

*M. K. Kramers*

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WILLIAM H. TURNER, PIONEER OF  
THE LITTLE THOMPSON VALLEY

*1/14/1934*

William H. Turner was born in Red Oak, Iowa, on January 4, 1867, a son of Peter and Elizabeth (Seary) Turner, natives of Virginia and Kentucky, respectively. After residing in Iowa for a short time, they came to Colorado.

The family settled first in Sunshine, Boulder County, and in the spring of 1877, as the first settler of the town of Berthoud, moved into a claim shanty about 400 feet west of the present Wargener home in the west part of Berthoud. The family lived here until they had time to build a better home on their homestead, which was the southeast quarter section 14, township 4, range 69, west. The home they built the first one in Berthoud, stood on the corner where the present Standard of Indiana Filling Station stands and it is well remembered by the old timers. "Aunt Betty" and "Uncle Pete" as they were affectionately called were very hospitable and always helped to make new settlers feel at home and as happy as possible. This little home was soon the center of religious and social activities for the neighboring settlers on the Little Thompson.

The plains between the Little Thompson and the Big Thompson rivers was covered with antelope, wild geese and ducks, and the game was easy to bag as well as being plentiful.

(There was a postoffice at Uncle Lewis Cross's, and all the mail was addressed to "Little Thompson, Larimer County, Colorado." The old Texas-to-Oregon emigrant trail was a very popular road at that time and very often one could see a train a half-mile or a mile long. It was located about four miles west of the present town of Berthoud, crossed the Little Thompson at the Blore ranch and the Big Thompson at Namaqua.)

(The settlers in the Little Thompson Valley at that time were few and scattered. Dick Day lived on a mountain ranch four or five miles up stream; Patrick Burnsides, about two miles above Lykens place; Dave Lykens at the mouth of the river; Culver, Mahoney, Dick Blore, George Zweck, George Crank, Henry Krueger, Charles Meining, John Everhard, John Ish, Preffer Bros., Lewis Cross, Simon Bennett, K, Kanute, Davis Baxter, Amazi Beeson, the Rockwells and Jake Wolaver. The country at that time was strictly a cattle county as all of the ranchers named above ran cattle on the bluffs, and very little had been done in the farming line up to this time.)

(With the bringing out of the Highline and Supply Ditch and the developing of the reservoirs, things changed completely, and the big cattle outfits began to prepare to leave for Wyoming and Montana, with their cattle, which most of them did in 1880.)

William Turner first went to school in the fall of 1877 in a little log school house, with about eight or nine other pupils, whose teacher was P. B. Bliss. The names of the first class were Ule Ish, John Everhard, Nors Pevton, B. Beason, Zean Beason, Chas., and Anna Beason, John Everhard and Bev. and William Turner. Their first school was very crude with few supplies and no desks, the pupils having to sit on benches placed around the sides of the room. The next fall a carpenter living in that neighborhood volunteered to build real desks if the parents of the pupils would furnish the wood for them which they gladly did, and so after that, the pupils in that school at least had real desks. The school term lasted only about three months of the year so the education which the children received was rather meager. It is very true that the young boys and girls of those days received a great deal of their knowledge in the home, from parents and thru good reading material.

William Turner, like so many pioneer boys grew up on his father's ranch and rode range and was a real cowboy from the time he was old enough to ride a horse. As has been said previously, the cattle men began taking their cattle north in the early eighties, so after that period, there were not many real cattle round ups. Mr. Turner, as a boy, participated in one of the last roundups in this section of the country, and following is his own description of that event.

"The latter part of May, 1879, after a day spent in fishing on the Little Thompson I was returning home by way of Uncle Lewis Cross' ranch when I was noticed and called into the house by Aunt Susan Cross, blessed old lady who could tell when a kid was hungry by the looks of him. Here I was staked to a piece of bread and butter and a bowl of milk. In the course of her conversation she informed me that the roundup would camp for the night at the Cross ranch. As I had never seen a roundup I was all ears while she explained that there would be eight or ten mess wagons, and from 50 to 100 men in the crowd. Sure enough, in a short time the mess wagons began to come. They were met at the corral by Uncle Lewis and Bill, the youngest of the Cross brothers. Each one was assigned a place as fast as he arrived. Each cook of a mess was driver of his own mess wagon and unhitched and unharnessed his own team, after which they were taken in charge by a young man who started them to graze and a couple of hours later joined them to the horse convey at old "Mud" lake about one-half mile north of the present Berthoud Cemetery.

They had rounded up that day at the Big Barn, the Wolaver ranch, and were slated for Lone Tree Lake the next day. As it was all new to me and very exciting, I got permission from my father to use one of our work horses for the next day. Our team was turned out to grass at nights, so my first job in the morning was to find a horse to ride. At the peep of day I started for old "Mud" lake where I knew the horses would be.

The night herders on the cavey were just getting ready to start for the mess wagons when they saw me, but took time to come and see what a 12-year-old-boy could be doing out on the prairie at that hour. Imagine my surprise ( and his, too) when one of them proved to be an old friend, Oscar Burnside whom I had known for several year, and he knew all of my folks well. When I explained to him what I wanted and was going to do I had an ally right there. They asked me which horse I wanted. I told them and they rode around the lake to where my horse was, threw a rope around his neck, and in a few minutes were back to where I was with my horse. They staked me to a piece of rope by means of which I could ride the old plug home and left me with a pressing invitation to come down to camp for breakfast, which I refused. But I did not tarry long at home and hot down to the camp just as the boys were catching their day's mounts out of the cavey and was surprised at the number of them that I knew - most of them just by sight. Almost the first man I met was Jim Coombs, who was foreman of the roundup. As he was an old friend he offered to loan a saddle to me, explaining that most of the outfits carried an extra saddle. As I had never used a saddle up to that time I refused and rode bareback all day. He advised me to wait until the cattle that had been rounded up came along and follow them to Lone Tree Lake - that there would be nothing doing at the roundup before 9 or 10 o'clock. The men

started from the camp, the Cross ranch, in bunches of twos threes or fours. The ones having the farthest to go started first, and drove every hoof of cattle that were west of the railroad south of the Big Thompson, north of the Little Thompson, and east of Chimney Hollow and rounded them up in the basin of what is now Lone Tree Lake by 10 or 11 a. m. All the boys were in and the routine work of the roundup began.

The whole thing was systematized; every man seemed to know just what to do and just how to do it. They ate their dinners in relays. Half of the men ate while the other half kept the cattle in order. I had an invitation to eat at Mr. Coombs' mess but finally accepted Mr. Joe Derby's invitation to eat at his wagon. If my memory serves me right Frank Gard, one of the Samuels boys, and a fellow by the name of Jeff Carlile, with whom I was acquainted, ate at the same wagon with three or four more Big Thompson<sup>men</sup>, whose names I have forgotten. All of them knew me as Pete's boy, except Mr. Derby who called me "Billy." By 4 o'clock they were through and ready to move to the next roundup. Those men were in the saddles or on their feet continuously from daylight until dark- about the longest days in the years - about 16 hours - but now 8 hours is too long for most men to work. The cowboy's life was very fascinating, but sure a hard one.

Following are some of the names of the boys and men that were in that last roundup: Joe Derby, Frank Gard, John Brush,

Willis Boyd, Louis Papa, Mat McCaslin, Bill Cross, Tommy Cross, Cal Campbell, Stance Van Meter, Jeff Carlile, Jim Coombs (who was foreman,) Lum Foy, Os Burnside, Bill Flora, Charley Campbell, Gus and Dick Scoville. As far as I know all of these men have passed on but Louis Papa who lives in Loveland, Os Burnside, Cripple Creek; Willis Boud, Denver; Matt McCaslin, Hygiene."

