

Greeley, Colo.
Feb. 19, 1934.

Mrs. Jennie Lucas,
1125-12th Ave.
Greeley, Colo.

Personal;

My father, Alexander Craig, came to America from Scotland in 1848. He had been a silk weaver there and brought many silk pieces with him to this country. He settled in Thompsinville, Connecticut. There he read of the founding of the Union Colony in 1870, and resolved to come west with it. He could not leave his business that year, but sent my brother in his stead. He came out the next year. My mother and three daughters came in March, 1872. I was ten years old.

My brother had written from Greeley that he doubted our ability to make a living on the small tract of five acres and a lot in town that my father had bargained for as his share of the Union Colony project, so father wrote him to file on some land farther out along the river. This he did, filing on a farm south of the river near the Ennes and Hoffsmith places. My father came out the same year and they both lived in a little shack on the land.

My mother and I and two younger sisters came out in March, 1872. We were just one week on the train. As we got off the train at Evans, my father and brother were there to meet us with a big lumber wagon. Mother was surprised and said "Didn't you have anything else to come after us in?" She was very tired from the long trip, and a jolt over the prairies for several miles in a big wagon didn't appeal to her.

They did not have a house built for us, so we stayed a day or so in the shack, and then father rented a sod house from Jim Bailey for \$2.00 per month until he and brother could get the adobe house up. Mother did not like it here at first. She was born in Scotland of somewhat genteel parents and did not like a pioneering life. Many times I have seen her walking up and down the river bank crying as tho her heart would break. She disliked the monotony and the hardships. She became reconciled in a year or so, however, and never complained.

I remember that one time mother even tried to shoot an antelope. Father had gone to town and about the middle of the forenoon a big herd of antelope came running over a small hill near the house. They were going to the river to get a drink. Mother shouted, "Where's the gun?", and running into the house brought out father's shot gun. She rested it across the wagon and fired. It shot away up into the air and nearly knocked her over. The antelope ran away unharmed. Nearly crying she remarked that it was too bad to shoot such pretty things anyway.

Shortly after we came to Colorado, father went down the Platte on a buffalo hunt. He was gone three or four days and brought back a load of buffalo meat. We took the meat off of the bones and rubbed salt and pepper into it and hung it on the north side of the house. It dried and was the best meat one ever tasted. We had wild meat all the time for many years.

In the summer that we came, the grasshoppers ate everything green. They came one afternoon like a great cloud, settled down on the ground and

started eating. The ground was covered with them. Mother had a few cabbages out in the garden. She ran out and put them under some bunches of hay, but the hoppers found them and did not leave a piece. In a few days they were gone as suddenly as they came. But they had left their eggs and the next year, and every year since, there has been lots of grasshoppers.

I went to school in a sod school house near Latham. It had a rough board floor and a dirt roof. There was a window on each side, and there was always a broken window pane. The walls were about two feet thick and we used to pile our wraps in the windows for there was no place to hang them. Sometimes a button would strike against a pane and break it, or the boys would throw a ball thru. Whenever it rained the roof would leak for an hour or so afterwards. There were about twelve pupils. We sat in high straight benches that a carpenter had made. They were much too high and our feet seldom touched the floor. At class time, we recited from a long bench up near the teachers desk.

We lived a mile from the school and at times the storms were bad. We had to walk all the way. Sometimes the wind would nearly blow us off our feet. I think we had much harder windstorms than. There were no trees to break it and it swept across the prairies unhindered.

Our only amusements were dances. We used to go to Evans once in a while for a dance. And sometimes the neighbors would clear the floor and have a dance. Everybody went, young and old, married and single. People always were friendly, everybody knew everybody else, and all had a good time. On holidays, we came to Greeley for picnics and speeches. The people in Greeley were more stiff and reserved. They had few dances, but many Sunday schools.

The dances lasted nearly all night. The music consisted of a fiddle and bass viol. On special occasions we had two fiddles. The dances were called by someone who knew the changes. They were called square dances. Round dances, such as are common now, were seldom danced. Sets of four couples would form in the shape of a square, then the caller would shout the changes and each couple would go thru the movements. A good caller could call all night and never call the same change twice.

The year I was 16 a party of us went up the Thompson canon for a picnic. It took two days. The roads were very rough and sometimes we had to get off the wagon and walk down a hill. I remember that a hillside was red with raspberries. Some of us gathered a pan full and tried to take them home, but the rough roads shook them so that they were all juice before we got home.

There were few amusements those early days, but we appreciated them more than we do now. In 1918, I went up into Wyoming and took up a claim. I lived on it until I proved up, and enjoyed every minute of it. It brought back my early days in Greeley.

Mrs. Jennie Lucas.

GREELEY SCHOOL ACTIVITIES IN THE '80's.

W. G. Bannerman

July 1884

In 1882, Professor A.B. Copeland came from New York state to Greeley, Colo. to be its superintendent of schools. The Union colony had been founded 12 years before, its members being largely from that state and from New England. He, therefore, found a familiar atmosphere when he arrived with his wife to ^{still further develop} organize the school system of the thrifty and rapidly growing colony. Trained in the culture which only a classical education can give, he sought to instill into his students that love of learning which characterizes the true scholar. That he succeeded in large measure, many of his former pupils will gladly testify.

Scanning thru some of his old note books kept during his first years, one finds such subjects as Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, Logic, and Physics, taught in the high school. Latin ~~and Greek~~ also found a place in the curriculum. Mr. Copeland and his talented wife constituted the whole faculty for both high school and the grades. One could easily imagine one of the old academies, such as Exeter or Andover, had been transplanted into the sage brush lands of the Great American Desert. Here the pine board halls rang with the orations of Cicero, Burke, and Webster. Orations, Essays, and Debates, Declamations, and Parliamentary Drill, occupied the Friday afternoons given over to the Literary Society.

One is impressed with the questions for debate which were argued pro and con in those early days. Some of them do not appear to us now as admitting of argument. They have been settled long ago. Others are as pertinent today as they were then.

Leafing thru the old book which was written just fifty years ago, one finds the following program of debates for the year 1884.

Jan. 26, 1884.

Resolved that state prison convicts should be sentenced for indeterminate sentences and their release made dependent upon reasonable indication of reformation as shown by character and conduct in prison.

Feb. 19, 1884.

Resolved that the government should supply the Indians with food and clothing.

Feb. 26, 1884.

Resolved that it is right for public officers to accept free passes from railroad companies.

March 25, 1884.

Resolved that all coal mines should be owned and operated by the state.

April 8, 1884.

Resolved that the right of suffrage should be extended to women.

April 25, 1884.

Resolved that music should be taught in the public schools.

May 20, 1884.

Resolved that it is good policy for laboring men to combine and strike for higher wages when they think they are not receiving just pay for their services.

Resolved that the Chinese ^{should} be allowed to come to this country without restriction.

Nov. 21, 1884.

Resolved that capital punishment should be used for the suppression of crime.

Nov. 28, 1884.

Resolved that reading is a more important source of information than observation.

Dec. 5, 1884.

Resolved that it is the duty of Greenbackers and Prohibitionists to vote with their own party rather than with the old parties.

Dec. 12, 1884.

Resolved that the education of a boy is more important than the education of a girl.

Jan. 23, 1885.

Resolved that it is proper for the successful political party to turn out the old office holders belonging to the opposite party and fill their places with men of their own party.

Feb. 3, 1885.

Resolved that the president and vice president of the United States should be elected by direct popular vote instead of the electoral college.

Resolved that corporal punishment is necessary to good discipline in the public schools.

March 20, 1885.

Resolved that foreign immigration to the United States should be encouraged.

These debates always created a great deal of interest and many of the towns people came out to hear the future statesmen and jurists. Many are still living who made the welkin ring with their ponderous logic and thunderous oratory. One became an advisor to Pres. Wilson,¹ another became a district judge,² another, a dean of a School of Dentistry,³ another a state president of the Taxpayers League,⁴ and last but not least, a girl became a noted writer and newspaper woman.⁵

Professor Copeland terminated his services to the Greeley schools in 1904, after 22 years of faithful devotion to the cause of education. He is now Curator of the Meeker Museum at Greeley, Colorado.

1. Abbott.
2. Shattuck.
3. Fraser.
4. Mumper.
5. Allen, Mrs. Grace

The signature of Mr. A. E. Copeland is attached as a verification of the above.

A. E. Copeland

Prepared by W. C. Binnewies, Greeley, Colo.

Thos. H. Sisk,
Evans, Colo.

Greeley, Colo.
Jan. 23, 1934

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For years I had been a railroad contractor. My brother and I had taken contracts for grading on railroads from Wisconsin to Colorado. We worked for most of the leading roads that were building west, the Burlington, Denver Pacific, Northwestern, and Milwaukee, were some of them. But, by 1888, I wanted to settle down. I had been married some years before and grading camps are not good places to bring up a family.

While working on the road between Sterling and Cheyenne I fell in love with the country around Keota. It was in the early summer and everything was green and thriving. Farmers were moving in there from the east and the government land was being rapidly taken up. So, that summer, 1888, we selected a farm, filed upon it, and started to make a home. I had about \$10,000.00 worth of property, mostly horses and grading equipment. I traded my horses for cattle and sold the equipment to buy lumber and furniture for a house. Then we settled down to enjoy life. We thought the farm an ideal place for children.

The first year I broke up a lot of land and put in a crop. We also planted trees and shrubs. It was dry and nothing grew. The trees died and I never cut the grain. The next year, I tried it again and with the same result. The cattle had free range and if it had not been for them we would have gone broke the first year. Many of our neighbors did. We also had chickens, ducks, and geese. There was a lake on the farm and these did well. I would take a few steers and some poultry to Greeley and trade them for supplies.

We continued this for five years, trying in every way to make a go of it. I put in corn, barley, and beans. But, if anything grew the hail or grasshoppers got it. I harvested one fair crop during the time I was there. Gradually our neighbors began to move away. At first, we had close neighbors,

but at the end of five years the closest one was five miles away. They just pulled up and left, broke and discouraged. Most of them went back east to the

town they came from.

There was some talk of irrigation but no ditches were ever started.

Also, there was a great deal of talk about digging wells for irrigation, but they were never tried. Most of the settlers knew very little about irrigation.

They had come from states where it rained once in a while and depended upon nature to supply them.

At the end of five years the free range was gone. Settlers had come in and plowed up the best grass land and fenced their holdings. This meant that I had to reduce my herd to the number that would live on 320 acres.

But I had plowed up a great deal of that and spoiled it for grass. So, in 1893, I got a chance to sell out for \$300.00 and took it. If I had not had the lake on my place I would not have received that much. I had put in five years of hard work and \$10,000.00 and come out with \$300.00.

