A. A. Woodbury  
Oddfellows Hall  
 Greeley, Colo.

Personal: Born at Red Wing, Minn., 1858. Parents had gone there from Massachusetts. They moved back to Massachusetts and then came to Greeley in 1870 as members of the Union Colony. His father was a contractor and builder. He built many of the largest buildings in Greeley.

Mr. Woodbury had learned the blacksmith trade as a boy and entered the employ of S.W. Hilton, who for many years had the main shop in Greeley. One day Ed Clark arrived from the White River Reservation of which N.C. Meeker was Agent, with the word that Meeker wanted a blacksmith. The job was offered to William Farr but he felt that he could not leave his shop in Greeley for the uncertainty of an Indian post. He suggested that Woodbury take the offer. Believing it a good chance for advancement, he accepted.

Meeker had left his riding pony in Greeley and requested Woodbury to bring it along. Woodbury saddled the pony and left for the White River Agency by way of Boulder, Steamboat Springs, and Craig. At the Agency, besides shoeing horses and repairing machinery, Woodbury did many things among which was the killing of beef for the Indians. A herd of cattle was kept on the reservation especially to provide meat for the Indians. From four to six would be killed at one time. A striking characteristic of the Indians noted by Mr. Woodbury was the fact that the Indians never quarreled or disagreed over the division of the meat. However, they took everything even to the hide and entrails.

The Ute Indians were in two bands, one of which was led by Colorow and the other by Chief Douglas. Douglas was chief of the White River Utes and had his village on the White River about three miles below the present town of Meeker. It was here that N.C. Meeker had his headquarters.

The Indians were friendly to all but Meeker. Meeker was an idealist and impractical. He did not understand Indian nature and did not try to make the Indians like him. His idea was to make them self-supporting by becoming farmers or ranchers. He also tried to force them to go to school. One of his ideas was to have the Agency lands fenced off and sold. At this time the Indians were paid $50 a year to dig the post holes. Digging was hard work and blistered their hands. If they refused to work, Meeker would threaten them with the soldiers. He paid them fifty cents per day, however.

Also, Meeker was continually writing back to Washington. Whenever a difficulty arose, he would ask Washington for instructions, instead of settling it himself. The Indians did not like this. Many of the Indians wanted to be on good terms with the whites, but when Meeker ordered their race track plowed up they resented it very much. At about this same time they had learned that Meeker had asked that a company of soldiers be sent to the Agency to help him enforce discipline. It was probably these two things that caused the Indians to revolt.
Some time before the massacre, Mr. Woodbury had received word that "Hilton" would give him full charge of his blacksmith shop in Grealey. He decided to accept and a week before the outbreak traded his rifle to an Indian for a pony and started for Grealey.

He had no idea that there would be an uprising, and that there was considerable muttering among the Indians, it was aimed solely at Meeker.

The above is true to the best of my memory.

Albert A. Woodbury
MY TRIP TO THE WHITE RIVER INDIAN AGENCY.

by A.A. Toedtly.

Thinking that a short account of my trip to the White River Indian Agency in 1873 and my return in 1879 might be of a little interest to the younger generation, I will start with a few introductory remarks of my early boyhood days leading up to my taking a job as blacksmith at the Indian agency.

Coming to Greeley with my parents from Beverley, Mass. over the Union Pacific to Cheyenne, Wyo. and down to Greeley on the Denver Pacific, which was built only as far as Evans at that time, we arrived here on the 27th of May, 1870, and alighted on a pile of ties, that being the only depot at that time, but serving as a landing place. We were escorted to the "Hotel de Comfort" as it was called, being a large one story building where the Greeley Creamery now operates. This was equipped with two tiers of bunks on the sides and each family supplied with as many as needed.

Our stove consisted of a hole in the ground with two pieces of iron tire laid across to support the cooking utensils. I believe my mother had the first stove in the colony, father having it shipped down from Cheyenne.

Father, being a carpenter, immediately secured work, and helped Mr. McWhorter build his house, which I believe, still stands at about 1002-4th St. As soon as it was boarded up we moved in with them and remained until he got one enclosed for himself at 1124-4th St. where he lived until his death in 1913.

I first attended school in a small one room house just a little east of the old Ruthven house on 9th St., and later known as the Singer Place. It was taught by Mrs. Bainey. Later, the "Hotel de Comfort" was divided into three rooms and presided over by Mr. J.C. Shattock, Oliver Howard, and Alcie Washburn. This room proved inadequate on account of the increasing population and the older ones were moved just across the street to the second story of the building called Ramsey Hall. At that time, I believe, the lower floor was a grocery store operated by Harry or Joe Watson. This was later remodeled into a hotel run by Samuel Graham, and lastly as a depot by the Denver, Laramie, and Salt Lake Railroad, and finally burned down.

When I attended this school it was presided over by Mr. Curley and Mr. Warner, and later, I think, by J.C. Shattock, who for a number of years prior to his death was one of the regents of the Denver University.

In the spring of 1872 I entered the employ of A.Z. Salmon in a general store located where the Union Bank now stands, and remained in his employ until the fall of 1874 as a delivery boy at $3.00 per week. Mr. Salmon later moved across the street to where the Rex Theatre now stands and Albert Igo opened a hardware store in the old building which was later burned to the ground together with the drug store of Flower and Huffman.

In April, 1876, I was taken in as an apprentice boy in the blacksmith shop of S.W. Hilton, with Ed. Smith, who died in Loveland a few years ago, as master mechanic. This shop was located on the ground where the Weller Lumber Co.'s office now stands. The home
where I resided is now included in the Albian Hotel.

In 1877 W. H. Farr went to work for Mr. Hilton and worked for him until he formed a partnership with Ed Smith under the firm name of Smith and Farr.

In Oct. 1878 Ed E. Clark—who had gone to the White River Indian Agency with Mr. W. C. Meeker, act. as an assistant came from the Agency to procure a blacksmith for the Agency.

He offered the position to William H. Farr, but he declined the position and it was then offered to me. While I was hot thru with my apprenticeship, father and Mr. Hilton felt that it was a good opening for me and advised me to accept, which I did and made preparations for the trip.

As Mr. Meeker wanted his pony which we had left here, brother over to the Agency and as it was Saturday I got the pony and made my plans to start on Monday morning. I shipped my trunk to Rawling to be brought into the Agency by freighters as everything was brot' in that way.

Mr. Clark in order to get away from a lawsuit in which he was wanted as a witness, left for Boulder Sunday night, where I was to meet him on Monday evening. Early Monday morning I bade the folks goodbye and started on my long trip to White River.

Reaching Boulder about dusk I found Mr. Clark waiting for me and after getting a lunch we secured a room and got up for the night as we desired to get away as early in the morning as possible.

We left Boulder bright and early the next morning, riding thru Boulder canon, by Nederland, Rollinsville and nearly up to Yankee Doodle Lake near the summit when it commenced to snow and by the time we found a place to camp there was nearly six inches on the ground.

Here we found a cabin which had apparently been vacated that morning as there was some bedding, some cooked dried peaches, a little bread and some corn meal but no stove or fireplace. There was a woodshed however, attached to the house, with a dirt floor and being quite large we put our horses in one end and built a small fire in the other end and made some coffee and fried some bacon, making quite a meal. We fed the corn meal to the ponies, that being all the feed that was available.

Wednesday morning we made a good start and passing Yankee Doodle Lake, dropped down into Middle Park and proceeding as far as hot sulphur Springs, where we put up for the night.

Arising quite early the next morning to look over the town, I wandered over to the Hot Springs and being open I proceeded to take a bath which was quite refreshing, and just the right temperature. At that time the pool was formed very much like a huge saucer in solid rock, with the water pouring into it on the side about six feet high.

After breakfast we secured our horses and saddling up were ready for another ride. We struck out down the Grand River, crossing the Rabbit Ear range, the Troublesome and Roaring Fork creeks.
and camping on the latter that night. During the afternoon we
passed thru several snow storms and at one time decided we would
have to camp as the snow was coming so fast. We came to a dugout
that had fallen in, but left an opening with just enough room
for us to squeeze under, by lying down, but furnishing a shelter.

The storm abated in a short time, so we concluded to push on a
little further as it was still early. After traveling for some
time it commenced snowing again and as the afternoon was well
spent we decided to make camp for the night. There being no
shelter we bent some willows, which were very plentiful and throw-
ing a blanket over them made a fairly good protection from the
wind and snow. Building a fire in front of our abode we passed
the night fairly comfortable, considering the unfavorable con-
ditions. The horses fared very well as there was plenty of forage
and the weather not very cold.

Friday morning it had cleared up to a great extent and after
getting a fair lunch we pushed on towards Bear River which we
attacked some distance above Steamboat Springs and after a short
stop continued on down the river to Hayden and put up with a Mr.
Smart, who was Post Master, store keeper and hotel manager. They
were very nice people and the only family residing there.

The people operating these small stations were all very fri-
endly and sociable and we were always glad to put in one of these
places to spend the night.

We were still a considerable distance from our destination
but felt that we were getting along fine. The streams were now
all flowing toward the Pacific and the surrounding country more
or less open, making fine ranges for the cattle, sheep, deer,
elephant and other herbivorous animals.

Leaving Hayden the next morning we journeyed on down Bear
River to Windsor near the present site of Craig, I believe, and
stopped there for the night with another fine family and my
company serves me right the station was named for them.

Sunday morning being bright and clear we started south
ward the White River and the agency in good spirits and truckin
we were well on our way to our destination.

We crossed Williams Fork near the scene of the Thomas-
Barore, which occurred the following year. Going down thru a
canyon in this vicinity where the hills rise abruptly for a
thousand feet or more we were startled with shouts and the spec-
tacle of Indians coming down on either side and hollering "Wah-
wap Quap". As the saying is my heart jumped into my mouth and I
was not sure but our time had gone, as we had no intimation of
their presence until we heard them shouting and saw them hurrying
down the hillsides.

My fears were groundless, however, and Clark told me that
they wanted to swap for tobacco but as neither Clark or myself
had it we were unable to accede to their request and they
started back into the hills to finish their hunt.
Following on down the canyon for some time or soon after noontime we sighted an Indian family camped for dinner and on getting closer Clark recognized the brave as Colorow one of the most notorious warriors of the Ute tribe. My heart gave another jump but on getting nearer we were invited to lunch with them and Clark deemed it best not to refuse. We sat down, crossed legs on the ground and ate rather sparingly of the bread and meat which they had to offer.

Personally, I was glad when we resumed our journey towards the Agency, where we arrived about dusk, being about two miles above the present site of Meeker. 

That evening we had a very nice visit with the Greeley boys and let five others who had been recruited near the Agency to help when extra men were needed.

I started work the next morning, not as a blacksmith but as a teamster to help in running the Agency about five miles down the river or three miles below the present town of Meeker.

I was given a four-mule team to drive, and this was my first experience in driving a four-in-hand team having had plenty of experience in driving an ordinary two-horse team.

The cabins were made of hewn logs which were taken down and loaded on wagons and moved to the new location, being a nice level piece of land of several hundred acres in extent, where they were again placed in position and in a short time were ready and we were all settled in our new home.

On one of my trips down I had a load of slabs and in rounding a rocky point one of the wheels struck a projecting rock, the load turned over and the load and myself landed some distance down below the road.

Fortunately no damage was done and the teams seemed to take it as a matter of course. This delayed us for a little time but another man soon coming along we righted the wagon and again loading up we soon arrived at our destination little the worse for our mishap, and in a comparatively short time we had everything moved and were nicely settled in our new quarters.

