

Lucille Foltz Feb 1934

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Martha S Wilkins (of Timnath Colorado)

Mrs Wilkins was born on a farm two and one half miles from Blackwood, New Jersey. (Both dates withheld). When she was in her early teens she attended a boarding school from which she returned on her eighteenth birthday. After a few days she began teaching at Mount Pleasant, New Jersey. She had taught for seven years when she met Mr. Wilkins. They were married and went to live on one of his father's farms near Greentock, New Jersey. This was a good sized farm and he was obliged to take his produce to Philadelphia at night, which was hard on him because he was not strong enough for this work.

He had always wanted to come west, so he purposely went to a camp-meeting to see Elijah Horner who was soon leaving for Colorado to join his brother, Asa, who had been living there several years. Mr. Wilkins talked the trip over with Elijah on Monday, and found he was expecting to start the next Thursday with his wife and three boys. When Mr. Wilkins came home he announced, "I'm going to Colorado", and hurriedly got ready to go with them. His father opposed his going as he was leaving a good farm which he would eventually inherit. They left in August as planned and Mrs. Wilkins and daughter Emma, and Asa Horner's fiancée arrived in Fort Collins seven months later in February. It took them four days and four nights to come here.

MRS. ELIJAH HORNER AND BOYS.

The following exerpts are taken from Mrs. Wilkins club paper which she read at her Birthday Celebration at the Pioneer Cabin. They describe her arrival at Fort Collins and the first years at Timnath. In this paper she states:—

It is fifty four years since I first arrived in Fort Collins. We came by train by way of Cheyenne. When we arrived in the evening we were met by my husband and Asa Horner who had driven up in an open wagon. We stopped in Fort Collins where Asa Horner had engaged the preacher, and he and his fiancée were married right then at the Commercial Hotel. A little later, we drove across the open country to Asa Horners home where

Mr. Wilkins had been staying, and arrived just in time for supper. The
men had made fresh gingerbread and applesauce in honor of our arrival.

(The few cattle were pastured on the bluffs of what is now Timnath
Reservoir. It was called a lake then. It was a beautiful sight to see the
antelope come up to the lake to drink.) ?

Mrs. Wilkins states that there was no town of Timnath then and no
railroad there; neither was there a Union Pacific line in Fort Collins
at that time. ?

The Wilkins bought a small farm and at first they lived in a two-
roomed house which they had built near the banks of what is now the Timnath
Reservoir. They had two cows and a few chickens to begin with, then Mr.
Wilkins fenced in the bluffs south of the Timnath Reservoir and went into
the cattle business more extensively. Later he bought what is now the
Richard Springer place, ~~and they lived there a few years, and then he bought~~
~~the Jimmy Dickson place and moved their first little house, which now~~
had a lean-to built on to it for a kitchen, (in addition to the two
original rooms), to this farm where it still stands as the North part
of the home. ^{THEN THEY BOUGHT THE JIMMY DICKSON PLACE, AND LIVED THERE A WHILE.} He next bought the William Groff Tree Claim, which adjoined
the Dickson place; he now had two hundred acres of land, so he raised
more cattle. His health failing, he sold the lower land to Will Lamb and
moved to the forty acre part of his Tree- Claim which is almost in ^{the} town
of Timnath. He didn't like Colorado any better than New Jersey, but he
had better health here and was satisfied and happy enough.

When I asked Mrs. Wilkins if she has seen many Indians here, she
replied, " They were on the Reservation when I came but they came in to
Fort Collins about once a year and would stay about a week or so during
these visits."

Mrs Wilkins thinks several Timnath people were outstandingly unusual.
Mr. Strauss, of whom everyone thought well and who was known the country
over as a kind nice old man, was an " Old-timer" type characteristic of the

early day period. He was drowned in a flood because he became frightened, ran out of his ~~HOUSE~~, and got on his pony to search for his cattle. He was afraid they'd get away. Neighbors found him clinging to a wire fence, still conscious but so chilled he couldn't live. They feel he would have been safe had he remained in his ~~Home~~bin which is still in good condition.

"Bob", his brother Herman, and their mother, Mrs Schultz, (of German birth), all lived together in this ~~log~~ ^{HOUSE} cabin for about forty years.

Bob was a horse fancier and a cattleman. He loved fine horses, raised high-spirited thoroughbreds, and developed some excellent racing stock, Miss Wilkins recalls her delight as a child when "Uncle Bob" asked her to jump into his red two-wheeled cart and take a ride behind his favorite bay horse (a stallion).

The Timnath children loved to take their lunches and picnic down by the "Old Council Tree", which was in Mr. Strauss' field. It is that famous dead cottonwood tree, old and gnarled, that is so well-known as the tree under which Indians met to settle some of their disputes or to hang their enemies, or offenders. It is locally famous and is conspicuous as it stands rather alone and is of an arresting formation. (Mrs. Winona Taylor knows its history well). Fourth of July Picnics were always held in Uncle Bob's grove of cottonwood trees and the whole community came from miles around. The men sometimes seined the river for fish, and "Uncle" Bob used to wade into the river on his white horse, a lovely pony, with one end of a seine and would soon bring out a mess of fish which the girls would promptly prepare and fry right there, and eat them with their lunches.

Lord Craddock, a remittance man from England, lived a while at the Strauss home. An English girl came from England later and they were married. ~~He had no occupation, and he idled away his time as best suited~~ ^{AND MOVED ONTO WHAT IS NOW THE TIMMY ANDREWS RANCH.}

Neighborhood girls were allowed in the kitchen of the ~~Log-Cabin~~ ^{HOME} but ~~children~~ gained access to the parlor which Mrs. Schultz kept closed up.

The additional names were inserted on p. 4, because Mrs. Watkins felt they should be included as she had overlooked them before.

MRS. MARY P. CARPENTER,
Royal Cobb, wife, and Luella, who
several families of Davis, the Arthurs and the Gilbert
at Timnath, William Harding, Jimmy Cline, whose
wife is Mrs. Sherwood.

Once in a while some child was allowed a glimpse of the lovely wax flowers
 under the round glass dome on the ^{MARBLE-TOPPED} parlor table, or to see the large old
 fashioned ~~an~~ album with its fine cover. Miss Wilkins has a German picture,
 a painting, which once adorned the parlor wall in this ^{HOUSE} cabin. It was
 given to her as a souvenir or a token by Herman's wife. Herman had moved
 from the cabin and had batched for years while "Aunt Eliza" Horner had
 been a widow for some time, and their friendship led to a marriage. [Miss
 Wilkins says she has a picture of the Strauss ^{HOME} Cabin and one of him on his
 white horse.]

George Buss was another early pioneer who helped to build Timnath.)

There were several settlers who came from New Jersey: the Richard Springers,
 Will Groff, The Wilkins, the Edwards, and Frank Moore families and the
 Horners. Other pioneers were: the Mc Ginleys, the Frank Scott family,

Robert Stroh, ^{JAMES} Abraham Elliot, Mrs Flick, whose daughter is now Mrs. Howard
^{MRS. MARY P. CARPENTER,} Springer at Timnath, ^{ROYAL COBB, WIFE, AND LUELLE, WHO} several families of Davis, ^{WILLIAM HARDING, JIMMY CLINE, WHOSE} the Arthurs and the Gilbert
^{MARRIED JOHN WILLIS.} Smiths, Robert Glassey and sisters, Tom Stroh, ^{DAUGHTER MARRIED LOU PARKER,} and Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood,

the latter being the first school teacher in the first little old log
 cabin school house which was down the river ^{SOUTH OF} where the abandoned Riverside

School House now stands in the southern part of the consolidated school
 District of Timnath. This building also served as the first church. I might
 here add an outline of the school changes and growth in Timnath. The
 second school was located one half mile north of the present site of
 Timnath, and was known as the Fairview building. Later a two room building
 was built nearer Timnath and finally the consolidated school.

Mrs Wilkins made these closing remarks in her Club paper:

"It is wonderful to review the development of roads, farms, and
 business in this vicinity, also the families whose endearing qualities
 have helped to build our west. These qualities of staunch manhood and
 manhood are just as much in demand today. It is a pleasure to feel that

(Page 5. Martha S. Wilkins.)

The Pioneer Organization stands for these things.

Mrs Wilkins and her daughter are living at six forty four Peterson Street. Miss Emma Wilkins is the Principal of the Laurel Street School which is just opposite her home.

Martha S. Wilkins.

Interviewed by Lucille Foltz.

March 26, 1934.

Mrs. Edgar L. Kern, (Nee Bertha Bristol.)

Noah Bristol, (Her Father.)

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Lucille Kern
Born in Vergennes, Vermont, November 24th, 1871. Her father bought
Whitcomb Ranch, now called Buckeye, eighteen miles north of Collins
1874, and Mrs. Kerns was then two and a half years old. Mr. E. W.
Whitcomb's wife was a half-breed Indian girl, and when the law was pass-
ed that they must marry or put their Indian women away, he married her.
She was a charming woman and she and her children were socially prominent
in Cheyenne, when they went there to live after selling the ranch to
Mr. Bristol, the girls were highly educated young women. x

Mr. Bristol and his ^{SON, WILL} brother came out ^{one} six months ahead of the former's
wife and children, who were visiting in Wisconsin before starting west.
He started with a sheep ranch first but he got rid of them when they clo-
sed up the ranges, and the camps out around and the herders all gave
place to a stockman's country, as he stocked the ranch with thoroughbred
cattle and horses.

Mr. And Mrs. Tate, a Scotch couple who were newly married, and had
just come over, lived with the Bristol family for years. She had never
cooked on a stove when she came. They later bought a ranch in Wyoming,
and went there to live.