Until he was thirty years of age he worked for his father helping to run cattle on the summer range in Estes Park. He finally drifted into farming himself and rented his present place for two years. He saved enough of his money to enable him to purchase the property. This he did in 1900, and is to day the owner of that 320 acres of good land, one-half mile north of Berthoud. Feeding cattle and sheep, he became one of the most prominent and most successful farmers in that vicinity. He also specialized in breeding, raising and selling Norman horses of a very fine grade. These were such excellent stock that he often sold them for very good prices. They usually brought \$500 a span, however, he sold one pair for \$650.

Mr. Turner married and has raised four children all of whom he has educated very well, and who are now married.

Mr. Turner is a beloved figure in the Berthoud community and also is very prominent in the pioneer socie-

ties of the Little Thompson Valley, always being interested in any matter connected with the early life in his community.

The above account of my life is correct as given in an interview to Marjorie Krouskop January 14, 1934.

William H. Turner



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*M. Kammkop*

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O. D. SHIELDS, PIONEER BUSINESSMAN  
OF LOVELAND, COLORADO.

Orlando D. Shields was born in Youngstown, Ohio, January 4, 1851, where he lived until he was 14 years of age moving then to Pennsylvania. Later on he went to Topeka, Kansas, where he was employed by the Daily State Journal. It was while he was employed here in 1878, that there was an outbreak near Dodge City, Kansas, by the North Cheyenne Indians. They raided a school house killing the teacher and doing much damage. Mr. Shields was sent out by the State Historical Society of Kansas to get pictures of those particular Indians. He got them, of course, but only after a lot of scheming and working.

At about this time, Mr. Shield's health began to fail and the doctors consulted said he would not live more than six months at the most. He resolved to go to Colorado much against the doctors' wishes. So he came to this state seeking health and wealth. He first worked on a sheep ranch on the Platte River, then went into the mountains where he and J. Woods, and Mr. Parrish ran a saw mill. That first year, he gained thirty pounds, and has been quite healthy since then.

In 1880, Mr. Shields bought the Loveland-Greeley stage business from George Foote. This business he ran for about

one year. It was then that he began a business which was destined to become one of the most important enterprises in northern Colorado.

In ~~May~~ 1881, Mr. Shields started the nursery business, on a very small scale at first, but gradually extending it, until it became a flourishing one. His first office was down town, but he soon moved it out on west Fifth street, which was then quite far out of town. Here he built a big barn which was the main packing plant. This barn still stands and is one of the biggest ones in the country. Its dimensions are 40X40X32 feet. Here the distributors or men who delivered the trees and plants to all parts of the local territory could drive their teams and wagons inside this immense barn and load up, no matter what the weather might be. These wagons were loaded at night and early the next morning, the men started out to their customers.

According to Mr. Shields, the first fruit that was grown in Loveland was crab apples and rhubarb. That was about all the first inhabitants cared to raise. When they were approached on the cherry tree question they were not interested, believing they could not be grown here. It was a hard battle to get people to start raising cherries, but by persistent effort, it was slowly accomplished. Mr. Shields could rightly be called the "Father

of the Cherry Industry." Some of the first customers of this concern are still in the fruit business. Among them are Gene and Edward Smith of the Buckhorne region; others were Frank Hyatt and Ben Milner, among the first settlers on the Buckhorne, who have long since died. Charles Rist who owned the Buena Vista cherry Orchard along the Big Thompson River, sent cherries to the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904 and won a first prize. These were from trees of Loveland's first cherry orchards sold by Mr. Shields.

Joe Noble was a partner of Mr. Shields from 1884 on until they sold the business. These two men conducted the first nursery in Larimer County that grew their own products and for thirty-five years the Colorado Nursery supplied and started perhaps 90% of the cherry orchards in this county.

The cherry industry begun so many years before by Mr. Shields with just the planting of a few trees, has grown into approximately 2,000 Acres at the present and now this district's crop for a season averages between 3500 and 4000 tons of the fruit.

Besides trees, this nursery supplied foreign countries with conifer seeds. Every fall many men gathered the seeds of our famous silver or blue spruce, yellow pines and many others, then after drying the cones out on great canvasses the seeds were separated from them and sent in great quan-

tities to England, France, Germany and many other far away points. In fact the business of the Colorado Nursery extended to all parts of the world. Even today its fame brings orders from such men as Henry Ford, for it was only a few years ago that many Silver Spruce trees were shipped to him for use on one of his estates.

Some of the first employees of the Colorado Nursery were Al Warner, who now conducts a nursery of his own on West 8th street in Loveland, M. R. Kilburne, who only recently passed on, Henry Thompson, Ed. Brim. Bert Davis, Jim Slabaugh and Edward Nash, who for years was the book-keeper for the concern.

In 1914 These two partners sold their business to Dr. M.R. Kilburne, H. G. Gooch and Dr. Cramer. Mr. Shields has records of his business from the time he started up to the time of selling out, which show that over a million dollars worth of business was transacted.

While conducting this interesting business, Mr. Shields always had time to do his part in the city government. At various times he was Mayor of Loveland, a city councilman and a member of the board of the Chamber of Commerce.

Now although Mr. Shields is 83 years of age and has been retired from active business for many years, he is still very active and alert and always doing kind little things for other people.

It would be hardly fair to write a story of Mr. Shields life without telling about his summer home in the mountains at the resort in the Big Thompson Canyon known as Glen Comfort, as Mr. Shields is very much devoted to that place and has been affectionately termed the "Mayor" of Glen Comfort, for the rest of his life, by the people who live there.

He now resides at 425 West 5th street which is also the address of the original nursery plant.

The above account of my early business life as told to Marjorie Krouskop is correct.

A. Shields

M. Krouskop  
2/6/1934

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Mrs. Short is nearly 89 year of age now, and although she has <sup>not</sup> been able to leave her home for about five years because of ill health, she is just as cheerful and sweet and she must have always been, and much loved by her neighbors and friends.

The above account of my early life in Colorado is correct as given to Marjorie Krouskop in an interview on February 6, 1934.

Amanda J. Short

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MRS. AMANDA MASON SHORT, DAUGHTER OF ONE  
OF THE FIRST ST. VRAIN VALLEY FAMILIES

Amanda Mason was born in McClain County, Illinois near the town of Bloomington, on June 23, 1845, where she lived with her parents until six years of age. The family then moved into Iowa and remained there until in the year 1865, when they, together with several other neighbors started out west.

On May 9, 1865, the Mason family with the Wilson, Ware, Hoffman and Booth families began their hazardous trip across the plains with teams and wagons, seven in all, and of course taking their cattle, horses and mules. They fared quite well until reaching what was known as the Lone Tree Ranch in Nebraska. It seems that in that district, there lived a white man named Morrell, who paid the Indians to steal the stock from the trains going across the plains, so while they were camped there, one night the Indians made a raid on their camp and stole every one of their horses, cattle and mules. The men in the party gave chase and in three days had returned with most of the stock, but there had been no fatalities. The horses were very nervous and irritable, however, and just before the travelers were to start on the last lap of their journey, at some unusual noise, the horses hitched to one of the Mason wagons started to run away.



There was no one in the wagon but a small Mason boy, and as the horses leaped, the father yelled to the boy to jump. He did, but slipped some way and fell beneath the wagon, which was heavily loaded with goods. The wheels passed directly over his chest and injured him severely. This accident held the train up for about a week longer, waiting for the little boy to recover sufficiently to travel. Fortunately, they were close to water and good pasture land so that the delay was not too hard on them or the stock.