Needing a building for a blacksmith shop we cut the logs and built a new house in which we made three double bunks, capable of accommodating twelve men and also room to do our cooking. We occupied this for a while and then moved into one of the houses moved down from the old Agency and taking our meals with Miss Josephine Meeker and paying $2.50 per week.

We had shipped in from Pawling a large supply of groceries which we turned over to Miss Meeker and applied on our board bill.

The blacksmith work not being very plentiful I helped with anything that had to be done. Every Thursday the Indians would come into the Agency and get their supply of groceries which they were allowed, such as flour, coffee, and sugar, etc. On that morning two or three of the boys would go out and drive in a
bunch of cattle and kill from 4 to 6 of them within a mile or so of the Agency when the Indians would start in and dress them each one taking what they desired and possibly some of the last getting a very small portion or none at all.

This was all done without any quarreling and I often thought how different it would be with educated people.

The only quarrel I remember on these occasions was between two squaws and it was sure a hair-pulling contest.

Every thing was cleaned up before they left so you could hardly know that there had been a slaughter house a short time before.

At another time, late in the afternoon I saw an Indian, about a half mile away, get off his pony and take his gun and lay it across the pony's back, take deliberate aim and fire at another Indian some distance away who dropped to the ground and the one who did the shooting jumped on his horse and raced down the river. An alarm was sounded but the Indian ponies all being out grazing it was some little time before they could catch them and start after him and night coming on they were obliged to give up the chase and return to camp. I do not think he ever returned to the Agency but his victim died having been shot thru the brain.

The Indians as a rule were very friendly with the boys at the Agency although there was considerable discontent with the Agent. He was inclined to be rather arbitrary with them and threaten them with soldiers if they did not do as he felt they should. At one time some of them came to me and asked "What's the matter, Jack" all time write to Big Father and say "Soldiers come" but no tell what's the matter. A number of them worked around the farm for a little while receiving 50 cents a day and some-body blistered hands.

Colorow and Capt. Jack and their followers lived a number of miles from the Agency, and were seldom seen by the folks at the Agency although some of their band would come in on Thursday to receive their weekly rations. Chief Douglas at the Agency seemed to have a desire to live peacefully at the Agency and I have often thought that if the other chiefs had kept away the accusers might have been averted.

When the Indians learned that soldiers were on the way to the Agency and Colorow and Capt. Jack ready to fight, I believe that Douglas felt that he would have to fall in with them in order to keep in control of his own band.

Early in September 1873 I received a letter from my father stating that the partner of Mr. Gilson (with whom I started to learn my trade) had died very suddenly and wanted me to come back and go in partnership with him and my father urged my acceptance of which I did. I packed my trunk with my belongings to be left at the Agency until some of the freighters would be making the return trip to Rawlins and would bring it out and ship it to me in Greeley, by train.

That was the last I saw of my trunk, but later I received
A fair recompense from the Government.

A few days after my decision to return to civilization, I saddled up my pony which I had traded for from an Indian some months before and as he had been ridden but very little, and it being almost impossible to bridle him, I fastened the bit to the halter rings and tying a rope to the ankle and the other end to the saddle horn, I could pull it up when he commenced to pitch, I set out for home on Saturday morning Sept. 13th 1879.

I took a trail across the hills to a trader's cabin arriving there about noon. On my way there as I was jogging along in the bottom of a ravine I heard some horsemen coming back off of me and looking around saw a number of Indians galloping toward me and I involuntarily grasped the butt of my revolver in case I needed to use it. On coming up to me they asked me with questions as to where I was going, if I was afraid and if I was coming back yet. I gave them my reasons for going out and after traveling with me for some distance they turned off into the hills to finish their hunt.

Arriving at the cabin about noon I took dinner with him and after a short rest, again took the trail. After traveling a few miles, the trail faded out and being unable to find any further trace of it I turned back to the trading post to spend the night and found that I had missed the regular trail. This happened to be my first birthday.

The next morning I made another start and reached May on in good season where I fell in with the mail carrier, on his way out. We spent a very pleasant evening with the traders family and after a good breakfast the next morning we resumed our journey. We traveled together to Hot Sulpher Springs where we put up for the night at the hotel.

After a good night's rest and breakfast we started again but as the route was out by Georgetown and my nearest way was by Rollinsville, our ways soon parted and we gave never met since.

I continued on over the range, past Yankee Buttry Lake and as far as the cabin where we stopped on the way over, and found things just as we had left them so decided to spend the night there again.

Leaving there the next morning I continued on down the south slope and soon found that a forest fire had been raging there and I could hear trees crashing all around me and stumps and trees still burning so that I had to make several detours to get thru at all. I reached Boulder however on Saturday night, and enjoyed another good night's rest.

On starting the next morning I fully expected to sleep at least that night, but darkness came on before I reached Hillsboro and there being no moon I was unable to locate any place to stop. I unbedded my pony and tying one end of the surta to my hand,
fell down on the prairie to get what rest I could.

The next morning, being bright and clear I started early reaching Greeley about 9 a.m. and just one week before the massacre.

Albert Q. Woodbury
Eugene Williams,
1167-10th Ave.
Greeley, Colo.

Personal:
Born at Carleton, Ill., Jan. 30, 1862. Parents moved from there to Memphis, Tenn. Came to Green City, Colo., as one of the colony formed by D.S. Green, in 1871.

The parents of Eugene Williams were members of the Green City colony that located on the Platte River near the present station of Masters. The colonists were mostly all easterners, most of them coming from Memphis, Tenn., and the surrounding country. A few came from Virginia and other states. They tried farming at first and started an irrigation ditch, but knowing little about irrigation and crops as raised in the north, they soon became discouraged and went back to their former homes.

His father, Major J.E. Williams, and J.W. McRae started to raise cattle soon after coming to Colorado. They saw that farming would not be a success so moved across the river from the colony and started a ranch. There were several outfits along the river at this time and stock raising seemed to offer the surest and greatest income.

Other ranchers having large herds in the Platte valley were: Farrell Bros., Finne, Williams and Macram, J.F. Hiff, and Eldridge Gary, a squaw-man. Gary had married a sister of Red Cloud. These were all north of the river. Bruce Johnson was a large rancher south of the river.

The cattle which the ranchers owned had been brought up from Texas and Mexico. In those days many cattle were stolen from Mexico and driven north into Wyoming and Montana. The cattle were driven up in herds of about two thousand each. When a large rancher from the south moved his herd, he started a trail herd of from two to three thousand head in charge of eight to twelve cowboys. These would be followed in a day or so by another herd of the same number. The first herd having made the trail the others would follow quite readily. Two or three thousand are about as large a herd as can be handled. It was from these herds that the ranchers along the trail would buy to start their herds. Yearlings were bought for about six dollars each.

In the early days cattle were not counted by the head when sold. A rancher would buy a herd. Cattle were supposed to increase at a certain rate, and, starting with so many hundred or thousand, would be larger by this increase in a given number of years. The rancher would always take the cowboy's word for the number. If it ever became necessary to count the cattle two lines of cowboys on their horses would be formed and the cattle driven through and counted as they passed. For this the men most expert at counting would be chosen. Hundreds were tallied by making a knot in a rope or dropping a stone into a pocket. Where the cattle could be driven into a corral they were counted as they passed through the gate.
Herefords began to appear in the early 80's. They gradually replaced the Texas Longhorns because they were more hardy and, like buffalo, could stand the winters better. The winter of 1871-2 was very hard on cattle. There were about two feet of snow on the level most of the winter and at least 75% of the cattle died, most of them from starvation. Horses stood the hard winters better than cattle because they could dig thru the snow to the grass beneath.

Rustlers gave almost no trouble in the early days. This was because they could not get the cattle out and there was no place to hide them. The dry-lander, as the small farmers were called, killed a few for meat, but this was not serious.

The Indians were peaceable but would kill a man if caught out alone. At Cedar Creek, several miles north of where Sterling is now, a whole party of cowboys were killed as they were making camp for the night. Mr. Williams had been ordered to go with this party, but when they started in the morning his saddle horse was gone and he had to hunt him up. Another man was sent in his place. Eph. Cole and a boy, two of the party, happened to be about a quarter of a mile away when the attack was made. They heard the shooting and knew what was happening. Turning their horses, they rode away as fast as their horses could go. The Indians saw them, however, and started after them. The boy was killed by a long range shot, but Cole, whose horse was fast, got away. That horse was put in a pasture at the Tracy ranch and kept until he died. This was the last attack made by the Indians in this region.

The above is true to the best of my memory.

Eugene Williams
Fred Dresser
135 Eleventh street
Greeley, Colo.

Personal: Born in Ottawa, Canada April 15, 1849. Parents moved from there to Beloit, Wis. Enlisted in Civil War from Wisconsin at age of 14. Came to Greeley 1870.

Fred Dresser had two brothers, Harry, age 38, and Frank, age 21, who were killed in the Meeker Massacre. Harry was an engineer at the agency and Frank a farmer. Mr. Dresser himself had been at the White River Indian Reservation but had gone on to Virginia City, Nev. As soon as he learned of the death of his brothers, he came back and took charge of their affairs.

Frank was one of the first to be sent at. He was wounded and managed to get into a house where the women were. One of them handed him a rifle and he shot one of the Indians, the only one killed. Hiding there until night, he tried to slip away and go to Rawlings for help. He was seen, however, and followed by an Indian who knew he was armed. Frank got to an old coal mine that had been opened up a few years before and spent the night there. The Indian waited outside and shot him as he came out the next morning. The two brothers were buried at Meeker by the soldiers.

The Indians had been aroused by news that a company of soldiers was coming. An expedition under Major Thursburgh had started from Rawlings for the agency upon word from Meeker that the Indians were restless and might attack. This company was met by the Indians at Milk Creek and a number of soldiers killed. When the Indians learned of this battle, they immediately made the attack upon Meeker. They knew he had asked that soldiers be sent and resented it.

Meeker was bull headed and without tact. He had taken the gons away from his men on the morning of the attack because he feared they might shoot and precipitate an attack. He had plowed up the Indians' race track just a day or so before and they were very angry.

This is true to the best of my memory.  

Fred J. Dresser
Mrs. J. W. Ketkley,
1542-10th Ave.,
Greeley, Colo.

Jan 4, 1934.

Personal:

Etta L. Matteson was born at Mexico, Oswego Co., New York,
Dec. 15, 1861. In 1865 her parents moved to Galva, Ill.

My father, C. W. Matteson, and family came to Greeley, May 8, 1870,
from Galva, Ill. He was with the first group of colonists that
came to Greeley. We came by train to Greeley from Cheyenne, Wyo.
I remember that the racks above our heads as we rode in the coaches
were full of rifles. The train had to stop twice to let the
buffalo herds go by.

The first night we were in Greeley we slept in a box car on
a siding. There was only a pile of ties on which to land at the
depot. The next day my father put up a tent down by the river bridge
and we stayed in that until our house was built. It was at the
corner of 8th Ave. and 9th St. There were plenty of trees along the
river and we had lots of cottonwood to burn. Also, there was a
coal mine somewhere up toward Eaton and my father hauled coal for
us.

My father was a farmer and chose his land about four miles
north of town under the No. 2 ditch. This ditch had been started a
few months before we came by Meeker, Cameron, Faber, and others.

