Mrs. Susan Tucker Shanstrom of Coolidge was one of the early settlers of the Holly district.

She came first to Colorado from Ohio for her health in the year 1870. She went to Nevadaville or Nevada City, Colorado. Her brother, Wayne Tucker, had come to Colorado several years before and was one of the earliest pioneers in Gilpin county. He operated the first steam engine used in Colorado between Central City and Nevadaville. Then he became foreman of the Whitcomb Stamp mill at Nevadaville and operated that until Mr. Whitcomb's death after which he was associated with other mills.

There was a church and a school in Nevadaville at the time of Miss Tucker's arrival. There were also plenty of legitimate stage shows for the amusement of the people, as well as the lower types of amusement, such as gambling houses, saloons.

Miss Tucker married J. A. Shanstrom, who with his brother was engaged in the meat business. They lived in Central City for a while and then went to Leadville during the boom days there.

Mrs. Shanstrom says the people in these mining towns were much like those elsewhere. There were a good many good people and some rough ones. The predominating races were English, Irish and American.

Prices were high, but not as high as they had been in early days. And they were not unreasonably high as there was no railroad and everything had to be freighted in. A stage line was established later, first to Golden and then to Central City.

There was an opera house at Central City at that time, but this one was burned down when a fire swept almost the entire business section, burning it down. Another opera house was built later.

The Shanstroms were living four miles from Leadville at the time of the Beecher massacre. The Utes on the reservation were on a rampage and the settlers could see the Indian signal fire on
the mountain top. One day some of the men working nearby saw six or eight of the Indians on horseback and brought word for the people to get to town. The Shanstroms waited until after midnight. By that time the few settlers who lived on the trail beyond them had passed their houses on the way to Leadville. Then the Shanstroms packed up and left. It turned out to be a false alarm, however, as the Indians did no damage.

The Shanstrom brothers prospected some, but concentrated on their meat business. They became interested in what was then Bent county through the Holleys ranch or the SS Cattle company.

Hiram C. Holly, Dennis Sullivan and Theodore E. Wheeler were three mining men in Nevadaville. They formed the SS Cattle Co. and bought land in the eastern part of what is now Prowers County and made a cattle ranch there. This was done in 1871.

The Shanstrom brothers were not members of this company, nor did they own any of the land, but they did buy some cattle and put them in with the SS cattle. Mr. Fred Pomeroy went from Nevadaville to the SS ranch as the representative of the Shanstrom interests and they paid his wages for a time. Later Mr. Pomeroy was made foreman of the whole ranch.

The Shanstroms lived on the Holley ranch for about two years in the late '70's or early '80's. When the SS Cattle Company sold out to the Scottish-English corporation the Shanstroms sold their interest also.

When Mrs. Shanstrom first came to the Holleys ranch the only buildings were the stone barn house, later known as the 'White House', where Mr. and Mrs. Holly lived, the stone barn and one other house, and a small depot. The Shanstrom lived in a house that Mr. Holly had built for the cowboys until they had time to erect one of their own. Mr. Holly later put up several small houses for people who were working on the ranch.

The first school house was being erected when the Shanstroms moved away and the people were expecting to hold school that
Shanstrom, #3.
Prowers Co.

fall. In the meantime Mrs. Shanstrom's oldest boy and several other children from the ranch went to school at old Granada. They went by the Santa Fe and other children from Coolidge and Sergeant also boarded the train each morning to go to school in old Granada and came home each evening by it.

Mrs. Holly boarded the cowboys at the ranch house and they were a very good lot of boys. Among them were John Durfee, Charlie Reynolds, Ed Wirt, Fred Pomeroy. A Mr. Gardner was manager of the store and postoffice, which was established after the Shanstroms came there. Mr. McPherson did not come until after Mr. and Mrs. Shanstrom had left.

Mrs. Holly, Mrs. House and Mrs. Shanstrom were the only women at first. Then the A. D. Jones came and Ed Wirt was married at Garden City. These women had no amusements in the social line. They were alone most of the time and very busy trying to keep their homes up. They did not suffer for anything, however. There were not many fresh fruits or vegetables, but they were used to that and they was plenty of fresh meat. There was a scarcity of coal, but plenty of wood.

Clothes were sent to them at first by relatives from the east. After the store was established Mrs. Shanstrom says all the women were apt to look very much alike, because the store-keeper would get one bolt of gingham and they would all have to have dresses from it.

Written by Margaret Merrill
January 9th, 1934.
Mr. A. J. Davy came to Colorado in April, 1898, as superintendant of the irrigation project for the Salvation Army colony at Amity. He says: "I happened to meet Colonel Thomas Holland of the Salvation Army in Kansas City. He was on his way to Colorado with the settlers for the colony and I came with them to superintend the irrigation project and stayed here.

"This project took nearly a year. The water came from the Buffalo Canal. The Army had better than two and a half sections of land there chosen because the canal had priority rights which insured plenty of water.

"Laterals and ditches had to be built for each of the farms and big fill ditches made to carry the water across the low land. These last were built up ditches.

"Nearly all the settlers were from Chicago. Most had never farmed and none knew very much about it. The idea of the colony was to engage in small truck farming and to bring people out from the overcrowded poorer sections of the cities back to the farms.

"The Salvation Army started these people out with everything they needed, transportation for themselves and families, land, machinery, horses and cows and they were to pay it back as they were able.

"The settlers were very enthusiastic the first year, but lost quite a bit of it when things did not pan out well at first. They came out rather late in the year, the 18th of April and, of course the land was sod and had to be broken up. Nevertheless they started well and had eighty acres of cantaloupes doing nicely. But an early frost came that year on the 5th of September and killed everything.

"The idea was a good one as the other two colonies of the Salvation Army proved. There was one in Ohio and one in California, both of which are now gone as every farmer paid back all he had borrowed from the Army."
They had picked the wrong location at Amity, however. The first years they had very good crops and one year more beets were shipped from Amity and the surrounding territory to the Rocky Ford sugar factory than from any other station except Newdale.

The agricultural college held their Farmer's Institute at Amity several years and among the people who visited this colony was H. Rider Haggard. He came at the instigation of the British government to inquire into the Salvation Army colonies. He stayed there several days and interviewed all the colonists as to what they did before they came to the colony and how they were getting along with their farming.

The soil, however, soon became so ruined by seepage and the alkali that the farmers could not raise successful crops. The land was low, the water level high. Even in the first year water could be seen standing in the low places in the section east of the colony. After a few years the seepage became so bad in the colony that one by one the farmers moved away. The Salvation Army poured money into the colony. Experts were sent for to look over the situation and a drainage ditch was built, but was not large enough to do sufficient good and save the colony.

Finally Mr. J. S. McMurry of Holly bought the land in 1907 or 1908 and the colony was abandoned.

The Home for children was a good building and nicely equipped but it was expensive and the Army discovered that it could be run more cheaply in California so moved the children there. The building was used as a tuberculosis sanatorium for a while, but there were very few patients and most of these were not able to pay so it was finally abandoned and torn down.

The Bank of Amity was established in 1904 or '05 and Mr. Davy became manager of it and so a participant in Amity's most exciting event. On July 9th, 1908, the bank was robbed. Mr. Davy described this robbery for the Daily News of May 28th, 1933:

Davy was in the bank alone at about two o'clock when Henry Starr, noted Oklahoma desperado, and Kid Wilson entered. They
Davy, #3.

Prowers Co. thrust their guns before Davy's face and ordered him to get them all the money he had in the bank.

"Davy went to the safe, which he says was a stubborn one to open.

"I missed the combination the first time around," Davy states. "Starr thought I was stalling and told Wilson to blow my brains out if I didn't open the safe in 15 seconds.

"I told him I could open it if he did not hurry me."

"The safe door swung open and the robbers took all the money the bank had at that time and left.

"They took Davy with them down the street and as they went along they gathered into their line all the witnesses to their act. They marched them at the point of their guns across the railway track south into a pasture. They had left their horses about 300 yards from the bank.

"They mounted their horses, still keeping the men covered with the guns and said, "Goodbye boys," and rode away.

"Davy ran for the depot where he told the operator to telephone Lamar and Holly and then climbed a pole near the depot and watched which way the men rode. Before they were out of sight officers had been notified in both Lamar and Holly.

"However, the bandits fooled the officers by remaining in the vicinity until the Wednesday following the robbery. No one knew who they were and they were in little danger.

"Starr was caught a year later in Arizona and brought to Lamar for trial. Davy was the star witness and the bandit was sentenced to the penitentiary for from four to seven years. After his release he returned to Holly where he ran a restaurant for a time before continuing his criminal career.

"He was shot by a 16 year old boy while robbing a bank a few years ago. Wilson has never been located."
Mr. C. C. Huddleston came to Lamar in March 1887. Mr. Huddleston was originally from Iowa, but decided to go west. He stopped first at Syracuse, Kansas, then heard of Lamar and came here.

He says: "I was young and ready for pioneering. The land office for a new land district had been located at Lamar and that made its future look attractive. Then too it was named for the Secretary of the Interior, L. C. Q. Lamar, and that fact gave it quite a bit of prestige."

"The town was less than a year old when I came and was quite a lively place. There were 16 saloons, 2 dance halls, 75 gay girls and about 100 in town gamblers here."

"I opened a hardware store and had lots of business, mostly in small orders. The country was just being settled up and the people were filing on land and building claim shanties, so there were lots of small orders of hardware for each to buy."

"There was sage brush on Main street and many of the people lived in tents. I bought the lot where the opera house now stands and remember standing in front of it raking up the sand with my foot."

"I bought the lot on the 19th of March and let the contract for the building and by the 5th of April was selling goods in the store. We had three crews working on the building. The contractor told me to hire the men and none of them were much good, so there was always one crew coming on, which I had just hired, one crew working, and one going--just been fired. By the 5th of April, however, we were in the store selling goods out of the boxes while the carpenters were still putting up the shelves and the floor was covered with shavings. Business was so good that often we did not have time to put things on the shelves, but sold them as we unpacked them from the boxes."

"The boom was over by '89 and everything fell flat. Owing to the scarcity of water, the ditches not being developed then, the
Middleston, #2.  
Prowers Co.

the farmers were short of water and there was nothing to support the boom. Farming did not amount to much then anyway. It was carried on in a very slip shod manner up to the time when beets were introduced into this section. Then the sugar beet companies carried on a campaign to educate the farmers in correct farming methods.

"Nevertheless we enjoyed life and were a contented lot. There were very few old people in the town and to the young the future looks bright."

"1893 was the supposed panic year, but we were so accustomed to that kind of living that it did not affect us much. Everyone was on a cash basis and there was no credit and we managed very well. By that time D. L. Silver and I were running a grocery store along with the hardware business and we made a little money that year and put it away in the bank.

"In the early '90s we had a nice business with the trail herds going through. We have had as much as $2,000 in an order from one outfit for supplies and groceries. This, of course, was extra in addition to our regular trade. And they did not haggle on prices in those days either.

"The trail herds were quite a sight to see and we used to go out to the round up camp. There would be 2500 to 3000 head in a herd and there would be other herds about five miles apart.

"Lamar grew rapidly from the start. All kinds of churches and lodges were organized. The town began to take on a substantial nature in '92, the year the flour mill was built. And when we got the milk factory somewhere between 1906 and 1910 we thought the future was fixed."

Mr. Middleston has lived here 47 years altogether and has always been active in city affairs. He served for 15 years on the council and two terms as mayor. He was a charter member of the Lamar Building and Loan Association, which started in 1902 and has been president of this association 27 years. 

Address: Lamar, Colorado

Interview by Margaret Merrill February 3, 1934.
Mr. Charles Gores came to Colorado in 1872 as a boy. He was the son of John Gores, who came here in 1872, and who built the houses on the SS ranch for E. H. Hollý in the early '70s.

As a boy Charles Gores worked as a horse wrangler for the SS Cattle Company and later became a rider for them. In those early days the only ranches in this vicinity were the SS ranch, D. T. Beales & Co., the Hardesty Bros. at Sergeant or Coolidge, and the Graham brothers' ranch. A. R. Black started his ranch about 1880, and Fred Harvey bought the XY in 1885. Mr. Gores says: "I went to work for the SS in 1878 and worked for them two years. Then I was gone for two years and returned in 1881. I was there in the fall of that year when Hollý sold out to the Arkansas Valley Land and Cattle Co., a Scotch company which owned several ranches and had their headquarters in Denver."

"D. T. Beales & Co. moved their ranch from below the Granada bridge to the Canadian river in Texas about 1880 and in '84 the Arkansas Valley Land and Cattle Company bought out the Beales ranch on the Canadian. They were run separately from the Hollýs ranch, but belonged to the same company."

"I worked at the Hollýs ranch from '82 to '87. In those days Oklahoma was a great grazing country, having fine pasture. Everybody that could put cattle there and in '87 the Arkansas Valley Land and Cattle Co. shipped cattle there. I went with the cattle. We unloaded them at Caldwell, Kansas and drove them to the pasture. I stayed in Oklahoma until '91 when I went to the ranch on the Canadian. In 1890 the A. V. L. & C. Co. sold the cattle from the Hollýs ranch to Billy Wilson of Pueblo and Denver and sold the land to the Amity Land Company."

"Old Granada was a rough town. There were never more than a thousand people in the town, many of them railroad men. It was the end of the railroad for a while and there used to be a great many freighters in town. There were two big commission
firms, Chick, Brown & Co. and Otero, Sellers & Co. They used to carry supplies of all kinds brought in by the railroad. The freighters would come up from New Mexico and all the south country with wagon loads of wool to ship and then would load up with various supplies to take back. They came in trains with a dozen to twenty wagons in a train. The wagons were drawn by oxen, mules and horses.

"Each firm had a large warehouse. These warehouses had ports holes so that they might be used as a fort in case of an Indian attack. Whenever an Indian scare started the women and children were sent there. None of these scares ever came to anything, however. Sometimes the Indians came through the town, but always went on into the country where they would burn the houses of the ranchers, and run off the cattle. They did this once at the Graham ranch, just seven miles from Granada.

"Tom Nolan was the head warehouseman for Chick, Brown & Co. and had charge of checking the wool and loading up the wagons. After the railroad went on from Granada and the commission firms had moved their warehouses, Nolan managed a store in old Granada for them and was still there when Fred Harvey started the XY ranch.

"Chick, Brown & Co. really owned the town site of Granada and laid out the town. The people who built there would buy a lot and get a receipt for their money, but they never got a deed to the land. When the railroad built on the people began to go. They just went off and let the company have the land.

"The Oteros were Spanish people. They lived in old Granada for a while, but none of the other members of the two firms lived there."

When asked about Jack Lyons and his twenty mile ride in the teeth of a blizzard Mr. Cores said: "In those days people just went ahead and did what they had to do without thinking anything of it. In the winter time the ranch had men scattered over the country, two men in a camp. They were supposed to look after the
cattle, but as a matter of fact didn't do much. There was a camp at the mouth of Sand Creek and Jack had been up to the camp with supplies and started home. He got there, that's all.

"I once had a similar experience myself, only that the wind was at my back and Jack was facing into it. Another fellow and I were in camp on Butte Creek that winter. It was near Christmas time and one of us was supposed to go into the headquarters ranch for Christmas. Rather than leave the other one alone we decided to open a can of beans and have our own Christmas dinner in camp, which we did. About a week later I had to go into headquarters to get a horse shod. It was a twenty mile ride and I went in the afternoon. I didn't get the horse shod until morning. In the meantime I gathered up a bunch of papers and magazines to take back as there wasn't much to do in camp and we always wanted something to read. My partner had a pair of boots he wanted me to bring back and I stuck some tallow candles in one of those and tied them and the papers on my saddle. Then Mrs. Mack, who was housekeeper for Mr. Tillitt, the manager of the ranch, said, 'When you didn't come in for Christmas I cooked you a turkey and some cakes so that the first person riding your way could take them to you. Do you have room for them?' Of course I had. She was always mothering all the riders on the ranch and looking after them as if they had been her boys. So we tied the turkey and cakes on the saddle to and I started out. By that time a fine snow was falling. I had ridden a ways when I looked back and my turkey was gone. Well, I wasn't going to lose my turkey, so I traced my tracks back in the snow until I found the turkey about a half mile back. Then I rode on some miles when I looked around and the boots and candles were gone. Well I started back looking for those, but I couldn't find them. It was getting late and the snow was falling hard so I had to stay that night with John Negre, the camp cook of the headquarters.

The next morning it was a real blizzard, but I was mad at losing so much time and all for going on. They tried
to argue with me, but I wouldn't listen. So I saddled my horse
and started on. You couldn't see the country at all, but pretty
soon I hit the soap weed by Butte creek and I was all right. All
I had to do was find the creek and follow it until I came to our
camp, which was a dugout near the creek. When my partner saw who
it was he began cussing and laying me out, said I ought to have
gotten pneumonia for it."

