after the burning of "Old Julesburg", some enter-

prising men began the laying out of the townsite. These men, like many others of that time, were entirely too optimistic in view of later developments. They laid out a townsite one mile long by better than a half mile wide. Why should they not? Here was the ideal location for a city, on the main highway to the coast and the branch to Denver and the Southwest. The main trunklike across the continent. There was even then the building of the U.P. railroad, but that did not discourage them. Agitation for the railroad had been going on for so long that they did not believe it would come, even though a few miles of poorly constructed railroad had been built out of Omaha. Time proved them wrong, of course.

The plat and statement of this townsite was filed in Greeley, as this was then part of Weld County. IT WAS TRANSCRIBED TO STERLING WHEN LOGAN COUNTY WAS FORMED, AND MAY BE FOUND IN BOOK 6, PAGE 2, OF LOGAN COUNTY RECORDS. It was again transcribed to Julesburg when Sedgwick County was formed, and may be found in Book 5, Page 7 of the records.

The plat and statement was made by W.F. Wilder and J.F. Goddard. The townsite was laid out, of course, before the government survey and described by commencing at a point where the west line of the reservation intersects the south bank of the Platte River. It consists of 105 blocks. It has a public square laid out, a square for courthouse and schoolhouse. The streets running north and south are numbered. First Street is the west boundary of the town. The east and west streets are lettered beginning at the river with A street, with the exception that south of F street, is Sedgwick Avenue, 99 feet wide, which is about where the trail ran. The main corner of town, and where doubtless a bank was expected to locate on one corner and saloons on the other, was at Seventh and Sedgwick Avenues.

Julesburg No. 2, at one time is supposed to have had some fifty buildings. Henry M. Stanley, African explorer, who visited this town as well as "Old Julesburg" and "Julesburg No. 3", says of "Julesburg No. 2": "About four miles eastward (from Fort Sedgwick) stands a very interesting little burg called Julesburg, which is well known because of the massacre of its citizens in the early part of 1865."

Julesburg No. 2, in spite of the glorious future predicted for it by its founders, was destined to have a very short life. The coming of the Union Pacific in 1867 spelled the doom of the town. It survived for sometime after 1867, but how long it did survive is probably hard to learn at this time. Travel by wagon and freighting overland continued for some little time after the building of the railroad.

Most of the citizens of Julesburg No. 2 deserted the town for new Julesburg No. 3, the glamorous terminus for the summer of 1867 of the Union Pacific Railroad. The new town was across the river, northwest of Julesburg No. 2.

JULESBURG NO. 3

As already stated, Henry M. Stanley visited each of the three Julesburgs. In letters written by him to the newspapers he represented will be found very good descriptions of Julesburg No. 3. :

" New Julesburg, Colorado, June 25, 1867."

The town we are now in (for if by a stretch of courtesy I denominate four tents and a half finished eating house a town, it is nobody's business) is situated at the base of a dirge of greyish sandy bluffs, about two miles north of Fort Sedgwick.

New Julesburg was settled by Messrs Allen and Seward. Although it has only a population as yet of forty men and one woman, in six months it will have a population of 2,500 souls, at the rate immigrants are coming here. North Platte intends a general exodus to New Julesburg, and next week the new town will have a newspaper, which is to be called the "Frontier Index." In two weeks the town will be a city; then the city will elect a mayor. In three weeks we predict it will have a theater. In four weeks the citizens will have a branch railroad to Denver and St. Louis. In six weeks, New Julesburg may be the capital of Colorado and statesmen will gather from the east and

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went to see the prodigy of modern times. Such is a brief sketch of the present position and future destiny of this western town', according to the enthusiasts." Stanley writes again of Julesburg about August 20, 1867.

#### CLAMPITT DESCRIBES TOWN.

John W. Clampitt arrived by rail in Julesburg in the summer of 1867 and traveled from Julesburg to Denver by stage. He gives the following account of the town: "Julesburg was just the town I had pictured from the various representation, I had read, and heard from those that had invaded its precincts. It derived its name from the patronymic of an old French settler, Jules Beni, who for many years resided in the neighborhood of Fort Sedgwick, lying just across the stream from this summer terminus of the road, "

"Of course this was all historic ground, replete with incident and tale of Indian treachery and bloodshed. The first man I saw on entering the town was a walking battery. He was standing at the station as we alighted from the cars. In a few moments he was joined by some thirty or forty more of the same pattern, although I think some had magazines as well as batteries. It immediately occurred to me that there had been an Indian raid upon this city of the wilderness. I asked one of these warriors if there had not been a battle? He said no, but wanted to know why I asked the question. I replied that I judged so from the vast number and variety of deadly weapons he carried around. He laughed vociferously and called me a "pilgrim" and a "tenderfoot" and quietly suggested that the first best thing I could do was to get "heeled." All this sounded very strange and queer, but I soon learned the value of the suggestion, and the time swiftly arrived when I, too, became a partial "battery" and rammed my derringer in my pocket with the same ease, dexterity and necessity with which I placed my hat upon my head. I walked into the main part of the town and saw Julesburg by daylight. It was composed of all manners of stores, saloons and other business places, and a multitude of such 'warriors' as I had met on my arrival. In fact, every man I saw was a 'warrior' judging from his armament. There was also an innumerable number of 'ladies' all painted and clothed in white and spangled silks. "

In the year 1879, P.W. Putnam of Greeley, Colo., started to drive 2,080 head of sheep down the Platte. He kept a diary. The following entry tells the story of the size of Julesburg in 1879: "9-6 made Julesburg this forenoon. Camped near above place on Pole Creek. Postoffice, depot and stockyards comprise this town. Population 15."

#### PRESENT JULESBURG

In the year 1881 the Union Pacific began the construction of the Julesburg branch from Julesburg to LaSalle. The first plan was to start the branch from Julesburg No. 3 and a grade was thrown up. The grade was visible up to some twenty-five years ago. This route was abandoned and the branch was taken off the main line about four miles east and at the "present Julesburg". This was the beginning of the end of "Julesburg No. 3" and now another Julesburg was to become extinct. The few residents of "Julesburg No. 3" began to migrate to the junction, which was at first called "Denver Junction." Some of the buildings were moved to Denver Junction and SOME WERE MOVED TO STERLING. It was not long before the town was known as Julesburg and by 1886 it was incorporated as Julesburg.

"Present Julesburg" has entirely outgrown by this time, we hope, its reputation for being tough. It is now a law-abiding city of some 1,600 people, modern in all respects, having schools, churches and places of amusement and beautiful homes such as are found in the usual Colorado town of about the size of Julesburg. Through the industry and thrift of its people a rather forbidding section of our country, like many other portions of our state, has been made into a very productive area by the construction of irrigation ditches and a reservoir. Dryland farming has been developed to an extent unequalled by any other county in the state.

Written and signed by C.M. Rolfsen, Attorney, at Julesburg, Colo. this 20th day of February, 1934.



ROPING OF WILD HORSES PROVIDED FUN FOR BOYS IN EARLY DAYS AT MERINO.

Today, when a Sterling young man wants to engage in sport, he drives his high-powered automobile west and parks in the shade of the beautiful Country Club Building. Then he carefully selects an expensive golf club, very fastidiously arranges a gold ball on a tee, and remembering the instructions he has received from a golf professional, drives the ball whizzing down the grass fairway.

Fifty-seven years ago young pioneers of this region enjoyed their sport, but in a vastly different manner. Roping and breaking wild horses then was considered little more exciting than driving a golf ball down the fairway is regarded today.

An incident that provided much sport for three lads in June, 1876, causes T.K. (Koger) Propst of Sterling to chuckle when he recalls it to mind. They boys were Mr. Propst, then seventeen years old, a tenderfoot from Alabama, Bill and "Ab" Powell.

As there was no timber along the river, it was necessary for the pioneers to drive to Chimney Caryons and Pawnee Buttes for trees. The three boys started from Buffalo, now Merino, with a wagon and a trail wagon to cut fence posts to be used at Buffalo. When they were within five miles of Pawnee Buttes, they noticed a wild horse and colt in some brush. Seeing the boys, the horse rapidly ran out of sight.

"Do you want to have some fun, fellows?" one of the boys shouted. "I know that mare will come back to the colt. What do you say we rope her?"

While they were discussing the matter, the mare returned close enough to see that the boys were still there, then trotted away. The three lads jumped from the wagon. The wild colt, which was not more than an hour old, was easily caught and tied to a sapling. The boys then drove away, but stopped when they were out of sight and pitched camp, for it was now late in the afternoon. As they cooked their supper the boys decided to construct a snare.

The mare had returned to the colt during the night, but was unable to free it from the sapling. When she heard the boys stirring in the morning she left. Four lariats, each sixty feet in length, were tied together, and a wide loop was placed around the colt, and then covered with sand. Hiding some distance away, the boys waited for the return of the mare. Finally a whinny was heard. The mare was trotting back to her offspring. When the horse had stepped inside the loop, the boys jerked on the rope, and caught the mare's fore-foot. Jerking and plunging, the wild horse fought like a demon. As she leaped she pulled the two boys who held the rope, along with her, for the mare weighed twelve hundred pounds. About to lose their grip on the rope, they were pulled toward a tree. Quickly they wrapped the end of the rope around the trunk of the tree, and the mare was captured.

Then they proceeded on to the Buttes, where they chopped posts. On their return home they tied the mare to the rear of the trail wagon. The animal, as wild horses wont to do, became frightened, and jerked on the rope so hard that the breech of the wagon broke. Like a streak of lightning the mare started

across the flats with the hind wheels of the wagon bouncing over the prairie dog mounds. In her frantic flight the wild horse ran in a circle and came back very close to the wagon before she seemed to realize where she was. Surprised, she started to back. The wheels delayed her progress, and the boys roped her. It was then discovered that on her shoulder was a brand, a small letter "T". Eight years before, when she was a colt, she had gotten with a bunch of wild horses and grew up wild. The boys tamed her, and they received forty dollars for her from her owner in Nebraska.

Mr. T.K. Propst was the only member of the large Propst family to locate on the south side of the River, under the South Platte ditch. He was a prosperous farmer and cattleman. All of his children live in and near Merino, Colorado.

T.K. (Koger) Propst,  
Sterling, Colorado,  
February 12, 1934.

T K Propst

LEROY COUPLE MARRIED LONGER THAN FIFTY-TWO YEARS.

MARRIED ALMOST FIFTY-THREE YEARS(will be February 16, 1934)!

Two years ago, February 16, 1931, Mr. and Mrs. William Marks, who have lived continuously in the Leroy neighborhood for forty-six years, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. All of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Marks, nine in number; thirty-seven grandchildren; two great-grandchildren, and counting the venerable couple, -fifty make up the family tree in a period of fifty years.

Mr. and Mrs. William Marks were married on February 16, 1881, at Hastings, Nebraska, although their home at that time was near Ord, Nebraska. Mrs. Marks' maiden name was Anna Markvardt. They resided near Ord until January 20, 1888, when Mr. Marks had his first glimpse of Logan County, Colorado.

On March 21 of that year, Mr. and Mrs. Marks and children arrived at Fleming, where three cars were unloaded. In the cars were horses, cattle, chickens, hogs and grain. They went to their homestead, southwest of Fleming, and with the exception of three years, it has been their place of abode. Three years were spent at Loveland, Colo. while their son was pastor of a church in that city.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Marks are charter members of the Evangelical Church at Leroy which was founded in the fall of 1888, about six months after the family settled here. The first church was made of sod. The present church edifice was dedicated ten years ago.

Mr. Marks is the owner of 480 acres of land, this being his first homestead, in addition to two more quarter-sections.

Settling on the ranch where they first homesteaded when the country was new and neighbors were few and distant, they have seen life move so swiftly that with the passage of each year there seems hardly the addition of a line of care or a perceptibly grayer hair in their heads.

Charles Green, now living and an active farmer in the neighborhood, was the nearest resident in 1888, when the Marks filed on land located a mile north of where the Harding school now stands. Green lived five miles northwest. On the south was the quarter section claim of Zephaniah Hiske, a young Finn, who, to augment his earnings and to hasten the day for matrilial connection with a girl of his choice in his native Finland, walked back and forth to Crook, where he managed to procure occasional work at a dollar a day.

Alas, for the young swain's labors! According to Mrs. Marks, upon returning to Finland a few years later, Hiske was told by the girl that she would have nothing to do with the country described by him, and he returned to his claim in Northeastern Colorado, selling it brokenhearted, to Mr. Marks.

Atwood and Merino vied with Sterling for the trade of the early settlers of the neighborhood, and the first seed grain bought by Mr. Marks was in Atwood and Merino. The trip required twelve hours across the sandhills south from the Marks homestead,

and in the shorter days of the autumn was begun at dark, with the traveler driving a team all day, the trip was completed long after sunset.

Cattle of the Texas Longhorn type were roaming at will over the plains in those early days. There were thousands of them of mixed brands and they made their way across the newly sown fields of alfalfa and grain of the settlers. Fences were expensive. Not a tree was to be seen on the Marks horizon, thus it was necessary to maintain a constant vigil to protect growing crops from the cattle.

Though many of the first schools in various localities of Northeastern Colorado were of sod, the first school to which the Marks' children were sent was a dugout, originally the home of a family named Johnson. Mrs. Johnson was the first teacher, the attendance consisting of three children, two of them the children of Mr. and Mrs. Marks. Greendale, the third school to be established in the community, so named in honor of Charles Green, the first teacher. The Marks children were later sent to the "Myers" school, the name Myers deriving from the fact that a man named Myers built the sod house in which school was kept. This latter school was three miles northwest of the present site of the Harding school, on the section line adjoining that of the Marks homestead.

Many of the settlers of the section were of direct German descent, coming to this country from Canada. Since they were accustomed to the hard winters and snows of Canada, the climate of Northeastern Colorado gave them little concern, so that at the height of the migration in 1889, even winter's snows had no effect on the construction of a church, almost entirely of stone. The stones were gathered at intervals between chores, from the surrounding country.

All the first years, beginning with 1889, were bad crop years, according to Mr. Marks. There were high winds which had a bad effect on the crops in early spring. Very hot summers followed, with no rain, but there has been only one year, the summer of 1894, when the settlers failed to raise enough potatoes to stretch from season to season. Potatoes, from the earliest recollection of Mr. and Mrs. Marks, have been staples on which settlers could place dependence.

But with all the trials of the early days, the Marks steadily forged ahead, obtaining more milk cows each year until in 1900 they were milking as many as forty cows, skimming the cream from the milk, making butter and hauling it to Sterling for shipment to Denver, where, says Mrs. Marks, a price never under ten cents was paid. Butter soared to thirty cents per pound in 1898, and the average churning twice each week was fifty pounds. A wind-mill had been erected over a hand driven well and this mill was pressed into service as a means of operating the handle of the churn.

The original home of the Marks family was a combination affair, housing the cattle and horses on one side of a partition, but it was not long until lumber was to be had at Holyoke, and the first two rooms of the present six room house were constructed.

Nearly all of the Marks children remain as tillers of the soil. They reared a family of ten children-nine are living. One, Theodore, is pastor of the Evangelical Church at Siebert, Colorado. He is the oldest son. The oldest daughter, Henrietta, is the wife of Henry Grauberger, living on a farm south of Fleming. Another daughter, Clara, is married to a farmer, George Remke, living at Huntley, Nebr. The fourth child, Elsie, is the wife of A.J. Johnson, mail carrier out of the

Siebert - Siebert - Kit Carson Co  
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Sterling postoffice. Ida is the wife of H.A. Cook, and lives on a farm within a stone's throw of the parental home. Gustave has a farm two miles east of his birthplace; Walter W. Marks, on a farm north of the home place; Oscar M. Marks is a farmer near Harding. The youngest child, Florence Anna, is the wife of Paul Sonnenberg, rancher near Leroy, not more than five miles from the Marks home.

Mr. and Mrs. Marks enjoy good health, attend church with regularity and all the work of the farm is taken care of by this hardy pioneer alone.

Mr. Marks was born in Germany on the 29th day of September, 1856; Mrs. Marks was born near Lansing, Iowa, on the 9th day of January, 1860.

Mr. Marks-age 77 years;  
Mrs. Marks-age 74 years.

William Marks,  
Sterling, Colorado,  
February 8th, 1934.

Wm Marks  
Mrs Wm Marks

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LOGAN COUNTY COUPLE MARRIED LONGER THAN SIXTY-TWO YEARS.

MARRIED SIXTY-TWO YEARS. That is the record of at least one couple in Logan County. Few men and women in the State have been united in wedlock that many years. It does not seem a long time to young people, for in prospect, sixty-two years is a great duration of time, but in retrospect it is but yesterday.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marks of 316 Park Street, Sterling, Colorado, who were married on May 21, 1871, it seems as if only a few years have passed since they marched to the altar. Many great events have happened since that time.

In 1871 the city of Paris surrendered, after having been besieged by the German Army for four months, and while the siege was in progress William I of Hohenzollern became ruler of the German empire in the ancient palace of the French kings at Versailles.

Forty-nine years after Mr. and Mrs. Marks were married, President Wilson attended the Peace Conference in 1919 in the same palace of Versailles and the German empire was no more.

One year before the Marks marriage the first public school in England was opened and the common people of Great Britain started to learn to read and write.

Six years before the Marks exchanged their vows of matrimony-April 9, 1865, General Robert E. Lee surrendered to General Ulysses S. Grant, at Appomattox and the great Civil War came to an end.

Sixty-two years seem a brief time to the Marks now. But those years extend back to pioneer days and embrace, perhaps, the most amazing period in the history of the world. And that period was crowded into the time that one couple has been married. Only eighty-two years before they were married, the Constitution of the United States was adopted. Those eighty-two years are only twenty years more than the time the Marks have been united in marriage.

Two years before wedding bells rang for the Marks, the Union Pacific line that connected the East with the far West was completed at Ogden, Utah, and three years after the Marks began housekeeping-1874-the first typewriter was put on the market.

Many have been the momentous events that have happened in those sixty-two years. "But it seems so short a time," both Mr. and Mrs. Marks stated recently.

Mr. Fred Marks was born on January 15, 1849, and was eighty-five years old the past month. Mrs. Marks, who was Miss Louisa Neighmyer, was born on September 12, 1851, and is passed eighty-two years of age. Both were born in Germany.

They were married at Mount Horab, Wisconsin. For many years they resided in Valley County, Nebraska, and in 1887 came to Colorado and took up a pre-emption claim four miles northwest of the old Leroy settlement which was two miles north of the present Leroy. They experienced the privations of

early settlers there for six years. Later they moved to a farm west of Sterling, land now occupied by a golf course. They also farmed at Minto, just north of Sterling, for sixteen years. They then left Colorado for Wisconsin, where they resided for ten years, but returned to Sterling and have lived here since that time.

Ten children were born to them. Six of the children are living, and are Mrs. Caroline Nensteil of Oshkosh, Nebr.; Charles Marks of Sterling; Irvin F. Marks, who resides west of Sterling; Mrs. Annie Estes of Aurora, Mo.; Mrs. Lillian Brown of Three Rivers, Mich.; and Roy H. Marks of Tomahawk, Wis. There are twenty-two grandchildren, and nine great grandchildren.

Mr. Marks is a brother of William Marks of the Leroy district.

Sixty-two years is only a brief span of years-far too short-for this happily married couple.

Age 85 years-Mr. Marks.  
Age 82 years-Mrs. Marks.

Fred Marks,  
316 Park St.,  
Sterling, Colorado.  
February 8th, 1934.

*F. B. Marks*  

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*Lorina Marks*

ALMANACS USED FOR TEXTBOOKS IN EARLY SCHOOL IN LOGAN COUNTY,

AS TOLD BY W. C. (CATHEY) PROPST.

Today if school administrators were to make journeys to discuss school affairs they would ride, during cold weather, in heated automobiles.

Fifty-eight years ago, when a school board member and the teacher made a trip to discuss the opening of the second school in this region, they had to wade through slush ice shoulder deep.

The teacher was W.C. (Cathey) Propst, now of 317 South Third Street, Sterling, Colo., and the school board member was Rasmus Nelson, who resided at Buffalo, now Merino. They had crossed the South Platte River at Buffalo and on their return home the river had frozen, for it was in November. Unable to row the boat any farther, they jumped into the slush ice of the channel and waded to shore. That was the spirit that established the early schools in what later became Logan County.

In the fall of 1875 the people of Buffalo and of the South Platte settlement, which was across the river from Buffalo, began to think seriously of forming a school.

"There's an Alabama school teacher here now, that young Propst," the settlers said in discussing the matter. "And there are fifteen or more children that ought to be going to school."

Young Propst had arrived in October of that year, and with him available to teach school, there was no purpose in further delaying the founding of a school. Accordingly, a school board was formed, and was composed of S.R. Propst, Rasmus Nelson of Buffalo, and H.A. Hansborough of South Platte settlement.

In order to discuss the matter more fully, Mr. Nelson and young Propst he was nineteen years old then-crossed the Platte River in a skiff. It was a cold November day. After a several hour conference at the Hansborough home, they started to row the skiff back to Buffalo. The boat cut through a skim of ice when they shoved off. As the continued, the ice became thicker and finally they realized that they could progress no farther in the boat. Not wanting to return to South Platte settlement and remain there over night, they did the only other thing that pioneers could do. They jumped from the boat into the water and slush ice, which was up to the arm pits, and waded to the Buffalo side of the Platte.

After Mr. Propst had been chosen as the school teacher, he made a trip to Greeley, where he was examined by Oliver Howard, superintendent of schools of Weld County, which at that time included this region.

Two serious problems faced the young teacher. There were no school books available and there was no building where school could be held.

"Weld County hasn't any text books to let you have now," Superintendent Howard told the ambitious teacher. "But find a place and open school at once. Use any books you can dig up until I can send some textbooks to you."

Willing to inconvenience themselves in the interest of education, members of the Rasmus Nelson family offered the main room of their adobe home for the class room. They moved into the basement so the students could be housed. A room adjoining the school room, however, was used by the Nelsons as a bedroom.

It was in this living room of the Nelsons that Mr. Propst taught the first class in November, 1875, a few weeks after Miss Carrie G. Ayres-now Mrs. J.N. Hall, had opened the first school in this district in Old Sterling. There were fifteen or more students, ranging in age from seven years to much older than the 19 year old teacher at Buffalo.

When they reported on that first day they brought a variety of books and printed matter. Some brought almanacs, others carried novels, some brought Christian Advocates, and any printed matter that was available in those pioneer homes. Among the students were Mrs. Christina Nelson, wife of the school/board member, who was a native of Denmark, and was desirous of learning to speak English more fluently.

Long planks were placed against the walls of the adobe room and served as benches. From those benches lessons were recited by Charles Fitch, who now resides in California; Mont Fitch, who lives in the southwestern part of Colorado; Bill Fitch, who died several years ago; Antone Nelson; Charles Meggs, who rode horseback from Atwood to attend the school; Cenia Hansen, and four members of the Flory family, who resided at Buffalo.

For four or five months, classes were held five days a week. When spring came the students were needed to help with the work of a pioneer agricultural country and school closed and the Nelsons moved back upstairs into their living room.

The next year Miss Emma Eubanks taught school in South Platte settlement.

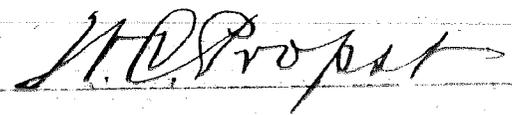
Mr. Propst was born on June 23, 1856 at Palmetto, Alabama. His parents were Michael V. and Jane S. Propst. After closing the school, Mr. Propst went to work for J.W. Iliff, first at Riverside Ranch below Iliff, doing ranch work. In a few weeks he was sent to the head of Spring Creek to look after a ranch and stayed through the summer. There was so much Indian excitement that he left and went back to Merino.

There was a fort built out of Nelson's barn at Merino, and several across the river-the Indians were in the Canyons and were expect to come into the settlement any time. At Indian Cave, at the head of Cedar Creek, found that the Indians had just left there-their fire still burning.