^{MRS. KERN'S}
Her Mother and Father had been teachers, so her Mother taught her
when she reached school age. x (A stage ran through from Fort Collins to
Cheyenne and Mr. Cathers drove it. It was quite an item when it came
through, as he stopped and had dinner there. The postoffice was at Bristol
(Buckeye), and there was a railroad, the C. C., to Cheyenne which was
later abandoned (after they moved to Ft. Collins).

On a hill in front of the ranch, to the north of it, there is a small
grave burying ground with a picket fence around it; two or three of the
Whitcomb children were burried there. [See P. 3 - "Iron rings" paragraph]

They turned the place over to Judson Bristol, and moved to Ft. Collins
when she was eight, and ^{built a home} went into the Burnett home on the Avenue; - this
[A]

forms the front part of the Bauman Apt's- Mr. Bristol also owned adjacent ground where the Telephone Building stands. ^{Bertha} The children were sent to the Remington School.

Mr. Bristol went into the elevator business by the C. and S. depot; bought grain and stored it and later added a coal business to it. He was Vice-President in the Fort Collins National Bank at ^{PNE} this time, while Frank Avery was its President. He owned considerable property, among a school section north of Collins, and some west of town. They ^{family} lived there until she was ^{eight} sixteen years old, and had finished the eight grades, the College Short Course, and three years of College. She remembers going to the laying of the Corner Stone in old Main at the College.

Her Father went up to Cheyenne in seventy-nine with the idea of calling out a large consignment of flour, and he perceived it was a good opening and went into the Grocery Business there.

Miss Bristol was married to Edgar L. Kern in Cheyenne in 1891; and ^{son, will} and Mr. Bristol's brother were partners with him in this business. He started a Commission house and bought and sold on Commission, and keeping this too, he then opened a General Merchandise, a beautiful large store and bought carloads of stuff, sugar, canned goods, and flour, and sold it out in smaller consignments to other merchants. This store was ^{at the} ^{17th St.} ~~seventeenth street~~ near Minnehaha Lake, in the east part of town; ^{it} ~~the only street, or Main street and it is now called Capitol Avenue.~~ ^{the two main streets of the city. Each 17th Capital Avenue were the two main streets of the city. Each 17th ^{they lived} ~~the only street, or Main street and it is now called Capitol Avenue.~~ ^{people said when you went through Cheyenne, you had to "buy a ticket to Heaven & a return ticket as it was so much better than} ^(they thought themselves so much better) ~~buy a ticket to Heaven & a return ticket."~~}

They stayed there until ninety-four, when the panic came on, and ^{on the south side} or four banks closed in one day. People closed their shops, and as business sold to the south side where the shops were, in twenty-four the village was deserted. The People had been making large wages spending their money freely and everything was gone. The city fed

...ie's Army to get rid of them, when they paraded through Cheyenne at this time.

Note: - See P. 1. ^{This} "Iron rings" - reference belongs there.

She remembers the curious iron rings on the east side of the house, which had been put there to tie the horses up close to the home so the Indians wouldn't steal them; as they were wont to do.

They came down to the old ranch which had been closed, and had been cared for by a care-taker for a number of years, as the Uncle had moved off of it. Her husband and she moved back to it, after paying the taxes on it, for it was owned as an estate until the ^{Bristol} children were of age, and their Grandfather who had died in Vermont, had left them this large acreage and other property besides. The brother had ^{moved away} deserted it, and had gone back, and the ditches were drifted full and in a bad condition. There were natural meadows which belonged to them, about five miles up the canyon where cut hay and alfalfa were plentiful, so they started out with a few

...s. Her father and mother came to the ranch also, and his sister, Mrs.

the Price
...rence Jones, *Will and his infant daughter came to the ranch; his wife died in Cheyenne shortly before this*

After two or three years the Kerns moved five miles north of Windsor, ^{rented (on the old spot) place} and their folks stayed at the Buckeye. The brother ^{Will married again} then brought his second

... up there and the older folks came to Fort Collins, with the sister and their Granddaughter, who was old enough to come to school. The Father was elderly, and a little disheartened; he had been a business man, and a well educated man, having attended a Uncle Ben's School for Boys, and a private Academy in the east. His Father was wealthy. Mrs. Bristol's mother had attended a Ladies' finishing Seminary where she had been tutored in Astronomy, French, and special courses, considered necessary for cultured ladies. Her Mother had died when she was born, and she had been the youngest of ten children. When older she had been sent to this school on her father's estate money.

The Bristol's, Mrs. Kern's parents,
... had gathered up all they could save from the panic losses, and retired from active business life.

The Kerns next bought 160 acres on an unimproved farm 6 blocks south of Main St. The Kerns farmed at Windsor for twenty

(Page 4. Mrs. Edgar L. Kern.)

years, and they rented the old Abbott place for five years, besides buying
 a farm which was just six blocks south from Main street in Windsor. Mr.
 Kern died in 1915, and ^{she} ~~she~~ moved into Collins ^{about 2} three or four years before
 the sheep panic, and ~~they~~ bought Banker Eve's property and ^{has} lived here
 ever since. ^{The Kerns} They had six children, three girls and three boys; ~~the eldest~~
~~was~~ eight and a half years older, ^{the eldest} and was graduated from Aggies in 1915,
 on the day ^{her} his father died.

Mrs. Kerns is a member of the Episcopalian church, ^{a D.A.R.} a member of the
 E. O., and the Eastern Star, in which she ^{is a} has served as Past Matron.
 She lives at 815 Peterson street.

Bertha M.B. Bristol Kern

Compiled by Lucille Foltz.

Lucille Tally

Harrison Teller.

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Harrison Teller was born August sixteenth, 1859 at Mount Kisco, New York, where he lived until twelve years of age. He came to Colorado with his parents who came out to the Union Colony in Greeley, which had been established shortly before 1870, his father, being a member of the Union Colony number eight of Colorado. Nathan C Meeker, then connected with the New York Tribune, was President of the Colony, and Mr. R. A. Cannon, a civil war Vetran, was the Vice-President.

From one of Mr. Teller's dictations: " We formed the colony which finally became the city of Greeley. They selected this strip of land in the Poudre river valley just above where it joins the Platte river and here formed a colony which became the city of Greeley. We landed there in 1870, being among the very first arrivals; nobody in the Colony knew anything about Colorado or irrigation, which was necessary. Schools were begun immediately (and all the machinery of a well-regulated town)".

In two short years , his parents returned East in the fall of 1872, but he stayed here and lived with his Grandfather until 1873 when the great panic came on. All farmers had cause to remember it. Even the great Bank Banking Company back East, was forced to the wall due to the war against the South. The boy went back to Springfield and Vicksburg,

New Jersey, that winter, but ^{he wanted} it seemed necessary to come back to Windsor, in the spring of 1875, ^{returned} so he came back to Windsor unaccompanied, ^{by his} ^{parents.}

September 1882, ^{he} During this year he married Anna Goetchis, and started the General Merchantile Business, in 1883, with R. L. Hall, his father's husband, as a partner. This store was the only station between Greeley and Fort Collins. In 1885, Mr. Hall was bought out by Otis Hill and the Hill and Teller firm later merged into the Windsor Merchantile Company.

Mr. Teller was a banker being a director of the first bank in Windsor; sold County Bank, in 1903. Then he was interested in the Bank of

Northern Colorado in 1907, and later ~~an~~ was active in bringing about the merging of the Weld County Bank and the Bank of Northern Colorado into the ^{He was president of this bank until his death in 1925} First National Bank of Windsor. He was State Representative from Weld County from 1908 until 1912 (Republican). Then he resumed farming and went into stock feeding, increasing his acreage until he owned considerable land. He was active in the formation of the Storms Lake Drainage district East of Windsor a few years ago. Mr. Teller was a member of the following organizations: Windsor Masonic Lodge, number sixty nine, in 1888, holding various offices: Windsor Chapter, number forty, Royal Arch Masons of Greeley Commandery number ten, Knight Templar; Rocky Mountain Consistory number two, Anchient and Accepted Scottish Rite Mason; and a life member of El Jebel, Temple noble of the Mystic Shrine, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, a Modern Woodman of the World. He died in 1925. He was the father of five children, four of whom survived him. Three are now living. Harrison, a farmer; George B. Teller, who is in the Windsor Merchantile Store and Emma, a school teacher in the Sterling Colorado schools.

the other son.

John L. and Griffith H. were

Emma Teller

Interviewed by Lucille Foltz.

April 6, 1934.

Lucille & Soltz

1814-34

Titus H. Abbot. (of Greeley Colony)

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Was born 1810, died 1888, (78 years old) in Maine. He went on the ocean as a sailor on a whaler around cape Horn to California in 1849. Came back to Illinois when Chicago was staked out as a town and a fellow offered him one of the principal business lots in Chicago at present, for a pair of cow hide boots and he told him he wouldn't give the boots for the whole townsite. He went thirty miles west near Joliet and took up a farm, and married a school teacher, lived there till he came to Colorado in 1870 with the Greeley Colony and bought a farm four miles west of Greeley.

John C. Abbot.

Came to Greeley with Horace Greeley's Colony, he had quick consumption and lived in a tent, got better and finally got entirely well and in 1872 he and B. H. Eaton went into a Meat Market together in Greeley, and then conceived the idea of building ditches for irrigation. They built the number two, that comes out of the river at La Porte, then they built a ditch out of the Platte, then they came back and built the Lake Canal ditch and bought twelve hundred acres at the lower end of the ditch, northwest of Windsor. Later they dissolved partnership and he and a man by the name of Mason from Chicago, built the highland ditch from above X Bellvue. He came to Fort Collins in 1879 and went into the Grocery business with C. W. Ramer. He was elected state Auditor and withdrew from the Grocery Business and went to Denver in 1883 and 1884. In 1886 he came back to Fort Collins and went into the Real Estate business with his two sons, Frank and Albert. His health failing, he retired and was invalided for sixteen years, with creeping paralysis, and he died in 1909, in Fort Collins at his home at 331 South Howes Street.