"Mr. Pomeroy, the foreman of the ranch, was in the battle on
Sand creek. The Indians had caused a lot of trouble around Den-
ver, killing people and running off their stock. The government
didn't try to do anything about it and wouldn't seem to believe
it was as bad as it was. Chivingston and a few soldiers were here
and a company of citizens volunteered to go with him and hunt the
Indians. They camped below Fort Lyon as they knew the Indians
were some place in the neighborhood. Two half breeds were at the
Fort gossiping with the soldiers and the volunteers invited them
to come down to their camp and have supper. They did so and after
supper the men said to them "Take us to these Indians before day-
light or we'll hang you." They finally did so and led them to
the Indians. They killed all the Indians they could including
women and children. Mr. Pomeroy said they followed the fugitives
as far as the mouth of Buffalo creek killing all they could reach."

Interview by Margaret Merrill
January 30, 1934.

Address: Bristol, Colorado
Mrs. Ella Core Baxter is the daughter of John Core, who came to this country with his family about 1873 and settled at old Granada or Barton as it is now called.

Mrs. Baxter went to school in old Granada. Mrs. W. W. Jones was her teacher and W. W. Jones, who had a ranch in the near vicinity of Granada, was the superintendent of the Sunday School. There were no grades in the school at that time. The teachers just taught each child as much as they could.

The women of the community were busy keeping care of their homes and seemed to be happy and contented with that. There were no amusements of any kind for them or the children except the Christmas entertainments at the school house. There was, however, a great deal of visiting back and forth among the pioneer families. They would take their families and make all day visits then.

Granada was the end of the railroad for a while and the travelers who wished to go on farther had to go by coach. Las Animas was the county seat of old Bent county and Mrs. Baxter says her father used often to go there on business and would take the coach. There was an escort of soldiers who rode on each side of the coach to protect it from attacks.

The Indians used to come to town and go from door to door begging. They never molested people in the town, but would rob and steal from those who lived in the country and burn their houses. Sometimes they would kill the settlers. There was quite a scare in '74 or '75 when the bodies of some people from near Kansas, were brought to old Granada and Mrs. Baxter says her father, who was a carpenter, spent all night finishing coffins afterette.

Old Granada had coal oil lamps on posts along the streets to light the city at night.

Mr. Baxter came in 1881 to work on the SS ranch. He was a
Baxter, Mrs., #2.
Prowers Co.

cow-puncher at first and then became a regular bronco rider. When breaking horses he would ride about six horses a day. He was the first rider and would ride the horses a few minutes and then turn him over to the second rider.

Mrs. Ella Baxter.

Address: Bristol, Colorado

Interview by Margaret Merrill
January 30, 1934
Jesse L. Tanner came to Colorado in 1890 with his father, M. J. Tanner, and family. They settled first in Baca county, where they filed on land and they boys became riders on the ranches in that vicinity. Later the family moved to Prowers county, where they have lived for 32 years and raised cattle.

When they first came to Colorado the country was all open except for a few towns. The only ranches on the road between Lamar and Springfield were those belonging to William Dargle, J. L. Petticrew, a Mr. Mitchell and a Mr. Wilson. Henry Kellogg owned a ranch on Butte creek as did John O'Neil and Felix Cain had a ranch on Butte creek about four miles above the road.

Mulvane and Wilde, which have since disappeared, were small towns near the road. Wilde was never much more than a gim hotel, but at one time Mulvane was a flourishing town of five or six hundred people.

In Baca county was another booming town built on hopes for obtaining great fortunes and which lingered on into later years in spite of the fortunes not materializing. This is Carrizo Springs, which had quite a copper mining boom in the '90s. Mr. Tanner estimates its population in the days of the greatest boom as two or three thousand people, mosting mining and stock men. About twelve miles away was another mining camp Carrizo City.

M. J. Tanner was once marshal at Carrizo Springs and had E. E. Pike was judge.

J. L. Tanner worked on the Jim Stinson ranch in Baca county. He became an expert cow puncher and the chief breaker of horses for the fairs of Prowers county.

He describes the work on a cattle ranch as follows:

"We would start the general round up about May 25th at the old Pickett house on the Kansas line and work up to Trinidad reaching there around the first of July. There would be five or six wagons gathered for the round up. 150 to 200 men took part and there would be two to three hundred horses with each wagon. We would round up the calves and brand them. The people
who had stray cattle would cut them out and put them on their own range. In the fall we would start gathering the beef to ship.

"The work was mostly done from horseback, dragging up the wood, for the branding fire, branding, holding the herd and standing guard.

"The outfits always held a day herd. The cattle they wanted to hold were called a day herd and the punchers that looked after the herd in the daytime were called day herders. Two would go on in the morning and hold them till noon and then two more would take them the rest of the day. And then comes the time for the night guards. The first guard relieves the day herders and the last guard wakes the cook. We usually had four guards at night.

"The night hawk is a man that looks after the remuda or the horses at night after all of the night horses have been caught and staked out for the night guard. The night hawk takes all the rest of the horses out and holds them till morning and then turns them over to the horse wrangler. He takes care of them in the day time and the night hawk sleeps in the day time if he can get a chance. I know all about night hawk. I used to be one.

"The horses usually stay in a bunch at night but might stray quite a ways. Sometimes one of them is belled so that it is easy to locate them in the morning. I've gotten up in the morning, however, and found all the horses gone but the bell horse.

"In the winter time the boys lived out in camps on the range—usually two of us together, but sometimes one would start out to go to town or investigate something and might not be back for a week. These camps were just a little shack or dugout with a small horse pasture. Our job was to ride up and down all the creeks
and break the ice in the water holes in freezing weather so the cattle could get water. If there were too many cattle on one creek for the water supply we would run a bunch of them over to another. Another job was to pull the cattle out of bogs.

For amusement we went to dances or got drunk.

"We used to lose more calves from grey wolves than anything else. The country was full of them. They would round up a bunch of cattle like a cow puncher--circle around and then go in the bunch and kill five or six calves. We used to rope them. Once I roped one when I was working for the Stinson outfit. I was going in to the headquarters ranch from the Simarron camp for Christmas when I jumped a wolf. I ran him about twenty miles before I roped him."

Address: South Route, Lamar, Colorado

Interview by Margaret Merrill
January 16, 1934.
Mr. Ed. Russell was born in 1870 at Kit Carson, Colorado, on the 28th day of July, the first white child born there. His parents, Benjamin and Kate Russell, came to Colorado in 1865. Benjamin Russell and a John Bush were partners in a contract for building the Kansas Pacific, now Union Pacific, railroad.

Kit Carson was then located about three miles west of the present site on the banks of Sand creek. As the terminus of the railroad and the big shipping point for that territory it was a flourishing town, larger than the present one. The railroad was completed to that point in 1870 and the company then ran out of funds and was obliged to discontinue work for a time.

There were a few adobe houses in the town, but it was mostly a tent city, Mr. Russell being born in a tent house.

In 1870 the partnership between John Bush and Benjamin Russell was dissolved and with their young baby they traveled on the Kansas Pacific line as far as Ellsworth, Kansas, where they crossed to Rice County, Kansas and took a homestead there on Cow creek. Benjamin Russell was the fourth man to settle in that county. He put in wheat on his land and farmed it for eight years, then sold out and started back to Colorado by covered wagon.

The Russells stayed for about two months in Dodge City before going on to Colorado. Dodge City was at that time and for some years the toughest town in the United States. The killings there were said to average one a day. In 1886 the cattle trail was changed and no longer ran through Dodge City. The town was then "cleaned up" and the gamblers, crooks and bad men who had made it their headquarters were scattered all through the southwest along the border.

The Russells went on to Pueblo finding very little settlement between Dodge City and Pueblo. A company of soldiers were encamped at old Granada, but Mr. Ed Russell remembers there was very little else except a supply store and railroad siding.

Pueblo itself was not much larger than Lamar is today and
Russell, #2.
Prowers Co.

Rocky Ford was only a crossing at the river.

They went on from Pueblo to Chaffee City in Chaffee county where Benjamin Russell engaged in the mining business for some time. A year or two later they went to Trinidad and from there drove a mule and oxen team to Garden City, Kansas. They stayed at Garden City for seven years and Mr. Ed Russell went to school. He also worked on the range for the Circle Cross and the ZZ ZX which was near Ulysses, Kansas.

While at Ulysses Ed Russell became involved in the county seat fight there. Word was spread around that the ballot boxes were going to be taken. Mr. Russell and about a hundred other men were made deputy sheriffs. Breastworks were thrown up across the streets, consisting of 2 by 12s set edgeways and deputies were stationed behind them to protect the ballot box. Other deputies including Mr. Russell were stationed with their rifles in the voting places. After the voting was over the boxes were taken to the First National Bank for counting and were guarded until they were locked up in vault.

Mr. Russell learned the blacksmith trade in Lyons, Kansas. He returned to Garden City and went on the range again working for the Ravenger brothers near Syracuse and the XY ranch in Prax Colorado.

He and his father started out in '87 to take a herd of 3,000 sheep and 50 head of cattle from Garden City to Carrizo Springs. They were caught in a storm near Lamar and the cattle stampeded and got away. They chased them as far as Sand creek before turning them. As a result of the exposure Benjamin Russell became ill and died at Las Animas in October, 1887. His mother disposed of the stock in Las Animas and returned with her son to Garden City, where Ed Russell worked on the range. He came to Lamar to stay in 1905 and engaged in the blacksmith trade there.

Benjamin Russell had many experiences with the Indians, which his son describes as follows:

"The Indians in those early days would have scouts to spy on
the leading trail from the east on the emigrant trains. They would report back to their chiefs what they had learned and sometimes, if it was thought advisable, they would make raids on the emigrants, massacre the people, burn the wagons and take all their stock and provisions. They would then hide away on Sand creek or Clay creek for a month or so until it blew over. Then they would start the same tactics again. They did that through this country for years.

"In 1868 my father was in the battle on Big Sandy. He was one of the citizens that mobilized with the soldiers at Fort Lyon under Colonel Chivington. Their scouts were sent out and located the band of Indians on Sand creek and reported back. They made a forced march all of one night and part of day before and attacked the Indians at dawn in the morning. The Indians were camped under a high bank at a turn in the creek. There was a gap in the bank through which the soldiers marched. They killed all the Indians even the papooses. My father said there were about 600 Indians in camp.

"While at Kit Carson my father ordered all the guns cleaned and oiled as he had heard the Indians were uprisng. One morning he was going down on the Big Sandy to cut grade stakes. Mother spoke like something was going to happen as she had had a dream the night before. She got him to stay until after lunch and while they were at lunch the men yelled "Indians". Sure enough it was a raid. The Indians roamed around the camp. All the men went out with their guns and so they did not attack the camp much. They went to the surveyor's cook camp about three-fourths of a mile away and tried to get the cook. Realizing he was in danger the men from the camp followed the Indians and when they got there the cook was fighting them with a butcher knife through the door of his tent. The Indians saw the men coming and got horses and made their getaway after setting fire to the cook's hut. The cook who was known as "Red" Kelley came to meet the
men with his hair standing straight up.

"Another time when the Indians were on the warpath a shoemaker came to camp. He was on his way to Denver and stayed a few days at the camp. My father wanted him to stay and not leave camp for fear he would be scalped by Indians. He would not listen and started for Denver and about eight miles west of the camp they found him and a bunch of Mexicans massacred and scalped. My father took an arrow from one of the Mexicans and kept it for several years. Doctor Richardson of Lyons borrowed it for exhibition and we never got it back."

Later the Indians became more subdued. Mr. Russell describes his childhood in Rice county:

"The Indians used to trade up and down Cow and Jarvis creeks. Mother traded cornmeal and groceries for wild turkeys and for good buffalo robes. We had lots of buffalo hides in those days. We would put the top box on the wagon, hitch the horses up, fill the wagon half full of hay, take four or five big buffalo robes and drive fifteen or twenty miles to a dance. We got all our supplies from Ellsworth sixty miles north.

"My father always had one or two buffalo hanging in meat room in the winter time. I remember one day when my father was going out to hunt buffalo meat. Mother talked him out of it as the Indians were a little bad. He agreed to wait. During the same afternoon a big buffalo came down to the crossing on the creek. My father took his six shooter and killed it and said he wouldn't have to go on a buffalo hunt now."

The cattle men in this section were all ruined by the blizzards in the last part of the '80s. During December of '85 and '87 and in the spring of '86 there were terrible blizzards which were like arctic storms. Mrs. Russell says, "It was as if the air was filled with fine white flour. You could hold out your hand and not be able to see it. The country was thinly settled then, most people living near the river in sod houses, dugouts and shacks. In this territory there were probably a hundred
people frozen. Some were found lying a hundred yards from their houses, some even closer.

2. "Cattle were piled up three and four hundred in a bunch frozen to death. Marsena McMillin said after one of these storms he went to the river to cut ice so as to water the cattle and saw an old cow on the opposite bank. The next morning when he came back to cut the ice again there was the same animal. She was frozen in her tracks. Other cattle drifted way south. All the cattle companies here went broke, around Garden City and up here. The east made up car loads of provisions, bacon and groceries and clothing to send out here. Guards were set over the cars until the authorities could distribute the things as the desperate people would steal them." Mr. Russell was a guard over a car at Harland, Kansas.

These storms and the railroads also ruined Trail City which sprang up after the trail was moved from Dodge City to along the border line between Kansas and Colorado. It became the bad city of the plains, but only lasted three or four years as the cattle-men began shipping by train.

Interview by Margaret Merrill
January 22, 1934.

Address: 105 North Seventh St.,
Lamar, Colorado
HISTORY OF HOLLY

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A history of Holly cannot be properly written without reference to the history of the site upon which Holly stands. This carries one back almost to the earliest written history of the United States.

In 1536 Alvar Nunez Cabeca De Vaca traveled over the site of Holly to a point a little east of Bent's Fort, which is located at the head of the Amity canal.

In 1541 Francesco Vasquez de Coronado marched over the site of Holly.

In 1806 Captain Zebulon Pike, following what was afterwards known as the Santa Fe Trail, passed over the towns site of Holly. It was upon the report made by him that the vast trade with Mexico started over land, and the Santa Fe Trail grew to be the artery of commerce between Mexico and the United States.

Mr. John Luke, one of the oldest cow-punchers in our section of country and well known to many of our citizens, says that the spring south of the Ranch House, which was covered by a stone spring house by Mr. Holly, was known in early days as the Warm Spring. When all of the other water in the country was frozen over, the water from this spring, coming warm from the earth, left an open water hole in Wild Horse creek, and the vapor caused by the warm water striking the cold air gave it its name. Mr. Luke tells of times when the buffalo and antelope for hundreds of miles around were congregated on the towns site of Holly, to drink at this spring, where they had become so tame that he has frequently ridden among them as he would among a herd of cattle.

This spring was a favorite camping place for the travelers on the Santa Fe Trail in making for Fort Bent. At that time Fort Bent was the only place of safety for the white men in this section of the West, and was the objective point of all wayfarers on the Trail.

The original site of Fort Bent is about forty miles west of
Holly, making this spring a convenient resting place for the night preceding the arrival there.

Mr. Joseph A. Thatcher, president of the Denver National Bank, came to Colorado driving a "bull team" in 1860. As near as it is possible to locate the following incident, it occurred at Warm Spring referred to above.

Mr. Thatcher was accompanied by several companions with an extensive outfit. There had been several Indian scares on the preceding days, and one of the chief men of the party was instructed to ride at the rear end of the outfit to protect them from Indians.

Just about dusk on the night preceding the day they expected to arrive at Fort Bent, and as they were turning into camp at the spring, a tremendous row occurred in the rear and several shots were fired. Investigation proved that Colonel William Bent, the original Bent of old Bent's Fort, driving four fast and rangy mules to an ambulance and accompanied by his wife, several outriders and a band of loose horses and mules, had been hurrying to camp at the Warm Spring. Overtaking Mr. Thatcher's outfit, they were about to drive around them, when the rear guard became excited and, taking them for Indians, fired, shooting through the ambulance of Colonel Bent and endangering the life of himself and wife.

It was with a great deal of trouble that Mr. Thatcher succeeded in preventing Colonel Bent from hanging his partner according to the quick and summary justice of the plains at that time. Colonel Bent made the remark that, while the man may have made a mistake, the world would be better off without such fools than with them, and he felt it to be his duty to send him on the "long trail." Due to persuasion, however, upon Mr. Thatcher's part, prevented his execution, and it is to be hoped that a life in the West relieved the tenderfoot of his tendency to over-excitement.

In 1871 the stone ranch house and barn on the south of the track were constructed by Mr. Hiram S. Holly, as the headquarters
for the great "SS" cattle ranch. Associated with Mr. Holly at that time were Mr. Dennis Sullivan, now of Denver, and Mr. Joseph A. Thatcher, referred to above. These buildings were erected by our fellow townsman Mr. John Cores, and he tells us that at that time the instructions to the people were in event of an Indian scare, all hands should rush to the barn, which had been built with port-holes in it, so as to permit the defenders to use their rifles with the least danger to themselves. Depradations were constantly made by the Indians, and it was only at the risk of life that any person could go beyond sight of the settlements.

The bunch of trees around the mouth of Butte creek, just southwest of Holly, was a favorite rallying place for the Indians and is the graveyard for many brave settlers. In 1873 the Indians raided the settlers south of the river and killed and scalped seven men at one time.