Later Mr. Propst returned to his native southern home, but the call of the West was too strong, and he returned to Logan County where he has helped in the progress and development of Sterling ever since. In 1898 he was married to Miss Dell H. Kidd, of Columbus, Mississippi, and they have made their home in Sterling to the present time.

W.C. (Cathey) Propst,  
Feb. 12, 1934,  
Sterling, Colorado.

(Age 77 years).



A depression that followed the Civil War resulted in the settling of Sterling. Torn by the ravages of war, the South was suffering. Courageous persons looked westward and realized that greater opportunity awaited them in the Rocky Mountain Region and in the plains country.

Although hard times drove many westward, not all came west, because of the economic conditions. Many came west because some member of their family was not in the best of health and it was believed that the pure air of Colorado would be beneficial to the delicate person.

The Propst family left Alabama for Colorado because they believed that there were greater opportunities along the Platte than in the hilly country of Alabama, where they farmed and had to work very hard to cultivate and harvest their crops.

It was in April, 1874, that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney R. Propst arrived in Julesburg and came to Buffalo, now Merino. With them came Mr. and Mrs. S.D. Clanton and William J. Powell. Mrs. Clanton was a sister of S.R. Propst, and Mr. Powell a brother of Mrs. S.R. Propst.

S.R. Propst settled on the north side of the river, about where the town of Merino is now located, and the Clantons located on the south side in the South Platte settlement.

W.C. (Cathey) Propst, brother of S.R. Propst, came in October, 1875, with Miss Susie Powell. In the spring of 1876 Cathey's father, Michael V. Propst, and family arrived. The children were Mary Propst, W.F. Propst, T.K. Propst, Allen H., whose health was impaired, Miss Edna Propst, now Mrs. Edna Weir Westlake; and Miss Lena Propst, now Mrs. T.S. Emery. Several years later a brother, John Propst, arrived from Alabama.

Before coming west, Cathey and his brothers, S.R. and W.F., had sold cotton gins to the farmers. On horseback they rode in Alabama and Tennessee, where they showed circulars of the gins to farmers and took orders. Daniel Pratt had patented a gin and was manufacturing the machines in a factory at Prattville. By that time farmers were sold on the idea of gins and many farmers were planting cotton for the first time in that section.

Although business was brisk in this line, the Propsts believed that Colorado offered greater opportunities, and accordingly, decided to leave the hilly country of Alabama.

Other Southerners became weary of times in the South and immigrated westward. The success of the Union Colony at Greeley was being discussed in the South.

Several families from Tennessee and Mississippi arrived in the west in April, 1873. They included the families of Richard C. Perkins, R.E. Smith, J.H. Prewitt, and M.S. Smith; and four single men, Hugh Davis, R.G. Smith, Ben Prewitt, and Will Cunningham. They went to Greeley, and in August of that year M.C. King and his father-in-law, Major E.L. Minter, arrived in Greeley, from Tennessee.

Finding that all of the desirable land near Greeley had been taken up, they began exploring adjacent country. The valley of the Platte looked very attractive, indeed, and they realized that with proper irrigation good crops could be grown. Also the fact that the Colorado Central Railroad was grading a roadbed from LaSalle to Julesburg influenced them in their decision to locate here.

They staked out their claims, formed a ditch company, and built six miles of ditch, which became the Sterling Ditch No. 1. Water ran through this ditch in 1874, and in the fall of that year, R.C. Perkins, M.S. Smith and R.E. Smith moved here to locate. Then followed Hugh Davis, J.H. Prewitt and M.C. King-the later, who had taken up land the previous year, moved his family to the new settlement in the winter of 1874-75.

W.S. Hadfield and W.L. Henderson had been located here for several years. In 1875 others of the colony moved down from Greeley, among them were D.B. Davis, Edward Davis, and a widowed sister, Mrs. Mary E. Ayres, with her two children, Davis and Carrie. Later in 1875 and 1876 and several years following, the following settlers came: W.H. Harris, Jack Simpson, A.H. Sanders, S.B. Robuck, Joe Bennett, H.L. Spencer, Calvin Goodwin, Henry T. Sutherland, David Beattie, a Mr. Osgood, the Gunn Brothers, E.S. Ebbs, George Martin, James Gregg, Calvin Cheairs, and J.J. Cheairs, and the families of most of these men.

As time passed, Old Sterling came to an end and the New Sterling came into existence. All because of the foresight and courage of Southern people who saw opportunities on the great plains of the West!

# Interview with Dixon Buchanan

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I, Dixon Buchanan, was born on the 21st day of March, 1856, in Clemont County, Ohio, and resided there on a farm until the spring of 1876, when I left Ohio in company with my friend, Mart Wood, for Colorado.

Mart had an older sister in Greeley, Colo. who later became the wife of Sant Kempton, a very active figure in the very early day cattle business of the plains country of eastern Colorado, and a real man he proved to be.

I do not believe Buffalo Bill Cody could give Kempton anything on killing buffalo from the deck of a bronco on the run. I had the pleasure of being in the company of Mr. Kempton, south of where Otis is now, when we got into a herd of what he rated fifteen hundred buffalo and he, on an old roan called "Frank", proceeded to show me the art of killing buffalo on horseback, the sport of kings. I contented myself by roping a calf from the side of its mother and getting it to Long's Point just south of where Hide Station now is on the B & M Railroad, but to my chagrin he made me turn it loose for fear the mother might come in the night and stampede the horses. Four of the other boys had roped buffalo calves, but everyone were turned loose. I have often thought since "there goes the early day foundation of the first buffalo herd in captivity in Eastern Colorado."

It seems that I am getting a little ahead of the time we had come to Greeley from Ohio by way of Cheyenne. From Greeley, Mart and I drove a pair of striped Spanish mules, that were wild as deer, for Billy Ramsey. Mr. Ramsey wanted the mules and wagon taken to the J.L. Brush ranch.

I got off the wagon at the M.H. Smith and Lee Henderson ranch, a dairy ranch a few miles east of the now Sterling bridge, in 1876. Here I went to work at the salary of \$20.00 per month-milked eighteen cows night and morning. All the time that I worked at this ranch I was known as the "pail man." There were thirty-six cows being milked, and the output was made into butter and packed into whiskey barrels and 120 pound kegs. The following November we loaded it in two two-horse wagons and hauled it to Georgetown, Central City and Blackhawk. These were prosperous times as these towns mentioned were mining towns in those days. This butter was sold in bulk for thirty cents per pound. It kept nice and sweet as if it was freshly made butter.

While at this ranch a Mr. George Rowley, who was on his way from Greeley to his ranch at the falls on the Frenchman Creek, stopped at the dairy ranch and Mr. Smith let him have a fresh horse to ride home. He directed him to go down the South Platte to Ogallala and take the Texas Trail from there to Stinking Water and down to the Frenchman. The horse that Mr. Smith let Rowley have was a good one. On the head of the Stinking Water, a band of supposedly Sioux Indians, laying in wait for him, shot Rowley from his horse. We could see where the Indians had extracted the empty shells from their guns. Rowley evidently had not seen the Indians and never knew what happened, but Mr. Smith never saw the horse again. Mr. Rowley was a man liked by all, and his ranch was the first on the creek, a stopping place for every one.

My experience with Indians was very limited while at the dairy ranch. We had an Indian scare but didn't see an Indian. Hugh Davis and a South Platte man by the name of Columbus Chambers came to the ranch just after night with a wagon load of Spencer rifles-furnished by the Colorado State Guards-and told us of an

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Indian raid on the head of Cedar Creek on Pine Bluff Tracey's outfit where the cook and two cowboys had been killed. That scare frightened Mr. and Mrs. Lee Henderson so that the next day they left M.H. Smith and myself at the ranch and they beat it for Greeley, Colorado.

The only Indians I ever saw in Colorado was in the early 80's in company with a cowboy named Tom Hill. We were on the roundup of the Republican River and were nearing the south fork of the Republican. We had left the main roundup up on the Arickaree middle fork and were circling south when Hill cried out: "There's Indians." Sure enough there were eighteen or twenty of them on horseback, just coming up from the south fork on the divide, and the chase was on. Hill said, "Stay with me, Dick, and we'll out-run them." He was on a good horse and I was on old "Frazier", a noble steed. Tom had a six-shooter but I was traveling light, but we showed that band of Indians a real race that eighteen miles back to the Arickaree and camp. Afterwards my friend Hill held up a stage-coach, and Uncle Sam got after him for robbing the mails, and I lost track of him. He was a good fellow but just got in wrong.

In 1877, I went to work for Jared L. Brush, who had a ranch on the south side of the river opposite Iliff. I was with Mr. Brush for twelve years.

The next year, 1878, in company with M.H. Smith, I took a four-horse team, Smith had a single team, and we made two trips that fall to Pawnee Buttes for winter firewood at the ranch. During this winter, my brother, Koss Buchanan was at the ranch with me, and he kept the ranch and I rode the range and looked after the horses and hunted antelope, buffalo and killed a stallion occasionally.

The town of Sterling had not been started yet. Mr. Richard C. Perkins conducted the Post Office on the north side of the South Platte River. I use to take a team of oxen to cross the river to get our mail, and was lucky if I brought back one letter for my trip. We got our mail from Sidney, Nebraska in those days. Sidney R. Propst carried the mail from Sidney to the Gunn ranch on to Sterling. In 1881 the Union Pacific Railroad was built, and we got all of our mail at Sterling.

I am quite sure that Mr. Ed Smith was interested in the location of the town-site of Sterling. When I first came to that country there was no town. It was the farming district of Sterling with a smooth wire fence on the north from the head of the ditch that watered the valley to Cedar Creek. The wires ran right through the red cedar posts-I think Hugh Clark furnished the posts. Clark was one of the early figures in the settlement and had a place not far from the mouth of Cedar Creek where there was a long water-hole that I remember very well, not exactly because I use to fish there, but on account of a little story told by old George Gunn who had a ranch near the mouth of Cedar Creek. The story was told that a tramp appeared at the Gunn ranch and told Gunn that he was "lousy" and asked him how to get rid of them. "Well, you go down to the mouth of the creek and take off your clothes and lay them on the bank, and while you swim around the lice will go down to drink, so you just steal the clothes while they're gone." The tramp said, "Well, Mister, I'll wait until someone else tells me that too."

George also got an old fellow, an emigrant, to get one of his teams and ride into the water to water the team; evidently there is no bottom to the mud in this hole, so the old fellow, team and all, just went out of sight and came out on the other side, but George had the fun of seeing the old fellow get a good ducking.

George and Spencer Gunn were two of the old time cattle ranchers in eastern Colorado. I was keeping the Brush ranch and was the first person to Spencer Gunn when his horse fell with him that cost him his life. We were corralling about a thousand cows to separate the calves from their mothers in order to wean the calves. The last calf broke back, and Mr. Gunn, on a big white-face sorrel horse, took after the calf as hard as he could ride, and Mr. Kempton thought he would go to help him back with it, and ran squarely in front of Spencer's horse-the result was that the front feet of Gunn's horse struck the hind feet of Kempton's horse, throwing Gunn's horse so hard that Mr. Gunn never regained consciousness. Mrs. Gunn was at the Gunn ranch, and the Platte River was bank full. Billy Longfellow went to the Green City bridge to cross and told Mrs. Gunn of the accident, and back to the Green City bridge, thence to the Brush ranch where Spencer Gunn died that night. In later years I had the pleasure of being very largely responsible for the election of Mrs. Hattie Gunn (Spencer's widow) to the County Clerk-ship of Logan County, the first lady Clerk in the County, and I think, in Colorado. She held this office from 1896 to 1898. That was the greatest experience I ever got out of any election in my lifetime. As Clerk, she made good. I do not believe the County has ever had a more efficient clerk, and I have always been thankful for the part I had in her election.

In 1880, the country from the South Platte to the Smoky River in Kansas burned in a terrific wind, all but a section here and there, where the buffalo trails would turn the fire and save a section or two from burning off, so that the roundup could not start as soon as usual. Finally, the roundup met June 1st on the head of the Arickaree, and the foremen of the different outfits held a meeting and abandoned the roundup for a time.

Billy Longfellow, foreman for Mr. Brush at this time, sent me to join the roundup on the North Platte with the Iliff wagon in company with the following: Dave Beattie for the Sterling people; Tom Landrum for the Johnson outfit; Billy Adams and a Mr. Hallock for the Asa Sterling outfit.

We worked the North Platte to Pumpkin Creek and then to the head of Pumpkin Creek, thence to Seventeen Mile Spring by way of Indian Springs. Got to Seventeen Mile Spring on July 5th, 1880, and was met there by Charley Fitch and Mr. Perkins. They drove to get the Sterling settlement cattle and helped to hold the cattle that night. We had a time of it, for it rained most of the night; the first rain I had seen that year.

On this trip we got cattle that belonged as far south as the Arkansas River. It was the custom to go every year and attend the southern roundup, bring the cattle back to the range, and they would drift back to the Arkansas River. We found some on the south of the Arkansas River every year, especially after a severe winter.

On the home range we had a good deal of trouble with wild horses, as there were a good many on the range until they were caught by Jerry McGhan and others.

In 1881, I drove 700 horses from Duvall County, Texas, to western Kansas and Nebraska. These two States were then just being first settled by homesteaders. I sold these horses to the homesteaders.

On this same trip when we were driving these horses across the Indian Territory, I saw an Indian village of 700 teepees, so called good Indians. In crossing the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, we saw only one white man.

We came the Chisholm trail in 1883. I shipped this same class of horses into the blue-grass country of Kentucky and sold them there at auction, and did well. But I made it a point only to ship to the same place once!

Upon the leaving of W.H. Longfellow, foreman for Mr. Brush in 1885, I took charge of the outfit for Mr. Brush. I must add that he proved to be one of the finest men I ever knew. This same year, Mont Fitch was up at Pawnee Buttes on a roundup and ran onto a cinnamon bear that had evidently found its way down there from the mountains. He was on horseback and took after it, roped it and killed it, and took its ears and scalp to Greeley-I saw him collect ten dollars for it.

In later years Mr. Brush bought the 100 Ranch on which was the old sod Fort Sedgwick, and we always kept two or three men there. One year I had Mont Fitch and Jack Wood-Wood was the cook and he was always Mont's cook with the roundup wagon, and a very good one. We paid the roundup cook fifty or sixty dollars a month. Billy Longfellow was on the home roundup wagon for a good many years.

All the years that I was with Mr. Brush my amusement was the cattle business, and I loved it very dearly. I was not about Sterling a great deal in its real early days, but was on the range and ranch.

I will tell you of a cattle hunt that I was interested in with just Mr. Brush's outfit in 1886. I had sixteen or eighteen men and started out that morning from Brush to roundup at Pingo on the B & M Railroad, about three miles east of Brush. He saw a lone cow off to the left and the men all swerved around to follow me; we got out a short distance from where the cow was in a swale or sag. We saw there was a small calf lying down near her, and there were eight old grey wolves at a rod or two apart watching her. At once the wolves saw the riders, and started to scatter and run. I called to the boys to get after them and I at once started after one of them that gave me a merry chase of some ten miles before I finally roped it. Well, the result was that four or five of the boys would take after the same wolf, but we roped five out of the eight, which was a pretty good day's work. That was the largest catch I have ever known being made in Colorado. That chase saved many a cow to the cattlemen.

In 1886 Mr. Brush turned the herd over to the American Cattle Trust Company, which, in later years, was known as the Western Beef Company, and Mr. Brush became its general western Manager. This same year I sent Mont Fitch with a grub wagon and cook to the Arkansas and Big Sandy to round up that country. He brought back forty-five hundred cattle that had drifted away from the Brush range. I met him at the mouth of Beaver Creek, and while camped there, Johnny Frazier, manager of the Iliff Company, camped on the opposite side of the Platte, and sent a man over to our camp to ask me to bring my outfit over and help him brand eight hundred calves, all the same brand. I took Billy and Mont Fitch, brothers, with me as they were both good ropers. Frazier had the Fitch boys and Bob Barr rope the calves, and young Warren, a son of Bishop Warren, and myself aided in the branding. With his men and mine, we had plenty of wrestlers. The cows and their calves being rounded up together on the open prairie in one bunch, all that the ropers had to do was to catch them by one leg or by the neck and come on the run to the fire, which was of buffalo chips; the wrestlers took the calves as fast as they came, and I kept count as fast as they were branded-the first one hundred fifty calves we branded in just fifty minutes. In later years, Billy Fitch said to me one day: "Dick, I think that was the fastest calf branding that was ever done in Colorado."

(The Fitch brothers, Billy and Mont, were two cow-punchers that I always considered as past masters in any kind of cow work. Any place you put them, they always made good. There were other outstanding cowpunchers, among the many that I knew well were Buford Hargrove, Charley Gifford of the Ogallala outfit; Swain Munson of Sedgwick was a rare good cowman, but to me the king of them all was Jared L. Brush, and a noble man was he)

(I should have mentioned that in 1882 I drove four hundred seventy-five head of horses, with my brother Koss, to Logan County, and put a number of ranchers in that County in the horse-raising business, namely, T.K. Propst, Jimmy Snider of Merino and the old Wisconsin ranch.)

On October 2d, 1882, I was joined in marriage to Miss Jennie Page at Mount Carmel in Clermont County, Ohio, and lived very happily in Colorado for thirty years. My wife passed away in March, 1913.

(On December 8th, 1887, I was elected as Logan County's first "elected" sheriff. The first County Commissioners and other County officers were appointed by the Governor, Alva Adams, in 1887. John Tobin was appointed sheriff prior to my election. Through the efforts of Davis Ayres (brother of Mrs. J.N. Hall of Denver) and other friends, while on the roundup, I was given the nomination for sheriff. I was elected over Harry Russell of Julesburg. For my opponent in my second election I defeated Andy Tagader of Sterling, who ran a livery stable in Sterling for a number of years. I was the only Democrat that was elected to any office in Sterling for many years. Then W.B. Wheeler was elected as County Superintendent of Schools.)

After leaving the office of sheriff, I was appointed Receiver and Disbursing officer for the Sterling Land Office by President Grover Cleveland. I held it until McKinley was elected, when I resigned to give way to my friend, Charles B. Timberlake.

Of course when I was sheriff I lived in Sterling with my family. I remember one thing—Sterling had three saloons; one with Charley Kelley behind the bar; John Tobin had one, and my good friend Wm. Weisbrod had one. The time came when I had to part company with them all. I took for my "playmate" good old Uncle Jimmy King. One day I met him down in front of the Advocate office—John Wilson and his brothers, Wick and Tom, were running the Advocate at that time, and I said, "Uncle Jimmy, let's sit down here and pick out a ticket that we can elect, and after we elect them they will do what we elect them for; a mayor and a board that will not give these saloons a license to sell whiskey any more." Uncle Jimmy said, "Dick, I'm surprised at you. I know that you have always taken a drink." "Yes, that's so", I said to him, "but you never saw me quit when I had started anything." "No, I have'nt", he said, and we sat down on the sidewalk and selected a temperance ticket, and I may say that I was very busy in helping to elect the ticket. I don't think this was known to anyone, but it is true just the same, and I have always been proud of it and the company I had in the undertaking; that was temperance, not Noble Experiment! Sterling has never had a saloon since dear old Uncle Jimmy helped me to make the election. He was a temperance man in the real sense.

(In 1893, in company with my brother, Koss, we corn-fed, south of Wray, what, as far as I can learn the first baby beef ever fed in Colorado. They were calves from

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three to four months old when we began feeding them with their mothers the 4th day of June, 1893. We sold them to Charley Brewer of McCook, Nebraska for \$4.50 per hundred weight, and they averaged six hundred seventy-five pounds.)

(In 1901, in company with J.K. Mullen, we organized the Tamarack Land And Stock Company, and I was interested with that sterling good man for eleven years as manager, and practically raised our three daughters on the Tamarack Ranch, which was the happiest time of my life.)

(In 1911, when we sold the ranch to Parker Brothers of Julesburg, we had it all under three and four wire fence that I caused to be put up. We had, deeded and leased land in this Tamarack ranch, 31,640 acres, cut up into pastures. We carried 3000 to 4500 cattle and 100 horses)

In 1926, I left Colorado and lived in Los Angeles, California for a time; then in Berkeley with my daughter, Mrs. H.M. Woodbury. I am now living in Oakland, California.

Age 77 years.

Dixon Buchanan,  
3360 Laguna Ave.,  
Oakland, Calif.,  
January, 31, 1934.

*Dixon Buchanan*

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I, Marion H. Porter, was born in eastern Iowa, near Anamosa, on January 3d, 1860, and lived there until I came west.

I had spent the winter of 1884-5 in Pueblo, Colorado, and happened to pick up a paper from Sterling, edited by W.H. Packard, stating what was needed in Sterling. So, after communicating with him, I came to Sterling, February 1st, 1885.

Shortly after this, I opened a meat market with Mr. Chas. Bray in a building owned by Thomas Watson, who was in the hardware business next door. There were some fixtures in the store and we understood that M.C. (Callie) King and J.J. Cheairs had run a market the previous fall, but had closed out.

(We always understood we had the first permanent market in Sterling, and if I remember correctly, there were only three stores in Sterling at that time, being Perkins & Hunter; Wilson & Scott and the Sterling Mercantile, owned by Mr. Sherman of Evans and managed by Mr. McLaughlin. Davis Ayres had a drug store and Dr. J.N. Hall-the first doctor-had an office in the drug store. John Tobin had a saloon; E.L. Minter had the Postoffice, and M.H. Smith had the first bank.)

About this time there were twelve or fourteen young men arrived from different places, among them were James A. Pulliam, real estate business, Chas. Allen, young lawyer, A.P. Gordon, two Smith brothers, and others that I can not recall now.

At this time there were only four or five young ladies in the town, and with so many young men, they always had plenty of escorts to all parties and church.

The only hotel was the Pacific Hotel, and they charged \$10.00 per week for board. We decided we could not afford that much; we met Sidney R. Propst and he said he could fix the boys up if we would all sleep in two big rooms in his house and take our meals with Mrs. Propst. Soon some of us were helping as "waiters". You can imagine what a time she had with so many boys.

After a time, Bray and myself rented a room from Mrs. Barger, who was living on Main Street-west of L.M. Judd's store room and house. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and daughter Susie, also lived on that street.

Mr. Bray was a man from Maine, and could not get accustomed to the wild frontier life, so on June 1st, 1885, we sold to Homer Williams and I went to work at Merino on the Pawnee Ranch, managed at that time by H.H. Wilson. Just imagine my feelings when I asked Mr. Wilson where I should put my bed and he said "Right out there-there are 640 acres". But he soon had parked us in the hay loft over a lot of mules and horses.

In the meantime, A.P. Gordon had bought out Mr. Packard and with Mr. Sliger had started the paper, The Platte Valley Record. About the first of June, he had an old friend and schoolmate from Galesburg, Illinois, B.F. Hulse, who had come out for his health. Mr. Gordon sent him to me at Merino to see if he could get work on the ranch. But the foreman thought he looked too poorly and would not hire him. I then advised him to go to Dave Beattie who was running a big dairy

south and west of Sterling. He was with him until fall. Mr. McKay, who was station agent at Merino and lived in the depot, was very anxious to have a school for his children. So he and Mr. Propst said if they could find someone to teach that they would form a district. I had told them that Mr. Hulse had been a school teacher in Illinois and that he would like to teach the school. I was ordered to send for him and see if he would consider it. He accepted, and taught the school in the upper room of the Section House.

In the fall I came back to Sterling and bought out Mr. Williams, and Mr. Hulse decided to take an interest with me, thus forming the firm of Porter & Hulse. We were in the meat business for a number of years.

In the spring of 1887, the Burlington started building the Cheyenne-Holdrege line, and about the first of April, the contractors decided to locate a commissary in Sterling and offered Porter & Hulse the contract to furnish the meat. That was a big year for Sterling, and it looked like a little city. We commenced at Holyoke and went to Cheyenne. We bought all of cattle for the market from J.L. Brush. In Sept., 1889, we sold our market to Jackson and Carlisle. Mr. Hulse went to Los Angeles, California and has resided there ever since.

I think I had the distinction of bringing the first "White Faces" into the Platte Valley, as I brought two hundred head from the Durkee Ranch in the San Louis Valley in July, 1890, to Merino.

