In the year 1892 there was a new industry on a large scale came to Sedgwick County which was known as the Standard Sheep Company, with John A. Reichelt as the founder.

Mr. Reichelt was a resident of Chicago, but owned large tracts of land about twenty miles South West of Julesburg which he was anxious to have developed.

Mr. E. D. Parker, Sr., of Gardner, Ill. was an experienced sheep breeder and was persuaded by Mr. Reichelt to become a stock holder in the project and be on the ground to run the business.

The Parkers did not leave their home in Illinois so much because they wanted to, but on account of health reasons. Colorado was famed then, as now, for its health restoring qualities, no matter what the ailment.

They were a highly educated family. Mr. Parker was known as the walking dictionary and encyclopedia. He was in his early 60's but alert and active. They had three sons, B. D. Jr., C. F., and Delos and a daughter Alice.

A large two story house was built for them about twenty miles South West of Julesburg. A house so large that for this country at that time it looked like a mansion.

In coming to Colorado they thought of course, they could raise feed on the ground for winter feed for the sheep. After seeing the country Mr. Parker wondered why people did not farm more. All that nice level land and no farming to speak of. He thought perhaps it was lack of equipment and people not knowing how to care for growing crops, so he plowed deep and planted his crops carefully, kept plenty of help to cultivate to conserve moisture as it was done in Illinois, but found this was not a farming country. It was so long between crops that it did not pay, and like many others he learned to depend on the natural
resources of the country.

The rich buffalo grass was strengthening and fattening and if cured properly it held its highly nutritive qualities thru the winter as long as there was any left.

Sometimes the winters were open, then again the snow would cover the prairies. To cope with this the Parkers invented a large V shaped frame work made of planks. On this they hitched four horses to plow the snow off the grass and the sheep soon learned to follow and feed in the path made by the snow plow.

In summer the sheep were put out as far as possible from the home ranch, in summer camps of about 2000 sheep each. Each camp was furnished with a herder and a sheep dog. Then there was a cabin for the herder and pens for the sheep at night.

The sheep had to be brought in every night and securely locked up as coyotes were very destructive to a bunch of sheep. Small tinkling bells were fastened to several sheep in each flock to help keep the coyotes away, but in the fall when the nights grew chilly and the coyotes’ appetites would be sharpened by the cold they would get bold and slaughter lambs in the pens. To prevent this a lantern would be placed as nearly as possible in the center of each pen, and the sheep realizing the light meant safety, would lie down as close as possible to it.

Alice Parker was a cripple and felt so much better when out of doors that she took an active interest in the sheep and was invaluable in helping to look after them. When the little lambs were coming she would take bottles of milk fitted with nipples and go around thru the flock and if she found little lambs that looked skinny and poor she would feed them from the bottle. This would be repeated every day until the lambs would grow stronger and could live on their mother’s milk.

Sometimes the mother sheep would disown their young and Miss Parker
would find these, take them to a place built especially for them where
she had wooden buckets filled with cow's milk. The buckets had holes
bored around the top and each hole held a nipple and a hose, where the
little orphan lambs would feed. Many lambs were saved each year in
this way. Sometimes a little lamb would die and they would skin it,
tie its skin on a little orphan lamb and the mother sheep thinking it
was her own would raise it and by the time the extra skin came off the
mother would claim it.

The Parkers did not have as hard a time to make a living as many
pioneers did, but they saw plenty of hard times around them in the
homesteader's who came here with nothing, thinking they could make a
living farming as people did in the East. They hired the men for
herders as most of them were hard workers and wanted to get along.

Miss Parker tells a true story of the Arnes family who were trying
to hold down a homestead not far from them.

The wife was Irish and her husband a German. They had three
children, a girl and two boys. They had a sod house with no floor
and only the barest necessities. They had an old team of mules about
ready to die with which they hauled water, as they had no well. They
had no chickens or hogs, but did have a good bob-tailed, red cow.

This cow stands out so vividly in Miss Parker's mind—the way she
looked and all, for she played a large part in the success of the
Arnes family, even tho' it took years of hardship and self-sacrifice.

Mr. Arnes herded sheep for the Parkers. Mrs. Arnes stayed home
and looked after the children and the farming. With their scanty farm
equipment she could do little more than scratch the ground, so the
crops she planted soon dried up. It did not take her long to see
nothing could be made by farming on that hard, barren soil which was
meant for buffalo grass.
Mrs. Arnes conceived the idea that if they had a herd of cows, they could at least have a living. They already had one cow and by saving the calves they could soon have a nice herd. So she set to work with an eye into the future, doing without things they needed so badly. If the cow had a steer calf she traded it for a heifer.

Mr. Arnes would get discouraged and want to sell some of the cattle so they could have a few comforts, but she would not hear to it. Sometimes she would have to get Mr. Parker Sr. to intercede for her with her husband. So keep them she did. It was not many years until they had a nice bunch of cattle and Mr. Parker Sr. realizing the worth of the family allowed them to move on a better improved place that he had down in the sand country, where corn and small grain would grow without so much effort.

All this was years ago. (Mr. Arnes has passed on. One of the sons is now one of Sedgwick County's large land owners, the daughter became a trained nurse and Mrs. Arnes lives with an unmarried son in a most comfortable home on a well equipped farm where she has peace and plenty.

The children attribute their first success to their mother, and the old bob-tailed, red cow also figures largely.

The Parkers experienced prairie fires and blizzards. There was a prairie fire in '93 soon after they came. They had, had visitors from Illinois and Mr. & Mrs. Parker had taken them to the train at Holyoke leaving Miss Parker and the hired girl, Ida Ellis, at the ranch alone, tho Delos was not far from the buildings plowing.

They saw the fire coming and Harry Brown, a herder, brought his sheep in at once tho he knew nothing of how to fight a prairie fire, as it was the first one he had ever seen; so Ida Ellis took charge, Alice and Delos helping in whatever way they could.

They filled barrels with water that were setting on a sort of sled they called a "dragdown". This was drawn by a horse closest to the
buildings where the fire was coming. They each equipped themselves with a bucket and a gunny sack. They filled the buckets with water from the barrels and carried them to where they could do the most good, then beat out the fire with the wet sacks. They succeeded in keeping the fire away from the buildings but acres and acres of good grass were burned which were needed by the settlers for their flocks and herds.

Again in '98 there was another destructive prairie fire. They had a herder who was a good herder, but he was very careless with matches. Along in October with the growing season over, he was out with his flock of sheep. The grass was very dry and all it would take was a spark to make the thousands of acres of cured Buffalo grass a blazing inferno, sometimes traveling faster than a horse could run.

The herder in lighting his pipe threw the match down and the grass started to burn. He fought it himself as hard as he could with what he had to do with, but it was soon out of his control! The homesteaders and settlers rushed in, armed with sacks and barrels of water to fight it but about all they could do was to keep it from spreading width wise.

This fire was not stopped until it reached several miles into Nebraska and it took everything in its path. Claim houses, barns and chickens. The homesteaders and settlers were so enraged at the herder for his carelessness that a bunch of them got together and were going to lynch him, but someone not in sympathy with this barbaric way of disposing of him "tipped him off" and he "made tracks" for Julesburg where he boarded the first out going train, so got away.

The indignation of those pioneers was richeous for that range land with its acres of feed meant the living for themselves and families thru the winter. Many of them had to sell what few head of stock they had as their winter range land was black and barren as far as the eye could reach. All caused from that one man's carelessness.
The Parkers experienced the "black blizzards" as some call them. These blizzards in the early days were dreaded by both cattle and sheep men much more than they are today, because of the lack of shelter.

They usually come in fine open winters and come as a "thief in the night". They almost always after the days have been beautiful for weeks, perhaps. Ranchers retire at night without noting anything unusual in the weather, then in the early morning hours the storm strikes. Often it is bitter cold and the air in a terrible fury-wing blowing seemingly from every direction, the air so full of snow it is like powder smothering and blinding one. You cannot see your hand before you.

Many people in the early days had blizzard wires. A wire fixed to the side of the door and laid on the ground to the barn, then when the ranchers had to go to the barn to see about their stock they let this wire slip thru their hands as they went back and forth, for one could get lost going a very short distance.

In the year 1897 just such a blizzard came. It came in October. The sheep were still out at the summer camps. This time it started with a gentle rain, then in the night turned to snow and by morning was a raging blizzard. One of the Parker herders not realizing his responsibility and trust placed in him, in caring for his sheep, left the camp after corralling them for the night. He went to a friend's place and stayed all night, but the next morning was unable to get back to his flock.

The blizzard raged for two days without stopping. The sheep that were left to themselves got restless and started to huddle together against the fence. The ones next to the fence got down, then they started piling up until at last the dead bodies of the sheep made a bridge over the fence and the remaining ones crossed over and got out. These drifted off with the wind and some of them lived, but out of the 2000 head at that camp 1200 were lost and they were worth about $5 or $6 apiece at
that time. The Company had the dead ones skinned, but that was all they
ever got out of them.

A red letter day among the pioneers of the 90's was a settler's
picnic held at the Standard Sheep Company's Ranch. It was talked of for
weeks before and is still talked about by the ones who were there. It
took a great deal of planning and work to get ready for it.

There were no trees so a sun shade had to be built. The lumber to do
this had to be hauled from Venango, a distance of 15 miles by horses and
wagon. At last the day arrived--people coming on horse back, mule back, on
bicycles, wagons and there were a few buggies, but everyone came bringing
food for a picnic dinner and lemons for lemonade.

There were 250 people there. Where they all came from no one knows, but
all roads lead to the Sheep Ranch that day. Holyoke boasted of an 8 piece
band and they came and furnished music for that music hungry crowd. They
all came early and stayed late. The children played: Drop the handkerchief,
Blind Man's Buff and Ring around a Rosy. The young people danced and the
men folks exchanged views on how things should be done in this new
country. The women looked after the "eats" and saw to it that no one was
missed and had a good time generally.

Miss Parker tells how she and her mother attended Sunday School in a
tiny school house 14 X 18 ft. She says never in her life has she seen
people who were so sincere in their Religious work. The members never
thought of missing only in case of sickness. Her work in that tiny School
House where they held entertainments observing Christmas, Easter Sunday,
Children's Day and all the rest, the warm friends she gained there among
the enthusiastic workers, is one of the brightest spots of her life.

There were the Clarks. Mr. Clark was the superintendent and his son
Barney, led the singing, for there was no organ. The P. B. Woodham's
family, who drove ten miles and seldom missed; the Hellers, Lonsberies,
Bjorkluns, Wrights, Ellises, Kenneys and many others.

The Parkers moved to Julesburg in 1906. Mrs. Parker died in 1910 and Mr. Parker Sr. in 1913.

Miss Alice Parker lives in a cozy, modern home in Julesburg where her friends both old and new come often to visit her.

B. D. Parker Jr., after having taught in high school for a number of years in the east came to Julesburg and is now a dealer in Ford cars.

C. F. Parker started his career in Colorado as a rural school teacher. His first school house was a deserted home-steader's soddy with two small windows and a door. During the three years he taught in the vicinity of the Standard Sheep Company's Ranch, he had all grades from the chart class up to the tenth grade. Sometimes having all grades at the same time under his supervision. He was elected County Superintendent of Schools in 1895 succeeding himself four terms thereafter.

He was elected State Representative twice. Representing his District in the 16th and 18th General Assemblies. He is now one of the large land owners and cattle breeders of the State.

Delos is foreman on C. F. Parker's favorite ranch, The Cottonwood, which is located six miles west of Sedgwick.

Hulbert Eri Reichelt, son of John A. Reichelt, now lives on The Sheep Ranch. The vast country, where the thousands of cattle and sheep once grazed, is now a farming country.

By modern methods of conserving moisture and up-to-date machinery Mr. Reichelt is a very successful wheat farmer, also a breeder of thoroughbred Herford Cattle.

Alice L. Parker

Jan. 18, 1934
James A. Dawson was born in Industry, Penn. May 6, 1859.

Horace Greeley's act of slapping young men on the back and saying "Go West young man, go West and grow up with the country", re-echoed down the years long after his death, and Jim Dawson, hearing it, came West to grow up with the country.

He was married to Lizzie Barclay in the year 1885. She was just a year younger than himself. Soon after their marriage they boarded the train and came as far West as Kearney, Nebraska, looking for a location. Here they stayed for a year and were joined by Jim's brother Ben, who had been in Dakota.

On hearing the Ft. Sedgwick Military Reservation was to be opened for settlement, they came to Julesburg, then a typical town of the frontier.

They settled as squatters on the reservation about six miles west of Julesburg, and here they were joined by Mrs. Dawson's brother, Howard Barclay and his family.

They built three little one room sod houses as close together as possible and still be on their own land and plowed a furrow around the quarter sections. They didn't plat their land blindly as many squatters did. There had been a good survey some time before and the marks were plainly visible but the plat never reached Washington and the surveyors were never heard from again. What happened no one knows?

In the spring of 1887 the Dawson Bros. broke the soil with a grasshopper plow and planted their corn by hand under the sod. They had a fairly good crop that year, as sod doesn't dry out as ground does that has been plowed before.

The next year they hardly raised anything at all except enough roughage to feed their few head of stock and the next year wasn't much better.
The brothers found they couldn't make a living on the land so one would stay home and the other would go down into Nebraska to help in the harvest and bring back enough flour and corn-meal to last a long time.

Mr. Dawson came with the spirit of a true pioneer, for his courage was never daunted. He believed so much in the future of the country that he stayed and fought it thru with the help of his faithful wife tho at times the elements seemed about to overpower them. They had a little girl, Myrtle, who, with her bright mind, lent variety to the days that would otherwise have been endless.

All the time homesteaders kept coming and going. Some would come who had a little money and would build a good set of buildings; then in a short time get both homesick and discouraged, and if they couldn't sell out would go off and leave them.

The early settlers had enough to make them homesick and discouraged. In Mr. Dawson's own words, "It would have been alright only it was so long between crops".

There were rainy years when it would look like they were really going to have a crop, then there would be a hail that would mow it off as a mower would.

They had to contend with grasshoppers and army worms with none of our modern facilities for fighting them.

The range cattle had to be watched or they would break in and in a half hour destroy all they had worked for, for weeks.

They had a good crop in '90 then again in '92, but in '93 the grass didn't even start in the spring. Along in August a few light rains came and started the grass which cured up for winter feed and along the river in the low places the grass grew big enough so they could mow some to put up for winter feed.

The prairies were infested with rattle snakes and the mothers
lived in constant fear that their children would be bitten.

The buffalo gnats in summer bit anyone who was outside until one would almost get desperate.

"Granny Shedd" a familiar and noted character of the early '90's in Sedgwick County came to Mr. Dawson's door one day when the gnats were a little worse than common. He was invited in to eat and rest. In storming about everything in general and the gnats in particular he stated there were three kinds of poor: The Lord's poor, The Devil's poor and the poor devils, and that he belonged to the latter class.

After having eaten and rested, in the jovial society of Mr. & Mrs. Dawson, he continued on his way in much better humor than when he came.

They always planted gardens in the spring but the hot winds that blew over the scorched prairies usually dried them up long before they had matured. In fact the winds sometimes blew so hot that one's clothes seemed to burn the flesh. They often found themselves, even in summer, returning to their year around diet of bacon, beans and corn bread, but, as Mr. Dawson said "It was sure good then That corn-bread and those nice hot corn-cakes for breakfast, yum, yum".

They found by experience they could raise potatoes and melons on sod, so each year they tried to break out a little more prairie for these crops.

The Dawsons lived in their little one room soddy for years. It was built in a low place and when it rained very hard, water would cover the floor.

If they had unexpected company and wanted to change their clothes, they tucked a dress or shirt, as the case might be, under their arm and went to the cellar, as there was no place else to go, "But", Mrs. Dawson continued, "we didn't care so much about our appearance then, as the sight of another human being besides ourselves was a real joy. We
usually started looking for a chair or box for them to sit on.

In the fall and winter great numbers of wild geese, ducks and prairie chickens came in, so those who could shoot and hit the mark, had a change in their diet.

Large herds of cattle roamed the prairies and once in a while there would be a maverick in the bunch.

Mr. Dawson tells a true story of a brindle maverick that was spotted by Ira Spencer of Julesburg. Spencer went over to Dr. Lang's to borrow a rope to catch him. He roped him all right, but the steer got away, rope and all. Spencer went back to Julesburg to get help, and in his absence, Dr. Lang rode out, cut the steer out of the bunch and ran him into a 7 ft. sod corral and had to kill him to get the rope off. Of course he butchered it and hung it up. The next day when Spencer came with help he was unable to find the brindle maverick so went over to Dr. Lang's to tell him of his bad luck and that he had lost his rope. Dr. Lang assured him that it was hard luck but he didn't mind the loss of the rope and, by way of consolation, asked Spencer to stay to dinner. Spencer gratefully accepted the invitation and when dinner was served there was a generous "hunk" of the steer on the table.

The Dawsons claim there was always something to laugh at if you could only see it, and they usually could.

Among their possessions were two pigs, Caesar and Polly. They didn't have a pen for them so they were tied out on a picket rope and had a sun shade made of sod. These pigs were among the few playmates their little girl had. Polly was her favorite as she belonged wholly to her. The time came, however, when these hogs had to be killed for food. There was no place to send the child while the hogs were being converted into pork, so they tried to keep it from her, but, being blessed early in life with woman's intuition, she knew very well what
was going to happen.

While the men were making ready to kill the hogs, Mrs. Dawson tried to keep Myrtle entertained in the house, but it didn't work very well. Rushing out of the door she screamed to her father at the top of her voice: "Kill Caesar fir, kill Caesar first", then burst into tears.

The only conveyance the Dawson had at first was a lumber wagon. They had a wagon box and a hay rack for the gears. Many times when the hay rack was on and it wasn't convenient to change to the box, they made their trips to town or to the Sunday School meeting on the rack.

For years they furnished the Brown Hotel with butter, for which they received as much as eight cents a pound in cash, and sometimes only six cents. Eggs were about the same price per dozen.

The farm produce was used to buy the groceries and clothes, but often the clothes got pretty low. Well off was the woman who had a nice calico dress to wear when she went some place, tho calico was only six or seven cents a yard. It took about ten yards to make a dress with the long skirts and leg o'mutton sleeves that were worn at that time.

The Skip McNew family lived on the Lodge Pole creek and they had a large family of girls and it was indeed hard to buy groceries enough, let alone clothes to wear. Mrs. McNew would tell her husband not to be surprised if he came home some evening and found her milking the cows in her wedding dress as that was the last thing she had left that wasn't worn out.

(Mr. & Mrs. McNew were both well educated and they raised a fine family of girls, several of whom became teachers with college educations.)

