

ELIZABETH AIRNS

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READ BY

HENRY B. SNYDER, JANUARY 22, 1909.

(I am copying this exactly as it has been written by Mr. Snyder. Part of the material is written in a cross between the English and the German writing. Some of the words are in German script, and rather difficult to read.)

In 1858 I came upon the Missouri River to look up what a young man could find to do. Between Jefferson City and our landing, then known as Sumner, we were shot at twice. On my visit to an old friend in the country back of Sumner and Atchison I had to cross the great military road going west. This was a sight to see, General Johnson was then not over 35 miles from Leavenworth, was wading hub-deep yelling to the fatigued mules and to the men fatigued entirely out. Gen. Johnson was on his way to Utah to teach them and chastise them for disobedience and defying the United States laws. From there they got onto higher ground a more sandy formation.

In the fall of '58 there was returning teams from the Pike's Peak region. These teams drove on the banks of the Missouri river threwed Lonton, used for washing out placer gold, picks, shovels by the ton went into the Big Muddy then put team and wagon on the river boats.

In the spring of '59 the emmigration started for the great western gold fields. W agons were going and coming out of the river towns coming in with bad reports, but no such destruction of property as was witnessed the year before.

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In the early spring of 1860 I went down to Leavenworth with the full determination to leave the fever and ague that I had suffered with every winter for 5 years. I met John Armor who lived near Sumner and told him of my determination of going west into New Mexico, somewhere to get out of the Malaria country. He asked me to go west with his outfit to the Pikes Peak country. He had just bought and equipped a train of goods to start a store in the Central City gold regions.

He explained to me the formation of the gold veins and told me that many mills would be built and that this would be a good place for mechanics to go to, knowing that I was a cabinet-maker by trade.

On the 5th. day of April the wagons and the cattle were ready to start on their 635 mile journey, by the time the teams were ready to be yoked up it was getting late. This was fun for those old freight men, for us young men that never even seen a bunch of ^{Texas} cattle one half were never in a corral before, to be yoked up. Later we all were flying in every direction with proper orders - all that were too green were to keep up near the wagons and out of the way. Old yokes were used for the wheelers, and one yoke for the leaders. At last we got them all yoked up, and broke camp about 2 o'clock.

Before starting Mr. Armor told Hawkins that he was to put plenty in one of the wagons to supply him with enough to have the Indians supply his men with fresh meat after he would strike the Indian country, but under no consideration should he take any of liquor barrels, nor should he be negligent of careful watching of

the same.

The first few days after we started we had to use the lariat, the boys were good to the fresh men and always ready to help us break our cattle.

The third evening as we got near the camping time one of the schooners broke down, camp was formed, the wagon box jacked up, uncoupled old axle got out a new one out of the wagon, and work was begun. My tools were called on to do the work as there was no other mechanic with the train. The irons were knocked off the old axle so we could fix up the new axle. Old pins were used, and by early morning the wagon was ready to move on.

The rule was to yoke up by the first light of day and drive on the road until 10:30, by 10 o'clock the boys would ride ahead and pick out a good camping place where grass and water was plenty. At 1:30 teams were again yoked up and stayed on the road until 4 o'clock. At 4 o'clock out would go the two boys to look for a camping place. The first place that filled the requirements would be taken. The cattle were yoked up in the morning, no cooking being done on the road while going along with the wagon. If you got hungry you could go to the mess wagon and get some bread and boiled meat with a tin-cup of beans, and eat while you drove. Always at noon there was a good camp dinner, fresh meat and fruit and rice in abundance. Canned fruit was not so plentiful in those days, canned tomatoes was not known at that time, and many other things was not known at that time.

The next evening, fixing the broken wagon and axle the boss called me out to go out with the cattle-night herd. Hawkins heard and ask him what he was doing. He answered that it was my turn to go out with the cattle. "No, sir, you don't take him out at any time,

between here and our end. For he will be up more nights than any other man of the outfit." With these old traps it proved so.

(Snyder was the only mechanic with the wagon train.)

On one occasion did the train travel after 4:30. There was no water nor did we get to water before 10 o'clock in the night. Men and cattle were tired, the cattle smelled water some time before we got there, it kept the drivers busy to keep up with the teams. It was a hard job to corral them and keep them together. The next day we did not break camp until the afternoon to get into better feed.

Only on one Sunday did we drive on the whole route, feed was scarce, did not drive only until 10 when we had good feed we stopped until Monday noon. The teams must be carefully cared for on such long trips.

About the second week we got onto the Platte River near Fort Kearney, only a few days before that did we strike the Indians, then it was fresh meat noon and evening. Then we saw real Indian life, squaws and papooses, dirty things they were- the squaws picked the lice off the children's heads and eat them. They would take the entrails of the young game they brought in, and run out on the grass, squeeze out the entrails then commence to eat them. Hot weather was on and nearly every day there would be left a camp kettle half full of beans that were too sour for any of us and these were given to the Indians. How hilarious they would be over such a fine dish, to their notion.

About then two men came into our camp in the evening, tired they were, both young brisk men that came out nearly that far with some private teams. The owners fell out and started back, the

Two men pushed on to our camp, and were welcome. A good acquisition for us as several of the men had very sore feet from walking on the sweltering sand.

About this time we had some fun that was not on the docket. There was with us an old man with a young wife. A young man in the crowd was trying hard to force himself upon her. They stayed over a week with our train, and when we got to the California road the old man came to our camp, it being Saturday evening and he complained that he started for California, but because of the young man's actions had changed his mind and that he would go to Denver, and then look around. Further and further on he told the party that the young man was bound to go to Denver with him, he was bound to have his wife. The next morning three or four of the men went up to the California camp and began to take a hand in the affair, they asked the young man where he was going. He answered, "Probably, to Denver." They asked him why he did not go with his crowd to California. He thought that none of their business, and they thought it was. "Well," said he, "I can do as I please, I am my own master." Then the affair got a good start and he was told to go to California and leave the old man and his wife alone. He would go to Denver whether or no. One of the men pulled out a lariat and began to unfold it; he was told to get off with the people for they were ready to start. The young woman went up to the wagon and threw his things out of their wagon, he pluckily picked up his traps and put them on the other wagon and off they started. They brought to our camp the "Summer and Winter" couple and kept them several days with our train. Then they pushed on to Denver as happy as they could be.