The hay barn and the two houses were moved from Old Granada. Old Granada was located where Byron now is on the "XY" ranch, and was for a long time the terminus of the Santa Fe railroad. In those days Mr. Charles Dyer was the chief representative of the railroad, and Governor Otero, now governor of New Mexico, lived there. Governor Otero's father was a partner in a firm which sold supplies and traded. When the terminus of the railroad moved west, these houses were moved here.

In 1883 a company of Englishmen, under the name of the Arkansas Valley Land and Cattle Company, bought the "SS" ranch from Mr. Holly and his associates. Those of our townspeople who worked on the ranch at that time were Mr. John Luke, foreman; John Cores, Charley Cores, J. W. Lyon, Lish House and Ben Riley. "Kid" Baxter was at that time the broncho buster for the ranch and had to ride six wild horses each day. (In 1884 Mr. H. A. Pettee, who conducts the present meat market, was made foreman of the ranch. Mr. C. L. McPherson was employed by the English company to keep their accounts and run their store in 1883. He was made postmaster at that time and has been postmaster ever since.
Some history of the old "SS" ranch at whose headquarters Holly is now located, may be interesting to some of our citizens.

This was one of the largest cattle ranches in the West. The cattle owned under the "SS" brand amounted to about 35,000, and at one time they branded as high as 28,000. To handle these cattle there were employed on the ranch about thirty cowboys, outside of cooks and foremen.

A pasture on the north side of the river was under fence, and three sides of the fence owned by the company were 175 miles in length. One man was employed whose sole business was to ride this fence, and it took him a week's constant riding to make the round trip. The fence began at the river, a little east of where the Jones ranch is now located, a little west of Cheyenne creek, and went north thirty-five miles to Barrell Springs. From that point the fence went west to what was known in the parlance of the cow pouncer as the Battleground. This was the site of the noted and much talked-of massacre of Indians by Colonel Chivington. From this point it ran south to the river, just opposite A. R. Black's ranch, about three miles east of Lamar. The pasture contained approximately 2,500,000 acres of land.

In 1886 there was a terrible blizzard, which was heralded all over the country as one coating a phenomenal number of lives, even in a country so sparsely settled as this was. The two sons of Dr. Rogers of Coolidge, started out to ride from Coolidge, and were frozen to death in their buggy. Big fat bulls that were kept at the headquarters of the ranch, were found frozen dead in the pasture. Jack-rabbits were frozen stiff and were found dead just as they sat behind a clump of sage brush.

At that time Jack Lyons was doing the freighting for the ranch, and his duties were to carry feed and hay from the headquarters to the different winter camps. On the morning of the blizzard at 7 o'clock, he left the winter camp located at the mouth of Big Sandy, and started to drive to Holly with a six-horse team, a distance of twenty miles. At that time it was snowing heavily but the weather had not taken on the aspect of
blizzard. About 8 o'clock in the morning the blizzard began to blow from the northeast in a business like fashion. The team consisted of "May" and "Alice," mules, a pair of black colts which Lyons was then breaking in the swing, and old "Frank" and "Dick" in the lead. All of the cow-punchers who lived on the ranch in those days will tell you what a wonderful team "Frank" and "Dick" were. Their fame is still with us.

This drive of twenty miles, not exactly facing the wind, but driving quartering to it, without unusual protection, in a blizzard of this sort, is one of the wonderful feats of which the cow-punchers delight to tell. As soon as the blizzard got down to real business and the blinding particles of ice were driven in the face of Lyons and the teams as it can only be driven by wind on the prairie. Lyons began to understand that he had cut out for him a task in which, if he succeeded in saving the life of himself and his team, he would be possessed of nerve more than the ordinary man has. If you have ever tried to make a six-horse team face a snowstorm, you will know that it requires a judicious and constant application of the whip to keep their heads up to the direction you wish to go. You will also have learned that the six lines in your fingers impede the flow of blood and make the difficulty of holding six lines three times as great as that of holding two.

As a blizzard was not expected, our hero of this occasion had on a pair of ordinary buckskin gloves. To keep his team of highly strung horses up to the wind required a constant use of the whip. The team at every step tried to turn its tail to the wind and "buckle up", and Lyons knew if he ever got off the trail he was lost. The only residence between camp and the ranch at that time was the old Pomeroy house just west of the Salvation Army, in which lived Mr. House.

When our team got to the Buffalo creek crossing of the trail the cattle in the big pasture had crowded under the bluffs for shelter and were so cowed by the terrible storm that they refused
to move and make a passageway through which Lyons could drive. It seemed as though no amount of yelling and popping of his whip could cut him a way through. The cattle were so stiff from the cold that as the leaders struck them they would fall over on the ground, and in some cases Lyons had to drive over them.

At one time in the midst of this herd the nerve of our friend almost gave out and he began to wonder if he had not better give up and turn with the storm and die. Our townspeople know that Lyons is not made of the kind of stuff that gives up easily, so that if the idea of permitting himself to freeze to death entered his head, you can imagine that the conditions were terrible. Fortunately for him, the more he used his whip and yelled and jumped about the better became his circulation of blood, and as each moment of effort passed, he found himself a little stronger than the minute before.

By plunging and jumping and driving over and through cattle, he eventually got through the bunch. The time to pass the bunch seemed so long to him then that he is afraid to say how long he was in making the passage. Immediately after passing the bunch of cattle he considered the advisability of heading off toward House's residence. The sight of the prairie and the densely snow-thickened atmosphere convinced him that if he ever got off the trail he would be lost and frozen to a certainty. Humping himself to get he began again to swing his whip to force the leaders into the teeth of the storm, making the silk cracker on the end of his sixteen-foot lash burn and sing about the ears of his horses until each square inch of them seemed to be on fire and the fire from the whip was more to be dreaded than the bitter cutting of the fine ice carried in the wind. Sometimes going at a full run, sometimes trotting, and sometimes floundering through snow-drifts that made even a walk seem impossible, the big team came toward the ranch.

Meanwhile the cowpunchers occasionally looking out of the old mess house, which was then where it is now, saw Lyons and his
team shows up through the dense snow, and with a yell of welcome, they rushed out expecting to find him frozen, but the man who had been a newsboy in New York City and the head hostler for Barnum’s show when it traveled over the country, and who drove six horses more easily than the ordinary man drives one, was badly disfigured, but most thoroughly alive. His face was blue, his left ear, left cheek and the left side of his nostril were frozen but from the constant exercise which he got from the continuous use of his whip, kept him alive. Two of the horses had their ears frozen, which will give one some idea of the intensity of the cold.

It was shortly after this that the cowboys on the ranch divided themselves into two camps on the proposition as to whether Lyons could turn a six horse team around in the old hay barn, which was then a little over half the size of the present one. Upon this occasion, betting ran high, but the six horses were turned around without the wagon or the horses touching a post.

(In 1887, a blizzard more destructive to cattle occurred than the one spoken of above.) The river was frozen solid and so strong was the ice that the cow-punchers galloped across it in a body. Just before the freeze a big river had come down, and when the river froze it was bank full. The cattle from the north drifted in in such quantities that the fences had to be cut, and to save their lives they had to be drifted south to be permitted to go with the storm. As many as 50,000 were trailed over the river.” END QUOTE

During this blizzard two men who had taken up claims to farm by rainfall were frozen on the prairie. The claims of the two men were located at the corner where Mr. Cox and Mr. Warston now live. The men had evidently left Granada to go home. Ben Riley found the first man, who was the younger of the two, a young man in the prime of health, in the draw where Mr. W. H. Smith’s house now is. They evidently started to go to their
homes and found it impossible and turned south again. The young man gave out first, but the old man kept going until he struck the fence that runs in front of the old Tillett place, west of the Salvation Army. He grabbed the fence with his hand evidently and followed it as long as he could, as his hand showed evidence of the barbs on the wire. It is the irony of Fate, that when he was found he was within 100 yards of the house, but the storm was so blinding that he could not see the lights.

Of the jokes of the cow-punchers, one is connected with old "Eagle", the horse which Jack Lyons brought to Holly with him when he came from his ranch to live here. Some of us remember this particularly well built old grey. "Eagle" had a peculiar trick in his young days, and it may be said to have lasted until his old days, of bucking whenever he was touched by a man’s hand on the neck.

Upon one occasion one of the visiting Englishmen, many of whom came out to see the ranch, took "Eagle" to ride to town, and as he was going at a quiet jog, he leaned his hands over on "Eagle’s" neck to rest himself, when at once there were considerable things doing. The gyrations and peculiar contortions that Englishman went through had a curious effect on our tenderfoot. After having been thrown and catching the horse again, he rode into camp and remarked to our friend Mr. H. A. Pettee: "By don’t know what was the matter with the bloody beast. 'E must 'ave had a pain in 'is stomach!" This remark is vouched for.

Another cow-puncher joke is told about an Englishman who came as a tenderfoot, and of whom it was said he knew how to ride. The cow-puncher considering that knowing how to ride in England and on the plains were two different propositions put him on a bucking horse, and to the surprise of the cow-punchers the Englishman rode him, and rode him easily. When the fun was over and the cowboys had stopped laughing at each other, they asked the Englishman what he thought of the horse’s gait. He answered: "He was rather a good 'orse, but he leped a little
'ich, don't you think?"

Way back in these days, many of you will be surprised to know that Honorable Jerry Watson, our present town counsel, showed up on the ranch and wanted to be horse wrangler, which, by the way, is the man who looks after the horses and keeps them herded. At that time the boys had a horse called "Baldsnort", who would buck every time he was mounted, even if it was twenty times a day. "Baldsnort" was kept by the boys as a horse upon which to break in tenderfeet. Our long, solemn friend, Pettee, who was at that time foreman, ordered the new horse wrangler to mount "Baldsnort" and see after the horses. He mounted him, as ordered, but instead of "seeing after the horses" he saw stars. After giving Watson a few minutes' rest to catch his breath, Pettee ordered him to mount "Baldsnort" and "see after the horses," with the same result, but, it is to be said for our friend Watson that before the day was over, lame and tired and disfigured as he was he did succeed in persuading "Baldsnort" to carry him around the herd so he could "see after the horses."

One of the incidents that happened on the ranch, which goes to show the grit that some of our tenderfeet have, is told with much pleasure by the boys who were not in this particular outfit.

A tenderfoot showed up one day and asked for a job and like all tenderfeet, he expected at once to begin to punch cattle. He was asked if he could ride. "Well," he said, "a little." Could he rope? "No. Rope what?" Throw a rope, catch a steer. "No." What could he do? "He did not know." So, because he seemed able to do nothing else he was appointed cook and given charge of the mess wagon and four horses.

There were plenty of Indian signs on the plains and Pettee, the foreman, had ridden off to the east and saw a bunch of them. He was riding at that time a horse which he was very fond of, called "Brigham," and easily outdistanced the red warriors. When he got back to the cook wagon tracks, which he knew the balance of the boys were following, he headed north to overtake them.
and warn them of the Indians, but in a short distance he met the cow-punchers coming back. "Well," said Pettee, "where is the tenderfoot cook?" to which the boys answered: "We have not seen him for the last three hours. The Indians got too hot for us and we had to pull our freight." The tenderfoot was given up for lost and the next day with a crowd large enough to give them some chance with the Indians, the cowboys went up the trail to look for the tenderfoot. He was soon met riding one of the four wagon horses, which he had cut out of the team. "My God!" said Pettee, "I thought you were dead." "No," said the tenderfoot, "I seem to be pretty well alive." "How did you ever get loose?" Pettee asked. "Well," said the tenderfoot, "To tell the truth, I didn't get loose. A lot of those red devils got after me and began to circle about and I took the rifles out of the wagon and went to work and kept them off all night. When morning came I got one of the horses out, and here I am." The name of this tenderfoot was Scott Darling.

The leaders of the six-horse team referred to in the noted drive made by Lyons, stand in the annals of this section of the country as the best driving team which had ever been here. They would go farther in a day and come back the next than any team of which history tells, but they would run away whenever they got a chance. Many of us who were but yesterday tenderfeet can remember old Frank, a well made horse who used to be the crack leader of all the four-horse ranch teams.

On one occasion Mr. H. A. Pettee in his duties as foreman of the ranch, was looking over what is called Little Yankee Bend pasture and started for headquarters. Frank and Dick took a notion to run away. Mr. Pettee, as is well known, is a horseman of no mean ability. In his riding days he had the name of being able to ride "greased lightning" and scratch the lightning from the tip of its ears to the longest hair of its hind fetlock. The boys fell how he could wrap his long legs under the belly of a horse and tie them in a double bow-knot, and let the horse proceed to pitch until he got all of the fun out of it that was possible.

Well, Frank and Dick took a notion to hurry. Pettee took
a notion to proceed in that calm and dignified fashion which is so much a part of him. A declaration of war was made at once, a fight was matched, and Pettee and the buckboard began to look like a tail to the kite formed by the old gray team. In this particular section of country the prairie is pretty rough in the bottoms, and what with trying to hold his hat on, hold his false teeth in and keep his hands on the lines, he was busy from head to foot, to say nothing of the seething problem that rushed through his mind, as to whether or not the team would stop when they got to the closed gate. This gate is the one which divides the Little from the Big Yankee Bend pasture. Pettee hoped the team would stop, but their reputation caused him to have serious doubts. They had a way of going over or through anything that stood in their path, and, true to their reputation, on reaching the gate they did not pause long enough to take off properly from the ground, but went at the gate--partly over, partly through it and partly under it. Meanwhile Pettee and the buckboard stopped with a dull sickening thud. Pettee's ankle sustained a compound fracture and his shoulder was broken at the same time and it was long before he could wear his boot. That occurred in 1885.

In 1886 one of the curious incidents of the cow-puncher West occurred on the ranch, which was heralded all over the country and a picture of it was published in the Police Gazette.

Old Man Kelcey, a cow-puncher, but a man who had traveled much and learned to tell a good story, and was therefore loved by the boys, died. It was necessary to take him to Old Granada to bury him. His coffin was put on a wagon and the thirty cow-boys of the ranch, lined up two by two to see their friend to his last resting place. The procession was peculiar and would have been worth going many miles to see. On arriving at Granada the boys discovered that they had neglected the important factor of a minister. The station agent at that point was discovered to have been a churchman and knew something of the mode usually pursued in funeral services, and he was requested to make a few re-
quested to make a few remarks and offer a prayer. The beloved friend and story teller of the boys was put away with a genuine sorrow, for which the reckless cowboy has always been noted. With uncovered heads, sympathetic postures and swelling hearts, they committed his body to the earth and his spirit to God and the appeal to our Heavenly Father made from the center of the Great American Desert was probably as surely heard as if the funeral sermon had been preached by the greatest divine and Mozart’s Requiem Mass had been played.

Among the jokes that were perpetrated in the comparatively early days, was a joke which a tenderfoot played on himself, and many interested and loving friends have insisted that this story should not be written without the incorporation of the following incident:

When the irrigation company established its headquarters at Holly, the man referred to on the south of the track in our weekly newspaper as “the genial manager,” was discovered by Fess Koen to have had some experience in riding horses on pigskin saddles, and Mr. Koen became convinced of the fact that he would have him train a young horse in the perfection of saddle gaits. With that end in view he offered our New York friend the particularly handsome bay horse, five years old, called Dipper to be trained. The manager went to work and in a short while got the horse to having very good manners and felt that his training was quite a credit to his trainer. About this time the trainer found himself very busy in driving over the country, and it had been as much as thirty days since Dipper had had a saddle on him.

George Wilson at that time had charge of the stable. On the manager’s returning from one of his trips about four o’clock in the afternoon, George Wilson, with that innocent expression of countenance which he usually puts on when he has a joke up his sleeve, suggested that Dipper had not been ridden for some time and needed exercise. “Very good,” said the trainer, “throw the
saddle on him and we will give him a little for his health."
The trainer made a mistake. It was not for the health of Dipper
that was in question, but that of the rider. Carelessly throwing
one leg over his back, the trainer dug his spurs and left the
barn at what he expected to be a canter. But Dipper had been
eating grain for thirty days without exercise, so hiding his
head between his forelegs and sticking his tail between his hind
legs, he made an arch of his back that seemed to be about forty
feet high, and gave a succession of bawls which nearly frightened
the trainer to death and could be heard for miles. He went to
work with first one end and then the other. At first the expres-
sion on the tenderfoot's face looked as though he considered it
very rude for Dipper to disturb his dignity in the way he threat-
ened to do, but it soon became one of terror for fear he would
scrape one of the corners off the moon. The pommel of the saddle
looked like a precipice. There was no head of the horse to
look at, but from the pommel of the saddle to the ground there
was a clear view. When the horse jumped with his fore parts and
shot the tenderfoot in the air, the tenderfoot on descending was
met with the horse's hindparts and again shot into the air, so that
on every jump he got two sensations for the same money. His eye-
glasses flew in one direction because he had not learned to wear
spectacles, and his hat in another, and in a few minutes he came
to the conclusion that his feet, arms and head would go in dif-
ferent directions, but luckily for him they decided to pile them-
selves up in a concentrated heap.

When the tenderfoot gathered himself up and looked around
to see what had actually happened, the long and always dignified
Pettee was on the ground in front of the barn, rolling about in
frightful contortions, trying to catch his breath from laughing,
and George Wilson was lying over the back of a chair to hold
his stomach from going into bits. The tenderfoot remarked that
while he did not want to try it again, he felt that riding a
bucking horse was a sensation which could not be described but
had to be felt.
Holly, #14.
Prowers Co.