Besides that, there was no school for the children near. There were no books nor papers, no church. We were glad to leave. I had not proved up on the place, so just let the other man have it and moved to Evans.

The above is true to the best of my memory.

Thos. H. Sisk

The story of Bruce F. Johnson, one of the earliest pioneers of northern Colorado, is the story of the growth and development of one of the richest sections of the Great Plains areas from a barren prairie covered with sage brush and cactus to a thriving, thickly populated community having well irrigated farms and a city of 12,000 people in its midst. Generous, public spirited, and progressive, he identified himself with every movement and interest that tended to advance the development of the West.

Bruce F. Johnson was born on a farm near Henderson, Jefferson County, New York, on December 13, 1834. He passed away at his home in Greeley, Colorado, on June 21, 1930, at the age of 95½ years. His early training was secured in the public school at Henderson, and at the Union Academy at Belleville, New York. Later he attended the Van Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, from which he graduated with the degree of Civil Engineer. At intervals he taught in the district schools of the state.

During his stay at Troy, he made many friends who afterwards became noted for their achievements in life. One of these whom he seemed to cherish most was Washington Roebling, a classmate, and builder of the Brooklyn Bridge. Roebling also rendered great service in the Civil War by flying a balloon for the government.

In 1857, Mr. Johnson went to the then new state of Wisconsin where he spent two years working as a Civil Engineer for the Chicago and Northwestern railroad in the summer and teaching school in the winter. He was accompanied by a schoolmate, Judson Bishop. The contractor for whom they worked went broke in the summer of 1858 and they were discharged without pay. The two young men had many adventures as they walked back thru the wilds of northern Wisconsin to Clintonville where he secured a school for the fall and winter terms.

In the spring of 1859, lured by the call "Pike's Peak or Bust", Johnson and three companions started for Colorado in a prairie schooner. They had two yoke of oxen, high hopes, and the spirit of adventure. At Council Bluffs, Iowa, they were ferried across the Missouri river. All other streams had to be crossed by swimming the oxen and pulling the wagons after them. They had no trouble from indians on the trip and reached Denver, June 16, 1859. Here the party broke up, Johnson going up to California Gulch, now Leadville.

During the summer of that year, Mr. Johnson tried his luck at placer mining. When winter stopped operations he came down to Central City and worked in a stamp mill until spring. Giving up his ambitions to be a gold miner, Johnson formed a partnership with George Sanderson Hill and moved down the Platte to the mouth of the Big Thompson river. Here, in the spring of 1860, they both took up land on the Big Thompson north and west of the present town of Johnstown. They called the place Hillsboro. The ranch house later became a post office and was one of the stage stops between Greeley and Loveland.

Johnson and Hill began farming operations immediately by starting a ditch for irrigation. Here, Mr. Johnson's experience as a civil engineer stood him in good stead, and it was probably because of this training that they thought of this expedient. They called it the Hillsboro ditch after the name they had given to their properties. This was the first irrigation ditch in northern Colorado and probably was the first in the state. Several years later, Mr. Johnson became identified with several other irrigation projects which opened up the lower Platte valley for settlement.

The Brush Bros. John L., Jared, and William L., had brought the first herd of cattle from Missouri into northern Colorado in the spring of 1860. From this herd, Johnson and Hill secured a few dairy cows and started a dairy ranch, freighting the products to Central City and Blackhawk. Mr. Johnson often received over \$1200.00 for a load of dairy and farm products.

The farming operations were conducted mostly by Mr. Hill, Johnson confining himself to freighting. Besides hauling farm produce to the mining camps, he freighted for the government for several years. Supplies were hauled from St. Joseph and other points on the Missouri river to Fort Laramie and Denver. Mining machinery, also, was freighted to Central City and Arvada Gulch. In his freighting operations many trips were made across the prairies from the Missouri river. In all these he was never attacked by the Indians, but, as he once said, "No one but Providence knows how narrowly we escaped death".

The round trip from Denver to the Missouri river and return took about eighty days. Oxen were used and travel was necessarily slow. Freighters generally joined forces in those days and traveled together for mutual protection. Great care had to be exercised to keep the oxen in good condition for if a team went down it might mean the loss of not only the load but of several lives.

Mr. Johnson continued his freighting until about 1870 when the coming in of the railroads made such means of transportation unprofitable. During this time, however, he and his partner, Hill, were building up their herds of cattle and extending their farming operations. They had become the owners of a considerable herd by this time and it became imperative to give their attention to one or the other. In 1868, they dissolved partnership, Johnson taking the cattle and Hill the farm.

Freighting and farming were not the only interests of this versatile man. In 1861, Weld County was organized out of Jefferson Territory. It embraced all northeastern Colorado, extending to the Nebraska line on the east and to Wyoming on the north. Mr. Johnson was made a county commissioner in 1864, serving three years. At the same time he acted as superintendent of schools, serving without pay. At that time there were but four schools in the county.

* Commissioners Record, Book 1, p. 7.

On the 24th of February, 1865, Mr. Johnson was appointed a Justice of the Peace. He thus held three county offices at one time. This was not unusual in the early organization of counties in the west. Men were scarce who could assume the official duties pertaining to county government and it was an expedient to use whatever talent available. From 1871 to 1874 he served another term as commissioner.

For a number of years the headquarters for his cattle interests was at the junction of the Cache la Poudre and Platte rivers. After separating from Hill in 1868, he made his home in Evans where he could be close to his headquarters camp which was three miles north, where Greeley now stands. The site of the Camfield hotel was once his branding corral.

When the Union Colony came to Colorado and selected the present site of Greeley, he moved his headquarters down the Platte to near the present town of Orchard. He moved from Evans, however, to Greeley and until his death made that city his home.

His next venture was in the milling business. In 1872, he purchased an interest in the Greeley Mills which included the water rights and canals belonging to them. The mill had been started by members of the Union colony but had never proved successful. Under the management of Mr. Johnson they prospered from the start. They were the only flour mills in the county and wheat was hauled from as far as sixty miles. Sometimes as many as 400 loads would be waiting at one time to dispose of their grist.

A day or two after purchasing his interest, Mr. Johnson decided that the flour should have a name. Sitting in the office with his partners they tried to decide what their product should be called. Happening to look toward the mountains covered with snow and glistening in the sun, the word "Snowflake" suggested itself to Mr. Johnson. The term was decided upon and still applied.

This mill was later incorporated into the Colorado Milling and Elevator Company with which J.K. Mullen of Denver, B.F. Hottle of Fort Collins, and J.W. Denio of Longmont were connected. Johnson became president of this concern and it became one of the powerful business interests of the state.

By 1877, the private bank owned by Flower, Cameron, and Benedict, was doing a poor business and there was danger of its becoming insolvent. Johnson, by this time, had become an extensive cattle owner as well as miller. He put his influence as well as his money into the institution, which was reorganized as the Union Bank, probably because Cameron was one of the trustees of Union colony. Johnson became the president of the new bank and held this position for 46 years. It is said to be the first bank in northern Colorado to be organized under the banking laws of the new state. This bank has maintained a continuous existence down to the present. It became a national bank in 1905, was incorporated as the Greeley Union National Bank in 1926, and Jan. 1, 1934, became the Greeley National Bank.

On October 3, 1876, Mr. Johnson was elected to the office of County Treasurer, holding this position for one term. He made a trip back to his old home in Henderson, N.Y. that winter, and on Jan. 3, 1877 was married to Alice Gill. He brought his bride to Greeley and lived for a time in rooms over the bank. The next year, however, he built the residence at 1029-8th Ave., which soon became one of the show places of Greeley. Its circular staircase of walnut, rosewood, and mahogany, built without nails or posts, and running upward for three stories, especially attracted attention.

In 1882, the old Greeley House was wrecked and in its place Johnson, in company with Hunter, Freeman, and Dr. Emerson, built the Oasis hotel. This was the predecessor of the Camfield, and was the first good hotel in Greeley.

The Upper and Lower Platte, and Beaver ditches were built in 1883-4. In this venture he was associated with his old friend Jared L. Brush, and also, with Sen. H.M. Teller and Gov. B.H. Eaton. These ditches opened up to farming that fertile valley surrounding Fort Morgan and Brush and made possible their present growth. The next year the American Cattle Co. was formed with headquarters in New York. Jared Brush was made general manager and Johnson became one of the leading stockholders. It was a grand scheme to go into the cattle business on a large scale. Cattle were to be raised down in Texas and old Mexico and brought up into Colorado and Wyoming for summer pasture. Elaborate offices were furnished in New York City and high salaries voted. In a few years it failed completely and Mr. Johnson lost thousands of dollars in the venture.

Always interested in whatever would build up the country, his next move was to organize the Park Merchandise Co. in connection with his brother-in-law, W.H. Gill. This was a department store and handled practically everything needed by the people of the county.

It is said of Mr. Johnson that he was never an office-seeker, yet such was the confidence in him that he was urged to accept the nomination for representative from Weld county in 1894. He was elected and served two terms. Eighteen years previous to this he had been a representative in the territorial legislature and a member of the constitutional convention.

From this period until his death he gave his time to his many and varied interests. He had acquired large tracts of land in Morgan county and his cattle were found from there to Sterling. He was a great friend to young, struggling businessmen and farmers and many now maintain that their start was due to his encouragement. Tho he loaned much money, and much of it was never paid back, he has the reputation of never having sued to collect a debt.

Typical of the old West in his gruffness, he was short spoken and quick in his decisions. Beneath a rough exterior was the most kindly of natures, and his associates held for him a respect and devotion seldom attained by any man.

The above is true to the best of my memory.

A. M. Johnson

Mrs. Lois E. Huffsmith,
703-13th St., Greeley, Colo.

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Interviewed by
W.G. Binnewies.

Personal:

Born at Glenwood, Iowa, in 1854.
Came to Weld Co. in 1869. Settled on a homestead near
the present town of LaSalle. Father was a farmer.
Evans was the County Seat and Post Office.
Maiden name, Lois Shinn.

Lois Shinn with her parents came to Colorado in 1869
and settled on a farm near the present town of LaSalle.
Her uncle, D.C. Oakes, later known as Major Oakes, was
Indian Agent for the northern Utes. At the same time
LaFayette Head was Agent for the southern Utes.

Oakes was kind to the Indians and treated them well.
He saw to it that they had plenty to eat and to wear.
When they became rebellious he gave them whiskey to save
from an uprising.