Emily Wright Abbott.

Wife of John C. Abbott came with the children to Greeley in 1870.

She was quite active in church circles and pioneer life in the early days of Greeley. She wrote a good deal, mostly poetry. Then in 1879 after coming to Fort Collins, she continued her writing and her interest in all church and social affairs; she was very prominent in the Pioneer Society. She showed quite an ability in Real Estate transactions, buying lots and selling for good profits. She conceived the idea of collecting all the photographs of old pioneers and putting them in groups, framing them, and presenting them to the Pioneer Society, and they are still in the cabin. She cared for Mr. Abbott through his illness of many years, and survived him ten years, dying in 1919 at the age of seventy eight. Her sons are still living. Albert Abbott is living at Fort Collins, Colorado, and Frank is in Virginia.

Mrs Abbott brot the first musical instrument to Greeley; it was a small melodian, and it was made in 1860.
Albert Abbott. *It is still in the family.*

Memoirs. He remembers that buffalo on the plains stopped their train for an hour, before they could get through the herd. When they went that two years later there were several hundred Indians camped at Omaha and some of the chiefs came through the train. Albert was in a seat back of his mother watching the Indians out through the window when he heard voices; he turned around and saw the Indians in the train, and jumped over the back of the seat, saying, " I'm not afraid, I just want to be near you ". The conductor asked the Indians to get off the train because they were frightening the women and children and they did so, with amused smiles on their faces. It was raining and chilly and all the little Indians up to ten and twelve years old were naked, and were hovered around little fires on the prairie keeping warm. " We went to school in Greeley two or three years and came up to the farm and went to school there Timnath now is, or on the river just below it; then in 1879 they came to Fort Collins and entered the Agricultural College in the winter semester of 1880. We were in the second class; Mrs Robertson, Montie [?], John Ryan, Chriss Higbee, Grace Patton (Several of us first

attended the Remington Street High School, now the Remington School, and quit in the Christmas Vacation and started to College).^{JP} He has since remained for several years, and has been a stock salesman in recent years. He learned the painters trade when a young man, and has been painting and decorating off and on ever since. His neighbors when they lived on the farm between Timnath and Windsor were the Kerns, The Petersons, "Dolph" Lake, and Will Peterson, the Eatons, and Simon Duncan, Bob Strauss, the Busses, the Horners, Carpenters, Mrs. CARPENTER and sons, Harding and Tom Stroh, two bachelors who lived at the head of the Greeley number two ditch. A Story of 1879-1880:- We lived over the Tedmon store on Jefferson street and ~~these~~ two fellows came out of the saloon where they had been boxing, and fellows said the younger fellow had gotten the better of the other one, ^{THEY} ~~and~~ went to a hotel next door, for supper. When they came out of the hotel, somebody had a new Smith and Weston double-action revolver, ~~put~~ out. This man took it and swung it around on his finger by the trigger guard, and said, " He wouldn't give a d_____ for it ", and just as he got it pointed opposite this young fellow he jerked it and shot the young fellow right between the eyes. They called a coroner's jury and exonerated him as being accidental. Later they learned that he had threatened to get even with the young fellow, and they tried to find him but he had disappeared. Two weeks later to the day he was hung from a railroad bridge on the Oregon Short Line for stealing a span of horses.

Albert D. Abbott

Interviewed by Lucille Foltz.

April 6, 1934.

Lucille Holtz

Mrs. William Batterson, nee Lillian E. Aldrich of Livermore, and
 Mrs. William St. Clair, was born at Manchester, Green Lake County,
 Wisconsin. They sold their home, which was in the Lake country, and left
 there, moving to Packwaukee, Wisconsin, where she attended school through
 the 8th grade; then they came West to Kansas, coming overland. They
 worked on a dry farm, and didn't raise much. They were in an Indian
 raid which was a terrifying experience for them as they were used to
 the civilized eastern type of Indians in Wisconsin. They ran twice
 from these attacks, leaving their homes each time, and although the
 Indians only killed one man on the Solomon river, they committed
 atrocities on the whites. ^{on the Sappa} When 36 people took refuge in one school-
 house on the Sappa River, the Sioux attacked and captured this band of
 pioneers and cruelly mistreated some of them. A small band of renegade
 whites and Cheyenne Indians conducted private raids on some of the
 lonely, isolated ranch homes, mistreating women, burning their cabins,
 and attempting to burn the owners alive in the conflagrations they
 started when about to leave the premises. One settler barricaded his fam-
 ily and himself in a dug-out and was safe, but his wife, who was ill,
 went insane from fear.

They stole a team of horses which her father owned. At one time
 a friendly group ^{of Indians} from the Eastern part of the State ^{on chief creek} came through on a
 hunting trip, and stopped at their home and ordered dinner, so they fed
 them. When about to leave Chief ^{white Eagle} Creek shook hands with a farm-hand
 who was in the room at the time, and noticing that the white man's
 hand had a missing finger, he made signs he'd remember him in heaven
 when they met there.

The Aldriches came up here in '82, as the father had a contract
 with the B. M. for building 3 miles of railroad in the Eastern part of

State and this extension brought him into Colorado. They had heard
Collins was a flourishing place, and they needed work, as the father
had his teams he'd used on the railroad. A man told them he'd
traded off his scrapers and plows and had bought another team as freight-
was good and the roads needed opening up to the Park on account of a
spring snow. Clint Farrar and Kintz Pew had a saw-mill, from which
hailed lumber but he didn't make much this way, so he became a ranch-
and took up a Homestead. Then the mother had the asthma so much
they had to leave; ^{D. J. Robinson} ~~C. C. Post from the Seattle Sun~~ bought the place.

Mrs. Aldrich had married a young Livermore ranchman. Her parents rented
a truck farm for 2 years and then bought a place at Livermore and lived
there all the rest of their days. (Mr. Keach's first wife, Millie, was
sister of Mrs. Aldrich and a distant cousin to Mr. Aldrich).

Old "Dutch Henry" stole a great many horses in Kansas, by cutting
their halters and taking them away, nice horses were valuable then, and
sold for a good price, and especially Eastern horses as ^{the Aldrich's} theirs were. ^{Mr.} The
Aldrich ^{+ the Dunlap} boys followed him for five weeks, and caught him once and shot
but he got away. He was a smooth thief in his method of obtaining
horses. He'd get in with someone in the neighborhood who would take
the horses out of the barn for him; generally some neighbor would do it.

The family experienced the fury of a prairie fire while out there
that land. Her father was helping a neighbor control it on his farm,
when the wind turned and blowing the fire down toward his Homestead,
burned his stock out, and travelling further on, it burned a woman and
her daughter to death. It ruined the grass, and burned the sod build-
ing of cottonwood logs, and although they are hard to burn they were
completely ruined. People blamed a neighbor for setting this fire.
The Aldrich family came back the next year.

There was only one doctor for miles around, and after these nerve-

...making times he had his hands full - there were lots of births, and the
settlers were so terrified at the thought of another Indian raid that
many illnesses were due directly to this. Mrs. Aldrich and her daughter
lived on this Homestead 3 years.

Buffalo rings were all over Kansas; the cows had stood there, and the
elves too; buffalo wallows where rain collected were a very common sight.
It was a beautiful country in June, but it dried up, and the vegetation

...could die a little later, except in some select spot along the creek. *There were*
ground that were covered with pegs where buffalo hunters had packed their hides
They could raise fine beans and wonderful watermelons, sod-corn (nubbins) *down*
with
They cut 11 acres of sod-corn by moonlight, as heat was so intense in the *pegs*
of
day-time. Their father was down working on the railroad at that time. *pulled*
them
off.

The neighbors were a good class of people, and the best of neighbors. One
woman said in prayer-meeting one night that she didn't know whether God
would look after them there the same as any place else, since they'd shown
so little sense in coming into such a country, where they had gotten into
such a state they couldn't leave and had to make the best of it. This was
a part of the Great American desert and it possessed strange new problems
to outsiders. One made good friends there, attended dances as a main
form of social life, unless a minister came through, as they did irreg-
ularly. One spoke to the cowboys before he held a meeting, and said,
"I am a religious man; I would like you boys to come to the meeting."
The boys would usually pay a minister all due respect in any cow-camp.
When he came up to them one asked the minister to have a drink as they
were passing the bottle around. He said, "I'd rather have poison!"
The fellow, undaunted, replied laconically, "We've got both; you can
have either". The cow-boys were not dissipated men, and their fine
courage found its source in their universal respect for the good things
of life, and their very human regard for their fellow beings; and they
would protect women with their lives.

Her father and mother kept a hotel when they first came to Ft. Col-
ins; the "Home Restaurant" in '86 (where the Lyric Theatre building is),
the Farmers' Restaurant, (~~then~~ ^{where} the Antler's hotel, ^{stands}) and the old City Hotel,
the '90s. They kept their ranch, and her sister and husband ran it.