In 1887, during that winter, the citizens began to make a fight for the "County Seat". A young lawyer, L.R. Rowden, and A.F. Spoor, a retired railroad man, were sent to Denver when the State Legislature met in January, to make the fight for the division. According to the records, there were several towns seeking to be made the county seat, among them were Sterling, Julesburg and Holyoke, and neither of these places received a majority vote in the first election, so another election was called for December, 1887, and Sterling received a majority of the votes cast, and was on January 10, 1888, declared "The permanent County Seat of Logan County." Our representatives in Denver sent word back to Sterling to "lock up and come in a body, as strong as we could". So, headed by Smith, the banker, Packard, McLaughlin and many others, we went before the Committee on Division, who were having night sessions, and made a strong plea for our little town. At that time the Legislature met in two rooms on Lawrence Street, just off of 17th St. Mr. Rowden said, "Boys, I think we have won, so we will go and celebrate." The Tabor Grand was having a big run and as it was late, all seats were taken except two boxes. We were so highly elated that we took them at \$25.00 a piece. In a few days, the County was named "Logan", and as stated above, Sterling made the County Seat.

Marion H. Porter,  
Ault, Colorado,  
February 1, 1934.  
Age 74 years.

*Marion H. Porter*

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I arrived in Sterling, Colorado, then in Weld County, on the 25th day of June, 1883.

So far as I can remember, that very year saw almost the last drive of large herds of cattle from Texas. One arrived at Ogallala, Nebraska, over the Union Pacific Railroad, one hundred miles east of Sterling, in the summer, and brought with it the usual crew of cowboys. Unfortunately, the overland cattle drives of the fifteen years or so, dating from about 1868, brought not only some of our earliest great cattle men, and a host of lesser lights who became substantial settlers, but a sprinkling of Texas and Indian Territory bad men.

We not infrequently learned that some certain cowboy had a price on his head in the South, and were certain he would not willingly return to that section. These bad men were the fading remnants of the godless crews that had infested Abilene, Ellsworth and Fort Dodge, and the other railway towns of Kansas and Nebraska, where the cattle trail met the railroad as the railway extended westward.

The arrival of a trail herd at the railroad was followed quickly by its sale and, aside from those cowboys who rode overland, or went by roundabout rail to Texas, left the herders "on the country." It is a gang of "toughs", left over from a cattle drive that I write this story. Their real names were never known to us.

The little station of Sterling, not yet incorporated, contained about two hundred fifty inhabitants, settling there after the Julesburg cut-off of the Union Pacific Railroad was built through to Denver, in 1881. It was a very orderly community, already possessing two churches. But the authorities knew there would be trouble from the bad men when the Fourth of July gave them excuse for their drunken hilarity.

Two brothers, Mont and Lee Goodwin, were appointed marshals, in anticipation of a disturbance.

By eight o'clock of the morning of July 4th, the hitching racks on Main Street were lined with cow ponies, mostly, of course, belonging to the substantial, orderly type of western cattle men. But, four or five cowboys, already intoxicated, raced up and down the street, shouting and firing their revolvers. One rode into the saloon and shot the place up. No one was injured, but the glass-ware was considerably damaged.

When the two marshals interfered, the cowboys resented it. I saw one of them throw his rope over one marshal, a man worthy of his job, and start to tighten it. The other marshal covered the cowboy instantly, at a distance of only a few feet, with the order not to tighten the rope. As the cowboy looked at the muzzle of the 45, with a western deer hunter behind it, he slacked up the rope, but the incident left hard feelings on both sides. Friction occurred in several other incidents of the morning, but the forenoon passed without casualties.

The citizens had planned a Fourth of July picnic at Hadfield's Island, three miles south of Sterling, and the site of the first settlement in that part of the valley, by William S. Hadfield.

After the lunch was dispatched the older people went home, while the younger element crossed the channel of the Platte River, to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wes Had-

field, on the mainland. Wes was a nephew of the first settler, W.S. Hadfield.

Soon the music of a violin and a guitar called everyone to the dance in the living room of the modest ranch house. But, after an hour or two we became aware of a noisy argument in the yard. It was Wes Hadfield remonstrating with four drunken cowboys who, angry at the interference of the marshals in the morning, drank more whiskey, came out to the ranch, and now announced that they were going to dance with every girl in the house.

The ringleader, the oldest of the band, was a dissolute cowboy, badly wanted in Texas. The only name we ever knew for him was "Tobacco Jake", and the appearance of his clothing confirmed us in the opinion that he was well named. I remember that several of his front teeth were missing, and with his stained clothing and a 45 on his right hip, he was certainly an unholy sight.

When Wes tried to induce Jake to return to town peacefully, the cowboy became more violent. It was then that we were startled by the report of a shot. It passed close to Hadfield's right ear. None of us ever knew whether Jake fired to intimidate Hadfield or, weaving on his feet in his intoxication, was unable to shoot straight. His companions smoothed him down, but in a moment the four cowboys and Hadfield came through the front door into the living room. The three younger cowboys were acting very decently at this time and were less intoxicated than their leader.

The dance stopped and all was quiet for a moment. Mrs. Hadfield, hoping that mild measures might win, brought saucers of ice-cream. In his unsteady attempts to put the ice cream in his mouth, I recall that Jake filled his right ear and smeared the cream over his face.

While everyone waited, expecting further trouble, Jake suddenly dropped his ice cream, and calling Hadfield a vile name, started to draw his gun. Hadfield jumped on him instantly, and Jake went down. It was the signal for a general out-break. Cowboy number two, reached for a chair with which to attack Lee Goodwin, one of the marshals, but he was too slow. Lee was a powerful man and, unlike his opponent, was sober. He caught his adversary with a rising blow under the chin. Such a complete turnover I have never seen. Bob Douglas, a Union Pacific engineer, stood seven or eight feet away, and he complained to me afterwards of the soreness in his upper chest where the cowboy's heels had struck him.

At the same instant, cowboy number three, made a motion as if to draw a gun on Lee's brother, Mont, the other town marshal. Mont was well over six feet tall and had an unusually long reach. Instead of striking his man with his fist, I saw him slap the cowboy's face with the flat of his right hand a most vicious blow. Although the cowboy was left standing, it took all the fight out of him instantly. Mont ran his hands over the man to see if he was armed. Finding no weapons, he turned his back on the thoroughly cowed youngster and looked for the next trouble.

The fourth cowboy had seen enough and he never came into the game. Meanwhile the women and girls had all retreated to the bed-room.

Wes Hadfield was in a justifiable rage, pounding Jake over the face and head with his fists. Jake lay, in part on his holster and was making desperate efforts

to release his gun. That revolver appeared to me to be the key to the entire situation, for, fortunately, none of the other miscreants was armed. I knelt down and wrenched it from his grasp and for the first time found myself armed with a big, army Colt six-shooter. I asked Mont, who had finished up his man, what I should do with it. He reached for it and I remember yet his position, standing half a head higher than anyone else in the room, with the revolver ready for any needed action.

Then Mrs. Hadfield broke out from the bedroom and cried to her husband- "Oh, Wes, you'll kill him, you'll kill him." Not willing that the good work should be interfered with, I picked her up, put her back in the bedroom and told her to stay there. In a minute or two she was back, with the same cry. Carrying her out the second time and closing the door, Dr. A.C. Watson, our Denver dentist, seized the knob and prevented further ingress.

With Jake disarmed and thoroughly beaten, two of his companions hors de combat, and the fourth one, afraid to tempt providence by starting anything, the fight was over. They helped Jake onto his horse and started for town. As they departed one of them threw a quart whiskey bottle, half full, through a bedroom window and struck one of the young girls in the back. I hear that shriek yet!

When Jake reached town the marshalls arrested him, and lodged him in the calaboose. On the order of the county commissioner, resident in Sterling, I patched up the poor fellow's head the next morning before he was shipped by train to Greeley, the county seat.

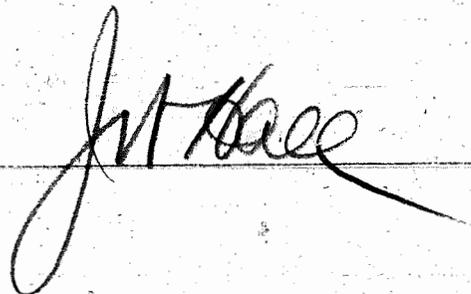
We never saw Jake or his companions again. The evening's collision had been short and decisive.

As in a thousand other frontier towns of that era, the substantial, sober, law-abiding citizens cleaned house and, so far as Sterling was concerned, it stayed clean.

That community owes a greater debt to Lee and Mont Goodwin and Wes Hadfield, than it has ever realized. They ended the attempts of drunken revellers to over-awe the community with firearms.

How strange that, at such a party, I should meet the village school teacher, who became my wife!

J.H. Hall, M.D.,  
Denver, Colorado,  
February 21, 1934.



DR. J.N. HALL BEGAN PRACTICE OF MEDICINE IN STERLING OVER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In the spring of 1883, a young graduate of the Harvard Medical School, who had completed his internship at Boston Hospital, followed the advice of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man."

This young doctor reached Denver, but the outlook in his profession at that time and place was not such as to inspire optimism. The State Medical Society met in June and talked over many subjects. A Dr. Freeman had been in Sterling, but had left for greener fields. The little settlement of 250 people was now jubilant in the realization of the dream of a railroad. A Dr. Barger, who had been at Sterling, had dropped dead. A doctor was wanted.

There had been a rather close bond between the Greeley Union Colony and the Sterling Colony, both having originated in the South and most of the Sterling settlers having left the Greeley region when they found that all the irrigable land, seemingly, had been claimed.

Sidney R. Propst had written Dr. Hawes at Greeley, and the latter had sent the letter to Denver, declaring Sterling's need for a doctor. "The very place for you," young Dr. Hall was told when he let it be known that he was looking for a location.

So it came that a Harvard graduate invested his extraordinary capabilities in a community of 250 people. Dr. J.N. Hall arrived at Sterling June 26, 1883.

The first office of Dr. Hall was in a building owned by Mrs. Andy Weir. The building, like several other structures about Sterling, had been brought from Julesburg. The glory of that town having suddenly faded when the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad was moved to Sidney and then further west, certain of the buildings were loaded on box cars and taken to points along the new Julesburg-La Salle line.

The young Bostonian found a primitive country. His professional calls were made almost exclusively on horseback, for there were virtually no roads and a buggy could not be used to satisfaction.

There was not another physician nearer than Greeley, Colo., on the west and North Platte, Nebr., on the east. Until very recently there had not been a bridge on the South Platte River between Evans and North Platte. A new bridge had been constructed at Sterling just before Dr. Hall's arrival, however. Forging the river was no pleasant matter, for in the spring it was filled with floating ice, and in early summer it ran bank full.

During the first three years which Dr. Hall spent at Sterling, the settlement was entirely confined to the valley, the uplands being a vast stretch of unbroken sod. In the year of 1886, however, a wave of immigration spread over the prairies, and the homesteaders were found almost everywhere. They camped about the waterholes; the water became contaminated, and there was a prevalence of typhoid fever, calling Dr. Hall into a broad region east of Sterling.

For some years Dr. Hall was the only physician in a territory as great as the state of Massachusetts, embracing some 8,000 square miles.

In 1886, Dr. Hubert Work, who since has been distinguished both in his profession and in politics, located at Fort Morgan. The 8,000 square miles which Dr. Hall covered alone in 1883, has since been divided into six prosperous counties.

Dr. Hall practiced his profession at Sterling for almost ten years. One of the memorable experiences of that period was a Fourth of July celebration-marked by a spirited controversy between lawless cowboys and the marshals of the occasion-a celebration held at Hadfield's Island and the adjacent home of Wes Hadfield-where Dr. Hall met his future wife, then the village school teacher. (An account of this experience is told by Dr. Hall in a most interesting manner and is attached hereto)

One can well imagine, as he looks upon the portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Hall, that the meeting and union were the fulfillment of destiny and that each was richly blessed in the other's companionship. The marriage of Dr. and Miss Carrie G. Ayres was in 1885. Seven years later, 1892, he sold his practice at Sterling to Dr. J.C. Chipman of Kentucky, and went to Denver. There he gained great eminence in his profession, and high honor at the hands of his colleagues.

The recollections of the Sterling years are sharp in the camera mind of Dr. Hall. Apparently still acquainted with every foot of ground in the Sterling region, he surrounds each picture and each incident with happenings of other days.

"Those trees are along the old Number 1 Ditch, on the Perkins' place, aren't they?" Dr. Hall remarks in glancing at a picture. "Yes sir, R.C. Perkins brought the trees from Greeley and planted them along the ditch bank. The gaps which you see were caused by beavers, which came down the river and cut off certain of the trees." "That house stands just a hundred yards west of the old Cheairs place. I shot eight ducks there before breakfast one morning."

One of Dr. Hall's many interests, outside of his large professional responsibilities, is Colorado history. He is vice president of the Colorado State Historical Society, and has contributed much to the recorded history of the State. He has endowed the Mrs. J.N. Hall Foundation, and, in co-operation with Elbridge Gerry Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, has placed numerous markers about Sterling and its vicinity, furnishing a brief index to some of the inspiring and picturesque chapters in the history of the plains and the South Platte valley.

Josiah N. Hall was born on October 11, 1859, at North Chelsea, (now Revere) Mass., of New England farming people. He obtained his Bachelor of Science degree at the Massachusetts State College, and his M.D. degree at Harvard in 1882. He was House Physician at Boston City Hospital from July 1, 1881 till January 1, 1883.

Then Dr. Hall looked to the west and selected Sterling as the town that had a future and as being a desirable place for him to begin the practice of medicine. Immediately after he arrived in Sterling, Dr. Hall became active in the life of the community. There was only the Sterling bridge (just completed) between Evans, Colo. and North Platte, Nebraska, a distance of 240 miles. Roads were so poor that he rode horseback altogether during the first year of his practice.

Dr. Hall was married to Miss Carrie G. Ayres, Sterling's first school teacher, in the spring of 1885. They had two sons, Sigourney Davis Hall, born in February, 1887, and Oliver Wendell Hall, born September, 1892. Oliver died in an officers' training camp during the World War.

In 1888 the citizens of Sterling elected him Mayor and he served in that capacity for one year. In 1889, was appointed to membership on the State Board of Medical Examiners. Was local surgeon to the Union Pacific and the B & M Railroads at Sterling.

In 1892 he sold his home and practice in Sterling and removed to Denver. He specialized in internal medicine, and became Professor of Medicine in the Denver University, and after the union of the two schools, was Professor in the University of Colorado.

In 1903 Dr. Hall became president of the State Board of Health and held that position for two years. He was also President of the Colorado State Board of Medical Examiners; of the Denver County Medical Society and the Colorado State Medical Society. He was a member of the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association for several years and a member of the Judicial Council for ten years. He was also identified with different educational institutions.

During the World War, Dr. Hall served his country. In August, 1917, he entered the Medical Service of the Army and was appointed Chief of Medicine in the Base Hospital at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas. Was soon appointed Consultant in Internal Medicine for the nine southwestern cantonment base hospitals and other hospitals, comprising in all about 30,000 beds. At the present time, he is Lt. Colonel in the Medical Reserve Corps.

Dr. and Mrs. Hall have three grandsons, two, sons of S.D. Hall, who also has a daughter, and one, the son of Oliver W. Hall.

Sterling people congratulate Josiah N. Hall on the good he has achieved during his long service in the State.

On February 8, 1928, Dr. Hall established an endowment fund to be used for marking historic places in Colorado. The fund is known as "The Mrs. J.N. Hall Endowment", in honor of Dr. Hall's wife, and is under the direction of The State Historical Society.

Logan County is very proud that it has a number of these permanent monuments, markers and bronze tablets to identify the location of places of historic interest.

One bronze tablet erected jointly by the Elfrige Gerry Chapter, D. A. R. and Dr Hall, indicates the site of the first school house in Logan County and the old sod fert. In the corridor of the county Court House is a plaque by the same sponsors in memory of the pioneers of Logan County, who introduced irrigation and who were the first to effect a transformation in farming conditions. Another plaque in the same corridor, in memory of the pioneer cattle men, was sponsored by the D A R, Mr W L Henderson, and Dr Hall.

Sterling is proud of the fact that these two noble people had a hand in the making of this, the Sterling of today. We revere you, Dr. and Mrs. J.N. Hall!

Sterling, Colorado,  
February 2, 1934.

A.E. (Eugene) Buchanan was born on February 8th, 1861, near Moscow, Ohio. My youth was spent in the state of Ohio, also my education was received there.

My brother, Dick, had previously gone to Texas, and I had alonging for the West so a friend and myself started out for the big State too. Dick was buying horses to trail through for himself. I was about twenty years old when this boy friend and I purchased two forty-five calibre revolvers and two pairs of high-heeled boots at Moscow, and started for San Diego, Texas to meet Dick.

We left home with a few dollars and my friend ticked his money away in the bottom of one of his boots. When we arrived at San Diego, a little town near the Gulf of Mexico, we learned that there were only two white men who inhabited the village, the marshal and a harness maker. The first night we arrived there we were unable to find sleeping accommodations and we made down our bed on the depot platform. The next morning my friend said: "Did you see that man prowling around us last night?" "Yes, I saw him, and I was already to puncture him with my gun", I replied. "So was I," replied my friend, "I was sleeping with one eye open all the time."

We found Dick and learned that there were a lot of antelope on the Texas plains at that time; I was anxious to kill some so that I would have something to write home to the folks. Dick informed me how to go about it, telling me it was necessary, after sighting an antelope, to take the saddle off my horse and walk behind the pony until the antelope came in range. This I did, and I bowled over a big buck out in a mesquite thicket. The antelope was left where I shot it and I went back to camp to get the other boys; when we rode back, a huge buzzard was standing on top of it, getting ready for a big meal. Of course I felt proud of my shot.

We trailed the horses from San Diego and arrived at the JB ranch on the South Platte river on July 11, 1881. It took us about three months to drive these horses through; we would average about eight miles a day. There was another young man with Dick, making four in the party, that came through. We came through the Indian Territory, but there were no hostile Indians at that time and we had no trouble of any kind on the way so far as outlaws and Indians were concerned. Once in a while the horses would stampede.

Trailing cattle from the South was at one time a great business-thousands and thousands were trailed. From three thousand to thirty-three hundred is a trail herd. It would requite about eleven men to bring these herds through, and Ogallala, Nebraska was a stopping point of the trail herds for a long time. Finally these trail herds went as far north as Berthoud, Montana. In the early days a great many Texas men came through here with trail herds, and quite a few located up and down the river.

I started to work for Jared L. Brush July 15th, 1882, and continued for four years. He employed from eight to fifteen men-certain times of the year would have more men working than at other times-and I was one of the cow hands. By the way, Mr. Brush came from the same County in Ohio that I did. Later Ex. Governor Routt of Colorado was a partner of Mr. Brush.

Mr. Brush would buy cattle and turn them in on the range to graze and feed until they were ready for market. I remember of him buying ten thousand head of

yearling steers at Ogallala and helping to brand them <sup>at Julesburg</sup> there with the crew. I also remember the year I came here, 1882, that the LF ranch branded over eleven thousand calves during the summer.

This part of the country in the early days was a vast expanse of territory which contained no fences except at a few homesteads adjoining the Platte River, the cattle grazed quietly, chuck wagons bounced on their way to roundups, cowboys singing to their stock, calves being roped and the pungent odor of burning cow hair as it came in contact with red hot branding irons, this was the picture in 1882. It was a cattle country and the cattlemen were the persons of importance. A few but not many, were running sheep, including the Synder Brothers, Billy Hadfield and Jimmy Chambers.

Cattle with many brands dotted the plains at that time. Some of the well known brands that are only a memory now are the LF of the Iliff ranch owned by a one-time "cattle king" of Northeastern Colorado, John W. Iliff. The Iliff Cattle Company had vast holdings on Cedar Creek, Pawnee Creek, Wild Cat Creek, Crow Creek, and other tributaries of the Platte River. This company's range extended from North Platte to Greeley. The LF brand was thus: LF

On cattle of the J.L. Brush ranches had been burned the brand JB (B) It was in honor of Mr. Brush, who was lieutenant governor, that the nearby town of that designation was named. His cattle ranged from the North Platte to Fort Morgan. Cattle drifted far in those days. They would come from the Lodgepole country and with cattle in this section in winter drift along the Arkansas River as far east as Dodge City, Kansas. In the spring cowboys would start after the cattle and drive them back to their ranges.

The present town of Julesburg was but a group of a few buildings, including the railroad agent's house and section house. Railroad buildings had been constructed at what were to be towns between here and Julesburg, but other buildings besides ranch houses were unknown.

Coming this way from Julesburg some of the ranches as I remember them were: The 100 ranch, on the south side of the river from Julesburg; (100).

Cooper Ranch, almost opposite, on the south side of the river, the present Sedgwick. At that time Sedgwick consisted of a section house.

Sam Rice's ranch was at Lillian Springs on the south side of the river;  
George Foot operated a ranch on the north side of the river;  
Billy Ramsey's place was on the north side of the river four miles above

Creek;

~~The LF ranch was between the Foot place and Iliff;~~

George Gunn's ranch was near the mouth of Cedar Creek;  
Hughie Clark's place was near Cedar Creek;  
Then came Jake Patterson's outfit.

There was a cattle ranch on the present Mamuello place, five miles north of Sterling. No list would be complete without the names of Minter, the "Callie" King and the Roebuck farms north of Sterling.

The 131 outfit was owned by a man named Peasley and was southwest of the river from Sterling. (131)

Snyder Brothers ran sheep on the river a few miles southwest of Sterling. Lee and Milt Henderson operated a sheep ranch about two miles east of the river bridge at Sterling. M.H. Smith, who operated the first bank in Sterling, had a cattle ranch near the Henderson's.

Bruce Johnson owned the 22 ranch, which was located south of the river near Merino. (22)

The Cooper place was at the mouth of Beaver Creek just northeast of Brush. The Pawnee Cattle Company had holdings near Merino. Up the river on the other side of Brush was the TD outfit.

The FVP  was another brand on the range and belonged to "Buck" Delbridge. Same Peer used to run cattle with the 22 outfit.

All these ranches employed a large number of cowboys. Most outfits had from ten to twenty men on the payroll. The JB outfit alone had 150 head of saddle horses. "Billy" Longfellow was a foreman of the JB. He was an old-time cowman. Another foreman of this ranch was Sant Kempton, a man pioneers will remember.

A few other brands were the Bar H Bar: ; Cross Half Circle: ; Half Circle Block: ; OC, and many others.

After working four years for the JB outfit, I then went into the cattle business for myself. The fifty-one years that have intervened since I rode to this section of the country with the horse herd have brought many changes. Gradually, as time passed and fences were built, cattle had no range to roam and a great era in the history of the United States passed.

Gone is the steer and the slow-plodding oxen, to be replaced by motor-driven vehicles and droning airplanes.

A.E. Buchanan,  
733 North Third St.,  
Sterling, Colorado.  
January 23, 1934.

*A.E. Buchanan*

I, A.E. Lytle, was born in Jonesville, Michigan, on the 23d day of April, 1850. I was brought up in Coldwater, Michigan, where I went through High School, and then served three years apprenticeship with my father at the tin-smith trade. Then I went to Chicago and worked at my trade about one year when I secured a position with a wholesale hardware company as shipping and receiving clerk. I was with this firm when the great fire occurred in October, 1871, which destroyed the wholesale district, as well as a great part of the city.

I then went to Detroit, worked there a few months at my trade, and then returned to Chicago and secured my old position. I remained there until the spring of 1873, when I decided to go West.

I visited an old school chum who was homesteading near Palmyra, Nebraska, and from there I started for North Platte, Nebraska, a division station on the Union Pacific Railroad. Here at North Platte were machine shops, and I had a promise of a job in a few weeks at my trade. After a couple of weeks I became impatient to get busy and pulled out for Denver, Colorado, which was the objective for everybody hunting a job.