There is a bad sand hill at what that time was called "Fremont Orchard". There was a little fun again on hand. There was a fine yoke of American cattle as could be seen any where, and they were stalled, and they could not move neither. Neither could we help them, down went our crowd to get that team out of the road. One of them spoke up. "Why don't you swear at them?" "Put the whip on their backs." "Why that would do no good," said the men; they were both preachers. "Get out", said one of our men, he drew out his Sft. raw-hide whip, with a curse and a yell down on their backs came two of those whips, and down the road went those cattle. When they got down hill off they went and they hollered out, "I guess that did do good." the two after the cattle as hard as they could go. Both stopped, out of breath.

Our wagons were so heavy loaded that the teams were doubled right on the start, and from thence too it was easy good road at every turn.

From "Fremont Orchard" where we camped for three or four days, on to the outskirts of the wee little village of Denver. In the morning John Armor, the owner of the train, met us at noon. He complimented the wagon bosses in the good looks of his whole outfit. Complimented the men for their good behavior, not hardly a cross word was heard over the 635 miles of schooner life.

That evening we camped at Golden, the next day the loads were changed and made lighter. A few of the wagons were unfit, and some of the cattle were too foot-sore. A few of the men ^{were} left to care for the stock. After a few days rest then came some hard days

work on the side of the mountain. Where a new road had been the soil was so loose that we had to take only a part down at a time, we had to throw ropes over the wagons to keep them from toppling down into the gulch. On the third day in the mountains, about 9 o'clock we came to the mouth of Gregory Gulch where Central City, branch of the C. & S. Across the gulch was a deep slough which took us two or three hours to fix, so we could cross. At 12 o'clock we landed in Central City with the first wagon at Armors store building.

In the morning make-up of the teams, my team was placed second which was soon explained when we got to the store building. My chest and things was taken out of the wagon when taken from me. I went to dinner with Mr. Armor and then commenced to put up a pair of stairs so that the goods could be taken up. By midnight the stairs were up. One load of flour was pulled to one side, a table of old boxes was placed and a gold scale was then put to use. Flour was \$50 a per sack, 100 pounds. It was known for two weeks that the train would be in with 16 sacks, yet what little flour was in camp had to be very carefully used, so by the time the train got in the flour was taken as fast as it could be handed out, and gold weighed. Other groceries was very scarce and not to be had, but they could wait for that part a day longer.

After the stairs I commenced the front and the shelves of the store, and we slept in front, for only a few days more did it take to get the front, working from early dawn to darkness, which gives me the honor of putting in the first open front in the rocky mountain region which I always have been proud of.

The store on the second Sunday had a record sales day. There was eight families and the old couple besides not one could talk a word of English. They up to Mr. Armor and talked German, poor Armor was a native of Emerald Isles. I waited a few minutes and watched his face color while the people were talking. I stepped up to Mr. Armor's side and commenced to talk the German language, here was another stunner for him. He had known for 20 years-took me for an American, pure and simple. We took considerable of 1600 in handsome gold dust, that days sale was over \$5000. (I rather imagine this amount of gold mentioned referred to ounces.)

Henry B. Snyder, 1860 Pioneer.

ELIZABETH CAIRNS

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AN ENCOUNTER WITH INDIAN BILL

BY

T. G. MCCARTHY.

JUNE 26, 1908.

I wish to preface my remarks by saying "There is some good even in the most of men" as will be shown by the following story.

Please forgive the use of the big "I"-as I could get no one to tell it and you insist that I do so:- Therefore I must use the vain-glorious "I" whilst relating it.

If my recollection serves me right, it was in the year of 1878 or 1879, when the little incident I am about to relate, took place.

John H. Hough of this city, and I, had bought the "Old Steel Ranch" or "Big Spring Place" as it was sometimes called, on Dry Creek above Sam Rule's ranch, about 18 miles North-west of Pueblo and toward Pikes Peak.

Mr. Hough was running the ranch while I conducted a wall paper and paint business in which we were engaged in Pueblo, under the name of Hough & McCarthy-

On Saturday afternoons I usually rode a pinto broncho belonging to J. L. Isenberg, riding to the ranch in the afternoon, stopping at the ranch over night and returning to town the next day-

One afternoon Mr. Isenberg's horse could not be used so I called on Bob Nusbaum then running the old "St. Louis" stables where White & Davis now have their great clothing establishment (This is not correct as the company has changed location since that time.), and hired from him the only saddle animal he had in the stable, which was a large mule.

I rode out to the ranch and on my return the next day, out near

the Pinions the mule refused to move along as I wished and having no quirt, I took off a branch from one of the trees and the mule moved along more rapidly under the persuader above mentioned. When near the city and perhaps five miles out, the girth became loosed and I got off and cinched it up and rode home.

The wall paper and paint store which Mr. Hough and I conducted, was about where the North store room of my building is now located, just South of the Central Block. The ground now occupied by the Central Block was then a beer garden and saloon, in which many scenes were witnessed, indicating to the most casual observer, that it was not a Sunday school by any means.

Between our store or shop, and the beer garden, ran the mill ditch over which on Main Street a small bridge was constructed, about wide enough to admit of one wagon with a hay-rack to pass. On either side a railing was placed to keep horses and men who were a trifle unsteady, from going into the mill-ditch.

The following day I had returned from the ranch I heard the clatter of horses feet accompanied by much profanity and a dark form of horse and rider rushed up to the shop door.

The rider was Indian Bill or Bill Dero, sinking spurs into the sides of the horse he tried to ride into the store and over me as I had stepped to the door asking what he meant.

Without a word-He struck at my head, his fist grazing my cheek bone and raising a lump.