^{the youngest} sister, Millie, died ~~there~~ ^{on the ranch}. ^{The eldest sister}
^{lives there}
The Battersons were married in 1883, and Mr. Batterson died in 1908;
they were married 26 years altogether. Mr. Batterson bought a ranch,
and started running and raising cattle on the place, and Mrs. Batterson
rode the ranges with him for 22 years. They had one boy, ~~who died while~~
~~small child.~~

They homesteaded on the Mt. View Place at the Elkhorn road-crossing,
and Mrs. Batterson kept the Post Office there for 2 years; and she helped
Mr. Batterson at the Round-ups for ~~nine~~ ²² years, helping to brand every
half on the place, although she never actually put a brand on; just
helped by keeping the fires up and holding the heel-rope when necessary;
she felt she could be of real help in doing this as they were anxious to
get a start. She always rode side-saddle and never found it to be unduly
tiring. She wore a riding-habit with a long skirt, and a wide hat to
protect her complexion. Rouge was unthought of. She went to Round-ups
during the day and helped get the cattle out. Her husband was a beauti-
ful rider and she too. They often had visitors at their lodge and she
had many people to cook for, when she arrived home after riding on the
range all day. They also had one ~~steady boarder~~ ^{hired man most of the time}. They were happy and
enjoyed it all. Their first Homestead was a Pre-emption, in which

Homestead by paying 1/2 of the money down, and live there 33 months
to prove upon it: ~~then~~ by actual residence; ~~you live there 5 years and~~
^{Then they took a Homestead right adjoining}
^{also a timber-filing, where the Livermore Hotel stands}
^{now}
^{They did this and then bought land and but sold}
^{it before prob}
^{they lived on the Homestead for the remainder of Mr. Batterson's life}
^{it was peaceable}
^{it was peaceful}
One feels nearer to God, and nature living in
than anywhere else, and you depend on each other for enter-
^{possession}

improvised picnics and dinner parties were enjoyed better because they were rare. The women all had the ambition to have their homes nice.

They had an ideal mountain home, with lots of flowers; and it was so lovely. The Times Magazine published a photo of it. Sears ^{and Holcomb carpenters,} built the log-house ^{for} her flowers never froze in the house. The outside of the ranch home was decorated with a fancy piece over the edge giving it a charming little porch reminiscent of a quaint old-world mountain-home.

They owned 100 cows everyone of which was named and she could identify each by sight, as she was so used to caring for them.

Soloman Batterson
(Her husband's father)

Came to Livermore in 1870, his only capital being two good wagons, sets of harness, 5 horses, 8 head of cattle and \$65 in money after the trip was made from Clear Lake, Iowa. Just before the morning they started, he had worked for a man who could not pay ^{his} and who had no property, but who offered him a Morgan yearling colt instead. It was the first well-bred ^{Morgan} stable horse in Larimer County, and it brought him the \$400-\$500 the man had owed him and many more dollars. They landed in Livermore August 10th and camped on McNey hill. They had paid \$25 for groceries and a horse which played a prominent part in their struggle during the first few years of their western life. They had the \$65 left when they arrived here. They went to Sion Godwin's place at first. Sion was nicknamed Sampson as he was so large. He was very kind and persuaded them to stay there with him, as he was batching ^{in order to} and see whether they wanted to take up ^{the Battersons} or not. He was cooking over a fireplace and so ^{her} folks went to Sion and bought a stove. He was a wonderful hunter and fisherman and he taught them how to hunt and fish.

The Battersons had these teams and there was lots of hay on the

Godwin place, - a natural meadow. Mr. Godwin had just let his pony
 live around on it but Mr. Batterson helped him cut it and rake it by
 hand, and saved this hay, ^{They saved their stock in the winter of '71 with} ~~and they sold it at Cheyenne, Laramie or~~
^{for butter}
 They trapped and got hides also. People paid 50¢ a lb. for
 their own use, and as Mrs. Batterson had worked in a Dairy in New York
 she made fine butter, and got the biggest prices for it. They lived
 2 years with Mr. Godwin. ⁵⁷¹ ~~197~~ was a hard winter, antelope came off the
 plains and up to the mountains where it was not as bad as below where the
 snow was crusted and there was so much of it.

They took up a Homestead ~~and~~ ^{10 years ago} (the cabin home burned ^{the place} but they lived
^{now owned by Clarence Currie}
~~at that place.~~ All ~~three~~ ^{four} of the Batterson family are dead; Mr. and Mrs.
 Batterson both died in Ft. Collins. They had 3 children, one little
 girl, Azubah ^{died when 11 years old} was buried on the ranch. ^{+ William Batterson died in 1908 at} ~~She was 11 years old.~~
~~and is buried in the Livermore cemetery.~~ ^{Mina Batterson (Mrs. Tibbitts) died in 1919.}
 The Battersons were honest hard-working people, and they owned a
 lot of land at one time and had nice homes and built-up places; but they
 had reverses before they died.

Mrs. Batterson married Mr. St. Clair in Central City in 1910. They
 live in their cottage on the back of the lot at ³⁰⁹ ~~215~~ South Sherwood St.

William Batterson St. Clair
 Compiled by Lucille Foltz.

P.S. In Mrs. St. Clair's life she ran across many
 old landmarks + these are two of the pieces she has written
 some of these things: The "Overland Trail" & the "Little
 forgotten Grave" which is situated on the Overland Trail
 near Owl Canon or the "Hook & Moore" glade.

THE OVERLAND TRAIL

Written by

Lillian E. St. Clair

for the

Pioneer Club of Fort Collins, Colo.

THE OVERLAND TRAIL

I live right near the Overland Trail
That the pioneers traveled of old
As they wended their way toward the setting sun
Out to the land of gold.

Right near to this old worn Overland Trail
The chips of the arrows lay
That the Indians made in bygone days
To hold the white man at bay.

We fancy we know their cruel thoughts
As they fashioned those arrows of flint
With drops of water on the red hot stone
And labor they did not stint.

Names are carved on the rocks nearby
J. C. North is the name of one
That was carved there in 1849
With his face toward the setting sun.

Beautiful mariposa lillies
Nod their pearl and golden heads
The meadow lark sings his sweet wild lay
O'er the prairie and cactus beds.

Sweet wild roses blooming
At the old Wheeler Spring so clear
Where the horses and cattle water
And it used to be buffalo and deer.

Bright hued beads we found there
In the anthills along the Trail
Lost by a dusky maiden
Or a warrior that seldom failed

In his cruel and awful warfare
That he waged against the white man of old
As they traveled those desolate prairies
The half that will never be told.

An old padlock made in 1817
We found near the Overland Trail
A worn ox shoe and broken chain
What a story no doubt they could tell.

The old stage station at Virginia Dale
Played its part in those days of old
Sheltered and protected scores of them
From dangers worse than frost and cold.

The sun has looked down on many a crime
Committed near the Overland Trail
And many a heart has ached in pain
As they watched for their loved ones in vain.

How many a foot has trod there
In that worn old Overland Trail
How many a heart has broken
For loved ones that traveled death's vale.

What were their hopes and ambitions
As they passed o'er this lonely way
Has God made true their day dreams
That they dreamed in pioneer days?

Many a year has passed since those days
And the pioneers are old and gray
But how we love their worn bent forms
For we know they prepared the way

For us to build our homes near the Trail
Live our simple and quiet life
They fought and prayed, made many a grave
For those that fell in the strife.

God has taken them one by one
To his Home up there in the sky
We know they all are wearing crowns
In that beautiful Home on high.

A LITTLE FORGOTTEN GRAVE

Written by

Lillian E. St. Clair

A LITTLE FORGOTTEN GRAVE

I stood today by a little grave
Up near that lonely Hook and Moore glade:
I dreamed a dream as I stood there today
Of that father and mother so far away.

I fancied I saw that young mother
As she laid her little one there.
I fancied I heard her sobbing
As she gazed on that little form fair.

I thought I could see the father
In that far off hidden past
With his tear-dimmed eyes and aching heart
Finishing all at last.

Dainty little waxen hands
Filled with snowdrops wild
All the flowers the poor mother could get
For the hands of her darling child.

No hymns were sung for that little one fair
Nor sermons were preached for the friends;
No loving words were whispered to them
As they murmured their reverent "Amen."

Only the pines on the mountain side
Whispered a sad refrain
As they turned away from that little grave
Their loving hands had made.

L. E. Hale was 'graved on the stone
That has stood through sunshine and storm
In April 1864 it said
Telling a story all its own.

I fancied I saw them traveling
On that old California trail
Leaving their darling little one there
But their love could never fail.

Poor old mother so far away
For your hair must be white or silvery gray
How a message I would love to send
Though it had to go to this old world's end.

How a carpet of grass so bright and green
With pure white daisies is often seen
And God must have watched with care and pride
The grave of the little child that died.

For stock has grazed for many a year
Around this little sacred pier
But our Father has made it all his own
That poor little grave out there alone.

I long to think the mother, ere this,
Has gone to that Golden Shore
And God has given her back again
Her little one as of yore.

Lucille Foltz

JOHN CURRIE

—
Baling Hay
—

Doe $\frac{353}{36}$ 169

One time while baling hay on the Andrew Ames' place, when working for the Howes, the men had the boys stealing eggs from the little stocksheds, the men were sucking these eggs between times as they worked. One was feeding the press while Mr. Currie ran the horse-power.

Mr. Sheldon came down, and Pratt, who lived next to Andrew Ames on the [unclear], went down to help load the hay on the river bottom. In a little while Pratt came running up to them shouting.

"Sheldon has fallen down off the hay. He's fallen down and broken his [unclear]. He's killed! A little whiskey might help him".

Andrew Ames and Mr. Currie went down there. Pratt had put the load of [unclear] on and had bound it down, while Sheldon had been on top of the load [unclear] down on the binder. It broke and Mr. Sheldon had pitched over on the ground; he was still breathing when they arrived. Pratt took a little whiskey and gave the elderly Mr. Sheldon a little revival.

"Do I have to pay for it?" he asked, out of the corner of his mouth, the first thing, when he could move his lips. He didn't die, but speedily recovered, instead.

I was going up to Buffalo, Wyoming, with the intention of sending down [unclear] for some money but the line was down, and the man in the store said I should write a letter and get an answer quicker than if I waited for the telegraph line to be fixed up. It was owned by the Government and it connected up the different posts; Fetterman, Fort McKinney, Custer, and Laramie.