In July, 1896, the company which had constructed the great irrigation system for the irrigation and reclamation of Prowers county established its main office in Holly. At that time the company was known as The Amity Land and Irrigation Company. The Great Plains Water Storage Company was formed about this time for the purpose of developing the reservoirs. The names of the companies were afterwards changed to The Amity Land Company and The Great Plains Water Company. In 1901 the present company, The Arkansas Valley Sugar Beet and Irrigated Land Company, was formed. All of these companies have been practically owned by the same people and have had their headquarters in Holly. It is the result of their operations that the vast area of which Holly is the center has been put under irrigation.

(On December 13, 1896, our fellow townsman, Mr. Ed Tuttle, bought the first lot in Holly.) This lot was on Main street on the corner of the alley where Tuttle & Lamb's harness shop is now located. At this time Mr. C. L. McPherson conducted his store in the north part of the building in which the company's offices now are. The Ranch House was run by Mrs. Connelly as a boarding house. Mr. H. A. Pettee lived south of the stable next to the river. Mr. James Baird lived in the house just south of the railroad track and west of the Ranch House. The school house, which was afterwards sold to Mr. French, was located in the pasture about where Mr. Harry Pettee's house now stands.

Mr. John Gores lived where he does now. The only house in sight north of the railroad track was that of Mr. C. L. McPherson, which is the same he now occupies. (The depot consisted of one room about half as big as a box car, located to the east of the trees which are east of the present depot. Mr. H. P. Horst was, as he is now, the station agent.)

When it was rumored that a lot had been sold in Holly, and that we were going to have a town, every town in the Arkansas valley considered that a tremendous joke had been perpetrated.

Soon after the purchase of the first lot by Mr. Tuttle, Mr. J. S. McMurtry, cashier of our bank, came down from the country in which Horace and Tribune are located on the Missouri Pacific
railway in western Kansas, and took a liking to the prospect which Holly had for making a town. Immediately others from this section began to follow him, among the first being Mr. George Hollis, Mr. C. H. Adams, Mr. A. L. Hare, Mr. Sam Harden, Mr. A. L. Johnson. A little later Mr. S. F. White came from that country and established the great Chicago Store.

It is from these people who came from Greeley county, Kansas, that Holly has taken its enviable character. The fellow citizens of these men from the "short grass" country now only hear faint mutterings of the terrible war that was waged between Horace and Tribune, two rival towns about two miles apart on the Missouri Pacific railway. The war between them was of the most exciting character. If any of the men who participated in this fight can be gotten to unuckle and talk, he tells stories which surpass the interest of a blood-curdling dime novel. As soon as the citizens of the respective towns in Kansas reach Holly they forget that there had been any differences between them and they united their forces, which had been opposed to each other, in making Holly the town that she now is. It is probable that no citizen of the town could tell to-day which men came from Horace and which from Tribune, and it is only occasionally that they can be gotten to talk of their past scrimmages. As soon as these warriors, in traveling from the north, reached the dip in the mesa, which showed Holly and the promised irrigated land, they metaphorically fell upon each others' necks and buried the hatchet; and as the days went by the older settlers in Holly become more and more thankful that they decided to cast their lot with us.

When these "short grass" citizens of Holly started to leave Greeley county, they took up not only their beds and their entire household effects, but also their houses, and walked. The erection of the building in which Mr. C. L. McPherson now has his store was started in the fall of 1896, but before its completion Mr. George Hollis had moved his store building from Greeley county, and was doing business, so that while Mr. McPherson's store was the first store building erected in Holly, Mr. Hollis' store was the first building moved into Holly and
doing business.

Our Greeley county citizens could not move all in a body because nearly each one who came brought with him his store building in which to do business, and his residence in which to live.

For months after the immigration commenced from one to two houses per day would appear over the rise in the mesa, and the citizens who had already arrived would congregate around the postoffice and wonder whose building that was. The horizon was watched for buildings as is the ocean for ships that are due. At one time all the houses in the townsite except Mr. McPherson's store and the Holly hotel had been moved in on wheels, and even now, with the exception of the Ikelman Bros.' building. Mr. McFreson's store and the Holly hotel, the buildings in the entire business part of Holly were moved in on wheels, except the block in which stands the Dawley block, and even in that block Mr. A. L. Hare's store was wheeled in. When one looks at the proportions of the great Chicago store, it seems almost incredible that that building was brought from Greeley county, Kansas, on wheels, but such is the fact.

In 1899 an artesian well was put down in Holly which stuck first-class water at about 300 feet. From that time on Holly has been supplied with drinking water that is second to none in the valley.

In 1900 the Ikelman Brothers, showing their confidence in the future of the town, started to erect the first permanent fire-proof building. This building is on the southwest corner of Fourth and Cheyenne streets, two stories high, with twenty-five foot front, constructed of stone which was dug from the surrounding quarries.

In this same year it was decided that Prowers county needed a fair, where the farmers could meet and discuss their successes and failures and show the results of their farming. Holly had no Fair Association and she had no money to be distributed for prizes
nor had she any fair grounds to which admission could be charged, but the indomitable energy of the people determined that if a fair was the right thing to have it should be had.

At this time the only organization for the good of the community which existed was the Board of Trade, and a record of these men should be made here. They were: S. F. White, president; W. M. Wiley, vice president; J. S. McMurtry, secretary and treasurer; H. A. Pettee, William Gill, A. L. Johnston, C. L. McPherson and W. F. Crowley, directors.

This body of men might well be a study for people who are interested in the building of towns, as showing what can be done by a few men who have the real interest of a community at heart. They had no real authority in taking office and their only influence for good was that of moral suasion. The town had no organization and no peace officer. Possibly no small town in the West has ever had a more peaceful life than this town had under the moral influence of these men. Occasionally some would-be bad man would want to get out his shooting iron, but the simple idea that Holly stood for every man minding his own business and interfering with no one else's, induced him to quiet down.

This board organized in the interest of the farmers the canning factory and also put under way the operation of a skimming station, and in fact did all that could be done for a town of our size during their administration. They controlled the saloons and by their moral influence saw that the saloons of the town were conducted quietly and properly.

In generations to come, when Holly will have taken her place among the big cities of the valley and the rotten government which usually obtains with growth, is in force, the citizens may well look back and wish that Holly could be run in the best interest of its citizens as it was under the administration of this board.

This body of men elected some temporary officers for the fair, many of whom were men from out of town.

Mr. J. Scott Robertson was made president and Aid yeoman
work in engineering our western sports, such as cowboy races, bucking horse contests and roping contests. He took as much interest in our success as though the fair were being held at his own home, the noted and rapidly growing town of Byron.

Mr. T. D. Barroll was secretary and much credit is due him for the careful way in which the accounts were kept and the businesslike methods upon which the fair was conducted, which resulted in so much general satisfaction.

The subject of the fair cannot be passed over without giving credit to our fellow townsman, Mr. A. L. Johnson. From the inception of the fair until its end he worked indefatigably and supplied much of the energy and enthusiasm that was necessary to carry it to a successful issue.

A racetrack was constructed and everybody was invited to be present. No admission was charged to anything, but the citizens met our friends at the gateways of the town, and extended to them the "glad hand." It was the hearty good feeling that existed between the townspeople and the surrounding towns that induced them to send large delegations to help us have a good time.

The prizes were not of great value but consisted in a great degree of a hearty congratulation with a smile on the side, but the friendly competition was so keen and in such good spirit that the reward to the successful competitors seemed to lack nothing. The prizes on the racetrack consisted of buggy whips, bottles of good whisky, books and such other donations as were gratefully received by the association and by them turned over to the competitors.

The company leased its hay barn as a hall of exhibit.

It can be said without fear of successful contradiction that Holly had the best farmers' fair that Prowers county has ever seen. There were no fast racehorses and there was no race program but the different owners of horses gladly entered into the races to make a showing, and while the time was not fast, the races were real, and the spirit of good feeling and jollification was dominant. The people seemed to have a real good old-fashioned time.
Holly, #19.  
Prowers Co.

In 1901 Mr. H. A. Dawley of Rocky Ford decided to erect a permanent structure across the street from the Ikelman building. This building was erected of pressed brick and is fifty feet wide and two stories high. The Dawley Hardware Company now occupies one of the rooms and the Bank of Holly the other on the ground floor.

The hotel building proper was constructed in 1898, the annex was put on in 1901. The schoolhouse was constructed in 1899 and our friends from the "short grass" country in order to make the town homelike, requested that it be built on the plans of a schoolhouse in Greeley county, and these plans were adopted.

The Presbyterian church was constructed in 1902. A word of praise in passing must be given to Mrs. C. L. McPherson, to whose executive ability and untiring energy the securing of the money for this building is due. A Methodist church of stone is now in process of construction.

In 1899 Holly decided to invite her friends to help celebrate the Fourth of July and the same spirit which is referred to above in connection with the fair made that day a success. The Holly people had nothing particular to offer the guests except unbounded hospitality and a desire to join heartily into the spirit of the occasion. So strong is this feeling and so much is it appreciated by Holly's friends who come and visit her, that the Fourth of July has become a fixed institution. A barbecue is usually provided for our visitors and everybody turns in to see how much fun can be gotten out of the occasion.

At none of our jollification days has there ever occurred the least unpleasantness in the way of drunkenness or bad conduct. Both our citizens and our visiting friends have entered into the spirit of the occasion to do nothing to mar the Holly spirit, just to have all the fun that is possible without annoyance to one's neighbors.

On the Fourth of July, 1902, Mr. William Travers Jerome, district attorney from New York, visited our celebration. When requested to speak upon this occasion, he answered our committee
by saying the making of speeches was business to him, and that he wanted to play. When it was insisted that the people would want to be introduced to him in a body and have him make a "few remarks", he answered that he would provide he could stand at the barbecue with a hunk of bread in one hand and a hunk of meat in the other and talk informally. In carrying out this agreement Mr. Jerome was introduced from the tail-end of a lumber wagon, and remarked that he was having a particularly pleasant and interesting time, because at the entertainments given him in Denver and the other big cities of the West he had met mostly eastern people who had come West, but at Holly he met the native westerner on his native heath. If one could judge from appearance Mr. Jerome certainly had a good time. He chased from the grand stand to the judges' stand, and from the judges' stand to the race track, so as not to miss any of the fine points of the riding in the cowboy races, and was particularly carried away by the broncho busting and the Indian dances that were given by our Indian beet thinners. In the interviews given to newspapers by Mr. Jerome on his return to New York, he showed that the day he had spent at Holly had made a most lasting and favorable impression on his mind. 

The town of Holly was incorporated in the fall of 1903, and it should be a matter of record in this place that our first organization is as follows:

Mayor—S. F. White.
Trustees, D. J. Atkins, George Ikelman, Ed. Tuttle, H. A. Pettee, George Hollis, John E. Murphy.
Clerk and Recorder—L. M. Gee.
Treasurer—J. S. McMurtry.
Police Magistrate—H. W. Milford.
Town Marshal—Oscar Vincent.
Town Attorney—C. J. Watson.
Health Officer—R. D. Wilson, M. D.

It has been remarked by the surrounding people that when a man says he comes from Holly he does so with an air of pride, and they have often asked, Wherefore the pride? It is not that
that we have the tallest building, the widest streets, the largest population, but it is because our citizens are of that character who win in their undertakings. They have not been accustomed to be fed with a spoon. The men from the "short grass" country are the men who continued to live in our great West when others had left because of hard times. These men never gave up, but stood ready to measure their grit and brains against the hard times that overtook western Kansas in 1889. They have been tried by adversity and represent the genuine substance of their community when the froth had been blown away.

Added to this body of our citizens are the old cow-puncher element who are respectful to women, considerate alike to their equals and superiors and bend the knee to no one. They measure men not by their worldly wealth or their position, but by their personal manliness of character, and woe betide the man who comes among them on a basis of bluff and bluster, because he will certainly be called on to "make good." All of these citizens lived because they could make good their right to live, not only by their personal strength in combating Indians, blizzards and the notorious "bad man", but because of their strength of character and mind in meeting and overcoming hard times and adversities such as the city-bred man seldom hears of.

With this kind of genuine manhood the citizens can well be proud when they say:

"I live in Holly."

With this nucleus and manliness and true citizenship, the future greatness of Holly is only measured by the boundless prairie.

She is located in the midst of the best irrigated and best settled section of the country east of Rocky Ford, and with almost every farmer as far west as Sand creek and as far east as the state line, she has a bond of friendship.

The proverbial "glad Hand" and open hospitality with which the farmer is greeted on his visit to Holly makes him feel he is among friends, and makes him glad to accept our hospitality and visit us again.
Fred Lee, with the late A. Deeter, arrived in Lamar from Winterset, Iowa, the morning of June 26, 1886, a month and two days after Lamar had been laid out and has to his credit scores of "first" honors in the new city.

I. R. Holmes, John E. Godding, J. T. Lawless and D. E. Cooper, late father of W. W. "Billy" Cooper, and Parmenter were probably the most prominent men in Lamar at this time, Lee recalls.

The north side of the railway track was the principal business section of the town then although the south side grew rapidly.

Lee first went into business north of the tracks. He had a little stand in a space left for a stairway. It had a five foot front and was 15 feet long. Here he sold lemonade and cigars over a tiny counter. Lee states he kept the counter for many years, but does not have it now. He also declares he did more business over that little counter than in any other way.

"I would like to ask Ed Leatherman if he remembers what a glass of lemonade was worth in those days," Lee declared with a chuckle as he described the old times.

From that north Main street location, Lee moved to the location where the Service Barber shop now stands. Here he was in the same business although he had expanded his stock and improved his line of novelties.

He sold the first doll ever sold in Lamar. Mrs. C. W. Hunter, who with her family lived in the station house of the Santa Fe railway and rode with it from Blackwell to the Lamar site when the town was founded, purchased that first doll. She bought it the first Christmas in Lamar's history, as a gift for her daughter, Artie, now Mrs. A. E. Everett of this city. Lee had several dolls in his novelty shop. They hung from a string put across one corner of his shop. The one Mrs. Hunter chose was a lovely little china doll.

Lee also sold the first head of cabbage ever sold in Lamar. A load of cabbage was shipped into Lamar from the San Luis Valley.
"They were enormous heads," Lee declared. "I sold the first one to C. C. Goodale for $1.07."

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From his second location as his business grew, Lee moved to the back part of the lot where the Victory Theatre now is located. Here he put in a bake oven and sold bread and pastries in addition to his other novelties. M. L. "Joe" Connell and A. Deeter were associated with Lee at this time.

Perry McMillin also was one of the early business men who engaged in operating a bakery for a time.

In 1899 the opera house was built on the lot, the same building which now houses the Victory Theatre. Lee and his associates operated this amusement house in the early days and Lee is now running the Victory Theatre. Thus he has been in business on Main street here continually since he came and still is an active business man in Lamar.

"Everyone was for Lamar then. This town was full of the best boosters it has ever had," Lee declared.

Lamar was a jolly place in the early days. There were 18 good saloons, Lee stated, "and they served stuff with more kick than the beer of today." All the saloons but one had its own orchestra and in referring again to the beverages of that day Lee stated, "What we drank then had singing qualities."

A favorite amusement place was the upstairs of the John Colliday livery stable. This is the same building which now houses the Husted Motor Company. The upstairs was a dance hall.

"We had a dancing teacher," Lee said. "He gave lessons in the morning beginning at 10 o'clock and lasting until noon. In the afternoon the lessons would begin at 2 o'clock and last until late. Then every evening there would be a public dance."

Many of Lamar's younger set at that time took lessons and enjoyed the dances despite "the livery stable odors which penetrated to the upstairs of the building."

Mr. Lee describes his arrival in Lamar in an article published in the Lamar Daily News as follows:
"Why did I come to Lamar? Well, to tell you the truth, there
have been times when I have thought it was because they let me
out of the hospital too soon. You see, I came out here just
after I had been in the hospital with typhoid fever—most of the
time out of my head—and sometimes, when Lamar has struck one of
its slumps I have thought I must have just been crazy with the
fever when I came here. But the slump has always passed, and then
the old burg would start off again, going better than ever before.

"The real reason of my coming here, though, was advertising.
Lamar was born on the 24th day of May, 1886. Getting ready for
the opening, all the country round about, 'way down into Kansas
and Missouri and Oklahoma was plastered with advertisements of
the new town. Some of this advertising reached the town down in
Kansas where I was, so Judge Deeter and a few more of us made
up our minds to come and give Lamar the once over.

"Of course, I wasn't much more than a kid then and Judge
Deeter wasn't any judge in those days, although he was somewhat
older than I was. We all landed here on the 26th day of June,
1886. Lamar was just one month and two days old. And don't you
know that Judge Deeter and I are the only two people who are left
of the population of Lamar at that time. Some of these fellows
that talk about being old settlers make me smile.

"But, believe me, Lamar was some town in the summer of '86.
Most of the people lived north of the railroad then, and every-
body was hurrying to build him a house or a store. In the mean-
time the people lived in tents. When a man got into a frame
shack, set a foot or so off the ground and without any foun-
dation, he felt as stuck on himself as Pierpoint Morgan did when
he moved into his Fifth Avenue palace. After all it isn't so
much what we have that makes us happy. It's what the neighbors
haven't. If we have a little bit more than the neighbors, we're
rich.