Kit Carson and Jim Baker were associates of Oakes
and often stayed at the Shinn home. Oakes had his
headquarters in Denver, or what is now Denver. The Indians
were camped near what is now Englewood.

In 1868 D.C. Oakes, Kit Carson, LaFayette Head, and
H.P. Bennett went to Washington to plead for the Indians.
They felt that their hunting grounds should not be
taken from them. The Indians could not farm and had no
means of livelihood except hunting. The Indian Agents
sympathized with them and did all they could to get the
government to allow them to hunt on the plains.

These four had their pictures taken together in
Washington. (This picture is now in Mrs. Huffsmith's
possession)

N.C. Meeker, who founded the Union Colony, was an
idealist. He became Indian Agent for the northern Utes
and insisted on their learning to farm. He also tried
to get them to go to school and tried to convert them.
They resented this treatment and it later resulted in
his massacre.

Peter Huffsmith, who later became the husband of
Lois Shinn, was from the same town in Iowa and came to
Colorado with the Shinn's. He farmed at first but in
1878 he started in the implement business. This was the
first in the County and the firm still exists, known as
Huffsmith and Farr. *This is now changed to Huffsmith and Farr.*

The above is correct to the best of my memory.

Lois E. Huffsmith

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The following extracts were taken from a paper written and read by Mrs. Dora Decker before the members of the Greeley ^{Pioneer}~~Union Colony~~ Reunion in the year 1927. The paper entitled, "Pioneer Reminiscences" was written at the request of the members of the Colony who asked Mrs Decker to present the paper at their next meeting (Reunion) and it was to consist primarily of personal experiences in the early days of the Colony.

PIONEER REMINISCENCE

My father, Orin Hart and my mother, Lidia Hart, and six children lived in Charlotte, Chataqua County, New York. Father sold his farm in the fall of 1869, expecting to go to Kansas, but was taken sick and died the fourth of March, 1870. We intended to go to Topeka where we had relatives, and had rented a house there. Mother did not know what to do, being left with five children to look after. One daughter, Mrs. Polly Wait, being married and living there. Father had taken the New York Tribune and had read about Horace Greeley getting up a colony to settle in Colorado. He had said that if we did not like it in Kansas we would go on to Colorado. Some of Mothers' relatives had made a great fuss because she was talking of going to Colorado. One brother said she was crazy to think of going to that Colorado Desert. + + + + + .

Mother's son-in-law, brother Adin Wait came out soon after Greeley was located. Mother asked him to write her all about the country because she was thinking of going out there if things looked favorable as people from all around us had gone and she would wait and see what they thought of the place. Other relatives advised mother that it might be all right for her to go out there, but did not like the idea of her going so far away from her relatives, but added that since Greeley was to be a temperence town, it would be a good place for the children.

+ + + + + .

Adin Wait liked the country and thought it would be a good farming country. The people from New York state that were there liked the climate. So mother made up her mind to go.

PIONEER LIFE OF MRS. LYDIA HART AND FIVE CHILDREN - ALICE, LEWIS, DORA, FREMONT, AND LEVI HART. FROM OCTOBER, 1870 UNTIL JANUARY, 1881.

We landed in Greeley about the middle of October, 1870. Mr. N. C. Meeker and General Cameron met us at the depot and gave us a cordial welcome, shook hands with us and helped carry our baggage to the hotel de comfort, an old building that had been moved over from Evans. They told us that we could stay there as long as we wished. It had a partition through the center, the West side for the women folks and the East for the men, two rows of berths in each part and had a stove outside for cooking. We had to manage so that we would not all be trying to use the stove at the same time. We took a walk around the town. About three hundred houses were built, streets were all laid out with little cotton wood trees growing on all the main streets, and the park all planted to trees, and a little lake in the park on the south side - since then abandoned and filled in and planted to trees. + + + + +

That first night we received our first scare from the Indians and woke mother to tell her about it and ask what to do. Mother laughed at us and told us that it was only a man on the other side snoring. + + + + + The next day we rented rooms from Mr. Childs in a building that stood where the Larmie depot used to be. That night we had our first disturbance from a drunk man trying to get into a room above us, but I don't think he got the whiskey in Greeley. + + + + +

We children joined the Good Templars, a temperence lodge. To pass away the time we went to school in the same building where the Larmie depot was. There ~~was~~ were three hundred children then in one large room taught by two teachers. Five or six would have to sit on one bench. In the evenings we went to singing school taught by Mr. Birdsill, to Lyceum, church, Sunday School, and Good Templars Lodge.

Mother's house was built that winter on a business lot so that we could get the deed for the land. The house was 18 by 24 feet with chambers and later was moved to her residence lot in East Greeley on Chestnut street. Our neighbors were

Mr. Oliver Howard, Mr. Norcross, Mr. ^{Lykes} ~~Lykes~~, Mr. Hoyt. and Mr. Mattison, so you see we lived in a good neighborhood. This was in the spring of 1871. + + + + + .
 That spring we had our first experiences with hurricanes, one of them moved our house about five feet from where it originally stood. A few weeks after our garden was planted we had a very hard hail storm that we thought had ruined our garden, but in two weeks time we could hardly tell that there had been a hail storm. In the fall of the same year we had an epidemic of typhoid fever with forty deaths. Sister Alice, the oldest of us children died. + + + + + .

That winter was very hard with much snow, but meat was plentiful. There was a quarter of Antelope meat hanging from nearly every building in town. South of town we could see a herd of Antelope, and anyone with a horse and lariat could go out and get one - the snow was so deep they could hardly move. + + + + + .

Someone started a saloon in the North part of Greeley, but the place caught fire and burned down soon after. Some people claimed it was the work of the Good Templars who tried to smother the fire with shingles. Some men had a little dug out six or seven miles West of town and someone found out that they were keeping whiskey there. Some of the Good Templars went out there, but the men were gone and had taken most of the whiskey with them. A few bottles were found buried in the dirt and were broken on the spot. We never heard of those men again.

+ + + + + .

Adin Wait often stopped at our house and told of the experiences they had the first few months of the colony. Some of the people did not like the way General Cameron boosted Greeley, writing articles for eastern papers telling what a great country this was, and getting them to sell out and come here and find nothing but cacti, rattlesnakes, and a little dried up grass. They would hold indignation meetings and take along a rope to hang General Cameron. Adin Wait thought General Cameron meant all right and did all he could to oppose it. They would ask General Cameron to attend the meetings and he would come and make a speech. They would feel different and go home feeling good. Then some new-comers would arrive and not stay any longer than to take the first train.

They would say that General Cameron ought to be hung. They would hold another meeting taking a rope along. General Cameron would attend and make another talk and say that this would be like an oasis in the desert, that the desert would bloom like a rose and they would go away feeling good again. + + + + + .
 When water got to running and vegetation growing they began to think General Cameron was about right. + + + + + .

One morning in '72, Lewis came into the room with gun and bullet mold.

When asked if he was going hunting he told us that Greeley claimed the County Seat, and that Evans claimed it was theirs and that they were coming to take it back to Evans. Lewis said that they had a Company formed to meet the people from Evans and that they were going to be prepared to keep the county seat in Greeley.

+ + + + + . The younger men hid in an old bilding where they could see all that was going on and watch the papers that belonged to the colony.

The old soldiers met the men from Evans, Colonel White and Captain Hogarty were in command, and told the group from Evans that they were prepared to keep the papers. Soon the party returned to Evans without the papers. + + + + + .

The grasshoppers and Indian scare came next. We did not know how long it would be before the Indians would have our scalps. Several hundred all painted up for fighting were camped down along the Platte river. It turned out that they were going to fight another tribe up beyond Cheyanne.

So on after that scare it turned very dark one day and looked like rain. When we looked up at the sun we could see things moving along in the air. It turned out to be grasshoppers which soon made short work of our crops. + + + + + .

In 1874 they stayed all summer and fall and in the spring the little grasshoppers were thick. (1874) We planted our gardens and grain but did not expect to get much of a crop if anything. + + + + + .

It began to snow on the 9th of May and on the 10th the snow was a foot deep. The snow went off right away without freezing our gardens and the hoppers were all killed.

In 1880, Mrs. Anna Green, mother of Lawyer Frank Green, Mrs Mary Rice,

Mrs. Kate Atkinson, of Greeley, and W. F. Green, formerly of Greeley, wanted to get up a play and write a book. I was asked to help with the writing of the play and book. + .

Mr. Decker was sent after me to go to Mrs. Greens to help with the book.

That was our first meeting. He bought the Martin place the next spring, and had to have a housekeeper. We were married in January, 1881, and went to the farm the same day. + .

Signed Mrs. Lura N. Decker

Date March 22, 1934

Material collected for The State Historical Society of Colorado, by

Don L. Garsner

Don S. Garner
"Jacob Oster and the Wence Settlement"

Jacob Oster was born in Russia in the year 1860, but of German parentage. The first 28 years of his life was spent in that country, where he was married and became the father of two children. With nine other young men and their families they banded together and set out for America where they hoped to make their new homes for the rest of their lives.

In 1888 they all landed in Baltimore and they left immediately for Denver. They traveled across country on the new railroad that was built shortly before that time, hence did not encounter any difficulties such as Indians or renegade outlaws. Denver was then a small village with no cable or tram cars, for six months these families remained in Denver doing any kind of work they could get, and saving their money for purchases that must be made when they decided upon the territory which they wished to homestead.

At the end of the six months they bought second-hand household furniture, and other equipment necessary to pioneer life in the open country and traveled by rail on the Burlington to their new homesteads which were in the territory now described as between Hudson and LaSalle, at that time known as Wence settlement. When the nine families arrived on the land which they had filed claims for homestead, they were met by open country with not a stick of any kind within sight. They all banded together and set about building their own houses with boards shipped out from Denver for that purpose, all helping each other until they finish the job. It was the general procedure to build small two room shacks at first and add onto them as occasions demanded in later years.

There was very little actual farming carried on at first, there being just enough to provide a little feed for the cattle in the

in the winter time. All these nine families started in the cattle and dairy business with very small herds and made butter which was hauled into Denver and sold. In a short time they had built up a regular route of customers in Denver and did not have to compete with the open market to dispose of their produce. There were no roads worthy of note at that time, but it was customary for them to strike out across country until they came to the railroad and then follow along side of it until they reached Denver. It was not unusual for them to make two or three trips every week.

Mr. Oster states that they did most anything that they could find to do in order to make a living at that time because the first years on their new homesteads were rather lean years. Cattle and hogs were bought and sold frequently, that is, whenever it was possible to find a buyer for them. Denver was then considered a very good market for their produce--even a better market at that time than it is now in the estimation of Mr. Oster, because it was constantly growing and the facilities for transporting the food-stuffs long distances to keep up with the demand due to the rapid increase in population were not adequate to meet the situation.