The Dawsons had always been church going people in their native state of Pennsylvania so when they first came they went to Julesburg as much as they could for their Religious Instruction, but it was a
long tedious trip in the lumber wagon or on the hay rack. In 1890 there was a little sod school house built about a mile North of where the Great Western Sugar Factory now stands. No sooner was it finished than a Sunday School was organized with Mrs. Fuller as superintendent. There was no money to buy Sunday School supplies or song books, but they took their Bibles and song books they had brought from home. Some one lead the singing of some familiar hymn as there was no organ or piano for accompaniment. They sang such songs as "Hark The Herald Angels Sing" and "Pull For The Shore; Sailor Pull For The Shore", the latter being a very appropriate song for those early pioneers to sing.

The little sod school house wasn't very beautiful but it was a much needed and appreciated improvement. It became a Religious, Intellectual and Social Center. Rev. Gunn of Chappell, Nebraska, often came and preached without asking for a collection to be taken.

They had Sunday School every Sunday and once in a long time a minister would come and preach to them.

Children came there to school for miles around. Some came on horse back and some had their parents bring them, as the country was full of cattle and no one was safe on foot.

Old time spelling schools and literaries were held there, also Christmas Dinners and old time dances. Questions of the day were debated, such as, "Resolved that liquor is more destructive than war" "Resolved that fire is more destructive than water".

The Settlers had their Community Christmas Dinners there and sometimes there would be a dance where young and old would come and dance to the old fashioned square dance to the music of a single violin or mouth harp. How many remember the prelude to the old fashioned square dance? "Honor your neighbors right and left, swing your partner, and grand right and left".
In the year 1890, J. A. and B. W. Dawson and H. C. McNew wrote the bill that was introduced into Congress opening the Ft. Sedgwick Military Reservation for settlement in accordance with the Homestead Law.

A copy was sent to Hosea Townsend, then the only Congressman in Colorado, who introduced it into the House of Representatives. Senator Paddock of Nebraska introduced a similar bill in the Senate. Mr. Dawson got in touch with Phillip Chaerman of the Public Lands Committee and with Senator M. S. Quay of Pennsylvania who was a relative of Mrs. Dawson and the bill went thru without delay.

The only change made in the bill was the minimum price of filing which was $32.00 for a claim within twenty miles of the Railroad and $16.00 for claims beyond the 20 mile limit.

When the Government Surveyors came Ben Dawson drove the wagon and carried the chain for them.

All the squatters became anxious to know what land they were on, as the Government had given every odd section to the Railroad and sections 16 and 36 of every township were given to the schools.

The squatters were given the opportunity to file on the land where they settled if it was Government Land, but if it was Railroad or School Land they had to buy. The Railroad asked $1.25 to $7.00 per acre.

It so happened [J. A. Dawson] and Mrs. Dawson's brother, Howard Barclay, were on Railroad land. As soon as Mr. Barclay found he couldn't homestead his quarter, he, with his family returned to an eastern state, but the Dawsons stayed and paid out. They, being the only ones of the original squatters of that vicinity who did.

Time went on, by working and saving the Dawsons were getting ahead. The Petersen Irrigation Ditch was being built. They were under its survey and it proved a benefit to them.

In a few years they abandoned the little sod house and built a
more spacious one of lumber. This was built on a raise of ground where
the water wouldn't wash around it when it rained hard.

In 1910 this was replaced by a large, beautiful New England house,
just a stone's throw from the soddy they built in '87. It has shady
vine-covered porches very similar to the ones they were born in, in Penn.
Here they still reside.

Mr. Dawson has always been a promoter of better facilities for
education and was one of the foremost of the leaders in bringing about
our splendid High School System with its up-to-date buildings and
equipments.

Mr. Dawson, J. W. Conyers and C. Monroe were the first directors
when school was held in the little sod school house and he has served
in that capacity down thru the years from the lowest to the highest. He
served for years on the County High School Board until he tendered his
resignation in 1930.

The Dawsons have had their troubles. Ben Dawson was a victim of
the Spanish American War. He joined the recruits in the first Colorado
Regiment in 1898 and started for Manilla, but contracted a fever on the
way over and died in Honolulu.

They lost their oldest daughter, Myrtle, in 1910. They still have
one daughter, Mrs. Mary Engelker, who lost her husband in 1931. They
have one grandson who, tho young, promises to be as public spirited as
his grandfather.

Regardless of their advanced age the Dawsons take an active part in
the affairs of the County and Community in which they live.

Religion, politics, education and social welfare have their interest,
and they are never too busy to lend a helping hand to anyone in need,
regardless of station.

They count their friends by the score.

J. A. Dawson
Charles Morgan was born Sept. 2, 1860, near Marietta, Marshall County, Iowa, where his youth was spent.

Land in Iowa was getting scarce and high-priced and at that time, rumors of rich land in Colorado that could be had for the taking, had reached their ears, so in the spring of 1885, he and his brother, Wendell, hitched their one team of horses to a covered wagon and started west.

As they drove along they had visions of a cozy farm house set in a grove of trees, similar to that of their father in Iowa, and a barn big enough to house their stock and feed. Of course, it would take a few years of hard work and saving to get things like they wanted them, but they were young and wouldn't mind that.

Their trip was long, hard and tedious, but quite uneventful. They came to Julesburg and filed on land about 3½ miles southwest from where Holyoke now stands.

First of all they must have a house on their different claims so they dug pits 16x20 and three or four feet deep, then laid a wall of sod to give it height. They figured they would be comfortable enough in these houses until from the sale of crops and livestock which they expected to raise, they could build more spacious ones of lumber.

They needed the wagon for hauling materials so set the canvas top off on the ground. This served as a cover for their bed while they were building. They laid boards across so their bed wouldn't be directly on the ground. On these boards was a straw tick,
which with their blankets made it very comfortable. For several
nights, Charlie had heard a rustling noise under the boards where
some straw had been spilled and on investigating the cause of the
disturbance, found a large rattlesnake.

They broke out some of their land and planted it to corn,
potatoes and beans.

It was a long drive to town and they were fortunate if they
got there once a month. However, they could always send with their
neighbors for the mail and to replenish their stock of groceries
which consisted largely of oatmeal, bacon, potatoes and flour.

For amusement, they visited their neighbors and talked just as
we do now on the issues of the day. How the affairs of the nation
should be run, the great possibilities of this new country and of
the coming railroad, then played cards until the wee small hours.

It was a dry year and all they harvested that fall were a few
potatoes.

They hadn't raised enough to live on that winter, so went
down into Nebraska and husked corn and after that was done, worked
on two different railroads that were being built, one from Holdredge,
Burlington, Nebraska, to Akron, Colorado, and one from McCook, Nebraska, to
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

The next spring they were back on their claims ready for spring
work. They had saved enough money from their winter's earnings for
a grub stake and to buy seed and things they had to have.

They plowed the land they had broken the spring before and broke
out some more and planted that. Their crops that year were corn,
wheat, potatoes and beans. They top-planted their corn as they had
always done in Iowa and there was rain that spring and crops looked
fine.
The railroad was coming and the little village of Holyoke was started.

When not busy on their claims they could go to town now and get work and when the first carload of rock reached Holyoke, that was to be used in building the roundhouse, Charlie helped unload it.

Times were getting better and properties were starting to boom.

One beautiful summer day the corn was starting to tassel out and there was a promise of a bountiful harvest, for the fields looked for all the world like the broad acres of good old Iowa corn that they had left behind. Charlie had a buyer for his claim that day, who offered twelve hundred dollars if he would move off. He rejected the offer and went to town and while there, a hot, searing wind sprang up, a wind you never forget if you have ever been in one. It feels like it is blowing off of a red-hot stove and no matter how much moisture there is in the ground, the plant cannot supply it fast enough to keep itself from burning.

When Charlie returned home that night, he could see his field of corn and other crops were hopelessly ruined. He tried to find the buyer whose offer had looked so small in the morning but he was gone.

They stayed around a while but things looked more hopeless every day. Wendell finally mortgaged his quarter for enough to pay out on Charlie's, then they departed for greener fields. They had been "starved out" as many another homesteader was during those first hard years.

They went to Denver and worked at whatever they could find to do.
Charlie cleaned brick from old buildings that were being torn down; then "knocked around" the mountains for a while when he worked in gold and silver mines around Cripple Creek and worked on ranches. He helped blaze trails around Ouray, then came down to Longmont one fall. Longmont had a canning factory and he helped the farmers pick and deliver tomatoes to the factory for 120 cents per bushel.

Wendell printed a paper at Littleton for a while and taught school. Then he secured a position as mail clerk which place he held until he was retired.

In 1892, Charlie came back to Sedgwick County and bought a partnership with T. H. Smith in a ranch on the south side of the South Platte River. On this place is located the site of old Fort Sedgwick, where mounds and earthworks are still plainly visible today.

Before buying an interest in this place, Mr. Morgan saw the possibility of an irrigation ditch being taken out that would benefit this land materially. There was only one ditch at that time east of Sterling and if they started at once they would have priority over all other ditches that were being talked of.

The homesteaders who would be benefited by the ditch were Bill Sowders, John Adams, Mrs. Pattie Hargrove, Chris Schaefer and Morgan and Smith.

In talking up the project, Mr. Morgan met with oppositions on all sides but was bound to overcome them. He hadn't "knocked around" the mountains and foothills for nothing. He knew that water on the land would increase its value many times.
Mrs. Hargrove finally became interested and was willing to try it out and that was all he needed to start. They sent for a surveyor to come down from Sterling to survey the ditch and they filed on 25 feet of water under the name of South Reservation Ditch Company. Now they were ready to start building.

The other settlers seeing the ditch was going thru anyway who, tho' reluctant at first, came to realize something of the help it would be to their land, "pitched in" and helped.

The district was never bonded nor even taxed to build the ditch, but it was built entirely by the landowners who were under its survey. The only machinery used were plows and scrapers drawn by horses and mules as there were no huge gasoline motor-driven rigs in those days.

The South Reservation Ditch has proved its worth many times and with its first right to the river water, is considered one of the best ditches in this part of the country.

There were a few families around but more bachelors than anything else. There was Charlie Morgan, T. H. Smith, Will Richie, the great antelope hunter, Buford Hargrove, the young cowboy, and Bob Laudrum, the Kentuckian, and others who banded together for good times.

Usually about once a week they would mount the favorite horse of their string and go to some distant bachelor's house for an evening of cards. They usually had a lunch and they played cards to see who would prepare the lunch and again to see who would wash the dishes; the losers always doing the work.

Doors were never locked in those days. Anyone going from one place to another and finding the meal hour close at hand was always welcome to stop at the nearest house or cabin, as the case might be,
and if no one was at home, felt free to prepare his or her own meal, and stay and rest as long as they wished, before continuing on their way. The bachelors usually had this well-known poem hanging in some conspicuous place:

Take what you want,
But if you would have our best wishes,
Please be neat,
And wash up your dishes.

It was considered a terrible breach in the etiquette of the day to leave your soiled dishes. Mr. Morgan says that by changing the word please into two more emphatic words, he always found the poem was much more effective.

Everyone in the old days welcomed the coming of people from a different community and felt honored if they came and stayed all night. Mr. Morgan tells of an especially enjoyable evening when the Tregoes from Holyoke came to this part of the country on business and it being late, stopped and stayed all night.

They talked and visited until late, then decided to go to bed when Mr. Trego spied a violin on the rafters where it had been placed in storage. He took it down, tuned it up and played for hours such pieces as Yankee Doodle, Darling Nellie Grey, Marching thru' Georgia and many others which were thoroughly enjoyed by the listeners. Seldom did they hear music at all and it was with reluctance they allowed him to stop and retire.

And Buford Hargrove, the young cowboy, was the proud owner of a team and buggy but even with these possessions, he usually talked in cowboy terms.

He had stayed all night with Mr. Morgan one night and had hitched his team to the buggy the next morning to go home when something frightened his horses and they ran away. No one saw just what happened, but he was thrown from the buggy. His clothes were...
almost torn off and there was a bad gash on his head. He was quite badly bruised and cut up but was not seriously hurt. He still knew enough to return to Mr. Morgan's house where Mr. Morgan took care of him for two or three days. In his dazed condition, he felt as disgrace as if he had been thrown from a broncho so said: "I bet if I had had my spurs on, I could have ridden that buggy."

Mr. Morgan was a good farmer and cattle man, but there was one thing at which he always claimed to be a finished expert. That was in being able to tell how long a woman had lived in this country.

Cow chips were the chief fuel of the day. Everyone burned them. Coal was scarce and high-priced as there is none mined in northeastern Colorado. Chips were plentiful and the country people never had their fall work done until they had a huge stack of them some place close to the house. Very few were the ones who had sheds for them.

In Mr. Morgan's own words: "If a woman had just come to this country, on fixing her fire, she put on gloves and placed the cow chips on the fire, then carefully washed her hands. If she had been here a little while, she placed them on the fire with her bare hands, then carefully washed them, but if she had been here a year or more, she placed chips on the fire and went on with her work."

"In the winter of '93, we laid in a supply of provisions for the winter as the Julesburg bridge was two miles east of where it now stands. The river always froze over sooner or later so it couldn't be forded; therefore it was a long way to town."

"Our provisions consisted of several bushels of potatoes which we had bought from Sam Carlson at ten cents per bushel, ten gallons of sorghum for which we paid five dollars, and we had a barrel of salt pork which we had put up ourselves. We traded wheat for flour, as there was no sale for wheat."
"Sometimes Bill Richie would kill an antelope and all we bachelors would meet there for a feast of antelope and his famous baking powder biscuit. The antelope was an appreciated change in our diet."

One year, Mr. Smith's sister sent the partners, Smith & Morgan, a huge turkey for their Thanksgiving dinner. It came all the way from Illinois. All the bachelor friends were invited to Smith and Morgan's to a "Turkey Thanksgiving Dinner!"

A turkey was indeed a very rare treat for people here at that time. It was hard to raise even a few chickens before they were devoured by coyotes that would sneak up even in the day time and catch them. Turkeys with their roving natures were few and far between. Many settlers who brought turkeys here with the intention of raising them as they did in the East would see their flock in the morning, then?ever again. Sometimes when riding around, they would see the feathers of their fowls, a mute but unmistakable evidence of what had happened.

A rider coming in from this day's work one evening saw a turkey coming up over a hill at a much faster rate of speed than the rider imagined a turkey could run. On looking closer saw it was being carried by a large coyote. After a year or two of raising turkeys for the coyotes the settlers usually gave up in despair.

Smith and Morgan had the turkey. Their bachelor friends had been invited when the question arose: What would they cook it in? Their stove was small and it would be hard to get so large a bird in the oven even if they had had a roaster, which they didn't. One of them thought of the wash boiler which they used, and it proved to be a huge success. Mr. Morgan made some of his good
biscuit, which one of his friends always said were made of baking powder and a little flour. The bachelor friends came in from their distant abodes and such a feast as they did have. It is still talked of today around their firesides.

All this time, people were finding out that livestock paid better than trying to raise crops for the market. There were still hundreds of acres of free range land for the settlers along the river. They found that instead of allowing their cattle to "rustle" all winter as the old order of stockmen did, it was much better to have a few and feed them than to have a larger number and let them run. Often the range cattle would come thru the winter, but their condition would be so weakened that when the cold rains and shreds of snow would come in April, large numbers would perish.

Mr. Morgan found the little South Reservation Ditch was invaluable, for by irrigating the raw prairie land, an excellent quality of hay could be raised to feed his horses and cattle thru the winter. There was also a good sale for this product. He also planted alfalfa which, when watered, would yield three crops in a season.

Times in the '90s were still hard but people were fast learning how to get along much better than at first, and Mr. Morgan always kept abreast of the times.

Mr. Morgan was elected sheriff of Sedgwick County in 1904, in which capacity he served two terms.

In 1906, he was married to Miss Addie Pennock of Denver. They have one daughter who is now Mrs. Fred Evans.

While the Morgans have been retired many years, they still live on the land Mr. Morgan bought in '92. They have a comfortable modern home and from their porch, they can overlook the site of old
Ft. Sedgewick and beyond see the thriving little town of Ovid with its modern homes and up-to-date million dollar sugar factory.

They are noted the country around for their hospitality. Neighbors both old and new are always glad of an excuse to stop and chat of an afternoon or better still, spend an evening around their cozy fireplace and listen to the tales of "old times" which the conversation inevitably turns to "when neighbors were neighbors and friends were friends."

(Signed) C. L. Morgan

By Velma V. Hargrove, Field Worker.
Margrave, V. V.
Interviewer

Reference
No signature.

Tom Jenkins was born in Duchess County, New York. He was married to Margaret Litch and came to Denver Junction, now Julesburg, in 1885.

There was a R. R. Station, a round house and a few dwellings, when the Jenkins came but no business houses. Several were started but the first to be finished was a dugout saloon. F. Petersen Mercantile Company was next, then Dewitt Polly built a hotel, so the town grew.

Mr. Jenkins had a beautiful wife and he had a job with the Union Pacific Railroad Company and was getting $45.00 per month. He lived out beyond the edge of town and had an old horse and cart to go back and forth to work and says he was never late. With all these comforts, Mr. Jenkins regarded life as a joke, and has ever since.

There were many amusements in those days, so people had to amuse themselves and there was a "bunch" in Julesburg who never allowed time to hang heavy on their hands so long as they could find some one on whom they could play a joke.

There were Tom Jenkins, J. R. Spencer, Si Haynes, Bill Babcock, Walt McClintock and others, but Tom Jenkins and J. R. Spencer were usually the ring leaders.

Julesburg was full of people coming and going and this bunch of "old salts" usually picked their victims from among the ones who knew absolutely everything there was to know except enough to know they didn't know anything.
Joe Gans was the station agent and one evening in loading the mail on the train, he forgot and left a bag of money lying on a table in the office and Jenkins being in there, noticed this and hid it under a desk. When Gans came back after the train had pulled out, he remembered about the money but it was gone! Jenkins gave a "wink" for the benefit of Jay Stansel who was present and was clerk in a hotel but was taking a correspondence course on how to become a detective. All evidence in this case pointed toward Jenkins as he was the only one seen in the room. After Jenkins left, Stansel assured Gans that Jenkins had the money and he would be glad to take case so started at once.

In order to get Jenkins' confidence, he helped him with his work of wiping engines at the round house. This went on for about six weeks and gave Jenkins a great deal of leisure. At last Stansel became discouraged as he seemed to be getting no place so was prevailed upon by Walt McClintock, one of Jenkins' henchmen, to ask Jenkins into his saloon and get him drunk so he would tell what became of the money.

Jenkins accepted the kind invitation to a friendly drink but refused to drink unless Stansel drank also.