"One of my first jobs was helping a chap unload a drug store.
He had been running it somewhere down in Arkansas and he just
packed the whole thing into a railroad car and brought her out here. I was at the store sorting things out a little and the proprietor was over at the car unloading. Presently a man came in wanting some chewing gum. I sold him two of these penny sticks for a nickel. By the way, we didn't have any pennies out here then. Nickel or nothing.

"Then, the station agent came over. You may remember they stole that station from down at Black's ranch, where the post office still was. It was a good station, but it was full of bed bugs and the agent wanted something that would kill them—something that wouldn't smell bad. That stock of drugs wasn't very well sorted out yet and the bed bug poison was probably at the bottom of the heap. But there was a big bottle of strawberry extract for flavoring soda water in sight. I let the agent sniff that. "That's all right if it will kill 'em," he said. "Sure, it will," I told him. So it would if he held their heads under long enough.

"At any rate, if it didn't work, he probably laughed and tried something else. It was easy for us all to laugh in those days. Life was young and the town was booming. The place was wide open. Nearly every building was either a hotel or a saloon, probably with a dance-hall back of it. Nearly everybody had a little money and anybody willing to work could earn some. I remember I, myself, got a job as a tinner working for the firm that had the shop where Huddleston is now. But I didn't stay long. Most of the work was putting on tin roofs. About the time I got the sheets ready in the shop for the first roof a real tinner hoeded into town. The next morning I looked out of the window and saw him at work and I knew that was no place for me. You see I was a miller by trade and I didn't propose to show that fellow what I didn't know about putting on a tin roof. So, I put on my store clothes and scurrieded down the street to find another job.

"Pretty soon after we arrived, the town had its first funeral. Fortunately the man that played the lead, as you might say, was a chap that none of us knew very well, so we were just decent-
Lee, #5.
Prowers Co.

ly respectful and not particularly sad about it. But a good
sized crowd gathered up on the hill, and while we had no minis-
ter one of the boys did the best he could to give the deceased
a proper send off. Among the prominent citizens attending the
obsequies was the proprietor of the biggest dance hall in town.
After we had put on our hats, but before we had time to go away,
Jack climbed up on the dirt beside the grave and said, "Say,
boys, while you are all together here I just want to remind you
that we are going to have a big ball over at my place tonight
with some special music down from La Junta. You want to be sure
to be there."

"I started a peanut stand pretty soon and sold lemonade for
15 cents a glass which used to jar some of the new arrivals. But
after a time things began to slow up. My place was in a frame
building about where the Merchants’ Cafe is now. The plate glass
front consisted of two stock windows meant for a residence. The
other half of the building—both on a 25 foot lot—was occupied
by a young milliner, who is still with us although not in business.
Many and many a night we sat at those windows and sang by the hour
never interrupted by a sign of a customer. And between songs
we would wonder what in the world was going to become of Lamar.
I stayed then because I couldn’t get away.

But Lamar has always come back—and always a little bigger
and better and busier than before the slump. After nearly 38
years of experience I believe in Lamar more than ever. The peanut
stand has grown into the Victory Theatre, and it may be that I,
myself, will see the Victory Theatre double its capacity to keep
pace with the growth of this rich country around us."
"We have just completed our trip of inspection from Las Animas, Colo., to the Kansas line, along the valley of the Arkansas river, through which the great Santa Fe railway runs. From the overloaded passenger trains both ways, and the numerous through freight trains that pass up and down this valley, we should judge the Santa Fe was getting the bulk of the western traffic. This road has been the backbone of this country and probably traverses more new and undeveloped country than any other road upon the American continent. The agriculturalist, the stockman, the lumberman, the miner, the tourist, the sportsman, the health seeker, the novelist, the fruit raiser, the artist, the day laborer and the tramp can all find a lucrative field for the manipulation or furtherance of their special vocation somewhere along the main line of the Santa Fe or upon its innumerable spurs.

"The last eight or ten years has wrought a most wonderful change in this country. The transformation, growth and development of this part of Colorado was surely the product of the Omnipotent. But yesterday, an unbounded wilderness—a vast, unknown expanse—the abode of savagery—the play-ground of the buffalo—the happy hunting grounds of the red men of the plains, who reigned in peace serene. The world does not appreciate the phenomenal growth of the west. In one brief score of years we have looked with amazement at the flights of the vast herds of wild game, and the advancing caravans of the emigrants; seen the locomotives climb chamoislike over the cliffs and the very crest of the Rocky mountains; seen a web of steel spread over this great western wilderness by the great spider of commerce; the tepees of the Indians swept away to make room for the factory, school house and church, and today, the old Santa Fe trail is yet visible along this Arkansas valley, by the indentures in the earth, as it crosses diagonally over the fields of alfalfa and through bearing orchards, and the trail of these "49ers" is more especially marked
by the bleaching and decaying bones of both man and beast. Amid
the roar of the mill wheels, the din of the factory whistles, the
people of the east have swept this country with their telescopes
in search of gold and agriculture, and this valley in particular,
has caught the eye of the farmer, the fruit-raiser and the stock-
man.

"One of the old-time landmarks we have visited since our last
letter was that of old Fort Lyon, five miles from Las Animas,
long since vacated, the soldiers being removed to Fort Logan. The
buildings were principally made of stone and with its grounds and
water works, cost the United States government at one time over
$1,000,000. The buildings are now vacant, and look dilapidated
and haunted.

"In company with the state Soldiers' home committee, we vis-
ited the fort last Sunday. The state is thinking of appropri-
ating the buildings and grounds for the Soldiers' home, which is
apparently about the only use they can be put to.

"Another place of interest we visited was old Fort Bent, a
stone fort that was erected by General Bent to protect himself
and men from the Indians. The stone walls surround a few acres
of land in the center of which are the ruins of an old stone
house and all are located upon a high stone bluff, overlooking
the country for miles up or down the river.

"We were accompanied upon this trip by A. N. Parrish of La-
mar, the superintendent of the Amity canal, the largest irrigating
ditch in Colorado. This canal, with its laterals, waters 43,000
acres of land, 10,000 acres of which have been sold and are being
put under a good state of cultivation during the last two years,
and the settlers are chiefly from Iowa. The headgate of this
canal, built of solid stone masonry, is located at this old Fort
Bent, and a stone cottage is erected thereat, as the home of the
Williams, #3.
Prowers Co.

watchman. The words "Casa Las Rio" are painted upon the house, meaning "Castle by the river." This is the largest headgate on the river and cost $40,000. The fall of water through this is 61 feet wide and 6 feet deep. The water in this canal has a fall at the rate of 1.58 feet per mile. These lands, improved and irrigated, are selling at from $20 to $100 per acre. Lamar is made up of Iowa and Illinois people. The Close Bros., who at an early day bought and sold so much land in northern Iowa, are the chief owners of this canal and the lands under its water rights. We met people in Lamar from Iowa as follows: C. C. Huddleston, merchant, from Milton; E. E. Pike, merchant, from Mason City; C. H. Downer, district clerk, Hume; S. E. Balkner, county clerk, Humpston; 3xx3. J. A. Woodcock, Commercial hotel, Albia; D. E. Cooper, attorney, Winterset; J. W. Colladay, liveryman, Wayne county; I. H. Myers, druggist, Winterset; Judge A. Deeter, attorney, Winterset; C. C. Goodale, attorney, Winterset; Dr. C. V. Bedell, Keokuk, and Miss May English, milliner, Clinton, Iowa.

"Near Lamar is located the largest ranch in the valley known as the Hardscrabble Ranch owned by J. F. and H. W. Koen. It contains 5000 acres and has a stone barn 70x100 costing $11,000. They have a feed and grist mill on the ranch for their own use, and all the buildings, granaries and yards are made of stone laid in mortar. The mill grinds feed for stock, and the saw mill makes up the cottonwood lumber into posts, dimension and fencing. They have 3000 head of cattle, among which are 200 registered Herefords. In their hog breeding pens are over 600 spring pigs. Stock of all kinds were feeding upon green alfalfa pasture, which shows how much earlier the springs are here than in Iowa. Mr. Koen showed us some hogs that were almost fit for the market that had never eaten a mouthful of grain, but which had been raised on alfalfa and had been wintered upon dry alfalfa hay, the same as had the cattle. In the east this may seem funny, but it is true. Hogs will eat and get fat on nothing but dry alfalfa hay. Mr. Koen informed us that he came here from West Virginia.
ten years ago, and even at that date it was unpleasant, uphill and sometimes dangerous for a man to attempt to irrigate his own lands. This country had been practically taken up and controlled by cattlemen, and while they welcomed all new comers who would engage in that business, yet the "old timers" didn't want any irrigation, for that meant farming and fruit culture, which they knew would eventually drive out the free range for their immense herds of cattle. No sooner would a new settler begin constructing an irrigating ditch than several anonymous letters would be sent to him containing the skull and crossbones and a few words warning him to quit farming or take the consequences. If he kept on at the irrigating ditch, paying no attention to that threat, he would find a crude scaffold erected near his home some morning, with the rope hanging therefrom, the hangman's noose all made, and placarded, "Your fate, if you don't leave this country."

Some left, some quit farming, and still others kept on with their business paying no attention to the white cap notices. Soon the agricultural population became the majority, and now all is peace, and every stockman welcomes the new settler—unless he be a tramp.—Geo. T. Williams in Iowa Daily Capital.

Editorial in same issue—"On the first page of this issue is a letter published by the Iowa Daily Capital from Geo. T. Williams on his recent visit to this valley. It is well written and interesting, but he certainly gave full play to his imagination when he described the dangers of farming here ten years ago."
Mr. M. L. Conwell was born and partly raised in Indiana. He moved to Kansas where he lived for some years in Pittsburg, Dodge City, Garden City and Coolidge. He was in Coolidge in 1886 when Trail City was founded.

A law was passed changing the trail from the Panhandle, Texas, to the northern states, so that instead of bringing the cattle by way of Dodge City the new trail was along the line between Colorado and Kansas. Coolidge was about at the point on the trail where the cowboys usually received their first pay check. As the Kansas laws were too strict for the gamblers and saloon keepers, Trail City sprang up just across the border in Colorado to cater to the cowboys and take their money away from them.

Mr. Conwell moved to Lamar from Coolidge in 1886 just a few weeks after Lamar was founded. He describes the founding of this town and his removal here in an interview published in the Lamar Daily News, May 25, 1933, as follows:

"Conwell, who is still barbering in Lamar, was living at Coolidge, Kansas, at the time the Santa Fe railway found a legal loophole and moved its equipment from Blackwell to the Lamar townsite.

"The move was made on Sunday, May 24, as Black could not secure an injunction on Sunday, as he had threatened to do if the Santa Fe moved the station from his property three miles east of the present townsite of Lamar to the new townsite.

"They had two crane derricks and put one under one end of the two story station house and one under the other end. Then they just picked it up and set it down on a flat car.

"The crews did the same thing with the side tracks and a water tank," Conwell stated. "By morning the whole thing was set down at Lamar."

"That night Black returned from Denver, where he had been on business over the weekend. He communicated with his attor-
ney at once, but of course nothing could be done.

"'The Santa Fe had him licked,' Cornwell declared. 'The Santa Fe didn't take any play in those days. A similar thing happened to Holly and several other settlements along the Santa Fe lines.'

"In speaking of Holly, Cornwell stated that the threat was made if the railway stalls, the term then applied to round houses, were assessed by the tax agent. 'Holly would have grass growing in its streets a year later.'

"Holly failed to take the hint and the prediction came true, because the railway moved its shops to Syracuse, Kansas,' Cornwell declared.

"Cornwell worked for George Ope in the barber shop at Coolidge. After the moving of the railway property and after he had seen excursions trains run through to the newly founded town young Cornwell put his hopes in that direction.

"His employer said that he had an extra chair and there were some cowboys coming into Lamar from roundups. He thought it might be well to do some hair cutting in Lamar.

Cornwell snatched at the opportunity, came to Lamar and made arrangements to put up the chair in a back room of John Hess' saloon.

"Thus was established the first barber shop in Lamar about the first of June, 1886, on the site where Jolton's store now stands."

That was the first frame building completed on Main street of Lamar. When Mr. Cornwell arrived another store building across the way had just been finished and Spivey and Holmes were moving their stock of goods into it.

Mr. Cornwell says, however, that Lamar was a good sized town already, though everyone had to live in tents. Mrs. Stokes was operating a tent rooming house.
Houses in various stages of building soon began to spring up all over the townsite. Shacks might be a more appropriate term as they were nothing more than rough boards for walls and floors and were put up in the crudest manner. The carpenters were known as "saw and hammer" carpenters as cutting and driving a nail was the extent of the knowledge most of them had about building.

It took about two days to complete a house. There was no plastering put upon the walls of these first buildings and just as soon as the boards were in place the family moved in. They then moved the tents off or saved them as an extra room.

The streets were marked by surveyor's sticks, but otherwise were indistinguishable from the rest of the prairie. The prairie dogs dug their holes on Main street and ran up and down it.

The stores, as they built up along Main street, put board sidewalks in front of their buildings, but the rest of the town had no sidewalks.

Various additions were soon laid out adjoining the original town site. Mr. Parmenter proved up the land on the north of the original town site and got possession of that to the south, which became Holmes and Parmenter's addition. Dr. Cummings proved up on that east of the original town and John F. Coddin proved that on the west.

Mr. Coddin's original town house is the nucleus of Mr. Conwell's residence today and his claim house is Mr. Conwell's chicken house, which is the only one of the claim houses built in Lamar which is still standing. Mr. Coddin built his town house next to the line of his claim and the little claim house adjoined it so that in order to prove up on his land all Mr. Coddin had to do was to step across to the claim house to sleep.

Interview by Margaret Merrill
January 2, 1934.

Address: Lamar, Colorado
Mr. David Hess of Coolidge, Kansas, used to have the contract for putting up hay on the SS ranch. They had excellent bottom land for hay and he put up tons and tons of it. Some of this hay was cut with the sabre, which was carried by his grandfather when he went with Napoleon’s army to Moscow.

Mr. Hess was born in Ohio, near Cleveland in 1853. He drove to this country from St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1860 in a covered wagon drawn by four mules. He was 34 days on the way, making 20 to 25 miles a day.

He worked on the Holleys ranch, cutting hay in the summer time. Some of this hay was shipped out to other points. He was the first man to run a baler in this section. The first method of baling hay was to lay a bundle of it on the ground and simply wind cord around it.

Mr. Hess says Mr. Holly was a fine man and one of the cowboys he particularly remembers Kid Baxter and says he was the best rider he knew.

He took a claim south of Cranada and remembers a camping trip taken with a cousin who was visiting him from the east. They camped at Two Buttes where they saw a big herd of antelope. At night they rolled in blankets on the ground and he noticed his cousin shivered some, but he couldn’t figure out why until they got back to Cranada and Tom Nolan told them it was 28 degrees below zero.

Mr. Hess says the early store keepers had quite a good thing. He once inquired of Martin Christopherson who ran a store at Holly how much profit he made on an article and was answered, “I buy him for a nickle and sell him for a dollar.”

Interview by Margaret Merril
January 9, 1934.

Address: Coolidge, Kansas
McMurtry, #1.
Prowers Co.

Mr. J. S. McMurtry was born in Kentucky. He moved to Seward county, Kansas, in 1885. He arrived there in good time to enjoy the blizzard of 1886, which swept Kansas and Colorado. The plains were covered with the frozen cattle after it passed away. 3500 head belonging to I. R. Harwood were found in one gulch. Several people were caught in it and frozen. In 1887 Mr. McMurtry went to Horace, Kansas, where he opened a bank.

His first trip to Prowers county was made in 1887 when he came to Lamar and bought some lots. He was not sufficiently interested, however, to return there.

In 1898 Mr. McMurtry moved the bank from Horace to Holly, Colorado, a distance of 41 miles by direct route across the prairie. The bank building was about 25x60 feet. He also moved a five room house with two porches by wagon. The chimneys, stove and furniture were left in the house and dinner was cooked for the movers while on the way.

The house was loaded on to wagons one afternoon. They started moving the next morning early and by evening were in Holly. By the following noon the house was unloaded and in place.

This moving was done by placing long skids, 36 feet long and three wide across the wagon floor and coupling two wagons together and loading the building on top. It took four wagons and twenty teams to move the house and bank. There were no roads and no fences so that they came directly across the prairie until they reached Holly.

The safe weighed 4800 pounds and had to hauled separately. The man whom Mr. McMurtry hired for this job had a balky horse. He left with the safe early in the morning and it took a great deal of pushing and urging to get his horse started to pulling. He told Mr. McMurtry that he would not dare stop to rest his horse as he would not be able to get him started again and so he
McMurtry, #2.
Prowers Co.

covered the entire 41 miles without stopping.

The bank had no vault and as the only other banking fixtures outside of the safe were the railing and counter they were left in the building.

Mr. McMurtry, with Mr. W. C. Gould and Mr. B. B. Brown of Lamar, formed the Bank of Holly. This was a private bank and so remained until 1903 or '04, when it was made into a national bank.