This particular train just seemed, by chance, to escape any fight with Indians. About a half day's journey ahead of them there was a large freighting train going to Oregon with supplies. The wagons were all heavily packed, needing about eight mules to draw each one. At a point close to Fort Bridger, Wyoming, a band of hostile Indians attacked this train, killing all the men and of course taking all the goods and stock. No doubt, the only reason for the Mason's party getting that far alive was the fact that the Utes and Cheyennes were engaged in a battle at Fort Bridger themselves, and were not bothering the struggling travelers as much as usual.

The original plan of this party was to go to Oregon and settle, but when they reached the point of the division of the trails, one north and the other south, Mr. Mason very wisely decided that coming on down into Colorado would be safer at that time. He tried to persuade the rest of the party to do likewise, but they persisted in going on to Oregon, so they parted there. This place where the trail divided was at some point either in northern Colorado or southern Wyoming (Mrs. Short could not remember the exact spot). The Masons came on down into Colorado stopping to camp first at the spot which is now Fort Collins, and they experience no difficulty with Indians or otherwise. The other four families were headed for Roseburgh, Oregon, and some time later, the Masons tried to get in touch with them through mutual friends living there. They received word, however, that they had never reached their destination, and have never been heard of since. It is commonly supposed that they met with disaster of some sort on their trip, probably Indians as they were in the direct path of the warring tribes.

At the time the Masons camped at the present site of Fort Collins, there was only one white man living in a small log cabin, Indians ( Pawnees and peacable) in their tepees and a few Mexicans. . Tom the driver of the Mason wagon, who had been west before and knew some Indian language, took Amanda and her sister into

one of the tepees to show them how they lived. The floor of the tent was literally covered with dogs of all sizes and kinds, so that after that the girls believed that dog meat was really used as food by the Red Skins. There were two Indian maidens in that tepee who were delighted at having two white girls visit them, and were very kind to them showing them over the camp, and treating them to every Indian courtesy.

The Masons then went on south and camped for several days on the Big Thompson at the ranch of Marianna Modena, the only settler at that time on that part of the Big Thompson. They became very well acquainted with the whole family and enjoyed knowing them, they were so picturesque and unusual. Elizabeth, the young daughter of Marianna and his Indian wife "John" was very beautiful, and was much beloved by her father. Mrs. Short tells an interesting incident in her life. Later on, after the Mason family had settled in the St. Vrain Valley, Elizabeth was sent to school at a convent in Denver, as her father wished very much to have her become educated as the white girls were. She seemed to hate being penned up inside, and when she could stand it no longer she would steal away from the kind sisters, go down to the Elephant Corral, pick out a horse, and regardless of how wild it was, she would ride, and ride until tired, then go back to the school.

When Elizabeth was visiting her one time, Miss Mason reproved her gently for throwing away her opportunity for becoming educated, whereupon the Indian and Mexican girl replied, "Me no like school, me rather break broncos." That statement more than anything else gives one the true picture of her and her spirit. She died when only a young lady and was buried at Namaqua, with the rest of the family.

Mr. Mason, finding no suitable place on which to settle in the Big Thompson valley went still further south into the St. Vrain Valley. There he found an old man who was sick and had to move away, from whom he bought a preemption right on 160 acres of land for \$200. Forty acres of this land was good wild hay land, and there was a one room log cabin. This place was about six miles above present Longmont. There were few permanent settlers there at that time most of them coming and going. Their closest neighbors were the Ripleys; the Bunyan family lived on the river bank; lower down were the Haney family (this family donated an acre of their land for the "White Cemetery", and strangely, within one year the whole family had died, with the exception of one son, who, Mrs. Short says is still alive). Between the Haney place and the present site of Longmont there were only two other families, the names of whom our ~~friend~~<sup>friend</sup> could not remember.

The Mason family raised vegetables, potatoes, and other things mostly for their own use, as the father was a carpenter by trade, and worked at that whenever he could find work. They had their own cows, of course, and had butter and milk for their own use. Mrs. Mason bought 18 hens from a neighbor paying \$2.00 a piece for them, but with eggs selling at \$1.80 a dozen, she had paid for them in about two weeks.

Amanda Mason was perhaps the second teacher in the little school in that district. She taught for only the spring term in the year of 1866, however. It seems that she was to get \$45 a month as salary, but this particular district was quite poor, so she only received one month's salary. The supplies and equipment in the school were very meagre, but the teachers did their best with what they had.

In Burlington, the original Longmont, across the river, was the postoffice where the settlers in that section received their mail. A Harvey Manners owned the first store in that town that Mrs. Short knows of. Mr. Manners had been a friend of the Masons before either family had come west. There was also another general merchandising store, the owner of which, she cannot remember. In those days the settlers had to pay \$1 a yard for calico, \$2 a yard for muslin and 50¢ a spool for thread.

She worked for a time at the Simpson House, just below Black Hawk, on the wagon road into that mining town. In 1867, Miss Mason married E. B. Short, who had first come to Colorado in 1860, as a team driver, had stayed here two years, then gone back east to remain until his marriage.

Mr. and Mrs Short then homesteaded a ranch about two and on-quarter miles from the river in the Hygiene beighborhood, where they lived for years. They then sold that place and moved to a ranch in the mountains. This ranch was about one and one-half miles off the main road to Estes Park at that time which ran up over Ball Mountain. The place they used as a dairy ranch having a fine trade for butter, milk and other produce. Mrs. Mason sent from 80 to 100 pounds of butter a week into the G. W. Krouskop store in Loveland to be sold, receiving only 25¢ a pound for it. Her butter was so excellent that she could not supply the demand for it. She also sent about fifty pounds a week into a Denver restaurant, and some into Estes Park. Mrs. Mason worked very, very hard on this place, in fact so hard that she paid for it later on in life with ill health.

In 1905, the Short family moved into Loveland, living first on 10th street and later on at 1195 East Fourth Street, where Mrs. Short now lives.

The Mason family were well acquainted with the Bill Dickens family, who were the victims of quite a tragedy. The father had brought up his son, giving him everything he desired and too much money until he became quite worthless and a scoundrel. Finally, Mr. Dickens decided to let him go on his own hook, stopped giving him money and other luxuries, which of course angered the young man beyond reason. One night he shot and killed his father, and at the same time tried to kill the mother, thinking if they were gone he would have all their money. The bullet just grazed the mother's cheek but did not injure her.

Another interesting character, and one who lived on the Little Thompson, was Dave Lykens. He must have been one of the first settlers in all northern Colorado, and had had many interesting experiences with the Indians. Mrs. Short said he was really very warm hearted and good to every one in spite of the fact that he had a reputation of being quite wicked.

Mr. and Mrs. Short had four children; Lillian, who lives in Oregon, Elmer, living in Longmont; Winifred, who lives in Juniper Springs, and Elmer who is at home with his mother. Mr. Short died a number of year ago.

*M. Krauskop.*

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Mr. Wm. G. Chamberlain had the first photographic gallery on the banks of Cherry Creek and then when the flood of 1864 came he moved to the corner of Fifteenth and Larimer Streets, where his offices were while Mr. Allen worked for him.

The enclosed pictures were taken either in the late sixties or the early seventies by Mr. Chamberlain himself, and were used as stereoscopic views. Mr. Allen tells just how these pictures were printed.