In July 1871, nearly the whole colony went up to Estes Park
for a picnic. There were thirty-five teams and the trip took
three days. We went by way of Loveland, over Bald Mountain, and
down Paul Hill. There was only a dim trail to follow. We had to
keep a fire burning all night to keep the animals away.

There was lots of typhoid fever in the fall of 1871 and
every fall after that until the water came. People had only surface
wells and river water to use at first. The flies also were very
numerous.

Mr. Garley and Mr. Carver were the first teachers. The
school was in a building opposite the Hotel de Comfort. Later this
hotel was made over into a school and Mr. Chattock had charge.

I was at the depot when the captives from the Meeker massacre
came home. There was a large crowd but to see them. Alva Adams had
negotiated with the Indians for their release. They were taken
immediately to the Meeker home. This was in 1879.

The grasshoppers came in 1872-3. They ate everything green. We
had planted some strawberries in the garden and put tin cans over
them to shield them from the hot sun. The hoppers dug under these
tin and ate the plants.

The above is true to the best of my memory.

Mrs. Etta L. Ketkley
Asa McLeod
922 Fifth street
Greeley, Colo.

Personal: Born in Wisconsin, 1852. Parents moved to Emporia, Kan., and came to Colorado in 1872.
Was one of Iliff's cowboys. Herded also for M. R. Davis who had a ranch twelve miles south of Cheyenne, Wyo.

Cattle were brought up from Texas over the old Overland Trail to Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana to graze for the summer. From these herds the ranchers along the route restocked their own herds. The cattle of the early days were all Texas longhorns; the white-faces did not come in until later.

Davis held his steers until they were three or four years old and then shipped them from Cheyenne to Omaha and Chicago for beef. Others farther east shipped from Julesburg and Sidney, Nebr.

Iliff herded his cattle north of the Platte and allowed them to range over all northeastern Colorado. His headquarters ranch was at Riverside on the Platte with other ranches at Pawnee and Sterling.

Iliff was one of the few who did not join the Cattle Trust and so did not lose money heavily as the majority of ranchers did.

Other large outfits in northeastern Colorado north of the Platte were Jerry McGahan, called "Wild Horse Jerry", and Gene Thayer. There was never a lack of grass or water and cattle fattened quickly. The Indians gave no trouble.

The large cattle outfits and the buffalo herds seemed to disappear at about the same time, 1880-2. As the dry summer did not come in until in the '30's, there was a period of 12 to 15 years during which little activity took place.

McLeod hunted buffalo and antelope for the market during his spare time. A load of buffalo meat would be hauled to Cheyenne, Julesburg, or Sidney. An antelope saddle was hauled to Denver, as a rule. A good buffalo would bring from two to five dollars and an antelope about two dollars.

\@ Asa McLeod
A. D. Bennett
1029 Tenth street, Greeley, Colo.

Personal: Born, Moscow, Ohio, 1849.
Came to Weld County 1870
Is a nephew of J. L. Brush.

The three Brush brothers, William, or "Judd" as he was commonly called, came to Colorado in 1868 from
Milpitas, Ohio. They tried mining at first but went broke.
They then traveled north and took up a farm near what was later called
Hillsboro. It was located a few miles north of Johnstown.
William and J. L. Brush got a few cattle and moved down the Platte to Orchard. It was near here that William Brush was killed by the
Indians in the fall of 1868. He had made a camp at the mouth of
Craw Creek in order to watch his cattle. A party of Indians came
up and asked him to come a horse. While he was bent over, he was
shot in the back. His hired man and another by the name of Judd
Harness, hearing the shot, came to the door of the tent and were
immediately shot also.

Judd Brush became a noted rancher and the town of Brush is
named for him.) He was once rated as worth $200,000. Other
ranchers in the same vicinity were, Lime Creek, Billy Adams
at Living Springs, and J. W. Iliff and the Wyatt brothers, Bruce
Johnson also ran cattle near there.

When the Cattle Trust was formed in 1879-80, Judd Brush became
its secretary. It was formed by a party of Englishmen with head-
quar ters in New York. Headquarters for Colorado were in Denver.
The officers drew large salaries and knew next to nothing about
raising cattle on the plains. The result was that all the ranchers
who became members of the trust lost heavily and many went broke.
Judd Brush put in all his cattle and his ranch. He was worth
$500,000 at the time. Then the trust was dissolved but he came out
with $100,000.

Cattle were sold when they were two to three years old. They
were shipped mostly from Julesburg to Iowa feeders and to Chi-
icago for beef. The common price was 3½ cents per pound. A steer
thus brought from $35 to $50.

"Those were banner days." Cabins were left unlocked and
any traveler could come in and help himself. When the immigrants
began to come in, things were not safe and it became necessary
to lock doors and corrals.

There was almost no trouble with rustlers in the early days.
They could not get stock out of the country except by shipping
from some point where it could be easily detected. Julesburg and
Sidney, Nebr., were the common shipping points.

The dry farmers came after the cattlemen were gone. The
Trust broke most of the outfits in 1882 and they sold out and
moved away. For a time the range was almost vacant, then the
dry farmers began to come about 1890.

A D Bennett
W. H. Delbridge
121 Eleventh street
Greeley, Colo.

Personal: Born in Virginia 1842. Parents later moved to Oxford, Miss. Came to Colorado in March, 1876.

W. H. Delbridge came to Colorado in 1876 as a pioneer and settled near Greeley. He started ranching immediately and soon had acquired a small herd of 300 or 400 head. The range was open, each permitted the cattle to graze anywhere up and down the Platte Valley. Anywhere from Sterling west and south on the Platte was free, open range. However, this did not last long. By 1880 the open range was about gone.

The big cattle ranches of northeastern Colorado began to disappear by about 1880. There were several factors that caused this. One was the hard winters. Cattle were left to range for themselves during the winter and having little or no natural shelter such as trees, canals, gullies, or rocky cliffs to act as windbreaks, they had to withstand the full force of wind and cold. When snow was deep, feed was practically impossible. The result was that many cattle died during the winter, and those that came spring were so poor and weak that it took all summer to bring them back. Then, too, the Platte river was the principal source of water, and this often went dry in many places even in spring and summer. When this occurred, herders were driven down to the river bed and made to mill around. Their trapping in one spot would make a hole which would fill with water and from this the cattle could drink.

Another factor in the disappearance of the cattle business was the great fall in prices. During the middle '70's steers bought from $40 to $50 each, especially if four or five years old. By 1880 they had dropped to about $20 for the same kind of stock. Still another cause was the failure of the Cattle Trust. This large company had acquired ranges from Texas to Montana. Most of the ranchers put their cattle and ranches into this trust because they had to. The rancher who tried to hold out against it would have a hard job when it came to selling his stock or to buy more when he needed them. Also, the Trust controlled most of the range. By 1885 the Trust had failed and most of its members went broke.

J. M. Alliff was the largest cattleman in northern Colorado. He owned every desirable pasture between Greeley and Sterling, and counted his cattle by the tens of thousands. They were bought from the Texas herds that came up, sometimes as many as two thousand in a bunch. The coming of the dry farmers had little effect upon the cattle business. They killed a few for food, but this made little difference.

The dry land farmers were brought in by the promoters of large land companies in the east and by the railroads who owned much of the land. They soon went broke and moved away. In many places the third or fourth set of settlers were brought in.

This is true to the best of my memory.
Mrs. Mary Norcross Tuckerman,
307 5th St., Greeley, Colo.

Personal:

Born in Brownsville, Pa., 1859. Came to Greeley, Colo. in Sept., 1870. Husband a carpenter. One of the original Union Colony group.

Mrs. Tuckerman’s father, Dr. A. B. Barclay, an old time country doctor, was one of the first to join the Union Colony group being organized by C. C. Meeker. He was disappointed in the prospects and went back to Pennsylvania leaving his daughter, then Mrs. Norcross, and her husband and baby here.

They lived for a few weeks in the Hotel de Comfort, a building erected for the colonists until they could get their homes built. This was a large building with a partition thru the middle, on one side the bachelors and men without their wives lived. The other side was reserved for men and their families.

The town was laid out and each member of the colony assigned a lot on which to build. Houses sprang up rapidly. Many of the colonists were college graduates and knew little about hard labor. They came mostly from New England.

In the early days of the colony many Indignation Meetings were held by these colonists to protest the manner of living and the supposed injustice of the colony rules. Many felt that they had been defrauded in respect to the land and climate. The rugged life of a pioneer made them homesick and its hardships discouraged them.

To maintain a certain culture and afford some social life a Lyceum was organized. This met every two weeks and questions of local and national interest were discussed. Essays were written, poems composed, and dramas presented. Mr. Tuckerman had brought a grand piano which was the only one in the colony for several years. This was much in demand and there was community singing led by Mrs. Tuckerman. Max Clark together with Boyd, Howard, Holllister, Wright, and Wilbur were very active in the Lyceum.

A Temperance society was also organized in connection with the church. This taught the evils of liquor and fostered the spirit of temperance which was one of the cardinal principles of the colony.

There was also a Social Hour club for those who wished to dance. Many of the younger people enjoyed this. The Good Templars too, had an organization. All these and the church socials kept the social life of the colony interesting and made the otherwise hard life bearable.
Social cliques soon formed in the colony. The first social distinctions became evident when Mrs. Nichols gave a party for her daughters. All were considered socially equal in the colony so all were invited by messenger to the reception, but the invitation specified that a black silk dress and kid gloves were to be worn. Naturally those who did not possess such apparel could not attend.

The grasshoppers came in 1871-2. Great clouds of them obscured the sun and the rattle as they struck against the house was continuous for hours. They ate every green thing. Mrs. Tuckerman ran out to save her garden but in a very few minutes it had disappeared, only the hard stalks remaining.

The cattlemen on the surrounding prairies were antagonistic to the colonists. They disliked to see the grass pulled up and fences built. But it was a great day for the girls when the cowboys came to town. They delighted to see the pictureque horsemen and always appeared on the streets dressed in their best.

There were many buffalo and antelope on the plains. The men would go on a hunting expedition towards Fort Morgan and come back with great wagon loads of buffalo meat. A fine quarter could be bought for $1.25.

Indians were scarce and except for a little excitement one day when a cowboy reported great numbers of Utes coming little attention was paid to them. This scare proved to be groundless for it was only a small band out on a hunt.

Many of the houses built by the colonists are still in use. They have largely been moved to east Greeley and can be recognized today as homes once built by the leading citizens of the colony.

The colony was always strong for prohibition and liquor was not allowed in the homes. Fritz Neumeyer started a saloon outside of the city limits but one night it was burned. The men had called a mass meeting at the church to discuss what to do. After dark Mr. Norcross and Mrs. Tuckerman's husband left home saying he would not be gone long but refusing to tell where he was going. He did not get in until late. Ralph Meeker and he were later accused of setting the fire but nothing could be proved. Some years afterwards another attempt to start a saloon resulted in the same fate. This ended the efforts to start saloons in Greeley.

The statements above are correct to the best of my memory. 

[Signature]
W. G. Binneweis, Interviewer.

Missing from Box and Index does not show what it covers - probably never sent in.
Jan. 11, 1934.

Dr. L. F. Hafen,
State Historical Society,
Denver, Colo.

Dear Dr. Hafen:

I have spent considerable time this week trying to determine definitely the location of Fort Vasquez. It first many conflicting statements were made. They had it located all the way from Fort Lupton to Evans. I have looked into county records dating back to 1861 and have interviewed all the people I could find who might have first-hand knowledge of the old fort.