It is believed by Mr. Oster that prices for foodstuff and clothing at that time were about like those of today. Hay could be bought for \$1.50 to \$2.00 per ton, coffee sold for 12 cents a pound, hogs for 3 cents a pound and 4 to 5 cents dressed. Cows, good ones, could be bought for \$35.00 a head at that time. Naturally people at that time did not feel the need for all the things people now feel essential to living, but he feels that they had better times, and enjoyed life much more than the people of today.

Their amusements were composed mostly of country parties where all the neighborhood came together for an evening and enjoyed games

of all kinds. Coyote and Antelope hunts were common, but they all had to work so hard there was little time for sports of this nature. Horseback riding was their only means of travel from one place to another unless they were going long distances where they took the train and when the whole family went they rode in wagons.

This small group formed their own religious order and held church services every Sunday. Once each month there would be a minister come out from Denver to preach to them, but the other Sundays were devoted to worship with members of the group taking the lead. Their school was organized and a regular teacher was hired. It was customary to hire a teacher through the Court House in Greeley. Their school was conducted in English, but their Sunday school and church services were in German.

When these nine families settled on their new land, which was about ten miles straight East of Plattville, they thought they were spreading out far enough not to interfere with the expansion of their neighbors, but in a few years they came to realize that they were too closely settled. Each family had enlarged their herds of cattle to such proportions that it was hard to find sufficient grazing land for their herds within close range. It is true that the country was all open range, but they wanted to keep their herds as near home as possible. Some of the families bought farm land and moved to new localities so that they could all have more room.

Each spring and fall brought the usual round-up and branding of cattle, but these families all worked together to avoid having to hire outside help to carry on the work. They had built corrals within the very first years of settlement and all their branding was done in them. It was not uncommon for roaming cowboys to come drifting through there during the work seasons, and at times there were a few of them hired to

help with the work. It was unusual to find a cowboy who was not a hard worker and willing to do anything asked of him, but they all seemed to have a desire to move on to new places and most of them could not be depended upon to remain in one spot very long.

Mr. Oster remembers Greeley as only a very small place at that time. Evans was considered the town in the territory then. He relates that there were five saloons in Evans at that time which seemingly did a thriving business. However, Evans failed to grow beyond its proportions at that time and the center of population shifted to Greeley.

LaSalle was then composed of a depot, a hotel, and four or five houses. Gilcrist was open prairie with no promise of ever being a town.

About 1898 Mr. Oster, with one of his neighbors went to Denver to attempt to lease some railroad land upon which their cattle might range. When they arrived they were offered an opportunity to purchase eleven sections of the land from the railroad company for a price ranging from .75 cents to \$1.25 an acre. Under the terms offered, they were to pay six percent interest tax on their indebtedness and have ten years in which to pay for the land. He feels that his failure to take up the offer when made to them by Mr. William Gilmore, Vice-President of the Burlington Railroad, was one of his biggest business mistakes in life. "If I had only bought that land I would now be worth a million dollars", states Mr. Oster when relating the story. "About four years later an irrigation company bought up all the land we were offered and started an irrigation company. They sold that same land for a price ranging from \$45.00 to \$50.00 an acre."

Mr. and Mrs. Oster now live one mile South-East of Gilcrist. Their family of eight girls and three boys have all grown up and moved to various parts of the United States in pursuit of their own interests.

Of this large family, all are living with the exception of one son who was killed in an accident a few years ago.

Signed, Joseph Oster

Date---March 15, 1934

Material collected by; Don. L. Garner

James
Don S. Larn

Doc $\frac{345}{33}$

In 1863 several families living in Wisconsin decided to go west and settle. They formed a caravan and started out, traveling across the prairie in covered wagons drawn by ox teams and horses. Frank Hodgson was one of the youngest members of this party. He was then 6 months old when his folks left Wisconsin. They reached the banks of the Platte river in June of the same year and decided they had traveled long enough and far enough. His folks homesteaded along the Platte and Frank has lived on or near the old homestead ever since.

His first home was a dug-out just east of the Platte river where the family spent the first winter, but the following spring they moved to their new home on the river banks...a three room log cabin, made of cotton-wood logs. Like most of the early settlers, he remembers jumping into the wagon with the other members of the family and making a run to Fort Lupton to avoid the Indians, but there was never any serious trouble as far as he can remember.

Like other settlers along the river--the family engaged in cattle raising and a little farming to raise feed for their horses. His father cut hay in the bottom lands with a scythe, raked it with hand-made wooden rakes, loaded it by hand and with oxen hauled it to Blackhawk and Central City. These towns were the only market at that time and hay sold for \$125.00 a ton. He remembers his father paying \$50.00 for a sack of flour. Cattle sold for \$25.00 to \$30.00 a head, but a good 3-4 year old steer, if very fat, would bring \$40.00. Even as late as 1893 he sold cows for 2 cents a pound and drove them to Denver to market.

Mr. Hodgson spent all of his life until the last few years on the ranch. When very young he rode the range looking after

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the cattle. At that time they had accumulated about 300 head which ran on the open range. Very few of the settlers had any corralls or sheds in which to winter their stocks, so they were left to find their own protection in the willow bush along the river bottom. Every spring there would be a big round-up with all the ranchers along the river uniting to carry on the work. Twenty-five to thirty men would gather at a designated place, each with four or five saddle horses, a rope, and a bed roll. Before starting out they would elect a "Captain of the Round-up" who was in charge of the entire procedure, and boss of all men. They would map out their plans so that everyone would know exactly where they would be each day, how much territory to circle in rounding up cattle, and where to go the following day.

With about 100 to 125 head of saddle horses to carry along it was necessary to hire wranglers to look after them and keep them from wandering away from the bunch. Usually two men were hired for this wrangling--one man for day and one for night guard. Such work required a skilled man in horse wrangling and it was important that men for such jobs could be trusted to drive the horses from camp to camp. Two more men were necessary to drive the bed wagon and the grub wagon, and one cook was needed. Wages were not very high, the pay for good men averaging about \$40.00 per month and grub. Cowboys were always drifting through the country so it was not hard to find help for the round-up. Many of these cowboys had only one saddle horse and a pack horse, but a few good round-up men had their own string of trained roping roses. However, it was customary to furnish wranglers and cow hands with a string of saddle horses.

It was not many years after the first settlers arrived before the country was well supplied with small saddle horses--

averaging about 900 pounds. These horses were cheap, but Mr. Hodgson states that they were not good for much beside riding and roping. It is true that they did work these horses some in farming, but it was because draft horses were not available. One interesting thing about these saddle ponies was that quite often it was necessary to break them to ride every morning. Most of these horses were driven up from Texas and California to be sold to the ranchers.

During the round-up it was not an every-day occurrence, yet frequently it happened that someone would be thrown from his horse or the horse would fall breaking a leg or crippling someone. Whenever a horse was broken every effort was made to get the injured person to a doctor, but if that was not possible--to get to someone who could set a bone. Mr. Hodgson says that it was important that enough men be present when a bone was being set to hold the injured man down. Putting a man to sleep to set a bone was never considered.

Before the branding season started it was a job for every rancher to train his string of saddle horses to work with a rope, and to hold a cow. When branding calves it was the responsibility of the roper to bring the calf as near to the men who were doing the branding as possible, throw the calf and call out the brand to the men who held the calf down. These men released the rope immediately, so that the roper could get another calf. This whole responsibility of placing the proper brand on a calf rested with the roper. It was he who must read the brand on the mother of every calf he roped. Such work required skilled men with a rope and also men who could quickly and accurately read brands.

It was the practice to round-up the cattle in the morning

and brand all unbranded stock in the herd in the afternoon. When the work was done they would move on to the next place ready to begin again in the morning.

During the spring round-up, all the stock was turned back on the range as soon as it was branded. In the fall, it was a more difficult task because they tried to separate the various brands as they worked so that when the round-up was completed each rancher could drive his stock near the home ranch. It required great skill to keep the various herds segregated while the work was going on. Often ranchers living near each other would combine their herds to drive nearer home. In the early days the ranches were many miles apart, so this practice could not be followed very often.

Mr. Hodgson believes that the largest herd of cattle he has ever seen in one days' gathering for branding was between 2,000 and 3,000 head. Because the range was all open it was not unusual to find the cattle rather wild. It was not uncommon to find a cow or bull which was always willing to fight a man or a horse. He remembers how some of the cowboys saw the cook (Albert Volkart) going down to the waterhole one day carrying a dishpan. As a joke they singled out a particular bull that wanted to fight and headed him for the waterhole and the cook. They all enjoyed the fun-- except the cook who finally won the battle but there was no dishpan left when the fight was over.

Because of the hard work there was not much amusement in the early days. About all they did was run horse and foot races. The cowboys could never run very fast, but they raced anyway.

The spring round-up would last about three or four weeks. The Beef round-up in the fall would not take so long, but it re-

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quired long days to drive the fat cattle to market. They would move along very slowly letting the stock graze as they moved toward shipping points. In the days of the open range, one never asked about roads or trails--all one asked about was the direction of the shipping point.

In 1883, Mr. Frank Hodgson and his brother, George, homesteaded in North Park, Colorado. ^{They} ~~He~~ had four hundred acres there and George's ranch joined his. They spent ten years there, raising cattle and doing a little farming. While there it was necessary for them to drive their stock to Laramie City, now Laramie, Wyoming, to market. In 1893 they sold their ranches and driving three hundred head of cattle and about fifty horses--the two brothers with the help of another man, crossed the mountains and started in again on the open range, east of Platteville, where Frank has lived ever since.

According to Mr. Hodgson--clothes were never a very important item in the early days. Canvas overalls made by his mother were about all they had to wear, and she also made all their shirts, and other clothes needed. The family made butter and hauled it to Denver and the mountain towns to market so they could get the money to buy the materials for their clothes.

The only means of communication was by covered wagons and on horseback. It was a long time between letters because the stage-coach was just coming in, and trips were infrequent.

Mr. Hodgson remembers when the country where Platteville now stands was all open country. When the railroad was built there was an old shack used for a depot and was called Johnson Station. That was south of Fort Vasque. B.F. Johnson started the town of Platteville. Johnson and Ferber came out from Chicago, bought the land, and started the town. There seems to have been no particular

reason for founding the town other than that Johnson owned the land and wanted to dispose of it as town property. All the land purchased by Johnson was originally owned by the railroad company.