Grasping the bridle of the horse, I struck Bill several blows in the "bread-basket", which doubled him up and forcing the horse out of the door on his haunches, throwing Bill out of the saddle, he picked up a large boulder he threw it at me and jumped on the horse with a vile imprecation neither the stone or imprecation did much damage except the breaking of the glass in the store by the stone.

Bill yelled at me as he was leaving that he would be back with a gun and begged me to "meet him at the bridge" in five minutes. That was a romantic suggestion and I promised to be at the trusting place. Mr. William ran his horse to the St. Louis stables and was soon rushing toward our rendezvous, brandishing a big gun and yelling in true Indian style.

Mr. McDonald, conducted a furniture store on First street about where Lyman Levin's store is at present, he had been a witness to the trouble and ran across the street calling to me to "Run for your life, its Injan Bill and he killed a man a short time ago".

I told him that I had given him my word that I would "meet him at the bridge and I was on my way-Mr. McDonald said he would go for his rifle but I did not see him until next day.

By the time Bill was about opposite where Seiter's confectionery store now is and was "whooping it up proper", as the boys say, riding his bay-horse at full tilt.

I ran out to the South end of the bridge and laying the 45 on top of the rail, tried to get a sight on him but the yelling stopped and he had thrown his body on the opposite side of the horse and all I could see was his foot and hand.

He poked his head out under the horse's neck, holding a gun in his hand for a second but did not shoot as the horse passed so swiftly and I tried to get a bead on his head.

He went past me like a shot so neither of us could get aim at the other. He then circled toward the East to keep his body out of range as I was running toward the West but he kept his horse between us so skillfully that I gave it up.

I then procured a horse and started after him, I met Pat Desmond on the South side of the city (who by the way

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was killed later at a road house near Ogden, Utah.

He advised me to get a warrant for Bill's arrest and as Pat was deputy sheriff and marshall, I did, so he arrested Bill in a saloon a few hours later and the hearing was had before Judge Si. Smith, who died in this city Oct 21-1884 one of the real pionerrrs, brother of our esteemed member Steve Smith.

I told my tale of woe and Si. asked Bill what he had to say.

He replied that Mack had told both sides of the story adding that he thought I was a tenderfoot and he would run me out of the country but had got hold of the wrong man.

He was fined \$10.00 and costs amounting to some \$30.00 or \$40.00 which he paid. As we were coming out I asked Bill why he had tried to do me up and he said he heard I had driven his mule to death and had a pinion and pricked through the hide and he had supposed he injured but I found next day he was alright and as chipper as a squirrel, so apologizing we shook hands and from the day on until he left Eneble, just before he was shot and killed at Durango or Telluride, he was my friend.

As an illustration, I had done some work for a saloon man on the South side opposite, "Dutchey's White House saloon" to the amount of \$60.00-paper hanging-and sign work.

I heard the man was to leave on the night train and had regained to sell out to an Eastern man soon after supper.

I went to his place of business and asked for the amount due, he told me to go to the "hot place" and wait until the first of the month.

I told him very plainly I would do neither.

Just then the man to whom he was to sell his place came in and said he was ready to purchase, he was asked to step into a wine-room and about the time I had estimated their deal was consummated, I bolted into the wine-room and asked for payment of my bill.

The debtor asked me to step out a minute which I did, he soon came out and looked as black as a thunder cloud and going behind the bar told three bouncers to fire me.

I backed up against the ice chest and pulling a gun told them I would go when I had gotten \$60.00 of U. S. currency.

Just then a commotion was heard at the door and Injun Bill came in with two guns and asked me what was up- I told him I wanted \$60.00 due me from the man behind the bar, that he sold out and was about to skip the town that he had ordered his three bouncers to fire me.

Bill sized up the crowd and addressing himself to the ex-proprietor said:-You must hand over \$60.00 before I count five, or you will be perforated good and proper.

After devurring a little he decided to pay and handed me three \$20.00 gold pieces and I handed him my receipted bill. He then called up the house, bouncers and all to have something on me.

I asked Bill if he wanted anything and he said he would take a drink, I took a cigar and after Bill had his drink I laid down four bits on the bar and started for the door.

The ex-proprietor bawled out, "What in hades, do you mean-\$3.00 please".

I told him he had called the house up and he could pay the bill, I had paid for my cigar and Bill's drink.

There was a rush for us but Bill and I faced the bunch with drawn revolvers and backed out of the front door.

I mention this to show that while Bill was a tough cobra generally speaking, he would stand by his friends even at the risk of his own life with no hope of an reward.

Therefore I felt sorry when I learned of Injun Bills death at the hands of a band of horse thieves because he had shot a dog belonging to one of the party while passing their camp.

He was followed to a saloon and as they entered, Bill was at the bar, drinking a glass of something when he was shot.

He dropped and pulled his gun but was too weak to pull the trigger before he died.

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MURDER GAVE PUEBLO FIRST COURT-HOUSE.

Eugene Weston, first county clerk of Pueblo County, now a resident of Canon City, told how Pueblo county obtained the money for the first court house and set of record books at the meeting and celebration of Territorial day by the pioneers at the court house last night. When Robert Cowles called upon Weston for a short talk there were cheers from the pioneers for a few men in the state today know more of the early history of this district.

"When we had organized our county," said Weston, "and had elected county officers we had everything a county needs but a court house and some books to keep records in and a seal. Where to get the money was a problem nobody seemed able to offer a solution for. But we were up against a tough proposition. There was myself, a legally elected, perfectly willing and thoroughly capable county clerk, if I do say it myself, who had no place for his office and no books to keep his records in.

"Two men, named Perkins and Russell from Massachusetts, were conducting a farm somewhere near what is now Mineral Palace. One day they quarreled and later the Massachusetts man, forgetting the disagreement, went to the old log cabin where they lived and was resting in the shade when Perkins came up, laid his hand on Russell's shoulder in a friendly fashion and suddenly slashed Russell across the abdomen with a huge bowie knife, favorite weapon the famous Bowie of Texas history.

"Russell was instantly killed and Perkins was arrested. He gained his liberty by providing a bond of \$5000 and then fled the

country. The new county officials compromised with the bondsmen of Perkins on payment of \$1,800.