While at North Platte a band of about one thousand Sioux Indians came there from their winter's buffalo hunt, and camped near the town on the Platte River. Quite a number of these Indians were in town more or less for a few days, and seemed to be bartering with the general store-keeper about the price he would pay for their tanned buffalo robes. The store-keeper gave them ten cups of "coffee & Sugar," which was about ten pounds; for each robe, and he certainly took in a bunch of them. At that time the Indians had no idea what those robes were worth on the market. The trader no doubt got \$5.00 for each of them.

While I was there a Professor of Geology from some New England University arrived at North Platte with eight or ten young men students, on their way to the Black Hills.

Buffalo Bill's (Bill Cody) home was near North Platte, and the Professor engaged Bill to supply the saddle and pack horses and guide them to the Hills. To me Buffalo Bill was quite an interesting character, dressed in fringed buckskin clothes throughout, and I, being a real tenderfoot, made these incidents the more interesting.

Well, I finally went via the U.P.R.R. to Denver, and surely jumped from the frying pan into the fire, as far as getting a job was concerned, for there were about 3,000 men there jobless and that was a great number at that time.

During this time, three or four weeks while I was there, the great rush to the new mines at Tin Cup took place. I did not happen to get in with any one who had the mining fever, otherwise I might have drifted to the mountains.

I soon got "broke" and decided I would go back east again. In the meantime I had met three other boys who were in my same condition, and as we were wandering around the city we ran across a "lunger" who was camped in a flat boat on the Platte and was trying to recruit a crew of young men to manage his boat and go down the river to where there might be something doing.

That brown sugar in those days was called "Coffee & Sugar."

As the river was at its high stage, there was nothing to do but pilot the boat and steer clear the snags. Mr. Smith, the invalid, had money and would furnish the grub and we were to do the cooking also.

This was our first experience in "rough waters" in a stream full of snags. One of us always had to stand on the bow of the boat and pole the boat away from the snags, and some we were unable to see and would bump into them and we would be pitched off into the river, but nothing more serious than a good ducking ever happened.

After, perhaps a week of plenty water, the river began to fall, and once it began to go down, fell very fast, and we had to haul the boat over sand-bars until we finally decided to abandon it. We arrived at a point a few miles below old Fort Morgan. Mr. Smith hired a ranchman who lived in the bottom-about north of where Brush is now located-to take us to the nearest railroad station, Julesburg.

On our way down the river, the ranchman, Fred Parsons by name, prevailed on me to go back and camp with him until the buffalo hunting season and go in with him. He had horses and wagons and all the equipment, including three yoke of bulls (large Texas steers) and a large wagon necessary to haul big loads. I accepted his proposition.

He already had a young fellow with him named Harry Spear from New York. He was a jolly fellow and could play the violin and guitar and was a splendid singer. I also played the guitar and we surely had a good time. We had a great deal of fun hunting antelope, which were very plentiful. When haying time came we made a little money putting up hay for a cow outfit near Orchard.

As hunting season neared we began to make preparations for the great adventure. As it required about five men to make a good outfit, Fred took on two more older men with some experience. Bob Wilson was one, a wild sort of a fellow from Texas; the other, John Moore, was from "nowhere", but all were congenial. Harry and I were to be the "bull whackers" and cooks, chiefly, but we got to hunt too. These bulls were rather wild as they had not been worked much, and occasionally when hitched up they would run away, causing a great deal of merriment.

When the buffalo began to come down from the Black Hills-the Beaver Creek country was just on the edge of the large herds-and the farther east they were more abundant, so we drifted down the river. We finally heard the country north of Sterling was alive with them.

Sterling at that time, 1873, was in Weld County and extended from the Nebraska line on the east to Greeley, and from the Nebraska line on the north to many miles south of the Platte; now it is divided into a number of Counties. I recall a Mr. Osgood who had taken up a homestead and had a sod cabin situated at the edge of the hills, some distance from the river. He in a way, acted as Postmaster. He had a wife and a daughter about twelve or fourteen years of age.

We went on down the river to about where Iliff is now. Then left the river and followed a draw, expecting to camp at a water hole about twelve or fifteen miles from the river. Presently we came to buffalo on the east side of the draw, and as far as the eye could reach, the country was black with them, thousands of them.

Being late in the afternoon, we did not stop to kill only one as we were needing meat. We loaded the whole carcass and kept moving, as we must find that water hole. We found it just at dark and went into camp.

In the night a snow storm blew up and by daylight it developed into a real blizzard. The water hole was at the mouth of a gulch. About one hundred fifty yards up the gulch we found a cave off in the bank, and in a few hours, with a shovel, we had a pretty good dugout. A fire-place in one corner, and with some hides and canvas we constructed a pretty good roof and front, and we were in this cave for a week or ten days. Fuel was a problem to contend with. Buffalo chips was the only kind to be had, and the snow soon covered them, but we could locate them by a little hummock which the drifting snow would make, and with a kick we could uncover the chips and fared well for fuel. The storm lasted for several days when it cleared up fine.

At the beginning of the storm we had to turn our horses and cattle loose, and after the storm was over they could not be seen any place, but we soon found the horses about a mile from camp in a gulch with shelter and grass.

In the meantime we found out there was not a buffalo in the country. The storm had drifted them entirely out. There was nothing to do but to move. The bulls were our main mode of transportation. Fred and John took the horses, and Harry, on foot, started on the hunt. Bob and I stayed in camp. The country was searched in hopes to find some buffalo, but in vain.

One day Bob and I were down at the mouth of the gulch shooting at a target when suddenly we heard twenty or more shots fired in quick succession not far to the north. We knew there were no white hunters in that vicinity and that there must be quite a number of whoever it was. We had no idea there were Indians in the country.

About two hundred yards in the direction of the shots was a rocky ridge; from behind the rocks, about a mile distant we saw seventeen Indians. They had just finished butchering some cattle. We felt sure they had killed cattle for we could see in the distance a bunch running away. These Indians were afoot and had just cut up their meat and packed it on their backs and started toward us, as they had heard our shots.

We then started back toward our camp but stopped at a large rock about one hundred yards from camp and waited the approach of the Indians. As soon as they got to the top of the ridge so they could see us, they all ducked down a while, then arose and started down the slope toward us. We raised our hands to halt them. While waiting for them to come in sight, we had debated what we should do if they tried to come to our camp, and we decided not to let them. When Bob asked me if we should let them, I said "No, that we could keep them away easier than we could get them away once they got into camp, and if nothing worse, they could rob us of all we had." So when we raised our hands to halt them and each of us fired a shot above them and motioned them to go on down the draw, then turned and went on. We watched until they got out of sight about five miles away.

Of course they were not on the war-path. They would have seemed friendly until they got into our dugout, then over-powered us and with our ammunition, grub, blankets, etc., they could have made quite a haul. Afterwards we heard that there were seventy-five teepees of them over in Lewis Canyon, fifteen miles from us, in the direction they passed out of our sight.

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That evening about dark one of the boys returned with one yoke of bulls and we loaded up our stuff and pulled for the river. We thought possibly some of these Indians might slip in on us during the night, but do not think they returned for we left a wagon there and it was not molested.

We finally got our outfit rounded up and hunted down the river until we got out of grub and started for the home ranch. We made camp one night at the home ranch of Mr. Iliff, who at that time was reputed to own 50,000 head of cattle. This ranch was called "Riverside Ranch." Only one man stayed there during the winter months. We were in hopes we could get a little flour there, but the ranch was out of grub too-only he had a barrel of pickles. This was one thing that Iliff always supplied a barrel for each ranch, and he had several up and down the river.

Well, we had corn and meat and the ranch did have some molasses. We parched some corn and ground it with a neck-yoke. Mixed some molasses and corn into a stiff batter and fried it, making quite a palatable dish, under the circumstances.

Greeley, at that time, was the nearest place to get supplies. There was in some sections the range hunters who kept a small supply of grub and ammunition to sell to other hunters and would buy their hides. But there were none in that vicinity. There were, more or less of the hunters who never went to town-'twas supposed they did not dare to for some reason. We had quite a few hides and sent them to Greeley and generally got one dollar each for them.

Creek

In due time we were fixed for grub again, and pulled into the Pawnee country and camped on a spring branch near Pawnee Pass. While there, one afternoon a bunch of Sioux, mostly young bucks, came into our camp from north of the Pass. We made them lay down their arms-by signs-before we let them in to camp.

Each one had a rawhide lariat coiled up over his shoulder, and each had a couple pairs of extra moccasins in his belt. I happened to have a sore foot and could not wear my boot and had my foot wrapped up with a burlap sack, and I tried to trade a young buck out of a pair of moccasins. But nothing doing, and he pointed to my foot and said "Heap good moccasin," and then they would all laugh at me. They at first pretended they could not understand us, but we would catch them with "cocked ears" trying to catch on to what we would say to each other.

After a while they borrowed our ax and went up the creek about one hundred yards and cut some cottonwood poles, and with their blankets made a real teepee. Early next morning they came down to the spring, washed and smoothed up their hair; then cooked some meat and struck across the country towards one of Mr. Iliff's camps on the river at the mouth of Wild Cat Creek.

We knew what they were up to then. A herder had held about two hundred head of saddle horses there all winter, corralling them at nights, but a few days previous they ~~were~~ had moved the horses to a camp down the river. These Sioux intended to steal the whole bunch.

After they left our camp we could not find our bulls, and several of us started out to find them. The next day a few of the Sioux returned to our camp and roasted some meat they had just killed. We gave them some salt and tobacco, and asked them-by signs- if they had seen our bulls. At first they were not very communi-

captive, but finally traced out in the sand a draw and at the forks about six miles distant they saw six and indicated by sign; they were yoked and lying down asleep. Soon after the Indians left, one of the boys with a horse returned and went where the Sioux told us the cattle were, and found them O.K.

That winter the Sioux were generally very friendly. The only apprehension we ever had was that sometime they would catch an outfit off guard and steal their horses.

I recall one instance rather unusual that happened to a hunter, Bill May, who always kept a supply of grub, tobacco and ammunition to sell to hunters or trade for hides. He had a camp in the country somewhere what is now Sedgwick County. One day a bunch of Indians came to his camp and while he was in his dugout they cut up all the hides that he had stretched out and some piled up, then about a dozen of them crowded into the dugout and got pretty ugly. He pulled a gun and backed into a corner and just about decided he was in for it. Suddenly he heard a commotion outside-then a Chief came in the dugout and knocked down two or three of his men and the rest beat it, and they dragged away on pole stretchers several. The Chief was nearly killed. Bill, of course, was agreeably surprised, but inferred that the Chief was indignant that so many took the advantage of one man who was doing them no harm.

Well, during the winter, I decided that there was no big money in the hunting game as it lasted only a few months, and the cattle business appealed to me more, so I aspired to be a cow puncher.

I got a job the next spring on Bruce Johnson's ranch, the old 22 ranch, located about six miles below the mouth of Beaver on the Platte. I worked for him three years. Our range extended on the south side of the Platte to the head branches of the Beaver. I enjoyed the work very much and had many exciting experiences.

The hills south of the river was a great range for wild horses. We had great sport chasing them but caught very few, except shooting down all the studs we could-they were a menace, frequently running off many of our range horses- and soon became as wild as any.

Every fall many Ute Indians would come into the Beaver Creek country from their reservation near Canon City to hunt buffalo and wild horses. They rarely came down into the river country as that was the Sioux country and they had it in for each other. But occasionally the Utes and Sioux would meet each other in the hills and would have a running fight, but never met with much less. I believe it was in the winter of 1875 and '76 that the Utes heard of a large camp of Sioux-one hundred teepees or more-was down on the Platte near old Fort Sedgwick, and sixty of the Ute warriors stole down the divide opposite the Sioux camp and wound around through the sand hills to the edge of the bottom. The Sioux horses were practically all above the camp in the bottom, and the Sioux were all laying in camp with only about a dozen horses picketed.

At a signal the Utes gave a yell and shooting guns and waving blankets, dashed in below the horses (about 1200 head), stampeded the herd, and left several hundred Sioux a-foot. Not enough Utes had horses to make a fight. The Utes drove the horses all night and passed the 22 Ranch the next day. The horses were trailing along in bunches and a few Utes following each bunch.

Bringing up the rear were Chief Ouray and Ute Jack. Jack was the chief horse thief. They were driving a small pinto pony that was played out. They came into our camp and asked for something to eat, and wanted to "swap" the pony for something they could drive. A fellow puncher, Bill Mall, and I were alone. We fed them and Bill had a worthless horse, but fat, and he traded for the pinto that was a good horse after he got rested up. Ouray was riding a little old white pony and wearing a white plug hat. He certainly looked comical.

We asked them while they were eating how they got away with the horses, and Ouray describing their route pulled out a fine gold watch and chain and pointing to 6:30 they stampeded the horses and left the Sioux a-foot. This gold watch was presented to Chief Ouray sometime previous by the United States President when he was in Washington to confer with the "Great Father."

Philanthropists all over the country protested to the government to make the Utes give up the horses to the Sioux. The Utes were wards of the government and the Sioux were not, and 'twas feared the Sioux would be troublesome, but the Utes got away with it. I have not been in Logan County since those early days, not heard of any one whom I knew there.

The old JB Ranch was on the south side of the river and owned by J.L. Brush of Greeley, who was later elected Lieutenant Governor. No doubt many of Sterling's older citizens remember Mr. Brush. Later he run quite a herd of cattle for Governor Reutt, and ranged them from the Platte to the Republican River country in Colorado and Nebraska where I used to work with their outfits.

In 1877 I had moved down into that country and had a little bunch of cattle of my own, staying there for a number of years. I went down on the Frenchman, a fork of the Republican River and located one ranch. In the spring of 1878 I went to Oregon and bought cattle; got acquainted with two Wyoming men who were driving through a herd to Wyoming. We had 1400 head altogether. We drove on the Oregon trail a great deal of the way. I left these men near Cheyenne and came on to my own ranch.

I am not engaged in any business now, and while I am almost eighty-four years of age, I am very thankful to say that I have splendid good health. I hope yet that I may return to the old stamping grounds in and around Logan County and perhaps see a few who were there in that early day. I realize that most of them have gone to their reward. I dare say were I dropped down in that country now, I would not know where I was, due to the great change from a wild and wooly country to the beautiful country you must now enjoy.

I live at Rifle, Colo.

Written and signed by A.E. Lytle, at Rifle, Colorado, this 23d day of January, 1934.

Age 84 in April next.

*A E Lytle*

## Logan County in Early Seventies

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Let us go back a few years and see what this section of Colorado looked like in the early seventies, shortly after the termination of the Civil War. It has not been so very long, and indeed, it is hard to realize that at that time this region was inhabited by only buffaloes, Indians and one or two white men.

It will be recalled that W.E. (Lee) Henderson was the second man to settle in what is now Logan County. He followed closely on the heels of "Uncle Billy" Hadfield, who has the distinction of being the first man to settle and own a piece of land here.

No pioneer had more thrilling experiences on the Colorado plains than did Mr. Henderson. He is now eighty-three years of age and lives at 630 Ocean Blvd., Huntington Beach, Calif., and tells some interesting happenings of the early days.

18th June, 1850

I was born on the 18<sup>th</sup> day of June 1850 and have just finished a happy, contented and satisfied 37<sup>th</sup> year of my life that had its beginning at Titusville, Penn., nine years before Colonel Drake drilled the first oil well near our home in 1859. Two of my school mates were Ida Tarbell, noted writer, and John D. Archibold, later president of the Standard Oil Co.

I graduated from High School, and from Eastman's National Business College at Poughkeepsie, New York. Here I enjoyed many thrills on the Hudson River "ice boats", also visiting the Vassar College girls, keeping in touch as to how they were getting along with their studies.

In the spring of 1872, I came to Greeley, Colo. and joined my brother, M.P. Henderson, and M.H. Smith, a cousin, who had come west with the Greeley Colony. They had a bunch of cattle on the range at Fremont's Orchard and had arranged to put up wild hay along the river on land owned by J.B. Kempton. Kempton's wife was a daughter of Elbridge Gerry. It was at this home where I listened to many awe inspiring tales of Colorado's earliest history.

In the years of 1860 to 1870 when there were ever present bands of hostile Indians roving about, imagine the nervous strain on a mother left alone at an early settler's home while the husband was absent on business. Sometimes her imagination at night would cause her to take the children away from the home and hide them until morning for fear the Indians would set fire to the home.

In the spring of 1873, the boys arranged with Jared L. Brush of Greeley to handle their cattle with his herd, and with his foreman, S.S. Kempton, we moved the cattle down the Platte River on the south side and located opposite where Iliff now stands. We three boys selected homestead filings at Valley Station, opposite Sterling, that my brother was holding under a "squatter's" right before being sectionized by the government survey. We built our home, improvements, corrals, etc. out of wild grass sod found in low places along the river, and here we lived a ranch life which was filled with many interesting experiences. A few still remain in memory. The two Kempton boys mentioned were cousins.

I remember we caught a little buffalo calf and raised it with our dairy cows. A band of renegade Indians saw it and killed it with arrows, and informed us it was "their cattle". We did not protest. You know they calimed all the buffalo as their property.

The boys were just as full of pranks in those days as they are now, whether you believe it or not. Right across the river from us lived Mrs. David Leavitt and her pretty daughter Minnie. We were all quite friendly with the girl and her mother. One day they decided to take a trip to Greeley, to be gone sometime. So Minnie put her kitten in a sack and brought it over for us to care for it. While wading the river the sack and cat fell into the channel. When it reached us it was not very pretty, but we promised to wash the "dough" out of its hair, and care for it until they returned from Greeley. The boys tired of their job. So one morning at the breakfast table one of the gang grabbed a Winchester rifle and the cat and said he was going to shoot it, not meaning to do so, however. We followed him out to see it done. He set the cat on a little mound, shot, and missed. One of the boys 'guyed' him and said: "I can hit it." He took the gun and did hit it, and when the girl and mother returned from Greeley they no longer numbered him among their friends.

One of the saddest experiences for us was when Spencer Gunn, husband of the late Nannie Gunn, was thrown from his horse, resulting in his death. Mrs. Gunn was a fine woman, and was a real mother to all of the early cow boys. In 1876, Mrs. Gunn relates some amusing happenings in her writings as to what the settlers did, among them I find The James A. Gragg family, having about seven children, heard noises in the river one night, and thinking the Indians were close, hitched up their horses, gathered up the children, and started to a near neighbor. They had to cross the old railroad grade (which was later abandoned), and in bumping over the grade they lost one of the children and did not know it. He was too busy telling his wife "she should thank God she had so brave a husband to care for her." The lost child was plucky and ran after the wagon crying. The din and noise made by the wagon, the parents mistook the little fellow's cry for Indians and drove the faster. Needless to say, they later drove back for the child.

Our ranch at times would be a meeting place for twenty miles around for the young people to dance. There are four of the girls still living, but they do not dance now. Movie pictures were not necessary at that time for pleasure.

(The fall of 1874 thousands of buffaloes on the south side of the river grazed all of the grass from the range, and we were obliged to move our herd to a better range.)

During the winter of 1875-76 there was a three day blizzard from the northwest which drove the cattle from the Wyoming ranges to the river by the thousands, including the local range cattle. Many cattle fell from high broken banks walking out on the drifted snow; the same thing occurred where the snow would drift over the running water at the river. Oh, it was terrible to see the dead cattle when the ice and snow melted in the spring. This same winter there was a steady cold wind for ten days and it drove the cattle from Denver ranges down the river, and as they trailed through the crusted snow their hair was cut off by the ice. There they stood, refusing to move on account of the pain it would cause. The little calves that could not keep up were left helpless on the trail. In the spring, a number of the weak cattle would go to drink and their feet would get stuck in the deep mud holes and would be unable to get out. We would rope them and tie the rope on to the horn of the saddle and pull them out, and if they could not then stand up, we ended their suffering either by shooting or cutting the spinal cord where the neck and head join with a long blade of a knife. It is unpleasant to write the conditions that existed on the open range.

Each spring-generally in June-after the green grass came and the cattle had shed the old hair so that the brands could be seen, the roundup would start with the camp wagons, meeting at a central point to bring stray cattle back to the home range. I was selected to go with the Nebraska roundup, given the right to gather many different brands belonging in Colorado.. Before leaving my home camp wagon I unbuckled my cartridge belt with revolver and threw it into the grub wagon and told the cook to keep it until I came for it. The boys, who were resting in the shade of the wagon, thought I was foolish and said, "You might need it." A cowboy representing some Wyoming brands bunked with me. All went well with us as stangers in a strange land until we rounded up an isolated cow camp where there were cows branded that I was gathering. The calves had the ranch owners brand on them. My turn came to cut cattle from the herd and as I turned them out, the ranchman turned them back. I protested, and he called me every name but a nice one and told me to go and arm myself. I told him I was gathering cattle, and I got the cattle by appealing to the roundup boss. I told my trouble to my "Bunky", and he said, "I would have loaned you my gun." Not long after this, one morning I noticed Bunky and a cowboy ride away from us, arguing about something. I never knew the trouble. At the same moment they shot at each other, sitting on their horses. I saw Bunky fall and I rode up to him; as I raised his head, the man with the smoking revolver shouted, "Let him alone, I want to know if I got him". Bunky answered "Yes." As he rode away he said for me to take the man. When the roundup was over for the day, the boys rolled him up in his blanket and buried him. I took charge of his horse and saddle until a Wyoming sheriff came and took them. He asked me a few questions and said, "That is all of it."

(The large unbranded calves, not with the mothers, were called "mavericks." They were killed for meat on the roundup camps, and others would be branded the same brand for the benefit of the owner of range where found. The old saying: "If you want to eat your own meat, go to your neighbor's", there is nothing to it. The stockmen and owners of cattle respect their neighbor's brands almost entirely.) However, I knew of one small owner of cattle that wanted more. He tied a branding iron to his saddle and when he saw an unbranded yearling, he would heat the iron in a chip fire, catch the yearling, tie it down and brand it. He branded thirteen in one season. Great droves of Texas cattle were driven north to Montana ranges; they would lose a few head of "dogies". We kept two steers with the bunch for a year and then shipped them with our stock to Chicago. I went with the shipment, and with the proceeds I purchased a gold link watch chain for each of us. I still have mine and the links are so worn that they separate, and it is now a "souvenir."

In those days we had no inspector to bother like they do now. The cattle were shipped to Chicago as there were no Omaha yards at that time. I made several trips in charge of the stock. The cattle were always fed and rested before reaching Chicago, and were always in nice condition when sold. We did the best we could.

And now for the past ten years, wife and I have lived in California with environments that are restful and pleasant, watching the traffic go by on the ocean boulevard which is the longest in the world, extending from Vancouver on the north to Cape Horn on the south, and as evening comes we sit on the sun porch and think the man is mad who never dreams of twilight splendor, for no artist yet has conquered such varigated streams that the sun's rays bestow upon the clouds.

Written and signed by an old timer-1872 to 1934 of Sterling, Colo. Mr. W.L. Henderson, now of California.  
Age 83 years. Signed this 23d day of Jan., 1934.

*W.L. Henderson*

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HALF CENTURY BRINGS MULTITUDES OF CHANGES IN WOMEN'S DRESS.

Sterling's first millinery and dressmaking shop was opened in the spring of 1883 by Miss Lena Propst, who is now Mrs. T.S. Emery of 211 North Second street and who is still engaged in dressmaking.

The style establishment was located in the one-story Weir building on the present site of the Chipman Store on Main Street. In the fall of that year after Mrs. Emery had sold her stock of hats, the shop was closed and Dr. J.N. Hall rented the room to use as his office.

Great has been the change in "Miss Sterling's" styles that Mrs. Emery has observed these fifty years.

"I was only fifteen years old at that time," Mrs. Emery stated. "I persuaded my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. M.V. Propst, with whom I lived at Buffalo, which is now Merino, to let me come to Sterling and join my sister, Mrs. Edna Weir, now Mrs. Edna Weir Westlake, and open the millinery shop in the front room of the building occupied by the Weirs. My stock of hats and dress goods was delivered from Omaha. The hats were for summer, were flower trimmed, low crowned, with wide brims. I also did some dressmaking at the shop. I operated the shop that spring and summer. In the fall I sold the business to Miss Emma Martin and I then re-entered school, for my parents had moved to Sterling.