Mr. Stone was probably the first man to open a store in Platteville. Mr. Dearborn had a store and postoffice where the Foster Lumber Company is now located. The original building was also used for a hotel, but was destroyed by fire many years ago. Mr. Jim Stanton was another one of the first storekeepers in the town. When Platteville was first founded it became the shipping point for all the surrounding territory. The railroad was then owned by the Denver and Pacific Railroad company, but was later taken over by the Union Pacific.

Mr. Hodgson characterizes E.F. Johnson as a man of medium height and build, having long gray whiskers, rather old when he founded the town, but a common man who liked to meet people and visit with everyone. Unlike most men of his day, Mr. Johnson apparently never owned a horse. He was considered a wealthy man, and although he owned many acres of land, he never attempted to raise cattle or go in for farming. In fact, most of his land was used only as open range until after his death when it was sold and converted into private ranches.

Signed.....*Frank Hodgson*.....

Date.....March 29, 1934.....

Material collected by ...*Lon ... Gardner*.....

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Don J. G. ...
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On a farm joining the south side of the town of Platteville stands the first court house built in Weld County. Not only was it the first court house, but it also served as a post office and general store. This building, made entirely of cotton wood logs, was built in 1861 by Andrew Lumry, and stands as a memorial to his splendid workmanship. The walls of this building are apparently in as good condition as when first erected, and in recent years the building has been occupied by laborers and their families while employed by Mr. J. W. Birkle, the owner of the farm.

It was in this building that Mr. F. W. Hannitt held his court. Close by this old court house stands another building, erected a few years later, which for many years was used as sleeping quarters for travelers who wished to rest there during the night. Not quite as well preserved as the court house, but still serviceable, this lodging house now serves as a tool shop on the same farm. Its walls are losing their shape and the adobe plastering between the logs has almost completely crumbled away, but the logs themselves have the appearance of being as strong as ever. As far as can be determined there has never been any repair work or rebuilding of any kind done on the old lodging house. The timbers in the roof are full 2 x 4" rafters, which have lasted through all these years, and the shingles still answer the purpose for which they were intended. Unlike the old court house, which has had a new roof in recent years, this building has had no repairs.

Mr. J. W. Birkle, the owner, tells of some interesting experiences when a young man, and Colorado was first being settled. In recalling the pioneer history to me, he brought out the story

of his father's life which is so closely linked with his own that one finds difficulty in segregating them.

His father, David Birkle, was born in Germany in 1835, and came to America at the age of sixteen (1851). Landing in New Orleans, he found an epidemic of cholera there which was wiping out the population so rapidly that he left the place immediately and went to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he learned the blacksmith trade. When he was 25 years old he set out for Colorado in company with Mr. George Vollmer, and Mr. Gregor Egner. They traveled across the prairie in covered wagons drawn by oxen and arrived on the banks of the Platte river, just west of where the town of Platteville now stands, on May 8, 1860. His homestead was located directly across the river and joining the present land owned by his son, J.W. Birkle.

With Mr. George Vollmer as a partner, Mr. Birkle started in the cattle business, also raised a little grain. These men started with very few cattle, but by hard work gradually acquired large numbers.

In 1864 Mr. Birkle returned to St. Joseph and was married, bringing his young wife back with him, making the trip this time in a covered wagon drawn by horses.

It was on the old homestead in 1866 that Mr. J.W. Birkle was born. There he spent many years of his life and has always lived close to the old homestead. In recalling his early experiences and the stories of the struggle for existence, told by his father, they had quite a few scares from Indian uprisings, in which they would all get into the wagon and run to the old Fort Lupton to avoid the Indians. Since there was no other means of communication, it was necessary for everyone to be on the watch for hostile Indians and when any signs of an uprising appeared, some messenger would ride

horseback from ranch to ranch spreading the alarm that the Indians were on the warpath. Mr. Birkle recalls that his father never had any trouble with the Indians personally because he gave them tobacco whenever they came to his ranch. However, he remembers his father telling about the Indians wanting to trade ponies for his mother while crossing the prairie from St. Joseph.

Getting started in the cattle business and farming was hard work in those days and there were no tools available, or money with which to buy them. What hay, which grew wild along the river, that was not needed for feed, was cut by hand, raked into piles with hand rakes made entirely of wood, loaded by hand onto wagons and hauled by oxen to Central City and Blackhawk, 75 miles distance. These were the only market places at that time because Denver was then a place consisting of five or six log houses. Hay sold for as much as \$125.00 per ton, but all supplies were equally high when one had to buy them. Flour cost \$25.00 per sack and lard \$1.00 per pound. Other foodstuffs were proportionally high in cost. These products were high in cost because they all had to be freighted across the prairie from St. Joseph, Missouri, which was a long, hard, and dangerous journey.

Mr. Birkle says that his father started irrigating his farm land as early as 1861 from a ditch called Meadow Island. His does not recall that they had many amusements in his youth. Most of their time was devoted to hard work in an effort to make a living. However, they did visit with other families along the river--where everyone settled at that time. (No one, then, thought the upland prairie were of any value.) He believes that every family along the river from what is now Greeley to Denver, knew every other family intimately.

Two outstanding men of that time were Mr. John Wheeler and Mr. Richard Shaw. ^{W. Hammett} These men came out here in 1851, according to Mr. Birkle.

It was not until he was 12 or 15 years old that he remembers having heard of a ready-made suit of clothes. His mother made all of their clothes and there were six members in the family. She would ~~bring~~ ^{buy} the material for clothes, but shoes were for winter wear only.

Mr. Birkle recalls that the first team of horses his father bought while out here, was from a man in Kearney, Nebraska. He brought them home, and three days later they got away and returned to Kearney. His father borrowed a pony from a neighbor and trailed the horses all the way back home. When he got to Kearney, he was told that the horses had not been seen there, but he discovered that the man had them hidden in a barn. Mr. Birkle, Sr., returned with his team of horses.

There were no other means of communication than horseback, or the covered wagon. Freighters coming in from Missouri brought news of the civil war and brought whatever mail there was, but there were few letters written in those days.

The only building on the old homestead was first made of logs--and was the house--the sheds were of logs, but there was no attempt made to keep the cattle on the home ranch during the winter months. If the weather permitted--periodical trips would be made out over the prairie in early spring to bring in the young calves that were too young and weak to withstand the cold, but the others were left to shift for themselves. #Grass was plentiful then, but too many cattle have since that time ruined the grazing land," says Mr.

Birkle. From 1888 to 1913 Mr. Birkle took an active part in the round-ups. Twenty-five to thirty men would group together, each with a saddle, rope, bed roll, and from three to six saddle horses, and followed by a bed wagon and grub wagon, would start out on the round-up. They would collect east of Denver and work their way as far as the Nebraska line. Then they would circle and start back home, branding all calves as they went.

The fall round-up would be the "Beef Round-Up". They would begin rounding up the cattle and cutting out those fat enough for market. Quite often a buyer would follow the round-up and buy the cattle he wanted at whatever price could be agreed upon--they usually had to accept the buyer's offer. The fat cattle would then be driven to Denver or Boulder. Mr. Birkle claims this was common practice as late as 1890. There were few cattle to sell before 1880 because all ranchers were trying to building up their herds.

There was not much of a variety of grub during a round-up. It usually consisted of beans, potatoes, sow-belly, coffee, and bread baked in dutch ovens. Once in a while a calf would be butchered, but it would not last very long. Also fresh meat could not be kept very long because there was no way to keep it from spoiling.

He recalls one amusing incident when he was 17 years old. They were working in a round-up in the foothills of the mountains when they saw a beautiful veal calf belonging to a rancher living in the foothills. Some of the boys stole the calf and brought it into camp where they intended to butcher it after dark. The rancher rode in--claimed the calf and took it home. Later that night someone stole the calf again and butchered it--and when the rancher appeared in the morning, somewhat angry, he was given a sound whipping by a husky member of the party and sent on his way.

Mr. B.F. Johnson was the only known party to have a leading part in the founding of Platteville. However, there were many interesting and prominent families in this section of the country-- all early settlers--all working to keep the community together. Those whose names stand out in Mr. Birkle's memory are:-

Hudson, Egner, Vollmar^a, Birkle, Rainey, Kelsey, F.W. Hamⁿⁿmitt, John S. Wheeler, and Andrew Lenny^{Lenny} Lenwey. Naturally there were minor difficulties which arose at various times, such as disputes over line fences, but these did not amount to much. In practically every instance the men were able to settle the dispute themselves. Every man enforced his own law, but no man dared become unfair with his neighbors because a tree and rope were too well known methods of dealing with anyone who was crooked.

Signed..... J. W. Birkle.....

Date..... March 29, 1934.....

Material collected by..... Roy S. Garner.....

Lucille Foltz

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Robert Calvin Bates. (Windsor)

Born July 24th, 1850, in Louisa County, South Eastern Iowa, on a farm, Mr. Bates didn't go to school much, but farmed and hunted and when a little older, owned and ran a Threshing machine until 1879.

In the winter of 1879 and 1880, he came to Colorado, arriving Feb., first, on a train, having boarded a train at Burlington, Iowa, about twenty five miles from where he lived. He married Miss Ida Betts in Greeley, Colorado, in 1881. They came to Windsor about the time the railroad was put through there in 1882.

Mr. Bates was the first marshall, and he held this office " before they ever paid any wages". Also, he was a ditch boss and helped on the ditch with his team. At that time there was no town board, and as there was no jail, he ordered vagrants and disturbers out of town and when he'd taken them outside the limits, he'd often find they'd gotten back to town sooner than he. He sometimes put a drunk man in a box car, but one or two broke the doors open and the railroad officials complained so they had to stop that practice. Many tramps came through at potatoe picking time.

He then farmed five years and then ran a dray and express business for twenty years, and eventually owned and ran a confectionery store for a while, and recently retired.

He states that the Tripps Shoe Shop was the first building erected in Windsor. The Seckmor Grocery was one of the first. Secknor was the first preacher and he lived on a farm.

Mr Bates and his wife live on Elm Street and they have some children and grandchildren living near Windsor.

R. C. Bates

Interviewed by Lucille Foltz.

April 6, 1934.

Fort Collins, Colorado.
April 8th, 1934.

My dear Mr. Hafen:

I have several stories which I was preparing at the time this work ended, so I am finishing them up, and am sending them to you as soon as I can get them in readiness.

Two short papers I've enclosed in this group, were not signed, as I couldn't find these women at home when I called a second time. I went to Windsor today and signed up the remaining papers.

The Hollister girls, live in Denver, as does the widow of Mr. Helwig, but no one seems to know their addresses. Hollister was the founder of Windsor.

Very sincerely yours,
Lillian E. Foltz.