Jenkins wrapped a twenty dollar bill around a corn cob so it would look like a large roll and waltzed up and down the saloon bragging that he didn't need to work and the would-be detective thought "Now is the time," and started drinking to get Jenkins started. Stansel drank four big drinks in less than ten minutes and in a very short time, felt that he could whip the world, so tried to take the money from Jenkins by force, but Jenkins tripped him and got away.
A few days later, Jenkins was seen lying, supposedly dead drunk by a horse that was already saddled and armed to the teeth with a six-shooter in which the cylinder wouldn't turn and a cheese knife. A boy was dispatched to tell Stansel that Jenkins was going to make an attempt to get away as soon as he was able. Stansel got the sheriff and went to get Jenkins and he was carried bodily up a steep flight of stairs into the court room. Here he was tried in a Kangaroo Court before an audience of two hundred people and beat Stansel. Then Jenkins turned around and sued Stansel for pushing a woman off the street at 2 o'clock in the morning. Jenkins won the case and Stansel was fined $20, which he paid and the "bunch" took it downstairs and spent it at once so they would know how it was used.

Bill Babcock was a barber and when he would get some timid Easterner in the chair with the towel properly adjusted and his face lathered to his taste, he would start sharpening his razor on the stove pipe and the customer would think of course the man was crazy so would grab his coat and hat and run out into the street.

This bunch of tricksters were always looking for a green Easterner, they could send to the river to see the steam boat come in when the river would be so low a child could jump its biggest stream and not get his feet wet.

Jenkins one day strolled into Babcock's barber shop and a tramp was standing there so when Babcock's back was turned, Jenkins stole his gloves and left. The tramp, dreaming of being a hero, told the barber who sent for the sheriff at once. The sheriff came and after hearing the story from the bum, deputized him to go out and catch the fellow.
Jenkins was in his dirty oily clothes when the bum saw him take the gloves, so Jenkins went home, changed his clothes and shaved and when he came back to town, the bum didn't know him. Jenkins asked for an introduction and made much over the bum. He told him he believed he saw a fellow answering the description going down towards the coal chutes. The bum went forth to look there but of course didn't find him.

When the bum came back, Jenkins was very sympathetic and offered him ten dollars himself if he would find the fellow and gave him the six-shooter in which the cylinder wouldn't turn and suggested that the thief might be down around the stock yards. There was a terrible rain came up but the bum couldn't give up the vision of being a hero so went out in the rain but that was the last Mr. Jenkins ever saw of him or his worthless six-shooter.

Mr. Babcock, the barber, helped "pull" many a joke on innocent people but when the tables were turned, he was found to be a "poor sport."

Besides being a barber, he was also Justice of the Peace.

It was a well known fact in the community that a young couple, Tom Liddle and Anna Hallowell, were soon to be married and Tom Jenkins found out that Mr. Babcock aspired to the job of tying the knot. So he called his henchmen together for a council, this time omitting Babcock. The effect of the meeting was that in a day or so after this, Mr. Babcock received, what to all appearances was an official notice to be present at the young lady's house on a certain date and hour to perform a marriage ceremony. When the appointed day came he dressed in his Sunday best, closed shop and hired a livery rig as the young lady lived several miles out in the country. On reaching the home, he found
the wedding wasn't to be for several days and that he had been made the victim of a practical joke. At this he became very angry so packed his bag and baggage and left Julesburg never to return.

Tom Jenkins still lives comfortably in Julesburg but says in these modern times he doesn't dare play jokes any more. He claims those days in early Julesburg were the happiest of his life.
Hargrove, V. V.
Interviewer

Reference
V. V. Hargrove

OVID

For many years, Ovid was only a side-track about half way between Julesburg and Sedgwick and was known only to the railroad company and section men. The section men named it for a bachelor, Newton Ovid, who lived in the vicinity, and whose total disregard for cleanliness was a by-word throughout the country.

After the building of the Jumbo Reservoir in 1905-06, the country settled up rapidly and the raising of sugar beets became the principal industry. This called for hand labor so the settlers between Julesburg and Sedgwick felt the need for a closer market for their farm produce. Also the south side of the river was building up and there was need of a bridge. There was an old ford about a mile west of the side-track but it couldn't be used in winter, so the County Commissioners were prevailed upon by the citizens of the Ovid Community to grant them a bridge; so in 1909, the bridge was built. A very fragile one was that first bridge with a one-way track with one turn out in the middle.

There was a rumor that there was to be a sugar factory built some place in Sedgwick County and as Ovid was the center of the beet raising district, there was a possibility that it might locate there and business men seeing the opening for a new town started to build. There was a general store and the post-office was in the same building, a large brick hotel was built, and a cement block building with room for two stores and a bank with a large hall and office rooms in the second story.
For a while the new town got its share of business and all went well until in March of 1910. The main fill to the Jumbo Reservoir broke, releasing all the water that had been stored for irrigation. The damage was great and the Irrigation District had to vote bonds to mend the break and it took most of the summer of 1910 to do this, and, to add to the trouble, the summer was an unusually dry one so there was very little flood water for irrigation. All three towns in Sedgwick County suffered from these effects and the new town of Ovid, the most of all. Its bank closed for lack of business, as did the new hotel; so one by one, all the business houses closed until very little remained except the general store and post-office.

The reservoir was mended and went under new management and became a wonderful system and some bumper crops were raised under irrigation; also, by new and improved methods of conserving moisture, the table lands were raising good crops of corn and wheat.

Again it was rumored that the Great Western Sugar Company would build a factory in Sedgwick County. Then came the World War and Ovid again had its boom. Great trucks loaded with corn and wheat roared down from the table lands and Ovid built elevators and made ready for this new volume of business.

A new bridge had to be built as the one built in 1909 wasn't built for such heavy hauling. This was a more substantial one but had only one track, with two turn outs.

Time went on and Ovid still held her own. Then in 1925, the Great Western Sugar Company sent surveyors to survey around the three towns in Sedgwick County for a suitable location for a sugar factory. Ovid was modest and had very little hopes of getting it
but Julesburg was sure of it, and Sedgwick was just as sure it would locate there. The surveyors left and as time went on nothing more was heard about the factory, and people began to wonder if the plans had fallen through again, when late in the summer of 1925 an official notice was sent to Ovid that the Great Western Sugar Company would build a factory close to her town. There had been a church social that evening and the town was full of people. Excitement ran high - the people of the Ovid Community hardly slept a wink that night. Julesburg and Sedgwick were informed of the news by telephone but didn't believe it.

In the fall of 1925, the factory was started and finished in time to slice the 1926 crop of beets. This factory is one of the newest and most up-to-date factories in the United States today.

Ovid is also a feeding center for livestock. Hundreds of head of cattle are fed out there each year. By-products from the factory are used to fatten them and farmers find a ready market for their hay and grain there.

In 1927, Ovid again felt the need of a better bridge to accommodate her steadily growing volume of business; so a splendid, substantial, two track bridge was built, which is the pride and joy of the Ovid community.

Correct - Velma Hargrove.

Hargrove, V. V.
Interviewer

Reference
Mr. & Mrs. H. R. Neumann,
Crock, Colorado.

Henry Neumann, Sr. and Fidella McMurray were married in the year 1866 and were the first white couple known to be married in Ft. Sidney, Nebraska.

Mr. Neumann, Jr. remembers a little about a race his parents had with hostile Indians.

It so happened one morning his father was going to Ft. Sidney after lumber and had four horses hitched to the running gears of a wagon. He was about ready to start on his journey when he saw some Indians coming. He called to his wife, who gathered up her children and climbed on the rear axle of the wagon and they started for Ft. Sidney as fast as the horses could go. They ran for about six miles before the Indians gave up the chase. They were getting too close to the Fort where the soldiers were on guard.

Mr. Neumann, Jr. also remembers when a small boy of being on a pinto pony some distance from his father's house. The pinto seemed to have a great fear of Indians and seemed to know when they were about. He was across the creek from his father's house and his horse started running frantically. Young Hank saw the Indians trying to cut him off from where he wanted to go but all he had to do was to hang on as his horse jumped the creek and they reached home safely. Mr. Neumann, Jr. thinks now, that the Indians wanted the horse instead of him, but at the time, he wasn't sure.
The Sioux Indians were very numerous in Nebraska when Mr. Neumann, Jr. can first remember and except for stealing a few horses now and then, were very peaceable.

The Neumann homestead was close to some springs and when wandering around, these Indians would sometimes camp for days around these springs so the Neumanns became well acquainted with them. Henry, Jr. remembers well of playing with Chief Sitting Bull.

Chief Sitting Bull had a quirt which he carried with him the most of the time. One day little Hank slipped up and stole it from him. The old fat Chief took it good naturally and ran after the boy but couldn't catch him so they played together for some time. The old Chief thought he had great sport playing with the little white boy and told Mr. Neumann, Sr. about it.

Mrs. Neumann, Jr. was born in Grinnell, Iowa, and when very small, her father brought his family to Ft. Sidney, Nebraska, to live, where he became a freighter between Sidney and Lead, South Dakota. He also freighted some to Leadville, Colorado, in the mining days.

One day when playing outside her father's door, Mrs. Neumann, Jr. heard one of her little playmates screaming and looking up, saw her being carried away by a large Indian on horseback. There came very near being an uprising but the little girl was rescued and returned to her home unharmed as the matter was dropped.

When only four years old, young Hank learned to ride a horse but wasn't much older, when he started to ride bad ones. His father was very proud of his son's ability to ride, so provided him with an equipment in a size he could ride comfortably.
At a very early age, he helped his father about the ranch work and went on round-ups.

He remembers the terrible winter of 1880-81. The snow laid on all winter - the wind blew bitterly cold all the time. The Neumanns kept a rope tied from the house door to the barn so they couldn't get lost in going back and forth. The snow got so deep the buildings and haystacks were almost buried.

Mr. Neumann, Sr. had eighteen bulls that he was trying to take especially good care of and they froze to death on top of a haystack.

Their barn was made of railroad ties and Mr. Neumann, Jr. remembers of helping his father raise some ties on the roof so the horses could get air, so deep had the snow piled around it.

The winter was a terrible one and it wasn't over when spring came. On May first, there was a bad blizzard and what few cattle were left were in such a weakened condition that they succumbed. Out of the eighteen hundred head, Mr. Neumann turned out on the winter range in the fall of 1880, he found on the spring round-up of 1881 that he had but seventy-five head left. Cattle lay dead everywhere that spring and it was a wonder that any at all survived.

Young Hank wasn't very old when it fell to him to break his father's horses to ride. They lived six miles from Lodgepole, Nebraska, where he went to school when he went, and he broke these horses while going back and forth to school so some days he got there and some days he didn't.

When the town of Old Julesburg moved on after the railroad was finished and nothing much remained but a saloon, which was run by Harry Entriken, a general store, section house, and post-office, there was a Fourth of July celebration held there. The
celebrations of those days were mostly exhibitions of riding wild bronchos, marksmanship and fancy roping. On this occasion, there was an especially bad horse to be ridden and the management was offering ten dollars to the man or boy who could ride him. Mr. Neumann, Sr. asked that his son be allowed to try but they only laughed at him at first as Hank, Jr. was only about twelve years old, but they finally consented; so his small saddle was placed on the horse and he rode him to the satisfaction of the Judges and received the money.

Mr. Neumann, Jr. remembers being in Harry Entriken's saloon in Old Julesburg when a trail herd was going thru the country. Some of the riders were also in the saloon and after drinking freely started abusing Mr. Entriken. Mrs. Entriken, always fearful that something would happen to her husband, came forth from their living quarters which were in the rear of the saloon, and having a gun in her hand, broke the stock of it over the head of the leader cowboy. This ended the trouble at once.

Mr. Neumann, Sr. loaned horses to the Indians. This made them more friendly and if he didn't loan them horses they took them anyway but when the horses were loaned, the Indians never failed to bring them back when they said they would.

One day when in Sidney, Chief Big Nose rode into town on one of Mr. Neumann, Sr's. horses, which he was sure he had never loaned him, so he asked Big Nose about it. Big Nose protested that it was his horse, that he had traded for it. In looking into the matter, Mr. Neumann found that a white man had stolen the horse and traded it to the Indian. After about six months, Big Nose brought the horse home after he had succeeded in getting another one.
When only fourteen years old, young Hank started out to make his own way in the world and in looking for a job, he rode from Crawford, Nebraska, to Windover, Wyoming, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, and saw only one house between the two places. He had a lunch with him but ran out before he found any habitation. At last he ran across a trail herd going from Texas to Northern Montana so hired out as a rider to help deliver the cattle.

After this, he worked as a rider on the 66 ranch, which belonged to Tusslers on Greenwood Creek in Nebraska.

When asked what they did for amusement, Mr. Neumann laughed and said "rode broncs." Once in a while there would be a dance. Then there was always fun on the round-ups and new men to initiate. This was usually done by putting the new man in a tarpaulin and several cowboys taking hold of the sides and the victim would be tossed up in the air until the men were tired or the victim would cry for mercy.

In 1894, Mr. Neumann, Jr. was married to Pluma Dickenson. Soon after he went to the J ranch to work. Two of the cowboys, Frank Propst and Charlie McMillan, thought they would have some fun with him, but he knew what they were up to, so was ready for them. When they got close enough, he roped Frank and tied his hands and feet securely behind him, laid him on the ground and tickled his nose with grass so the other fellow kept his distance.

"It makes me out of patience with young people of today," Mrs. Neumann said, "when they won't work for a dollar a day. The year we were married, Hank only got one month of work and I only got one. Hank helped hay in the fall and worked for fifty cents a day, and had to get two meals a day at home and about all we had to eat was wild ducks and jack rabbits," and Mr. Neumann,
Jr. added, "It was work too. We pitched the hay on the wagon then pitched it on the stack."

Once in a while he would get a bronc to break for which he would get three dollars.

In 1898, Mr. and Mrs. Neumann, Jr. went to the J ranch to work, Mr. Neumann having the job as foreman and received a hundred and twenty-five dollars per month. The ranch was located northwest of Crook, Colorado, and was owned by McPhee and Mullen of Denver.

Mr. Neumann, Jr. tells a true story of a young doctor who came from the east to visit at the Ranch. He wanted to be a cow-puncher and an all around bad man. He would dress up in his fine riding clothes and ride down to where the real cowboys were putting up hay - a job they didn't like very well as they would much rather ride horseback too, so they decided to "cure" him. The next time he came they caught him and threw him up in a tarp, then turned him across the wagon tongue and shapped him then they poured a gallon of syrup down the leg of his fine riding breeches and for good measure they threw him in the creek.

Mr. & Mrs. Neumann, Jr. stayed on this ranch until 1908, when it was sold on account of the fast diminishing range land.

Mr. and Mrs. Neumann, Jr. now have a comfortable home on a well improved ranch of their own where they farm and run their bunch of cattle.

Correct

(Signed) Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Neumann

Feb. 20, 1934.

Crook, Colo.
peter Petersen was born Oct. 4, 1849 at Hanislee by Flensburg in Schleswig, Germany.

His school training consisted of that received in the common schools of his native land. But that did not measure his scholastic attainments, for he was ever a student—quick to grasp the truth as it lay in nature and in the unfolding of the years.

As a boy Mr. Petersen wanted to come to America and finally when eighteen he succeeded in getting his mother's consent, but was under bond to return to Germany in case that country should get into war.

He landed in New York and came at once to Davenport, Iowa then to St. Louis, Mo. but still he was not satisfied. As he was short on funds he went into partnership with another man who also wanted to come West and together they succeeded in buying a team of old horses, one of them blind, and an old wagon. They drove thru to York, Nebraska. Here he took up a claim and built a combination soddy and dugout to live in.

As he was out of money he had to work before starting to develop his claim. He worked as a freighter between Fairmont and York, Nebr., there being no railroad there at that time. Then he worked as clerk in a store and liked it so much that he decided to become a merchant.

By 1885 he had accumulated some money and by selling his eighty acres of land which he had homesteaded he came to Julesburg, then Denver Junction, to start in business for himself.

There was not much in Julesburg when he arrived but there was a boom on and Julesburg was growing by leaps and bounds. Hotels and business houses were being built, Mr. Petersen building a large two story dry goods and grocery store with living quarters in the second story.
Julesburg was full of people. Every incoming train from the East brought land seekers and livery stables were doing a rushing business showing them around. Wagons loaded with lumber and provisions were constantly going out to some distant claim.

The Burlington Railroad was building a branch line thru Holyoke and Mr. Petersen had a contract to keep some of their camps supplied with provisions.

In 1887 the town of Julesburg was incorporated and Peter Petersen was elected Mayor.

For a while all went well, then, came the dry years of '87 and '88 and people started to leave. Claims were deserted. Many of the people having spent all the money they had and getting nothing in return for it had to walk out. Many of them owned Mr. Petersen for groceries and clothing, expecting to pay their bills after harvest, but could not do it when there was no harvest. Only the stoutest hearted ones stayed.

There was no work and seemingly no money in the Country. Some of the men went to Greeley to work in the potato harvest, then in the spring there was always tree claims to be planted for some one living in the East. All this furnished money so some of the homesteaders could "stick it out" a while longer, but all the men agree that the women were the ones who suffered most, having to stay home with the children day after day with scarcely anything to do anything with and often very little to eat or wear.

Some of the homesteaders had a few cows and chickens. These people got along very well when they had butter and eggs to exchange for groceries and clothes and they were always sure of help from Mr. Petersen. His stock of groceries consisted mostly of salt side meat, dried fruit, rice, bulk tea and oatmeal and Arbuckle's or Lion's Head Coffee.
Round up wagons stopped and stocked their wagons with these groceries; also in summer, trail herds went thru and bought immense quantities of these groceries before continuing on North where there were no towns. They also bought what dry goods they needed, such as shirts, socks and overalls. These goods were paid for by the foremen of the outfits with checks written on brown wrapping paper, which Mr. Petersen had to take to Ogallala, Nebr. to have cashed.

While these men following the trail herds were usually made up of as many outlaws as good men, yet Mr. Petersen never lost a cent by taking their checks. Mr. Petersen had great faith in his fellow man. While these outfits would be resting their herds by the water he would leave some of the riders to look after his store while he would take one of their horses and visit their camps. This of course, pleased them very much. He always seemed to have a way of reaching the hearts of men whether they were good or bad.

His son Charles tells of the time when Brushe's cow boys got into an argument with the saloon keeper next door to the Petersen store. They started "shooting up" the place. Bottles, jugs, barrels, kerosene lamps, in fact everything in view of the cow-boys had at least one puncture made by their bullets. The saloon keeper escaped thru the back door and ran to Mr. Petersen for protection, but Mr. Petersen told him if the cow-boys told him to leave he would better do it. This, the saloon keeper was glad to do, for there was nothing for him to return to as the contents of every container in the saloon was on the floor. The Petersens lived in the second story of the store building and when the shooting started Mrs. Petersen became so frightend that Mr. Petersen went down and told the cow-boys his wife was upstairs and they told him to assure her they would not shoot toward her house.
All the time during those hard years Mr. Petersen kept going. There were times when his credit was badly strained but the Wholesale Houses had so much faith in him they never refused him anything he asked for.