Last Tuesday I drove to Johnstown and interviewed Mrs. Clingenpeal who was born near there in 1870. From there I went to Platteville, looked over the site, and interviewed three people.

Mrs. Clingenpeal: I was born near Platteville in 1870. We often went to the old Fort Vasquez for school picnics. The walls then were six to eight feet high and there were holes in the sides smaller than windows. The dirt walls are still to be seen beside the road to Denver. I have never known of any other location called Vasquez.

Bartholomew Kern; Platteville: I came to Colorado in 1868 at the age of 13. We first lived at Fort Russellville near Franktown. In 1870 we came to Platteville. The walls of the old Fort Vasquez were six to eight feet high and part of the roof was still there. There were port holes in the sides. It was where the sod walls now are beside the cement road south of Platteville.

Lex Birkle, Platteville: I was born here in 1865 and have never known any other place that might have been Fort Vasquez. I played around the walls and found many arrow heads and other things there. There are no other indications of a Fort anywhere around here.

Mrs. Ferdie, Platteville: I was born here and have lived on the farm where the walls of old Fort Vasquez are since 1906. The river once ran around this way near to the fort. During the early days a big flood cut a new channel and now the river is almost a mile away. There is nothing about here that indicates a fort at any other place than those walls along the road.

The big flood about which a number have spoken occurred about the year 1864. Before that the river evidently ran close to the present site of the old fort. I looked over the surrounding country for other indications but could find nothing. From all that I can learn I feel confident the the walls still to be seen
are those of the old Fort Vasquez. It too as a stage stop and trading post, and later as an orral are most evidently of later origin.

Wednesday I took Mr. Ennes and his brother out to find the location of the old Gerry ranches. We found the sites but there is nothing there, and one could easily walk over the spot and never notice that the ground had been disturbed. In fact the main ranch is now a corn field. Mr. Ennes was able, however, to point out just where the orralis and gates were, and to locate where Mr. Beasch and the indians were killed.

There might be quite a romance-connected with these Gerry ranches if one could go back into the history of the Gerry family. Some relative of this Elbridge Terry was the Elbridge Gerry, Governor of Massachusetts, of Gerrymander Fame.

I understood looking up Seth Ward, son-in-law of Gerry. The brothers of Lester P. Ward went west and it is known that Lester P. once came to Greasy.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

P.S. I have a part of a cavalry bridle bit, a part of a spur, and the tongue staple from a ox neck yoke picked up at the site of the Gerry ranch. Today I was given a record book of the treasurer of the school district where Fort Latham stood. It dates from 1863 to 1880. It contains property valuations and tax levies, also expenditures. Am wondering if you care to have any of these things.

Yours,

[Signature]

Mr. Hoyt will be glad to have you print his wild horse story.
Personal:

Born Rochester, Minn., 1859. Parents came to Creseley, 1860.

My parents came to Colorado from Rochester, Minn. in 1860. I was one year old at that time. They drove overland with a team and covered wagon, lured by the gold rush to Clear Creek. On the way they were attacked by Indians and lost six horses but no lives. Later the government paid my parents $200.00 each for the loss of the horses.

My father, for some reason, did not go on to Clear Creek. Instead, he stopped at the Elbridge Gerry ranch and started a store. Elbridge Gerry was, I think, a nephew of a former governor of Massachusetts. He had gotten into some difficulty with his family and came west. Just a few days before he died he showed a tattoo mark of a ship on his arm to my father and said, "In that ship lies the secret of my life." Gerry had two squaw wives and many children. There was Jeff, Buster, Seth, Nober, and Billy of the boys; and there were several girls. One of them was married to Seth Ward. Ward died the day before the big storm in 1871, and was buried a few days afterward.

Gerry had a large log house about fifty feet long on the Platte northwest of Kuner. It had a large fire place at each end and they used to drag the logs up to them with a horse. To the west and north was a large corral made of posts about eight feet high and sharpened at the top. They were bound together with rawhide. This joined the house which formed part of the wall of the corral. It was here that my father built his store. There were always many Indians camping about and I played with the Indian children.

Gerry also had another ranch at the mouth of Crow Creek, just across the river from Kuner. The house here was built much like the one across the river. It also had a large corral with a gate on the east, opening towards Crow Creek.

One day word was brought by an Indian that some Indians were planning to steal the horses kept at the Crow Creek ranch. A man by the name of Kimsey was there and kept watch. Along in the night he heard an Indian climb the gate and get in where the horses were. When he called out, "Who's there?" the Indian ran for the gate. Kimsey quickly raised his gun and fired. The Indian got over the gate and ran for about one hundred yards down the creek. There he fell. The next day the cowboys put a lasso around his feet and dragged him about a mile up the Platte to a steep bank. There they dumped the body into the river.

Later, a bunch of Indians came to this ranch when William Bruen was there with a couple of cowboys. They acted friendly and asked Bruen to shoe one of their horses. He started to do this and as he stopped over with his back turned they shot him. When the cowboys came to the door they were shot also. The Indians then went on up the Platte to Fort Latham. There they stole a horse from Baily and two from us. From there they went on to the mouth of the Thompson where Ashcraft had a ranch. Ashcraft saw them trying to
get his herd and turned loose on them with a Winchester. He shot so rapidly that the indians thought there were many men there and left without the horses. Aashraft then got a group of men and started after the indians. They circled back to the Crow and there on down the Platte. It was while the men were following this band that the bodies of Bruery and his men were found. The indians were followed down the Platte to a large grove of Cottonwoods. They did not dare go into the woods so came back. They were probably never caught unless they were with the band that Chivington killed later.

At another time we had 200 head of horses in the corral at the Ranch near Kiner. One night the indians opened the gate and drove them all out without awakening any of us. In the morning we saw them four or five miles away driving the bunch across the plains. Jerry got a lassoing gun and signalled to them. The Indians answered back and soon Jerry said, "It's no use. They say they won't bring them back." A company of soldiers under a sergeant was stationed near by and Jerry asked him to go after the horses, but he refused. Jerry said, "Give me fifty soldiers and I'll have the horses back here before dark." Still the sergeant refused and Jerry never got his horses back. Later, the government paid for them.

I remember also, that a band of twenty indians stole two of our horses after watching for two days behind a hill, to get a chance. A brother-in-law of Jerry tried to keep them off but couldn't. They then went down the Platte to Kempton's place and took his horses from the stable. Kempton went after his horses alone and never came back. Several years afterwards his body was found near the indians had left it after scalping it.

When I was about five years old I was captured by the indians and taken across the prairie for a short distance. Three young fellows came along and started playing with me. We threw stones and chased gophers and soon had walked down a hill and out of sight of the ranch. Then the indians grabbed me, one holding each hand, and started across the plains. However, we suddenly came upon a man driving a team of oxen. He saw us and the indians let me go and ran away as fast as they could.

There was also another time when my parents thought the indians had me. We were visiting some friends who lived near the Mile Bridge and there were several indians camped about. During the afternoon my parents missed me and, of course, thought the indians had taken me. They started a search and found me in the tepee of the chief eating dog soup and having a big time.

We lost nearly all of our cattle in the blizzard of 1871. It struck about four-thirty in the afternoon and snowed and blew for two days. When it was over the snow was two feet deep on the level and drifted high in places. The cattle could not be held. Some of them drifted as far south as Denver. The buffalo stood it but the antelope couldn't get around and one could kill them with a club.

The buffalo migrated in 1872-3. Down near Fort Morgan we had one down there on a buffalo hunt. There were twenty men and seventeen wagons. Two men on horses drove a herd down to the river there and there we cut away. It was about as high as a buffalo's back, and when they got down there they would run along the edge.
of the water just below the bank. The men stood on our 2nd shoot as they ran by. We filled the four wagons with buffalo meat. That one trip. The buffalos went north and there were very few to be found after that year.

Other ranchers in the Platte valley around here were: Millerback, Mallon, Cheesman, Huffman, Heebling, Rain, Joe, and Cy Farwell, Black Bill Hipsley, John and Seth Williams, Joe, Sam and Grant Ashcraft, Miller, Wicked Godfrey, an Indian fighter, Dowdy, Sam Kempton who had married Gerry's eldest daughter, Howard Kempton, a trapper who was killed by the Indians, Perkins, and Clift, the notorious bad man.

How things have changed! Now a railroad runs near the old Gerry ranch house, and the spot can hardly be identified. The other ranch where Bruns and the Indian were killed is now a corn field. Old Fort Latham is identified only by a marker put up by the B.U.S. The Berry boys all went up to the Pine Ridge Indian Agency in 1881.

The above is true to the best of my memory. 

Note: I took Mr. Eames to locate the spot where the two ranch houses were and to find the spot where the Berry cemetery is. This could not be definitely located. W. G. Binniewies.

[Diagram of land holdings and markers.]

Drawn by W. Eames.
Mrs. Pitt Smith
1513-9th Ave.
Greeley, Colo.

Personal:
Born in Foster, Rhode Island, 1843. Came to Greeley, Colo.
in May, 1871.

My husband and father-in-law joined the Greeley colony because
they had read in the New York Tribune of the opportunities in
Colorado and especially in the Union Colony. My husband had been
a shop worker in Rhode Island and knew very little of farming,
especially of irrigation. But we wanted the freedom and independence
that comes with the development of a new country, and also the
chance to make our fortunes.

My husband and his father came to Greeley early in the spring
of 1871 in order to build a house and get things ready for us. We
came in May. The house was only partly finished. It had no doors,
not windows, but was plastered. My first experience when I got off
the train was to step on a cactus. I had never seen one before and
it left a lasting impression. We went immediately to the house for
lunch. The men had only a lot of beans cooked. We had a lot of
beans that we had brought on the train. This looked so good to
the men that we let them eat our lunch and we ate their beans.

Mr. Smith had not joined the colony soon enough to get in on
the drawing of lots for land so bought a relinquishment on a
farm a few miles north of town. We soon moved out there and
started to farming. As we were but two and one half miles from town,
we thought it would be a good thing to start a dairy. So Mr. Smith
bought sixty head of milk cows and we expected to supply
Greeley with milk. However, the winter of 1872 was a hard one.
There was lots of snow and the cattle had to range out all the
year. Ours had to range outside the colony fence and we lost all
but one.

To make matters worse, the grasshoppers came in the summer
of that same year, 1872. They came in the afternoon about 4:00
o'clock and darkened the sky like a cloud. It is hard to believe
but the chickens went to roost thinking it was night. They ate
everything green and even ate the cloth screens from our windows.
Even the wood on the side of the house was pitted. They were
here only a short time and disappeared almost as soon as they
came. They left their eggs, however, and the next spring when the
wheat Mr. Smith had planted was about three inches high the
young ones appeared. They cleared the field.

Mr. Smith now had to go to work in the saw mill. There were
two saw mills in Greeley; making lumber for the houses that
were being built. Logs were floated down from the mountains and
made up into lumber and posts. Mr. Smith worked in the saw mill
for three years.

The water we had was very insipid. It had to be hauled from
the river or from wells some distance away. I had never drunk
either tea or coffee, but put some in the water so it would be
better to drink. In this way I learned to use both.
It was practically impossible to get fruit of any kind in the early days. My mother-in-law and I had dried a half barrel of apples in Rhode Island and brought them with us. They were a very welcome addition to our food supply. Our meat consisted almost entirely of dried buffalo meat. Mr. Smith would go down the Platte and shoot a buffalo or two or some antelope. We would rub salt into the quarters and hang them up to dry. They would cure in the dry air and last a long time. I remember that some antelope meat got so hard that it had to be shaved off with a plane. Nevertheless, it was good that way. I sold butter for as much as sixty-five cents per pound.