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William H. Hawkes. (Above Virginia Dale.)

Henry N. Hawkes, as he is known, was born in Bristol, Dane County, Wisconsin. When he was fourteen years and seven months old, he managed to be accepted as a soldier in the civil war, by stretching his age, and pretending he was eighteen. This was toward the end of the war when all ages, old or young, were accepted. He served only a short time when the war ceased, and now he was free to go west as he had always wanted to do; and Greeley's advise, " Go West, young man, go West ", helped him to make this decision. He came alone as far as western Nebraska where he found employment under " Kiowa Bill ", hunting buffalo. He hunted there for a while in constant association with this old frontiersman who had been reared among the Indians; and made his first acquaintance with the Arapahoe, Ute, Pawnee and Sioux tribes. At that time enmity between the Pawnees and Sioux caused a fight on the Republican river, in which the Sioux came out the winners, driving the Pawnees back on their reservation in double quick time. He spent some time in camp with the Utes who were friendly then, sat in their tepees, and once smoked the pipe of peace with a circle of Indians. He traded with the Indians until he had about seven hundred dollars worth of buffalo robes, and went back home where he sold them to Wisconsin people. These robes were beautifully tanned, and a novelty to the Easterners.

After a year back home, he started again for the West, but only reached the State of Iowa where he visited a cousin and went into the Livery Stable business with him. While there, he became acquainted with Miss Mina F. Curtis, and they were married at Shellrock, Iowa, March twenty first, 1878. As they were both young people, they decided to come farther west, and Mr. Hawkes having sold out his share in the partnership for his price, they bought a railroad ticket for Colorado and landed in Fort Collins in 1878. They lived here six years and then he searched for a ranch, and found just what he desired in a location just above Virginia Dale, and engaged in the stock raising business. He succeeded in buying

quite an attractive tract of several thousand acres of land upon which he raised several hundred head of cattle and horses. In the early days they had round-ups in that section of the country too, but there was so much range around their ranches they were not forced to drive their cattle over to any other range at any time.

During a large part of his lifetime he built up two good ranches, improving them and putting up good substantial buildings upon the home-sites. The ranch house on the home place is located in Colorado, while the barns are in Wyoming, as his ranch is on both sides of the line. The Hawkes lived on this place forty nine years and it was there that their girl and boy were born and raised.

Mrs Hawkes worked by his side, aiding him in many ways. She helped him when he broke and trained the wild horses on his place. Their only son was killed at the age of twenty five, when he was "breaking" in a new horse on their ranch. He was thrown, striking the back of his head against a stone, and never regained consciousness.

At one time, Mr. Hawkes made a deal for two hundred head of cattle in Routt, County. These cattle were scattered over the range so he and his wife left the ranch with a wagon and team intending to drive over and get them. They had to camp on the road at night at different times, and in passing by a camp someone had made the night before, the horses accidentally kicked a piece of newspaper open so it blew about, and this frightened these two powerful animals, so they ran away, tipped the buggy over, and splintered it. Mrs. Hawkes made her way to the nearest farm-house alone and Mr. Hawkes began the dreary task of tracing his horses until he nearly reached home. He rehitched them to another buggy and restarted on his journey, picked Mrs. Hawkes up, and they continued to their destination. There he saw among the riders two young friends for whom he had a great regard, as he knew them to be straight - forward fine boys. While they were cutting out his cattle, he realized he didn't want them in

particular, and he could do a good turn for these boys so he summoned them to him, and said, " There are about four thousand dollars worth of cattle here. If you will give me a chattle mortgage on these and your notes, I'll let you have them, and you boys can make a start for yourp selves. "

They had to raise the herd up and they made the annual payment and interest on it as agreed, and they gradually became rich men. One of them is living there now, a well-to-do retired cattleman.

Another experience of the comic sort happened on Bear River while Mr. Hawkes, his wife and Louis Provost were riding for some of the Hawkes' cattle. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes were riding in a spring wagon, and they, together with their provisions, made a full wagon-load. Louis became anxious to come back home to La Porte. Mr. Hawkes had a fine saddle horse, which he wanted to bring over home, so he said to Louis; " If you'll ride that saddle horse over, I'll take you along." He also stated Louis would have to get up and build the camp fires in the mornings. On the last night of the trip, there was a heavy snow storm and they had encamped under a large fir tree,. Its branches became loaded with snow during the night. Mr. Hawkes was anxious to get an early start. " I got Louis up at two oclock in the morning to start a camp fire. He had a hard time getting the fire built as the smoke and fire on the ground melted the snow on the branches and it came down onto the camp and it made Louis very mad and he found some fault over things. He made the remark to me e felt just like killing somebody. Louis was a fine looking young man about twenty five years old, of French and Indian parentage. We finally got started and came home on the double-quick that day." " Louis later went back to the reservation. When John (Louis' father died) Tom Montgomery made out his will. John made the remark to him, " And now you must take care of Lizzy ", Lizzy was Louis' older sister ".

Twenty years ago Mr. Hawkes sold his ranches out and retired, but he

only remained in Fort Collins one year, and became so homesick for his ranch in the hills that he paid the entire sale price and some more in order to get back home again, and he made up the difference in one year, and came out even.

He is a member of the George H. Thomas Post of Civil War Veterans. There were three hundred members in this organization when he joined forty years ago, but there are only eight members left.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes' son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. William Hosack now operate the ranch, while the Hawkes live at 216 W. Myrtle St. in Fort Collins.

William H. Hawkes

Interviewed by Lucille Foltz.

April 2, 1934.

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Alice C Tedmon - 2 stories.

Mrs Tedmon is a native of Lewis County, New York. When she arrived at the depot in Fort Collins for the first time, she had a real surprise awaiting her. She had never been out of New York state before, but she had a very definite idea of the Sunny State of Colorado from relatives who were living here. Imagine her dismay to find she had arrived in a down pour of rain; and her chag^{er}in when she was met by her Aunt Jen, and Uncle Jean (Mr. and Mrs. J. Tedmon) in a lumber wagon. To make things worse, her baby was sick. She was forced to stand up in this express wagon so the rain would run off, while she strove to keep her footing as the wagon rattled along. She was used to stepping into a bus when she left a train at home.

Young couples used to go walking on Sunday afternoons. Upon one of those Sundays the Tedmons and another couple were walking along, the ladies dressed in their best black silk dresses. Julia, was walking ahead with Mr. Tedmon, while Mrs. Tedmon and Julia's husband were conversing and walking just behind them. Mrs. Tedmon could not help noticing how run over Julia's heels were, and how untidy it looked when she held her skirt up. Otherwise Julia's costume was quite dashing, as her dress was very becoming and her hat was covered with beautiful feathers. Suddenly her husband said to her. " Julia, if you could see the condition of your heels, - just what they look like, your fine feathers would fall".

Interviewed by Lucille Foltz.

April 2, 1934.

Lucille Cook 4/2/134 94
Mrs W. B. Middleton.
(Nee Minniola Briggs)

Mrs Middleton was born February twenty eighth, 1872, on a homestead ranch nine miles west of Greeley and lived there until she was twenty two years old, she then was married to Elmer E. Moore, and went to Spokane , Washington, to live. This husband died here of tuberculosis in 1900 after they had returned for his health's sake, and Mrs. Moore, was later married in 1904 to Mr. Middleton, who was a long time resident of Windsor and was at that time employed in her brother's store, which was located where the present Morris Store stands. The Middletons had one boy, who was drowned eleven years ago, when he skated into an air-hole in the Windsor Lake; he was seventeen years old.

Mrs Middleton joined the Eastern Star in 1894, (This Chapter was named after the Columbian Exposition of that date), as a charter member, she also belongs to the Christ Church of Windsor.

Mr. George W. Briggs.
(Mrs. Middleton's father)

Mrs Middleton's father was born near Columbus Ohio, and came to Colorado in 1858. He mined in Central City a while, and in 1860, he came down near Windsor on the Cache La Poudre, and settled on four hundred acres of land and became a stockman. He married Emily Geotchus in 1868, who was also born in Ohio, near Columbus, (Died in 1919 at seventy two years of age). In 1898 they moved to Windsor to retire from active farm life. He had been a successful stockman, with both cattle and horses.

He was known as an excellent marksman, with a double barrelled shot gun, or a colt revolver, his favorite weapons, and he did considerable big animal shooting. His big heavy long remington rifle shot once and had to be reloaded. He molded his own bullets for the gun. Her father came here, after other trips and adventures, having first joined an ox-train bound for Sacramento California in the 1849 gold rush. Three

(Page 2 . Mrs W. B. Middleton..)

children were born to the Briggs, two boys and one girl. One boy died in infancy. Mr. Briggs died in 1917, at eighty two years of age.

Mrs W B Middleton

Interviewed by Lucille Foltz.

April 6, 1934.

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Louisa Whitfield Leffingwell Peterson (of Windsor)

Mrs Louisa Peterson was born January twelfth, 1846, in Williamsburg, Ohio. She went to school on and off in Indianapolis, Indiana, until she was about twenty five years old, and she was staying with an older sister during this time. She was married to William Henry Peterson while there. He came to Colorado first to see if he'd like it, and later Mrs. Peterson came out here to him. He next enlisted in the Army and when he was released after the war, he had rheumatism so badly, that he came here for his health, locating ^{ABOVE} in La Porte, Colorado, where they farmed.

While in La Porte, Mrs. Peterson sewed to help with expenses. She sewed for the Indians; and John Provost's wife always liked her to sew for her, and she wanted Mrs. Peterson to accept mocassins or beef as pay when she made her a dress. The Indian women would never try on a dress to see if it fitted; just so it had sleeves in it, that was the only thing they cared about. ^{THEY TIED A ROPE AROUND THEIR WAISTS, FOR A BELT.} They would call their sons in to interpret, and for the chance they'd had, they were very bright boys. These women couldn't talk much English, but the Provost woman had been told " Do it yourself ", so much by her husband, that she learned that phrase and would say to the boys, " You do it yourself " when her husband was not around. The husband had said it to her with a different meaning, as when she'd want to buy something, he'd say, " Do it yourself", to save himself from having to pay for it. Many Indians came to the house, and Mrs Peterson's sister-in-law was afraid of them. Upon one occasion, the two women went to Provost's house upon an errand, and when they had entered the house, they found themselves in the midst of a house-full of Indians. When they were about to leave, the Indians began talking and whispering about them, and moved about in groups, until the sister-in-law was beside herself with the fear that they were planning to do away with them. They were telling the boys to ask the white women to dinner, and when they were made to understand that the women couldn't stay, they loaded them up with

so much beef that the women could hardly carry it home. At that time meat was rather scarce in their home, and the women actually tried to take more than they could carry as they were "crazy to get meat". Their husbands greeted them with "What in the world have you got there?" They gave it to us," the women answered, still pleased and excited over it.