"Here was the fund for starting the county up in business like a real county. We bought the first court house for \$1,200. We paid \$600 for record books and a county seal and I opened my office as first county clerk of Pueblo county. The old seal we bought is still in use at the office of the county clerk here and if the county knew what a hard time we had to get it, it would be always taken care of."

ELIZABETH CHIRNS

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ADDRESS DELIVERED BY ~~BUCKLEY~~ (James Bucklin) See Haskell's
at
GRAND JUNCTION, AUGUST 1st., 1908. Hist of Mesa Co. p. 48

Presented to Association

January 8, 1909.

Fellow citizens, 32 years ago to-day President U.S. Grant signed the proclamation that admitted Colorado into the Union, and a new star "The Centennial" appeared upon the blue sky of our flag. We all love and honor the Stars and Stripes, and let us remember hereafter that one of those stars is the Colorado. Last year our State Legislature passed an act setting aside August 1st. thereafter as a legal holiday, and named it "Colorado Day", in celebration of the advent of Colorado into the Union. This was a patriotic and proper, in fact, a splendid thing to do.

However, no sooner was the act passed, in fact before the ink of the governor's signature was dry, than it began to be rumored about in Grand Valley, that a certain class of enterprising citizens, born, not in Mesa County or in the State of Colorado, but in a certain state lying between America's two greatest rivers, had through sheer enterprise and patriotism, entered into a conspiracy for the purpose of capturing the day for themselves. About this time we Colorado people began to sit up and take notice. Soon after we were notified that on Aug. 1st., 1907, in the greatest peach city of the world, would be held a celebration of "Iowa" day, and the notice further stated, if there were any people on the Western Slope of Colorado who did not hail from Iowa, they would also be permitted to attend and celebrate "Colorado Day".

(I cut the next few paragraphs of the address because they referred to the celebration in honor of "Iowa Day". The

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rest of the address concerned more directly the pioneering in the mesa country.)

The Pioneers

I have been asked to tell something about the pioneers, and the early days of Western Colorado. I do not think that our pioneers differed greatly in character from those of other times and places. The dictionaries tell us that the pioneer is one who goes before to prepare the way for others. In this sense, all progressive people are pioneers; that is they are getting out of the ruts made by their fore-fathers, and are making new paths for coming generations. A hundred years from now we will be classed as pioneers, not only those who located the city of Grand Junction and the surrounding farms and who built our first ditches, schools, churches and other public institutions, but those who, coming later, have assisted us materially in the development and upbuilding of our magnificent country.

In other countries bugs get into peoples' houses, clothes, etc, and this causes them serious inconvenience and trouble; but in this country bugs became even a more serious and terrible calamity than that of infesting the beds and pantries of our housewives. Here they overran our orchards and destroyed our fruits, and even the trees upon which they grow. It became necessary, therefore, if our country was to reach a high destiny, that some means should be taken for the destruction of these little but omnipotent bugs. Pioneers in fruit growing, therefore invented new methods of spraying, until finally, the grand army of bugs ran up a white flag and surrendered to our fruit growers. We had made another step in human progress. It was soon discovered however that, notwithstanding our triumph over the bugs, and notwithstanding our warm and salubrious climate, that old

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ing frost was as great and powerful an enemy as were the bugs, and must be likewise met and conquered. The men, who to-day inventing fire pots and other means of fighting back the Frost line, are some of the pioneers in the fruit growing of our Grand Valley. The men who are going to build the High Line ditch, our Street Railroads, and other numerous enterprises, will also be classed as pioneers. There is also another class of pioneers as great as any of these I have mentioned. I refer to the pioneers of thought, the men who are trying to lead the human race to a higher degree of civilization, to greater conception of justice, and to a nobler realization of man's proper relation to his fellow-men.

Rightly understood, the pioneer is the greatest general of all times. Could he but turn around and see the countless hosts who are to follow in his footsteps, could he but hear the rustle of the myriads of feet that are behind him, he would realize that his life is the greatest which any human is permitted to live. Back of him are the hopes and joys, the sorrows and aspirations of millions of his fellowmen. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon and Washington led forth their thousands of embattled hosts to victory; but ten thousand times ten thousand, are the followers of the pioneer, an army greater than the world has ever marshalled; and the pioneer leads them forth, not to blood and destruction, but to the quiet home, the gentle fire-side, and the throbbing and pulsing civilization of the great and better world which is yet to be. The life of every person in this audience is sweeter and better because of the toil and suffering of the early pioneers who settled this valley.

The life of the pioneer is always beset with difficulties and hardships. He is destined to go out from his fellow-men into paths which he must build for himself, and which no human foot has the

therefore trod. He must meet the exposure of the wind and the storm, and the deprivations of hunger and thirst, and even, because of his uncouth appearance, the scorn and contempt of his fellow-men. It is his destiny to be misunderstood and misappreciated. Living in a world by himself and apart from his fellows, independent of the thoughts and the lives of others, communing constantly with nature and with nature's God, he becomes rugged and rough, but with a heart of oak. After a lifetime association with pioneers I can say that, in my judgement, you will find nearly all of them unpolished diamonds.

WESTERN COLORADO BEFORE 1879.

Before 1879 Western Colorado was but little known. It was an Indian Reservation, and was occupied by several bands of Ute Indians of whom Ouray was Chief. Ouray, although a full blooded Indian, was a great philosopher and a wise old statesman. He was wise enough to see that his people could not successfully resist the settlement of the country by the whites. He always, therefore, cultivated a friendship between his people and the whites, but there were other Indians among the Utes not so wise. In 1873 thousands of miners were flocking into Colorado to Leadville and other mining camps. Some of these miners began to cross the mountains into the Indian reservation. Concessions of mineral lands were made by the Indians to the U.S. Government for the purpose of satisfying these miners, but still the miners kept swarming across the range into the Gunnison country in search of gold and silver. This, and the fact that the Government was very dilatory in the payment of its annuities under its treaty contracts with the Indians, had aroused the blood-thirsty nature of some of the Utes, and, in the latter part of September and the first of October, 1879, some of the Indians arose and massacred Agent Neeker at the Whiteriver Agency and ambushed and slaughtered Major Thornburg

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who was sent with U.S. troops to his relief. The immediate result of this massacre was the uprising of the people of the entire state of Colorado. Western Colorado was drawn to the attention of the people of the state and of the United States as it had never been before. People asked why a great empire full of gold and silver and marble, with the largest rivers in the state, with an unlimited supply of coal, with magnificent farming territory, should be solely occupied by a few bands of murderous and lazy Indians. The result was a tremendous demand that the Utes be removed from the state, and negotiations were begun to cancel the old treaties and to bring about a removal of the Utes to the Uintah reservation in Utah.