There were lots of rattlesnakes on our farm and I used to dread to go out of doors. One day my father-in-law killed one with the spade and stooped down to examine the head and a piece of the body about four inches long. It made a jump at him and struck hard enough to pierce his leather boot.

We had no money after our horses and my husband often wished we were back in Rhode Island where he could get his weekly pay. However, nearly everyone was in the same plight. We had to run bills from one season to the next, hoping that crops would be good so that we could pay the rent.

On Sunday, we drove to church in a lumber wagon hitched to a team of mules. Everyone did the same as we thought nothing of it. There was a long row of hickory posts near the church and on Sunday it would be full of horses and mules that had brought people to church in lumber wagons or high seated buggies.

For fuel we had to burn a poor grade of coal from a mine up near Eaton. Wood was scarce because there were but few trees along the river, and slabs from the saw mills were our only supply.

Those early pioneering days were strenuous, but we developed strength and courage, and now I am over ninety and still feeling fine.

The above is true to the best of my memory.

Alvinna Smith
Mrs. S.S. Sanford,  
1128-11th St.,  
Creeley, Colo.

Personal:  
Born at Galena, Ill., 1858. Parents came to Colorado in 1860. Settled on the St.Vrain in what is now Weld County.

G.A. Fleming  

From Leavenworth he brought a brick burner and we stayed at Fort St. Vrain until he had burned enough bricks to build our house. So far as I know this was the first brick house to be built in Colorado. The clay was taken from the bed of the creek on the spot where the house stood. This house stood until 1866 when a flood caused by a break in a reservoir near the mountains undermined it and it fell into the creek.

My mother brought many garden and flower seeds with her and one of the first things we did was to plant a garden. We sold vegetables and chickens to the neighbors and made quite a bit of extra money that way. My father also made bricks for the neighbors and many of the houses along the St. Vrain are built of those native clay bricks.

The indians used to come to our house and talk about those bricks. They had never seen anything like them. They would rub their hands along the sides of the house and push against it while they were talking.

Hay was one of the principle crops in those days. My father had a fine meadow and used to cut lots of hay for market. He hauled it to Central City for as much as $100.00 per ton. Most of it had to be cut by hand and bailed in a hand press.

I recall that one time about 700 indians camped on our meadow. Each of them had two or three ponies and they would soon have ruined the hay. My father decided the next morning that he would ask them to move off. Mother objected, fearing that it would anger them and we might all be killed. But father decided to go, so, packing up some meat and other things to eat he went over to talk to them. He came back in a little while and the indians pulled up their tepees and moved about a mile up the creek. After that they often came to our house and father treated them well. He said that no matter what happened he would not be afraid to go to the chief, Left Hand, and ask his protection.

One day, Left Hand brought his squaw and pappooses to our house. We played with them and when they went they took some of our dresses and skirts with them. The next day they came back dressed in our clothes. One would have on a apron, another a skirt, and another a dress. They laughed and pointed to them, trying to tell us something in indiant.

The one word was passed around that the indians were on the war path. All the settlers gathered at the home of Bob Hawk, but
nothing happened and they came to our house. The neighbors stayed with us a long time fearing to go home.

Rollins, of Rollinsville, had brought with him from Kentucky a fine herd of Durham cattle from the Bates herd in Kentucky. My father bought seven head from him and started our herd of Durham stock. These were very fine cattle but they did not stand the rough, open winters.

Sometimes food was hard to get. I remember that my father once offered $100.00 in gold for a hundred pounds of flour and was refused. Gold dust was in common use. Every man carried a leather pouch for gold dust and a scales for weighing it. He often carried a microscope also, in order to be sure that he got gold and not something else.

When my father came to Colorado he brought with him for medicine—two cases of whiskey and twenty pounds of salts. That was all the medicine there was in the country. And you may be sure that many neighbors needed medicine.

My father built the first ditch for irrigation in that part of the country. It was called the Rural Ditch. Later he built one called the Last Chance. These have both been filled up and discontinued. They took the water directly out of the St?Vrain.

My father also kept a Post Office at our house. It was called Fleming's Ranch. The mail was carried from Fort St?Vrain to LaPorte by pony or on foot. We lived six miles above the fort.

The above is true to the best of my memory.

Ada Fleming Sanford
James McDonald, 603-5th Ave., Greeley, Colo.

Interviewed by W.S. Binnewies.

S. M. indicates.

Born in Pleasantville, in 1865, Came to Weld, Co., Colo., 1871.

Lived on a ranch near Orchard, Colo., owned about 300 head of cattle.

W. H. Wiff, with headquarters in Denver, was the big cattleman of northeastern Colorado. He stopped at the McDonald ranch many times as he came to look after his herds. A thousand head of cattle was considered a small herd in those days. The big cattlemen counted their cattle by the tens of thousands.

Fremont's Orchard, now Orchard, Colo., was the headquarters for the cattlemen of this vicinity. Here the Platte River could be forded. It was also a crossing for the Indians and buffalo. The place was so called because General Fremont stopped there for a time on one of his campaigns.

Green City, now extinct, was a considerable town on the Platte near Orchard. It was settled by southern gentlemen who attempted to found a colony there. They soon became discouraged and moved away. A man named Green started it.

Most of the big cattlemen moved from northern Colorado in 1881-2. They went to Wyoming and Montana. The herds were moved north because of the great drought in the Fall of 1881 and the Spring and Summer of 1882. The Platte River dried up and only a few watering holes were left. Comparatively little rain fell in the mountains during the winter of 1881-2 and all small streams dried up. During the summer of 1882 all the grass dried up and the ranchers had to drive their herds northward where grass could be found. After the cattlemen had moved their herds to Wyoming they never came back. Many of them sold out to English investors. These men knew nothing about running cattle and were easily duped. In showing their cattle to the English it was said that the ranchers chased the cattle around a hill and then brought the same herd back. Many more cattle were sold than were owned. It is said that they sold their cattle by the number of tracks.

The Number 3 Ditch was surveyed by an engineer named Nettleton. It was made by teams and scrapers, and was a slow process. Water came down the ditch in 1871. There were no reservoirs, the water being taken directly from the Platte River near Fort Collins. The colonists knew little about irrigation or the running of water and much was wasted.

The first flour mill in Greeley was run by water power from the Mill Power Canal, a ditch taking water from the Platte River west of Greeley.
The grasshoppers came in 1871 and 1872. Their eggs were laid in 1871. In 1872 they came in great clouds that obscured the sun. They ate every green thing and all the clothing they could find. The trees along the river were stripped of leaves and stood out bare as in winter. Corn fields were left bare, gardens were ruined. All grass was eaten where they went and the prairie left bare. Only a few weed stalks stood like dry sticks stuck in the ground.

The Ute Indians kept the settlers in constant fear of a raid. In 1879 the Government sent runners down the Platte to warn the settlers to get off their claims and gather at some spot where they could protect themselves. Many did this but some refused to leave their homes and stock. The Indians proved to be only a small marauding band out to get buffalo and steal a few horses.

The above is correct to the best of my memory.

[Signature]

J. H. Donald
Mrs. Grace Brush Mayne.
Millikin, Colo.

Jan. 30, 1934.

I was but five and one half months old when my father was killed by the Indians. Our home was near Hillsboro, northwest of Johnston. After my father's death, mother went to live with her parents at Niwot. This was in 1868.

The Brush Bros. had about 1500 acres of land. This was divided when mother went to Niwot and I still have my share. I now live on land owned by my father.

The postoffice, Hillsboro, has moved about a great deal. At first, it was kept as a stage stop by Mr. Hill, who came here in 1860. Next, it was kept by Geo. Keys, five or six miles northeast of there, near the Welcome Hill school. Then John Whole had it. He lived two miles west of Johnston. Next, John Tilley was postmaster, one and one-half miles north of Millikin on the bank of the Big Thompson. Tilley, later, moved to the present Hillsboro which is a half mile west of Millikin. Then, John Brewer was made postmaster, and kept the office until it was discontinued when Millikin started.

(Mrs. Mayne is the daughter of Wm. Brush who was killed by the Indians in 1868 at the mouth of Crow Creek.)
October 23, 1859.

A.P. Vasques claims 160 acres of land situated in St. Vrain Co.,

Nebr. Ter. commencing at a stake on the northeast corner, thence west,
running on a parallel line to a stake on an island in the river,
thence running south to a stake on the Platte river, thence east to
a stake on the south east corner, thence running north to the first
stake, claiming old Fort Vasques in its boundaries.

Witness, Charles McConnolly for

A.P. Vasques.

Copied by W.G. Binnewies, Greeley, Colo.
CRUMBLING WALLS SHOW
LAST OF OLD FORT GERRY

Wheat Fields Hide Home of "Squaw Man," Son of Governor
Who Died in Wilds

GREATLY, Colo., July 9—(Special)
Recalling fifty years ago when the region made his home on the banks of Crow Creek and Weld county's only "saw man," Elmer Gerry, the nephew of former Governor Gerry of Vermont, trapped for furs and was a friend of both whites and Indians, the crumbling walls of old Fort Gerry, nine miles east of here, are barely recognizable among the waving wheat fields about them.

Yet here on this cultivated tract of Weld county, now a part of the S. H. Ranch territory, was enacted many of the most stirring events of half a century ago and all-timely still now. Here Gottfried founded the hospitable walls of old Fort Gerry. Here his Indian wives, Richard and Elmer Gerry lived with their sons.

According to the Indian records the walls are covered over his grave by trees. Later they died and their graves are still in their homes near by. But one by one they returned to their boarding except Elmer, who married James Kempter, a wealthy stockman of Montana. He died about two years ago and his grave over his home caused the death of his son.

In another year of two, old Fort Gerry will have gone the way of other historic spots in Weld county, for today there are not ten men who would know that anything remained of the old fort erected by the successful trapper who bought it on the plains and left his mark on this section of the state.

CRUMBLING WALLS SHOW
LAST OF OLD FORT GERRY
Elbridge Gerry.

I have placed at the beginning of this article the genealogy of the Elbridge Gerry family that you may see the line from which the first permanent white settler of Weld came. He was born in Boston, Mass., in 1818, died in 1875.

Elbridge Gerry ran away from home at the age of twelve, and we next find him in 1840 located at the mouth of Crow creek where it flows into the Platte river near Kuner. Previous to this he had lived with the Indians and had two Indian wives. They were Sioux.

If you stop on the south side of the Platte river and view the abundant wild hay and grasses, you can readily see why he chose this location for his horse ranch. The water and feed were close at hand, and there were cottonwood trees along the river for fuel. The ranch house consisted of three rooms in a row and helped to make the southern boundary of the corral or stockade. The house was built of sod and the walls were usually three feet thick. At the west end of the house was a little gate into the corral, and in the east wall was the big gate. The west wall was of sod and the north wall had a shed for the horses. (I have this bit of picture of what the walls looked like 50 years later. Now they are leveled to the ground.)