The next year, however, I opened a dressmaking shop in the 300 block on North Front Street. A Mrs. Cox was associated with me in this shop, which was operated for a year. Then I did sewing at home when I had time."

Sterling women kept up with fashions from the very beginning of the town. In the old settlement of Sterling, north of the present city, the fair sex did not have opportunity to select much variety in clothing. Pioneers like to tell of an incident that resulted, in most all of the women and girls' wearing red and black striped calico dresses. Two homesteaders went to Greeley to purchase supplies and were asked to buy calico dress goods by most of the settlers. Not having a faculty for selecting a variety of designs, the men bought all of the goods from the same bolt. Soon the women and girls of the settlement appeared in gaudy dresses of red and black stripes that would have delighted any squaw.

With the building of the railroad, styles changed in Sterling. Wives of railroad men and of other citizens wanted modern designs and, with Denver connected by rail, they got the garments they desired.

That was the heyday of the dressmaker, for no woman walked into a store and bought a ready-made garment. Miss Sterling went to the dressmaking establishment or had the dressmaker call at her home for the selection of patterns, cloth, hooks and eyes, button forms, stays and dust ruffles. Then Miss Sterling began the tedious task of trying on and on the dress as it was in the process of being made.

What a tremendous thing the dress was when completed! It had a full-pleated skirt, an over-skirt, marvelously draped; a heavily boned, pointed basque, or a polonaise, fastened down with buttons. The sleeves fit so tightly that Miss Sterling did not raise her arms any more than was absolutely necessary. The collar was

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stiffly boned and had jet trimming. Under all of that Miss Sterling wore nine items, including thick wool, the outer ones of starched cotton trimmed with ruffles. Seventeen pounds was the weight of fashionable Miss Sterling's indoor clothes in pioneer times!

Styles changed and a list of all the variations would require too much space. Once Sterling girls wore huge plumed hats, secured by several piercing pins; long, full skirts that would measure several yards around, and tight jackets. They also walked holding up skirts made to trail in the back.

Huge pompadours, rolled over "rats" and supermounted by massive coils of hair graced many a fair head in Northeastern Colorado.

About 1911 came the hobble and peg-top skirts that were worn by more than one Sterling lass.

The post-war period brought about a revolution in fashions, and the skirt gradually rose from seven inches from the floor to the knee in 1927. After a few years it dropped back to the present length.

As the years passed, fewer and fewer clothes were worn by stylish young ladies. Great indeed has been the amount of clothing that Miss Sterling has discarded in the last fifty years. Seventeen pounds of garments were worn by the fashionable young lady in the 80's, not counting coat, hat and overshoes. How much does the modern stockingless flapper's summer garments weigh? Well, they could easily be packed in a container a little larger than her cigarette case.

All these changes in styles have been watched with interest by Mrs. Emery, who is looking forward to the changes that are yet to come.

Mrs. T.S. Emery,  
211 North 2d St., Sterling, Colo.,  
January 20th, 1934.

*Mrs. T.S. Emery*

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FIRST POSTMASTER COMES TO STERLING WITH HER OWN BUILDING.

Fifty-two years ago Sterling's first postoffice consisted of a small box that occupied a place on a counter next to a candy case in a little frame building on Main Street near Front Street.

Today the Sterling postoffice is housed in a \$225,000 federal building at Third and Poplar Streets. This four-story structure of Indiana Bedford limestone and brick typifies the progress of the last half century in Northeastern Colorado. This expansion and development has been watched day by day by Mrs. Edna Weir Westlake, Sterling's first postmaster.

In October, 1881, Mrs. Westlake, who was then Mrs. A.J. Weir and who was postmaster at the town of Julesburg, received word from the department in Washington to move the postoffice to the new town of Sterling, for which a future was forecast. Mrs. Westlake was only seventeen years old at the time she was named postmaster at Julesburg. There were only four families living in the new town of Julesburg then. This was not the old town of Julesburg - it having been burned on February 2, 1865 by the Indians. The picture of this conflagration is on exhibition at the State Historical Society Building in Denver.

Shortly after the railroad was completed through Sterling, Mrs. Westlake received the order to move the postoffice to Sterling. The Weirs immediately made preparations to leave Julesburg. They owned a store building there and decided to move the building to Sterling. Accordingly, the frame building was dismantled in sections and brought on the railroad to Sterling. Then the sound of hammers was heard on Main Street and soon a new building fronted the principal thoroughfare of a new town. It was placed on the present site of the Chipman Grocery, in the first block on the north side of Main Street. The building was a one-story, "false front", frame structure of three rooms. Two windows and a door faced the street. A wooden awning extended over the sidewalk and provided shade on summer days where many a cowboy stopped to visit with townsmen and cattlemen. There were three windows on the side, one in each of the small rooms.

A box with a number of pigeon-holes for letters was the postoffice. A dozen or so letters were received daily. One small mail pouch was thrown from each of the two trains that arrived here every twenty-four hours and two pouches were taken by Mrs. Westlake to the outgoing trains. One train was en route to Denver and the other en route to Omaha.

Mrs. Westlake, then Mrs. Weir, served as postmaster, under President Hayes, for four months. By that time M.C. King, who laid out the first townsite, had been appointed postmaster. He moved the office to his store, on the corner of Main and Front Streets, a location now occupied by the Corner Pool Hall.

The Weirs used the two rear rooms of the first postoffice building as living quarters. In the front room, where the postoffice had been located, Miss Lena Propst, now Mrs. T.S. Emery, sister of Mrs. Weir, opened Sterling's first millinery and dressmaking shop in the spring of 1883. In the fall of that year, Dr. J.N. Hall, Sterling's first physician, came to Sterling and rented the room where the millinery shop and the postoffice had been, and used it as his first office.

As Mrs. Westlake reflects, she can remember handing out a dozen or fewer letters a day in 1881. As she glances at the new \$225,000 postoffice building,

where, during busy seasons, 17,000 letters are run through the cancelling machines a day, she knows that obeying the order to move the postoffice to Sterling was an undertaking well worth while that led to greater things.

Many great events have transpired between the time that the little frame postoffice building was reconstructed and the building of the new federal building with its United States District Courtroom on the second floor. Many great events may likewise take place before the next postoffice structure is built in the Sterling of the future.

Mrs. Edna Weir Westlake,  
131 No. Fourth St.,  
Sterling, Colo.  
January 20th, 1934.

The above writing is true.

*Mrs Edna Weir Westlake*

My father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Watts, and their three sons, J.F. (Frank), Virgil B. and myself, R.M. (Morris), moved to Sterling, Colo. April 27th, 1886. Sterling had about 300 inhabitants and was located in Weld County.

The first night we slept upstairs in the Roland building, which was located in the second block facing south on Main Street. This building is now located on North Division Ave. and is used as a shoe shop and creamery.

There were only cinder paths on Main street and board side walks in front of the business houses. The Union Pacific depot was located on the east side of the railroad tracks, facing west, and about straight east of Poplar Street. Across the railroad tracks, facing east, was the Pacific Hotel.

On Main Street, in the first block facing south were Perkins & Hunter Grocery Store; a Democrat newspaper called "The Record", and the Sterling Merchandise, a general store owned by the late H.C. Sherman. Across the street in the first block facing north was Tobin's saloon (it was located in the building which is now next to Stickney's). The building next to it was the Bank of Sterling (building now used by Headrick's Jewelry Store) and M.E. Smith run this first bank. The next building to the bank was the residence and grocery store owned by J.H. Scott.

In the second block, facing south between Second and Third Streets, was a residence and store building, a Mr. Barger lived in this building; next to this L.M. Judd had a store and residence; next was an apple orchard; next building was used as a furniture store and residence (up stairs) by John W. Roland. The next building was used by Geo. Wilson as a residence. Across the street facing north was a livery barn and residence, owned by John McClure.

On Front Street, going south, were two residences and a lumber yard. On Front Street going north, in the first block, were two residences and a saloon. In the next block, where the Annex Hotel is located today, was a saloon. The Franklin School building was located in the center of the block facing east on Fourth Street, between Poplar and Chestnut Streets. When the C.E. & Q Railroad Company built the line to Cheyenne in 1887, they traded the block where the Junior High School is now located for the block where the Franklin School building stood. The Burlington, or C.E. & Q depot was located about a block west of Main & Division Ave.

We were not considered pioneers, nor have we ever been considered as such. Sterling gained a population of about 400 in 1886 and 1887, which made a population of about 700 inhabitants.

(Logan County was made a county in 1887, and Sterling was made the county-seat. John Tobin was the first sheriff, and I am quite sure John Hicks was the town marshal.)

In 1886 there were not many farms, but there were a lot of large cattle ranches. Across the river from Sterling south was the 131 ranch owned by a Mr. Tucker of Greeley; down the river on the south side near Iliff was the JB ranch owned by J.L. Brush of Greeley - this ranch afterwards branded  . The J (Box J) ranch

was on the north side of the river near Crook and belonged to J.K. Mullen of Denver. Near Merino, on the north side of the river, were two ranches, the Pawnee Cattle Company, owned by J.H. Porter of Denver; they branded Q and another brand which

I have forgotten. The LF (Their brand being F) ranch was owned by the Iliff Estate.

(Cattle were trailed from Texas to Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. The old trail came up to Lamar, Colorado, through Hugo, crossed the South Platte River near Hillrose, Colo., north by the Pawnee Buttes, then east of Pine Bluffs, Wyo., crossed the North Platte River at Fort Laramie, Wyo. through Gillett, Wyo. to Montana.)

In 1895 there were about twenty-five trail herds came up from Texas. There were seven XIT herds, five J herds, two I herds, and I do not recall the balance of the brands.

Shortly afterwards the Burlington built a line to Alliance, Nebr. and the cattle were shipped north.

(Each trail herd had about 3,000 head of cattle. There were generally two spring roundups to brand the calves, and one fall roundup to gather beef cattle. Three wagons would usually go together and about 100 to 150 men.)

(Most of the large cattle outfits went out of business from 1890 to 1900. There was too much "rustling" of cattle and too many homesteaders eating the cattle companies beef to make the cattle business profitable. The F brand was changed by rustlers to read PF .

After the large companies went out of business, small cattle men went into business, running herds from 100 head to 500 head.)

(From 1886 to 1890 the homesteader came here. In 1890 to 1894 very dry year s and a great many of the homesteaders left. The ones who stayed started raising cattle and became "well off". In 1892, green grass did not start until July 1st.)

The homesteaders dug wells, and when they left, there was only a board top over these wells, which soon rotted, and a number of cattle fell into these wells. The County Commissioners had all of these wells filled up with dirt

Upland sold at this time from \$25.00 to \$50.00 per 160 acres. Irrigated land, from 1886 to 1890, was worth about \$10.00 per acre. The present Conrad Luft farm located one mile west of Sterling, was offered for \$10.00 per acre in 1892.

The homesteader came back and settled on the upland again from 1902 to 1912. And about all of the good land was taken up. (The Great Western Sugar Factory was built here in 1905) Irrigated land went up from \$100.00 to \$150.00 per acre.

From 1886 to 1888 Main Street was used to run horse races on the Fourth of July. Some of the business houses built from 1886 to 1888 were: a harness shop; J.F. Watts Grocery Store; a pool hall, Delzell building; Tagader livery barn; McRoberts livery barn; Churchill Hotel or the old Sterling Hotel; G.A. Henderson Hardware Store; J.H. Scott Bakery; Jefferies Grocery store; McClure Building; Adams & McLaughlin Dry Goods; Mills & Angle Feed Store, two law offices and a meat market.

I have lived in and around Sterling practically all of the time since 1886.

Written by R.M. (Morris) Watts and signed this 18th day of January, 1934.

*R M Watts*

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TRANSPORTATION CHANGES HAVE BEEN WATCHED WITH INTEREST BY LUTIN BROTHERS.

A great revolution in transportation has taken place during the life time of C.F. (Fred) Lutin and his brother, John Lutin of Sterling. As young men they were freighters on the frontier. They saw the advent of the "iron horse" into the West. It was during that hectic period of railroad building that the freighters were driven from business. The Lutin Brothers observed improvements in railroading. Trains were run at great speeds. They also saw the beginning of the use of the internal combustion engine, which brought about the truck.

On the old frontier any man with a team of mules and a wagon could go into the hauling business. The railroads put an end to this. Once again, the man with one vehicle—a truck—is hauling, and making deliveries from door to door, just as did the mule team freighters when the West was young.

"When railroads were being built," said C.F. Lutin, "the freighters realized that progress was driving them from business." Instead of deploring their fate, they were good sports, accepted the change as inevitable and sought other lines of work. No one in those days thought of legislation to curb the railroads. Today, some railway corporations have not taken so kindly to the progress represented by the truck.

When he was nineteen years old, C.F. Lutin arrived in Denver from Wisconsin. That was in July, 1872. He came to Colorado to join an older brother, Lucas Lutin, who was engaged in freighting. Lucas sold C.F. Lutin, known as Fred to his many friends, a team of mules on time payment.

The young man from Wisconsin began hauling merchandise to the mining camps, including Alma, Como, Montezuma, Breckenridge, and Ora City, which was three miles above the present town of Leadville. It was at Ora City that the famous H.A.W. Tabor had a store and Mr. Lutin freighted goods to him. That was six years before the valuable strikes were made at Leadville which electrified the mining camps of the world.

Mr. Lutin soon acquired another span of mules. He hauled freight from Golden and Denver to the mining camps mentioned above. The freighter in that day led a far different life from the trucker of today, who sits in a comfortable cab and rides on pneumatic tires over a paved highway. It required then days for the trip from Denver to Leadville and return. At times very bad roads were encountered. So steep was one place on the Rocky Point road, which led to Malta, that Mr. Lutin would be asked by the driver in front of him to stand on the rear part of the wagon so that the end of the wagon would not tip forward on the driver who was astride the left wheel mile. One man, a driver, was with each wagon. Several wagons usually made the trip together. The drivers pitched a tent at night, and cooked on a sheet-iron stove. In summer the mules were turned loose at night, but during the winter they were blanketed and tied to the wagons. The distance from Denver to Leadville over the range was one hundred five miles. When snow filled the narrow cuts, it was impossible to travel this route and the journey had to be made via Colorado Springs and Buena Vista—a distance of about one hundred twenty miles.

The freighting business in Colorado experienced a slump, and in 1876 Mr. Lutin began hauling goods from Sidney, Nebraska, to Deadwood, South Dakota. It was a distance of two hundred sixty-five miles.

The wagons and trailer-for each had a second wagon-rolled out of Sidney with eight mules and ten thousand pounds of freight. This load included a ton of feed for the mules and grub for the men to last thirty days.

Although Mr. Lutin made many trips to the Black Hills, he was in but one Indian attack. He had a premonition of the attack, but paid no attention to it. Twelve miles from Rapid City was a toll gate. One night when the wagons-there were a number in the train-had camped, Mr. Lutin dreamed that the Indians were swooping down upon the train not far from the gate.. At breakfast he told his fellow drivers of the dream, and all laughed heartily, for no Indians had bothered freighters for four months. At noon they approached the toll gate. Mr. Lutin was driving the second wagon from the rear of the train. Twenty mules were trotting along in the cavvy, as these mules were not in harness, for the wagons were returning empty. The driver of the rear wagon suddenly shouted. Glancing back, Mr. Lutin saw seven Sioux Indians cutting off the mule cavvy. He yelled to the driver ahead, and other drivers shouted, but the men in the lead-the wagons were strung out for three quarters of a mile-could not be made to understand. Finally they realized it was an Indian attack. A driver by the name of Reed was astride the wheel mule of the rear wagon. One of the Sioux galloped up to him and shot at him. Reed leaned over to dodge the bullets and as he did so his foot caught in the stirrup. He fell from the mule and was dragged for a distance, but was not hurt. By this time the other drivers were pulling their guns from under the hay in their wagons. A fusillade of shots split the air, and the Indians fled. A short distance away over the hill the Indians attacked another wagon train, shot a driver but did not kill him, although they did kill two mules.

It was during the time C.F. Lutin was freighting in the Black Hills that he was joined by his brother John. C.F. Lutin acquired other wagons and more mules.

Then came the rich discoveries at Leadville, and the Lutins returned to Colorado, to haul merchandise to that famous mining camp. This they did for two years, when the building of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad put the freighter out of business..

C.F. Lutin went into the charcoal business in Leadville in 1880. In 1882 the two brothers came to what is now Logan County. They first engaged in the sheep business. Then they ran cattle, being partners in a ranch three and one half miles south of Merino. They, later, were engaged in farming and achieved marked success.

They have watched Logan County develop, and during that development the mule-team wagons vanished to be replaced by high-powered trucks. The Lutins have given of their best to Logan County and to Sterling and their families are of the type of which any community may be proud. Each of them have beautiful homes in Sterling.

The above statements are true. Signed by C.F. Lutin at Sterling, Colo. this 25th day of January, 1934.

*C. F. Lutin*

Logan County  
Interviewer, Miss Armour

I was born on the second day of January, 1874. At that time my parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Sherwin, were residents of Moscow, Ohio, where the family remained until July of 1882, when we removed to Pueblo, Colorado, at which place we resided slightly more than a year, removing to Sterling in August of 1883. I was then nine years old, and I have lived in and around Sterling continuously since that time.

I recall that I considered this a pretty wild country, and I remember a remark my father made to my mother: "This is a devil of a place for a man to make a living for five." However, the family remained in Sterling until November of that year, 1883, when we moved up Cedar Creek, nine miles north of Sterling, where my father took up a pre-emption and tree claim and built a home, a three-room house. Having a small bunch of cattle and horses, it was necessary that the land be fenced. My father, a carpenter by trade, then found employment in Sterling, which placed the burden of looking after the ranch upon my mother and the children.

We had only about three months' schooling out of each year, riding about five miles to school.

In addition to the work required of me at home, I assisted my uncle in gathering horses and cattle on the range. Our range was up on Cedar Flat Top and Dead Man, and Lewis Canyons on the north side of the river. I would accompany my uncle to the roundup wagon, but, being still very young, I did not go with the wagon at that time.

In May of 1884, when I was ten years old, my uncle and Bobby Smith started out with about 100 horses which they trailed to Kearney, Nebraska. It was a great thrill for me to be allowed to accompany them on this trip, for it was not often that a lad so young received an opportunity of this kind. The horses were sold along the road from Sterling to Kearney. It was my job to drive the wagon and herd horses. While on this trip I remember that near the "100 Ranch" each day I helped to take the horses across the river and back. About half the time my horse had to swim, the river was so deep.

The next year, when I was eleven years old, my uncle and I took a bunch of 60 head of horses from Sterling to North Platte, Nebraska, then to Gothenburg, and over to Arnold, on the Middle Loop River, where we disposed of the remaining horses. My duties were the same as on the trip to Kearney. We returned to Sterling by wagon.

I received my first real experience wrangling horses when I was fifteen years old and working for J. L. Brush. Our foreman at that time was Dick McSwain. Our wagon was on the south side of the river, near Iliff. I stood guard that first night with McSwain at Lone Tree. About three nights later, while standing guard with Cathy Propst, south of Sterling, near the 131 Ranch, the cattle stampeded. That afforded me my first real excitement on a roundup. Perhaps before going further I should explain what is meant by a "roundup." Our outfit consisted generally of two wagons—one a "grub" wagon and the other a "bed" wagon; ten or twelve riders; one cook; one horse wrangler, one night wrangler, and from eight to ten horses for each man. It required from eight to ten riders to round-up the cattle, to cut them out for branding, and to deliver beef to market.

Our range covered about 150 miles, running from Sterling to Brush, Fort Morgan on Bijou Creek, Beaver Creek, Minemos Creek and Walt's Camp, Akron, and back to Sterling.

On the trip I have referred to, I might mention that when I attempted to take my tent down the next morning, it had snowed so that it was frozen and I could not wrap it up, so I just threw the frozen tent in the wagon.

In 1892, my uncle, Kos Buchanan, George Hume and myself (then <sup>174</sup> eighteen years old), took a bunch of horses to Holyoke and Wray, Colorado, and then to St. Francis, Kansas. I left them at St. Francis and went on to Imperial, Nebraska, where I sold my horses, and returned to Sterling on horseback.

When I was about twenty years old I went to work for Dillon and Powell, working with the Box J wagon as a "Rep." Perhaps I should explain what a "Rep" is. It is a man who, while working for one outfit, goes out with another outfit to gather up cattle for the outfit which sends him out. We started at the mouth of Cedar, on May 22, 1894, the Box J wagon, the LF wagon, P O and 70 wagon. These were three different outfits, and consisted of about 250 head of horses, 6 wagons and about 50 men. We went up to the head of Cedar, crossed Pawnee Buttes on Pawnee, across South Pawnee and Hunter's Lake and the LF ranch on the river; up the river to Crow Creek on the north side of the river, and then up Crow Creek. Here the Box J went across to Spring Creek and home by way of Cedar Creek. Then to Crook, where the Box J ranch was located. From Crook I took my cattle and went back to Powell and Dillon Ranch.

In 1895 I started in the cattle and horse business for myself, at Merino, on the south side of the river. I worked that spring for the Pawnee outfit, branding and cutting cattle. I remained in and around Merino for three years. Then I moved to Lewis Canyons, taking my own cattle. Here I went for myself with different outfits to gather my own cattle. Some of the cowmen at that time were McEnderfer Brothers, Dolans, Filer boys, Cheairs, Perkins, Bill Armour, Day and Propst.

I moved down to the mouth of Cedar Creek, still in the stock business. I later sold out and moved on the south side of the river, to what is known as the 131 Ranch, and have been in the stock business practically ever since.

I remember the time, in 1884, when my uncle, Kos Buchanan, and his party killed fourteen wild buffalo. That was the first time I ever ate Buffalo meat.

In those days, if we made it to Omaha with stock in 36 hours, we considered we had done exceptionally well. Now, stock can be taken from Denver to Chicago in 36 hours.

While I never saw any wild Buffalo, I have seen 500 Antelope in one bunch.

I can truthfully say that I never associated with a better class of men than the cowboys and cowmen of the days I have spoken of; free and easy, honest, and always ready to assist each other. While at times our work was hard, we were always interested in it and considered it a pleasure. Our work consisted of breaking horses, branding cattle, dehorning cattle, and dipping and vaccinating cattle.

CLAUDE A. SHERWIN  
Sterling, Colorado,  
January 12th, 1934.

## SOME THINGS I KNOW OF PHILLIPS COUNTY.

I, Mary Ellen Bagley Wood, was born June 10<sup>th</sup> 1856, at Hanover, Chautauqua County, New York. This was two and a half miles from Lake Erie; Silver Creek was our Post-office. Chautauqua County was an ideal place to live, and had very good schools.

One January 12, 1875, I was married to James Lamb Wood; we lived in Warren County, Illinois; four of our children were born there, Ethelyn Addie, Warren, James Burt and Henry Orton. My husband had a sister living in Colorado, and he came to visit her and filed on a homestead and returned to Illinois.

In the fall of 1887, he and my son Warren, came to what is now Phillips County in an immigrant car. At this time Phillips County was still a part of Logan County, not having been formed until later.

In this immigrant car was three horses and a colt, three cows, two hogs, chickens, lumber, coal, fence posts, wire, sugar, flour bacon and other groceries (almost a year's supply), a St. Bernard dog, two cats and a pair of pigeons. We had many chances to sell the cats and dog, but did not.

Two weeks later, myself, with the other three children, came on the railroad train to Holyoke. Holyoke was as far as the road was finished at that time. It was evening when we arrived at Holyoke, and no Mr. Wood to meet us. The conductor was very kind to me; he told me there was no suitable place in Holyoke for us to stay all night and told us that we could stay on the train as this train would not go back until morning, also said he would leave a light burning over our seats. There were just a few small cabins in Holyoke then. The car soon filled up with men, finding a place to sleep. No one spoke to me; I think perhaps I slept a little that night.

Of course I had written to my husband that we were coming, and this letter was received by us two weeks after we had arrived. This letter was brought from Julesburg, and we had no regular mail service for sometime; whenever a neighbor would go to Julesburg they would bring the neighborhood mail, sometimes this would be two weeks and sometimes it would be much longer. I have had my mail go to Holyoke, Mass. and finally get back to Holyoke, Colo.