I was busted at the time when I rode up from Powder river to Buffalo camped with Powell's Bull outfit (a freighter) and I stayed over night help them rope some green cattle; that is, they were breaking oxen to [unclear]. A preacher came there on his road from Ft. Robison to McKinney

and he wanted my two mares; my mount and pack horse. If I delivered them at headquarters at McKinney, he'd pay me so much a head for them. The next day after I got in, I took the horses up there and he paid me for them. Then I bought two horses from Indian Clark, a white man who used to live here. He was on the road and had stopped there to haul in poles and posts for a corral for Hunt and Smith, the liverymen. One of these ponies was a pretty pinto, and I soon sold it. A boy came down to the camp and said,

"A lady on the hill up there would like to buy one of them horses, if it is gentle enough for a woman to ride". Knowing it was squaw-broke, I said,

"Yes".

She said she would buy it if I'd let her ride it to Fort McKinney to see if it was satisfactory. The woman was Foot's wife; he had owned a store at Medicine Bow but he had moved it up to Buffalo since. I took the horses up there and put her saddle on and rode up to the Post with her. By the time we reached the Fort, she knew it was a fine pony and paid me sixty-five dollars for it. I made around five hundred dollars in horse trades before I left Buffalo.

Stray Dog

When our outfit was at Buffalo, Wyoming, going to the National Park, the cook had picked up a dog at Mammoth Hot Springs and it followed us. When we pulled in on Gardener river there, I had a pack outfit and they had a wagon. Petrified Jim was with us. I'd just went to unhitch and there came an escort of cavalry and a pack train which proved to be Vice-President Sheridan and his party, going north into Montana. Our party pulled out into a gulch, where there was water, and camped. The stray dog wandered around and put his nose into pans and food

the boys decided to get rid of him, even if the cook had taken a fancy to it, so when he went after fresh meat, they tied a tin can to the dog's tail with a buckskin thong. The dog yelped and ran down toward a clump of willows near Sheridan's camp. He must have lost the can, it appeared, but had stampeded the Government mules belonging to the other party.

"Au-i, au-i," they began.

Pretty soon a delegation of six soldiers came into Currie's camp and asked the men what they meant by this; Sheridan had sent them over. At this time there was a bounty of twenty-five dollars for returning each stray Government mule, so they were suspicious that Currie's party was trying to stampede them and claim the rewards for finding them. One of the soldiers knew Mr. Currie, so it was soon explained to all of their satisfaction, except the cook's, who couldn't understand why his dog had left, but Mr. Currie told him it seemed to take a greater liking to the camp down low, as it had gone that way.

On The Belle Fourche

Mr. Currie was with the first outfit on the Belle Fourche. These outfits he worked for were practically one firm; the "Loomis and Andrews".

"I didn't like that country but I had agreed with the Loomis and Andrews company I'd stay there a year, and I'd arranged it with "Ruff" their foreman, when he came up to the Belle Fourche CQ ranch to take the horses to take back to the O7 in the spring, that when my year was up I was to go down and work with the lower outfit when the fall Round-up started on the O7 ranch. It was located on the Platte river and belonged to the same outfit.

I'd promised to visit a chum who had just got married in Fort Collins, at Christmas time, and I was going to bring Zack Thomas' team and buggy to the O7 ranch down to Cheyenne when I came. (We had taken all the

over to Bates' Hole and we were on Sheep creek that winter. In the
time the 07 ranch had been sold to Swan. Zack Thomas was the "top-
" or top-foreman for the Swan outfit and he had promised Mr. Currie
day lay-off for this trip). Ruff and I started but the weather was
ed, and as it was seventy miles from the one ranch to the other with none
een, we only reached the Medicine, when the going got so bad we came
to the ranch on Sheep creek. I went around by the road to Ft. Fet-
man and up the Platte to the 07 ranch. On the way over I met "Missou"
Larry Warren on the La Parell river. (Missou later became a foreman
the C-Y ranch and afterwards had a job at the Cary^E ranch and became rich
all in later life). Larry told us he was staying at the Emerson ranch
the La Parell and that he had bought a couple of colts from John
west and that "Windy Jim" had stolen them and had changed the ^P~~P~~ (John
west) brand on them, and had made ^W~~U~~ out of it. Then he'd sold these
across the river at the Seewright ranch (Owner of the ~~O~~ Goose egg
outfit). Larry got his horses back and brought them over to the 07 ranch and
the cook came over and ^h~~b~~rought one of these horses back again. It slipped
the ice on the river and broke it's neck; he had snubbed it to the sad-
horn while leading it across.

The next day Larry and I started back down the river to the C-Y out-
fit. The ground was tracked up like one thousand sheep had been there.
found a bunch of bull-elk and cows had done this. When we got down as
as the muddy the whole bottom was full of elk-cows and heifers, the
were by themselves in bunches of twenty-five or thirty. They had come
the mountains where the snow was deep. They always wintered in the
hills across the river and in spring they went back to the mountains.
river was frozen, but not solid, so it was open enough that they couldn't
back. They were waiting for it to freeze solid before going across. We
Major Wolcott who had located on Deer Creek and he went out after them
killed 18. He was the first one to put up a wire fence on Beaver *Deer*

... creek and when he went out after these elk they took out a quarter of a
... of his fence.

I didn't get down to Ft. Collins on account of having to go to the
... ranch to get Zack Thomas' team and buggy and bring it down to Cheyenne
... him, which ~~it~~ made me late. I got the team only as far as Jake
... Hill's ranch on the Laramie river on Christmas Day. I spent the next
... at Laramie City, and the next evening I arrived at Cheyenne. (That
... night Alex Swan was starting for the Old Country (Scotland) to close up
... sale which was at that time the biggest sale in the U. S. - the
... biggest ranch transaction - since he bought up ALL the outfits. The ranches
... had cattle and storms had killed a great many off and his riders
... knew just what each outfit had and he was able to buy them out at an accu-
... rate estimate and the right price).

On the way to the Fall roundup, I came across the Little Powder River
... going up to work with this outfit. It was late Summer. I was going to
... ride through the country till I struck the C-Y ranch on the Platte; there
... were no ranches in between and in that oil country the water wasn't fit
... to drink and I had no grub. At the C-Y ranch I saw one of the chicken-
... herders and asked him for something to eat, and put my horses in the
... corral.

"Wait till noon", he said.

"No, I've waited for three noons now", I told him. So the cook
... brought me some cold ham, a pan of milk and a loaf of bread, and I
... ate it up. Then I rode on but by the time I had ridden seven miles or
... more the ham and milk combination nearly killed me. I got off the horse
... and bathed my head and the back of my neck, and drank and was thorough-
...ly sick".

When I arrived at the ranch they had already started the Round-up,
... I secured some raw eggs and some stale bread from the chicken-herder,
... and got him to make a pot of strong black coffee for me.

We made three gathers of cattle on the Laramie plains that fall and
lipped at Rock Creek, the North Platte river, the Bates' Hole country, and
the Laramie Plains.

(The plains were frozen up in seventy nine and eighty, it being six-
below on the Laramie plains that winter when Billy Yeagers (called,
Billy, the Bear") got caught out there in that storm.)

Mr. Currie came back from here, driving cattle out between Laramie
and the Medicine to the plains, where the wind had blown the snow
the grass and they could get at it and get something to eat. ^P This
Yeager worked for the Barr M. ranch, and in helping get the cattle out,
worked over as far as the Fetterman Rock Creek road; We'd rest the
horses a day or two before getting the cattle out from the Medicine but
between the Fetterman road and the Medicine there was a big country we
had to work. When ^{Yeager} he started to come over to the ranch, he got lost in
the storm and was out three days. When he did eventually get to the
ranch he was froze so bad, that they finally had to cut his feet and
hands off. He came to the camp, and Mr. Currie, heard a noise outside and
he opened the door, he saw a man looking like a white statue on horse-
back. Mr. Currie helped him in, and his hands and feet were like white
marble - Mr. Currie thawed his hands and feet out in a tub of cold water
all day long, but they couldn't be saved, and his feet and hands had to be
amputated. ^P The cowboys raised a fund and procured artificial feet for him,
and he later traveled as watchman for Bill Cody's show. Old Dr. Harris
operated upon eighteen men at the Sisters of Charity Hospital in Laramie
during that storm; and some of them lived; some died.

The Vigilantes Make a Mistake.

When the Black Hills started to open up, Felix Mischaud and Big John

ward went up there and were, in fact, about the first outsiders to go there. The treaty hadn't been made with the Indians yet, so the soldiers took the boys out to Fort Laramie, but they got back in again afterwards, and located a road-ranch between "Spring-on-the-Right", and Custer City. Afterward they moved in to Custer and started a livery stable and had the mail contract carrying the mail between Rapid City and Custer.

We were taking a bunch of cattle up to the Black Hills working for S. Walker and Johnson - the owners of the "O. S. Brand" on Horseshoe Creek.

In going in, I stopped at Felix's place and when we were crossing back, we drove the cattle to Centennial Prairie and camped there. In coming back, Johnsons told me to take the new road they had laid out, which avoided going down to the Red Canyon. This new road left the old one at Mountain Home and connected up with the old road and Jack Bowman's ranch at Hot Creek Basin.

After a while, in the meantime, three supposed horse-thieves had been hanging at Rapid City, and one of them was named Currie. Having promised Felix Mischaud that on the road back we would stop and not having done so, he naturally thought it was me, and he went to Rapid City to see about it.

This fellow Currie was an innocent party that these two horse thieves had picked up upon the road and told him to get on and ride one of the horses. So the vigilantes caught them, and then hung all three.

Afterwards, when I was driving another bunch of cattle into the hills, I met two men in a buck-board and they stopped, and one says, "My God, this ain't Jack, is it?", and it was Felix Mischaud. They thought I'd been hung and couldn't believe it was me at first.