Pictures in those days were taken and printed with what was termed the "wet process". The piece of glass, on which they were taken, called the negative, was given two baths; first, through a bath of white of the egg, this was to albuminize it; next through a silver wash. Then while the glass was still wet the picture was taken and then ready to be printed.

The paper on which the pictures were to be printed must also go through a bath of albumen, placed in a frame on the negative, put in the sun with the film next to the sun and left to be printed. The length of time it took to develop a negative depended upon the brightness of the sun, but they had to be watched carefully as to print one too long was as disastrous as to not let it print long enough.



When they had been left on the negative long enough, the paper was rolled through a bath of silver. The silver would adhere to the paper. It was then dried, cut up and exposed to the sun in a frame, after which the print was washed in water to remove the silver.

The picture was then given a bath in chloride of gold which was for the purpose of toning it. In that day the photographers made the chloride of gold by cutting up a gold coin and dissolving it in nitric acid, after which it resembled dirty water. Then the liquid was evaporated over a flame, becoming a brick colored powder. This, in turn, was dissolved in distilled water becoming straw colored liquid, which was the chloride of gold.

The next bath was the "fixing" bath for which they used hypo-sulphate of soda. This kept the film from fading. The hypo-sulphate of soda had to be carefully washed off, which usually took two or three hours, to keep the print from becoming yellow.

This photographic printing was done with much care and precision, as the accompanying pictures will show, as, though, they are probably sixty-five years old they have not faded in the slightest detail.

After Mr. Allen left Mr. Chamberlain's business, a man (the name of whom Mr. Allen cannot recall) went into business with him bringing a patent which was a sort of copying device used in making pictures of maps. It was at this time that the business was called The Artotype Company. This was in the year 1876.

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REMINISCENCES OF JUDGE OSBORN'S  
LIFE ON THE BIG THOMPSON RIVER  
AS TOLD BY MRS CORA OSBORN TIMPKE,  
HIS DAUGHTER

Cora Osborn is the youngest daughter of Judge and Mrs. Osborn, pioneers of the Big Thompson Valley, and was born in the log house which stood on the land that was homesteaded by Judge Osborn in 1859. Of the five children born in this home, Cora is the only one yet living.

She was educated, first in the little school house down in the valley and later on attended school in the first school building in Loveland. She was literally brought up on the tales that her father told about the early life in this vicinity and remembers them all very vividly.

When Mr. Osborn first came to this country, there were only two families, one of them lived on the ranch now owned by Alfred Wild about six miles west of present Loveland and the other on the Buckhorne. The family on the present Wild ranch were the Markleys. Mrs. Markley was the first white woman who died in this county.

The occupation of the first settlers was growing and cutting hay to be hauled to the mining towns for which they received from \$75 to \$150 per ton. On the return trip the settlers would bring home flour, coffee, sugar, etc. Flour was worth from \$15 to \$40 per 100, sugar 75 cents per pound, coffee 75 cents per pound, and everything else in proportion. These trips had to be made with oxen, and required nine days for the round trip.

(In those days the settlers could not get their mail any nearer than Golden City, Denver and occasionally from Boulder. Then in 1863, the first postmaster was appointed in this valley John Washburn, under the name of Big Thompson taking its name of course from the river, and the mail was brought here from Denver via Fort Lupton and St. Vrain by Joseph Samworth on horseback.) Until the time of establishing the postoffice in Loveland after that town was started, the following men were postmaster from time to time and in nearly every case, the wife was the assistant postmaster: in 1870, Guy C. Manville; James M. Smith following him and later on John Buchanan; then in 1877, the postoffice was moved to Loveland, where Mrs. Buchanan was postmistress after her husband's death; John Seaman was the next postmaster and W. L. Beckfield succeeded him.

The Osborn family lived exactly on the trail which the Indians took from the northwest to the southeast which they traveled twice each year, and so were annoyed a great deal more than most settlers. These Indians were friendly ones however and were pests rather than dangerous, usually stealing supplies, etc. They often came into the Osborn home asking for "whisk" ( whiskey) and "shuge" (sugar). They often heard of the depredations on the plains, robbing trains, waylaying and butchering of travelers. Then, when the midnight messenger came riding by for dear life leaving only his cry, "The Indians are coming" behind him in the dark, women and children were awakened and huddled in the corners while the men stood guard about the house. The savage Indians never reached this vicinity although often they were close.

(Besides the first businesses in the new town of Loveland, which have been mentioned before and include Herzinger and Harter, Krouskop Merchandising Store, E.S. Allen Harness Shop, the Taylor Drug Store, L.R. Rhodes, carpenter, Mr. Lynch the first Judge in the town, there also Mrs. L.A. Blinn, who came in 1877 and kept a boarding house in a tent in which she could seat forty at the table. The depot, section house and saloon were all kept in tents.)

(Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bushnell were the first couple to be married in Loveland. The first child born here was Harry Blinn, born 1878. Dr. W. B. Sutherland was the first doctor and the first death was Mr. Gassman, who committed suicide.)

(Among Mr. Osborn's things was a copy of a bill of merchandise from the F.C. Beckwith store in Burlington, dated Jan. 1, 1866.

# Fred Affalter, 1 pr. boots	\$11.00
Geo. Zweck, 12½ lbs sugar	4.00
S. Williamson, 110 lbs corn	13.25
Geo. Hall, 3 linen handkerchiefs	1.50
A.W. Cushman, 2 lbs prunes	1.10
T.F. Godding, 10 lbs nails	2.40
" 8 cans peaches	7.20
" 2 lbs raisins	1.60
Wm. Wayne, 1 lb coffee	1.20
" 2 lbs sugar	.84
Mrs. Mary Allen, 1 lb tea	3.00
" 10 lbs sugar	3.70
" 2 bars soap	.68
Port Pennock, 1 pr. boots	10.00
J.H. Greenley, 1 sack flour	16.00
Dave White, 1 bar soap	.35
Eliza Grafton, 1 hoop skirt	3.50
Georgie Allen, 1 ball twine	.40
James Andrews, ½ sack flour	9.50
" 4 yards muslin	2.00
" 1 pr boots	9.00
" 1 broom	1.00
E.J. Coffman, 1 pr cot socks	.75
" 1 gal kerosene	2.50
Geo. Coffin, 1 pr boots	9.00

This illustrates better than anything else, the sum that the early settlers had to pay just for the necessities of life.

Mr. Osborn was long a beloved character in this vicinity, and

was from time to time prominent in politics. He was the first Larimer county judge, he filled an unexpired term for county treasurer, and was then elected for another term. He was county assessor, a member of the state industrial school board, and was clerk of the State Board of Horticulture.

The original homestead is still in the family, and one of Judge Osborn's grandsons, Kenneth Osborn lives there. Mrs. Cora Osborn Timpke lives in the house that Judge Osborn had built for himself at 241 E 5th Street, Loveland, Colorado.

The above notes on my father's early pioneer life on the Big Thompson are correct as given to Marjorie Krouskop on February 10, 1934.

Mrs. Otto A. Timpke  
Cora Osborn Timpke

*M. Krouskop.*

*Doc*  $\frac{353}{17}$

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THE TOWNS OF SOUTHERN LARIMER COUNTY

Loveland was first started as a result of the building of the railroad through this particular part of the county. Mr. David Barnes, known as the "Father of Loveland" gave the Colorado and Central Railroad each alternate block of land to put the railroad through his land, and so the first train was run through here in 1877.

(At that time the business houses in the town of Winona more commonly known as "St. Louis" were in nearly every case moved to the new town of Loveland, and that little settlement died out. Among them were "Doc" Taylor's Drug Store, G.W. Krouskop General Merchandising Store, Obediah Smith's Blacksmith Shop. In the fall of 1877, Herzinger and Harter came to the new town and camped here, then built a small shanty in which they batched until their store building was completed.)