The growth of Holly was rapid. The Amity Canal company, whose manager was Wm. M. Wiley, made it their headquarters and brought in many new settlers to that region.

Granada might have been so favored by the company had it not been for the old time cattlemen who hated to see their range all being taken up by the settlers. They made a point of Knocking the country to all new comers and warning them against investing here. Disgusted with such opposition the company laid out the town of Holly at the headquarters of the old Holleys ranch and brought their new settlers there.

Holly was not incorporated for a good many years. Their affairs were managed by a committee. Members of this committee were Wm. M. Wiley, Frank Crowley, S. F. White, H. A. Pettee, Wiliam Gill, A. L. Johnson, C. L. McPherson and J. S. McMurtry.

The committee had no authority to levy taxes or licenses, but nevertheless they did license the saloons and were paid by them. At first there were two saloons and they paid $5,000 each year. Later another saloon opened and the license became $3,000 a piece. With this money the early improvements of Holly were made, sidewalks were built, and trees planted. In 1911 they built a waterworks with deep well, pipes and sewer and also a light system was erected.

The early settlers in the Holly district were J. A. Shanstrom and a Mr. Pomeroy. There is still an old stone barn in
McMurtry, #3.
Prowers Co.

Holly which was built by Mr. Pomeroy. This barn has portholes which were used in fights with the Indians. These men sold their claims to Mr. Holley and they became part of the Holleys ranch.

Land values waxed ridiculous in Holly as in other towns, even though its start came late. Mr. McMurtry bought eighty acres with a water right in partnership with George Hollis at $60 an acre. Mr. Hollis laid his half out into the Hollis addition. Mr. McMurtry sold part of his to a Mr. Wilkins, who laid out an addition, and of the remaining part one lot was bought from Mr. McMurtry for $3,000.

About 1900 Holly held its first fair and it was unique in that this fair did not cost the town a dime. The merchants wrote to the various wholesale houses and got them to put up premiums for the various exhibits and events. When these prizes arrived they ranged from furniture to machinery and plows. Holly had no band so they got everyone that could play and instrument and made them practice until they turned out a very good band and they had a fine fair for no cost.

Among the interesting characters of early days were an Indian dentist, Doc Perkins, who was responsible for getting many people to move to Holly, and Mr. Wheeler, a merchant of Vilas, who used to walk into Holly to catch the train east. He used also to walk from Vilas to Syracuse to buy goods and would ride back with the freighters whom he hired to carry his purchases.

Then there was Bill Smith, an ex-marshall of Lamar, who with two other men robbed the postoffice at Carlton. He was pursued by Sheriff Frank Tate and a posse, which included Lish House of Holly. They followed the robbers to the cedars where they shot it out with them. The robbers escaped, but Bill Smith was later captured and sent to the pen.

Another criminal character was Henry Starr, who robbed the
McMurtry, #4.
Prowers Co.

bank at Amity, the Salvation Army colony. He was captured, convicted, served part of his sentence and was paroled. He opened the Star Restaurant in Holly and when his parole was up went to Oklahoma where he continued a career of robbery.

Interview by Margaret Merrill
January 5, 1934.

Address: Holly, Colorado
(Published in Lamar Register, May 20, 1903.)

"A trip across Southeastern Colorado and many parts of the Panhandle these days makes the old time cow puncher sick at heart."

This remark was volunteered by Oscar Adams of the S. A. Purinton P bar outfit near Sanderson, Texas, who brought up a consignment of mutton for his firm. After the stock were sold Adams lighted a Southwestern stogie, settled down into a comfortable office chair and grew reminiscent.

"Times aren't like they were," said he. "Way back in the early eighties a cowboy was somebody, he was everything, in fact. Now we are glad to connect with a sheep and cattle ranch. It isn't much to the oldtimer's relish to strike out on a sheep deal, but then it is about the only thing in sight now. I passed through the Arkansas valley the other day and saw nothing but a procession of farms, around Lamar, Rocky Ford, Las Animas and those towns and they told me land there is worth more per acre than we used to secure whole sections for. Well do I remember Lamar before anyone ever dreamed of making a town there.

"It was in the summer of 1883. I was then with the Cross 7 outfit of Frank Collison (he's now running a ranch near Amarillo I believe). We landed in Colorado with a drove of 3,500 cattle that were started by trail from Brownwood, Texas, on the first of May. That was a common occurrence in those days--a five to six hundred mile trail during the summer. Now a Southern cow boy thinks he is doing great things when he drives a couple hundred head or so of steers a hundred miles to a railroad station. Then we never handled less than a couple of thousand cattle at one clip and sometimes trailed as many as 4,000 in a bunch.

"We crossed the Arkansas river on the 7th day of August and then our troubles began. To date the trip had been favorable and we had lost only 10 head by the time we struck the river. As soon as we got north of the stream, however, bad weather came on. It
rained and misted for five days and as luck would have it the cattle got away one bad night and the boys scattered to round them up. I took with me Doc Morgan, an old timer, but Doc was not familiar with the lay of the country and we were soon lost. Not a star or a sign of the sun did we see for those five blessed days and as the horses soon gave out there was nothing for us to do but wander over the country hoping to strike some of the outfit. Doc and I soon parted company and on the fifth day the sun came out. I then struck for the spot where I thought the camp was last located and while tramping along was hailed by the boss and one of the boys who had set out to find us. Well, I had had nothing to eat since the first day we were lost and was ravenously hungry. The rest of the fellows put me on a systematic diet, however, and I suffered no ill effects from the experience. The next day they found Morgan in what was known as the Bar SS pasture. He was nearly starved and vowed that no one could prevent him from eating just what he wanted. The man stuffed food for two solid hours and then went to sleep. He was sick afterward and all that winter was compelled to remain under a physician's care in Denver. It was a long time before his stomach got just right again.

"Following our trail was Ike Pryor's outfit (Ike's a Kansas City man now) and I heard the chilly, damp weather played the mischief with his herd. Before we got our stock quartered we lost about 100 head just from the wetness. I doubt if there has been a worse August in the valley since then. Right where Lamar is today, as near as I can remember, was A. R. Black's pasture where he had his Cross A and Diamond X steers. Nearby was the Prairie Company's JJ and 90 ranches. Lord, but I never dreamed that land would be worth $75 an acre within so few years, but the miracle came to pass all right. Two years or so after that I chanced to be in the valley again and there I found the town of Lamar. I think there were a couple of dwellings, a store, a saloon—not much, but enough to make it a town. Think of it—the country
Adams, #3.
Prowers Co.

there is now cut up into small garden patches, while only twenty years ago this summer not only a herd of 4,000 cattle, but a couple of cowboys as well were lost for the greater part of a week."--reprint from Drovers Telegram.
Paul Rich, now justice of the peace at Holly, was conductor on one of the early Santa Fe trains in this section of the country.

He came to Denver in 1876, just five days after the Centennial Exposition closed at Philadelphia. Two years later he moved to Pueblo and has been in the valley ever since. He was conductor on a train which ran between Pueblo and Coolidge, Kansas. Old Granada was the end of the division in '79 when Mr. Rich started, but in the spring of '80 the round houses and buildings were moved to Coolidge, Kansas, and it was made the end of this division.

Mr. Rich says the country was pretty raw at that time. There was nothing but a few cattle ranches in this county and only a few houses along the railroad at old Granada and at the headquarters of the SS Cattle Company, where Holly is now.

There were only two telegraph offices between Pueblo and Coolidge, one at La Junta and a day office at Las Animas and a night office at West Las Animas.

There were still a few buffalo in the country then. Mr. Rich remembers seeing one or two good herds from the train, but they were soon driven further away from the railroad. A bit later there were lots of antelope in this section. There were no Indians left in this section, though Mr. Rich was through the Black Hills of Dakotas about that time and remembers quite a few up there.

One of the sights of the country were the huge herds of cattle being driven up from the south for summer feeding.

Mr. Rich was on an immigrant train for several years. These trains carried day coaches and sleepers, but occasionally some groups would hire a freight car or would pile down anywhere with their blankets. The passengers were mostly foreigners. Some times there would only be a few and sometimes there would be as many as eighteen cars crowded with passengers. There were a great many Italians on the road in the early days going to the
Rich, #2.
Prowers Co.

mining district, mostly to the coal mines, but some to the gold and silver districts.

Those coming into this section were usually of a higher class, small farmers rather than day laborers. A good many foreigners settled here also. The Santa Fe would pay their way if there was a large group intending to locate on railroad lands and accompanied by a railroad land agent.

In some places as an inducement for the railroad to build through, ten miles on each side of the railway in the uneven sections was given to the railroad. 16 and 36 were reserved as school lands.

In those days, Mr. Rich says, a man was better off if he killed a man than if he stole horses or cattle. There were several lynchings took place here in early days.

One night the Las Animas night operator was so frightened he was unable to give Mr. Rich his orders. A couple of men had just been cut down from the telegraph poles and their bodies were lying in the ware house next door.

Mr. Rich says there was another town of Springfield to be located along the railroad, but that it never became more than a paper town. This was to be in the east end of the county.

Mr. Rich knew John Prowers, for whom Prowers county was named, quite well. Mr. Prowers was very influential with the Indians as he married an Indian girl. He was a big cattleman and owned quite a bit of land. His children had been donated quite a bit of land according to an agreement the government made with the Indians whereby each child having some Indian blood was allowed to claim a certain number of acres.

Yours Truly
Paul Rich

Interview by Margaret Merrill
Address: Holly, Colorado
January 9, 1934.
Mr. Fred Goree of Holly was born on the XY ranch in 1876. His first memories of the country are that it was all open with no fences but the railroad fence and no businesses but the cattle business. There were several ranches in the vicinity of old Granada, which was situated by the XY ranch, and a great deal of cattle shipping was done from there. He does not remember any Indian scares in his time, but remembers hearing about them. His brother, who is twenty years older, often saw the Indians.

Tom Nolan ran a store in old Granada and so did a Mr. Williams and Barney Cow. There were several saloons and about a thousand people. The houses were small frame affairs, which were either eventually moved or burned.

Tom Nolan and Dennis Foley owned the XY ranch at first and sold it to Fred Harvey of the Harvey eating houses. It was managed for Mr. Harvey at first by a Mr. Potte.

Mr. Goree's first job was herding horses for the round up. When he was big enough he became a rider.

He says life in the west was very free and open in those days and the people were very hospitable. You could go anywhere and stay as long as you liked. The cowboys were a good hearted bunch who would divide their last dollar with you. There were many quarrels and some killings, but the chief cause of these was bad whiskey.

Sometimes there were clashes with the law such as it was then. Marshal Guthrie once followed Arkansas Bill Love into a saloon in old Granada. Before the Marshal could draw Love had discovered him and drawing his six shooter shot him through the neck.

Other bad men who occasionally came to this section were Bat Masterson, marshal at Dodge City, and Joe Wyatt, a U. S. Marshal.

The cowboy life was a hard life, but they did not think it so at the time. They wintered on the ranch and had little to do, but in the spring when the grass was good to late fall
Gores, #2.
Prowers Co.

they had plenty of hard riding to do with lots of exposure, sleeping on the ground.

Each ranch in the district sent a wagon and outfit to the general round up. They met at the state line and there would be 25 or 30 wagons camped there with about a thousand head of horses. From there they would work west until the district was cleaned of unbranded calves.

The steers were allowed to run here until they were about four years old then in the fall when they were fat after the summer's feeding, they would round them up and ship them. It was two or three days work just to get them to town and ship them as they would bolt at any disturbance.

Fred Gores

Address: Holly, Colorado

Interview by Margaret Merrill
January 9, 1934
14 Years in the Arkansas Valley
(By Marsena J. McMillin from Lamar Register, Feb. 27, 1892.)

We arrived here on the 8th day of March, 1878. At that time the great Santa Fe Route only had one passenger train each way a day. This train consisted of one mail and baggage car combined and two very common coaches. About twice a week a short freight train each way. This was in the spring, before fall more trains were added.

This is quite a change from one regular train a day at that time to over 40 scheduled trains at the present time. Then there was only one telegraph line up the valley, with only one telegraph wire. Now we have two lines with eight wires. Quite an improvement you will say? Yes, certainly; but no greater improvement accordingly than has been made in our valley by the farmers and men who are developing this country.

At that time the improvements on a claim usually consisted of a 10x12 log or adobe shanty with dirt roof and floor, with one room; generally a pretty good pole corral to hold your cattle if you were a stock raiser, or to hold some one else's if you were a farmer, (for at that time we had a herd law in force). Today you see fine houses and all necessary out buildings on most of our farms, and we have some barns in the county that very few eastern farming communities could beat.

Granada at that time was quite a lively town, the second largest in the county. It was the principal shipping point for stockmen for Bent county and all the country south to the Texas line, also the end of a division on the Santa Fe. Large roundhouses, side-tracks and stockyards were located there. These were later on removed to Coolidge, Kansas. The only post offices in the valley then were at Granada and West Las Animas 52 miles apart.

The only fence in the valley at that time between Granada and Las Animas was one small horse pasture of James Graham's and
one 25 acre farming field of Schmitt Bros., both near where Carlton is now.

Notice the change. Today there are hundreds of miles of fence which enclose some of as fine farming and hay land as the sun ever shown on. There were only three ditches in operation in what is now Prowers county at that time. These were known as the Berkley and Gould ditch, the Vineland ditch, and Stover and Baxter ditch; the first two being taken out of the Arkansas river a short distance east of Clay creek, the last named was taken out about three miles east of where Byron is now located. The total length of these three ditches would not exceed 10 miles and irrigated less than 500 acres of land.

This shows that there was very little farming done. Everyone rushed into the cattle or shop business although at this time and for two or three years following prairie hay sold for $20 a ton in the stack and oats for one dollar a bushel, or 5 cents a bundle out of the shock or stack. Sales were mostly made to immigrants traveling through the country, going to the mines in the spring and back to eastern Kansas and Missouri in the fall. It was nothing unusual for over 100 wagons to pass in one day.

Speaking of the cattle business; I followed the range for a number of years. Where this town is now located was our first round up ground west of Clay creek. I have often seen from three to eight thousand head of cattle round up here in a day. Many a day have I herded a bunch of cattle on and around this town site little dreaming I should in so short a time see a county seat located here. The herds of cattle are gone. The cowboy with his big hat and bucking broncho has also passed away, or has laid aside his cowboy equipments and gone into some other business. For my part, I should rather see your town, your fine school, your churches and court house and hear the whistle of the 250 barrel flour mill, than to see it like it was 14 years ago with nothing but sage brush and prairie dogs.
McMillin, #3.
Prowers Co.

Land was very cheap at that time, in fact you could hardly sell it at any price. Fine hay bottom land selling at from $300 to $600 per quarter. The majority of settlers abandoned their claims and pulled for the mountains expecting to strike a gold or silver mine. I know some of them wish now that they had stuck to their claims, but they were mostly hunters and trappers, who could not be contented to settle down to farm life.

I do not know what the population of Bent County was in 1878 but in 1885 it was 2,960, and there were 908 votes polled in the county. Over half of this number was cast in the towns of Las Animas and La Junta.

The population was averaged to be one-third women and children, one-sixth railroad employees, one-sixth business men and employees, and one-third stockmen and employees. At that time there were eight general stores, three banks, five hotels, three hardware and furniture stores, three lumber yards, five blacksmith shops, one harness and saddle shop, two newspapers, seventeen saloons, two church organizations, four drug stores, six physicians and three lawyers.

There were thirteen school districts in the county at that time, and the school population was 586. They employed fifteen teachers. The school tax was two mills on the dollar which raised the sum of $16 for each pupil or over $9,000.

I have not attempted to note the many changes that have taken place from time to time. They have been so many and rapid, especially in the past five years, that it would puzzle a good historian to note them all, but the people in the county, who think we are not improving may learn a lesson in this great change from 1878 to 1892. When you look at your dozen or more large ditches covering thousands of acres of well cultivated land; your thousands of tons of hay in stack and thousands of bushels of grain shipped, and hundreds of acres of growing orchards will anyone still say we are not improving.
(Published by E. M. Steward in the Daily News, Jan. 26, 1924.)

J. K. Householder asks how I happened to come to Lamar. Another asks where I came from. And still another wants to know how I came to stay. In fact I have been asked about every question but the one they used to ask of every newcomer in the early days.

What did you do where you came from that you are here? So I will try to tell you all in this letter.

I was raised in Valparaiso, Indiana, and lived there until in my 23rd year. Having sprung from a pioneering ancestry and having listened to tales and adventures of the early settlers in northern Indiana as told by my parents and others while gathered about the fire side on many a long winter evening, I was early imbued with the desire to see and live in a new country, so that in the summer of 1886 having finished an apprenticeship of five years at my trade I then felt free to go and have a try out in the great west.

I first went north to St. Paul and Minneapolis and on some 50 miles farther up into the big woods and while my ancestors for generations had been delighted to settle in the woods I did not think I was versed in woodcraft enough to make a start in life in such surroundings.

From here I made my way across into the Dakotas which were then just being settled, the country, the buildings and the people plainly showed the evidence of long and very severe winters, so that I did not think that I wanted to have a try there.