1880

So general was this demand that it became practically certain that the Utes would be removed. As a result thousands of people rushed into Gunnison, and what is now Pitkin County, in the spring of 1880. The great majority of those who, at this time went to Gunnison, went there for the purpose of mining or settlement in the Gunnison country, but some, like myself, had the ultimate destination, the valleys of the Grand and Gunnison rivers (I arrived in Gunnison City on the first stage that crossed the range, June 15, 1880.)

Gunnison City at this time had a small population of a few hundred people. It was a hundred miles from any railroad. It was a typical frontier mining camp with dance halls, gambling houses and saloons in abundance.) The population continued to steadily increase. During the year, large numbers of whom were awaiting the opening of the reservation. Quite a number of people were camped in tents on the river bottom, and the cold winter following, made them all the more anxious to come down into the lower altitude and warmer climate of the reservation. They could not, however, enter the reservation for the

reason that the U.S. troops were posted on the frontier with strict orders to prevent the whites from such entrance.

1881

(In 1881 the Denver & Rio Grande Narrow Gauge R.R. arrived in Gunnison and was hailed with great joy. From that time on the population of Gunnison increased still more rapidly)

Sept. 4, 1881 the long delay was terminated, the bugle sounded, and thousands who were waiting for that event rushed into, overflowed and settled upon the fertile lands of the Grand and Gunnison Rivers and their tributaries.

(A number of men in Gunnison City, consisting of Judge E.D. Mobley, M. Rush Warner and myself, had made preliminary arrangements to enter the reservation and locate a town site at the mouth of the Gunnison River, as soon as it could be done. When the bugle sounded which announced the opening, I was sick in bed and helpless. Nevertheless, I put up my share of the expense money, and Judge Mobley, and Mr. Warner outfitted and started out for the purpose of locating the proposed town at the mouth of the Gunnison River. On the way down, they overtook Gov. Crawford at Delta who had a few days before located a town site at that place. Gov. Crawford and Judge Mobley had both been prominent in the early history of Kansas, and were well acquainted in that state. Judge Mobley frequently afterward told me, that the Governor had no intention at that time of coming to Grand Valley; but after informing the Gov. of our scheme, Judge Mobley invited him to join our party, and they came to this valley, arriving here Sept. 22nd., 1881, and formally located and staked the town site of Grand Junction, Sept. 26. Six names were placed on the town site stakes

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those of Gov. Crawford, and his two eastern friends, White and Rood, and those of Judge Mobley, W. Rush Warner and my own. The building of log cabins was immediately begun, Crawford and Mobley had to return to Gunnison City for further supplies, while in Gunnison at this time, we organized the Grand Junction Town Company on Oct. 10.)

Various names for the new town and town company were suggested, but the name Grand Junction was finally settled upon for three reasons. First because the town was located on the Grand River at the junction of Colorado's two largest rivers; second because, owing to the topography of the country, here was the greatest natural railroad junction in the state, and third because at this point would be the junction of the two great tides of immigration, one from the east, and the other from the west. Here was to be, and has been, the culmination of that vast immigration, starting from the Atlantic Ocean three hundred years ago, overrunning and filling the vast continent with millions of people, and with a civilization the greatest the world had ever seen. (The U.S. Government, however, refused to recognize our name, they said it was too long, and they named our postoffice Ute. The people of Grand Valley, however, would not consent to the Government's name. We had our letters directed to Grand Junction, Ute Post-office, and after a contest of some months, the U.S. Government finally gave in, and Grand Junction has ever since been the name of the place.)

1832.

As soon as I was well enough to leave Gunnison, I started in a heavy lumber wagon for Grand Junction and arrived there in Feb. 1832. (Before leaving Gunnison I was asked by one of the bankers to bring along money to start a bank in Montrose. This I did by stuffing wads

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or bundles of bills into my overcoat pockets, until I looked like a stuffed turkey. This overcoat I brought along and treated it, with the utmost carelessness, but as a matter of fact it never left my immediate touch until I had delivered the money into the proper hands,

I shall never forget the view when I first caught a glimpse of the Grand Valley from Orchard Mesa Heights. The cotton wood trees fringed the river bottom, the sage brush covered the valley from one end to the other. Not a tree, not a house, not a drop of water, not a green thing dotted the valley, from Salisado to Forts, except on the Grand Junction town site. Nothing but a barren waste. And yet, there was something in it which, at once, appealed to the senses, and told one that this would one day be a most fruitful and luxuriant valley.

(Consider the situation of Grand Junction at this time. We were 150 miles distant from the nearest railroad and postoffice, which was Gunnison City, and Gunnison, you remember, was a pioneer town 100 miles distant from other settlements. So, as a matter of fact, Grand Junction, at this time, was 250 to 300 miles ahead of civilization and settled communities, away out in the midst of the Rocky Mountain region.) It was a new and untamed country, without irrigating ditches, money or other means of development. The soil had never been touched by the hand of man. No one knew whether it would produce fruits or vegetables or grain or, in fact, whether it would produce anything. There were at this time about 50 or 60 people located in what is now Mesa County, most of these were in Grand Junction. There were no houses in town except log cabins, the windows and doors were made out of gunny sacks, the roofs out of

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Dirt, lumber was worth \$150 a thousand. This is a little higher than the Lumber Trust in Grand Junction has recently made the price of lumber. Beef, the finest porter house steaks were worth 5¢ a pound. This is a little cheaper than the Beef Trust now has the price. This cheap price of meat was owing to the fact that this was an Indian reservation, and the cattle rustlers were stealing the cattle for beef, and they claimed that the laws of Colorado had no authority over them.