The town was laid out and platted in the spring of 1878, and was incorporated in 1881. Mr. Barnes gave lots to any church organization that would build a church. The United Presbyterian Church was the first to accept this proposition, building at the corner of 4th and Lincoln. The first brick building was Mr. Barnes office which was just east of the depot.

In 1878, Mr. Barnes sent down to the Platte river for two carloads of cottonwood trees, which he set out around each block, and hired a man to irrigate them and take care of them for the first two years.

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The name "Loveland" was given to this new town in honor of the President of the Railroad, W.A.H. Loveland, who happened to be a personal friend of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes.

Upon the first settlers and business men depended the future of this new town, the beginning of its government, etc. They took hold of the reins with much gusto and soon the first governing body was installed, with six trustees and a mayor.

The next step was to build a new water system, which proved to be very sanitary and a fine thing for the town. In 1887, then, the new water system was completed.

This seemed to be a big boom for the town as it grew steadily and rapidly from that time on. Then followed in rapid succession the building of factories; Great Western Sugar Company, the Empson and Loveland Canning Factories, the Flour Mills, and new business houses. (The Loveland Reporter was the first newspaper and was first published in 1879.) Schools and churches have always been of the best.

With the addition of these new businesses new families came, built homes and remained to live and prosper. This town has always been the trading center for the farmers, ranchers, fruit growers, etc., living on the farms in the vicinity. Also the building of the road into Estes Park caused Loveland to have much business with the tourists.

Many lovely homes have been built in the residence district of the town and it has grown generally until at the time of the last census the population was something over 5500.



✓Peter Turner, the first settler of Berthoud, moved, in October 10, 1877 to a claim shanty about 400 feet west of the present Waggener home in the west part of Berthoud. At this time the railroad was just being put through that part of the county. ✓ He soon built a house on his homestead, which was the southeast quarter, section 14, township 4, range 89 west. The old house, the first in Berthoud stood where the Standard of Indianas Filling Station now stands.

✓The town was first started south and a little east of the present site, then when the railroad was completed moved to the present site. ✓

(Uncle Lewis Cross was the first postmaster in that section, and the mail came to his ranch addressed to Little Thompson, Larimer County, Colorado.)

Soon settlers came in and slowly bought land from Peter Turner, built homes and businesses and located there permanently. By 1883, the following business houses had been established: the Dobbin & Munson store; Fenton Blacksmith Shop; Mrs. Shull's Boarding House; Rowman, Day & Blackwell Store. The north part of the mill elevator was built in 1884, by H.K. Mullen, then in 1888, the farmers finished the mill.

There have not been any industries established in Berthoud, as it is the trading center for the large farming community immediately surrounding it.

*M. Krausskopf*

*Doc*  $\frac{353}{18}$

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NOTES ON THE SETTLEMENT OF THE BIG THOMPSON VALLEY  
DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE 1860's, FROM PERSONAL  
RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. WINONA WASHBURN TAYLOR.

John Everett Washburn, born near Rome, New York, 1830,  
was trained as a marble cutter in Vermont, and came to Chicago,  
Illinois about 1850.

In 1853 he married Albina Louise Holcomb and settled in  
Freeport, Illinois, conducting a marble shop until 1860. Arrived  
by horse team in Denver, Colorado, May 3, 1860. Moved with wife  
and seven-year old daughter, Winona, in March 1862, to the valley  
of the Big Thompson, going in partnership with James M. Smith Jr.,  
on a ranch two miles down the river from the present location  
of the town of Loveland.

Hay and potatoes were the principal ranch products, hauled by  
ox team to the mining towns of Central City and Blackhawk. One  
year the seed potatoes - "Neshanoe" - cost 10¢ per pound and the  
abundant crop would only bring 10¢ per bushel in the fall -- for  
lack of market.

In 1863, he made a new location on a homestead two miles  
up the creek at the place where the present paved road to Denver  
crosses the stream, one mile south of Loveland.

He bought a log house already built on the land, and filed on  
the land bought from the government thru a "soldier's right" of the  
war of 1812. Soon after, the Ben Holladay Overland Stage Line was  
established, running from Denver to Salt Lake, Utah, and the Wash-  
burn's kept the stage station for several years - it being the "home  
station" between St. Vrain Creek and Virginia Dale. At that time all  
streams not called "rivers" but "creeks".

//  
 Government surveys had not yet been made and locations were selected by estimate and according to the lay of the land that the settler desired, so when official surveys were made in 1864, property lines had to be re-located and the Washburn western claim line was found to be several rods further east, requiring the building of a new home, the one then occupied being on the Chubbuck claim.

As "claim jumping" was then quite common, as new settlers arriving sometimes took advantage of the uncertain claim line, Mr. Washburn immediately built a small slab shanty with a pole and straw roof, over the line on his own property, where the family slept and kept personal belongings, returning to the other house to prepare meals for the stage drivers, who slept in the house, the stock tenders, who slept in the barn, and passengers on the daily stage each way.

(The stage road came down from the bluffs thru the same easy grade now followed by the Colorado and Southern railway, and bore away to the north to the valley of the Cache la Poudre valley at Laporte, that was then a "swing station", where only horses, and not the drivers, were changed. "Home Station" were the end of the drivers' divisions whence they returned next day to the preceding "home station" 50 or 60 miles distant.)

The building of the new log house on the Washburn claim included the trading of the log house then occupied, for the logs in a cabin owned by the Chubbucks, to which were added new logs from the mountains, making a low, second story, containing the two bedrooms, while the main floor served as the family living room, the

court room of Judge Washburn, (the first county judge) , and the Big Thompson post office, of which the judge was also postmaster, Mrs. Washburn, assistant,) and a few years later, (when the stage line was changed to the Mariano Modena crossing, the daughter was occasionally the mail carrier, from where the heavy leather mail sack was left at the Ed Clark home near "Old Mariano". The sack was securely tied to the back of her side saddle by a young man resident of the Clark home - Lucas Brandt.)

The earliest settlers on the Big Thompson, included Mariano Modean, wife "John", and three children; Wm. B., and Margaret Osborn, and their children, Millard, Milo and Ella; Joseph Markley, wife Emily, and children Moses, Sarah, Catherine, Jane, Jerome and baby Emily, whose mother died at her birth in April 1864, and who, also died in August of the same year, and whose graves were placed on the bluff south of the Markley home and years later moved to the Loveland Cemetery.

Sam Hefner, Jas. M. Smith, Jr., Wm A. Bean, Ed Bacon, Ed. Combs, Jud Bruch, Thos. Johnson, John Nelson Hollowel,, John Fahn and James Boutwell were backelor squatters in the fertile river bottoms, most of them making hay for the mining region markets. The John D. Bartholf ranch, with the seven children, Jennie, Frank, Kitty Byron, John, Willie and Eugene, and the Chubbuck cabin with two sons, Theodore and Cl rnece, was next up the creek from the Washburn stage station, and nearby were George L. Luce and wife and children, George, Lawrence and Oscar.

Adam Dick was a bachelor squatter whose accidental death from his own gun served as one of the first administrator cases in the court of Judge Washburn, and the sale of whose effects is recorded. John J. Ryan brought his wife, Pelagia and son John, from "back in the States" and located near where the Adam Dick cabin had been. The families of Thomas and Eliza Cross and their children Elizabeth, George, Andrew and James, and of Harvey Samuels and wife and sons, Wm. Frank, and John and daughters, Julia, Martha and Margaret, occupied the valley east of the Osborns with Frank Gard, John Bruch and others continuing the occupation of river ranches down to the Weld County line.