In the winter, the stock associations would all meet and set a time, and appoint a captain of each Round-up and the foreman of each outfit

would go down and the Captain would tell them to take men and drive to such and such a district, and round up the cattle at a certain point; when they'd drive the cattle to that point and work them. At Sydney, Nebraska, for instance, all the outfits would go down there for that district and work west between the two rivers.

I was in the hills one fall, with some horses and cattle with expectations of selling them, but the work all closed down and it made it hard to dispose of them. "Big Russ" was with me. He and I sold our interests in these animals to Nick Verplast at Rochford, with the understanding that I would agree to look after them; so I stayed there until spring.

Six of us were going down together from Lead, South Dakota, but four of the men took down with the measles, so I went with the two men who were going on horseback, I had a saddle horse and two pack-horses besides. The other four men planned to come down by stage when they got well, and meet their two friends in Denver, Colorado. They sent their pack and saddle horses along with us. These men were a bunch of miners who were going down to Colorado as they had some mines down there, and had to do some assessment work. I quit my two companions at Cheyenne and came on to Fort Collins and they met each other in Denver as planned.

Mr. Currie's Dog.

Mr. Currie had a Bull Dog called "General ^RCook". Some one had shot at him at the ranch and scared him, and the dog was afraid of guns after that time; the sight of a gun would make him growl.

They stopped at night at an abandoned road-ranch where the beds were all in one room, and they put their horses in a pasture. A fellow came in riding bare-back on one mule, and leading another. The men were afraid he'd steal their horses, and saddles. Mr. Currie told the dog to

watch, saying,

"No one will get out of that door tonight or you'll hear of it." And

laid his saddle in the doorway. ^{The dog} ~~He~~ wouldn't allow anyone to bother

The next morning they were riding along, and a bunch of deer jumped

by the creek, and one of the fellows and I stopped and shot at it and

the other one kept on with the horses. When they got through shooting we

looked around and the dog was gone. We filled our pipes, and got on our

horses and caught up with the other fellow, feeling that the dog might

follow the horses with this fellow, but he was gone. The dog had turned

and went clear back to Rochsford, and when Bill Sherwood moved back to

Rapid City, he saw the dog at Nick Verplast's as the latter had taken the

dog with him when he moved. Nick Verplast kept the dog and ^{wrote} ~~went~~ back to

the Sheriff to find if I'd gotten back and he found I had.

Snowball's Indian Scare

At one time, our Round-up group was on the head of the Republican river

and the Indians had broke loose that year and were working a lot of mis-

chief around. We were not many, just a detail group sent over to round-up

on the Beaver Water Hole, and it was a long, hot, dry drive, so as soon

as we got into camp, we turned our horses out, and were laying under the

wagons when our black negro horse-wrangler, Snowball, came running into

camp; he was snow-white and all he could say was "Injuns! Injuns!" He

had turned the horses out and was herding them when he saw some Indians.

In a few minutes a few fellows rode up on a ridge, and gave the peace sign.

It was old Colorow, Percent, and Washington, Ute chiefs, who were out

hunting buffalo. Colorow took his finger and rubbed it on the bottom

of the Dutch oven and it was black and he held it up, then he wiped it off

his thigh, and stepped over to a sack of flour and smeared his finger

over the sack and held it up again laughing; the Indians were amused that they had made a black man turn white and he'd made some fun for them. They were inquiring to find out where the Sioux were, they were mortally scared of them. They'd heard the Indians had broken loose from the reservation and were coming up the Republican river.

The Indians were soon mingling with the whites as friends and some horse-races were started between the Indians and cowboy ponies. The races were held on the Buffalo road. (The Buffalo hunters had built a wind-break here of the Buffalo Water Holes and they hauled their hides from here to the K. P. railroad). The cowboys beat, as some of the cowboy riders resorted to the trick of striking a quirt over the Indian horse's nose to hold it back. The Indians wouldn't run on the road after that, but instead, they stepped off so many paces on the prairie, and used the end of the center stick of a quirt to mark off two lines for the start and finish of the race. The sticks of their quirts were about twenty-two inches long. They made them by boring a hole in one end of a stick, and had slipped a buckskin through it and this made a loop over the wrist. They slipped pieces of raw-hide through the hole at the other end, to make tails for a quirt; and they used a stick in between to save them the trouble of braiding it.

The Indian ponies were so much faster and when there was no road they ran around us and always in a curving direction, and they beat us every time. Then the boys moved on, and the Indians followed them up a couple of days as there was lots of betting going on. We joined the main outfit afterwards on the Head of Beaver.

Mr. Currie had a pack-horse which always followed his saddle horse, and would sometimes get a half mile behind or in front of him, but it would catch up later, or wait for him. ^{TP} Mrs. Currie spoke in an aside to me, that

All life was exciting and an adventure in those days, all had to live that way, with hardships, monotonous food, and poor conditions, yet none complained; it was an adventurous life, full of excitement at times, with the same experiences but they happened in new places, and that was the only thing that could hold him, and his interest; the fact, that they were always on the move, and there were changes from day to day."

Mr. and Mrs. Currie live at 425 South Remington St. They have four children, two girls and two boys.

THE END.

John Currie

Compiled by Lucille Foltz.

Charles R. Goldsborough
CHARLES R. GOLDSBOROUGH.

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37*

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Was born April 1st, 1838 at Otto, New York, near Buffalo. Young Charles worked on his father's farm as a boy; his father was a doctor, but he owned a good many farms, and the son helped manage them. He went through grade-school and attended an academy, where all of his teachers were men. He did not want to become a doctor, but he was determined to be a farmer. One of the reasons he came West was to avoid the cold winters of New York with its attendant mud and slop. He came first to Greeley, where the Greeley colony had established itself, but when coming up here he found the type of country he liked best, so he came here to make his home. He worked in town awhile, and bought a farm in the Harmony district (the present McMurray farm) and he immediately set fruit trees out. This place is in the heart of the fertile Harmony district, which is known as the best farming section in the county.

Mr. Goldsborough had several hobbies and accomplishments; amongst them he was a beautiful skater, and would walk several miles out to Linneuer's Lake to go skating when he was 75 years and older. He enjoyed walking and often went on foot to fishing or skating places just for the fun he got out of it. He was in the semi-professional class for trick and fancy skating and won several prizes in contests. He also was an Old-Time Fiddler, and was awarded prizes in several Fiddlers' competitions. He and Mr. Silcott, who played a flute, played together at all the community dances at the School house. Mr. Schelt, Fanny Birmingham's father, was another pioneer who came over night after night to play music with him. Mr. Schelt was an old Civil War Veteran, who had marched with Grant from Atlanta to the sea, and had won his citizenship that way, after 4 years in the war.

Another of Mr. Goldsborough's hobbies was driving a span of mules which he had.

When he came to town he played the Bass Drum and the Traps in the

band here. When Frank Avery was a city engineer surveying the streets, Mr. Goldsborough helped to do that, and he also helped plan and arrange the Campus Grounds, and to plant the big pine trees in front of Main.

Mr. Goldsborough was the best neighbor in the world; he'd walk two miles to nurse a sick neighbor every night for weeks, and he is credited with saving one prominent man's life through his care of him through an illness.

He died in May, 1916; being survived by his wife and 2 daughters. Mrs. Goldsborough died a few years ago. One daughter, Ella, lives in the old family home, at 634 Mathews St.; and Mildred lives at 610 Mountain Ave.

Some of his particular friends were:- Mr. A. A. Edwards; Rugh, the doctor; Frank Watrous; Kintz Pugh; Ansel Watrous; Dr. Galloway, and the pastor of the Episcopalian Church, Father Byrnes.

His father was a pioneer in Western New York and was widely known. He was of a Pre-Revolutionary family, they having come to America in 1738 from England, and settling in North Carolina.

Mrs. Ella G. Owen

Compiled by Lucille Foltz.

Lucille Sully BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BICKERSTAFF. *Doc 353* *38* 182

Was born Aug. 7th, 1849, in Tishomingo County, Mississippi, on a farm near Iuka, Miss. He spent his youth in Alabama on a farm where cotton, corn and potatoes were the main crops raised. He had 3 months schooling each year, in a Public School, and he had 3 weeks off from that period, when it was time to pull the fodder. They used the old blue-back spelling book, and McGuffey's reader and he learned to read and write creditably and though he went through the 4th or 5th grade he had no grammar or arithmetic. He had a limited education even though his father owned 42 negroes and was well-off. But as soon as he learned to read, and take notice of things, he observed and watched educated people, how they said things, and what they did. He also read history and has followed the progressive ideas of leading characters of the world. The last 30 years he has confined his reading to the study of the Bible and has been interested in the services of the different church denominations. He is a student of political economy and takes a keen interest in political movements of the day; the Carl Marx, Burke White and Walter Thomas Mills political economy teachings interest him.

He left the farm when he was a young man and went back there later but they lost it 2-3 years afterwards, after the abolishment of the negro slaves. Since his father was anti-slavery in his views the Southerners resented it, and ran them off from their place. In 1862-'63 (He was 18 years old, after the war), they started anew in Northern Alabama. There were 11 in the family, and they rented a place and managed to make a living there. After 9 years he left home, and wandered around and at 23, he married Miss Baily in Miss., and went back to Alabama, then to Illinois awhile, then to Kentucky, then he rented a farm and finally got a pretty good start in the Mercantile Business in a Hub and Spoke Factory. He moved back to Alabama, then to Wyoming for one year, next to Tie Head, Colorado, and came at length to Bellvue where he rented Captain

...st's ranch several years. He then bought a little piece of land there and sold it, as his wife was in poor health, and came to Ft. Collins, where he bought and sold real estate. He had as much as 5 ^{houses} of his own at the time. He bought and sold but wasn't an Agent. His wife died, and he went out entirely, as he became disabled. Then he became a supply agent for nursery stock, and superintended tree spraying and pruning work.