Well, when morning came, I got off the train and located a man with a team, and engaged him to take us to our homestead, which was thirteen and a half miles from Holyoke. The man wanted to know the number of the homestead, that is the legal description of the land; I had paid no attention to this, but I knew how far it was from Holyoke, also how far it was from where they were building the railroad and told him the names of some of the neighbors. He said he believed we would be able to find the place, so we got started. We had gone probably four or five miles when we met Mr. Wood, who was coming to Holyoke for some of the things which were brought in the immigrant car. I was never so happy in my life to see any one as I was when we met Mr. Wood.

To begin with, I had made up my mind that I would not find a Paradise on this homestead. We had a good sod house and a barn in the side of a hill. We never went hungry and always had plenty of fuel to keep us warm.

The Frenchman Creek crossed our land and there was a water hole that did not ever go dry. There are now cotton wood ~~strees~~ that you can not reach around- and are land marks, they are very tall. The coyotes yelped at night, but we soon got used to their cry. I brought a great many flowers with me from Illinois, and they did fine in our sod house. I still have one (night blooming series), the original I brought forty-seven years ago from Illinois.

Rattlesnakes were plentiful- everyone did all they could to get rid of these. A number of people were bitten by them and two children died from these bites. Cattle, horses and dogs also died from their bites.

Mr. Wood farmed and raised feed for the cattle and horses, and in the winter months taught school at \$30.00 per month. We had a lot of prairie fires in the fall and terrible blizzards in the winter. People would be found dead not a rod from their house- the wind and snow would come in a whirl so that it just seem to blind them and were, therefore unable to get to the house. Cattle and horses would perish in these blizzards, and after it was over you would see big herds of cattle barely moving from the large ranches, their trail marked by the dead ones. They perished by the hundreds; the owners of these cattle did not put up any feed for the cattle in the fall, expected them to make their living on the prairie.

I never saw a live buffalo on the prairie, but there was plenty of their horns and bones and a great many men made quite a little money by taking their teams and wagons and gathering these bones where they would haul them to the rialroad to be shipped for fertilizer. During the long winter evenings the men scraped and polished the buffalo horns, which were very pretty. I have seen more than onerick of buffalo and cattle bones over a half mile long.

Every time we had a chance we would buy a heifer calf or would trade a steer for a heifer. Every one branded their cattle, and the brand was registered and when you sold cattle, you were required to give a Bill of Sale. All cattle in the fall- at weaning time or before- would be branded. They would drive the cattle into a corral or yard; with a lariat rope you would catch and throw the calf on the ground, then the branding iron, which is an iron rod about a yard long, handle on one end and the brand of iron on the other, would be put into the fire made of cow chips and sticks, get it almost red hot, then put it on the calf until it blisters. No hair will grow where this brand is placed, and this was the only way a person could keep track of their cattle, as there was no fences and all cattle run on the prairie. We also branded our horses as a means of them not being stolen. The coyotes would get some of the small calves. I remember one day when we were rounding up our cattle, we found one of our heifers dead- both hind quarters having been cut out, and the rest laying on the ground.

The cowboys that I knew were a healthy looking class of chaps; they generally had a large hat, big saddle, and horses that, it seems, knew as much as most people; the lariat rope leaped on the saddle, and they could throw that rope and catch a man, horse or cow, just whichever they wanted. And the nearest of all cowboy stories in the "Virginian"- it is just the truth in story form.

Many of the first people who homesteaded here borrowed money and paid \$1.25 per acre for land, gave a mortgage and left; a second lot did the same thing.

A third lot of people came- a few of the first and second who did stay- sold many 160 acres of land for from forty to fifty dollars. Coal was nine and ten dollars a ton. Cow chips, sage brush roots and a few cobs consisted of most of the fuel. People plastered their houses with magnesia which was dug from the hills.

(Soon after we homesteaded, a neighbor came and wanted a board to make a coffin for his little daughter who had died. No minister, no cemetery; just a few verses read, a hymn, a prayer and the lonely prairie for her grave. I have seen many a home-made coffin since.)

(In the spring of 1888, we organized school District No. 57; had three months school with Miss Blanch Center of Nebraska, teacher. I was one of the directors in that district for thirty years.)

Our fourth son, Joseph Gardner Wood, was born in Phillips County, on June 3, 1892.

(Prairie fires were very prevalent in the fall <sup>1887</sup> and they were something terrible, especially when everything was so dry. There were many fires, the origin of which was unknown, and the wind always came with the fire and often would take everything in its path, cattle, horses, house and barns and chickens. One woman lost her mind- this was the fire that extended down in Nebraska. The men with horses and plows, others with wagons and barrels of water and gunny-sacks to fight the fire- everyone went to help extinguish the fire.)

One night my son, Warren, and I saw a fire north of where we lived and we could see the flames leaping; it looked very near and shone so bright, we sat up all night and watched it. This fire was twenty-five miles away. Another time, a fire came on our land and within a few rods of our house. The men plowed with their horses; we also had water. My grand-daughter and I stood by the pond that had water in it. The men took off their shirts to fight the fire.

Phillips County made strong laws and imposed heavy fines for any one that started a fire, and most everyone would plow fire-guards around their buildings every fall.

In 1894 and 1895 we had a drouth. The seed did not come out of the ground and what few did the grasshoppers ate. These grasshoppers would pile up in bunches- they were not very large- and even ate harness that happened to be out of doors. They did not leave a thing in the garden, but would eat it into the ground. As there was nothing on the plains for the cattle, my husband and Mr. Larson took their cattle and horses to Scottsbluff, Nebr. and my brother and son Warren stayed there for about two years. The East sent clothing and groceries to help those in destitute circumstances. A great many people again left the County. However, about this time the people learned that the farmers around Greeley were raising potatoes, cabbage and other eatables, so Mr. Wood and a number of other neighbors took their teams and big wagons and went to Greeley in the fall where they picked and sacked potatoes and brought home these big loads of potatoes, vegetables and honey. For a number of years, they went to Greeley each fall.

Our taxes were not unreasonable; the land was not taxed until we proved

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up on it, which was five years.

(Holyoke had many saloons and gamblers, but of course there were also a good, clean, strong class of people. Hon. Charles B. Timberlake, now living in Sterling, and his first wife had a homestead, and he helped more than one poor farmer to stay on his land. The community had a fine doctor; Dr. F.M. Smith, who would drive his horse nearly to death to save some mother and child. The banker, Mr. Clark, Judge Glenn, Judge Robinson and others were all good, educated people. Mr. and Mrs. W.W. Ware, who came from Vermont, were fine people; Mr. Ware was instrumental in getting Phillips County cut off from Logan County. He was a wonderful peraman; was educated in four languages. He had lost his property in mines and blooded cattle. Two doctors in the country were Dr. Barr and Dr. Chapman.)

Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton and family came from Scotland and were truly good neighbors. Most of our Swedish neighbors moved to the northeast part of Phillips County, and now have modern homes and raise from 30 to 35 bushels of corn to the acre.

I believe I will tell about the night I spent on the prairie, Warren, my son, was with me. (I was one of the Judges of Election for Phillips County. This was in the fall; it was cold and a good deal of snow on the ground. We went to Haxtun to put up some notices of election. There were no fences at this time. We started back home; the wind began to blow and the snow was flying thick and fast. We got off the road; broke a single-tree and it was getting dark. I would not let Warren get out to try to find the road as I had known of many deaths caused this way. We unhitched the horses from the wagon, tied them to the back of the wagon, and I made Warren keep jumping up and down so his feet would not freeze. The coyotes yelped all night and sounded like they were right at us. It was certainly a long night! The next morning Warren rode one of the horses four miles to get a man and sled to come and get me. I will never forget that night! We did not complain about these things-thought it was just part of life.

In the earlier years, there were a great many antelope and jack rabbits. The young rabbits were very good when fried like chicken, and the antelope were good eating.

There used to be a lot of phosphorus on the ground, and I believe it was caused by so many cattle decaying there earlier; some men would drink too much when they would go to Holyoke, and when returning home at night would see sparks of light-if they run over it, it would be on the wheels- and they were sure the evil one was after them.

In the winter time when Mr. Wood would go to Holyoke for coal or corn, it would often be late before returning, I would always put the lantern on the corner of the eaves of the house. He said he always looked for it if the night was dark.

(Mrs. Bert Edwards filed on the homestead where Haxtun now stands; the railroad company bought it from her. Andrew Hendrix had the first store; Mr. Broughton, first postmaster, then Mrs. Hendrix. Dudley Finch was school director for a number of years. Hans Johnson, in about 1896 began to drill wells and put up windmills.

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John Olson, north of Haxtun, and F.M. Clark showed the people of the County that they could raise good corn in the sandy land, and after a few years, Mr. Olson put up an elevator in Haxtun.

Marmel Anderson and Mrs. Andrew Hendrix were the main ones in getting a Methodist Church started in Haxtun; she would "feed" and keep the preacher, and Marmel would use his "pocket book". Another man that did a great deal to get people to come to Colorado was Andrew Axelson. If there was a big ear of corn or some one had some good wheat or barley, Mr. Axelson would take some of it to Iowa or other states, and people began to come and make their homes here. The Swedes made very good Americans.

(Years ago there were a couple of lawyers in Holyoke that were trying to make trouble. A number of men went to a certain store, put on masks, and called the two lawyers out, took them out on the prairie and rolled them in a cactus bed. They told them they were to behave themselves and then let them go. It is said the sheriff helped the people to do this good job.)

The neighborhood would often gather and play high five or pitch, and there was always some one who could play a violin so the young people usually had a dance. In the fall we would have a Fair at Holyoke where we would take our best horse, squash and watermelon. Then there was Richard Sholes who brought race horses out here, besides cattle. If any one could keep in sight of him during a race, they were doing well. A picnic dinner generally followed and the Declaration of Independence was always read, especially at a Fourth of July celebration.

I am glad I came to Colorado; I have had grief and hardships, but there are few who do not have. I have a daughter, four boys, ten grandchildren and three great grandchildren. I thank my heavenly Father that I can still enjoy life and that I have so many, kind friends.

I will be 78 years old the 10th of June, 1934.

Written by Mrs. Mary E. Wood, at Haxtun, Colorado, March 24th, 1934.

Mary E. Wood

## STERLING'S VETERAN REAL ESTATE MAN.

Old residents in Sterling claim that quite a little of the land in this vicinity has at some time been handled by Horace B. Davis. He is the veteran real estate man of the city, has been in the business for forty-seven years and has seen the development of the community as have few other men. He started with Sterling when it was little more than a hamlet or stopping place and has grown with the town.

Horace B. Davis was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, on the 12th day of July, 1860, his father being one of the leading merchants of that city, formerly of Pennsylvania and a man of Welsh descent; his mother of English parentage, coming from the city of London to America when a child of six years.

Mr. Davis was educated in the public schools of St. Joseph, Mo., LaCrosse, Wis., and Des Moines, Iowa. He was a classmate of the late E.M. Kelsey of Sterling, at Drake University. He later took a business course at Thompson's College near the old Cooper Institute in New York City.

After a few years experience in the hotel business and for a while connected with the Emerson, Cotton and Rice minstrels as a musical performer, he entered the railway service. As a musical performer, Mr. Davis was especially expert as a bone-rattler, a stunt that is almost unknown today. At one time he played twenty-different instruments in one performance of the minstrels. In the railway service he learned to be a telegraph operator and held a position as relief agent.

In the fall of 1884 he came west, taking charge of the station in Sterling for the Union Pacific, which position he held until 1887. He resigned in that year to engage in the real estate business, which he has followed since that time and in which he is still engaged. For twenty-one years he was in partnership with W.E. King, who still resides in Sterling.

Mr. Davis was married in the spring of 1885 to Sarah Elizabeth Powell, the youngest sister of the late William J. Powell. Mr. and Mrs. Davis are the parents of five children. Horace, the oldest son, is teaching music in Fort Collins at the present time. He at one time was located in Italy-an opera singer. Joseph A. is clerk of the district court in Sterling, and William, the youngest son, is a surgeon in Providence, R.I. The daughters are Mrs. L.W. Davenport and Mrs. C.A. Greenawalt, both residents of Sterling.

In speaking of the activity in Sterling, Mr. Davis said: "It is not a question of "who" put the "STER" in Sterling or the "LOG" in Logan County or the "COLOR" in Colorado, but the real question is, "Who will continue the good work? The job was started by a few early settlers-King, Smith, Perkins, Cheairs, Powell, Tetsell, Landrum, Propst, Hadfield, Armour, Harris, Lutin, Ramsey, Patterson, Monroe and many more that might be named. Then came re-enforcements in Wilson, Blair, Brown, Dillon, Timberlake, Sherwin, Watts, Bengel, and two or three dozen more.

For the names of those who must be depended upon to finish the job, the "who" of the future, one must refer to the city directory. There you will find plenty of good material that can be depended upon to make Sterling a large city.

The growth of Sterling and Logan County, the wonderful improvements that have been made in both city, town and country, must not all be credited to the men

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alone. The women have more than done their share; our splendid hospital was "only one of the many things to their credit; they were instrumental in getting our Library started, and they are still working and willing to work. "

Mr. Davis has seen quite a little of the United States, his business calling him to various parts of the country. Getting back to the real estate business, Mr. Davis said that owing to his former connection with the railway companies and personal acquaintance with railway officials, he was able to make very liberal immigration arrangements with them for settlement of the South Platte valley in Colorado and tributary uplands and organized the Colorado Colony for that purpose. This Company was in existence for a great many years. For seventeen years the railroads were very liberal in the matter of furnishing transportation and advertising matter to the numerous agencies of the Colony Company, but when the interstate commerce law went into effect, these privileges were cancelled, and immigration to this locality immediately fell off a very large per cent.

Mr. Davis was one of the originators of the famous, old-time homeseekers ticket of one way fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip.

#### Sterling in 1890.

Mr. Davis has a letter-head of the old Logan County Board of Trade, which was similar to the Chamber of Commerce of today. The letter head is dated 1890 and the officers of the organization are mentioned as follows: H.P. Davis, president; H.D. Hinkley, vice president; R.C. Perkins, treasurer; E.H. Edgerton, secretary.

The printed matter on the letterhead of the Logan County Board of Trade furnishes a good comparison between Sterling in 1890 and Sterling of today. It reads as follows:

"Sterling is the best town and will make the best city in eastern Colorado.

The Board of Trade will furnish advertising matter and maps free of charge upon application. Sterling never had a boom and don't want one, it has been growing steadily and will continue to do so. Sterling is the best town to invest money in the western states. Town lots and land can be purchased at low figures and will surely double in value in the near future. We have the best climate in the world for invalids, and consumptives have been cured who were not expected to live in the eastern and southern states. Good resident lots in Sterling are worth from \$25 to \$200, and business lots from \$200 to \$1,000 and can be bought on easy terms—special inducements to parties who will build. First class, level land, rich soil, can be had from \$5 to \$25 an acre. There is also considerable good government land within ten miles of Sterling that can be had free of charge by living on it a certain length of time". The printed matter continues:

#### Sterling has:

"Sterling has about 1,000 people. Sterling has a U.S. Land Office. Sterling has the county buildings. Sterling has the U.P.R.R. hotel, round houses, shops, etc. Sterling has the B & M R.R.. Sterling has the C. Oil Co. building and tanks. Sterling has a new cheese factory. Sterling has substantial brick business blocks and commodious residences. Sterling is surrounded by a splendid country for

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miles in every direction. Sterling is near the Platte River and has two great bridges within one mile of town. Sterling is a shipping point for train loads of wool, vegetables, hay, alfalfa, corn, oats, green hides, bones, horses, cattle, sheep, etc., and in this connection would say,

Sterling Wants:

- A woolen mill-wool is plentiful and cheap.
  - A flour mill-a large amount of wheat is sown each year.
  - A tannery-hides plentiful and low priced.
  - A brick yard-clay is good and easy to get.
  - A vegetable cannery.
  - A creamery-plenty of cream.
  - A sugar beet factory-best beet country in the world.
  - A cigar factory.
  - A soap factory.
  - A telephone system.
  - An electric light system.
  - A democratic newspaper.
  - 1,000 farmers this year.
  - 100 blooded stock raisers.
  - A steam laundry."
-

from Omaha,

Horace B. Davis came to Sterling, Colorado, in the year 1884 and acted as station agent for the Union Pacific Railroad Company for three years, resigning to engage in the real estate business with offices in Sterling and elsewhere.

At that time Sterling boasted of a population of 300, a railroad division with shops and roundhouse, an important trading point with large shipments of cattle and native hay to eastern markets.

Some of the land around Sterling was already under irrigation but very little grain was grown, everything seemed to be cattle, hay and pasture and there were a million acres or more tributary to the little town and but very little farming done, the valley lands along the river were mostly in large ranches and the uplands adjoining were mostly open Government property and this was also true of lands in adjoining counties lying between Julesburg and Denver.

In the year 1893 Mr. Davis made an arrangement with officials of the Union Pacific to colonize the South Platte Valley, organized the Colorado Colony Company for that purpose and opened offices in Omaha, Sterling and Denver with a large number of sub agencies throughout the middle States and run personally conducted homeseeker excursions twice a month for several years from eastern points to Sterling and other points in the valley.

A large number of the ranches were sub-divided and sold to the new settlers in small tracts, 40 acres up and a large number filed homesteads on the free Government lands.

Farming operations increased, a sugar ~~factory~~ factories were constructed at Sterling, Brush and Fort Morgan, The Burlington built two lines of railroad through Sterling and established a roundhouse and shops there, the little town grew ~~fast~~ to be a little City of some 8000 population with splendid church, school, lodge and civic buildings and the best daily newspaper between Omaha and Denver.

And outside of Sterling, where only sixty years ago the indians pitched their tepees, where the buffalo and antelope roamed by the thousands, where the great American Desert was supposed to be, are prosperous farmers, good farm buildings, country schools, well kept roadways, lands producing large crops of alfalfa, sugar beets, corn and small grain and where large numbers of ~~horses~~ cattle, hogs and sheep are fattened and where the dairy, poultry and other industries are flourishing.

I was born on the 21st day of September, 1883, at Kalona, Iowa, and came to Logan County, Colorado, in 1888, and have resided here ever since. I received my education in this County, graduating from the High School, and then attending the Agricultural College at Fort Collins for two years.

In the years 1887 and 1888, the Burlington Railroad Company was building the Cheyenne-Holdredge branch. Many people of the states lying farther east were lured to Colorado by the promise that the homestead law and a new railroad offered homes in a fine fertile country.

It was in February, 1888 that my father, the late S.I. VeVerka, and an uncle, John Swedensky, left Kalona, Iowa, and came to Logan County, and homesteaded near the present town of Willard. They left Iowa in mid winter weather but when they arrived in Colorado the weather was fine, and the homesteaders who had preceded them and were already located, were plowing their ground.

They at once started to work, with the aid of others, to build a sod-house each, or perhaps a dug out. The government land office was located in Sterling. My mother, my brothers and sisters, and aunt, and cousins followed in April of that year. Two more families, relatives of ours, soon followed. Our goods were unloaded at Atwood, as that was the nearest railroad station. When we arrived we found a goodly settlement of people who had answered to the call of that prominent journalist whose statement has so often been quoted. What a tribute to his memory that one City in our State was named after him! There were very few of the settlers that had either much money or equipment with which to carry on their work. Milch cows were not plentiful.

A one room sod house with a board roof and a dirt floor was our home. A sod chicken house was also built, but we had no barn as there was no stock other than the poultry.

The country was covered with range cattle; herds of wild cattle which were trailed in from Texas grazed on a thousand hills. Our little piece of farm ground-perhaps ten acres-was fenced with one wire and posts perhaps four rods apart. Such a fence was little protection against these herds. These cattle belonged to the Pawnee Cattle Company, with the home ranch at Merino, who branded  $\wedge T +$ , and the LF Cattle Company owned by Brown and Iliff of Denver, the Brown's later known as the J.S. Brown Mercantile Company of Denver. The home ranch of the LF Company was a few miles above Merino.

One day a roundup stopped near our house to camp at a water hole and a cowboy who knew my father, and who also had a homestead, came riding over toward our house. We boys all viewed him and his fine horse and saddle with curiosity. "Do you kids want to see a buffalo?" he said. Sure we did. I took a seat on his mount just behind his saddle, and my two brothers who were older walked along the side of his horse. Soon we came upon a buffalo calf about a year old which had been separated from the rest of its kind by the cowboys, and it seemed perfectly contented with the cattle.

There was not much work for a man who could not ride a broncho, so my father, with a couple of neighbors, went up into the timbered country in Colorado and engaged in making railroad ties for a man who was a contractor at that work. After working nearly all summer they found out the contractor failed in business and they lost their wages.

We had no well on the homestead. A homesteader near by had a wagon, another homesteader had no wagon but had a team of horses. Father rented the wagon at \$1.00 a week, engaged the other homesteader at \$1.00 a week to haul a load of water (three barrels) once a week from the nearest well which was three miles away.

The year 1889 was a good year. Father planted a patch of potatoes on a piece of sod ground and then he went away to work. The range cattle grazed off all the grain but did not seem to care for the potato tops, and that winter we had a cellar full of "spuds".

Father was aware that if he was destined to be a farmer or a rancher he must have some kind of a team. He bought a pair of two year old steers, wild and sleek and long-horned. He was a tinner and harness maker by trade. Cow hides were to be had almost for the asking. One day he came home with a green cow hide and set to work tanning it. In a few weeks an ox team harness was ready for the young team. A blacksmith neighbor, however, was solicited to do the ironing of the yokes which were brought home on the tie-making expedition. The oxen, which at first were so wild, were soon domesticated and became quite faithful. They were also useful in hauling the ever-ready supply of surface coal, better known then as "buffalo chips."

Well do I remember the first little wheat crop that my parents raised in Colorado. Some two or three acres of ground were plowed. The seed was broadcast by hand and then harrowed in. It was a fine crop of spring wheat. The harvesting was done by an ordinary mower and hay rakes, the stacking was also done in the same ordinary way as of hay. But the threshing-now that was a problem! No threshing machine was in this part of the country, and none could be induced to come a very great distance to thresh such a small crop.

What joy it was to learn that our blacksmith neighbor had had the same problem the year before and had solved it by manufacturing a pair of flails. Well, what a curious sight it was to see our little wheat crop threshed out with these jointed clubs that played such a rhythmic tune as they were being swung over the men's heads and each came down with a bang on the thin layer of wheat scattered on the hard ground. Pitch forks raked the straw away, the wheat was screened, winnowed and sacked.

(A Mr. Robuck was running a grist mill at that time in Sterling, a distance of sixteen miles from Willard via a cross-country road. The team of oxen hauled all that wheat crop to Sterling to the mill and hauled home the flour to be made into bread for a man and wife and seven children.)

One day a man who lived several miles away, and had no team, came over with a tale of woe. He said "I have ten acres of good flint corn and the range cattle are tearing down the fences and destroying the corn, can't you boys harvest that corn for half?" My two brother took the job. There was no corn sheller in the neighborhood and none was to be had. Well, the problem was solved thus: Father built a box out of heavy lumber, about two by six feet, and three feet deep. We boys donned our oldest shoes, and the box was filled about one foot deep with the flint corn. We danced and pranced and stamped on the corn, and soon the shelling season was over. The ox team hauled all this corn to Sterling

and several sacks of it was hauled home in the form of corn meal, and right here I might say that corn meal mush tasted better to boys in those days than it does today.

There were many coyotes and grey wolves on the prairie on those days. The jack rabbits were few. As I think back, it occurs to me that it was the coyotes and wolves that kept down the jack rabbit population.

(The first school in Willard was located on or very near the site of the present consolidated school. It was held in a homestead shack, perhaps ten by twelve feet, on the claim of Alex McDonald. The desks and benches were hand made, by some local carpenter. Miss Mattie Shannon was the teacher.)

Soon the site of this school house was changed to a sod house owned by Henry Mickelson who had homesteaded but was appointed section foreman and moved to Stoneham, consequently his house was vacated and thus available to be used as a school house. This sod house stood near the present site of the cemetery.