Most of these early names have continued in framing the history of the Big Thompson valley, as a number of the single men married and remained to add valued families to the community - a few drifted away and were lost to memory.

(The first school was taught by Mrs. Albina L. Washburn, several years before the organization of school districts, and was held for three months in a log cabin on the Chubbuck place,) her ten pupils being Theo and Clarence Chubbuck, Frank, Kitty Byron, John, and Willie Bartholf, George and Lawrence Luce and Winnie Washburn. Two other teachers, Charles M. Brough and Edward C. Smith, also taught short terms before the opening of the first public school by Miss Sarah Milner in 1866, after the formation of school districts.

(The first religious services were held in 1863 by a circuit rider Methodist minister, William Antes, and was probably held at the home of the Osborns as they, with David Hershman, were the charter members of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal church in 1866, with Oscar P. McMains as the first pastor. It is thought that Bro. Antes' congregation, numbering 13, included the entire community.)

Rev. McMains delivered the most beautiful memorial sermon every heard in that pioneer section for Will Brush, who was killed by Indians down the Platte river.

These days of the early '60's, before the construction of the great irrigation canals from the streams, were often times of exciting floods, usually when the May rains hastened the melting of the mountains snows, and on at least one occasion, 1864, the water level, was more than a mile wide at the Washburn crossing, and early gardens were entirely washed away.

Jim Boutwell, something of a wag, while lingering at the postoffice with others, awaiting the distribution of the mail, was asked, "How is your garden coming on, John?" He promptly replied, "O ! Fine ! It must be down to the Platte by this time."

The course of the Big Thompson has changed three times in the vicinity of the Washburn crossing since 1863.

Indians "scares" were not unusual and the fall of 1864 gave more than the usual anxiety, so that most of the wives and children were sent away, some to Denver, some to Ft. Collins, where soldiers were stationed, while the men remained to gather in the cropsthen ready to harvest.

This alarm, like other, proved, without foundation, as no depredations were ever committed in this immediate community, tho two Mexicans were killed by the Utes in the foothills west of Mariano Modena's ranch, on one occasion. The killing of Will Brush and two companions in 1867, at a hay ranch down the Platte, in Weld County brought a quick response in gathering about 20 young men, well armed, to hurry to the locality, but no Indians were found.

(The building of the grist mill on the hill side a half-mile from the Big Thompson, by Andrew Douty in 1867, was the first in Larimer County and provided a market for the wheat that had been grown in the valley for several years, but had previously been hauled for grinding to a mill on the South Boulder Creek.)

The Douty Mill was operated by water power, furnished by the construction of a ditch from the river, something more than a mile, which eventually absorbed the water rights of Washburn-Hershman private ditch by purchase of said rights and granting perpetual water rights to the land formerly supplied by this ditch.

(This little community was known as "St. Louis", and it is interesting to note just how this name originated.

At the time of the building of the mill, the popularity of flour made at St. Louis, Missouri, induced Mr. Douty to call his mill the "St. Louis Mill", which accounts for the designation of the little village that grew up around it as "St. Louis".)

(Mr. Douty, as an advertising stunt had his flour sacks printed thusly: "4 X Flour, Made in St. Louis, Colorado". The words St. Louis were in huge, several inch letters, and the word Colorado in very small print at the bottom of the sack. Thus, the little town was called St. Louis, jokingly at first, but the

but the name has stuck with it, until even now although there is no town, that district is known as ("Old St. Louis". (The village, however, largely built on Judge Washburn's land was platted and recorded as "Winona" in honor of his daughter, but never incorporated. Property there is still assessed by Larimer County as being in the town of "Winona".)

Later on in about 1875, 76, and 77, and at the prospect of the Railroad being put through that town, quite a few business houses came into existence. (A.K. and E.B. Yount owned the first store, this was in turn owned by James Smith and G. W. Krouskop. (Mr. and Mrs. Yount eventually moved to Ft. Collins and established the first bank in that town)) Doc. Taylor had a drug store, which later became the postoffice.

(Mrs. John Sullivan built a large hotel, after running a board-<sup>St. Louis</sup>ing house for several years. She built this hotel, spent much time and money on it simply because she was so sure that the railroad would be put through there. It was never used, however.)

Social and educational opportunities were not lacking in these years following the establishing of the public school taught by Miss Milner for three years, and was increasing in attendance by new families coming into the neighborhood for the benefit of the school, and the addition of pupils from the Cache la Poudre valley, where public schools were not yet in operation.



Wilbur P. Keays, Dexter Cloud, two daughters of "Ranger" Jones - Melissa and Denicia, and Johnny Provost were all pupils of the Big Thompson school at some time between 1866 and 1868.

Singing school was taught by Judge Washburn, Garret Clawson and S.H. Birdsall. Spelling matches and school "exhibitions" gave entertainment in a crowded school house and later at Hahn's Hall built especially for such amusements and dancing by John Hahn on his ranch a few miles down the river. These gatherings were always gay and orderly and showed no evidence of what by some might be called hard times or privation.

The town "Winona" certainly played its part in the pioneer life of this section, as it was the trading center for all the earliest settlers for many years and until in about 1877, when the railroad was finally put through the present site of Loveland. At that time most of the business men moved their buildings up into Loveland, until there was nothing left in the town but a rapidly crumbling hotel and a few empty houses.

*Notes on the settlement of the Big Thompson valley during the early part of the 1860's, from personal recollections of Mrs. Winona Washburn Taylor.*  
*Marjorie Krouskop - Loveland Colo. Feb 14, 1934.*

*W. Krouskop*

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GEORGE W. KROUSKOP, PIONEER BUSINESS MAN  
OF EVANS, ST. LOUIS AND LOVELAND, COLO.

George W. Krouskop was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, on January 3, 1844, the son of David and Mary (Milner) Krouskop, where he was brought up and educated. At the age of nineteen he enlisted for service in the Civil War. After the war he was in business with his uncle, Jacob Krouskop, in Richland-center, Wisconsin until in 1868, when because of restlessness and ill health, he and a companion, Newell Bailey set out for Colorado. He kept a diary all through the war and also afterward. The following excerpts are taken from his diary beginning with his trip out west.

Friday, March 1868.

"Arrived in Omaha, Nebraska, stayed all night and took the Pacific train for Denver, fare costing \$51.50. Breakfasted at North Platte, Nebraska, paying \$1.25 for that meal. At 7 P.M. arrived at Cheyenne and stopped at the Hollins House. The town is crowded and a perfect jam. The principal business streets are 15th, 16th and 17th.

Tuesday Mar. 31, 1868.

"Arose at 6 A.M. and took stage on Wells Fargo and Company Overland Mail Line for Denver. 110 miles and fare was \$25. Rode all day over barren country and in evening had an excellent view of Long's Peak and the snow capped mountains. Roads good most all day, and had evening meal at Big Thompson for which paid \$1.00."

Wednesday, April 1, 1868.

"At 6 P.M. arrived at Denver and stopped at Tremont House.

Board here is \$4.00 per day. Plan to go to Central City."

Thursday, April 1, 1868

"Arose at 5 A.M. took stage to Central City, took dinner on route at Guy House. Arrived Central City, 6 P.M. stayed at Connor House".