Then came the dry years of '93 and '94 when the grass did not even start in the spring. The settlers hardly had butter and eggs to use as medium of exchange. The table land which had once boasted of having a homesteader on every quarter section of land was almost depopulated—but there were a few who stayed and these few still had to have food and clothes and Mr. Petersen helped what he could.

At last he could help them no longer and he, himself was getting ready to leave when he conceived the idea of building an irrigating ditch. By doing this he could help others as well as himself.

The valley of the Platte was rich and fertile and when it rained the crops were good. It was a well known fact that the older sections of the country such as Greeley and Longmont and other towns close to the mountains grew splendid crops under irrigation.

Many of the men who owed Mr. Petersen were honest and hard-working and wanted to get along and hold onto their land until it would be worth something or they could raise crops enough so they could build it up comfortably and make it a home.

Mr. Lew Loveland also a resident of Julesburg, became interested in the project and became a stock holder and partner to Mr. Petersen, also Jim Scott and J. R. Spencer helped financially as much as they could, to get it started.

The Company was unable to get financial help as the Eastern Capitalists were afraid of this Western country, so the Company decided to undertake the project without finance, as the men who were owing Mr. Petersen were willing to work out their store bills if he would
continue to allow them groceries and dry goods. They met with some opposition but the majority of the people had so much faith in Mr. Petersen they were willing to try it out, feeling conditions could not be much worse anyway.

On March 1st, 1895 The Petersen Canal and Reservoir Company filed on 184 cubic feet of water and on March 2nd, of the same year the Company was incorporated and the surveying started at once.

Mark Burke, a young surveyor, also a resident of Julesburg, did the surveying and more than once when crossing land where the owner was opposed to the project, he and his helpers were ordered to get off at the point of a gun.

In common with most projects of this kind it cost much more than was figured on by the Company and there were times when it would seem they would have to quit work as there was not another cent to continue, then someone would buy a water right or the money would come from somewhere so they could go a little farther. At last they were within five miles of Julesburg and all funds were depleted. They could go no farther without money.

The leading business men of Julesburg talked the matter over and decided to go to the rescue by bonding the town for $5000.00 to extend the ditch, the residents of Julesburg to have water to use for their garden plots and lawns when water was available. There was an election held to this effect and the issue carried by a large majority.

In the spring of 1896 the ditch was finished and they were ready to turn water in but the river was dry. Every one was praying for rain and on May first the rain came and it rained for three days without stopping, filling the ditch brim full.
Everyone under the survey bought a water right. If they could not raise the money they traded part of their land for it and the skeptics after seeing the benefit the water was, bought water rights and became substantial supporters. In 1897 this ditch was enlarged and on Oct. 11th, a second filing was made for 350 cubic feet more of water. This ditch has been enlarged since then until now it carries nearly a thousand cubic feet of water per second.

This ditch was the starting point of Sedgwick County’s wonderful irrigating system of today, known as the Julesburg Irrigation District.

In 1905 and 1906 when the Jumbo Reservoir was built The Petersen Ditch was bought by the District and is now one of the big canals of the system.

There was another project started in Sedgwick County about 1897 that was known as the Perkins County Ditch which looked for a time as tho it would help the people of Sedgwick County in giving them work.

The land to be benefitted by it lay in Nebraska and it was a gigantic undertaking for the time. The land was bonded and work was started before the bonds were sold, so sure were the people that the project would go thru. The men who did the work by the sweat of their brow were given bonds in exchange for their labor, but they had to dispose of the bonds themselves. Some of these were traded to Mr. Petersen for groceries and clothes and he was fortunate enough to get his money out of them. But many of the men who followed a scraper and worked their teams all summer never realized a cent for their labors.

This project was abandoned on account of the inability to sell bonds and all that is left to show for it are scars made in the earth by those hard working men, all along twenty miles of its survey.
which hot winds that blew in those early days burned the flesh and withered the tender growing things are now cooled by fields of crisp growing sugar beets and fields of sweet smelling alfalfa. the raising of these crops has been made possible by those pioneers who had faith, and who braved the hardships and privations and helped one another. such a man was peter petersen.

charles petersen

dated 2-6-1934
S. A. Munson was born in 1862 at Round Rock, Williamson County, Texas. His father was a rancher there so he learned to ride a horse nearly as soon as he could walk—gentle ones at first, but he wasn’t very old until he was his father’s top hand at breaking the wild ones.

The horses of that country were the little Spanish horses or the Mexican Mustangs. They were not very large. A 900 pound one was considered large, but they were tough and wiry and it was surprising how much work they could do carrying a man on their backs.

A few of them were pintos but the majority of them were mouse or dun colored with a black strip down their backs, so were not very beautiful. They were very numerous in Texas so not worth very much but, the best horses we ever had for driving cattle”, Mr. Munson declared, "they beat the Colorado horses all to pieces".

In 1860 there was a trail herd being made up near Mr. Munson’s father’s ranch and they needed men. This herd was to be delivered to Keyline ranch some where in North Eastern Colorado and Mr. Munson, then, little more than a boy, hired out as horse wrangler to help bring them across. They started gathering the cattle in February and by the 20th of March were ready to start.

The herd of about 3500 head was made up of the Texas Long Horns or Mexican Doggies as they were often called, a breed of cattle that is now almost extinct. Their bodies were small and when seeing them one thought only of their horns.

These steers were not considered old enough for market until at least four years old. At this age their horns would be so long that in loading them into a stock car their heads had to be turned to get their horns inside the door.
yearlings were considered too small to bring North, so the herd was composed of two year olds and from that on up. The Northern buyers paid on an average of $11.00 a head for these cattle.

There were about eleven riders, a foreman, an assistant foreman, a cook and a wagon. Then there were the horses, about 90 of them, each rider having at least eight in his string. This made up the Armada and would be strung out three or four miles in length.

The cattle were always held in the lead. The foreman and his assistant were the more experienced men and they rode ahead with the leaders to guide them. There would be riders on down on each side of the string of cattle to keep the line from breaking, also riders in the rear to keep up the laggards.

Among the dangers of the trail were the crossing of rivers, as there were no bridges. There was always the fear of losing their "chuck wagon" and to lose it out there on that uninhabited country, several hundred miles from a Railroad, would be nothing short of tragedy for it carried their supply of food, cooking utensils, beds, teepees and "war bags". The "war bags" were usually just a sack containing the extra clothes the men would need on the way.

Mr. Munson says he experienced only one stampede and that time his herd of horses ran away. Two riders of them followed but they ran ten miles before they could turn them. It was a dark rainy night and they were unable to tell one direction from another so had to guard the herd all night and follow their tracks back in the morning.

The cattle and horses always had to be guarded at night and an extra guard was placed on the horses when crossing the Indian Territory. The Indians were always trying to steal horses out of the herds that came thru with the trail herds of cattle. They would slip up when they could catch the horse wrangler off his guard and out of sight of his companions. They would frighten the horses until they
would stampede and scatter, then they would cut off what they wanted
and drive them to their camps.

Mr. Munson says he never encountered Indians but once and that
was when a few of his horses "came up missing". He went to hunt them
and found them after several days search, but the trail herd was nine
days ahead of him. It was nearly night and he stopped at an Indian
village to ask if they had seen anything of the herd. Instead of an-
swering the Indians jerked him from his horse and he saw them jerk his
saddle and bridle off the horse he was riding, and it, with the few
he was driving were tied to the tails of some of their horses.

Of course he was terribly frightened, but they gave him a supper
of some kind of cooked dried meat and put him in a tent by himself
to sleep. The tent contained dried hides that they were going to tan.
He could have been very comfortable if only he could have had peace
of mind. He did not sleep much that night for he could not help
wondering how his scalp would look tucked in the belt of one of the
young bucks. Morning came at last and he was given his breakfast.
Then the squaws brought his horses around, one already saddled and a
lunch of jerked meat was given him, then he was allowed to go on his
way free and unharmed. It took him three days to catch up with his
outfit.

Nights he hobbled the horses that had caused him so much trouble,
used the ground for his bed, his saddle for a pillow and slept with
the reins of his mustang in his hand.

The trip up from Texas to Northeastern Colorado was fifteen
hundred miles and they could only make about twelve miles a day when
they traveled. The days were long and hard and monotonous. Sometimes
they traveled twenty or thirty days without seeing a town or a sign
of habitation. Nights when not too tired they would sit around a
huge cow chip fire and play cards or tell stories and there were always those who could sing. Sometimes at their card games there would be laughing and hilarity, then again the games would not go so well and there would be angry words. But when the boys sang, their beautiful young voices ringing out on the still night air, they would feel themselves such atoms of being in that vast expanse of prairie land, invariably a longing for home and fireside would steal into their souls and they would retire feeling at peace with themselves and all the world.

Mr. Munson looking wistfully back thru an avenue in the years said: "I wish I could hear those cow-boys sing those old songs again and have them sound as they did then".

It was an unwritten law that the cow-boys keep the cook supplied with cow-chips for fuel. Sometimes one of them would fail to do his share, then if the others thought he was wilfully forgetting this task he was tried in Kangaroo Court and the sentence was usually no small number of lashes with shaps. The offender would be turned across the wagon tongue with a man astride his neck and another at his feet to keep him in position and a third would apply the lashes. This was all done in fun but the offender suffered so much from the penalty that the offence was seldom repeated.

Their "grub" was much the same day after day. Their chief articles of diet were salt side, coffee, beans and sour dough biscuit. "We didn't know what pies were" Mr. Munson declared. Once in a while when close to a town they would have dried fruit or canned tomatoes, but these articles were too bulky to carry many of them, so they seldom lasted more than three or four days.

Sometimes when cooking dried fruit or tomatoes, the cook would drop dumplings like dough into the boiling fruit; this was as close to
pie as they ever got. It was considered a great delicacy and it was
called "hog in the waller".

Sour dough biscuits were made by stirring flour into water and
adding a little salt, making in all about two quarts. This would be
set aside to sour. Then, when making the biscuits about half of the
starter would be taken to make the batch for the day. This method
gave the mixture the required sourness and soda was used to make them
raise. Making these biscuits is a lost art but they were very fine
in texture and very delicious.

When resting for a few days by water there was always time to
go out and get an antelope, deer or buffalo. When they got a buffalo
only the best parts were taken as it soon spoiled in the heat and there
was not room to carry it anyway.

The second foreman was the water scout. It was his duty to ride
ahead and look for water and very often it was hard to find. Mr. Munson
tells of a dry season when they had to drive eighty miles in the Pan
handle country without water. After leaving water in the morning they
drove all day until about 10 o'clock that night, then rested until
3 A.M., after that they drove continuously. On the second day the
cattle got restless and would not eat, they started bawling and wanted
to turn back. The men had to eat and drink on the run. About ten o'clock
of the third day they reached water and here they rested for three
days, allowing the horses and cattle to fill up on water and grass.
The men as well as the beasts were "all in".

Once in a while they would lose a few head of stock after those
forced drives, but Mr. Munson says, it was caused from alkali in the
water and not from drinking too much.

About five months after starting from Texas this trail herd
crossed the South Platte River at the old ford which is almost directly
North of Hargrove's house and crossed the new Railroad grade of the
Union Pacific branch line, which was just being built and was delivered
to the L. F. outfit at their Keyline ranch, which was located about a
mile West of where Ovid now stands. After helping to brand this bunch
of cattle with the L. F. brand the Southern cow-boys were dismissed.

Some of them Mr. Munson never saw nor heard of again, but John
B. Kendrick, who afterward became a cattle king of Wyoming, was twice
elected Governor of that state and served twelve years as U. S. Senator
was a boyhood friend of Mr. Munson's. He was on that first drive in
1880 and then again in 1884.

Emmett Dalton also helped in that drive of 1880. He afterward
became the worst bandit Kansas ever knew and "died with his boots on".

Mr. Munson wanted to go back to Texas and as he had to go to
Cheyenne, Wyoming to get his money he bought a ticket there. He had
worked all summer for $30.00 per month and as most states had ten cent
Railroad fare it took the most of his summer's wages to get back.

Mr. Munson helped drive trail herds North four successive years.
Some of the herds going as far North as Miles City, Montana. In '83
and '84 he himself was foreman and drew a salary of $125.00 per month.

When going farther North the trail herds crossed the South Platte
River at Ogallala, Nebraska. Those Southern cow boys had always
regarded the South Platte River as wide but shallow and not to be
feared as the narrower and deeper rivers farther South.

In '83 the Platte was up, and failing to take precautions to get
their wagon across lost the box and all its contents. Fortunately
they were close to Ogallala, where they could replace their loss and
they bought out the town in tarpaulins, blankets, tepees, cooking
utensils, etc. also while there they had a treat of Irish potatoes
which cost ten cents a pound.
After leaving Ogallala there were no towns. The ranches were just getting started in Wyoming and Montana and they had store houses filled with staple groceries of the day, which had been freighted several hundred miles with teams and wagons.

After bringing a trail herd up from Texas in 1884, Mr. Munson took a job as rider for the L. F. outfit and has spent his life between Denver and Julesburg ever since.

The L. F. outfit was one of the biggest, if not the biggest, Cattle Companies of the time. They ran a hundred thousand head of cattle and branded twenty five thousand calves each year. They employed eighty men during round up time and had several hundred head of horses. The territory they worked in rounding up the cattle reached from North Platte, Nebr. to Denver and from the North Platte River to the Pan Handle or Neutral Strip as those Southern cow-boys called it, being a strip set apart by the U. S. Government for the Indians to cross from Indian Territory to New Mexico and Arizona as they were forbidden to set foot on land that did not belong to them.

Numerous ranches were scattered over this territory. The buildings and corrals were made of sod, usually built close to water with only squatter's rights. Some of them were named: The Keyline, Pole Creek, Dipper Springs, Big Crow Springs, Pawnee Buttes, South Pawnee Water Holes, Mouth of Wild-Cat and many others.

After riding for the L. F. outfit for two years Mr. Munson secured a position as foreman on a ranch near Greeley, belonging to Captain Monahan, a retired officer of the Civil War.

While on the Monahan ranch, Mr. Munson rode on many roundups with Bruce Eaton as his buddy. Bruce Eaton was a son of Honest Benjamin Eaton who was Governor of Colorado at that time.

After staying on the Monahan ranch for twelve years he became
round up foreman of the Tamarack Ranch which is located in Logan County south of Crook. J. K. Mullen was the owner with Dick Buchanan as ranch foreman.)

Mr. Munson helped trail cattle to the North from Texas, he then was with the round ups when they gathered the thousands of cattle from the thousands of hills when the country was nothing but range land. He saw the coming of the "nesters" who built wire fences causing the range land to shrink more and more each year until in 1904 he took a "chuck wagon" and several riders and went down as far South as La Marr on the Republican River. They brought back 3800 head of cattle and were only gone seven or eight days. This was the last real round up in this section of the country. Several of the well known riders were there to help: Buford Hargrove, Ken McMillan, George Taylor, Wood Dixon and Kid Sherbet.

Mr. and Mrs. Munson have a daughter and several sons and they are all fine young people. When asked if he would like to have his sons go thru with what he did Mr. Munson shakes his head decidedly in the negative.

In 1880 Mr. Munson started out to see more of the country from the top of a horse while today he has two sons who view the world from an aero-plane

S.A. Munson

Sedgewick, Colorado.

Jan. 22, 1934.
HISTORY OF MORGAN COUNTY

by

M. B. Gill

Speaking with an old pioneer friend the other day he mentioned being called over the telephone in regard to the location of Fremont's Orchard, and having the writing of the history of Morgan County in mind I decided Fremont's Orchard would be a good starting point for the history as its location is in Morgan County.

John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder of the vast wilderness west of the Mississippi between the years 1842 to 49, established a camp at the "Orchard" and stayed there three months refitting and repairing his wagons. The spot was the only place along the river where trees grew. In fact, Fremont in his travels through desert wastes had become so hungered for the sight of trees that when he suddenly came upon the little area covered with living cotton woods the sight was so gratifying and so inspiring to him that it was named Fremont's Orchard.

To the year 1849 belongs the history of the gold rush to California. Thousands followed the chart and compass of John C. Fremont across the Great American Desert, traveling in wagon trains because of the ravages of the Indians. Indians and buffalo roamed the plains. To straggle from the path or to lose sight of the retinue was certain death to a white man. The ten years trek across the country wore the path to such a depth that it could be seen for miles. The year '58 will be remembered as the year of gold discovery in Colorado. A new retinue coming west followed the old rut of the forty-niners through the South Platte valley as far as Jewelsburg where they left the old path for a new and shorter path to Denver in their haste to reach the reputed gold field at Pike's peak. Swarms of humanity loaded to the gunwales with supplies and all kinds of animals defied the Indians who were constantly immigant proving their tactics of Indian warfare in an attempt to oust the immigrant from their favorite hunting ground, passed in an unending stream across the ground on which Fort Morgan is built. At this point the caravan might divide and in spite
of danger from an Indian attack one section of travelers taking up the lead to Denver by way of living Springs while the other section of travelers took the lead up the river through Fremont's Orchard. Fremont's Orchard became a famous camping ground and is reminiscent of tales told at its buffalo chip fires to this day.

Though mentioning Fort Morgan, in this day, there was no Fort Morgan, no Weld County out of which Morgan County was later hewn, in fact, no Colorado, only as what was unwittingly included in the Great American Desert. However, the first steps of the country emerging from a wilderness had been taken in that adobe shelters had been constructed every 20 or 30 miles along the Platte River. In 1864 the Indian became so troublesome that to protect the immigrant and the U.S. Mail service the government established a military post on the Morgan Flats.

The initiatory steps taken for the establishing of a fort culminated in Camp Tyler, in charge of General Sam Browne, commander of the Department of Colorado. Later the name was changed to Camp Wardell and on June 23, 1866, after some sod buildings had been erected it was christened Fort Morgan in honor of its gallant officer, Colonel Christopher A. Morgan, additional aid-de-camp, U.S. volunteers, and the government took command of the post. The western bound immigrant which heretofore banded together in trains of from six to twenty were now held at the Fort until fifty wagons were joined then they would be conducted from fort to fort under the guidance of U.S. Cavalry. It was not until 1870 that, the Indians having been taught submission and driven away, it was found feasible to abandon Ft. Morgan and a marker erected by the D.A.R. is now placed on the sight of the old fort.

This Fort was located on the top of the hill above the remains of the old ranch house of Sam Ashcraft, about a mile north and a little east of the present Post Office in Fort Morgan. Sam Ashcraft, a squaw man, dispensed pine knot, red eye, and old taylor and other brands of liquor to the traveler during the seasons from 1861 to 1864.

Here is a letter written by M.H. Slater, formerly of Ist Colorado Cavalry and carrier of mail between Fort Morgan and Living Springs. This letter was published in Fort Morgan Times Sept 15, 1889.
Letter:

"During the summer of 1860 a stage station was built at the junction of the "cut-Off" road to Denver with the Platte River road and located perhaps a mile and a half northwest of the subsequent site of Fort Morgan and adjoining a fine spring of water. Two miles further down the river and probably half a mile northeast of where the fort was later built stood the ranch of trading station of Sam Ashcraft, where he located in '61.