I then turned toward Kansas City headed for Western Kansas. I left the Santa Fe train at Spearville, which was then on the very edge of the western settlement. I went by overland stage across the bleak and bare prairies to Jetmore and to Ness City and back again to the railroad at Dodge City.

Here I was joined by a brother and another boy from Indiana, Sam Park, who will be remembered by all who were in Lamar in those early days. We stopped here at Dodge City for a couple of days
and I must say that nobody who had not seen this bustling western frontier town at about this time has ever seen quite all there was in the wild west, for at this time Dodge City, Kansas, was the railroad point from where all settlement and trade for all the great southwest was distributed and the shipping point for all the great herds of cattle trailed overland from all the vast cattle ranges of Indian Territory, Texas and New Mexico and there was gathered here a wild and adventurous element of humanity.

Everywhere we heard the praises of a new town just over the line into Colorado called Lamar and here we three landed on Nov. 1, 1886, financially broke but with a considerable experience and as a consequence we had to stay. And I might say this same reason applies to all the settlers of those days. We found a bustling bustling infant city, not many people but plenty of excitement. A train load of grass fat cattle from the ranges was being loaded and started to the Kansas City market every day. Cow outfits were here from everywhere, a half dozen outfits in camp here all the time and continued so through November and December before the shipping season closed for the year.

Among the Lamarites stranded here then and still here I can recall the names of A. Deeter, Fred Lee, Joe Connell, E. L. Koen, A. Margberg, Peter Lynch, A. Everett, Jesse M. Wright and C. C. Goodale. There may be others but this is all I think of as living in Lamar at that time, even this many is a good proportion of all the people that were here in 1886.

Lamar seemed to satisfy our notions of a western town and we soon had claims located, shacks built and became residents of this new community.

We three boys filed on claims close together near where Kornman Station on the A. V. R. R. is now. In fact the alfalfa hay mill and beet dump are on what was my brother's claim. As soon as we had our claim houses built the other two boys went back to central Kansas to jobs they had for the winter and I was left to hold down the claims. I had no company at this time, the
whole north side to myself until in January, Jim Shannon came over and built a house on his claim and stayed the rest of the winter, but our houses were about three miles apart. Toward spring some few settlers began to move out and occupy their claims. Among the first was J. M. Wright and Mrs. Wright was the first woman caller ever at my house on the north side of the river. By spring Shannon and I each had a well dug by helping one another and so ended what was an irksome household task of a trip to the river every day for a daily supply of water, something more than a five mile walk for me as then located.

In course of time the other boys came back to their claims and people began to move out to build and to fence and it was not long before we had a real neighborly community of energetic boosters for this new and promising country.

The most of the settlers had come from states subject to a much more rigorous and severe winter climate and as a consequence we were very enthusiastic with our new found land of sunshine.

(Published Dec. 29, 1923, in Daily News.)

The first school district organized and to build a school house in the territory north of the Arkansas river adjacent to Lamar was Paradox Valley and this building was built in the year of 1888.

The next to be built was what was then known as the Harper school house, then the one in what is now the Wiley neighborhood and then the one in May Valley. The buildings in Paradox Valley and May Valley were fram buildings and the other two were of stone construction and none of these school houses were larger than 16 by 20 feet on the inside. These buildings were used for all socials functions for the neighborhoods. Church, Sunday school, dances or any other social affair as in those days the people had no other places for public entertainment. Many a time the people from the whole north side would gather at any one of these school houses for a good time and by removing the school
Steward, #4.
Prowers Co.

decks and seats and bringing in a few spring seats from off the
wagons and sitting around the walls so as to make room for dancing
one set of the quadrille which was the only dance much engaged in
in those days and everybody enjoyed himself to the best. No one
mentioned the fact that another's coat, overwrap or hat was of
last season's style in those days, now were you likely to be em-
barassed by not being a member of any certain church denomination.

The most of the people were under middle age and all took
part in the dancing or whatever might be the social order for the
evening. Everybody knew everybody else in the whole community and
anyone's circumstances were not much different from another. No-
body had more than the bare necessities about the house, the barn
or the farm equipment. Few had anything to sell from the places
until after the irrigation ditches became dependable, well along
into the '90's. Butter and eggs were depended upon to exchange
at the stores in Lamar for such table necessities as they could
procure, hardly ever bringing more than 15 cents a pound for butter
and 10 cents a dozen for eggs.

There was very little opportunity to earn a few dollars by
working out, the only public work was upon the ditches or res-
ervoirs then under construction. One source of making a few extra
dollars was by plowing and planting timber claims for non-resi-
dents.

For those people who lived in the outlying districts it was
an all day trip to come to Lamar and return home and Lamar was then
the only trading point for all this large community. There was no
rural delivery of mail so that people got their mail only when they
came to town or could send for it by a neighbor.

Water for house use and for stock was a big problem as but
very few could have a well of water fit for use on account of the
alkaline nature of the subsoil.

What was called the Harper school house was the only polling
place for all elections and in these days only the male population
over 21 years of age could vote.
After the Fort Lyon canal was built and we began to have alfalfa fields, jack rabbits became very numerous and grew to be a source of destruction to gardens and growing crops. Jack rabbit drives and coyote chasing were great winter sports for all the new folks.

In my neighborhood we had a piece of barbed fence wire more than a quarter of a mile long that we could tie each end to the hind axle of a wagon and drag it across a 2-mile strip of smooth prairie. This would make the rabbits get up and we would shoot them from the wagons. These were the days of the big rabbit hunts when excursions would come from Denver and all railroad points between there and Lamar to participate in the big drives. After the hunt the rabbits were generally cleaned and hung upon large racks on the main street for inspection and to be photographed, after which they were transported to the cities to be distributed to the poor. From 6,000 to 8,000 rabbits would be the score for a two-day hunt.

There was no alfalfa meal mills nor any outside market for baled hay. The very choicest alfalfa hay brought from $3 to $5 a ton delivered in town or at the feeding pens.

In the early days of the new Fort Lyon canal system there was but a small proportion of the lands covered by the ditch under irrigation and being utilized for crop growing, the water supply was not very dependable and it was generally thought that the canal could never supply a sufficient amount to bring all of the lands under irrigation. But today practically all of these lands are supplied with water and are being farmed, and numerous drainage ditches have been constructed to carry off the seepage and under ground flow of water.

Improvements and betterment of conditions came slowly and there was no great change until towards the year 1900.
Steward, #6.
Prowers Co.

After the United States Land Office was established in Lamar in January 1887 it had a rush of business never preceded and I presume never been equaled by any other land office district of the government.

This was in the early days of an era of land and town booming extending over Western Kansas, Colorado and Oklahoma and was continued over a period of several years. The biggest single event of this period was the run made from the southern Kansas state line into Oklahoma at the time of its opening to settlement by the government in the year 1890.

During the summer of 1887 a great rush started coming to Colorado, both by railroad trains and the covered wagon route, and Lamar was the destination of a large percentage of these settlers and boomers on account of the land office.

Buildings in Lamar grew up in a night like mushrooms—real estate offices, restaurants, hotels and saloons flourished. At the height of this boom period Lamar had 15 or 16 saloons where wide open gambling in all the known games of chance was freely indulged in, and several of these saloons ran dance halls in connection.

By far the greater proportion of this migration was turned towards the south country at this time on account of the great inconvenience of getting over the Arkansas River to go north. Towns grew up in what is now Baca County in a day and some of them grew to be quite pretentious even to having their own brass bands and horse racing events.

The Springfield Stage Line did a big business in passenger traffic. Merchants and lumber yards in Lamar did a large volume of business in stables and building materials. Every load of lumber or merchandise leaving Lamar had a large stenciled sign on both sides stating what firm had sold it and the name of the town it was to be delivered to, serving as a good advertisement to both the local merchant and the boom town. Competition in town sites often caused bitter strife in securing location of a post office and often compromises had to be made whereby one or the
other town companies would have to give way for a consideration, generally an interest in the final selection of a site.

Extensively advertised auction sales of town lots were features for drawing large attendance at these openings and spirited bidding for choice main street business lots and suburban home sites often prevailed.

The long slender strip of land bordering on the south of the states of Kansas and Colorado and now belonging to Oklahoma was then designated as No Man's Land and had no organized government and peace officers in adjoining states had no jurisdiction and it was the rendezvous for outlaws, hiding from the clutches of the law. These gentry mingled with the new population often causing serious trouble and a great deal of horse stealing from the new settlers was laid to them.

Lamar at this time had her full share of gun men, citizens who had made regulations for themselves in various ways. A few of the more notable were: Bat Masterson, one time city marshal of Dodge City, Kansas; Ben Daniels, a former peace officer at Dodge City, afterwards made United States Marshal for Arizona by President Roosevelt; Bob Ford who murderously shot down the notorious Jesse James for a money consideration; Soapy Smith, afterwards famous as the mayor of Skagway during the Klondike boom days; Little Tobie (this was the only name I ever knew for him) who had gained fame in the county seat battles in Western Kansas; Indian Bill Smith, one time Lamar's city marshal, afterwards sent to the Colorado penitentiary for a long term of years for robbing U. S. postoffices; Cal Sprague, who also served a year as Lamar's marshal, famous as a buffalo hunter and scout, besides numerous other lesser lights.

The real business of the day did not begin until 7 o'clock p.m. when the gambling halls began to fill and did a rousing business until late into the night. These conditions prevailed for a period
of about two years when it collapsed, the people leaving the country much faster than they had come in until about the year 1892 hardly anything remained at any of these towns and I think Springfield was the only one of all to keep and maintain the government postoffice. Lamar at this time fared nearly as bad as the others for with the collapse of the boom the desertion of the people and the disastrous fires she was all but wiped out of existence.

Times were hard as what is now referred to as the great silver panic was approaching and on Feb. 1, 1893, it settled over the state of Colorado like a great cloud, all business suspended and money was out of the question. At this time the only circulating medium for those people left in what is now Baca County was cedar fence posts and old bones and they were legal tender in payment for all obligations and they all found their way through Lamar as every merchant doing business here had a lot to pile his fence post upon as also his individual place along the railroad siding to pile his old bones until such times as he had a car load.

Just now we are hearing a good deal of complaint among the people about hard times and money hard to get, but I wonder what they would think if one half of the people could not raise the three cents necessary to buy a postage stamp to send a letter as was the case here in those day.
Mr. John Duncan was born in Scotland. He came to Prowers county from Denver with E. C. Hawkins as an engineer for the Amity Land Company.

The pioneers in the Holly vicinity were Dennis Sullivan, a Denver banker, and a Mr. Pomeroy and Mr. Shanstrom of Black Hawk. These men with a Hiram S. Holly formed the SS Cattle Co. Their ranch was known as the Holleys ranch. Mr. Tillett came with them as manager and Mr. C. L. McPherson kept a little commissary store and later the postoffice. Another early cattlemen of this section was Billy Wilson who settled on Sand creek.

The Sullivan people sold their cattle, 26,000 head and the Holleys ranch to the Arkansas Valley Land and Cattle Company, a Scotch-English corporation, who ran the ranch until 1895 and then sold it to the Amity Land Company.

Mr. Festus B. Koen and his brother-in-law, A. N. Parrish, drove from Sedalia, Missouri, to Silver City, New Mexico, in 1879. On their way they noticed the fertile lands of the lower Arkansas Valley. They opened a store in Silver City, where Mr. Koen made $175,000. He and Mr. Parrish sold out and came to Lamar in 1886. Mr. Koen started the construction of the Amity canal, the Buffalo canal, and the Colorado and Kansas Ditch, now the Fort Bent Ditch.

Mr. Koen did more to develop the Arkansas valley in its early stages than any other man. Besides his other irrigation projects he built the Manvel ditch and developed the Hardscrabble ranch west of Lamar and the Koen ranch (now the A. B. S. Co. ranch) east of Lamar. During the panic of 1893 Mr. Koen had to let most of his holdings go, the Amity Land Company taking over the Amity and Buffalo canals and the lands under them and the A. B. S. Co. taking the Koen ranch. The only monument left to his memory by an unappreciative county is the little station of
Duncan, #2.
Prowers Co.

Kept by the A. B. S. Co. ranch.

In 1893 the Amity Land Co. commenced to rebuild the Amity canal and in 1896 sent Mr. W. W. Wiley out from New York, who developed the reservoirs north of Lamar and built the Arkansas Valley, Holly and Swink Railway (now the Centerview line) and formed the Holly Sugar Company and built sugar factories at Holly and Swink. The Equitable Life Insurance was backing him and Mr. Wiley brought into the Arkansas Valley from New York at least thirty million dollars.

In the building of the Holly Sugar factory Mr. Dennis Sullivan of the Denver National Bank, who had been one of the starters of the SS Cattle Co., again comes in the scene as one of the backers of the Holly Sugar Co.

The town of Holly was laid out in May, 1896. The first settlers in Holly were people who were living in Tribune and Horace, Kansas, who moved their wooden buildings to Holly. Some of these people are still living in Holly, J. S. McMurtry, James Bryce, Sim Bragg, and Nels Thompson.

The first school was built south of the railroad track in 1888 and was taught by Miss Jennie McPherson, the sister of C. L. and W. W. McPherson. Between '88 and '96 the three teachers employed at Holly were Miss McPherson, Mrs. Anna Billingslea Chenoworth and Miss Friend, now Mrs. Harry Syp of Lamar. Of the original school children those still living in Holly are Fred Gores, Ellery Vincent and Mrs. Wilkins. In 1898 the Rockwell school building was erected and in 1902 the high school by high school district No. 6.

Mr. C. L. McPherson was the first postmaster running the postoffice and a commissary store for the Holleys ranch in 1885. He also built the first store building in the town of Holly.

The first newspaper was the Holly Chieftain edited by H. W. Milford. It started in February, 1897, and has had a continuous existence.

The first business men in Holly were Sid White of Horace,
Duncan, #3
Frowers Co.

Kansas, who ran a general store and is the only man from Holly who has been elected a state representative: Mr. J. S. McMurtry, who opened the first bank, the Bank of Holly, in 1898; Jim Wilkins, who developed the broom corn business later carried on by John C. Schlager; Jesse M. Johnston, now of Lamar, who put in the first clothing store; White Bros. who had a dry goods store; Mr. Tuttle, first blacksmith; Mr. Adams, first hardware store, and Mrs. Kate Millinger who opened the first hotel in 1898.

The town was incorporated in 1898 and the first mayor was James Hardin.

The Salvation Army brought in a large colony in 1898 which settled at Amityville four miles west of Holly. They had a flourishing colony for a few years and built an orphans' home, which was later abandoned. They are all gone now except Mr. Erickson of Holly.

Mr. Floyd M. Wilson came to Hartman in 1908 and developed the alfalfa meal business which has done much to develop the county. His company, the Denver Alfalfa Milling and Products Co., has grown until they have about 21 mills in Colorado and several in other states.

Interview by Margaret Merrill,
December 27, 1933.

Sincerely,

John Duncan

Address: Holly, Colorado

Addition: The lands under the Amity canal are now settled with good farmers. Also there are 20,000 acres of fine wheat and broomcorn farms on the non-irrigated lands south of Holly and the country has now 5,000 people at this time and will take care of 10,000 in the next 10 years.
Mrs. Martha Bray Alexander came from Centerville, Iowa.

Her parents were Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Bray. They with their eight children and two other families, those of Will Denny and Conrad Angst, moved to what is now Baca county, Colorado, in '87.

Each family had a freight car on the train and brought with them ten head of cattle each. Her uncle, Conrad Angst, put enough building material under his stock for a 18 feet square house.

The nearest station was Lamar and they had to travel the rest of the way, about 50 miles by wagon. Mrs. Alexander was 17 at the time and she drove one of the teams.

The three families lived together for ten days in a big tent. By that time the men had built a room house about 18 feet square on one of the claims and the Brays moved into that. All their harness and equipment had also to be kept in the room so that it was very crowded.

The uncle, Conrad Angst, was a plasterer and he built a cellar, plastered it, put a roof or floor over it, and his family lived there the first winter. In the meantime he built a house over the cellar in his spare time.

Some one had to watch the cattle at night until a corral was built so that they would not stray away. They also had pigs and turkeys to watch until pens were built for them.

Every one had to wait their turn to have a well drilled. In the meantime the Brays had to carry water 1½ miles from the creek and take their cattle to the creek for water each day. The water for domestic purposes was usually hauled by wagon, but, as the men engaged in a freighting business and were gone at times much longer than they expected, the women had sometimes to bring the water by hand.

There was a well about 10 feet deep dug in the creek and walled up with stones and families came from all directions for
their water. There was one well in Springfield at the time the Brays arrived and three before spring.

The horses were bothered by the high altitude and the men had to be careful not to overwork them until they became acclimated.

Mrs. Alexander and her sister built a dug out that first winter adjoining the house to be used as a kitchen. Most everyone lived in dugouts in those days as they offered more protection against both heat and cold than the frame shacks.

Mrs. Alexander spent the winters in Lamar working until 1892 when she married Mr. Elmer E. Alexander and they settled on a claim 4 1/2 miles from Springfield.

The people who came in to Baca county to settle were farmers, but farming was not very successful and they turned to cattle raising. Mrs. Alexander says they had three really good crops in 21 years, but they were always able to manage.