He has been a Methodist minister for 15 years, having been a licensed preacher at 30 when he lived in Alabama. He now attends the Church of Christ. In political views he is a Socialist, having changed from the Republican party when he came west.

He says, "I have always been outspoken and don't go back on anything I believe; but I am always open to conviction".

He has one boy and one girl, and he and his daughter live at 714 Maple St.

B. F. Bickerstaff
Material compiled by Lucille E. Foltz.

Lucille Foltz MRS. FRANK COLLAMER *Doc 353* *184*

Mrs. Collamer, whose maiden name was Achsa, "Alice", Hulse, was born on the frontier in Iowa, Dec. 4th, 1861, near Council Bluffs, Nebraska. Her father freighted for the Government from Council Bluffs to Pike's Peak and Denver. He crossed at the river in Lincoln, Nebraska in 1862. In the winter, both the mother and Achsa went with him. She said they had a hard time keeping the Indians from "vamoosing" with her as she was fair-haired and attractive to them. There were many Indians in Nebraska but she saw only a few out here when they came here. She was the oldest of 12 children and had a baby brother only 8 years old.

In freighting, they crossed seven times from the Mississippi river at Missouri to the plains and the Rocky Mountains, while she was a child; and they stayed the last time, having come here in a prairie schooner. They had come out here several times from their old home in Nebraska. They left there in December, 1874, when Achsa was 14 years old, and they arrived here in the spring - June, 1875; before the city was divided and the old Collins was all of the town there was.

There was a part of the Fort in Fort Collins and there were bullet-holes through its double doors, as this Fort had been used as a refuge. It stood on Jefferson Street. All north of Jefferson street was the old Fort Collins and all South of that was the new town. This country was a territory in '76.

"I was married in '76, the year of the Big Centennial, to Mr. Collamer, (McCollamor is the real old way of spelling it, as it is a Scotch-Irish name, but the Mc was dropped and the name changed gradually)"

He was 20 years old and she was 16 when they were married.

Mr. Collamer was 12 years old when he came here to stay; his parents coming here in 1872. He was the oldest of 6 children. Mr. Collamer's father homesteaded on the present cemetery ground. Mr. Charlie Sheldon purchased it, about 40 acres in all, from the Collamer estate.

The young couple went to live in the foothills near Bellvue, where they stayed 15 years, and developed a stock ranch. When their second little one was one and a half years old, (52 years ago), they moved to Will Ship's place. The Ship boy married Achsa's cousin. The old Ship homestead was in the valley this side of Owl Canyon. One of the Ship girls, Elsie, married Elmer Pennock, and (his uncle, Charlie Pennock, owns the Pennock Fruit farm in Pleasant Valley - he was then a photographer and he took their pictures 56 years ago when the Collamers were married on the 30th day of May. He was a dashing young man when he married Lydia Flowers, a popular young woman of the valley.)

Among acquaintances and neighbors were the Bush family; the sons Joe, Antoine, Rocque and Forbes. One of them now works for the Shauer's Bakery; their father was a Frenchman; and two of the brothers were by an Indian mother while the other two are white. Antoine and Joe, the half-Indian boys, died; and the two white brothers were very fond of them, and felt very badly over their deaths. One of the boys lives on a ranch about 2 miles from town across the river.

The Provosts:- "Daddy" Provost, had a squaw wife who went back to the Reservation in Dakota, and he next married a French woman. He lived at La Porte and they held dances and had a good time in his cabin 60 years ago. It was a station and eating house, and they served all kinds of drinks there. It was between the La Porte store and the river; a long old-fashioned building, a log-cabin built out of heavy logs. Soldiers had a camp near there, and they came to the dances and mingled with the home people; freighters made this their stopping place. He had 2 half-blood children and a few children by his French wife.

Mentioning good times, Aunty Stone danced when she was over 90 years old and the Collamers ate their first special dinner there a week after they were married.

For the first 30 years after their marriage they ranched it, teamed
the foothills with their wagons, and rustled to get a living as they were
and therefore poor folks. Mr. Collamer hauled the trees for the
of the C. & S. railroad in 1878-'79.

Mrs. Collamer recalls an incident which occurred when they lived in
Nebraska, near Oklahoma. The Pawnees and Omahas were two tribes of the
just below there. She was 5 years old, after they homesteaded
Nebraska and a group of 600 of these Indians came across their farm
on a hunting trip into South Dakota. The Hulses lived 35 miles west
of Lincoln on Turkey Creek. As these Indians were friendly, they camped
on her father's place. Their little children were along and after her
father had given them permission to stay there, the squaws stood their
papooses against the trees in the grove of maples and oak. Little
Aksa stole down there to see the papooses and she was fascinated by the
brightness of their little black beady eyes. The older little children
were sitting on the buffalo robes which their mothers had spread in the
shade and they were eating dried venison, so she sat down and ate with
them. They gave her some dried meat and some of the nicest bread, and
she had all she could do to carry it home when she started to go.

The Collamers have been living at 801 Cherry street, running a lit-
tle grocery store for 25 years. "Daddy" Collamer and she are staying there
alone, but their children help and are all near by even though married.
There are seven living and all are within a stone's throw and one grand-
son is with them most of the time. They will have been married 56 years
next Decoration Day.

Achsa Alice Hulse Collamer

Compiled by Lucille Foltz.

Lucille Foley
Mr. Clark W. Chickering

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Mr. Chickering's father and mother were natives of Vermont, New Hampshire; and their folks lived just two miles apart. His father's people came over from Ireland in 1575. Mr. Chickering was born in Copenhagen, Lewis County, New York, Nov. 15th, 1858. He came here on the steam cars Feb. 16th, 1879 as his lungs had been affected, and he was also influenced to come West, through a school-mate who had come from his home 200 miles East of Bismark, Dakota to get married, and had told him about this country, saying that land was to be had for nothing. Mr. Chickering figured he'd come back with him when he returned.

One Saturday forenoon, this Charles Allen, a brother of Mr. B. S. Tedmon, and another young man named Loomis, came into his cousins hardware store, and his cousin George asked him when he was going West. They were all farmers' sons talking it over.

Charles answered, "Tuesday morning".

"Where?"

"I'm going to Ft. Collins, Colorado".

Mr. Chickering thought of his own second cousin who had come out with the Tedmons and was a partner with H. E. and B. S. Tedmon in a general store, handling clothing, hardware, groceries, and as someone expressed it "you could buy everything from a paper of pins to a second hand pulpit" there.

I says to Loomis, "That's where 'Gene Arther is! He's a partner to Tedmons. Well, I've a good notion", I says, "to go out there with you".

Loomis says, "You haven't got nerve enough".

"Well, maybe not, don't matter if I haven't," and I walked out of the store. My cousin went into a next door or so grocery; father made it a headquarters, and sat around there.

Uncle George says, "You want to watch Clark, he's going to run away."

So when I went home to dinner, father said to me, "I hear you are going to run away". My mind made up that quick right there and then.

"No, I'm not going to run away, there's nobody to run from, but I'm simply going".

He says, "Where you going?"

"I'm going to Ft. Collins, Colorado, where Eugene Arther is".

Father says, "What's the idea of going there?"

"I was calculating to go West anyway in April or May with Lou Wright;

if you want to know any better go and ask Dr. Allen. (He'd told me 2-3

weeks before, if I stayed, I'd be dead in 2-3 years from consumption, which

I had developed from catching colds so much. I'd had pneumonia and lung

ever two winters before and seemingly never got over it. I worked on a

farm, and the next winter, I had more colds, so I stayed home and worked

in a place in town. I fixed up a garden and did some work, but I quit in

Jan. '79 and we came through and stopped at a depot near where the C. and

depot is now; it was called then the Colorado and Central.

Loomis' and Tedmon's people were there to meet their folks. D. M.

Harris ran the Agricultural Hotel on Mason and W. Mountain (the McCormick

building is there now), and he was there soliciting trade.

"Do you want a Hotel?"

I says, "Yes, sir".

He pointed and said, "My hotel is right up there".

"What do you charge for board by the week?"

"Six dollars".

"Well, I guess Mr. you misunderstood me - I didn't want to buy no hotel. I want to board". He told me that was what all hotels were asking for board.

(The Blane Hotel was on the site of the old Tedmon house; they moved

away in the fall of '79 to one lot up N. W. on Jefferson St. and then
was known as the Cottage house and they then built the Tedmon house on
the old site).

I decided to go to his hotel, so I went up and took dinner with him;

then I asked him if 'Gene Arther stopped there.

"No, he boards over at the other hotel, that Auntie Stone is run-
ning,"- (the Blake Hotel then). So after dinner, I goes over to this ho-

tel and inquired for 'Gene Arther. They told me I'd probably find him

next door. E. W. Reed ran a watch repairing place in a little frame

building just west from the Blane, and he and Arther roomed in back and

boarded at the hotel. We found Arther, when we went in and he was sur-

prised to see me. I later went up and told Harris I thought it would be

pleasant for me to stay with 'Gene and took my suitcase and went over

there.

About a week or ten days later, (I hired out to Hugh Barton on a
sheep ranch close to Taylor Station (6 miles north of the old Bristol Ranch

known now as the Buckeye). I worked there 2 weeks hauling lumber from the

old Fred Smith Saw-mill above Livermore.) Then I left and went to Chey-

enne and saw the town, and came back to Collins. (Then I hired out to a

sheep ranch run by Rogers and Crawford, situated west of here, and south-

west of Bellvue near Henry Joseph's Red-stone quarries; and became a

sheep-herder.) Next I came back to town and worked for a painter named

Wallace as I was going to learn the trade, so I worked for my board and a

little spending money; he was a good workman but I soon found he was more

interested in painting his nose than houses.