He was a fearless scout and an honest man.

His wife was a Sioux squaw, and his mother-in-law . . . . . . ran two miles through cactus to the stage station, to warn the men of the danger of an Indian attack . . . . . . . . . . . . The Indians making the raid were Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The warning was not in time for the men to drive in the state horses grazing at a distance up the river and they lost some thirty head but they saved their scalps. I have told your readers before how the Indians rallied their forces and followed us to the ranch; how we had just finished the hearty meal Sam spread for us, had just fed our weary horses when the Indians attacked the freighters cattle herd grazing a mile below the ranch, filled the herd full of arrows and milled many cattle while we were getting our horses. This hard night's ride and hard day's work occurred in 1864."

Although the fort was closed in 1870, the Indians continued to be a menace to the settlers for many years after.

Not all these miners were successful. Although gold mining brought millions at upon millions to the state of Colorado, no gold nuggets were found in which is now Morgan County."
L.C. Baker. the son of Geo. R. and Hannah A. Baker

Born January 5th, 1851 at Auburn, Ind., removed in 1856 to Baraboo, Wis., and for 14 years a resident of that vicinity; in 1867 became the printer's devil on the Republic of that place, graduating in the 1870s; the first week in November 1870 arrived in Greeley and was one of the printers who got out the first issue of the Greeley Tribune, being the man at the lever of the old Washington press; in 1879, went to Crookston, Minn., and for nearly a year was publisher of the Carmen Courier; in 1883 returned to Colorado, located on lands near Fort Morgan in the spring of that year; in November of the same year he was married to Miss Helen Bacon, of Baraboo, Wis., and from them until March 1884, lived in Greeley and acted as the mechanical foreman in the Tribune office; in September 1884, established the Fort Morgan Times, and remained a part owner of the same until its sale to C.J. Lewis, in the latter part of the '90s. Mr. and Mrs. Baker have one daughter, Florence, now living in Fort Morgan.
REMINISCENCES OF FORT MORGAN.

By Lute H. Johnson.

My connection with Fort Morgan began on May 7, 1884. I had come out from Mt. Vernon, Ills., at the age of 21 to "grow up with the country." That connection has continued more or less directly for 50 years.

I was born in Mt. Vernon, Ills., on Feb. 9, 1863. My father, a merchant, followed me to Fort Morgan in 1887, and became the first county judge of Morgan county when it was formed, and was the first mayor of the town. He was responsible for the institution of the municipal water and electric light plant. My mother, Martha Boswell, died while I was a child.

I reached the new townsite of Fort Morgan when the site was little more than mows of lot and block stakes. Mr. Killebrew had burned a kiln of brick and built him a small home; Joe Fisk had a blacksmith and John Haff a carpenter shop and a store building was being built for H. W. Clatworthy on the lot at the corner of Main and streets. The only indication of Main street was a few wagon tracks showing against the buffalo grass and cactus that covered the entire flat.

Abner S. Baker had finished building the Fort Morgan canal which he assumed on his own capital after he and Lord Ogilvy had built the Platte and Beaver canal under contract. Baker, a daring, bold and keen projector of enterprises was the real father of the town and country. The townsite had been mapped by him on the preemption claims proven up by his father and a Miss Alice Courtney. In order to get a railroad station at his new town he had been obliged to deed every alternate pair of lots to the Lincoln Land Company, a corporation formed by officials of the Burlington and Missouri railroad company as their private graft. There was at the time a section house two miles to the west of the new townsite. It was called Ensign. After some delay this section house was moved to Fort Morgan and a small station house brought in from some where down in Nebraska. A fourthclass postoffice was granted by Washington and W. H. Clatworthy named postmaster, keeping it in his store, which was little more than the left over of a store which Baker had maintained at the ditch camp. Clatworthy had married a sister of Baker and come on from Wisconsin to run the store in the new town. Brothers and brother-in-law of Baker had joined him from Greeley to take up preemptions and homesteads in the section to be watered by the canal he had built. Most of them stayed in the new country, raised families and died there. The other quarter sections of the flat to be watered were entered on under government preemption, homestead or timber claims by employees of Baker in building the canal. One of theCHOICE QUARTERS, adjoining the town on the south, was filed on by Lizzie Miles, who had been the hired girl in the Baker home. None of those settlers had any money more than enough saved from their work on the ditch to let them get up small houses. Most of them had teams that they had used as drawing scrapers, but with this meagre start they were to plow and seed the virgin soil for its first crop in this year 1884. Not only was Baker under capitalized, but every settler on the flat suffered the same handicap, so that from the first it was a hard struggle to get the land opened, the town started, the foundations laid for a competence. But it was a hardy bunch and most of them fought the good
fight which permitted them to hang onto their lands until times turned
to their advantage. The new town had a slow growth. The country
was hard up and to some extent the idea of irrigating to grow a crop
was new to those on whom the new country had to depend for settlers.
In fact, the belief in irrigating was so slow that Baker, who had
figured on quick sales of lands and lots to permit him to save his
investment in the canal, found the fight too hard and the fruits of
his enterprise passed out of his hands. He made a brave fight and
deserved success, but his beautiful dream faded so far as he was
concerned, all passed out of his hands, and the realization was left
to those who came after.

Lyman C. Baker, brother of Abner, had been a printer back
in Wisconsin and had worked on the Greeley Tribune. It had been
planned that a newspaper should be started to "put the town on the map."
In the fall, while the first crop—almost entirely of oats—was being
harvested on the new farms, Lyme got hold of an army press and a bootful
of second hand type and, discovering that I had been a printer, I was
called in to help get out the Fort Morgan Times. The first few issues
were printed in Lyme's coal house which stood on his preemption adjoining
the east half of the townsite on the north. After a few issues there,
the claimshanty by which Grandpa Baker had proved up the west half
was papered inside and the meagre plant moved into it. It stood in
the extreme northeast corner of the claim, almost in the middle of
Main street. I worked on as printer for a time, walking almost a mile
to my meals. It was a poor community, but the several settlers took
pride in their paper and it managed to get by thru the winter. Lyme had
a certain strain of wit. We filled the few columns with the every day
doings of the settlers until any one felt injured if he failed to see
his name in the weekly paper at least twice. If he went across the river
to the Tracy ranch for hay, that was news!

In the start of spring Lyme had his farm to look after and
he turned the paper over to me to run it and get what I could out of it.
The lands were being proved up to the preemption laws which permitted
the settler to pay off the government for $200 and get title. This
was pretty generally done, the owner borrowing a few hundred to pay the
$1.25 an acre and a little for himself to put in a crop, seed the
land to alfalfa, perhaps enlarge his housing to some small extent. The
publication fee of $5 for a land notice had to be cash, so the new
publisher soon found himself possessor of as much as $25 at a time.
With this he was able to finance a kiln of brick and make an occasional
payment on a Lincoln Land lot, then being sold on installments, with
George W. Warner as agent.

This Warner played a considerable part in the affairs
of early Fort Morgan and left a family that lives on to this day. He
had been bookkeeper for Baker, having been raised in the same Baraboo,
Wis., from which all of them had come. A keen mind, sociable, likeable,
Warner knew a lot of things about politics and business. He left his
mark on the town and country.

From the tiny little shack of The Times on the extreme
north edge of the town the new editor often saw antelope and coyotes
chase across the townsite, or between him and the rest of the town.
New buildings were erected in the first summer. J. F. Farnsworth came
with a large family of young boys and girls to build the Bijou house,
social center, hotel, and the boys and girls formed the nucleus of what
still join in the dance and even Mrs. Farnsworth, worn from her
day's work, could join in when another was wanted for a square dance set.
In 1886 the town began to spread to some extent. Clatworthy had sold his store to W. B. Sinton, from Pittsburgh, and built a small brick on one of the lots on which he has continued to do business to this day; my father had come out from Illinois and built a store on Main street. Warner and I built a little twin brick, he for an insurance and real estate office, me into which to move the Times up town. There was some movement in lands and town growth, but along with it came a cry from back in Kansas and Nebraska that "the rainbelt was moving west.

Settlers on open government land began to flow in. We tried to tell them that only irrigation would succeed, but they laughed at us and towns like Akron, Pinnebo, Yuma, Otis and Wray sprang up. The wide space between Fort Morgan and the state line was being filled up. To the eye it was as good farming area as the one we were covering with irrigating canals, and it cost only $1.25 an acre. They came, starved, moved out in legions, came again, fought, starved, had an occasional good year and stayed on.

Baker wanted the Times back, so in 1887 I moved on. After a few months in North Denver I was offered a nice bonus of a building and cash to go to Cheyenne Wells and published a paper. I accepted, went thru the start of another new Colorado town, but this time in "the rainbelt." When in 1889 the legislature created a baker's dozen of new counties, one of them Morgan, another Cheyenne, I was made county treasure along with being school director, town trustee, secretary of the town company, political party committeeman, and general probah. Later after clerkship in the Eighth General Assembly in which I fought the combine and held my job, a short term on The Denver Republican as a reporter, I went to the new camp of Creede and put it on the map with the Creede Candle. After the Creede boom faded out and the camp settled down, in 1895 I was sent by The Republican over the state to find a new camp to boom "and save the state," which was trying to get back on its feet after the panic of 1893, I picked Cripple Creek as the best chance to arouse the state to a sense of its possibilities, went there and had them sleeping on the sidewalks in three days! For years I newspapered in the mining camps and Denver, finally settling down to paved streets and bath tubs in Denver, devoting my years to the newspaper work, but keeping an eye on Fort Morgan and dropping back to it now and then to build another house or business property to rent, with the end that thru all the 50 years it has been more or less my home town.

To look at the busy little city now, buried in trees, it is hard to recall that once its streets looked little more than a wagon track across buffalo and cactus and that not a tree was in sight for fully forty miles east and west or north and south. With its streets now lined with huge shade trees, it is hard to recall the time when Baker brought from the cranberry bogs of Wisconsin a carload of tamarac trees and set them out on the street lines in the mistaken idea that they would grow to shade the city that was to come. Of that carload one tree carefully nurtured with well water, alone survived. Mrs. Clatworthy mothered it in her back yard.

When I came here Hart Tracy had a ranch at the mouth of the Black Hills from Cheyenne, and come back to end his life on this old Fort still stood. I made a map of them that showed very clearly what had been there. A company of galvanized rebel soldiers had been stationed there as guard of the wagon road into Denver or the Pikes Peak country. The tracks of that old road, a series of deep ridges fully 100 feet across, still trailed across the prairie to show over the trail the first wagons into the country had taken. Shells that had been
fired from the three-inch parrot guns mounted at the southwest and northeast corners of the adobe walled stockade which housed fully 100 men and officers, their calvary horses and living quarters, were picked up in the first years of turning over the sod of what I, in The Times, early dubbed The Fort Morgan Oasis.) Rifle balls, bits of calvary harness, belt buckles and soldier buttons were to be found about as souvenirs of those stage and freight days when the Indians still counted the land of the South Platte, the Bijou and the Beavers their best hunting ground for the buffalo. The buffalo had gone, but in the first year there was quite a little money made by the bone hunters who gathered up their bones and shipped them to eastern plants for fertilizer or as sugar filter bone ash. Antelope were to be found in great herds in the Wild Cat country to the north, the Living Springs district to the south, and I have seen scores on the road between Fort Morgan and Greeley. Wild horse herds ranged the Wild cat country, and Gene Bell, said to be the first white child born in Colorado, used to run them down and bring spiritless little mustangs into town to sell. The roundups were still going big when the Fort Morgan country was settled. One at Brush in the summer of 1884 is said to have counted 45,000 head.

I visited camps at the Bijou flat country and saw the day's gather worked, the calves being cut out and branded or turned into steers. Brush remained a shipping point for the range cattle for several years. It was on the Texas trail in its later years, and we saw trail herds cross the flat to leave the rawhides behind to fatten on the still open range. Cowboys were as common as farm hands those days, but they were beginning to look upon themselves as hay rakers. (Sheep herds ranged along the Bijou, and there were important cattle ranches like the DT ranch, the Captain Monahan, the Duck Springs, the Percheron-Norman, the Living Springs and the Trowel and 22 still the best known geographical spots on the map of what was later to be segregated as Morgan country.) There were still a number of houses standing at old Green City between Fort Morgan and Greeley, remnants of a real estate boom promoter who had sold lots in the east to sell on the strength of lithographs picturing Mississippi steamboats on the Platte and whose representations had incited some of his settlers to bring along stump pullers to aid in clearing the land! That there wasn’t a tree within forty miles of the land didn’t matter. These now prosperous lands and cities had to be preceded by a lot of that, it seems, before they came into their own.)

I have been asked to submit something to the story of the settlement and growth of town and country. This may ramble a bit, but also it may help to touch up the picture.

Lulu H. Johnson
Fort Morgan, Colo.
March 21, 1934.
Jackson Lake

Jackson Lake Reservoir is located in the Northwest corner of Morgan county, three miles northeast of Orchard, about two miles north of the head of Morgan ditch and fifteen miles from Fort Morgan. Its capacity is 1,520 million cubic feet of water. It was built by the South Platte Land and Reservoir Co., D.A. Camfield, manager and the largest part sold to the farmers of the Morgan ditch, assuring them of an abundance of water for use in the late season.

Copied from The Fort Morgan Times (no date on paper)

The sight of the lake was first discovered by a civil engineer employed by the Union Pacific Railway about 1880.

Nothing in particular was done at this time as the time had not arrived for large reservoirs in which to store the surplus waters of the rivers for use at a time that would be most profitable to the farmers. But, however, when the older districts—Greeley, Collins and others "around the horn"—began to build reservoirs, Messrs. Camfield, McCreery and the engineer above mentioned, located the Jackson Lake.

(In 1900 the work began, and in 1903 a controlling interest in the water of the lake was sold to the farmers under the Morgan ditch.) The balance of the 1,520 shares were sold to the other ditches along the river, and also to private individuals. In the year 1904 the Jackson Lake Reservoir & Irrigation company was organized and incorporated under the laws of Colorado, and has charge of the affairs of the lake. The first use of water to be used by the farmers here was in 1904, and the application of water to the beets had almost a magical effect upon land values. Land had been offered for $30 per acre the previous year doubled in value almost in an night, and have continued to rise, and will continue for some time to come.

Under the old articles of incorporation the assessments were limited to $7.50 per right or share per year; but as some improvements
were needed that this assessment would not meet, the articles of incorporation were amended in the spring of 1907, so that a larger assessment might be made, and the improvements carried on.

This year (no date on the paper) has seen the entire face of the dam covered with concrete riprap for a distance of two and a quarter miles, all practically completed since the 20th of July, and water is rushing in to make it one of the greatest lakes in Morgan county. The board, engineers, those in charge, laborers and those in any way connected with it, should be commended for the manner in which it has been done, and the minimum amount of time required to bring it to completion.

Surely the people of Morgan county do things when they start, and they are not slow to start, either, when the advantages are shown and they see that it is helping the values on their lands and increasing their crops.

(The inlet ditch to Jackson Jackson lake is about eleven eleven miles long, and the outlet ditch three. Where the outlet passes under the Weldon Valley canal, the company has placed a new concrete drop, which is an added improvement, and insures safety to both/lake and Weldon canal.)

This lake being situated on the north side of the river, the water, when needed, is turned into the river from the lake and picked up by the various ditches entitled to its use.

(The Fort Morgan canal was first planned and partially carried to completion by A.S. Baker, a brother of our genial postmaster, being F.E. Baker and L.C. Baker. He being a Greeley man and acquainted with the irrigation ways and construction of canals, seeing such a beautiful stretch of land in Morgan county, and knowing what water would do for it, began its construction about a year 1883 or 1884.)

This work was carried on under his supervision and management for some years, when he sold to the Traveler's Insurance
company, they in turn completing the same and controlling it for years.

In the year 1894 the Fort Morgan Reservoir and Irrigation company was incorporated, and took over the control and management of the canal. The incorporation was for $150,000 with 3,000 shares of a par value of $50 each. There have been sold up to the present time over 2,700 shares, leaving only a small number in the treasury. The stock has advanced 50% and will continue to advance until it will be commanding prices equal to those received in Greeley and the older districts.

The year 1907 has seen some good improvements placed along the line of the canal, two of which I might call special attention. A concrete wasteway at the Little Beaver creek, this taking the place of a wooden structure that was becoming dangerous. Also a concrete wasteway at or near J.K. Sample's place west of Morgan. These two improvements have been moves in the right direction, and while they are more expensive at the time of construction, they are permanent and will last for ages, thus effecting a saving to the stockholders.

What improvements are made should be of the lasting kind so that being once done they are done for all time, to come. The canal has a carrying capacity of 350 cubic feet per second, which furnishes plenty of water for all the land under the canal, and as the farmers have the control of the Jackson lake/storage for lake water for beets, potatoes, and crops that require late irrigation, they have practical control of the moisture required for all manner of crops.

This is indeed a great system, and in this day when we are enjoying the blessings of prosperity, as we are by reason of the irrigation we should not fail to give credit to the man who first saw in his mind's eye, what a great country this would become and proceed to carry out his plans, as those were days when an undertaking of half the size would seem to many a great undertaking.

A.H. Cutler
Fort Morgan Times (no date)
Part of a badly torn article published in

*The Morgan Times December 19, 1902.*

A short History of the Platte Valley.

G.F. Brownlee.

My residence here dates from November, 1873. The ranches were few and far between and the houses principally made of sod. The population of the valley, extending from Greeley colony to Jewell, a distance of 145 miles, did not exceed 250. That number includes Sterling, South Platte (located below the "22" ranch) and the Green City settlement (located about twenty two miles northwest of Fort Morgan), and a few settlers on Lost Creek. Later Green City and South Platte a few years were abandoned.

During the winter of 1873 hundreds of buffalo were slain, simply for their hides and the sport of kikling them.

.......... torn out

It was not until the advent of the railroads and the construction of the irrigation ditches that the natural condition of the country changed. The summer of 1880 the line was surveyed for the U.P. railroad; in the fall ground was broken, and in the fall of 1881 the road was completed. The Welden Ditch followed next and was completed in the spring of '82. Previous to the construction of the ditch Welden consisted of eleven people and five houses.

In June, '82, the B.& M. railroad was completed and the town of Brush platted. The spring of '83 the Upper Platte and Beaver ditch was completed. The spring of '84 the Fort Morgan ditch was completed and on March 31 land was surveyed for a townsite.

It may be of interest to state that A.S. Baker while through here on a buffalo hunt, first conceived the idea of bringing this land
under irrigation, but it was not until several years later that his object was accomplished. He backed his confidence in the future of Fort Morgan with his last dollar in the construction of the Fort Morgan ditch, and although he did not live to see his hopes realized, Fort Morgan today (1907) demonstrates the wisdom of his faith.