The French and Indian children were educated because their French fathers desired them to be, wishing to do right by their children. The Indians begged for food at the white men's homes and they showed they liked nicely prepared food as well as anyone else. There was only one Doctor between Fort Collins and Laporte, a Dr. Smith, and his fee was \$50 when he was called in for a baby birth. There was a representative of every trade, and people got along. Ink and pens were scarce and when Lake Peterson needed some, and he had a chance to go to Greeley, he'd get some then. When her husband had some work in the mountains, she would stay a week or so in Fort Collins with friends and would help with sewing so that she wouldn't be imposing on their hospitality, for it was unbearably lonesome when she had to stay at home by herself.

They next came down to a farm they'd bought between Timnath and Windsor and they had the fencing wire all strewn around when they found they did not have enough money to get something to eat, so they had to sell their fencing wire and Mr. Peterson began looking for work. Mr. Willard Harding who owned the farm just ^{BELOW} above theirs ^{THE MEN WHO WORKED ON, AND} had charge of the ^{STOPPED THERE} Greeley Colony ditch, which ran through his place. They had built a dam of dirt and rock in it just below Peterson's place and the last high water had torn large holes in the lower part of it. So they hired Mr. Peterson to dive down and carry big sacks of sand to fill these holes with. It was so dangerous and they only gave him three dollars for the time he was doing this diving.

They had to manage some way, so Mrs. Peterson walked from her place east of Timnath, pulling her small child along in a little wagon, and

washed and cleaned woodwork at night in Dr. Carpenter's home ^{NORTH} ~~the other~~ side of the town. There was really no Timnath then, just four or five houses, (and at this time there were but eleven houses in Fort Collins). When an organ was needed for the church, she left her child at home with her husband, and walked for miles through the snow to neighbor's homes, asking them to come to the benefit Oyster supper and exhibition which was being given to raise the necessary fund. When the night arrived, they found they had no room for the cook stove inside the building, so they put up a tent close to the school house and passed the Oyster soup through the window to the crowd. Her husband was so afraid she'd catch cold because the tent was chilly inside, but she cooked the stew and although it was the first time she'd ever cooked Oysters she says, " the folks all said they were just splendid".

She had no way to go to the hills for berries, etc., and it would have been a slow trip; also, no wagons were at their disposal anyway. But once they went to Laramie City in a buggy, to sell some vegetables from his farm, a few cucumbers, and some radishes, turnips and quite a little cabbage and he figured he made about sixty dollars off of them, as vegetables were scarce. Grasshoppers were bad and the cabbage had to be cut and piled up to keep them from eating it and it would soon spoil and wilt. About this time, the boys Dolph and Will Peterson took a ranch together and Joe Calphus came, and they raised a crop with him. Dolph was ^{A BROTHER.} ~~not a relative,~~ or slightly connected, just an acquaintance who came from the same place back East. Adolphus and wife occupied the main part of the house, and the Petersons lived in the "Lean-to". Joe Calphus never married, and she sewed for him and his mother.

When one of the Peterson babies was born June twenty eighth, 1875, Will had told the neighbors he'd let them know about it. They were amused to see him run a white cloth up the flagpole on top of his house, as an announcement of the babys safe arrival. This message notified the Kerns,

Dolph Petersons, Lake Peterson, the Eatons and the Abbotts.

One afternoon on the ranch, Mrs. Peterson tried to get her little girl to go to sleep, but the child went to the door-way and sat down while her mother rested. The mother heard an old hen near the door saying to her chicks, "Take care. Take care" in chicken English. Mrs. Peterson jumped up and ran to the door, and saw a rattlesnake lying ^{COILED UP CLOSE TO} three feet from the child. She picked the little girl up and ran for the hoe and came back and chopped the snake in two. It was thirteen years old and three years afterwards they killed its mate, they believed. Later this child, Jennie slipped into the river and was brought home with her clothes frozen to her feet, so Mrs. Peterson had some exciting as well as trying pioneer experiences.

They moved into Windsor in 1902, about thirty two years ago, and she now lives on ^{WALNUT} Elm Street in her own home.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson had ⁴ nine children, ^{ALL} five of whom are ^{living} dead, and Ollie, Jennie, Charles, and Jessie, survive. Jennie is Mrs Fred Crane of Windsor.

Two people whom Mrs. Peterson mentioned were Aunty Stone, for whom she sewed and whom Mrs. Peterson described as "Fixy"; fond of dress and frills;

Lake Peterson who was in the army with her husband, both belonging to the eighty ninth regiment. Mrs. Peterson said they were all American and not of Scandinavian origin. Guy Peterson, Lake's son, lives four miles north of Windsor. HE WAS NOT RELATED TO HER HUSBAND.

They showed me a set of volumes on Windsor by Judge Stone of Denver, and edited by Wilbur Fish of Chicago. Volume three, page one hundred six, contains a Windsor article. It was printed in 1918 by the Clark Publishing Company of Chicago.

Louisa Whitfield Peterson

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Mrs W O Darnell.
(Nee Ella Williams)

Mrs Darnell was born near Adel, Dallas County, Iowa in 1866. She attended school until high school age in Iowa, then was married December 1887, and visited her relatives for a time; and came here as a bride, in January 1888. They settled out on his father's place and lived with them two and one half years, since her husband was the youngest boy in the family, and the parents wanted to help him. This place was at Fossil Creek Reservoir, which is now under water, since they sold their place to the Reservoir Company, and the company formed a reservoir on that land and Mr Hardy's just north of their place. They moved to Windsor, and lived in the south part of the town for eighteen years, then moved to their present home at 506 Elm Street, where they've lived for fourteen years. Mr. Darnell was proprietor of the Darnell Store, a meat market and store here, for twenty years and sold the business five or six years ago.

Mrs. Darnell joined the Rebeccah lodge april thirteenth, 1894 in Fort Collins and three years later in Windsor she became affiliated with the local lodge. They have two boys; Lysle; and Lawrence, who lives at home and ^{is} not married. Mr. Darnell's sister was the wife of our former Senator W. A. Drake. (Mr. Darnell was not home both times I called)

Lucille Foltz.

April 6, 1934.

Frank Loustalet,
1937-11th Ave.,
Greeley, Colo.

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Greeley, Colo.
Jan. 29, 1934.

Personal:

My parents came to Denver in 1862 from Leavenworth, Kansas. They came to the United States from France in 1855, locating first in New Orleans, but continuing on to Leavenworth in 1857. They came across the prairies from Kansas with an ox team and a small herd of cattle. My father had run a small dairy in Leavenworth and this he continued after reaching Denver for about a year. Their objective was Montana, so the next fall, 1863, they started north. An early snow storm caught them as they reached the Big Thompson, 50 miles north, so they stayed there until spring. Indian troubles made them give up the idea of going to Montana, so my father filed on a piece of land where Brighton now stands. It was there that I was born in 1868, the first white child born in Brighton.

What is now Brighton was called ^{Station} ~~Rugh~~ in the early days. It was only a stage stop. The name Brighton was applied after the railroad came in 1872.

My father had a small herd of milk cows and freighted milk to Denver. He also hauled hay to Denver and nearby towns. The herd soon grew larger and father engaged extensively in the cattle business. We also had quite a herd of horses.

In 1870, my father filed on eighty acres of land near the present site of Kersey. Our cattle had open range and I herded cattle from as early as I can remember. In those days the first thing a boy did was to ride. At the age of twelve I went to work for the Denver and Pacific railroad that was building a line from Julesburg to LaSalle. I was driver for the crew of engineers and received \$150 per month. That was big money in those days especially for a boy. I was with the engineers for four years. After that I herded cattle until I retired.

My father died in 1879 and the ranch was managed by my mother and my brother and myself. We used to cut from 200-300 tons of hay on the river bottoms in the early days. Father would haul a load to Denver and trade it for flour. Often a load would bring but one sack of 100 pounds.

The homesteaders gradually crowded the cattlemen out. They had a right to the land and during the '80's most of it was taken up. They fenced their land and much of it was plowed. With the disappearance of the open

range the cattle business became more or less unprofitable. That is, there was no big money in it. Then too, it was discovered that cattle would do better on the grass in Wyoming. It seemed to have more strength in it. After a summer on Wyoming grass the steers would be as fat as the corn fed. So many of the cattle outfits moved to Wyoming. When that happened we started to raise horses for the cattlemen up there. They would come down here to get their cow ponies.

The Roundup.

There were generally two roundups, one in the spring about May 10-15 when the grass started, and one in the fall, generally in September. Cattle were allowed to drift all winter and shift for themselves. Naturally they would drift south with the storms. In the spring some of them would be found as far south as the Arkansas river. When the ranchers down there were ready to start they would send word and the ranchers up here would elect a representative, called a rep, to go down there and look after the stock that would be found. Sometimes one rep would be responsible for several brands. When the cattle were rounded up he would cut out those he was representing and start them toward the home ranch. Generally, several cowboys would be sent down to help him.

The range country was divided into districts, agreed upon by the ranchers, and a rep would be sent to each district. The outfit consisted of a grab wagon bossed by a chief cook and several assistants. Several other wagons contained the supplies and bedding. Camp would be made near the center of a district by a stream. From there the cowboys would ride out covering about ten miles in each direction ^{each day.} The outfit was under the command of a chief who gave directions as to where to go and when. Each cowboy had a string of four or five horses for his use. Often there would be as many as 30 to 40 men with each outfit. Every day they would ride out and gradually work the cattle toward the center. The cattle would most often be found in the draws and sheltered places, or near water holes and streams. They would be in small bunches of from two or three to a dozen or more. Sometimes only a cow and her calf would

be found. These would be worked into larger bunches and finally into the herd at the camp.

At camp, the horses not in use would either be hobbled and let feed on the prairie, or kept in charge of a horse wrangler who kept them rounded up and ready for use. There were night wranglers and day wranglers. As the cattle began to come in they had to be night herded to keep them from straying off and from stampeding. This was generally done in three shifts. The first from evening until twelve o'clock, the next from twelve to three, and the last from three until morning. Depending upon the size of the bunch, it took from one to four or five men to night herd, and when the weather was bad sometimes the whole outfit had to get out. The night herders would ride around the herd and keep them together. If any showed signs of restlessness they would sing to them. This had the effect of quieting the cattle down even if the cowboy could not qualify for grand opera.