The town company were giving away the best business lots on Main Street to anyone who would build a log cabin on them. The pioneer were all poor men but there was one thing that they had in abundance, and that was an unlimited and unbounded faith in the country. The saloon business was the principal business of the town, and Grand Junction was then simply a frontier town, so rough, in fact, that Colorado Avenue, which was at that time the principal street, was not known by its proper name, but was known to everybody as Hoodoo Street. If any man in Grand Junction at that time had proclaimed that Grand Junction would in 25 years have less than 50,000 people, his proposition would have been laughed at as ridiculous.

(Soon after my arrival Gov. Crawford and I laid out and platted the town site, named its streets and alleys and located its parks and other public places. It had been agreed to, from the first, that neither the city nor any street or avenue therein, should be named after any of the resident members of the town company. Of all the towns that have ever been located in the state of Colorado, none ever had a more comprehensive plat. The streets and avenues were broad. Liberal provisions were made for public parks, churches, school halls, public squares and public institutions.

In the month of March an Indian passed through the town. Soon after he left a white man rushed into the office of Judge Noble, a Justice of the Peace, and declared that he had been held up and robbed by the Indian. A warrant was sworn out, the Indian was arrested and brought back to town, where his examination was held. Becoming convinced that he was innocent of the crime charged, he volunteered to defend him, and at the trial proved that the prosecuting witness had that morning been "broke", having borrowed money to pay for his breakfast. That he had no blanket, and that the whole accusation was a put up job, without any basis of truth in it whatever. The Indian listened intently to the prosecuting witness' statement, and when the hearing was closed, said, in a distinct voice that could be heard by every one present, "White man heap dam lie", and I guess he did. Any how the Indian was discharged and went on his way rejoicing. The prosecuting witness had counted upon the idea that the prejudice against the Indian by the pioneers would be so great that any charge made against the Indian would be accepted as truth, and that he could thus easily become possessed of the Indian's blanket and money, but the love of the pioneers for fair play would not permit such injustice.

(In June, 1862, the town of Grand Junction was incorporated and 55 votes were cast at the election. The first hotel was a log cabin built on the corner of Second and Colorado Avenues and was called the Grand Junction Hotel. The menu of this popular hotel was something once enjoyed could never be forgotten, and no other hotel started in Grand Junction has ever had the audacity to take the name of this original one.

(The first jail was a log hut built on Third Street between

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Colorado and Main St. and is still standing on the back end of the old Murich corner.) (The first death in Grand Junction occurred in the spring of 1882 by the drowning of Ben Scott and Mr. Gordon in attempting to cross the Grand River.) Many deaths occurred in the early history of Grand Junction when fording and crossing the Grand and Gunnison Rivers. A few days later the body of Ben Scott was recovered, and, as there was no preacher in the place, Judge Nobley and myself conducted the funeral services, and I guess we did the job right.)

(In the summer of 1882 Rev. Whitcher, an old man of 75 years came to Grand Junction. He was not a great preacher so far as sermons go, but he had one of the biggest hearts of any man who ever lived, and by his kindly ministrations did much to better the conditions of the community.)

The necessity of having a News paper to proclaim the greatness of Grand Junction soon became evident, and late in the summer of '82 Gov. Crawford and myself went to Denver for the purpose of securing a News Paper for the town. Gov. Crawford had arrangements partly made with William Fabor. ^{E.} Mr. Edwin Price, the present postmaster of Grand Junction, was an old friend of mine, and then had a job in the printing offices in Denver. I presented our proposition to Mr. Price, and he concluded that it was an opportunity that he should take advantage of and, in short, we next day concluded arrangements with Mr. Price, in and by which he was to come to Grand Junction and start the publication of the Grand Junction News, now the Daily News. Mr. Price made his arrangements at once, and came with me as far as Gunnison City, at which place I stopped over for a day, while he went on to Delta. That night a heavy rain fell, and in the midst of the night all was wet and cheerless, some one in the tent adjoining where Mr. Price

was sleeping, began shooting, and Mr. Price thus had a fine sample of pioneer life. When I arrived in Delta, a few hours later, he was truly discouraged, and all the next day on the way down to Grand Junction in the stage, Mr. Price was urgently requesting me to take the plant off his hands and let him return. As soon, however, as he caught sight of the Grand Valley, all of his discouragement passed away, and he has ever since been an enthusiastic booster for the Valley.

(The first public school was established in 1832. A number of land contests, one of which involved a part of the town site of Grand Junction, arose at about this time. (It had become evident that there would be no great progress in the Valley until a ditch was built, and so the pioneer ditch was commenced, which was the beginning of the agricultural work of the Valley.) (In the fall of 1832, the Denver & Rio Grande R.R., Narrow Gauge, extended to Grand Junction, and from this time our population grew much more rapidly, and some of the hardships of frontier life passed away.)

1833.

(The Legislature, in the spring of 1833, divided up the reservation into five or more new counties, among which were Mesa, Delta, Montrose, Garfield and Eagle. The construction of the Grand River Ditch was begun by Matt Arch.)

One of the interesting Justices of the Peace in the early history of Grand Junction was a man whom many of you afterwards knew, J. A. Rice. Very few more conscientious men ever lived than Judge Rice. At one time a law suit was pending before him in which two of Grand Junction's most prominent citizens were involved. One of them swore positively to one state of facts, and his opponent swore just as posi-

tively to the opposite. After the attorneys had argued the case, Judge Rice took it under advisement for three days. At the end of that time he told the attorneys that he had been unable to make up his mind, and would take it under further advisement. The next day he called the attorneys and litigants together and told them that he had given the matter his earnest consideration and was absolutely unable to arrive at any conclusion.