I consider Morgan county only in her infancy from a manufacturing and agricultural standpoint. The power that encourages capital produces wealth and confidence in any country that depends upon irrigation, in its water supply, and in the possession of that. Morgan county is not excelled by any county in the state, of her agricultural area, as well as well as her assessed valuation.

I have seen the territory which now comprises Morgan county grow from a population of about forty to that of 10,000 and from an assessed value of $20,000 to that of $4,000,000, and I predict that the next five years will bring forth a greater change than the past five years.

In regard to Colorado being admitted into the Union, it may not be amiss to show some of the hostile feeling existing in the East against its admission. General Frank Hall in writing on the subject, quotes a leading Pittsburg, Pa., journal as follows: "Colorado consists of Denver and the Kansas Pacific railroad and scenery. Mining resources of Colorado exist in imagination. The agricultural do not exist at all."

He further quotes a New York paper, which says: "There is not a single good reason for the admission of Colorado into the Union. Indeed, were it not for the mines in that mountainous and forbidding region there would not be any population there at all. The population, such as it is, is made up of roving hordes of unsettled adventurers who have no settled homes elsewhere, and they are there solely because that state of semi-barbarism prevalent in that wild country suits their vagrant habits. There is something repulsive in the idea that a
few handfuls of rough miners and bushwhackers numbering less than 100,000
should have the same representation in the senate as Pennsylvania, Ohio
and New York, and that these few thousand should have the voice in our
legislation and administration fo the government that the millions of
other states do. A territorial government is good enough and effective
for such unformed communities, and to that they should confined for a g
generation to come." Such was the ignorance and ill feeling displayed
in the East against Colorado.

Today Colorado is the most self-supporting state in the Union.
Her schools are unsurpassed. Her students hold their own against the
students of other states. In 1906 her agricultural acres numbered 2,917,133
with an assessed valuation of $32,374,862, equal to the assessed valuation
of the entire territory of 1876.

Respectfully,

G.F. Brownlee.
Abner S. Baker

The One Man who saw the Future of Fort Morgan.

Abner S. Baker was born in Norwalk, Ohio, in August 1844, the son of Geo.R. and Hannah A Baker. At an early age he removed with his parents to Indiana and a little later settled in Baraboo, Wis. where he received an academic education.

In 1861 he responded to the call of his country and enlisted in the First Wisconsin cavalry and served throughout the war.

At the close of the war he returned to his home in Wisconsin and was employed for some time as a salesman in one of the leading mercantile establishments, until in the year 1866, he moved with other families to East Tennessee where he remained until the time of his joining the Greeley colony in 1870, being one of the original colonists.

Mr. Baker was married in 1876 to Sarah F. Graham, who, after many years of feeble health died in Fort Morgan in June, 1897.

He followed farming in the Greeley Colony with varied success, and learned lessons in irrigation and the building of ditches which he was able to use for the benefit of others in later years.

In 1880 and 1881 he turned his attention to contract work, and was successfully engaged in the construction of several ditches in Weld county, also contract work on the U.P. railroad and Denver & New Orleans (now Colorado Southern).

In November, 1881 he moved his forces east of Greeley and commenced construction of the Ogilvy ditch, he being the projector of the enterprise, and the owner of much of the land under it. This ditch was completed in the early summer of 1882, and the ditch and lands
sold to Lord Ogilvy, who later developed them and sold to the Studebakers.

During the process of this work he was looking for other lands upon which to build ditches. Shortly after this the Earl of Airlie, who with his son, Lord Ogilvie, was interesting himself in these enterprises, died and the plans of Mr. Baker for the building of the Platte and Beaver canals and the acquirement of the lands under them had to be abandoned. Mr. Baker then interested a company to take over the location and pursue the work, and this company became the builders of the canals known as the Platte & Beaver systems. This company included Mr. Baker, Lord Ogilvy, Governor Brush, Governor Eaton, Governor Cooper, Willard Teller, Bruce Johnson, H.N. Hayes, Judge Scott and others. Mr. Baker received a contract for a large part of the work, and moved his forces down the Platte in June 1882. Nearly all of the upper canal was built during the year, and much of the lower canal was completed. While engaged in one enterprise he was always looking ahead, ever ready to take advantage of other enterprises that might be developed so while Mr. Baker had a large interest in the Platte and Beaver ditches and lands, then all owned by the company, it did not suit him to be tied down by the interests of others, and not be able to push the development of the enterprises in his own energetic way; he was ambitious to take up something in which he would be the central figure or have full control.

As early as May, 1882, Mr. Baker talked to the writer about the feasibility of building a ditch to water the Fort Morgan flume above the line of the Platte & Beaver canal, and the writer spent some time along the banks of the Bijou to see how an available crossing could be had. We were told by everyone that it was impossible to flume the Bijou - it was too long a span and the piling would not stand. Nevertheless, a flume 2,100 feet long was constructed, and that stood for eleven years until rebuilt by the farmers.

It was as early as May, 1882, that a plan was formed to build
a townsite or near our present location; that it should be and become the county seat of a county to be formed about it, and its name to be Fort Morgan in honor of the old Fort an po st, which was well known at that time.

A preliminary line was run for the Fort Morgan canal in July, 1882, and the ditch chartered. Mr. Baker completed his contract work on the Platte & Beaver canals in 1883, and moved to the head of the Fort Morgan canal commencing active work of construction, which was continued until its completion a year afterward, and water was successfully carried through the canal.

(In addition to the building of the Fort Morgan canal, Messrs. Baker and Ogilvy built a thirty-five-mile canal from Del Norte to Saguache, in this state, during the time from December 1883 to March 1, 1884.)

(The Fort Morgan townsite having been surveyed, on May 1, 1884, the plat was filed, and active operations in building, which had already begun, were continued.)

The store was then being conducted by Mr. Baker, Mr. Farnsworth was building a hotel, a brickyard was opened by Killebrew & Burk, and livery barn, blacksmith and carpenter shops were going up, as well as many dwellings, most of the material and money being furnished by Mr. Baker.

We who were on the ground were hopeful and enthusiastic for the new town, and believed then as now, that the location was ideal and the surrounding land unsurpassed for farming purposes in Colorado—the best state in the union.

Mr. Baker had secured a large part of the land surrounding Fort Morgan, which was being opened to farms, and the crops of 1884 were such as to offer encouragement to the first settlers, contrary to the general theory that it was never practicable to farm under a new ditch, the first year anyway.
In 1884 Mr. Baker encouraged everyone to farm and water all the land that it was possible to cultivate, and water was furnished to everyone without consideration, only in notes, which were canceled. His theory was that the building of a ditch did not necessarily create a priority of right; the building must be followed by the application of water to the land, and an earlier constructed ditch might lose its priority rights by not actually applying the water to beneficial uses.

This theory was later announced by the Supreme Court of Colorado, and his early action in the application of water by himself and associates to the land surrounding Fort Morgan, we were enabled to date our priorities for a large amount of water ahead of ditches constructed prior to the time of building of the Fort Morgan canal. Had we not had such rights awarded us, Fort Morgan might have withered up and blown away in its early inception, and Mr. Baker, above all others, is entitled to the praise.

Mr. Baker's foresight into the possibilities of this locality was far in advance of his time. He could see Fort Morgan a city of 2,000 people in the near future, which, we are sorry to say, he did not live to see.

His immediate friends advised him against this enterprise; that it was too far away from Greeley to amount to much, and so far down the Platte that we would get no water after running through the sand; that it was a fool hardy enterprise to try to build a flume across the Bijou; but he persisted in his undertaking with all the more determination.

When Mr. Baker commenced his building up of Fort Morgan his total resources probably did not exceed $35,000. He expended $120,000 in the Fort Morgan canal and over $100,000 in his farm lands, buildings and improvements to establish a town and community. He was unable to retain much of this property through the following years of early development. Those who have had experience in the opening of farms and the building of ditches can realize how much more it takes to place things on a paying
basis than their strongest estimate would indicate.

(He was a promoter and contracteer in the building of the Bijou canal from 1885 to 1890. To him more than anyone we are indebted for the absence of saloons in Fort Morgan, the original deeds prohibiting the sale of intoxicants. This early sentiment has such a hold on the community that we cannot foresee its reversal.)

Mr. Baker entered into and gave his support to all measures looking toward the upbuilding of the community, but he did not realize the benefits derived from the settlement of this country that a majority of our people have, without expending only a small fraction of the money he did to develop it.

(Mr. Baker died at St. Luke’s hospital in Denver on April 17, 1898, and is buried in Fort Morgan. He is survived by three children, who now live in Fort Morgan. His health was never the best but his energy never allowed the body to rest. Besides, the invalidism of his wife for many years prior to her death was a constant drain upon his constitution. The loss of a very promising son by a deplorable accident did much to undermine his health and bring sorrow in his later years.)

Mr. Baker was a man small in stature, quick, active, and with a sanguine temperament; he was energetic, suave, optimistic and usually diplomatic, although at times when he deemed himself imposed upon, he would resent it in no uncertain manner.

He was ambitious for wealth, not so much for himself as for the benefit of his family, and to better assist his immediate friends; he was devoted to his home and family, and considerate of all their wants, supplying so far as his ability would allow.

To one who befriended him in any of his undertakings, he was ready to assist in a substantial manner. If he could. But for those who betrayed his confidence or would risk nothing for themselves, he had an utter contempt, and was free to express it. He was resourceful and vigilantly
guarded his interests, being able to do a larger business on a given capital than any one who has succeeded him in this community, or perhaps in the state.

The great point in his character was his indomitable will and nerve, coupled with assurance that he could accomplish his purpose, enabling him to attempt large undertakings. His vision gave him view of the future possibilities in the development of this country, but unfortunately the great results were delayed much longer than was then thought.

No one who has ever lived in Fort Morgan was entitled to so much consideration for what he did and tried to do for the community (and no one has tried to do more.) No one has been so poorly rewarded.

G.W. Warner.
Fort Morgan, Colorado.
March 17, '34.

Approposeto the Following Autobiographical Sketch

Would Say:

That I was born on May 21, 1852 in the village of Rousia Point, New York. On Lake Champlain, and bordering on Canada. The Canadian line, which was marked with an iron post, was only one mile from the town, and across the line was one or two Canadian stores on the highway to Montreal, these stores catered principally to American trade. A large Common utilized for pasturage for the town's milk cows, lay on the east side and covered the entire distance between the "Lines" and the town fronting the lake on its west border by the then Great Fort Montgomery, which was still under construction in the 50's and 60's. The Fort was practically completed about that time, but it had afforded work for masons and stonemasons for many years. It was not garrisoned however in my time.

Many a time have I walked the road to the "lines" and make some purchase. There was a large custom House in the Railroad building which was built on pilings and extended quite a distance into the lake, and which housed all trains, but the Custom Officials paid no attention to petty smugglers, but directed their energies to the lake traffic, as barges were constantly arriving by way of the Richilieu river and entering the lake and were examined and given passports. An officer was placed on each tug boat and it was his duty to see that nothing was unloaded from the tow-boats between Rousia Pt. Whitehall N.Y. where they entered the country on their way to New York city, Plattsburg N.Y. which you often hear of was about 25 miles south of Rousia Pt and Burlington Vt. was about ten miles further south and across the lake. The town of Rousia pt., was really two villages facing the lake and was one continuous town inhabited by French Canadians and English & Irish
people. The Vermonters used to come over occasionally, especially in winter when the ice froze the lakes and they could drive in sleighs and no cost for ferrying. During the war, troops were stationed at Rousis Pt. and never reached the front until the war was about over.

Rousis Pt. was probably one of the foremost points during the war to furnish "substitutes" for men that were drafted, and could pay a thousand or fifteen hundred for a "sub". The business was handled by French Canadians, who had isolated houses across the lake, and who negotiated the deal. They would go over on the Canadian side and get a load of "subs" promising them certain sums of money and bring them over. They brought women also to entertain them, and consoled them with stories of how easy it was to desert and get back to Canada. That "sub" business was a great business during the war—but to get back to my story:

Would say that amid those environs, my childhood was laid—swimming and fishing during the summer, and skating and sleigh riding during the winter, were our regular sports & much enjoyment, gotten from them.

My father was a son of Simon Clarke and Eva Ann Waldorf—of the famous N.Y. Family. They were aristocrats, and loyal to the crown and were called torries. They had fled from N.J. New Jersey at the outset and had settled in Montreal being wealthy acquired large real estate holdings in Montreal and reared a family of twelve children. My father being the eighth child. My father was born in February 1784—just 150 years ago and I was born at Rousis Pt. in 1852.

John Clarke was born in 1781 and was chief factor in the Hudson Bay company. Two of my aunts married and went to Australia to live. I have never heard of any of my relatives since my father and his family were estranged. My father served in the war of 1812 and was a Brevet Major—I have his picture in British uniform and two
gold medals from the Queen, earned for valorous conduct during military service. I was too young to know much about it but somehow during his absence in the war, his mother had disinherited him and he was left without any income on which to live, except a small pension from the Gov't. He had been his mother's favorite son and it made the others jealous, and they done everything to influence the old lady to change her will - which law she finally did. My father fought a law/suit in the Montreal courts for twenty years and got nothing - such is life. The vagaries of fortune.

It embittered my father's life and he never recognized any of his family. My Grandparents as I said were aristocrats and maybe my father's marriage to a poor girl may have influenced their actions, but it was a cruel blow to my father, who died when he was eighty at Rousis Pt. He had a hard pull but managed to get through but left nothing except the home. He learned northern dentistry and practiced it. He owned the most beautiful garden in N.Y.

He owned a hot house from which he sold plants. He grafted trees and had arbors of grapes and beautiful beds of all kinds of flowers and garden stuff with walks formed by planting hedges along the borders.

Such were my environs, and after my father's death when I was twelve, old. My mother followed two years later. So the three children (I was the youngest) were left in the old homestead alone with our own way to make a living and a limited education as background, but we all went to work. My sister taught day school and music. My brother found employment in a store and I got a job at the church, making fires and cleaning lamps (no electricity in those days). Our adopted sister whom we had raised did the sweeping and I kept the fires going and took care of everything and pumped the organ Sundays and for practice, so we managed to make a living. I got so much church during that time that I have never been in one since.

In course of time a friend gave me a job at the Fort and I rode there.
every day in their carriage. My duties were nothing but to copy a few letters and do any errand work about the Fort. About five P.M. we went home. I was paid one dollar a day which was good in those times, for the service rendered.

In 1865 when the war was over, I lost my job and I went immediately to the depot, telegraph depot, as a student and messenger. There I earned some money as an inspector for the Custom House who gave me work as an extra. I made a number of trips down down the lake to Whitehall and return on the passenger boats. The trips were an adventure. You slept in a little berth cabin off behind the Pilot box on deck and usually these little tugs pulled ten or twelve barges lashed together and attached by a large hawser. He made a breakneck speed of two or three miles an hour when the weather was good and sometimes had to make harbor when bad. We got pea soup and pork etc., to eat and whiled away the time as best we could.

It was not long until I was proficient in telegraphy to hold down a job and I got one on the C & S by at the machine shop in Malone N.Y. with the magnificent salary of $25 per month.

After about three months in the machine shops, I was told that orders had been received to close the office, and I went back to Russia Pt. My sister about that time had married a passenger conductor they on the Vermont Central, and were living in the old home. I soon conceived the idea of coming West. I was now sixteen and having obtained a promise of a job on the Northwestern Railway, I made for Chicago with barely money to pay my costs. With a free ticket to Chicago I arrived in due time and was accepted and given a position as night operator at a town Morrison.

An old watchman & I were the only night employees and he was an expert checker player by wire in the slow hours of the morning with other towns. I was there only about a month when the night office was closed and I was given a job Iowa div. It was just a bit of a water tank station with a shack small office and we were compelled to "six" every 30 minutes to the dispatcher, to show that we were awake. Tiring of this job, I got
busy and watched for a chance to talk by wire to an operator at Council Bluffs to learn of chances for a job on the Union Pacific then building and was given the address of the spt. of Tele'gh and to whom I so applied for a job, after a few months service, I quit my $45 per and asked for a pass to Omaha, where I arrived in due time and took the to Antelope station, now the town of Kimball Nebraska.

This was my real introduction to the far West and it was indeed a great change. As I stated the U.P. was not completed but was nearing the months and only waiting a few more weeks for the gold spike to be driven. It was the early spring of '69 and soldiers guarded the station to protect it. The station men carried a box of guns on their hand car, both the agent and myself were armed with a heavy or Winchester rifle and there was just one house, the rail road section house. The men lived in dugouts and the Ag't and I roomed at the depot, Antelope were thick and in the fall large herds would pass a short distance away and invited the huntsman—A good buck brought $5 on the depot platform. The agent made good money at it.

He arranged with me to do his work in the afternoon while he hunted that increased my pay to $32.50 per month. Pretty good for a boy of sixteen.

Our only amusement was playing cards. We could get tobacco from the board's Boss, but other things we had to go to Cheyenne—then a shack town and a division station, where the R.R. men had their families.

While there nothing happened much to disrupt our quietude—A couple of strange hunters were robbed on their horses, which they had picketed near their camp, which was a calamity in those days, and left on foot. Indians had cut the ropes and taken them away.

We had a company of cavalry at the station who sent out two men each way every morning to hunt for Indians trails crossing the tracks and report back but Indians crossed and were miles away before their trail was found. One bunch, however, derailed a freight train 3 miles east of Antelope and chopped holes in the cars hoping for valuable stuff— the engine had passed over but most of the train was derailed and in the ditch.
The conductor got out after the caboose had gone forward, not suspecting Indians and the rear brakeman was left alone in the caboose and duly there appeared in the shadows a bunch of Indians, who boarded and tried to get rear into the caboose. They were cutting the door with a tomahawk when the brakeman got down his gun and without further ado, shot two shots thru the door in quick succession, which did damage from the blood stains and dispersed the Indians. I was ordered to the scene of the wreck and next went there early in the morning and opened a telegraph office by tapping the wires. Soldiers and citizens both pursued the trail which went north and found bunches of clotted grass which had been used to stop blood flow In their hurry to get away the Indians dropped two beautiful head dresses with long feathers. I tried to obtain possession and offered $5 for the head piece, but the finder would not even set a price.

Another bunch of Indians that were crossing the track near Ogallala station a short time later were run over and a lot of ponies killed but no evidence of Indians - a few saddles stuck to the pilot of the engine.

The most exciting thing occurring at Antelope, was the advent in our midst of four horsemen, well mounted and who wanted to purchase some grub, and do some horse trading. They had just arrived when the company of cavalry that was destined to guard the stationets, appeared on a hill about a mile to the east, moving slowly west - One of the gang noticed him and asked what he was & was told it was cavalry coming there to camp. He immediately told his comrades that they would go down to the creek to camp and they rode leisurely away. The captain noticed their going and detailed a Lieutenant and a few men to investigate them, when the outlaws which they were, headed by. The notorious Cherokee Bill with a reward on his head saw them they did not stop at the creek but moved across toward a high level plain. The cavalry spurred up a little and in a short time it developed into the prettiest race as they reached the high ground.
The captain dispatched a second group to assist in capturing them and there were about 20 in all, but the outlaws being closely crowded, cut away their saddles and extra equipment and got away as night approached. It was a beautiful chase and not a gun fired. It afforded entertainment for us poor devils.