In 1890 a one room school house was built which stood and was used for twenty years when it was moved to a remote corner of the district to still be used as a school house. A school building was erected on the same spot and was used as a school house until the present consolidated school was built, when it was converted into a dormitory.

As early as 1888—soon after the first train came from Holdredge to Cheyenne—Willard had a postoffice. The first post office was in the farm house, a sod house, of F.J. Henderson, a pioneer who did a lot of surveying for the homesteaders around Willard when the country was new, and who later was a prominent business man of Sterling, later moving to Long Beach, California, where he still resides. Several times the post office in Willard was abandoned for lack of patronage, but in 1910 it was permanently re-established.

Willard had no store. Some of the settlers bought their goods at Atwood. A Mr. French conducted a general store, and I believe, a lumber yard. Others traded at Merino. Here L.H. Prewitt was merchant, postmaster and station agent. Those who traded in Sterling perhaps patronized L.M. Judd, W.H. Conklin or Mr. Jackson, all conducting general stores. These men are still living in Sterling.

There was a depot and section house built in 1888, both of which have since been wrecked or salvaged. These places were the scenes of many a dancing party where homesteaders, cowboys and cowgirls assembled from a radius of many miles. They were also scenes of several gun-plays. I remember the lattice work over the ticket office window in the depot that was traversed by a rifle ball which penetrated one of the walls. It was unmistakable evidence there had been a gunplay there.

The early settlers in the Willard country took up land under the homestead law, the pre-emption law and the timber claim act. Few proved up or gained title to their claims as the drouth and panic of 1893 and 1894 discouraged them and many left without even disposing of their improvements. The claim entries of those who did not make proof were eventually cancelled. Some of those that

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gained patents to their claims, sold out or mortgaged their land. Thus the Lincoln Land Company of Lincoln, Nebraska got title to the townsite of Willard, however, it was abandoned, and in 1910 the town was re-platted by William A. House. The vicinity of Willard was virtually abandoned from 1894 to 1908, save a few small cow and sheep ranches. In 1908 a new influx of homesteaders came in who have developed and improved the country and made good permanent homes for themselves and for those that follow them.

As I remember, those who lived within a radius of four miles from Willard and were among the first settlers are: F.J. Henderson, J.E. Rising, D.C. Swiggart, Dennis Driscoll, Henry Mickelson, Hiram Pidcock, Mort Mortenson, George Blanchard, Lewis Martin, Mr. Kraft and his son, John Kraft; John Otzenberger, Henry Leitsbach (Dutch Henry), Wm. Kaepernik and three sons; Frank Dahlenburg and three sons—George, Frank and Charley—; Mr. Wedig, The Chez brothers, Frank and John; George Bradshaw, Mr. Marchbank, Mr. Schenwalt, Mr. Steltzer, Frank Richard, Mr. Peck and several sons, Mr. Rafferty, H.E. Murphy, Joseph Walek, James Budin, O.C. Sheridan, John Todd and Thos. Shaw. Ben Soderholm, who was section foreman at Willard, planted the trees there in 1897, which today, are the only trees along the Burlington between Sterling and Grover.

The old settlers on the Pawnee Creek above the Pawnee Pass were Charles Howe, Frank Crippen, Wm. Marquardt, Jake and Henry Weisel, Mr. Fulcher, Pat Ryan, Charley Carlson, and Mr. Rose and his son Paul who (the son) was murdered and robbed of his cattle by a notorious outlaw and criminal about 1895. Jerry McGahan, better known in his day as "Wild Horse Jerry", who was also murdered in about 1909.

The settlers of lower Pawnee Creek below the Pawnee Pass and east of Willard were J.O. Jefferies, C.E. Harter, Al Corbin, J.P. Lee, Wm. Grater, L.T. Fickes, John Frost, James Coddington and a family by the name of Moore, also Thos. Whthrow family.

The settlers of the Willard country had no course of water for irrigation. The years 1893-94 were dry, which meant almost total crop failures to them. Many became discouraged and left. Some went farther west, others went to their former homes, east. A few, more persistent and possessed with the pioneer spirit moved to places not far distant where there was open water—spring or creek or shallow well water, and gradually engaged in the stock industry. Many Colorado stockmen who have attained much success and prominence started out in this way. The increase progeny of one cow or sheep in twenty years reaches almost the same proportion as compound interest.

We boys took to riding bronchos like a duck takes to water. . My father, after gaining title to a quarter of land near the townsite of Willard, moved to the Pawnee Creek, and in the course of a few years we boys rode the range and followed the roundups. In this way we learned the cow business.

I remember an incident that would be striking today. I was out with a roundup one spring. It was a warm day after a rain, and the rattlesnakes were out on dress parade that morning. I killed several myself. Most of the boys were in around the chuck wagon. It was nearly noon. The foreman rode in and dismounted. He let out an oath for he was in a rage. "I want you fellows to

stop fighting with these rattlesnakes", he said. "We've got something else to do beside killing snakes; we've got to finish this roundup and deliver three thousand steers to the Rosebud Indian Reservation in South Dakota, and be there by the first of August. I'll fire the first man I see killing a snake." Nevertheless, we violated this order-sometimes.

The buffaloes and wild horses disappeared from this part of Colorado about 1890. The antelope and grey wolf were quite common until twenty years later. Antelope meat was quoted on the market. There was a bounty on coyotes and grey wolves. The law did not protect the antelope-there was open season on them. The prairie dog and rattlesnake are to be seen occasionally even today.

Pioneering has passed! What was a common morning scene on a roundup in the early days is now artificially and fictitiously, sometimes, illustrated at the county fair or Fourth of July celebration in the "Rodeo."

Many of the pioneers who helped make Willard and its surrounding country a habitable place have long since passed away. My parents, like these, have gone to their well earned rest. Wander-lust was in their veins. My parents migrated to the stars and stripes from Bohemia. Of our family of six children, we are all western and live in the west. Of my few possessions, I prize this one: I have a fair knowledge of the history of the west and an intimate knowledge of the geography of our country from the Canadian border to El Paso and from the Missouri to the Pacific coast.

I have always detected among pioneers, in other western states as well as in Colorado, a trait of generosity and hospitality without ever an idea in them of reciprocity or recompense. How glad one feels to find the latch-string on the outside! I have a feeling of pride when I reflect that my parents were pioneers in this State, and that they were Democrats.

Written and signed by Anton Veverka, at Sterling, Colorado, this 27th day of March, 1934.

*Anton Veverka*

Edgar A. Buckley was born at Fort Littleton, Pa., on the 23d day of February, 1874, an only son of S.L. Buckley. As a boy, most of my time was spent in play and attending the six months terms of the village school, subsequently, County Normals. I taught two terms of District school. I became interested in railroading. I was an operator, then agent and operator and was employed for a time as operator on the CRI and P (Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific) Railroad at Smith Center, Kansas.

In November, 1899, I found myself in Colorado ultimately to become one of its citizens. I was employed by the Union Pacific Railroad as relief agent and operator, working wherever sent on the Colorado division.

In February, 1901, I was appointed regular agent and operator at Crook, Colo. Just previous to my coming to Crook I was joint telegraph operator for the CB&Q and UP Railroads at Sterling, under A.D. McAlpine, joint agent. I thought three years would be the limit of my stay, but as I am still, March 30, 1934, a resident and apparently more of a fixture than ever, it is evident my mind was a bit erratic.

The country looked immense to me and very sparsely settled. There was a vast contrast compared to my native state of Pennsylvania. In all directions, save along the South Platte River and a few widely scattered groves, I saw no trees—no tree clad hills and mountains that I was so accustomed to in Pa. It was primarily a "hay and cow country." Cattle especially, also many horses and some sheep were in evidence then. Hundreds of tons of alfalfa and wild hay were put up on the bottom lands, also oats and barley. The uplands were used more especially for summer pastures. Little dry-land farming was being done at that time. The corn forage and other crops did well, provided there was sufficient moisture.

I must admit that we loved the pure air, the bright sunshine, the turquoise skies, the beautiful sunsets, and the long sweeping vistas, and none the less, the fine generous hearted and friendly people I met. The combination had a fascination to me, and I fared very well, indeed.

There had been no change of consequence between my first stay in Crook—two weeks in January, 1900, and my return in February, 1901. The town then consisted of the following: U.P. Railroad station, J.R. Marshall, agent, whom I relieved; U.P. Section house, F.C. Richerson, section foreman; a one room district school, Miss Kauba, teacher; a private residence occupied by the S.L. Breckenridge family and a small store building and stock of general merchandise owned by Mr. Breckenridge, who was also postmaster. The post office was in the store. The latter two properties and the stock of merchandise, I bought of Mr. Breckenridge on March 11, 1902, incidentally falling heir to the post office as there were no other aspirants (mark the difference today with Crook, a third class office, and having five or six applicants for a present vacancy), and was duly commissioned a fourth class Postmaster in April, 1902 by President McKinley. This position I have held continuously since, and I trust satisfactorily to the patrons and Post Office Department too. Mr. Breckenridge, in January, 1900, and how much earlier I do not know, was the leading, and I may say, the only, business man at Crook, as he was Station Agent and Operator, Express Agent, Postmaster and general merchant. He possessed more than ordinary business acumen and like his family, was friendly and kindly disposed. His was the first family that I met. The population approximated twenty people. Miss Elizabeth Tetsell, handsome, vivacious and estimable, was the first teacher that I knew. If I recall, she taught the 1900-1901 winter term of school; enrollment around twenty pupils. By way of diversion, I notice Mr. Joseph P. Dillon

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dropping into Crook Friday evenings bringing an extra saddle horse, and while Mr. Dillon never told me, I always checked one "school marm" short after his departure. Later they quit their respective professions-Joe, that of batching, and Miss Tetsell, that of teaching. The latter becoming the first wife of the former.

The Union Pacific section house was under the management of foreman, F.C. Richerson, who extended hotel accommodations to the public as well as to the Railroad employes. (The school building was community center for social and religious functions. Reverend Mr. Chase of Iliff served the Crook congregation, composed mostly of Methodist attendants, as I recall, bi-weekly. Among the several ministers who followed Mr. Chase was one Reverend Vernon, Methodist, of Sedgwick in 1904 or 1905.) He, while attempting to do a little missionary work, approached a certain prominent ranch foreman on the subject of religion whom we shall call "Mr. S." "Now", said the minister, "when you sow wheat you expect a crop of wheat," "H---, no" said Mr. S. "We expect a crop of Russian thistles." The meeting adjourned sine die.

The Crook Sunday School was organized before my arrival at Crook, and continues to the present. One of the outstanding Superintendents was Mrs. F.O. Bell of Red Lion, still living there at the advanced age of eighty-three. She was the daughter of a minister; a woman of great strength of character, deeply religious, capable and was greatly interested in Sunday School work here. She seldom failed, winter or summer, to preside, driving fourteen miles round trip in an open spring wagon to do it. Others I recall were Mr. Thos. White, Mrs. J.W. Ramsey (the writer was assistant superintendent to Mrs. Ramsey), Ural Robuck, E.L. Stickney and others.

Crook was not strictly prohibition. There was some drinking, yet, personally, I saw very few drunk men.

My taxes in 1903 on a valuation of \$1810.00, which covered my stock of merchandise and buildings, were \$46.00. I have been informed that a Mr. Pickett was the first Crook merchant.

The first school was held upstairs in the present section house with Miss Atkinson teacher. The first school building was erected in 1887 and stood between I.C. Buterbaugh's store and Bailey Jamison's filling station. This building is now occupied as a barber shop immediately south of Buckley's store. The first house, after the town was incorporated, was built by John Ballard in 1908. The Bank of Crook was organized in 1909, capital \$10,000; Leon S. Loizeaux, president, Emil Koons, vice president and E.L. Stickney, cashier. The Directors were L.S. Loizeaux, E.V. Koons, H.C. Kinney, J.W. Ramsey and E.L. Stickney.

The Cedar Valley Land and Irrigation Company was organized in 1907, with L.S. Loizeaux, president. The Crook Lumber Company was organized in 1908; L.S. Loizeaux, president, E.L. Stickney, secretary and manager. The stockholders were L.S. Loizeaux, C.W. Elliott, Wm. Miller, John Lorenz, George Fry and E.L. Stickney, all were from Vinton, Iowa.

The Harmony Ditch, one of the oldest and best, financially and otherwise, was incorporated in 1907. Charles L. Allen, attorney at law of Denver, was one of the incorporators. The original filing was in 1895. (Work on the inlet ditch of the Julesburg reservoir was started in the spring of 1905 and this system was completed in 1906.) Other ditches were the J.R. Chambers and (J.W. Ramsey), also the P.J. Bangston with old prior rights.

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There is a great deal of water, both direct and storage, available in normal years for irrigating crops. Beets is the principal crop, the production for several years being twenty per cent of the beets grown in the County. There has also been a large production of alfalfa and hay and a great deal of feeding has been done in recent years. A great deal of live stock-cattle, sheep and hogs, are shipped from the local Union Pacific yards annually.

The present highway, although its bed has been shifted more or less, was in 1900 and earlier, east and west through Crook, and was scarcely more than a trail. It required a pair of good horses about four hours in a buckboard to cover the twenty-eight miles-Crook to Sterling.

The first railroad agent was G.W. Atkinson; the present agent is C.G. Kullman. The first newspaper, October, 1913, was owned and edited by the writer, and was known as "Buckley's Store News", and later the "Crook News." Dr. G.W. Barrett was the first physician, also first druggist. Dr. H.R. Rasar is the present physician.

(In 1897 or '98 a colony of about two hundred Hollanders located in this section with a view of developing it into a farming country. Some thirteen sets of buildings were erected up and down the valley on either side of Crook, also a two story office and hotel building at Crook. The undertaking failed and the colony left. John Hardifelt, a gentleman of many attainments, was one of the leading men of the colony and was the last to leave.)

Two desperadoes visit the Crook country. Probably in the month of March, 1900, two criminals, actual names unobtainable, subsequently learned were wanted for crimes committed in Missouri and Texas, entered King and Southgates sheep camp, some eight miles west of Crook, caught, bound and tied both sheepmen and their herder, a Mr. Baker, and left them helpless. Mr. Baker, however, succeeded in releasing himself and sounded the alarm. A posse was organized and set out in pursuit. In the meantime pioneer Jas. M. Lynch, still hale and hearty and still living on the quarter of land which he homesteaded many years ago near the Twin Buttes, had, he informs me, located the desperadoes a few miles northwest of his place and was driving them toward the Buttes when, near his home, one desperado fired a shot, injuring Mr. Lynch, whereupon the latter, who was a crack shot with his Winchester, shot and killed him; wounded and captured the other. The latter was tried, convicted and died in the Colorado penitentiary before he finished serving his sentence. The revolver, a .45 calibre of unknown make and a formidable looking weapon which was used in wounding Mr. Lynch, is in Mr. Lynch's possession. It has one notch cut on the handle. There were no Indians here on my arrival, and only one Mexican, "Jesus Marino" by name, who herded sheep for Mr. J.R. Chambers. He was called "Sioux."

#### PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S SPECIAL HONORS CROOK.

In the fall of 1904 while "Teddy" as the President was familiarly known, was scheduled to pass through Crook on his return to Washington from a Western tour, the writer wired the general manager of the U.P. Railroad, who, with other railroad officials were also aboard the President's special, that the Crook school children, mounted on their saddle horses, would assemble on the depot platform, hopeful to get a glimpse of the President, and to pass this word to the President. The request was granted; as the train slowed down, the President standing on the rear end was apparently "delighted" with the village demonstration in his honor. The writer's infant daughter, Elizabeth, was sitting in her baby carriage outside the depot, and likely

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through impulse, threw up her hand in which she was holding a small U.S. flag, and "Teddy" acknowledged it by throwing her a kiss. Miss Louisa Buchanan was teacher.

Crook is among the very oldest settlements of the County, dating its existence with the building of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1881, and was well and favorably known throughout a large area before the townsite was laid out in 1907, by the Cedar Valley Land and Irrigation Company. Earl K. Ramsey, son of pioneer J.W. Ramsey, and now one of the prominent Civil Engineers of the United States with headquarters in Oklahoma City, Okla, surveyed and supervised the work.

As is pretty generally known the town of Crook was named in honor of Major General George R. Crook, who distinguished himself in the Civil War and Indian wars of the West. It was he who compelled the hostile and wily Indian Chieftain-Geranimoto surrender his band in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Old Mexico. It is with a measure of pardonable pride we may say that largely through the writer's negotiations with James Sullivan, nephew of General Crook and who is Assistant Commissioner for Higher and Professional Education of the University of New York, at Syracuse, also Major S. Whipple, Commandant of West Point Military Academy, this community was enabled to secure a plaster panel depicting the surrender of Geranimoto to General Crook. This panel had graced one of the halls of this famous old military institution that had trained a Grant, a Lee, a Sherman, a Sheridan, a Johnson and other distinguished military men. An appropriate ceremony marked the unveiling and dedication of the panel in the Crook High School gymnasium on December 12, 1928, and among other things a brief history of General Crook written by his nephew, James Sullivan, was read, and Judge H.P. Burke, Justice of the Supreme Court of Colorado, made a very fitting dedicatory address.

Prominent early residents were J.R. Chambers (it is said to be a toss up between Mr. Chambers and Wm. Hadfield as to which was the first settler in the County), J.W. Ramsey, Sam Matthews, Dick Buchanan, G.W. Atkinson, Hank VanCamp, Thomas White, John Rowland, Sam Rice, Frank Boyes, S.L. Breckenridge, and Jas. M. Lynch. A little later there was C.W. Johnson, J.O. Shay, Herb Snyder and others. At Red Lion, then in Crook trading area, there were Fred Greve, John Kaschke, Henry Kaschke, Wm. Haman, F.O. Bell and P.J. Bangston.

Among the cowboys, we recall Wm. E. Fitch, H.R. Neumann, Dan Gilbert, Jeff Brown, Walt Pace, Ken McMillan, Chas. McMillan, Lee Koontz, Ed Koontz, Chas. Miller, George Taylor, Bob Rowland. There were others whose names I do not now recall.

A Tenderfoot Arrives! Dr. Musser, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pa., who was thought to be somewhat incorrigible, was sent to this section, probably in 1904, by Dr. Musser, Sr. in the hope a change of climate and scenery might prove beneficial to his son. This boy ~~batly~~ assumed the role of cowboy with all the trappings, but being a bit tender and inexperienced was due for some initiation before he might be known as such. At the time he was making his cowboy headquarters in a hay camp near Crook and found pleasure, on his return from the village store about 10:00 P.M., to throw his lasso over a tent and pull it down to the chagrin of the tired men. A frame-up was in order! On a certain night three horsemen, including our Doctor here, returned to the camp about the usual hour and charged the camp "Doc" pulling down a

tent, but the inmates were in readiness and effected "Doc's" capture, the other escaping. "Doc" was judged guilty of a high misdemeanor, penalty three degrees which were promptly given in order: No. 1. Four men grabbed the victim by his arms and legs, stretched him over an elevated wagon tongue, and a young giant, looking suspiciously like Frank Shea, administered a sound chapping. No. 2. Perfectly good corn syrup was poured down the culprit's pantaloons as a balm of Gilead, but "Doc" was game and told the gang if they had anything more to give it to him. So No. 3 was in order, which consisted in dropping the guilty man into a ditch of running water. No more degrees being demanded, the meeting adjourned. Subsequently, "Doc" located in Denver where we understood he made good in his profession.

As previously stated, the writer bought the S.L. Breckenridge store, et al, March 11, 1902, and has been merchandising ever since. I had the entire field to myself up to 1907 when the town site was laid out. W.F. Alexander, now County Treasurer, and C.W. Kreager established the Crook Hardware, and we believe they were the second business concern at Crook. A few years later Mr. Kreager bought out Mr. Alexander's interests and has continued the business since.

The store business in those earlier years, 1902 to 1907, was good with me; profits were liberal, and with one exception, the losses small. Quality, apparently, was the first consideration, price second.

There were several large ranches-The Harmony, J.O. Shay, manager, with 11,000 acres of deeded land and a large acreage of leased land; The Tamarack Ranch with Dick Buchanan, manager, and The Drag X, E.H. Sherlock, manager; the aggregate of whose store bills ran up into the hundreds of dollars monthly in the busy season. These ranches were owned either jointly or individually by Chas. D. McPhee and J.K. Mallen, Denver millionaires, and their accounts were as good as gold. There were many other smaller ranch accounts that were gilt edged too. I can not recall a single "old timer" who defaulted on his store account. They were honorable and dependable men.

The earliest available record I have of prices as of December, 1907, goods sold to the Harmony Ranch as follows:

1 pkg. raisins, - - - - .25	2 1/2 yds. tablecloth, oil, 22 1/2¢ - - .56
1 pkg. figs - - - - .10	6 bars laundry soap - - - - .25
butter, lb. - - - - .25	1 cs. 24 cans sweet corn - - - - 1.85
eggs, doz. - - - - .30	3 cans lye - - - - .25
2 1/2# can Price's Bak Pow. 1.25	3 yds. cheese cloth, 7¢ - - - - .21
3 box tooth picks - - - .25	19 1/2# bacon, 18¢ - - - - 3.47
1# Baker choc. - - - - .40	14 7/8# ham, 17¢ - - - - 2.53
6 Jap Rose soap - - - - .50	1 # tea - - - - .50
100# Gran. sugar - - - 5.95	2 gal kerosene, 22¢ - - - - .44
1 qt. cranberries - - - .15	4 sax flour, 200#, 2.65 - - - 5.30
3# soda crackers - - - .25	12# cabbage, 3¢ - - - - .36
60# spuds, \$1.40 - - - .84	

Coal (likely Hanna lump) - \$8.60 ton

Coffee vs. tobacco. A certain honest homesteader whose credit had reached the limit, called for a pound of coffee and one of tobacco, and on ascertaining he lacked cash to pay for both said, "Put the coffee back."

Looking for bargains.- A lady shopper (there were bargain hunters then) asked the price of navy beans; on being told they were 8¢ a pound, she said "Would you give me three pounds for a quarter?" We replied that "we had not been selling them that way, but in her case we would make the concession if she desired."

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Today Crook has the following business concerns: General stores, several of which have meat markets in connection, as follows: E.A. Buckley, Red & White, I.C. Butebaugh & Son, "Solitaire Home Owned", James Heth and J.W. Murphy I.G.A.; Traylor Drug Store; Crook Hardware Co., C.W. Kreager, proprietor; Crook Lumber Company, L. Wiggins, manager; F.A. Herrad, pool hall; Jamison Super-Service filling station, B.S. Jamison, proprietor; Oscar Faulconer, filling station; Shell Garage, Ross Beassard, proprietor; Park Garage, John Weaver, manager; Crook Tavern, J.T. King, landlord; Milo Moore Hamburger Shop; H.M. Gibbous Barber Shop; R.A. Williams Barber Shop; W.C. Sincock, blacksmith; Crook Telephone Company, Fred Stake, manager; O.P. Wesley Harness And Shoe Repair Shop; Farmers Co-Operative Elevator, J.D. Masters, manager; Crook Elevator, Fred Stake, manager; R.G. Simpson and wife, chiropractors; George A. Smith is field man for the Great Western Sugar Company.

Crook is incorporated and has its own water and electric light system. Leon Loizeaux was the first mayor; Chas. W. Kreager is the present mayor. Population approximately 275.

There are three churches: Presbyterian, Rev. Frank E. Dametz, resident pastor; German Congregational, Rev. Miller, pastor of Sedgwick, and the Catholic Church with Father Goodhausen of Iliff.

The Crook schools consist of a grade building and a combination High School and gymnasium-the latter when built was the largest in the County. Both are substantial brick buildings. There are four High School teachers and seven grade teachers. Professor V.A. Winn is superintendent. Among former superintendents we may name Miss Lelia Hinkley, S.R. Parvin, C.D. Safford, E.D. Lehman, Paul Essert, F.C. Jans and R.D. Jenkins. The school is a branch of the Logan County High School system.

Written and signed by E.A. Buckley at Crook, Colo. this 30th day of March, 1934.

*E. A. Buckley*

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A DAUGHTER OF PIONEERS.