Here were born the Gerry children, Lizzie, Maria, Seth, Jeff, Burt. The younger children were Bill, Ben, John, and Wollie. Maria, born in 1851, married a Kempton. Lizzie, the oldest, married Seth Ward, a mule freighter. Ward died in 1871. About a mile down the Platte river and on the same side is to be found the Seth Ward adobe house. This has been enclosed with siding and is still standing. The avenue of trees leading to it makes you think there was a thought for beauty. Indians captured the mule train of Seth Ward but did not harm the people.

Gerry's fort was on the north side of the Platte river, but some years later he built a trading post on the south side and some half mile west. There the stage stopped, and even now some of the old stage and trail ruts can be seen. The house was built very much like the one on the north side where Gerry lived. The corner room was a store, and back of it was a storeroom. The living quarters were in the third room. These had the same sod walls, but the corral to the south was made of logs some twelve feet long set upright in a trench. These were woven together with green rawhide at the top which when dried made them tight. In the south end was the big gate made of morticed logs. It weighed about a thousand pounds. It was from this corral that 200 head of horses were stolen by the Indians when Oscar Ennes kept the store. Gerry put in a claim to the government and eventually was paid $200.00 per head for the horses. Gerry built the large brick block in Evans with the money.

Mr. Walter Ennes, as a boy about eight years old, lived here at the store with his father, Oscar Ennes, when the horses were stolen. This was Jan. 3, 1868.

1. This data was obtained from the diary of Ella Bailey.

Elbridge Gerry had a ship tattooed on his arm and remarked that there lay the secret of his life. Seth Ward was supposed to have been told the secret of Gerry's life, but the knowledge died with him. Others could only piece out from things dropped now and then, but seem to agree that there may have been some military or naval training. He was a steely built person of medium height, weighing about 180 pounds, with those steely grey eyes and a presence about him that made him stand out in a group of men. There was aloofness about him that made one feel that there had been an embitterment that caused him to settle in the frontier in 1840. In bearing there seems to have been a strong resemblance to General Grant. He rode a dark brown pacer, for it was the finest horse in the country, and he was the biggest horseman, also.

Eugene Williams, now of Greeley, was about the same age and a friend of the Gerry boys. He says that Seth Gerry was a handsome fellow, straight as an arrow, a wonderful rider, and possessed of very beautiful, perfect teeth. One day when the conversation turned to teeth and having them pulled Seth remarked
"Why would anyone want to have his teeth pulled?"

Then Eugene Williams was fourteen, and Jefferry were riding on the plains when one of them suggested that they rope a buffalo and ride it. The one who roped it was to be exempt from riding. No sooner said that Jeff was off and soon had a buffalo roped. Eugene got on its back and was off across the prairie on as fine a bucking buffalo calf as one could hope to see. After a stretch he let go of the heavy hair on the buffalo's neck and slipped off.

One time he and Seth were herding a bunch of cattle in the Pawnee Buttes country. For some reason Eugene had borrowed his father's knife, and as the cattle were quiet, Seth decided that he wanted to smoke as they sat in the shade of a greeswood. So the knife was passed over to him to prepare his smoke. About then the cattle became restless and the boys were off on their horses, knife and tobacco left by the greeswood. It was a pretty anxious Eugene for if they never found the knife he would get a going over from his father, Major Williams. However, at the end of a half hour or so, they were together again and Jeff went to the identical greeswood where the knife lay. Seth also had an eye for reading the clouds. On rising in the morning he scanned the sky and if he tied his slicker on his saddle one could be pretty sure of a storm.

Lizzie Gerry married Seth Ward who kept the first postoffice in Evans in 1869. The railroad bridge in Evans was being built at that time, but neither the ties nor the rails were laid, only the large stringers stretched across the Platte river. One day, one of the Tylies wanted to get his horses and wagon across the river which was high. Seth Ward and J.T. Tylie pulled the wagon across the stringers of the bridge by fastening an ox yoke to the wagon with ropes. Sam and J.C. Tylie guided the back wheels. If the wagon had deviated two inches to either side it would have fallen onto the stringers, but no mishap occurred. The bridge was 990 feet long.

1. Diary of Lila Bailey, dated 1869.

Marie Gerry married Jim Kempton. Mr. Bernie Kempton, Terre, Montana, a son, has some of his grandfather's old day books from the store. In these flour is mentioned as $20.00 per sack and good buffalo hides at $1.50. Mr. Ennes says that Hostetter's Bitters were sold there, also, some whiskey. There is a story that a barrel of whiskey was buried thereabout at one time—the report of an Indian raid made them bury it for safety.

Jim Kempton had a brother Howard who was killed by the Indians at Lost Springs. George Williams had gone down the river to get a hay press that belonged to Oscar Ennes. The Indians came that night and stole all the horses belonging to the Kemptons and Oscar Ennes out of the barn. They overlooked the horses of Geo. Williams, so Howard Kempton took one of these to round up his own. He started after the Indians but never came back. The Indians killed and scalped him. Gerry's brother-in-law, a Sioux Indian, came and told of the killing and where the body could be found, but it was over a year before it was discovered. Lost Springs is northeast of Roggen in the sand hills, 30 miles from Creely.

Rogar, or Buster as he was called, was killed by a white man who went crazy one night after a drink. They were in a claim shanty up on the hills northeast of the Gerry ranch. He was about twenty years old. Buster was not fond of riding like his brothers Seth and Jeff. He raised sheep and goats and made money.

On the gravel headland not far from where the house stood are the graves of Buster, one of Elbridge Gerry's wives, Elbridge Gerry himself, and Seth Ward.

(This story and the accompanying genealogy were prepared by Miss Elizabeth Doten, 1006-8th St., Creely, Colo.)
Welda City, M. O. June 28th, 1930

Mrs. E. Eaton, Truly etc.

Dear Mr. Eaton and Friends,

I received your letter to my wife and was glad to hear from a Colorado lady. I was sorry to hear of the death of my dear friend, Bruce Johnson. I will tell you all about Ellridge Barry this spring. He is a descendant of Ellridge Barry who signed the Declaration of Independence. They were both for the first one three years all name Ellridge. I don't know what year Barry came west. He was there when I got there in 1855. The first Indian woman he had was a half Cherokee and half Chiricahua. She was
The mother of Sippy Wash went to her home to take her daughter of the Swift-Birds and he was furious and some time after one of the girls and other one she had, had a lot of children 4 boys and 3 girls and I have seen that they were all at Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota. They got 11 thousand dollars from the Government for stock. The Indians ran off of his and the Swift-Bird's Dick Hotel in Evans with the many. He left his home at the mouth of Crow Creek and moved to Chalk Bluffs and stayed while they moved to Evans and Bill Brunge went to his ranch with a herd of cattle and Mrs. Belt was there. By 5 o'clock and the dawn the Indians went up to Dan Eagles.
3. Horse at Batteau and got all of Dallas Horn some 30 head and slept with them beside my
lunch. When Evans is done
end, told all of these Indians some
drive the River and stood a
up on the 2 of my horses and my
Horse without drive into the
River and I and my brother
Swannville got off the Bank of
the River and still killed one
of the horses that went down the
River and I shot the other Indian
that went straight per ads the River
and the fell off of a little black
horse and horse killed at him
and Prince across a sand bar
and horse belong to others Indians
little boy. This Indian I shot ju-
up and got to the Banks and fed
Himself, up the Bank by the
grass then the other Indians took
his horse and my Port down in the
horse and went off with Dallin's
Horns then Mc and Harris
yet our 2 horses in and went across
the River to Emile's Place and from
him casting day with Big Horses
and all the Breeding of his Horses
and we went to James Debbe's
and the oldest person His Horses
was join them all 4 of us went
down the River to Garden
Ranches and found Bill Bruck
and his 2 Horses from Layton
in front of the Houses fell off
their horses to frequently often
and we were caught up with there
then we went back Home and I
went to Mr. Mill's and to John and Jack
Bruck's Ranch and have them read
That Bill not the 2 September
Fell in and the Cairine Jack Bird
Did come and Free and Translated
Went with Him and When We left
The Man there was a Lot of
Dancers - flour of a Tree top that
Was Bare - We found The India
I Shot one and the Horse to See
That was Laying Close to the Tree
Stop me Was there to the Romance
and located the 3 Men and a Hay
Nash with play on it and 2 Gates
of Ditch Hell, Stuck up an to the
Champon Creek Where Just Drum
Ran 19 Was and Beyond them then
I will write you a jain when I
Have from you again I can
tell you all that He find the
for the last 25 years
If you can get me to a place
that I can Reuse that I was guide
and Slapton fire in calculated
and

1864 to 1868

Cedar Canyon Me

If you get me 2

That I was lay

Endean 3162

of 20 a man

Get them I will

For you I am

3 Brothers was

Who Had a Hay

South side of the

Month of Oct

to H.M. What the

Where you went

of this I am
for the Government from 1864 to 1868 I went to reside to Cedar Creek in Wet. Wyd Sothvin.
if you get me 2 jail, Whit more, that I was injured me the
Indian War I can get a pension
of 20 a month, and if you
get them I will pay you well
for you trouble. There was
8 Brothers names Fairwell
who had a Hay land on the
South side of the River about
the month of October past
To H.L. Smith the Sheriff
where you write me an receipt
of this. I am sure your
friend E.P. Asksp.
With my affectionate regards,

May 11, 1830

P.S. If you think it necessary I will send you a copy of the letter from the Mayor to the Board of canvassers.

[Signature]

John Doe

Secretary
Seth is a boy and Homier he was killed by a white man the afternoon of time took up a knife and killed one on the hills north of Jape's Ranches and the white man was very crazy he got up one night and killed Homier and the mother, Hender wife, before she would have killed this white man with a knife Maria an old woman was married to Jim Peters in the winter. I don't remember that name the best was a big man named Jeff Taylor the young one Billy Black, Black, Mrs. Perkins for a long time and learned to talk English after长久

Hard to talk Indian anything else you want to know I will do what to tell you. We are not the last in

last Friday was 1004 in the sunshine you don't beat that in Cold.

I am your friend,

T. D. Peters
Children of Thomas and Elizabeth (Greenleaf) Gerry.

1. Thomas, a merchant
2. John
3. Elbridge
4. Elizabeth (The 1st wife of Burril Devereaux)
5. Samuel Russell, collector of the port at Marblehead.

Thomas Gerry was a native of Newton Abbot, England, and emigrated to America in 1739, settling at Marblehead, Mass. where he became a very prosperous merchant.

Elizabeth Greenleaf, born 1716, daughter of Enoch, married Thomas Gerry, an Englishman, shipmaster, came to Marblehead, Mass., in early life.

Elbridge Gerry, born at Marblehead, Mass., July 17, 1744. Graduated from Harvard, 1762. In his master's oration in 1765, he opposed the Stamp Act and other revenue measures adopted by the mother country. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, one of the Envoys Extraordinary to the Republic of France, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, member of the 1st and 2nd United States Congress, Governor of Mass., 1810, Vice President of the United States, 1812. Died Nov. 22, 1814. Buried at Washington, in the Congressional burial ground, where the government has erected a monument to his memory.

Ann Thompson, 1763-1849, daughter of Charles Thompson, clerk of the Continental Congress. Married Elbridge Gerry, had six daughters and three sons.

Children of Elbridge Gerry and Ann Thompson

- Catherine, married Hon. James T. Austin
- Eliza
- Ann
- ?
- Helen Maria
- James Thompson
- Eleanor Sanford
- Emily Louise, died Dec. 22, 1894.