He said, "You have heard of hung juries." "Well," says he, "in this case the court is hung, and I cannot render any decision". And he never did.

The terms of all the officials who had been appointed, upon the creation of new counties, expired that fall, and one of the most intensely fought political battles was held that year in Mesa County. No one knew whether the county was Republican or Democratic. There was much dissatisfaction with the appointed officers, and as a result they were all defeated, and an entire new set of officers elected. With the election of these officers ended much of the early pioneer days.

How and the Future.

The growth of the City of Grand Junction has not as yet reached the anticipation of its founders. We have always believed that at this point would be built one of America's greatest cities, it being a natural point about half way between Denver and Salt Lake City. We did not realize fully how far we were on the frontier, away from civilization. The western part of Colorado is an empire in itself, as large as some states, and it has taken time for this country to fill up, and for us to begin to realize its natural resources. However, we have now arrived at a new era in our history.

men and money are now here in sufficient quantity to bring about a more rapid growth and progress, regardless of outside help.

The proposed High Line Ditch, the proposed street railroad, the proposed mountain water, with many other new propositions, all indicate that we are just at the beginning of Grand Junction's history. Twenty-five years from today there should be, and probably will be, located in Grand Valley a magnificent city of 100,000 people.

Great as are our splendid resources and wonderful prospects, let us not forget that the prosperity and happiness of every people, depends not so much upon the questions of a fertile soil, salubrious climate and vast natural resources, as it does upon the government and institutions of the people. Barren soils have frequently been occupied by a prosperous and happy people, while the most productive soils have been occupied by poor and wretched communities. If justice, liberty and equality of opportunity is established and preserved, the future of Grand Junction will be an earthly Paradise, but greed, injustice and privileged classes will surely destroy us.

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ELIZABETH CAIRNS

DAVIS DISCOVERED SOUTH CREEK REVEALED IN 1888

By EDITH D. TOWNSEND

An authentic story is told of one "Bigger" Davis who hung out in the South Creek section in the early 90s, and got his name from the number of prospect holes he found.

He was such a persistent digger for minerals, that his family was forced to dig for their provisions, clothes and shelter.

Promising ore showed front one of the claims, and loading his wagon, he tried from several sources in Beulah to raise the \$5 required to have it assayed. Failing in this, he hauled the load to a Pueblo smelter where the assayer refused to make the test without pay, but allowed him to dump his ore and come back for the assay when he raised the cash.

Returning to the valley, disappointed, he quarreled with a neighbor about the yield from a potato patch and struck him over the head with a gun. The man, Robert Bennett, returned and killed Davis. He ran thru the woods, thinking he had killed his man. Bennett had friends and relatives in the valley.

The laws in those days were the miner's own primitive, but equaled the occasion. As judge, they were said, "plastic, elastic, drastic" appeals, no writs, no stay. The law was valuable, and they had reached that point of time.

It is known, Davis never returned to Beulah. Some time later ore came from the smelter under the ownership of a pile of ore had been dumped without value, which an assayer had returned \$500 to the ton. The incident was recalled. The source of unknown ore was traced. Men were sent over his diggings.

were known to be many. The searchers were unable to find ore like that in the smelter bin. It is rough country—wild country, under the crest of Rocky Robbin. Did the prospectors miss some of Davis's diggings? Was the dirt at the smelter from one of his claims?

South Creek has had some likely showings, and at this time a number of claims are owned by California and other outside holders who do regular assessment work.

There have been other strange indications reported in this section, including the mystery man of 6 years ago, who left all the signs of hunting, digging, and human habitation but never a trace of the man.

Then there was the man from California who came to Beulah sev-

eral years ago with a camp chest left by a dying miner among his effects, to try to locate a fortune. Prospect holes were explored on early visits to the claim section, but only low value ore was found.

In this connection, mention of Ophir creek, a tributary of Middle creek, this camp, which dates back to early days, probably the 70s, has been the scene of recent activity. Prospect holes are numerous in this section and several of the workings have reached extensive proportions.

The camp has been visited by graduates and officials of the School of Mines, plus some of the Cripple Creek district, old mine promoters and mining men of all degrees, and practically all of them declare the findings to be possible.

It is believed that the body of the man who came to Beulah, California, will be discovered.

DIGGER DAVE DISCOVERED SMOKE ORE AT IN 90'S AND HAS DISAPPEARED

By Ed...
 An authentic digger Dave...
 the South Creek...
 early 90s, and got...
 the number of...
 claimed.
 He was such a...
 for minerals, that...
 obliged to dig for them...
 clothes and shelter.
 Promising ore...
 of the claims, and...
 wagon, he tried...
 sources in Beulah to raise...
 required to have it assayed. While...
 ing in this he hauled the load to...
 a Public Assayer where the assayer...
 refused to make the test with...
 out pay, but allowed him to dump...
 his ore and come back for the...
 assay when he could see cash.
 Returning to the valley, dis...
 grunted, he... with a...
 neighbor... from a...
 potato... over...
 the... man.
 Th... and...
 bleed... his...
 times... his...
 man... and...
 relatives...
 The...
 pioneer...
 to the...
 has said...
 no...
 Time... and...
 not...
 men...
 So far as known, Dave...
 terms to Beulah. Some...
 an inquiry came from the...
 as to the ownership of...
 that had been dug up without...
 rights, which an assayer had...
 to return \$500 to the...
 Dave incident was recalled...
 these scores of un... ore...
 belonged. Men w... sent...
 was over his digging here

... known to be...
 The searchers...
 and are like that...
 in... is rough...
 country, under...
 Rocky...
 miss...
 was the...
 of his...
 some like...
 this time a...
 and other outside hold...
 regular assessment...
 other strange...
 in this section...
 man of...
 of hunting...
 habitations but never a sign of the...
 man.
 Then there was the man from...
 California who came to Beulah sev...