The food on a roundup was always of the best. A fat calf would be killed for meat and this with potatoes, canned tomatoes, beans, and bread baked in a dutch oven, would satisfy the appetite of the hardest riding cowboy. And one may be sure that after a hard days ride with only a sandwich or two, and those eaten while riding, appetites were not lacking. And table cloths and napkins were a minus quantity. Each man's grub would be handed out to him by the cooks, dished up in a tin plate. He found a comfortable seat on a rock or the wagon tongue and ate. At night each man crawled into his own tent or slept out under the stars, rolled in a blanket.

I remember that one time while I was wrangling horses at a roundup near Julesburg, that the cook had warned the boys many times not to tie their horses near the mess-box which was at the back end of the wagon. The boys had a habit of tying their horses to the hind wheel of the chuck wagon when they came in for dinner. This cook had said that he would cut the next horse loose that was tied there. A Texan by the name of Garvey heard him say this and deliberately tied his horse to the wheel. The cook grabbed a long

knife and with one slash cut the horse loose. The Texan pulled his gun and dropped the cook in his tracks. He then made me round up the horses, and, taking the best one there, started for the Black Hills. He was caught three or four years later when Kendel was sheriff.

The spring roundup was mostly for the purpose of branding the calves. Cows dropped their calves mostly in April or May tho they dropped some late in the fall. The calves would be caught and branded, then let loose to run with the cows until fall. Bull calves would be castrated at this time.

The fall roundup in September was called the beef roundup. It was then that the beef steers would be cut out for market, the sucking calves taken from their mothers and put in a separate pasture, and the cows allowed to range for the winter. Steers were generally sold when they were three or four years old. They brought about \$30.00 per head.

Pine Bluffs, Nebraska, and Julesburg were the shipping points from this section. Later, when the railroad came in, Hardin was a great shipping point. I have seen as many as four or five train loads a day pull out of Hardin.

There was some trouble with sheep men in this part of the range country but nothing compared with the range wars they had over the divide. Naturally, the cattlemen did not like the sheepmen, and when they came upon a herd of sheep they would ride thru them and scatter them, or may be they would drive a herd of cattle thru them, killing several.

Crowded by homesteaders, the cattlemen gradually quit raising cattle on a large scale. By 1885-90, the open range was gone.

(Editor's note: Frank Loustalet became a noted roper and rider and won many prizes at county fairs.)

The above is true to the best of my memory.

Frank Loustalet

Mrs. Frank Loustalet, nee Helen Buswell, was also born in Colorado near Lyons in 1870. Her parents came from Parkersburg, Iowa.

Sam Wylie,
Greeley, Colo.

Greeley, Colo.
Jan. 31, 1934.

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Personal:

My father came to Colorado from Coulterville, Ill. in 1859. He settled on the Platte river about a mile above its junction with the Poudre. This was near the station called Latham. He built a house on the land on which he had squatted and cut and sold the hay. In 1863, he returned to Illinois and brought his family out. We came overland with a team of horses in company with several others. I was then five years old.

We reached Latham, June 17, 1864. The river was up and we had to wait on the bank for three weeks before we could cross to the house that father had built. The river was two miles wide. It reached from bluff to bluff. The house father had built was in about two feet of water. Oscar Ennes was running a ferry boat on the river and as soon as the water was low enough so we could go to the house we crossed in the ferry. Latham was on the south bank of the river, and father had selected his land on the north side.

Soon after we were settled, it was in August, a cowboy came riding up with his horse all sweat and foam and yelled, "Run for your lives, The Indians have killed everyone down the river and driven off their horses." We hitched up as soon as we could, piling the bedding and a dozen chickens we had brought onto the top of the wagon, and started for a fort southwest of Windsor. This was a settler's fort made of thick sod walls. We trotted the horses nearly all the way. All the settlers from up and down the river were there. Nothing happened and in a short while we went back.

*They were all
scattered!
when we
got there.*

I do not recall why we did not go to Latham instead of the fort near Windsor. I think Latham was more of a stage stop and soldiers were there only once in a while. We never called it Fort Latham. About all there was there was a large corral for horses.

down on the river bottom of the Platte.

In 1865, my father started back to Illinois to get herd of horses, but was taken sick at Fort Kearney, Nebraska, and died there. He was buried in the military cemetery there. The next year, 1866, mother moved to our present home. Father had bought ~~some~~ land from a man by the name of Binder. I still have the original bill of sale. There were six of us children, three boys and three girls. Mother moved down here because there was more wood on the Poudre. There were not many trees on the rivers in those days. There would be a small clump of cottonwoods and then long spaces where there were no trees at all. The river kept rising and washing them out as fast as they grew.

Hay was the principal crop in those days. My father had brought a Kirby mower, and with it my brothers cut lots of hay. A Kirby mower had but one wheel and a four foot sickle-bar. I often thought it would tip over as they were mowing on the side hills, but it never did. We hauled hay and butter to the mines. Hay often brought \$1.50 per ton and butter one dollar a pound. The hay was baled in 500 pound bales, bound together with small ropes. There was no such thing as baling wire.

Our sod house had walls three feet thick and a sod roof. In part, this was a protection against Indians. My brother built the milk house in 1867. It is made of plaster and gravel put together like cement. This house is well preserved today.

Seth Ward had the postoffice in Latham when we came. Later, he moved to Evans. His was the only building in Evans in 1868. He had a small store in connection with the Postoffice.

Others who made the trip across the plains with us were; Pinkerton, who was a relative of the famous detective, W. McFee, and Eugene Lemmon. There several others whom I do not remember.

^{heard} Patterson took a ditch out of the river to irrigate some hay land in 1866. The land was sold to Patterson who traded some hay for the ditch. It is now called the Patterson Ditch.

The above is true to the best of my memory.

Sam S. Wylie

Dr. W.O. Thompson Taken by Death in Columbus Hospital

Heart Attack Fatal to Former Longmont Pastor and College President; Memorial Services Here Sunday; Funeral for Lead- ing Educator to Be Held Tuesday.

Dr. William Oxley Thompson, 78 years old, former president of the old Synodical college here, known as the Longmont Academy, president emeritus of Ohio State university, and widely known man of letters, died Saturday at Columbus, Ohio, hospital, according to United and Associated Press dispatches to the Times-Call.

Dr. Thompson suffered a heart attack on his birthday, November 5, from which he never recovered.

It was in 1885 that Dr. Thompson came to Longmont as pastor of Central Presbyterian church. For almost six years he made his home here endearing himself to the entire community. In addition to being pastor of the church he served as president of the Longmont Academy.

While here his first wife, Barbara Allison Thompson, passed away and in 1887 he was married to Miss Star Brown, sister of the

Memorial services for Dr. William Oxley Thompson, former local pastor, will be held at the Presbyterian church here Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. All friends and acquaintances of Dr. Thompson are invited to attend.

late C. M. Brown, for years city treasurer. His second wife died Dec. 27, 1890, and in 1891 he went east to become president of Miami university, which marked the beginning of his interesting career. The former Longmonter later became moderator of the Presbyterian churches of the United States.

It was in 1899 that Dr. Thompson accepted the position of president of Ohio State university. In this capacity he served until 1925 when he was elected president emeritus of the university.

The esteem in which he was held at the college is seen by the erecting of a 14-foot bronze statue causing a "beloved character to be immortalized." The statue bears the inscription: "Dr. William Oxley Thompson, president of this university 1899 to 1925. Tribute from the students, classes of 1923,

1925, 1926 and 1928."

The former Longmonter was a personal friend of former President Herbert Hoover. It was to him that Mr. Hoover wrote his famous "inner letter," which was published Jan. 12, 1930.

The letter was written to Dr. Thompson in response to New Year greetings and some words of caution regarding contact with persons who might be seeking personal gain rather than the good of the nation. The letter contained Hoover's philosophy of government and revealed many of his inner thoughts.

Dr. Thompson was known as the "Grand Old Man of Ohio" and never failed to win friends wherever he went.

He often visited Longmont. On his last visit here he was accompanied by his third wife, Mrs. Estella Thompson, who has been very ill. He delivered the baccalaureate sermon at Colorado Agricultural college at that time and also preached in Central Presbyterian church here.

A daughter, Bessie Thompson, died about a year ago. One son is also dead. Another son, L. A. Thompson, resides at Columbus.

Dr. Thompson had been in a hospital since Tuesday suffering from a heart attack which followed ill health that caused him to resign the chairmanship of the Columbus NRA board.

He was born at Cambridge, Ohio, in 1855 of Irish parents. The family moved several times over southeastern Ohio while Dr. Thompson earned his way through grade school. He went several semesters to Muskingum college in New Concord, working in harvest fields in summer to pay his expenses in winter.

After a lapse of several years during which he taught school at Marshall, Ill., he returned to Muskingum and was graduated in 1879.

He entered Western Theological seminary in 1879 and three years later went to Iowa for missionary work. He was ordained at Fort Dodge, Iowa, where he had a pastorate.

Illness of his first wife forced him to come to Colorado in 1883, when he came to Longmont. Turning to educational work he became president of the newly organized Synodical college of the Synod of Colorado.

Funeral services will be held at Columbus, Ohio, Tuesday morning.

Hawkes, one of the eight remaining members of George H. Thomas post, No. 5, Grand Army of the Republic, who in January moved with Mrs. Hawkes from their ranch, Horns Rock, above the



HENRY HAWKES

Virginia Dale district, to 213 South Meldrum street, celebrated his 84th birthday Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes will observe their 56th wedding anniversary March 21, having been married in 1878, at Shellrock, Ia. Mrs. Hawkes was Miss F. Curtis before her marriage.

Mrs. Hawkes has been an invalid the past four years, so that the observance of Mr. Hawkes' birthday was a quiet one. C. D. West, Madison Rodgers, E. M. Ketchner and George Metz, members of the Grand Army post, called at the occasion as did Elmer Kitchner, W. McMullen and James ... members of the Sons of Union Veterans, Mrs. Nathan Edwards and Mrs. Perry Kessler of the Daughters of Union Veterans and Mr. McMullen's daughter were also present. Mrs. Craig and daughters Jane and Marie of the Tie Siding district called.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes will move shortly from their present Meldrum street address to 215 West Marble street. They came to Colorado in 1879 and lived in Fort Collins a number of years before purchasing their ranch in northern Larimer county. Their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Hosack, now operate the ranch.

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Don S. Garner,
Interviewer

Denny Reunion

Occasion - One Hundredth Birthday of

Mrs. Mary Ann Denny,

Marshall, Missouri.

"A Tribute to"

Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Denny, a small booklet,

carried in pocket of back cover of this volume.