Pretty soon I learned that there would be an opening at old Fort Laramie for an operator and I made application & was told to come. A mail and passenger stage was operated from Cheyenne, so I went there and took the stage. At the Fort I was housed in an old adobe bldg near the river and across the river was a brewery reached by a walk – a table & a chair and an old wooden bunk was all the furnishings except a lamp. I had my own blankets and bedding and I was soon settled.

In a few days the wires were down & soldiers were sent to repair them. The Indians had carried the wires away. In the short time I was there this happened twice and all outside news cut off. There was only Ft. Fetterman and Ft. Laramie on the river and I used to walk up the operator at Ft. Fetterman occasionally and we would talk, but our conversation was limited to local conditions. The stage stations were kept by hard looking men, mostly married to squawas. They were the residue of the old overland stage so, many of them having criminal records. Slade of Mark twain's time had been their old boss. A good many half breeds (mostly French and Indian) were around Ft. Laramie, and one day they captured an Indian, fed him up, and then wantonly killed him. His body was brought to the Post and the surgeon dissected him and gave us a dissection discourse. The only difference he found was the size of the stomach, which measured one third more than a white man. After a short time I was notified by the Post Commander, that the old operator, having been fed up on civilization was desirous of returning to the Fort and therefore I arranged to return to the Union Pacific to work, and shortly thereafter took the stage for my return to Cheyenne. Well do I remember
that journey, because there were menacing menacing band of Indians in the country. A guard was sent with the stage and I was the only passenger. We had fifteen infantrymen mounted on mules, a nice protection, half of them drunk. When we reached Chug Creek, our first day's journey, about nightfall, and the stage horses fed, most of our escort were drunk. Would say that the only company I had in the stage was an old black squaw for a short distance. When rid of the incubus, I stretched out the best I could until we reached Chug Water. That night the stage driver and I made down our bed in a room adjoining the stable and went to bed. Very soon a quarrel started in the adjoining room among the escorts which was quieted by the sergeant in charge disarming the men. While quarreling one of the gang fired a gun through the board wall but the shot was to high for us. To add to our worries was a bunch of howling Indians, camped a short distance away, one of their warriors had died and they were mourning in Indian style, with a bonfire and dancing and the squaws and relatives mutilating themselves with knives. It was two days drive from the Fort to Cheyenne and we reached there that evening and I took up my abode at a hotel. It was a relief to get where I could hear the engines toot but my rest was disturbed by frequent pistol shots from the street. Remember Cheyenne was only a shack frontier town at that time, with little law or order & killings were frequent. Everybody carried a gun for his own protection and drinking, gambling & prohibition were rampant everywhere. Rows of shacks with the occupants name over the door were prominent and Charlotte, Fannie, Gertrude and other feminine names could be seen and they all invited company. It was wild and wooly, at that period, spring 1870. To be brief I reported to the office and was assigned to Pine Bluffs as Night operator and went there immediately. While at Pine Bluffs I made acquaintance with a lieutenant stationed with his company. Pine Bluffs had been raided by Indians only a few weeks before and one white man killed and as we were both fond of hunting we were out most every day to hunt deer. One day a bunch of Sioux Chief's appeared, Red Cloud and all his staff. They had been given a passenger coach
to go to Washington to see the President, Gen. Grant, to arrange a treaty. With them was the notorious John Reishau, a half breed had protected from arrest for killing a soldier at Ft. Laramie. They also had four young squaws, daughters of the chiefs, such a band of chiefs together was very unusual except in an Indian Pow Wow. They seemed to enjoy the situation, sitting in the car and smoking their long pipes which they always passed to their company. They wore all the trinkets they possessed. Red Cloud was not very communicative, holding aloof from the others. They attracted wide spread interest on that trip to Washington. Crowds gathered for a sight of these powerful chiefs of the Sioux until they had to have police protection when ever the train stopped. They were absent less than a month, when they returned to Pine Bluffs and their car was switched out of the train. Grant had made a treaty, but he had to grant immunity to Reishau to do it—Red Cloud insisted on his pardon, and he was easy to deal with after it was granted. The killing was in cold blood & Reishau ought to have been hung, but the influence of Red Cloud was paramount.

On their return to Pine Bluffs the car was switched and a carload of horses had arrived one night before. A large pile of baggage was unloaded on the platform, gifts they had received on their trip. One of the grips happened to be open and a small picture in view. I captured it and have it to this day as a souvenir. It presents a small girl spanning a smaller one and is quite cute. I have preserved it carefully ever since.

The day before the arrival of the Indians, I was discharged for sleeping on duty. My desire to hunt with the lieutenant was my undoing. One night I was so tired that I stretched out on the telegraph table and fell asleep and slept so soundly that a freight train passing the station did not awake the dispatcher was red hot & when I finally awoke & answered the call, he asked me where I had been, that he had been calling me for hours. He wanted to give the train orders & would accept no explanation and he fired me.

The Indians arriving next day, I asked my kuma Lieutenant friend, if I could
accompany the outfit, and he said sure, so I saddled up and we left pine Bluffs enroute to Ft. Laramie from which station I had just come. The Indians and Squaws were all mounted on their new horses, Red Cloud Col. Bullock & Reishau rode in ambulance. I and the Squaws rode behind our horses thus we proceeded until night & camped somewhere. The next morning not caring to go to Ft. Laramie, I asked my friend the direction to Cheyenne, and he pointed it out. I bid the outfit good byes and started across country toward Cheyenne. I was not afraid for I knew that no Indians would bother me as long as the Chiefs were guests of the white man, so I arrived in Cheyenne shain, but this time with no job. They were at the time constructing the Denver Pacific to Denver and it was nearly finished but I would not wait & took the old stage road from Cheyenne. I made La Porte & then down the Cache Ponder to Ft. Collins, then a stage station, where I put up for the night. I got a good bed and good food & proceeded next day down the river to the rail road tracks, just freshly laid. This was in the spring of '70. Quite a bunch of people had assembled there, they were laying out the town of Greeley, but no houses yet built. I was offered my choice of corner lots for $50 but although I had saved several hundred which I carried in a belt, I declined. While there word was received that an accommodation train would be along soon and take any one to Denver who wanted to go. I immediately hunted a buyer for my horse, saddle and gun and when the train came along I was ready to go. Shortly a regular train schedule was inaugurated, When we neared Denver, then only a small town, all the town was out to witness the arrival of the train, as we came in whistling wildly, the first train to arrive.

In order to be brief I will state that from Denver I proceeded south by stage at 25¢ per mile and arrived in Elizabeth town New Mexico (a mining town) & spent my time with friends from the U.P.

Tried sluice mining, but couldn't stand it, then cooked for the outfit. In a few weeks news came that the Kansas Pacific would soon reach Denver & I arranged with a freighter to carry me back. I think
we were 10 days returning & when I reached Denver I lost no time in applying for a job, & was told not but that I might report, as they might need me anytime. Not to be idle I took a job on the Colorado Central to Golden, then building.

I worked holding up ties for the spikers until the road was finished, to Golden. Men were scarce and I took the job because of a promise that I would have office work on completion. But the promise was totally forgotten! I again called at the K.P. immediately I got a job & was sent to Agate Station. This was the fall of 1870. On the completion of the road after a short time at Agate, I was moved to Deer trail, where they gave me better quarters. They were building shipping pens for stock. I was the first agent and operator. Here I stayed 3 years then went into business for myself established a ranch etc. The trail ended at Deer trail and the men paid off. It became an important point in traffic from Texas.

To tell you the variations of my life as a cowboy etc. would require too much space. I prospered in cattle — was Capt. of the Round Up and quit the range in 1881, going in for merchandising at Hugo. I also established a general store at Ft. Morgan in 1893, the first to be built there. I went to Denver in 1886 having bought the Wholesale liquor business of the pioneer firm of Cyrus Eaton & Co. the largest liquor store west of Chicago. I was successful and used my credit largely & this was my downfall. My partner who furnished no capital, was spendthrift. I seemed to be robbed and plundered by others. In 1893 the panic came & I watched my accumulation of years of industry fade away. I managed to hold on until 1895 when I was forced to quit and lost everything.

I finally made a slow comeback but the present depression has me in its death look. I guess I am growing too old to fight much longer. So good bye.
Fourth Annual
Colorado Products Dinner

At the
Albany Hotel
Denver

Thursday Evening, January 18th
1912

John Springer — 'nough sed

Frank Benton
giving a vagabond maverick
some thought vibrations

Colorado Relishes

Prime Colorado Steaks

Baked Potatoes

An early day picture of C. F. Hartman.
He was some kid in those days.
Fred Johnson hears it coming,
He's got you when you get there

One of George Ballentine's prospective boarders. Don't know whether to commit suicide or take a chance

Mark Bethan when he first came over from the Old Country

Fruit Salad a la Colorado

Baked Apple Dumplings

Coffee
OUR DONORS

Pickles pickled by Max Kuner.
Celery from O. E. Adamson
Steer steaks raised by M. K. Parsons.
Potatoes grown by John Howell at Montrose.
Apples blossomed on the Western Slope from Proudfit-Ormsby Co.
Coffee roasted by Spray Brothers.
Butter churned by Pinkett Bros.
Milk milked at the Windsor Dairy.
Colorado Beet Sugar from the Great Western Sugar Co.
Water (go as far as you like) from the 1,300-foot Albany artesian well.

John Valery taking in the scenery from the top of his private box car

Don’t believe all that Col. Montgomery tells you about his ranch. The Colonel is next to Edison as an inventor

Cardin-Harker, Denver
Original Poem.

(Read by L.E. Witherbee before the First Reunion of the cow-boys January 19, 1911)

I came to Denver in '76
And was ripe and ready to buy gold bricks.

Drifted at once out onto the plains
And struck a country where it seldom rains.

Worked for a man at 15 per
To learn the business and make a stir.

First man I saw from the outside Range
Who looked wooley and rather strange.

Twenty-five cents was the smallest coin
And they only ate beef out of the loin.

Chaps from the East were "Tender Feet"
Were short on knowledge, especially "wheat."

If you could ride, and rope and shoot a gun
Your fortune was coming and almost won.

You had to have "shape" and high-heeled boots
Just to show the Eastern Galoots.

The man from the range, clean straight and square,
I know of no others with him to compare.

With cool, calm courage I've seen him strip
And ride to the death in the river's grip.

He never looked back, but with heroic will
He broke the ice and he broke the mill.

He saved the herd and he saved the day;
But he lost his life, and that's always the way.

Things of great moment, things of great worth
Require a sacrifice — the greatest on earth,

We never have taken our place in the game,
But somehow have managed to get a bad name.
The reasons are many. I'll mention a few:
I think I can make it quite plain to you.
The "Would-be Cowboy" you see in the shows,
Why he was created, God only knows!
Of all the cheap skunks-- this brainless pup
Is the very worst and never lets up.

I stood on the streets of Denver one day
At the corner of Sixteenth and Broadway,
One of these fellows, full of vain pride
Was showing the people how to ride.
And ye Gods! How he rode! With back humped up,
The perfect picture of a pointer pup.
He had gotten the idea into his head,
And there was room in there for a feather bed,
That we didn't know how to wear our chaps,
Now just think of it, all you old chaps.
He had gotten a pair and to make them complete
Had gotten a shoemaker to sew in a seat.
He stood in his stirrups so that all might behold
This "Rising sun" from an Eastern fold,
Two Eastern ladies standing near
One said to the other, "Who's that, my dear?"
The other replied (and I thought I'd shout
That's one of the Cowboys we read about)."
The bugs and beetles were making a noise
And so were the happy round-up boys.

The man I worked for advised me to get
A Heiser saddle and a big spade bit.

And having learned to smoke and learned to chew
He started me out for the old "Arkansaw!"

In my string was a sorrel mare
Highly bred and debonair.

She was unbroke and had never felt
The weight of man on top of her pelt.

She had run in the "cavy" and you can bet
If I had been wise age'd been running there yet.

But the same old questions, day after day
Get on one's nerves in a singular way.

"Why don't you ride her, and turn that skite out?"
"Why did you fetch her?" another would shout.

I answered their questions, straight and square
Told them I thought a heap of that mare.

Swore she was sired by "Kentucky Whip"
Had bought her from Rhodes and had got a tip.

That she was race stock of the very best;
And to raise such horses was why he came West.

I know you will think that I was a "clim"
For I never asked Rhodes about her "dam."

All my talk didn't do any good,
I was just simply misunderstood.

A big swarthy fellow with a vacant stare
Allowed I was afraid of that mare.

That was enough—I said I would ride
And the sweat broke out all over my hide.

After they got her saddled to my surprise
They lifted the blind just to see her rise.
And

Ask I tell you, gentlemen, a short time ago
I went out to see the "Bird Man" show.

As I stood there looking and hearing the noise
I thought of that mare and the round-up boys.
When I looked at that mare and saw what she did,
I felt my hair curling under my lid.

The boys helped me on and as they lifted the blind
Some very mean fellow hit her behind.

She went in the air, and I saw it with scorn
I never once thought of hunting the horn
I rode to the finish and when she got done
The boys flocked around me and shared in the fun.

They swore I could ride and they meant it too,
But there was one in the bunch—a jealous screw,

Who knew in his heart that I couldn't ride
And took a mean way to lower my pride.

He dropped back behind and with diligent care
He hunted and found a stout prickly pear;

He rode up behind and then without fail
He put it square under the sorrels' mare's tail.

I've always contended and still think I'm right
That the man who discovered dynamite

Rode on the range and got his best lodes
Out of the horses he bought from Rhodes.

She bucked straight out for a hundred yards
Made a neat turn and then shuffled the cards.

When she got back, went up in a spin,
And I thought of the game where you die to win.

I was still in the saddle and on top of my horse
And still relying on centripetal force;

Or any old force that kind nature had
But I needed it soon and needed it bad.

The boys down below set up such a din
They frightened my mare and she increased her spin

They saw at such times the mind of a man
Can do great "stunts" — and I guess it can.

My saddle got hot— I could feel it sizz—
The mare never changed, just continued to whizz.

I felt a great shadow press down on my sight
And then total darkness as black as night;

The last I remember— that plaintive old song
You've heard it quite often when riding along

Sweetly and faintly it came back to me;
"Bury me not on the lone Prairie—e-e."


When I came too and was beginning to see
My head was propped up on a cow-puncher's knee.

My shirt was torn /and a big gentle hand
Was hunting for heart-beats in a border land.

The Fellow that did the "Sawbones" stunt
Was a terror to swear and worse to grumble

The way he ordered things that day----
You'd have thought him here at the Albany.

He ordered things "right out of the blue sky" And the strangest part---- he got them, too

He yelled for water!
A lad was mounted, ready to skin
But said he'd nothing to bring it in.

You must want a Jug! Well, you're a trump!
Bring it in your hat, you round-headed chump!

He was off like a flash-- he spurred and tanned,

And left us covered with a shower of sand.

"Two miles to that water hole". Sawbones said;
When he gets back this kid may be dead."

He yelled for whisky. It was handed him
By a handsome suss called "Dandy Jim",

He held it up for a better light,
Shook it, and turned it from left to right.

"You call that whisky? You're giving me bunk" The stuff in that bottle would kill a skunk

Dandy Jim's face turned a sullen red,
"Try it and see", was all he said.

Far out on the prairie under the whip and spur,
A horse was coming-- just a mere blur

That suss is riding, " Sawbones said;
If we don't strike a dog-hole we come out a head."

If he spills that water, Old Father Time
Will carry this kid to another clime."

Faster and faster the rider flew,
Till all at once he flashed into view,

Running level with mighty strides
With heaving flanks and foaming sides
He reached the spot, but how he did climb
To slip one over" on Father Time.

Of the sweet maker feeling water can give
Oh, the sweet wish of youth to live!

To be among men that do things right—
That's the only reason I'm here tonight.

L.E. Witherbee.
About the Weatherby Boys

by

M.E. Gill

There were four of the Weatherby boys, Lee, Lou, Jewl, and Orvill. In the late '70's and early '80's they owned a ranch near Living Springs. After the cow range was mostly taken up by homesteaders Lee and his brother Lou obtained a large body of land in the Sand Hills south of Holyoke where they ran several thousand cattle and it became one of the outstanding cow ranches of Eastern Colorado.

Some 30 years ago Lee went to Tennessee and brought a train load of cattle. They were so small that he shipped them to Colorado in double decked cars. Their horns were long and their tails dragged the ground. After dehorning them and cutting the brush off their tails he sold them for yearlings. After several years of partnership they sold out. Lee moved to Brighton and Lou moved to Oregon. Both are dead.

Both were married. Lee married a Miss Kuner of Denver of pickle fame. They had one son who is now in the navy. Lou married a girl near Holyoke. They had one daughter to my knowledge.

In the early '80's they run a game market in Denver in the winter time. Lee looked after the game market while Lou supplied the antelope and buffalo.

In the late '70's and early '80's I was closely associated with the Weatherby boys and enjoyed their company. The next brother Jewl was one of the early range riders and always wore a red shirt. He branded KZTxe K T A. He was an exceptionally bright young man and his company was sought by other cow punchers who loved to listen to his witty stories. He married a Miss Cooper of Greeley. The last I knew of him he lived at Long Beach, California. No children. Orvill the youngest of the four brothers worked for J.L. Brush for several years. He saved his money and went to Chicago where he graduated from medical
college and then located in Los Angeles. Some ten years ago I visited Orvill in California, and was surprised to find him a great success as a doctor. He had a fine suit of rooms with stenographers and plenty of attendants. He was enjoying a big practice. Later he became an authority and became a consulting doctor. I never met his wife and do not know anything of his family.

These boys originally came from Wisconsin.
Leonard E. Brown
Born November 14, 1901 at Ft. Morgan, Colo.
Father's name Jasper D. Brown
Mother's name Daisy V. Beckmann Brown.
Attended Fort Morgan, grade, and High school graduated 1921.
Present occupation, Western Union Telegraph Co. Mgr.
Married Ethel Orr Aug. 22, 1922
Children's names: Leonard E. Brown Jr.; Born Jan. 6, 1926
Dale E. Brown
Twins
Gale I. Brown
Born Nov. 18, 1928

Leonard & Ethel Brown
Complete letter written for the Morgan Times under date September 13, 1899, by H.M. Slater, formerly of 1st Colorado cavalry and escorting mail between Ft. Morgan and Living Springs, between the years 1861 - 1865.