... with a...
 to...
 to...
 Prospect holes...
 early visits to...
 but only low value...
 In this connection...
 Ophir creek...
 creek...
 to early...
 been the...
 Prospect...
 this section...
 workings...
 proportions.
 The camp...
 graduates and...
 School of Mines...
 Cripple Creek...
 promoters and...
 all...
 degree and practically...
 the findings to be...
 They have noted especially the...
 of...
 the way to that of Cripple Creek...
 some day the... body will...
 be discovered...

This is as I remember
 the old Ranches that might
 be of interest to you

The S S Ranch located south
 of Railroad track in Hally
 owned by Syndicate.

The Cutch Ranch south
 of the Arkansas River about
 two miles West and two
 South of Hally.

X Y Ranch located
 by what is now known
 as Cyran was Old
 Granada. Owned by Fred
 Harney.

Jimmy Graham
 located four miles West
 of Granada on the
 South side of the River.

Marcella M^e Millan
 owned and owned by syndicate

Ranch located about two miles West of Carlton on the North side of the railroad track and the South side of Arkansas River.

The Black Ranch located about four miles East of Lamar on the North side of the railroad track.

John W. Promers located about six miles West of Lamar.

Dan Hayes located at the mouth of mud creek, North side of railroad.

Malloy Ranch located on mud creek South of

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on Gule Creek 12 mi. East
of Las Animas.

Seventy Seven Ranch
North side of river and
about the mouth of Gule.

Major Hill Ranch
four miles West of JJ Ranch
(Triangle N. F.) located
at the old town Las Animas

Luke Chail South of
old Fort Lyon South of
River.

Moar Ranch West of
Picket wire on the North
side of Railroad track.

Joe Ranch beyond
Picket wire and 15 miles

South of Lamar
JJ Ranch 25 mi. South of
Las Animas controlled about
6000 cattle owned by corporate

~~the River and south of~~
the Railroad track.

The Peterson just
below the mouth of
Caddoa south of the river.

P. G. Scott located on
north side of the River
about two miles East and
north of Caddoa.

Senator Woodworth
south of Railroad track on
Caddoa and 4 miles south
of its mouth.

Watch Ranch 12
miles south on Caddoa
Creek.

Goodbrother located

On May 12, 1883, I left Blossom Prairie near Paris Texas for Colo. with a herd of 3,000 cattle ^{to A. Hopds. Las Animas, Colo.} I arrived here August 3rd, turned them loose on Rule Creek, near Las Animas. Then we went to the Z. F. headquarters. There we lay around the Ranch until the fall roundup.

We started out to gather beef cattle to ship. After the roundup, we went into Winter Quarters. Our work during the winter was to look after poor cattle and to keep open all water holes so the cattle could water.

The outfits would go together and establish a sign camp near the present site of Springfield.

This outfit was supposed to ride during storms to keep any cattle from drifting south.

After the roundup the boys came into Camp. Then our business was to look after the horses and get everything in readiness to start out about the first of May. The ^{cut age men} outfit would start out a few days before the wagon in order to begin

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work way south ^{on} of the Canadian River. These men would likely be there three or four months before getting back on the range.

The Arkansas Wagons which would number about seven to nine with eight sides and about seven to nine horses apiece, would begin work on the Cimmaron River and work from there back to the Arkansas River. The time would be about two months. ^{the first round up}

The cattle gathered ^{on} would be under herd until turned base on the range. After the calves were ^{all} branded, we had but little to do, until work began the next fall at round up, which was gathered ^{up} for market.

After the fall round up was over we would go into winter quarters. Our work was about the same as the winter before.

We will go to the year of 1886 I will speak of the storm Jan. 4 '86. We had one of the worst storms that we ever went through. More dead

Cattle than ever was before or since.

One man by the name of Rube Davin skinned Cattle on the north side of the river after the storm. He made an average of one hundred cattle a day. He began this work at the Colorado State line and skinned Cattle to Las Animas. Lots of places he could walk on lead Cattle for miles and never touch the ground. The Double 5 owned by Syndicate ran a hearse for two weeks and drew the Cattle in the river.

In '88 we had another tremendous storm the last days of October. We were camped on the hill just north of the forks of Clay Creek. The snow began to fall about three o'clock in the night and at sunrise we turned the herd loose, they drifted about three or four miles. A Mexican herder and I was on the last guard after we turned the herd loose and started back to the wagon. We met the horses so we took them back to the wagon. The snow had drifted till part of the tents were half covered.

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We had a little conversation with the boys and we went down to Mr. Pilaud as hungry as two bears there we got a very fine breakfast. We got the men team and went back to camp. And brought the team down to the creek to a sheep camp there we stayed for three days and nights. During this time we cut down Cottonwood trees to save our horses and lost two at the

The third day we started out to go to Lamar, the first day we went five miles, ^{and the snow melted away.} the next day we got to Lamar, they were having a big rally "The Cow Seat Fight" they had just finished dinner. Some of the ladies, when we walked in says, "there's those cowboys and they're hungry?" so they ask us to eat. And Boy did we eat! The next day was election day and we went from Lamar to Las Animas to

We went to winter quarters. The year 1890 a number of the big cow outfits went off business account of free range being taken by Homesteaders. Lamar became on

of the best shipping points and thousands of cattle were shipped out to eastern markets and as a result from this there were fewer wagons and men sent out on the roundups. But the big Roundups really didn't end until about 1900.

You ask me what we had to eat. We had black coffee, beans, good beef, and sour dough bread and potatoes.

In later days when there were lots of little towns springing up all over the country we ate the best of chuck.

And another question was, How the cowboys felt toward the settlers coming in?

They felt no matters toward these people and I can further say, a better lot of men never was better than the cowboys. If anyone was in trouble they would all help. So I believe that's enough for me now you've my story. History of fourteen years on the range.

We were in winter camp together

Dead Mascena McMillan

" Joe Wyatt

alive - J. B. Edwards - New Mexico

dead Johnny Sanders



alive Arthur Dodge - Granada

" D. Craven - Syracuse

" Mills Metcalf - Two Buttes

" Jess Sauer - Lamar

" Bill McCurry - Lamar

" Jack Ford - Lamar

Dead - Joe Bell - Lamar

alive Oatoy Nolan - Granada