In harvests, I went on old Johnny Lyons place; his ranch joins Mit-

chell's farm on the East (now known as the Neece place), until October,

and then to the Black hills with McMann's herd of cattle. He located

his ranch in the Territory of South Dakota, 10 miles south of Rapid City

... was a tent town then on the Sidney and Deadwood freight and stage line. ... out through from Cheyenne to the Sidney road until we struck Running Water Creek, where it crossed the Sidney trail, and struck the Sidney road ... Then I freighted back from Sidney on 2 or 3 round trips for the P. (Pratt & Ferris) outfit. They had 128 head of mules.

I came back here in May, worked on the farms here until June, when I married Adelia Remour, the daughter of a French-Canadian mother from St. ... Island, and a Pennsylvania Dutch father. We were married June 9th, ... in Fort Collins, in a little house about where the Bouton building is (Harr's store), midway between Mason St. and the alley. This old house still stands on Loomis St.; it was then the Arnold Young home.

After we were married on a Sunday by the Methodist minister, Rev- ... Windsor, I then took up work on the Judge Howes' ranch. That fall ... was married, we moved into town and lived in a one-roomed house where ... the old Masonic Temple now stands.

I might mention here, Mrs. Chickering says at that time they ... attended dances and Aunty Stone was present. Mrs. Chickering says "many's ... square dance we've danced with Aunty Stone. She was a good dancer and ... to dance. She was jolly and treated everybody fine, and showed them ... good time; and she was especially good to poor people. If they were ... self-white and didn't have any money, she'd ask them in anyway. She had ... velvety silky-fine soft gray hair which she wore in curls". Mr. and Mrs. ... Chickering describe her as a little, slight woman, weighing about 120 ... She quit running the Hotel and Dr. Van Brunt took it over, and Toney ... it after that. Toney died at the Sycamore and Whitcomb home; he was ... S. A. R.

I worked for the first contractor on the Water-Works, and I turned ... first shovel of dirt; we started on College Ave., and by the next sum- ... '83, it was finished. They took the final test on the water works,

July 4th, 1883. I commenced that spring, digging ditches and putting in service pipes for H. E. Tedmon who was running a hardware store and tin shop then. Later they dissolved partnership, and people commenced hiring plumbers from Denver. They had a tinshop but no plumbers.

I stayed here and worked in '82-'84 till June 15th on the John Coy farm. We lived in a little log house (the Coy claim shack) that stood there, which we fixed up; and my boy was 1 year old on the day we moved there; I worked until September, then went with Coy and a hired man up into Wyoming. Coy, Barry, Miss Eddy, old Austin Mason, J. G. Coy, and

another man or two had gone 20 miles down East on the North Platte river and took up a lot of desert land. Each took up a section, and so did Squire Mathews (after whom Mathews St. was named). These parties that took up land put in the Torrington, Wyo. ditch in '84, a ditch that was about as large as the "Town" ditch is, and the water was taken out of the N. Platte river. I and another hired man each took out so much dirt, and each built so much of the ditch. It took 3 months to survey it and we didn't get back until December. In April '85, I worked on

Judge Howes' ranch again. He was a fine old man but he made a mistake in buying the ^A herd of cattle and prices went down and he lost out.

In the fall I moved back, and moved into the Livernash house (Cap't. Barry's) across from the Park on Peterson, 2 lots down north of Olive.

I bought it and sold it later. Then I moved from there down on the Buckingham place; and ran a farm for William Avery and Charles Evans.

They had a feed store where Moody-Warren's is, and were renting 480 acres of hay land from Mr. Buckingham. Afterwards they and Barry sold their farms to the Sugar Factory Company. (Alexander Barry's grandson's are it now - it is known as the old Barry place).

In '86 I worked with old man Stratton on his farm; and in the spring

'87 I was on the Buckingham place again.

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I don't remember the year in which the first sewer was put in, but they put in a drain from the river to the Court House; then it was made into a sewer. In '92 under J. C. Whedbee, we put in the sewer from West Mountain Ave. to the Welch house on Mulberry St., and under a City contract to Magnolia, and under a private contract to Mulberry and (up the alley where the Poudre Valley is now). Then we put in another under two contracts, and another sewer from Chestnut between Jefferson and Willow the alley, then West to Linden, south on Linden to Jefferson, then West again on Jefferson to the alley between Pine and Linden and South to Walnut. The general direction of streets and sewers was: N. W., S. E. and W. & N. E. (Jefferson was N.W.) Herds of cattle driven through here gave the streets their general direction, from paths they formed. Ben Whedbee contracted sewer work and I worked with him between College and Remington up to Mulberry to the Bill Stover house; then extended the main sewer behind the Franklin School house to about where Tom Robertson lives. When he got the contract from the City up to Whitcomb; the City limits at that time. We put in the Howes Street sewer from Mountain Avenue to fifty feet of Laurel, and then we put in another sewer from the intersection of Canon Avenue at Olive and Meldrum and went west to the alley between Sherwood and Whitcomb. (The Express-Courier paper for Aug. 12th, 1898 contains a write-up of about the last sewer I put in, as it caved in 11 ft. deep, while I was laying pipe. The accident occurred in front of Ab McMillan's and Judge McAnelly's homes). We put in another sewer on Locust St. and in the alley between Mathews and Remington Sts., up as far as the Bill Miner house; and another from the South side of Plum between Remington and Mathews up to Mulberry; and one other west that up to Avery's house (where Dr. Morrish's father now lives). One was put in farther South in Lake Park between College Ave. and Remington. These sewers don't have roots in them and have to be dug up like most

them do. I worked 8-10 years on these contracts. After that, I mostly did drain ditching and putting in conduits to carry irrigating across to farms, and worked four summers for the county; working on tunnels for the College Heating Plant, and on the county bridges and at paving alleys. I paved the alley back of the Poudre Valley Bank and the City Hall; paved Pearl St., Sylvan Court, and helped in building county bridges; the Elkhorn Bridge, and the buttments above Years in the Poudre Canon. Then I worked for Dan Christianson on a job at Brook, Colorado, for 3 miles of a half-section.

Old Tobe Miller owned a farm west of La Porte, on the old Laramie road and we moved there in 1905. After that, we lived 6-7 years on the old Ship place, on North College Avenue, having bought it, but we were thrown out in 1904 and my wife wouldn't live there anymore so we moved to 800 Maple.

We have 5 boys and one girl living. On April 5th Mrs. Chickering was 78 years old. They will have been married 52 years on the 9th of next July.

Among people they knew and liked, were the Sheffields who came out in the eighties. They were the first Mrs. Frank Mathews' folks; they came from Iowa and lived here awhile.

Mr. Chickering's outline of the early town buildings is as follows:- Louis Dauth ran a bakery on the East side of Linden between Walnut & Jefferson. E. W. Reed a jeweler, later together with Louis Dauth, built the Reed & Lewis Dauth block on the west side of Linden next to the alley on the west side of it. The alley ran between Jefferson and Walnut. Then the old Poudre Valley Bank was next, on the corner of Walnut & Linden. Loomis built a 2-story building between Jefferson and Walnut on the west side of Linden in the middle of the block (now the Dan Hollar furniture store) and this was called the Loomis-Andrews block, the upstairs was called Loomis' Hall.

Just before Mr. Chickering came here 2 people were burned to death
the Welch corner block and the new building was built up 3 stories
included the old Opera House. In '84 that corner burned down again up
the Opera House and was rebuilt, while Mr. Chickering was in Wyoming.
At that time, all the business houses were on the East side of Linden;
Malin was on Jefferson; he had a clothing and grocery store combined; Joe
son and W. C. Stover ran it before him and there was a general store by
relinquished hardware business, afterwards known as the Fisk block.
Tedmon's store was in this Fisk block, then some residences were next
and Aunty Stone's was between there and Chestnut street, on the corner of
Chestnut and Jefferson. Morgan had a blacksmith shop next. Powers'
wagon-shop was catty-corner on the corner of Jefferson and Chestnut too.
Then the old Stone Hotel on the opposite side of the street from the Fisk
building, then the Wilson Hall directly across with 2 storerooms below,
and a hall above; the lower rooms were saloons run by Wilson. Chris
Phillipi had a harness shop on Jefferson, in a frame building. On the
corner of Jefferson and Linden, was the Yount bank, and Mrs. Yount ran
it, as her husband was killed on the railroad a year before she came out
here. This bank went broke along in '83-'84. The old Grout building
built by Hector Cowan's mother, stood on the opposite side of the street
on the corner of Linden and Jefferson on the west). In '85 Frank Stover
moved out of the Drug store in the Tedmon house to move to his new build-
ing, on the old Grout building lot, but it burned down before he could
move in, so he rebuilt it and ran a Drug store on the alley west of that
for years. The rest of the block was vacant. The old Grout barn run by
Billy Patterson was on the west side of Pine and the north side of Jef-
erson (near the U. P. depot). Sam Clammer and several parties ran it in
possession. A stone building was built on the opposite side of Pine
street, and a feed store was established there; one stood on one side

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the other on the other, and both faced Jefferson, and on the west side
Fine and south side of Jefferson block. Joe Mason had a frame resi-
ce. These were all the buildings there were in '79, except the old
tion of the Remington School building and Andy Armstrong's 2-story
ble apartment house across the street from this school; and the old Hoyt
se built on the mill-race on College Avenue. It was one of the few
ck buildings in town; except the Agricultural College buildings. There
a brick building on Trimble Court next to the old Stone house, and
W. E. "Bill" Lindenmeier saloon, now the American Theatre. Tom Moore's
ery barn was brick, (formerly Conroy's).

Compiled by Lucille Foltz.

by
Mrs. C. W. Chickering