Among the group of sculptors with whom I have been associated for years, I can boast of only one distinction-I was born in a sod house.

My parents belonged to that pioneering group who settled in Logan County in the early day, my father came in 1878 and my mother in 1880.

In the year 1881 my parents (Elizabeth Davis and John Walter Landrum) were married at the home of Hugh Davis, my mother's brother, and this pioneer home still stands just a few rods east of the late James Monroe's home, about two or three miles north and a little east of Sterling.

My mother's wedding dress was one made by her own dear hands and her wedding hat was purchased by a neighbor at Greeley, Colorado. How in contrast to our present day buying-sometimes we try on dozens of hats before we can find one to please. Their wedding journey consisted of a three mile drive to my father's claim on which the sod house had been built. Here my mother found several buffalo hides spread on the floor for rugs. Later they were used for buggy robes in cold weather.

I can not tell how thrilled I was to go back to that spot, <sup>almost</sup> fifty years later and find an elevated mound out lining the sod house, dairy and corral! I felt as if I would like to pitch a tent on that quiet spot and get in tune with the infinite. I have sometimes wondered if the pioneers did not get very near their Creator? There were four children-Lottie, myself, Dallas and Lorena.

When I was eighteen months old my parents moved to the site where my brother Dallas Landrum now lives-on that spot I lived the remainder of my childhood. Pioneer children did not have many toys. Nurseries and kindergartens were unheard of, and needless to say our parents were kept busy getting food and clothing, and usually the children furnished their own amusements. Ingenuous as they were, we made toy furniture cut out of cigar boxes with pocket knives and old dull saws. I recall praying for a doll buggy night after night, but it was a selfish prayer. I think I figured I would be sole owner, so kind providence did not see fit to send me one. It has taken me years to learn that selfish prayers are never answered, only the unselfish!

On this new site to which my parents moved, there were no trees, so after two years had passed, my father went down to the river and dug up some small trees to re-plant. He then dug deep holes and filled them with water. I think I imagined myself a young narcissus, anyway I was trying to see my reflection in one of these holes when I slipped head-first, and my father saw in time two feet kicking vigorously just above the surface of the ground-otherwise I might have been a happy angel instead of a happy, poor sculptor.

As a child I loved pets. I once had three pet chickens and for these pets I built a small house. I had a bed room, dining room and sitting room. It was just at this time that I thought my younger sister, Lorena, exhibited a pronounced talent for drawing. I wanted to be the artist, if there was one, so I generously offered her one of these chickens if she would faithfully promise

never to draw again. I recall vividly as we tried to settle the problem; she spurned my offer and said she too was going to be an artist ! Again, when I was in the Sixth Grade, Mr. Wells, the instructor, offered one dollar for the best drawn maps. I was certain on the day that the decision was to be made that I would be the lucky one, so I took a purse in which to safely carry the dollar home, and when Laura Davis' (a cousin) name was called as winning the first prize, I thought my young life was blighted forever. The instructor saw how crest-fallen I was, so he gave me fifty cents. If I could see him now I would thank him for creating a second prize for me. Oh, the hurts of childhood ! I have won several prizes in sculpture since where well known sculptors were competing, but there never was a dollar that I coveted as much.

Ah, too, it was a big day at our home when Grandpa Landrum's Will was read ! He willed my brother Dallas his big old typewriter and solid rubber tired bicycle. We rode the bicycle after the cows way down in the field, and fought over the typewriter for weeks. Junior Cheairs (Lottie's only child), my oldest nephew, writes on this typewriter now to my daughter, Betty Jane, and still this big old machine is as good as new. Of course it does not look like the latest models of typewriters. This is the fourth generation that has used the machine.

I am truly thankful that I was reared simply. I think we have far more appreciation than the children of today. My daughter has had two doll buggies, and never played with either; she has had tricycles, bicycles, a grand piano, a lovely violin, but I fear she will never know a thrill such as I experienced the day our organ arrived at home. My oldest sister, Lottie, and I ran all the way home from the Franklin School building to behold this wonderful thing !

Another big day on the calendar was the Fourth of July. I think our family always spent the day with Aunt Maggie Armour's family, and never did we fail to have home-made ice cream and cake, fried chicken, and many, many other good things to eat. We would stand for hours on Main Street waiting for the parade. I have seen several parades since those days, but none could compare with those flowered covered floats, on which sat pretty girls, which passed down the Main Street in Sterling forty years ago.

Nor shall I ever forget the Third of July on which my father gave his three daughters a dime to spend on the Fourth and gave my brother a quarter. It happened this way: Walter Brush, who stood over six foot and as generous as he was tall, had loaned my brother an Indian pony to ride for several months, and he was either to give him up just at that time or buy him for fifteen dollars. My father felt he could not buy "Jim" and frankly announced the fact, and I recall on seeing my brother heart-broken. We all cried ! And father felt so sorry for Dallas that he gave him a quarter. I hasten to say that father bought faithful little "Jim" a few days later, and he was our very own for many years.

And may I here speak of those cow boys of early days; how generous and kind they always have been ! It is very interesting to learn the cow boy is coming into his own in a romantic way--so many songs are being sung concerning him. I know of a book which is soon to be published and dedicated to the Western Cowboys. They had hearts "as big as the great open spaces." Possibly, on occasions, they were a bit too gay and careless, but I feel through their un-

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selfishness and nearness to nature that they have not hindered the kingdom of God half as much as bad tempered saints or those who have taken the church for a cloak- so cheers for our cow boys. How dear some have been to our hearts !

Some one has said that we are a part of every one we meet. I wish all the children and grand-children of those great pioneers who lived so nobly, could live as heroically as they. Aside from my immediate family, my beautiful Aunt Maggie Armour and Aunt Emma Propst were the two who greatly influenced my early life! When they left this life I felt the world had been made better by their having lived. I shall not fail to mention my little Cousin Sallie Cheairs-how bravely she has met the great sorrows which have come to her, and when I see her on my hurried trips home, I am always impressed by that great spiritual vision which seems to be growing more clearly as earthly visions fade, I have always felt that these dear ones had a well spring of guidance, an inspiration in their own souls. Dressler says, "Nearly every one has had wonderful guidance at times; there have been warnings of approaching danger and impressions not to do this or that, and help has often come to us during sleep."

I feel I want to speak of a subject very near my heart-in fact, I feel I could not face the future without a religion. I have grown to feel it the most fundamental thing in the world, and regardless whether Protestant or Catholic, Christian Scientist, Jew or Mahometan, if they reach the shore they have all reached the same thing. How sad when one thinks of all the time wasted on dogmas, theology and the like, and the great spiritual life lost sight of! We know sudden and marvelous cures have taken place in all ages and they are occurring today through unseen help. At this age, I am beginning to realize what the quiet singing of a hymn meant to my parents. Perhaps youth is so full of life and ambition that we never took time to really listen, but now things of the spirit transcend all else, and the little I learn of God for myself is to me worth more than all creeds and doctrines. How thankful I am for my early religious training; I find I may have gotten far from certain dogmas, but the Bible and its teachings are more real today than ever before in my life, and how certain passages shine out, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap", and one of the most beautiful passages which ever fell from human lips, "Look at the birds which fly in the air; they do not sow or reap or store up in barns, but your Heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of much greater value than they?"

I have been asked to tell something about my work. As I grow older, I feel everybody's work is of importance and value. I hope to bring some beauty and make a small contribution in my art. My parents always encouraged me in this loved work. When I was eighteen they sent me to the Greeley Normal College-there along with my subject matter, I took the Art course, and it was while studying there under Mr. Richard Earnesti that I found I loved sculpture best. After graduating, I returned to Sterling and taught three years in the Sterling Schools. In 1912 I entered the Art Institute at Chicago and there continued to study for five years. I know my parents thought the big City was an evil place and they dreaded to have me leave lest I become a Republican, or something worse. My first

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year at the Institute, I met a young sculptor from West Virginia whom I married in 1916. Since that time we have had our studio just across from the University of Chicago. This young man was Fred Torrey.

We have worked on a number of commissions together, and those who visited the Century of Progress grounds may have noticed seven pieces of garden sculpture in the Horticulture Building made by the Torrey's. We have two new fountain figures ready for this same Building this summer. A great mechanical exhibition, it is again to be. Some great writer has said that of all their new inventions; great towers to industries, but over-towering all there should have been a huge tower to religion, for through religion, only, will there ever be a great recovery in this broad land of ours.

Written by Mabel Landrum Torrey, who was born in Logan County on the 23d day of June, 1886. Now resides in Chicago, Ill.

Chicago, Illinois,  
March 29, 1934.

(Signed) Mabel Landrum Torrey.

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LIFE, WORK AND CHARACTER OF STERLING GIRL, FAMOUS SCULPTOR,  
TOLD BY WRITER.

A distinctly pleasant surprise came to relatives and friends of Mrs. Mabel Landrum Torrey at Sterling in 1933 in the pages of "THE PORTAL", a small magazine for girls. The magazine contains an illustrated article, "THE GREAT DESIRE," sketching the life and work of Mrs. Torrey, a former Sterling girl. Mrs. Torrey was born in Sterling, and the daughter of Mrs. Betty Landrum and the late John W. Landrum, once County Judge of Logan County. She is a sister of Dallas Landrum, Mrs. L.P. Cheairs and Mrs. O.L. McKay, and is related to members of several pioneer families of Logan County.

The article in "The Portal", by Rebecca Caudill, is illustrated with a portrait of Mrs. Torrey and her daughter Betty Jane, and pictures of four of her best known statues. The article follows:

THE GREAT DESIRE

We sat in her studio one summer afternoon, Mabel Landrum Torrey and I, while she told me about herself and her work. Back of us on a pedestal stood the statue of Wynken, Blynken and Nod, her first piece of sculpture of importance and one of her best. On the mantel was a bust of her daughter, Betty Jane, now aged twelve, then aged four. On the grand piano stood a pair of book ends in bronze, "Boo Boo," a boy with a mischievous gleam in his eye, and "The Kid," a goat with a pleasantly determined expression, playing hide and seek with each other. On the mantel stood a little figure called "The Robin's Song," perhaps the best known of all Mrs. Torrey's pieces of sculpture.

"I grew up in the country," said Mrs. Torrey, "on a farm in Colorado, and about all I had was the Great Desire. In comparison with what girls have today, it seems I had nothing at all."

"And how did you come to be a sculptor?" I asked. "It began when I was eleven years old," she started her story. "Then my mother let me take painting lessons, and those painting lessons forever ruined me for anything creative in painting because I was taught to copy. From eleven to twenty-five I copied anything and everything, animals, children, still-life paintings. Oh, I tackled any subject." She paused and laughed heartily as if at a good joke. "And yet," she said, "I paid part of my college expenses by copying."

From High School, Mrs. Torrey, who was then Mabel Landrum, went to the Colorado State Teachers College, Greeley, and while she selected every subject offered in art, she also prepared herself to be a teacher. Back in those days—and they aren't so far back at that—most girls who didn't expect to marry very early and keep a house, prepared themselves to teach. But while she liked psychology and child study and the history of education, Mabel Landrum's first love was a brush and palette, paints and water colors, charcoal and crayons. The lessons in books she learned as quickly as possible and put the books away; the art materials she lingered over when she should have been asleep.

There was also a class devoted for a few weeks to clay modeling, for the art department at the Colorado State Teachers College at that time offered a smattering of all the arts. One day Mabel Landrum borrowed of one of the piano teachers a small bust of Wagner, took it to her room, and molded a copy of it in clay. She took it to her instructor.

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"There!" said the instructor, holding the bust in his hands, turning it from side to side, and studying it critically. "There! I know now what you can do. You shall be a sculptor."

The remaining days of college didn't mean a great deal to Mabel Landrum. Not even commencement, with all its frills and all its dignity moved her greatly. Her eyes were on the future. She had learned at last one thing at college—that her one great passion was to be a sculptor. What more could one ask of college?

When the diplomas had been awarded and the last good-bye had been said, she hurried back home to the farm, and announced starry-eyed to her father: "I'm going to be a sculptor and this fall I want to go to the Art Institute in Chicago to study."

But the father wasn't so starry-eyed. So much should a parent do for a daughter but more isn't good for her. Something like that was his creed. Besides, there were other children who wanted educating, and there had been lean years on the farm as well as good ones. "Daughter," he announced calmly and decisively, "I've rustled four years for you. Now you'll have to get out and rustle for yourself."

"So I rustled," said Mrs. Torrey. I rustled up a school and taught it for three years, and meanwhile hoarded my nickels and dimes. At the end of three years I came to the Art Institute, and for every year I had taught, I had saved enough to keep me in the institute. Then when all my money was gone, I found art classes to teach and so paid my expenses for two more years at the Institute."

Meanwhile, other things were happening in the life of Mabel Landrum. There was another student at the Art Institute who was also interested in sculpture. His name was Fred Torrey, and his work was so excellent that upon his graduation he accepted an offer from Lorado Taft, the patron saint of all Chicago sculptors, to assist him in his studio. One evening he found him talking over his plan and his work—and her plans and her work—with Mabel Landrum.

It was one of such evenings that Mabel Landrum told him of an idea she had for a piece of sculpture. She was a bit shy about it, of course. She'd never done anything so big or half so important. But mightn't Wynken, Blynken and Nod make a lovely subject?

Fred Torrey was all encouragement. Who could tell? he said. The idea sounded beautiful and someone might buy it. It was worth making a model of, at any rate. So the model was made. Then events took a turn such as they seldom take except in story books. It happens that Eugene Field, the author of "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" once lived in the City of Denver and the people of Denver today cherish his memory and repeat to their children the lines of his lovely poems. When the model for the Wynken, Blynken and Nod statue was finished, along came an influential citizen of Denver, just as happens in fairy tales, who admired it immensely. He hurried home, spoke to the Mayor, the City Council and other interested citizens about it, and before Mabel Landrum had time to catch her breath, she found herself commissioned by the City of Denver to complete the statue to be placed in one of the municipal parks there. Ten thousand dollars they would pay for it, and they wanted work started on it at once. This work is in Washington Park, Denver.

Work was started immediately, with one short delay. Time was taken off for a wedding. Then the big block of pink Tennessee marble arrived at the joint studio of

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Mabel Landrum and Fred Torrey, and Mrs. Torrey gathered her tools and started modeling. Sixteen months she kept at it steadily while occasionally when her young husband wasn't too busy at his own tasks, he lent a hand. Always, too, he was ready with suggestions, with praise, with constructive criticism where it was needed.

That was fourteen years ago. Today the Torreys work together in the same co-operative way. If Mr. Torrey is designing a statue for a national competition and is pressed for time, Mrs. Torrey takes her paints and turns a clay pedestal into a most realistic piece of granite. If it is Mrs. Torrey's work that is to be finished at once, she has the help and advice of her able husband without the asking.

When the statue of Wynken, Blynken and Nod was at last placed in the Denver park-it stands in a sunlit pool sheltered by great trees, and one comes unexpectedly upon the three children setting off in their wooden shoe, their eyes full of dreams, Mrs. Torrey turned her hands to other things.

"I'm not sure where I get my ideas for pieces," she explained. "I have always adored children and everything I have designed has been of them and for them. I pick up most of my ideas by accident, I think."

It was by accident that the idea embodied in "The Robin's Song" came to her. One spring day she sat in her yard and heard a robin singing. That was all. Out of the song grew a small piece of sculpture, not more than nine inches high, pedestal and all, but it is breathless with the ecstasy of a small child over the song of a robin.

"I worked every day in the garden on that," said Mrs. Torrey, "and every day the robin obligingly came and sang. And on the day the statue was finished and I went in the house, to put my tools away, the robin left and he never sang again."

"The Robin's Song" is perhaps the best known of all Mrs. Torrey's works. Hundreds have been sold and it has traveled as far abroad as London and Paris and Australia.

A story could be written about "The Robin's Song" alone, for it, ~~for~~ more than any other thing Mrs. Torrey has ever done, has touched the heart strings of men and women the world over. The mail is constantly bringing to Mrs. Torrey letters from people of whom she has never heard. For instance, there was the letter from the old man who had been bed-ridden for years. "The Robin's Song", he said, stood on a table beside his bed day and night, and no one was allowed to move it away. Pain might wrack his body and distress cloud his mind, but "The Robin's Song" brought a breath of spring, and the sound of gentle winds among tender green leaves, and peace and contentment and joyousness.

There have been letters from scores of other people, too, many of them ill or in distress, and cheered to health and hope by the little statue. Then there is the story of the man who on a snowy, blizzardy Christmas eve, jumped out of a taxi and rushed into the art galleries where "The Robin's Song" is sold, just as the doors were being closed for the evening. As he shook the snow off himself, he announced: "Wrap this little statue for me. I noticed it in your window yesterday, but forgot just where it was, and today I've been looking all up and down Michigan Avenue for it." He glanced at the closed doors. "I just did make it, didn't I? This is a Christmas present for my wife."

When Mabel Landrum Torrey's fame as a sculptor began to be noised abroad, orders began to come in. Would she design a fountain for an elementary school in memory of a woman who loved children and gave her life to making them happy and free? Out of the request came "Happy Breezes", a thing glowing with the joyousness and freedom of happy, healthy children.

Would she design a memorial to a beloved boy who had died in infancy, to be placed in a children's room in a Cincinnati hospital. Out of this request grew "Stanley", a bas-relief in bronze, adjudged by critics one of Mrs. Torrey's finest pieces. Placed on exhibit in Chicago Art's Institute, it was awarded first prize in sculpture.

Parents, too, brought their children to Mrs. Torrey as other parents go to the photographer with their children, and asked that she fashion with her fingers a likeness of them in bronze or marble or plaster.

"Which of your pieces do you like most?" I asked. She laughed. "The piece I really like most is always the one I'm going to do next," she said.

We sat on a rose-colored lounge in the Torrey studio and talked while Hops, a snow-white rabbit with rose-colored veins in his ears, hopped about, and Mrs. Torrey showed me many of her lovely pieces of sculpture. It is a cozy sort of studio, a unit of the famous Lorado Taft studios off the Midway in Chicago. In the court one raises the knocker on the group of bronze sea horses and is admitted into the studio itself where one is likely to find Mr. Torrey or Mrs. Torrey, or both of them, at work. Casts and models by both of them stand about against the walls, and others are in the process of making.

We talked of the things Mrs. Torrey had done, of the things she would like to do. "I studied etching last winter," she said, "but I'll never be an etcher. Etching is so precise. If a line is made, it's there to stay, and I like to pat and love my children into shape." "I have one great ambition," she confided almost shyly. "Ever since I began this, I've wanted to do a statue of Christ and the little children illustrating the Bible quotation, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' I've never found time to start it yet, but some day I shall. That's to be my best work."

"Are you ever sorry you gave your life to this?" "I should say I'm not sorry, though it hasn't been all smooth sailing by any means," she laughed. "And I'd advise any girl who is interested in sculpture to go into it with heart and soul," she continued. "Of course, she may soon learn she wasn't cut out to be a sculptor, and in that case she'd better take to something else. And even the best of sculptors go hungry sometimes, but there are other rewards that can't be valued in money."

I rose to go and she walked through the court with me. Outside stood a sightseeing bus from which had just emerged twenty or thirty tourists. "I'd better run back," said Mrs. Torrey. "They may all come in."

I hoped they would. I coveted for them an acquaintance with "The Robin's Song" and "Happy Breezes", with "The Secret" and "Creep Mousie", with "Skippy" and "The Sweetest Flower That Grows", with "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." But most of all I coveted for them acquaintance with Mabel Landrum Torrey, at once as kind and gentle and merry as the children she loves and pats into shape.

BIOGRAPHY OF MABEL LANDRUM TORREY.

The word genius implies high gifts of nature. In our own City of Sterling, June 23, 1886, a genius was born, Mabel Landrum-now Mrs. Fred Torrey of Chicago,

In her early childhood she was always busy making things with her fingers; even before her school days began she made small animals and figures out of chewing gum. Her daily lessons in school were difficult for her to master, but during the fifth year of her school life a teacher, Miss Nettie Beattie, always had words of encouragement for her. She seemed to understand her better than any other teacher. Her drawing was always the uppermost thought in her mind and Miss Beattie never forgot to praise her work, and she even told her that some day she expected to see her a great artist. While in the seventh grade, she drew a picture, a sleigh which covered a big black-board. Her drawing teacher never commented on it; she had drawn something he himself would not undertake, but her regular teacher thought it wonderful. It was the same year that her mother tells of her coming home from school one day crying like her heart would break, and upon asking the reason, Mabel said, "I missed fourteen words in spelling today."

Several days later her mother visited the school to find out the cause, and the teacher replied, "Well, here is the reason," and showed a little album full of animals she had drawn from a geography. When nine years of age, she began drawing pictures for the Sunday School to illustrate the Sunday School lessons, and continued doing this for years. About this time she was busy making doll furniture for all the neighborhood children. Her tools consisted of an old dull knife; her material, cigar boxes, or anything she could find. At the age of eleven years she began taking painting lessons under Mrs. H.B. Davis of Sterling, and this was her first painting.

About the age of thirteen or fourteen the idea of entering Art Institute of Chicago began to cause her to think of ways and means of attending this institution. A number of people were, at this time, raising Belgium hares for the market and receiving good prices for them, so she decided to try it. She started all right, but one morning came in crying; one of her best rabbits had died of pneumonia, and to her young and ambitious life her first hopes were blasted, for she lost all her rabbits.

During her four years of High School, her spare time was taken up with painting, except the toy furniture which she continued to make for the little folks. Art was still the foremost thing in her mind, thus making her lessons difficult to become interested in. In fact her mind was so taken up with art that by the time she reached school in the morning she usually had lost her handkerchief and pencil, as a result someone had to loan her one of each. A handkerchief was very necessary to wipe away the countless tears shed over lessons.

In 1904 she graduated from the Logan County High School, and entered the Greeley Normal Training School the following year. Her specials were drawing and sloyd, and during the first year took up pottery. It was then that she found herself.

Her teacher, Mr. Earneste, saw her talent in modeling and told her sculpture was her work, not painting, and advised her to attend the art institute but wait until she was 24 or 25 years of age.

During the summer vacation-following her first year in Greeley,- she daily went to the barn and modeled a calf and took it back to Greeley to show Dr. Snyder, the president of the Teacher's College. Dr. Snyder insisted on having it in his office and would not consent to having it fired for fear of breaking it. Several years later he decided to have it fired to preserve it, but it broke in the firing.

In 1907 she graduated from the Greeley Normal, and for three years taught in the Sterling Franklin School. Although she loved her teaching, sculpture was still calling her on, and the next year found her entering the Art Institute in Chicago and at last she could devote her whole time to the study of sculpture.

Her first work was a low relief of her father. North Carolina gave her her first commission, the bust of a poet, John Charles McNeal. Later she received a commission to make a bust of Dr. Snyder of Greeley. This is placed in the State Normal. For each of these she received \$300.00.

One time, the following year, she was again facing financial problems, and one rainy afternoon, lying on the couch, the idea of the piece of sculpture was in Washington Park in Denver, Wynken, Blynken and Nod. She was inspired by Eugene Field's poem, "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." Her first model was about two inches in size. After enlarging it several times, she submitted it to Mayor Speer of Denver. It met with his approval and he gave her the commission. It was made in marble, life size and a half. She received \$10,000.00 for it. However, before she received this commission she was married to Mr. Fred Torrey, a sculptor in the Lorado Taft Studio at Chicago, and together they completed the piece. Since then she has made many small pieces of sculpture, all of which have received much praise from the public.

This article would be incomplete without a word as to Mrs. Torrey's personality. Taking her life in all, we would say she is modest, winsome, gentle, good and, above all, charitable. Her great love for humanity makes friends with all. In fact she is a Sterling girl in more ways than one, and Sterling may well be proud to have been the town in which Mabel Landrum Torrey first saw the dawn of day.

Mr. and Mrs. Torrey have one daughter, Betty Jane, who is 13 years of age. Betty Jane was born on the 5th day of October, 1920.

(Above was written by an intimate friend and class mate of Mabel Landrum Torrey-Bessie Hoel Conklin(now Mrs. P.L. Conklin) of Sterling, Colorado.)

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