Saturday April 4, 1868

"Arose early, paid hotel bill and bought following bill of merchandise which we carried to Clear Creek and began batching: 2 Pr. Blankets, \$10.00; Coffee Pot and Spider, \$1.75; 2 Spoons, 20¢; 2½ lbs Beans, 25¢; Pad Lock and Nails, \$2.00; Paper, 20¢."

Sunday April 5, 1868

"Went to Idaho, bought overalls for \$4.50, and also hay for beds in our shack, paying at the rate of \$80 per ton for it".

He worked for A.S. Bennett and Company, in the gold mines, but his health would not permit this kind of work for long so he and his companion sold their supplies to a man named Boston for \$4.25, sent their bags to Denver by express and walked to that town themselves. After remaining there for several days, Mr. Krouskop obtained work in the general merchandising store of Birk's Cornforth, receiving \$30 a month and his room and board. Following are some more excerpts from his diary which are interesting.

Thursday, April 23, 1868

"Denver is situated at the confluence of the North Platte and Cherry Creek Rivers and has from 6 to 10 thousand inhabitants, seven churches, three daily and four weekly newspapers."

Wednesday, April 29, 1868

"Did a pretty fair trade today. I amused myself by trying to trade with the Indians. I found two who could talk some English. They were Sawichwiche and Colorow. There were also many Mexicans in town today."

Friday, April 8, 1868

"I say the first pole set, yesterday for the Denver and Santa Fe Telegraph line which is now being pu up. A good many loads of poles are seen going through this city. We received some new goods today from Cheyenne in the shape fo Bacon, Hams Hominy, etc."

Tuesday May 12, 1868

"I got my boots half-soled today, cost \$2.00. We took in today 100,000 lbs of wheat and 90,000 lbs. of corn. Sold the wheat on the sidewalk at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ a pound. Paid 4¢ for the corn."

Monday, May 18, 1868

"Went out to see the ground broken for the Denver and Pacific Railroad and listened to a speech delivered by Governor Gilpin, the first governor of Colorado Territory."

Thursday June 4, 1868

"The streets of Denver present a lively appearance with long ox teams, mule teams, Mexicans, Indians, pleasure carriages, drays and freight wagons. The coach comes in well filled with passengers from the "states", who stare to see what a city so far from no place is like and how the people live. The Indians seem to be quite downhearted about the death of their Chief Nevada, who died at Smoky Hill."

Sunday June 7, 1868.

"Bailey and I went out to the camp of the Utes and paid them a visit. It is here that we saw the Indians as they really are. There were old warriors, hunters, squaws, young Indians, and babies called papooses. They have hereabout 100 lodges with 1000 Indians. The squaws were dressing skins and doing the work, while the braves were riding their ponies and doing nothing generally."

Monday, June 8, 1868

"Sawwitchiwiche, the third Chief of the Utes came back from the mountains this evening. Of all Indians I have seen I think he is the best, and I believe him to be honest and a good man. He says his tribe will leave here and go to the mountains in a few days."

Wednesday, June 10, 1868

"Although there are no hostile Indians in Colorado, her citizens suffer from roving bands of Sioux and other tribes, and of course are deeply interested in the speedy settlement of the vexing question over which so much money has been squandered and so little done."

Saturday, June 20, 1868

"I noticed today one train of 100 oxen wagons. They have three wagons hitched together one behind another and 12 yoke of cattle and one driver for each three wagons."

Thursday, July 23, 1868

"General Grant, Sherman and Sheridan were given a public reception this evening in the Masonic Hall."

Friday, July 23, 1868

"I saw today, the noted and rich daughters of the wealthy Mariano, a Mexican of renown. One of the Handsome young ladies had a dress on that cost \$1000 just for the trimming."

Sunday, August 9, 1868

"The streets today look gay with Utes and Arapahoes, who are on the war path, and the commissioners have their hands full and are trying to make peace. I presume that they will succeed if they get the Arapahoes to leave the country. The Utes are blood thirsty and will fight."

Monday, August 10, 1868

"I went this evening and heard Colfax speak at the Denver Theater. The house was crowded and he gave a splendid speech. Loud and prolonged cheering. Mr. Colfax speaks highly in favor of Colorado. If his speech was political, I think it was the highest type of political one I ever heard."

Wednesday, August 25, 1868

"Great excitement about the Arapahoes, who are massacring people on Kiowa, Bijou, Basin and Coal Creeks. A Mrs. Lieterman and child were just brought in dreadfully mangled and cut to pieces by the Redskins.

10.P.M. Excitement increases."

Thursday, August 26, 1868

"About fifty mounted men went out to Kiowa, this morning. Colfax and party are reported killed or captured, and the people of Denver are most crazy. Sending men and ammunition, etc., to Running Creek, Coal Creek Kiowa and Colorado City. I think they will be too late to do any good."

Friday, August 28, 1868

"Quite a lot of Utes in town today, but we can get no news from Kiowa."

(The notes in his diary cease about this time with the exception of a few names and addresses of men, who were no doubt his friends and business associates) A.S. Bennett, Spanish Bar, Colorado Territory; The Daily Colorado Herald, Central City, Colorado; Rocky Mountain Herald, Goldwick, Editor, Larimer Street, Denver, Colorado; L.C. Pursell, Denver, Colorado.

In the month of September, 1868, Mr. Krouskop and his companion, Newell Bailey went back east where they remained for a few months. Mr. Krouskop, returning to Colorado in November of the same year was again employed by Mr. Cornforth in his store, and was there this time for about a year. (His diary for the year 1869 has been lost). It was during this year that he became fast friends with Chief Ouray, and the Chief to show his friendship for him gave him a beautiful bow and quiver of arrows saying it was for his "first buck". The

quiver was very unusual, made of doe skin and beaded by Chief Curay's daughter Chipeta. This was prized very highly by Mr. Krouskop and taken good care of. Then in 1885, when in Loveland, he had them brought down to the store from his residence on day to show to some of his friends. He failed to take it home that night and it was stolen. No trace of this valued possession has ever been found, although he never stopped hoping that it would "turn up" some day.

In the latter part of the year 1869, Mr. Cornforth sent Mr. Krouskop up into the Platte valley with a wagon load of goods with which he was to begin a store in the vicinity of the present town of Evans. He pitched his tent, put his supplies in it and thus started the first store there. His first customer was one Ed House, sent there by the Denver Pacific Railroad Company to open an office. He obtained a dry goods box which was used to hold his instruments.

In 1870, he married Nan Seaman of Bellfontaine, Ohio, and they made their home in Evans and their first child was born there, Ernest Krouskop of Loveland, from whom these notes were obtained.

Mr. Krouskop took part in the developement of that community and he and David Wyatt built the first church for Deacon Todd. He also took part in the fight between Greeley and Evans for the maintaining of the county seat. He finally built a store, and a home, then later on was able to buy out Mr. Cornforth's interest in the store and ran it himself.

4 In 1877, he bought out the Smith Brothers store in St. Louis, then in 1878, consolidated the two stores into one, at Loveland. He bought the lots for the first store in Loveland from David Barnes.

He was active in all affairs in Loveland. He together with Frank Bartholf, and A. G. Gifford, began the first bank in that town, which was afterward consolidated with the Bank of Loveland. He was president of the School Board, a member of the City Council and of various other prominent organizations.

He was also identified with the cattle and farming business in this vicinity for many years. He continued his business and was a resident of Loveland until in 1904, when, because of ill health, he retired, moved to California, where he lived until his death in August, 1925.

His was a kindly spirit, and he helped many a struggling settler over the rough spots, giving them merchandise, etc., on credit, loaning them money, in fact, nothing was too much to do when it came to helping someone in distress.