She was the last surviving daughter of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Elbridge Gerry, born Boston, Mass., 1818, ran away from home at age of 12, settled on Crow Creek near Platte River in Colorado, 1840. First permanent white settler in Weld Co.
Elbridge Gerry

1st. Wife: Cheyenne and Sioux
- Lizzie, married Seth Ford, post master at Latham and Evans, 1869.
- Harriet, married Jim Kempton
- Seth, married Serbie Kempton, Terre, Montana.
- Jefferson Davis, Roger or Buster, killed by a crazy white man when about 20 years old.
- Elbridge Gerry, 2nd wife, daughter of Swift Bird, sister of Red Cloud.
- Bill
- Benjamin
- John
- Mollie

A MASSACHUSETTS statesman who gained more than local renown was Elbridge Gerry, who was born at Marblehead, July 17, 1744. He graduated from Harvard in 1762 and became a merchant. He was not long in entering politics, however, and was a member of the colonial house of representatives from 1772 to 1773. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress from 1776 to 1780 and again from 1783 to 1785. Gerry was also a delegate to the historic Constitutional Convention but he refused to sign the document which later became the fundamental law of the United States. He served in the First and Second Congresses of the United States as a Federalist and later was defeated for governor of Massachusetts running on the Democratic ticket. He was elected governor, however, in 1810 and 1811 but was defeated again in 1814. He was elected Vice President of the United States in 1812 but died at Washington in 1814.
Katherine S. McElroy,                    Creeley, Colo.
Rt. I, Creeley, Colo.                      Feb. 6, 1934.


Peronal:

My father, William S. McElroy, came to Cre-le-y from Pittsburg,
Penn., in December, 1870. He was one of the colonists. A house
was built on 5th Ave. and 10th St., and in April, 1871 my mother
and I came out.

The place where we now live was bought by my father in 1871. It had
been owned about three months by someone who got sick of his bargain
and wanted to go back east. The present house was built in 1872. We moved in
in April, and I have lived here ever since. I have reason to believe that
this was once an old Indian corn ground. We have found many arrowheads and
bands here and in the field next to the river are spots about ten feet in
diameter where the grain grows much taller than elsewhere. There are many
of these spots irregularly placed along the river and on the hills above.

We stopped in Missouri on our way out here to visit my grandfather
McCague. He gave me two little pigs which I brought to Cre-le- y. They were
the first pigs in town. My father had been a pattern maker for the Fort
Pitt Foundry in Pittsburgh, and after he came here he worked as a carpenter
and bridge builder for many years. He built most of the bridges near here
across the Poudre and Platte. He also built many of the homes in Cre-le- y.

The old road to Cheyenne went thru our land close to the house, and
always were very much interested in the travelers who went by. Sometimes
there would be large herds of cattle and at other times mowers in covered
wagon.

We went to school in Cre-le- y, having to cross the river on a foot
bridge built by my father. Sometimes when the river was high it was
impossible to cross. The river rose every spring before the ditches and
reservoirs were built. Sometimes it reached from bluff to bluff, and horses
had to swim across.

One of our chief amusements in the spring was to drown out the little
prairie dogs in the "dog town" near here. They made fine pets for the
summer, but by the time they were grown they became vicious and we had to
let them go. A prairie dog has no sense of distance or perspective. He will
climb up a stairs all right but in coming down he just drops from one floor
to the other. We also had a pet antelope. He was just like a pet sheep or
goat and would follow us wherever we went.

Our reading consisted of such papers and magazines as Harper's Weekly,
kitchen was papered with pictures from Harper's Weekly and we used to
discuss them every day as we ate.

Being so close to the river, we were bothered a great deal by skunks
that tried to get our chickens. One time, one got in the cellar and we had
a time getting it out. Finally, one of the men suggested that it would
follow a light and could be led out. So this was tried. The skunk followed
the light until it got to the steps, but there it had a hole under the
foundation and went in. It was necessary to pull out a part of this before
we got it out.

The above is true to the best of my memory.

Katherine S. McElroy
Prices copied from an account book kept by Bruce F. Johnson, dated 1869.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>June 8</td>
<td>1 pr. boots</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 10</td>
<td>Robt. Eastland, four days work</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 27</td>
<td>one can Powder</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>five lbs. lead, one bx caps</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 27</td>
<td>one shirt</td>
<td>2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 5</td>
<td>two pipes</td>
<td>7.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>three lbs. Tobacco, Navy</td>
<td>3.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>one lb. smoking</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>11, one pack cards</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>one comb</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>23, one tucks skin</td>
<td>2.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 6</td>
<td>Five plugs tobacco</td>
<td>7.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr. 5</td>
<td>Ed. Jones, sixty-four days work</td>
<td>64.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 27</td>
<td>one pistol</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 27</td>
<td>one shirt</td>
<td>2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 6</td>
<td>one lb. smoking tobacco</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>thread</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr. 5</td>
<td>Chas. Smith, by 5 months and 16 days, at $1.00 per day, 162.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>one can powder, 5 lbs. lead</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>one box cartridges</td>
<td>2.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>one pr. boots</td>
<td>7.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>one pr. socks</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>two letters</td>
<td>.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 6</td>
<td>two bars lead, one box caps</td>
<td>.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 8</td>
<td>one pr drawers</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3, Albert Wake, 21 days night herding</td>
<td>32.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 6</td>
<td>50 days board</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>7, one pr overalls</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 27</td>
<td>one hat</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>five drinks</td>
<td>1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 21</td>
<td>one pr shoes</td>
<td>5.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>One pr. gloves</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 1</td>
<td>one lb. tobacco</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 25</td>
<td>two pr. socks</td>
<td>1.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 27</td>
<td>1 bar soap</td>
<td>.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>27, two boxes Spencer cartridges</td>
<td>4.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 12</td>
<td>200 lbs oats</td>
<td>4.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>13, 100 lbs potatoes</td>
<td>2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>10 lbs bacon</td>
<td>3.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 5</td>
<td>one wagon spoke</td>
<td>.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>one buckskin</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>11, fifty lbs flour</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mach 6</td>
<td>50 lbs sugar</td>
<td>11.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>54 lbs butter</td>
<td>21.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>12, 150 lbs buffalo meat</td>
<td>2.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr. 24</td>
<td>one antelope</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 5</td>
<td>60 lbs apples</td>
<td>7.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>6 pr. ox bow</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>20 lbs salt</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>6, 1 gal. vinegar</td>
<td>.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 9</td>
<td>1 pr. spurs</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>21, 9 yokes</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
July 21, one envelope skin $1.00
27, one camp kettle 1.75
Sept. 6, one 1 lb nails .15
23, one gal vinegar 2.00
Oct. 26, one pr stirrup straps 2.50

Credit, 1870.
Feb. 1, by hauling forty thousand shingles from Somers mill to Kit Carson 100.00
9, by hauling six hundred and ten ties from Scott & Moses tie camp to ten miles below Kit Carson 271.00
Mch 19 by hauling seven hundred & thirty-two ties, at 1.10 805.20
Apr. 10, by sale of one sack flour 6.00
July 15, by sale of two yoke cattle 250.00
11, by sale of one wagon 65.00
Oct. 8, by hauling 30,000 feet lumber 240.00

(Copied from an account book kept by Bruce F. Johnson, 1869-70)

By W.C. Binnewies,
Cresely, Colo.
Tobias Mattick,
1113-14th Ave.,
Greeley, Colo.

Personal:
Born in Hamilton County, Ohio, July 25, 1847. Parents moved to
Indiana. Enlisted in Civil War at age of 14. Went from Indiana
to Iowa in 1871. Came to Colorado and located in Bear Creek Canon
above Morrison, in 1872.

I enlisted in the 78th Indiana Infantry, Company F, on the 17th
of August, 1861. During the first few days I spent gazer at Indianapolis
with an old flint lock musket. My first battle was that of Wild Cat
Mountain in Kentucky in 1862. Altogether I was in 12 battles,
including those of Perryville, Murfreesboro, Nashville, Stone River,
Chickamauga, and Mason Ridge. My last battle was at Nashville when
Thomas snapped Hood off the field. I was discharged June 3, 1865 at
Nashville. The fighting was mostly hand to hand and with bayonets.
I received a saber wound in the shoulder.

Coming to Colorado in 1872 I located in the Bear Creek Canon
above Morrison. Soon afterwards I began freighting and hauled
supplies from Denver to Leadville, then from Denver to Black Hawk and
Central City. From Leadville we hauled to Aspen and Gunnison. I
was the second man to haul a load of freight in to Gunnison. That
was in 1873.

For freighting in those days a large Settler wagon was used
to which four horses or six mules would be hitched. There were no
roads as we know them now. In going to Leadville we went thru
Morrison, Post, Salley's, and Fairplay, then across to Leadville.
Generally there were two men with each outfit. On one of my trips
to Leadville a road agent came along about dusk as we were camped
on a creek and tried to take the mules. My driver had a gun and
drawing on him told him to move on. He did.

On another occasion the freighter ahead had lost a sack of
corn. We found it and loaded it on the wagon. A freighter going
down from Leadville with a six mule team stopped us and asked if
we had found it. He said it was his and for me to hand it over. We
asked him how he could have lost it since he was coming down. That
made him angry and he drew his gun on me. My driver, who was on the
load, then drew his gun on the freighter and ordered him to move on. We
kept the corn.

Black Hawk and Central City were thriving towns in the 70's.
It was built up solid between them and one could not tell where
one town ended and the other began. Price of goods varied with the
roads and with the weather. During the winter of 1876 we had a big
snow. It was four feet on the level and the roads were blocked.
Black Hawk and Central City got out of flour and sent word down
for someone to try to get thru with a load. I loaded up 100 sacks
at Littleton and started. At Golden I met a man by the name of
Bradshaw who had come down with a yoke of oxen and opened the
road. This made it possible for my team to get thru. Arriving at
Black Hawk I put up at the Bull Hotel. By that time Russell Colton
was also out of flour. The mayor of Black Hawk took charge of the
load and distributed it to the three towns. I got $25.00 per
hundred for that flour. It had cost me $4.00 at Littleton. Hay
was selling for $50.00 per ton and oats for 15 cents per pound.
Wolf Londoner and Ben Combsworth were the leading retail grocers in Denver at that time. I would take orders from the miners for groceries and whiskey when I went up with a road and come down and have it filled. Being well acquainted with the leading merchants, I got the hauling to do.

What is now Evergreen used to be called The Post. A man by the name of Post had a store there. The Wilmoth Bros. also had a blacksmith shop there. Post married a Miss Bergen whose father lived on the west edge of what is now Bergen Park.

On the road south out of Golden at the hogback is a stone house that used to be owned by John Binder. Up on the hogback is a pine tree that can be seen from the house. In 1874 two horse thieves were hung from this tree. At the point of the hogback there used to be a station called Apex. It was a stage stop and the old pits which were dug out for the coaches are still there. Over this road I hauled all the posts that fenced the Reformatory at Golden. This was in either 1876 or 1878.

In 1878 a man by the name of Haywood was killed by two men as he was coming home from Denver one night. They put the body into a culvert, took his team and drove to Kansas. A posse of men started after them and they were caught and brought to the jail in Golden. A mob broke down the jail door and hung them on the trestle over Clear Creek. The bodies were left there until the coroner cut them down.

Land around Denver was very cheap back in the 70's. The 160 acres south of Colfax and east of Broadway, now Capitol Hill, was owned by Mr. Brown, the father of the Brown who built the Brown Palace Hotel. One day he offered to sell me the whole 160 acres for $300.00. We didn't think then that Denver would ever amount to much.