(partial letter submitted March 19 under History of Morgan county by M.B. Gill) 1934

During the summer of 1860 a stage station was built at the junction of the "cut off" road to Denver with the Platte river road, and located perhaps a mile and a half northwest of the subsequent site of Fort Morgan and adjoining a fine spring of water. Two miles further down the road and probably half a mile northeast of where the fort was later built stood the ranch or trading station of Sam Ashcraft, where he located in '61."

He was a fearless scout and an honest man.

His wife was a Sioux squaw, and his mother-in-law as wretched a specimen, so far as physical beauty is concerned, as her tribe could produce. But she was white inside and at sixty years of age she ran two miles through the cactus to the stage station, to warn the men of the danger of an Indian attack. Unlike many of her more enlightened sister, she was on good terms with her son-in-law and knew the men at the stage station were her friends. The Indians making the raid were Cheyennes and arapahoes.

The warning was not in time for the men to drive in the stage horses grazing a little distance up the river, and they lost some thirty head, but they saved their scalps.

She warned Sam too, but his stock about ninety head of cattle and horses, was grazing further away from the ranch and he failed to get them in. The entire herd was, however, recovered by a squad of twenty men from my company before noon of the following day. We surprised the raiders while at their breakfast about 25 miles south, near Murry's ranch, on Beaver creek.

I have told your readers before how the Indians rallied their
forces and followed us to the ranch; how we had just finished the hearty
real Sam spread for us, had just fed our weary horses when the Indians
attacked the freighter's cattle herd grazing a mile below the ranch, filled
the herder full of arrows and killed many cattle while we were getting
our horses. This hard night's ride and hard day's work occurred in 1864.

**************************
M. N. Wagner
of
Fort Morgan, Colorado.

Born on an Iowa farm Dec. 10th 1855. Attended Country grade schools and high school in Fort Dodge Iowa.

Came to Colorado April 1880 locating in Fort Collins and engaged in the grocery business for about two years and a half.

Married Clara D. Jones a school teacher in Fort Collins Oct 30th 1885. Of the union a daughter Hazel was born Oct. 12, 1885 and a son Carl born June 21, 1887.

Moved to Denver continuing in the grocery business until Oct. 1886 moved to Fort Morgan there starting in the coal business to which he has added from time to time, farm implement and machinery grain & feed elevator and milling business under names of different company partnerships and corporations. In the later years engaging in the insurance business, farming and livestock feeding. Was identified with all the early improvements in Fort Morgan and Morgan County.

Was a member of the Town Council when the municipal sewer and light systems were installed, afterwards serving as Town Treasurer. Was a member of the school board when the first year of a high school course was added. Also a member of the board of County Commissioners when the movement for better roads in Morgan County was started and through his efforts the wood road drag was added as a part of the road equipment and graging of the roads were commenced.

He and Mrs. Wagner were both active members in the Episcopal church from the time of building the church Rectory and Guild Hall serving as treasurer of the church several years and Mrs. Wagner treasurer of the Guild.

Was an active member in the masonic orders especially in the
earlier years. Was one of eight signing a petition to the Grand Lodge of Master Masons of Colorado for a masonic lodge in Fort Morgan. Was the second Master of the Lodge also in its fourth and fifth years.

Politically adhered to the Democratic principles being appointed at one time County Commissioner by Governor Ammon to fill a vacancy in the board of County Commissioners of Morgan County.

Moses M. Wagner
I was born in Knoxville, Illinois February 11, 1861. My father was Francis M. Colwell and my mother's maiden name was Sarah S. Cooper. My parents died when I was a small boy and in November, 1874 I came to Colorado Territory with my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cooper and at that time we settled near Evans above the mouth of the Big Thompson.

I left there and spent the winter of 1875-1876 at an old freight and stage ranch known as the Murray Ranch near Dodd's Bridge. The sod buildings were surrounded by a sod wall with high round towers on the northeast and southwest corners with loop-holes to shoot from in case of Indian raids. They were killing buffalo then for their hides, which were worth from $1.50 to $2.00 each. One hunter, Buck Woodruff, boasted of killing eighty in one day on Bill Day Creek near Finnes. As a boy of fourteen I killed my first buffalo near Round Top, a hill in what is now Clem Lee's and Dr. Lusby's pasture south of Lodi.

The walls of Fort Morgan were all standing at that time, although the roofs, windows and doors had been taken away. The old flag pole was used as a roof log at the Wright and Raugh Ranch north of Brush, making an odd looking building as this log extended out about twenty-five feet from each end of the house.

When I first came to what is now Morgan County it was practically unsettled and one of my first recollections of those Colorado Territorial days is the February of 1875 when the Ute Indians had gotten permission to go buffalo hunting on the Big Sandy in the vicinity of Hugo. A large party of Sioux or Cheyenne Indians were hunting near Red Lion in Logan County and had made a big kill of buffaloes. The squaws were curing meat and tanning robes and the braves were feasting when the Utes sneaked in and ran off all their ponies. There were 700 head of ponies and they divided them into three bunches with the best in the front bunch, the second best in the next bunch and the common ones last. They brought them up the old freight trail as far as Fort Morgan, then made a straight line across the divide for Colorado Springs, then over the Ute Trail to the Montrose country. They had scouts out on both sides of the river to cover their get-away, but the poor Sioux were afoot for they had only a few old pack ponies left them in camp and they followed the Utes only as far as Beaver Creek.

From 1877 to 1884 I rode the range as a cowboy all through this part of the country on both sides of the river as far north as Cheyenne to North Platte, Nebraska and to Culbertson, Nebraska. I was manager of the Trowel Ranch for my uncle, Job Cooper, from 1884 until 1898.

On December 30th, 1886 I married Mary Greenough Barnes and
we have seven children:
Sarah Olive, born May 29, 1889
Francis Joseph, born January 28, 1891
Charles Lee, born July 13, 1892
Mary Adella, born December 22, 1894
Millicent Mariah, born April 28, 1897
Frederick Andrew, born November 3, 1900
May Elizabeth, born April 1, 1903

We were living on the Trowel Ranch when Morgan County was organized from Weld County in 1889. In 1890 we bought 160 acres of land five miles northeast of Brush and moved from the Trowel Ranch. In the fall of 1894 I was elected County Commissioner and served in that capacity until 1901. From 1902 to 1908 I served at water commissioner for District No. 1 and from 1920 - 1924 I served as State senator from this district. I have always been interested in irrigation projects for this part of the country and have been President of the Colorado State Water Users Protective Association since it was organized in 1920 and have certainly seen a tremendous change in this country since I first saw it as a boy sixty years ago.

Charles G. Cottrill
The foregoing article is a paper given by Mrs. Artie Rickle at a recent meeting of the D.A.R. They should have full credit for this paper.
THE EARLY STOCKMAN.

The live stock industry of Colorado began with the migration along the different trails in the early years of the 19th Century for few caravans came without one or more milk cows and many had oxen for freighting.

Such was the beginning of the encroachment of domesticated live stock upon the domain of the buffalo in what is now Colorado.

The discovery of the capabilities of this area for grazing purposes is said to have been accidental. In the fall of 1864 a government trader with a wagon train of supplies drawn by oxen was on his way west; but on being overtaken on the Larimer plains by an unusually severe snow storm, he was compelled to go at once into winter quarters, he turned his cattle adrift, expecting of course that they would soon perish from exposure and starvation; but they remained about the camp, and as the snow was blown off the highlands, the dried grass afforded them an abundance of forage. When the spring opened they were found to be in even better condition than when turned out to die four months previously. This discovery, says the government report led to the purchase of stock cattle in Texas to be matured and fattened on the northern range, and the trade steadily grew to enormous proportions much accelerated by the building of railroads. The number of cattle driven north from Texas between 1866 and 1884 was 5,201,132, or this number a herd of 500,00 head was driven through what is now Brush.

Upon the completion of the main line of the Burlington road from McCook to Denver in 1882 Brush immediately became the chief shipping point for cattle in N.E. Colorado, and Snyder on the Union Pacific R.R.

The first man to run cattle in the Platte Valley was John W. Iliff. He drove them by the thousand from Texas, grazing them on the range
for a year or two, then shipping to eastern markets via the Union Pacific railroad. The Hon. Jared L. Brush and Bruce Johnson had immense herds roaming the range in this region. When John W. Iliff died in 1878 the Iliff cattle holdings were perhaps the largest in the West. It was said that that he could travel over the country from Jawlesberg to Greeley and always eat and sleep at one of his own ranches.

The traits of range cattle acquired many of the characteristics of the buffalo; they moved about in families, grazing and herding together and the attachment of the cow to her calf and vice versa is much greater than that of the domestic animal. The oldtimers insist that the sight of a riderless bronco would stampede a herd of Texas long horns, extremely timid animals. They were accustomed to the sight of men on horses regarding the combination as one animal, separate them, the spell was broken and the stampede was on.

In those days the country was open from Montana to Texas and cattle soon roamed at will. When a blizzard struck them the herds would move south, coming back in the spring. It was not unusual to find cattle beginning in Northern Colorado feeding along the Arkansas River nearly 200 miles from their range. One of the results of this open country was the reckless branding of mavericks, but this soon brought about legislation which for some time made the maverick property of the state, giving the owner, however, ample time to enter the claims. "Maverick" legislation was long an annual feature for lawmakers of territory and state.

It was not long before there was a "code of honor" with reference to these unbranded calves for the work of the range soon became thoroughly organized, and when cattle were rounded up for market, calves if unbranded were invariably given the brand on the mother. These cattle kings and herdsmen soon became punctilious on the point of honor.

The cattle thieves, however, were not so particular. They too were well organized—having had a store, ranch, corral and
station, a\" their disposal. In 1881 they were brazen enough after stealing from several herds in Jefferson Co. to ship the lot East to Kansas City where a Colo. Inspector seized them. This gang served time in Canon City.

Round ups were important occasions with cattle men, and usually occupied their time from late in April to July and August when branding time began, and continued until early winter. The cattle often scattered over the plains into adjoining counties, miles away from their starting place to complete the roundup, the ground had to be gone over two or three times, although most of the stock was secured the first trip. There was a law, as well as rules and regulations for the guidance of stockgrowers.

These districted off the territory and designated the points of assemblage.

On or near the 25th of April, when the time came for the roundup, the stockmen in each of the sixteen districts assembled with their herders at their respective places of rendezvous and began to drive the cattle from the creeks and branches to the main streams or river. Gradually the scattered herds were gathered together. After many days and weeks from twenty to one hundred thousand head were massed together in a comparatively small space of territory. Then came the separation and driving away of the stock of various owners, each of whom could distinguish his own property by the brands placed thereon the previous season. Then came the work branding, each cattleman had a peculiar brand, separate and distinct from that of his neighbor, in order that he could know his property when ever he found it.

A prominent Morgan County stockman describes the roundup as being an interesting sight in the early days as seen in the Platte Valley. Each outfit would have one mess wagon and one cook, one tent and bed wagon to every 15 or 20 men, each cow boy would look after about 500 head of cattle and would have six to eight horses for his own use; the horses that were not ridden were taken off and herded by a horse ranger.

Often the men were in the saddle from sunrise to sunset,
with little time to eat. But the men enjoyed it, as do most people who live in the open, where they come in contact with both men and nature.

In the '80's the large companies began to fence large pastures; this method was quite economical as the only hands needed were enough to ride the fences to see that they were kept in repair and do a little extra work around the home ranches.

Following this era came a wave of settlement. As all the country was fenced as cow pastures, the people had to settle in the pasture claimed by someone. During this era of claim-taking the cowboys of the different outfits, after finding it impossible to bluff the settlers out of the country, filed in many cases on the land containing the open water of the streams, leaving the smooth upland for the settlers who came to farm.

The reports of special agents of the general land office made in 1884 showed that 4,431,980 acres of the public lands had been unlawfully fenced in for the raising of range cattle. In Feb., 1885, Congress by enactment forbade the unlawful occupancy of the public lands and authorized the President to take such measures as may be necessary in order to remove or destroy any such inclosure. Pres. Cleveland acted promptly on the suggestion and the settler scored a victory. All this, with the crowding of settlement and the losses from the storms during 1885-86, caused the majority of the large companies to go out of business and be succeeded by men with smaller herds.

The first pure bred live stock farm in Colorado was that established by Capt. J.S. Maynard, in Weld County in the '70's with a start of 36 thoroughbred Shorthorns.

Some of the early cattle and sheep men were E.B. Putman, J.H. Jones, Levi Farwell, H. Girardot, Conrad Schaefer, — Sanford,


M.R. Clark, — Pyott, — A little later H.S. Tracy, Dearenbaugh & Harrison,

R.W. Rouse, J. Kempton, J.P. Curry, Elder Gibbs, Igo Bros., A.D. Preston,

Geo Brownlee, Walter Miner, Mr. Brink, Lon Bennett, and nearer Brush, Mark
During these years the cattle were forced to rustle for themselves during the winter months, but gradually, as safety was assured, the farmer came in and took up the winter ranges of the cowmen. At first it looked like a hardship to the little cattle owners, but it has proven the greatest indirect blessing the livestock business could receive. It did not take the cowman long to discover that it paid him to purchase hay from the farmers and feed his cattle thru the winter, and thus there were created a demand for the alfalfa crop, which became the chief cattle feed.

The coming of the farmer sounded the death knell of the Longhorn which, up to that time, had been the principal class of cattle run on the ranges. The stockman soon found that it did not pay to put good feed into the long-legged, long horned animals and they began to improve their herds. The place of the long horn was speedily taken by the improved breeds of Shorthorns, Herefords, Red Poll, Polled Angus, and Galloways.
Whispering Ed Forrester "Recollects" Fort Morgan.

A story of the unmarked graves on the hillside

(Mark Gill says these graves are about a quarter of a mile northeast of the old Fort Morgan)

By Bess L. Bertram.

Frank, Lyman, and Abner Baker are all dead except Mrs. H. N. Beecher and one of the first settlers.

One hot morning in 1930, as I was busily ticking away on a typewriter in the office of the county assessor of Imperial County, California, my ears caught the sound of a huge voice booming along the corridors of the courthouse. It was a sound easily recognized by any one of more than

Ed was combining business with pleasure and was selling tickets to the approaching Pioneer picnic and visiting his friends at the same time.

All business within sound of the booming voice was suspended.

My desk was in line of approach and soon six feet—something of apparently ageless masculinity was towering above me.

"Mornin'" thundered in my ears. "Want a ticket to the Pioneer Picnic?"

"I'm too young to go to an Imperial County Picnic" I answered.

The Forrester countenance took on an expression of disinterest. Distinctly, pioneers was what he was looking for. "There is a place, though" I added hastily. "Where I could attend a pioneer without any question." I'm a
pioneer all right, even if I'm not an Imperial County one

"Where's that?" Lights were shining again in the keen gray eyes. "Colorado! I boasted. "Fort Morgan — I was there almost as soon as anybody."

"H'm-m Fort Morgan, Colorado. On the south Platte, aint it? In Northeast corner of the State."

"Rereclect Fort Morgan real well." The booming voice took on a reminiscent note and I forgot my typing to listen.

First time I was in Ft. Morgan was in September 1872. There was just a sod fort there then. Built up on a hill on the south side of the river—kind of a bend there seems like. I was a scout in those days—long hair, buckskin clothes with lots of fringe—big hat—not very old but plenty sure of myself. I was guidin' a wagon train from Omaha along the old Pony Express Trail. It was Saturday, I remember, and we was a-mitin' to make the fort by sundown. There wasn't any soldiers there then, but there was a big sod stockade that made a safe campin' ground and plenty of water. Just before we got to the fort we ran onto a smoldering fire of ashes that had been a gagon — or several wagons. The ground was covered with fresh tracks—Indians, white men, women and children — and there were naked, tomahawked and scalped corpses scattered over the ground. Eight men and women. They were all old people and one woman must have weighed three hundred pounds. The children and live stock were gone. There was just those dead people and that pile of ashes and the blood all over the ground to tell of the massacre that must have taken place less than 24 hours before we got there. We laid over Sunday to bury them. We took canvas from our wagon covers to wrap them in and dug graves in two rows on the hill where they were killed. Maybe you think that wasn't hard digging. It took all day. We laid a board from a wagon and printed on it "Killed by Indians September — 1872" and set it up over the graves. There was nothing more we could do so..."
the next day we were on our way-- but do you know we never heard a word about any Indian outbreak or any massacre anywhere. I suppose it was just a burning band, and nobody was left alive to spread the news so nobody but our party ever knew anything about it-- and we didn't know much. Yes Indeed, I recollect Ft. Morgan real well."

"Whispering Ed" moved on with his picnic tickets and his greetings and I sat, forgetful of my surroundings, calling up pictures of my girlhood in Ft. Morgan.

How plainly I could see the crumbling walls of that old fort where it was so easy after a rain, to find leaden bullets, flint arrow heads and other relics of the days when prairie schooners moved across the "Great American Desert" and red men disputed the way. How plainly I saw the inverted mounds of that old burying ground-- unmarked, unidentified and lonely.

In common with others of early Ft. Morgan I had always thought soldiers were buried there. In fact I once wrote several letters to the War Department and to various old timers with whom I could get in touch in unsuccessful effort to learn the identity of those sleeping there. My father always thought they were the graves of soldiers and based his belief on a remark made by one "Cap" Lyman who once had been stationed at the fort as a soldier. Arriving in the neighborhood of the fort with father, he got out of the buggy and said "I want to visit my Comrades' graves." He went directly to the row of graves on the hill. Father said that was the first time he ever knew of the existence of those graves. But in answers to all letters the War Department insisted that there was no record of soldiers having been buried at the fort; and so the matter lay in abeyance through the years until "Whispering Ed" Forrester, a pioneer of another locality 1400 miles from Ft. Morgan revealed a hitherto unknown chapter in Ft. Morgan history in a casual afternoon chat.

Perhaps a few soldiers sleep on that hillside, too; but certainly some of those graves contain all that is mortal of a massacred
and never-again-heard-of band of heroes who, with high hopes of bettering themselves in a rich new land, staked their all — and lost.

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This date is written from memory and may not be correct. I have the notes I took at the time Mr. Forrester was talking and as soon as I can get to them I will verify dates, etc. I have also, to become part of this story, a photograph of "Whispering Ed."

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Pam. 351

M. S. Gill, Interviewer.

Pam. 351, No. 24, missing from this box.
Entitled on Index Sheet as
"The First Church, 1883"
"Rev. Casey"
Robert Glassey.

Born in Ireland in 1859. Came to America in 1869, came to Littleton Colorado. In 1871 moved from Littleton to Fort Collins and from Fort Collins to Ft. Morgan where he filed on land in 1883. He is one of the original homesteaders who still lives on his homestead. He helped grade the Burlington railroad in 1881 & 2. He rode the range from '71 up to the time he took up land in the vicinity of Fort Morgan in '83.

He was elected county assessor in 1932 and was defeated for reelection in 1934. He is connected with all the big interests for progress in the state.

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