Although his health would not permit his coming back here to live, he loved nothing better than to come back for visits and to meet his old friends and former associates. He always considered Loveland his real home.

The foregoing excerpts from G.W. Krouskop's diary are correct, and the account of his early life is correct, as told to me by my father, G.W. Krouskop, and given to Marjorie Krouskop for the State Historical Society.

E. H. Krouskop

Thomas Davis.

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Joe

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Thomas L Davis was born on his fathers homestead, one mile south of Timnath, May fourteenth, 1865. As he expresses it he was born in the saddle, as his father was a cattleman, He started to ride in Round-ups at seven years of age, and when he was thirteen years old he was sent alone from Horseshoe Creek, Wyoming, one hundred forty miles down the Platte to Sydney Bridge to attend a Round-up. He took a string of five horses, one choice cut-out horse, a good rope horse and one especially adapted for swimming cattle across the rivers. <sup>(A HORSE WHICH COULD AVOID QUICKSAND)</sup> The expenses were borne by the cattle owners, In the early days when on a round-up one never knew the men by their names. They were known by the brand of the cattle, they represented, as , the " J. D. " Kid, ( a Wyoming brand ), or "the **D** ( seven D ) Kid, ( a Nebraska brand ),. A man paid his riders thirty dollars a month in those days, so the round-up wasn't so expensive, and the cattle fed on the range, and increased, and there was always an abundance of feed. The loss was not greater than from one percent to two percent ordinarily. That's why cattlemen became wealthy in those days. The winters of seventy one and seventy two were exceptionally cold, but they indirectly made one cattleman wealthy. Those winters killed off a large percent of all the cattle in the country, because the snow fell from December to April and crusted over hard and it was so deep it covered up the feed. Cattle piled up and smothered to death in many instances. Mr. Iliff went down to Texas and brought up one thousand Texas Yearling Steers in the summer of seventy one and he'd bought them on time. That winter all those cattle were killed. Mr. Iliff went back to Texas to the man from whom he'd bought the cattle, and said to him, " A severe winter killed those cattle I have no way of paying you except to work for you. I'll work for you till the bill is paid if I live long enough ". The owner said, " Do you mean it?". " I certainly do," said Mr. Iliff. "Tell me what you want me to work at and I'll go to it." He went to work and the owner saw that he meant it.



When the cattle were in condition for moving that summer, the man said " You may take three thousand head on time and try it again". Those dogies grew and made good steers and quadrupled the money and he paid off his debt and started for himself, his credit was established. <sup>Iliff</sup> I could get cattle when he wanted them.

(One point that Mr. Davis wished to bring out was this; The condition of the country before sheep came into it. Before they came the land was covered with a thick mass of grass forming a heavy sod, and there were places in the country at that time where there was living water in lakes that were afterwards dry, because sheep ate the grass off so close to the ground that the sun scorched it and it couldn't keep moist enough and dried out. The ground became barren in comparison. Another thing , it brought on war between sheep and cattle men. The former brought sheep in great flocks, and they refused to divide the territory as the cattlemen suggested and offered to do themselves. The only places that grass looks as it did then are where wild grass is irrigated and stock are kept off of it until its had time to re-sod itself. The sheep men had the best of it, as the country was open to all, but since the cattlemen came first and endured all the hardships and " Broke the country in", the sheep men had only to follow them, and enjoy the results of the others hard-earned places.

In one of Mr. Davis remarks he stated that there were usually one messenger to every ten or twenty riders on a Round-up, when I asked him for some early day reminiscences. Also he stated that pioneer farmers made their money in the old days by cutting hay by hand, bailing it and hauling it to some Fort, such as Fort Fedderman where he took his hay. He remarked also, that a friend of his, a Mr. J. P. said , he'd been asked for reminiscences of pioneer days, but because it is human nature for one not to believe what he hasn't seen himself, that he dares not tell people ~~an~~ <sup>whole</sup> the truth, and they are often deprived of the best of early pioneer history on this account. He said he asked Mr. Brendercast one time

"What is the largest number of Indians that you've ever seen on the Poudre River?" Mr. Prendergast looked around to see who was within hearing and replied, " I'll tell you a story Tommy, because you are one of the old pioneers and you will understand and believe. One time after a three years draught, the Indians had gathered into the Poudre River from miles around because of better feed for their horses. At that time Mr. J. D. of Greeley ( Another old timer ), and myself rode from the mouth of the Poudre to the mountain foot-hills making as careful an estimate as we could of the Indian warriors on the Poudre at that time, and we estimated that there were ten thousand warriors, made up of different tribes that were friendly. Now people of Fort Collins often ask for such a reminiscence and secretly call me a " Story Teller ". One time I told them of an incident where there were two hundred Indians to one white man and as soon as I left the room, I heard some one who had been in the audience say, " Does that man expect us to believe that they would stand one to two hundred ? " Thats the reason I don't tell reminiscences."

Mr. Davis tells me he was born among the Indians. They came into the house, and packed in as thickly as they could crowd in whenever they wanted to. They'd go to houses in groups, looking for bacon or sugar etc, and would help themselves freely to anything they wanted. One of them would dip his hands into the sugar bowl and eat handfuls of that, while another would take the bacon, and they'd all look around. They felt the whites were the intruders and didn't mind inconveniencing them. All provisions were brought in by freighting teams over a distance of four hundred <sup>sixty</sup> five miles and were therefore expensive. Young Tom always ran under the bed while one of these Indian calls were being paid.

The early day settlers did not slaughter the buffalo, it was the eastern Capitalists who came out for the sport of it. One of these hunters caused the native settlers when he accidentally shot his own horse from under himself during the excitement of one of these hunts.

Some of the early amusements were riding pitching horses on the fourth of July. They'd prepare horses for this by turning their worst ones loose, three or four weeks before the fourth and when they rode them, they would "swap" horses for the fun of it.

He said pioneers grew to be good judges of the people with whom they came in contact. On **Bear Creek**, going to Cheyenne, he and his father were passing a ranch house one day.

"Now there's a bunch of horse thieves", his father said suddenly, as he turned to look at some horses standing in a group near the building. That night Mr. Davis and his son drove up against a stone wall and camped under it and staked their horses out in plain sight where they could cover them with their rifles. Three men came up toward the horses. Mr. Davis cried, "Halt or we kill you", He and his son were hidden in the shadow of some rocks and were protected. The men explained that they had made a mistake and Mr. Davis allowed them to walk on back from where they came.

Services were conducted by circuit riding preachers and were held in school houses and bible writings were explained. The Davis children attended school in the Buss School building which was located about three <sup>fourth</sup> miles from the present town of Timnath. His teachers were Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. Bailey and Franklin Moore. He afterwards attended the Colorado Agricultural College through the Junior year. He afterwards went to Oregon where he met Gertrude Pollock, whom he married in ninety one. She was the daughter of an Oregon pioneer.

He is now farming and he and his wife and son have been living on this same ranch since 1917. <sup>MR. DAVIS</sup> His son was born on the James Fraser place where the Riverside School House stands.

The Davis' place is on route four and is two and one fourth miles south of Timnath.

Note: Mr. Davis claims the old pioneer cowboys and cattlemen of the early days were a noble class of men and the bad name the cowboys

( Page 5. Thomas Davis.)

Have received belongs to a later period when toughs came out for  
notoriety- They'd go into town , get whisky and shoot the town  
up and they gave the cowboys a bad name.

Interviewed by Lucille Foltz.

March 26, 1934.

*Thomas L. Davis.*  
*By Mrs. Thomas L. Davis*