Tolle

John W. Mattox, the brother of Mrs. Mattox, hauled the first safe to Denver. It was hauled from Fort Scott on the Missouri river in 1861. He drove an ox team across the plains twelve times between Denver and the Missouri river. He also built most of the road from Morrison to The Post, now Evergreen.

In 1883 the G.A.R. held a convention in Denver and I got to talking with some of the men from Greeley. They told me about the land that was yet to be taken up under the Greeley-Loveland-ditch. This got me interested so in September, 1883, my wife and I moved our things to Greeley and took a farm about three miles southwest of town. We have lived here ever since.

The above is true to the best of my memory. 

Tobias Mattox
In 1876, I was engaged to move a rancher from Denver to Las Vegas, New Mexico. We went south from Denver over the old Santa Fe trail most of the way. There were very few towns along the way. I think there was only one town between Trinidad and Las Vegas. Raton was not there then.

I got there all right but when I wanted to return the government wouldn't allow me to start because of the bands of renegade Apache Indians that were infesting the country. Finally, a company of 12 wagons and 16 men who wanted to go to Denver and other points north, got together and started.

We had 14 guns in the company.

After we had been out two days, and had a good start on the morning of the third, we were attacked by a band of Indians that came riding out of the hills. In the company was an old man by the name of Negerman who had had some experience fighting Indians. We put him in command. He ordered the horses put together inside of a circle made by the wagons and left in charge of one man and two women who were in the company with us. We had time to do this because we saw the Indians coming. We were ordered to a ridge of rocks on the top of a rise near the road.

Indians always fight by circling around their enemies, coming in a little closer each time. They couldn't do that here because of the mountains to our backs. So, they rode by in a line, then circled back and came a little closer. Some of them had guns and the rest bows and arrows. We were well protected behind the ridge so we waited until they were in range, then fired.

Their leader fell at the first fire but they kept coming back until ten or twelve of them were killed. Then, all at once they rode off in a straight line in the direction from which they came. I still have a quirt that I took from one of the dead Indians.

None of us were hurt because their arrows fell over us and their shots went over us also. We were behind the ridge where they couldn't get to us.

I think the place where we were attacked was near the present town of Warner Mound. I remember that we went thru a small town the evening before, and it was the third day out that we were attacked.
Christ once lived on the Big Thompson.

(Copied from a longhand record in Deed Book #1, Weld County, Colo.)

To all whom these presents may come, know ye that I, John Henry Graff of Weld County, Colorado Territory, have a valid right to the occupation, possession, and enjoyment of all and singular that tract or parcel of land not exceeding 160 acres, lying and being in said County and Territory aforesaid, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a stake about one quarter of a mile above the house formerly occupied by Christ on the Big Thompson creek and running down said creek near the foot of the bluff one mile, thence East one quarter of a mile, thence up said Thompson creek parallel with the first line one mile, thence north one quarter of a mile to the place of beginning, together with all and singular the hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Witness my hand and seal this 10th day of February, 1865.

JOHN HENRY GRAFF

(Copied by W.S. Binniewies.)
Creesley, Colo.
ATTEMPTS TO START SALOONS IN THE VICINITY OF GREELEY, COLO.

Three attempts to defy public sentiment and start a saloon in the vicinity of Greeley, Colo., have been made. None of them were successful.

The first attempt was made in the early colony days and has been well described by J. Max Clark in his book, "COLONY DAYS." The story of the second attempt has never before been told.

In 1876, a man by the name of Kavenough bought some lumber in Greeley and built a shack on some land a few rods north of the Dixon bridge. This tract is about two miles northwest of Greeley on the Fauivre river where the Spanish colony now is. It was not colony land and so was not protected by the forfeiture clause that is found in all deeds of Union Colony land.

As most saloon keepers do, he soon violated a state law, was convicted and sent to jail. Being unable to secure bond, he had to lay out his sentence. He had not paid for the lumber which he used to build his shack, so civil action was brought while he was in jail and the shack was sold at public sale. J. Max Clark was the high bidder. He said he had always wanted to own a saloon so he could do what he wanted to with it. Clark was known as an ardent advocate of Colony ideals.

Kavenough's plight became known that, thru the help of a sharp lawyer, he could retain his shack and ply his trade as before. Less than a dozen of the most law abiding citizens of Greeley resolved to burn Clark's shack and take their chances on remunerating him. But when they went out there they found Mrs. Kavenough and two children in the shack, together with a quantity of liquor. They had been living there for some time. The company immediately divided into two factions. One faction refused to have anything more to do with the matter as it would likely work a hardship on the woman and children. The other faction wanted to go ahead as planned in the first place.
After an interview with Mrs. Kavanaugh, it was found that she was willing to go away. She and the children were placed in a buggy and taken to a hotel in Greeley where her bill was paid for a few days.

Then the scant furniture was taken out of the shack and stored in a safe place. A match was touched to the shack and it went up in smoke.

It is worthy of note that Mrs. Kavanaugh was not in sympathy with her husband's business and was very glad that events took the course they did.

The above story is true to the best of my knowledge.

A. B. Coopeland
Curator Meeker Museum
After the suppression of the Dixon Bridge saloon in the autumn of 1885 matters were pretty quiet for several years. The little village of Lucerne, half way between Creal and Eaton, had become a shipping station of some importance in 1890. Just before shipping time of that year, a young man, a relative of ex-governor E. F. Eaton, bought a lot in Lucerne and started the construction of what was apparently a store building, but when it was nearly completed he announced it was to be a social club house, and he soon had it open for business.

By this time the shipping of produce from Lucerne was in full progress; grain haulers, largely young men who had never before encountered an open saloon with its temptations and its appearance of respectability, soon made it a convenient resort and loafing place. It soon had many customers and was building up a prosperous business. Afternoons, evenings, and until late at night teams and carriages remained hitched around the club house, while their drivers imbibed its liquid refreshments with a freedom and an exhilaration they had never known before. Most of them were manifestly getting well started on the road to inebriety.

The temperance people were greatly agitated and several meetings were held to devise ways and means to remove this menace to the peace and sobriety of this hitherto quiet farm community. A committee was appointed consisting of Henry F. Currier, E. D. Sanborn, and W. R. McClellan. This committee appealed for aid and cooperation to the young men, father and to Gov. Eaton. These worthy citizens, while they were in full sympathy with the efforts of the committee to rid the community of this public drinking place were unable to render any assistance. Both expressed regret; both had reasoned with the young man, but to no purpose or avail. He had bought the land, there was no forfeiture in the deed. He owned the building and the land and could do as he pleased. He told the committee that if they wanted to fight they could "go to it." The Denver Liquor Association had promised to stand behind him, furnish him lawyers, pay the costs of litigation, and put up bonds.
Our committee made its report and the outlook was decidedly discouraging.

His trade was growing and people who were otherwise respectable frequented the place. Some one suggested that we station a spy in the vicinity each evening and take the names of all who visited the club and note how long they remained. By carrying out this suggestion we obtained a large number of names and announced that we had them and that in our opinion many whose names were on our list would be sorry to have them published as opposing the best interests of the community.

Apparently they did not think we had the nerve to publish the names. So, after two weeks we published the names and that no exception would be made. This bold announcement created a commotion.

Several of the interested parties came to the committee to see if their names were on the list. One man holding a responsible position in Greeley imploringly remarked, "If you publish my name I shall lose my place." He was told that he would better keep away from the Grove Social Club. He promised to do so and he kept his word. This tactic move of the committee "cocked the goose." The business of the club stopped as suddenly as it began.

In less than a week the owner of the place said to one of the committee, "I guess you've got me. How much will you give to deed the property to you and quit?" To make a long story short, the property was purchased at cost, rented for a time and sold for $200 more than it cost. Gov. Eaton thanked the committee for their vigorous action in the matter for he felt keenly the disgrace of the whole affair. That was the last attempt at a saloon near Greeley. The Grove Social Club was incorporated under the laws of Colorado and among the things found in the building by the committee after their purchase was its certificate of incorporation giving the names of its owner and of its incorporators together with a very interesting statement of its high moral purpose. This choice document is on file in this museum for public inspection and will no doubt prove very interesting to the people who have made the long fight for a clean community.
Geo. A. Colbert,
Fort Collins, Colo.

Geo. A. Colbert was born on a farm near Cambridge, Henry County, Illinois, in 1859. He came to Colorado with his parents in 1863, locating at Golden City, Colo.

My parents moved from Cambridge, Illinois, to Colorado in 1863. I was then ten years old. Two of my uncles had come out to Golden City in the gold rush several years before and on a visit back to the home town told of the great city of Denver. My mother was anxious to go out to Colorado, so in a month after they had gone back, we followed them.

We drove overland with a team and prairie schooner. Going from Illinois to Fort Leavenworth, we started across country to the Platte, followed it as far as Julesburg and then followed the south branch to Denver. Nothing of consequence occurred on the trip until we were a day and a half out of Sterling, or where Sterling now is. About noon, we saw a bunch of Indians coming toward us out of the hills. There were six or eight teams in the company we were in. They formed a circle with the teams as soon as they saw the Indians, getting the horses and oxen into the center. The women were made to lie on the ground close to the wagon wheels. This was to protect them from the Indians' arrows.

We barely had time to get the horses tied when the Indians began to shoot. They rode around us in a circle, coming a little closer each time they circled. The men of our company shot from under the wagons, but so far as I remember, they did not hit any of the Indians. They kept on circling, however, all afternoon, and at night camped within a short distance of us. We did not dare to start, so kept watch all night. In the morning the Indians came again, and kept circling until about nine o'clock when a company of soldiers came and chased them off.

The soldiers chased them across the Platte and attempted to follow them. All at once five soldiers and their horses disappeared and were never seen again. They had gotten off the sand bar and into the quicksand. I remember that they rode into the river and just went down out of sight. My father and several other men tried all the rest of the day to find the bodies. They made hooks out of wire and even tied rope around one man and let him dive into the water. He went into the sand, also, and they had a hard time pulling him out. He was nearly dead when they got him to the shore. The bodies of the soldiers and their horses were never found so far as I know. I remember plainly seeing them ride into the river and disappear.

We located at Golden City, and I got a job herding sheep at $1.50 per month. I helped a man drive his sheep from Denver to Golden City and then up to Blackhawk and Central City. They would take out what sheep they wanted at Denver, then at Golden City they took out some more. At each town we came to they did the same.
I made several trips with freighters from Denver to Cheyenne. We went thru Fort Lupton, Fort Vasquez, Greeley, and from there to Cheyenne. There were no towns between Greeley, which had just started, and Cheyenne. Sometimes we went to Cheyenne by way of Fort Collins. I was small for my age and had the job of riding the ponies and helping with the horses and stock.

I have seen herds of buffalo so large that they stopped the train. The men would get out on the platform of the train and shoot them as they went past. Sometimes they would fire from the windows. They did it just to kill them. Every fall, my father would go down the Platte toward Fort Morgan and kill our winter supply of meat. Sometimes I went with him. I have killed fifteen buffalo. They had practically disappeared by 1875.

I worked for Jiffy for three years as one of his herdsmen. He had herds of cattle all the way from Denver to Julesburg. One year I went with him to Chama Ne. New Mexico, to bring a 1000 head of steers from there to Colorado. I finally went over to Eagle County and tried silver mining.

This story is true to the best of my memory.