The women took care of the stock while the men freighted. The men went to the cedars and cut loads of posts and wood to take to Lamar and Syracuse. On the return trip they brought back merchandise, groceries and grain to Springfield. Grain was not raised in Baca county so there was a great deal to import for cattle feeding. Sometimes the men were gone as long as eight days on these trips and their families had no news from them until their return.

Mrs. Alexander used to make around a thousand pounds of butter a year for sales besides what they used themselves. They had no separator either and it required a great deal of work. She would send as much as 50 or 75 pounds of butter to Silver's store in Lamar at one time.

Mr. Alexander had rented out a good farm back in Illinois to which they always planned to return "next year" and so he did not actually file on his land until after he had lived on it 12 years. Some people lived 20 years on their land before
filing, thinking they would go back east, but they were always afraid they would not be satisfied there again. The freedom of the life in the west was so great and the people were so friendly and so hearty in their welcome of every new comer that it was hard to leave.

Every Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Alexander made the 6 1/2 miles drive to Springfield for the meeting of the Loyal Temperance Union and every Sunday morning for church. Mrs. Alexander says that way she got one arm blistered every Saturday and the other every Sunday.

Springfield was never a very large town. In 1886 it had five or six buildings. It resembled the other new towns having frame store buildings with wooden platforms in front of them.

Baca county was cut off from Las Animas county in 1889 and Springfield after a hot contest with Stonington was made the county seat. A celebration was held with an oyster supper and a platform was built clear across the street for dancing.

The feeling, however, between the rival towns was bitter and did not end with the election. Springfield attempted to move a building from Boston for a court house. The men who were moving the building had made their beds inside of it. They were well on their way when a group of armed, masked men appeared and ordered them to remove the wagons and bedding if they wished to save them. The building was then burned.

There was only one attempt to make an arrest in this affair. A group of men started out to arrest one of the suspects. He was on horseback and guessing their intentions, levelled a gun on them and made them ride on past him and away and then made his escape. That seems to have settled all attempts to punish the incendiaries.

A frame court house was then built in Springfield and this also was burned--again with no arrests. Then a stone building was erected.
In spite of being a county seat and probably because of the lack of a railroad and the nature of the country Springfield did not develop rapidly. The only irrigation is done from the Two Buttes reservoir and the county has not the resources to support a large population. People would come in to settle and then have to go away again. Mrs. Alexander says Springfield has grown up and then dwindled down again three times. When the Alexanders left there 21 years ago to move to Lamar there were just 52 people in the town. They did not yet have a mayor or a town organization or any town improvements such as water system or sidewalks. Also as there were no regulations the people let stock and poultry run all over the streets and yards.

The first postoffice was opened in a dry goods and grocery store with E. F. Martin as postmaster and store owner.

Mr. Mechler started the Springfield Herald in 1887.

The first school teacher was Mrs. Robert Devinney and the school was held in a store building until the first school house was built.

Church services were held in this first school building with different times for each denomination.

There were no regular ministers until the Methodists got together and raised $300 to pay a minister and the Methodist Conference agreed to pay the rest. This was in 1892. Rev. Guy Konkle was the first minister, and he preached three years. A collection was not taken up in church for many years, but was collected by the men of the congregation on Saturday.

The minister had a very hard schedule as he went to his congregation rather than they to him. He preached in Springfield, Minneapolis, Vilas, Boston, Mulvane and Brookfield and at the Hooker, Bray and Smart school houses and covered all this territory by horse and buggy.

Baca county has contributed largely to the judicial cir-
cles of Colorado as Judges Hollenbeck and Watt McHendrie were Baca county men.

The ghost cities of Baca county are numerous. Wilde near the Two Buttes mountains was laid out by a Col. York and consisted of one big building, a hotel, and a blacksmith shop, postoffice and drug store.

(Mulvane was out on Butte creek, north and west of Springfield about 22 miles. It later became Brookfield.)

Seven miles north of Springfield was Decatur. E. F. Martin had a large store there carrying hardware and shoes. There was also a blacksmith shop and postoffice. A printshop was put up but the paper, which was to be the Decatur Horse-shoe, was never printed. One issue of the paper did arrive and was half printed as papers were put out by the supply companies that way in those days, but the other side was never printed. The would-be editor finally distributed the half printed sheets to the settlers.

About '88 Swift City was started south of Springfield. Carriso, the mining camp, was south and west of Springfield. (Minneapolis was north east about 25 miles and later changed its name to Blaine.) Holmes City was south of Springfield not far from Swift City. Maxey was a small place west of Springfield about fifteen miles.

The Alexanders did a great deal of their trading with Mr. Wheler of Vilas, who was one of the most interesting characters of Baca county and was well known all over this section.

Mr. Wheeler started with a 16x24 store building in Vilas and his trade grew until he had moved three other buildings and backed them together and had hired four clerks to help him.

He was a bachelor and did his own work, washing, cooking and all. In the early days when he was the only clerk in the store no matter how many customers were waiting if he was hungry
he went home, cooked his dinner and ate, if he felt like doing
his washing he did his washing, while the people waited. Many
times Mrs. Alexander says they have come to the store in the
early morning and not been waited on until afternoon.

All the Cimarron trade went to Mr. Wheeler. These people
would come up from the Cimarron district and camp all night as
Mr. Wheeler would not open the store at night and they had
to wait until morning.

The reason for his great trade was that Mr. Wheeler would
carry people on his books for years until a good year came and
they had a crop or sold their cattle, then they would come in
and settle up with him. He was able to do this, while the Spring-
field store owners did not have enough money to carry the people.

He was very kind hearted and never turned a needy person
away. Also he would have the people help themselves when he was
busy. He kept no prices marked on his goods, but he would say,
"Help yourself, measure off what you want and I'll figure it up
for you when I have time." He never questioned their measure-
ments.

He carried everything from pins to threshing machines and
if anyone wanted something which he did not have he would order
it for them no matter what it was.

On his trips east he would pick up toys for the children
and clothes that seemed to belong to certain people and his
taste seemed to please the people.

On these trips he would walk in to Holly to catch the train
east to Kansas City or New York or walk to Syracuse where he did
a great deal of trading and ride back with his freight. He al-
ways carried cash for his payments with him and it used to give
the city wholesalers quite a shock to see this poorly dressed
buyer pull out a huge roll of bills.

Some advantage was taken of his method of doing business,
but if he saw anybody taking anything he never said anything to
them about it, but simply marked it up on their bill.
When he died, however, just a few years ago, he left quite an estate. He had his books brought to him before his death and told his manager to burn them so that none of the accounts or notes due him would be collected. He said, "Those people are not able to pay any way."

Interview by Margaret Merrill
January 8 and 8.

Address: Lamar, Colorado
REMINISCENCES OF EARLY HISTORY OF LAMAR

By C. C. Goodale (Published March 5, 1924 in Lamar Register)

In 1885 and 1886, in Madison County, Iowa, where I resided, there was a feeling prevalent to "Go West and grow up with the country." A large number of Iowa people had moved to the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas during those years, and from the reports, nearly all of them had done well and were delighted with their new homes; and this was particularly true of those who had settled in Kansas.

Iowa was a good state, with good people, good schools, but the climate was severe in the winter time, the state was well developed, and the lure of the proposition of going into a new country, getting cheap land, and realizing an advance in price, by those who were farmers, and those who desired town life, to settle in some new town and grow up with it until it became a large city and benefit by such development, was very attractive.

Among those of our county who had gone west, were two friends of mine about my age, who at that time were located at Garden City, Kansas; one of them, A. J. Hoisington, was President of a bank in that city, and the other one, A. H. Adkinson, was its cashier, and rumor had it that they had made a fortune in a short time. Their letters describing the country, its development and the immense tide of emigration to western Kansas, were attractive, and the statements of the fortunes that were being made were enticing, and in the spring of 1886 a number of other friends went west seeking a new location.

Among these were D. E. Cooper, F. W. Burger and J. W. Graham, all close friends of mine, who after journeying through different parts of the west, were attracted by advertisement and otherwise of a proposed location of a new town named "Lamar," in a very fertile part of the Arkansas Valley, about thirty miles west of the Kansas State line, in Colorado, and on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad. This town would be situated in a
tract of government land subject at that time to pre-emption, homestead and timber culture entries, very fertile, with plenty of rain fall for successful farming. The promoters of this enterprise were composed of residents of Garden City and Topeka, Kansas, and of Denver, Colorado; officials of the Land Department of the railroad company were prominently connected with it and one of them, A. S. Johnson, was the President of the company that laid out the town.

The principal promoter or boomer was one I. R. Holmes of Garden City, Kansas, who had successfully promoted a number of similar enterprises and was recognized as the most influential, progressive and fortunate "booster" of Western Kansas; it was a sort of proverb at that time if one could "get in" on one of the Holmes projects he was bound to make money. Originally a buffalo hunter, Holmes had become connected with the Land Department of the Santa Fe railroad alternate section, extending for several miles in width, and had located at Garden City, Kansas, and by his energy, personal magnetism and faith in the possibilities of the country, had been instrumental in selling large quantities of the Santa Fe lands in western Kansas. His success in that way made him quite influential with the officials of the railroad who were willing to back him up in any town development that he would endorse and promote.

In 1886 western Kansas had been fully developed and the emigration keeping up, it was ready to overflow into Colorado, which up to that time had not been able to attract many settlers within its borders. Holmes' active mind conceived the project, of establishing a town in Colorado, getting a U. S. Land District, cut off from the Pueblo District, covering the southeast part of Colorado, and getting the U. S. Land Office of such a district located in the new town. A bill for that purpose was introduced into Congress, which was duly advertised with the other attractions of the new project.

After a vain attempt to purchase a tract of land from A. R.
Black, a cattle man who owned a large tract of land and resided at Blackwell, about three miles east of the present site of Lamar, a station at that time on the railroad where a post office was located, the promoters found a quarter section had been proved up where the Original Town of Lamar is now located, and was for sale, which the promoters bought, and made arrangements for the development of a "city of the plains." The Town Company induced the railroad company to move its depot building at Blackwell to the new town, had the quarter section surveyed into lots and blocks, located the Land Office to be north of the railroad track, and the post office on the south side of it, and on the 24th of May, 1886, ran excursion trains to the new town and sold $40,000.00 of town lots and commenced the erection of business buildings and dwellings, and the present city of Lamar thus came into existence.

D. E. Cooper, J. W. Graham and others were present at the town sale and were quite well impressed with the future prospects of Lamar and the development of the country surrounding it. Some literature as well as personal letters received from Mr. D. E. Cooper impelled me together with two other citizens of Madison County, Iowa, viz: Mr. Ed. Brown and Mr. W. O. Lee to make a trip and investigate this very highly boomed town and country, and on the 21st day of August, 1886, we arrived at Lamar, for our inspection. Nearly three months had elapsed since the birth of this "Queen City of the Plains" as it was called, and it had about two hundred inhabitants residing here then.

F. W. Burger had a hotel on the north side of the railroad track, which at the time of our visit was being operated by an old friend of ours, one Abe Deeter, now Judge Deeter, Burger being in Iowa, making arrangements to close out his matters there and to move his family to their new home. Three saloons were dispensing liquid refreshments, a bank was in operation on the corner where Huddleston's hardware store now stands, by a man named Scott, some one was running a blacksmith shop, the Lamar Register was being published by a man by the name of Davis, a private school for the children was taught, a livery stable was
running and a town in embryo was in full blast.

Col. Hughes was constructing a two story hotel on the corner lots where the Goodale and Everett buildings now are, and a number of residences were being built. Soon after our arrival we learned that Congress had passed the bill creating a new U. S. Land District in southeastern Colorado fixing the location of the U. S. Land Office at Lamar, which was expected to be in operation by the 1st of the coming month of January. The scheme of getting a Land District and the Land Office at Lamar was a ten-strike for the new town; our attention was called to the fact that those towns in Kansas which were fortunate enough to have a U. S. Land Office always became thriving cities. Stockyards had been built by the railroad company, and soon after our arrival a trail herd of long horned Texas steers came in from Texas and were shipped to Kansas City. This gave us the opportunity to see the real cowboys with their jingling spurs and coiled lariats, riding at full speed in the streets and stopping on the lippe throwing their bridle reins over their ponies’ heads and alighting at the thirsty parlors. Sometimes they rode into the saloons and drank from their ponies’ backs in real western style.

The first night we arrived P. S. Lynch, an old friend from Madison County, took me down to what was known as the "Indian Race Track" in the timber where the County Fair buildings are now located and then down to the Arkansas River which ran clear and was about two feet deep and full of fish.

The next day D. E. Cooper drove us over the country on the south side of the river and we were greatly impressed with the beautiful, slightly rolling plains country, the fertility of the soil and the brilliant sunshine that prevailed. It had been a wet season and the buffalo and gramma grass was very heavy and luxuriant. A herd of white faced cattle belonging to A. R. Black was grazing on the range, and the cattle were simply rolling in fat; F. B. Koen was constructing the Colorado and Kansas Irrigating Canal on the south side of the river, with its headgate
at Mud Creek some ten miles west, and had his camp somewhere near where the E. L. Koen ranch is located, and we drove out to the camp and saw Koen and the canal development. Not that we thought that irrigation was needed to develop the country, for it was claimed by the promoters and new settlers, and it was evident to each one of us, that the "rain belt" had arrived at this section of the country and that there could be no question that this beautiful, fertile land would soon be covered with fine farms as had been in the case of Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska with plenty of rain for successful farming.

We were so impressed with the possibilities of the development of such a fertile country and the great future of Lamar, that I determined to locate here and purchased Lot 9 in Block 30 Original Town of Lamar, and on the first day of September, 1886, I filed a timber culture entry on the NE\(^4\) of Section 5-23-45 and as an evidence that I was going to become a resident of Lamar also subscribed for The Lamar Register.

During this trip I made the acquaintance of M. J. McMillin and his father.

January 25th, 1887, I returned to Lamar, found the U. S. Land Office in operation with Frank P. Arbuckle of Denver as Register, and Frank H. Shrock of Pueblo as Receiver and that it was surely doing a "Land Office" business. Lamar had become a thriving town of at least 1500 inhabitants, numerous residences and business buildings were being built, saloons and dance halls abounded, some large mercantile houses were in operation, a stage line was running south to points in what is now Baca county, in real western style, D. L. Silver was one of the drivers of the Ferguson line; the fine two story hotel built by Col. Hughes was finished and was a first class house, other hotels were being built; livery stables were plentiful, and "Joe" Cornwell was the principal tonserial artist, and all were busy, and it did not take very long to know that a western boom was on in all of its excitement and glory.

I had secured a relinquishment of a timber culture entry on
Goodale, #6.
Prowers Co.

the N ¼ of NE ¼ and N ¼ of NW ¼ of Section Five 23-46 adjoining the town on the east, which I filed and then made entry on the same of a homestead, entered into a contract to have erected a house thereon and have it completed by April 1st, and entered into a partnership agreement with D. E. Cooper, and returned to Winter-set, Iowa, to close up matters in that state and make the necessary arrangements to remove to Lamar; as I was mayor of the city of Winter-set at that time and could not very well leave before the expiration of my term on the first day of April, 1887, I shaped matters so that my family would leave on that date for their new home in Colorado, where I was confident a fortune awaited us.

We arrived at Lamar on April 3rd, 1887, which means besides myself a wife and seven children the oldest being 16 and the youngest a little over one year, and landed in the worst sand storm that I have experienced in this land of sunshine. It was so thick that as we got off the cars at the depot I could not recognize D. E. Cooper and other friends who were there to receive us. Lots of grit was flying but it did not look like a good omen for the future.

However, sandstorms pass away and we got located in our new home which was completed except for windows, as the demand was so great for material for building that the contractor, P. S. Lynch, had not been able to secure them, but that want was soon supplied and we were comfortably located.

The firm of Goodale & Cooper was launched to do a general law and real estate business and we became identified with the other numerous promoters at that time in proclaiming that Lamar and the country surrounding it was the finest place to locate for the pursuit of health, happiness and great fortunes. The year 1887 was a great year for Lamar. On the anniversary of its birth, viz: May 24, 1887, there was held the greatest celebration that has ever been held. Great processions from the towns that had sprung up in eastern Las Animas county, now Baca country were on
hand with brass bands and hundreds of people, and a parade was held with various floats that would startle the staid citizens of today that reside here, if they could behold the. The Rev. Mc-
Keever, who laid out the McKeever addition, made an eloquent ad-
dress down at the Indian Race course, predicting a goldent future for the new city of Lamar. At that time I think there was at
least 2500 inhabitants at Lamar and every industry nearly was rep-
resented. Prices went up, money was plentiful, plenty of rain for crops and people from the east came in droves to settle here.
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mar and every industry nearly was represented. Prices went up,
maney was plentiful, plenty of rain for crops and people from
the east came in droves to settle here. At that times as has been mentioned, there were three classes of entries of govern-
ment lands, viz: Pre-Emption, Homestead and Timber Culture, and
an entryman could thus obtain from Uncle Sam 480 acres of land at small cost.

This was a great inducement for emigration to this new Land
District and the settlers came in large numbers by covered wagon and on the train; the U. S. Land Office did a wonderful business and had to have a large clerical force to do the work. I remem-
ber that Miles Saunders, now a resident of Pueblo and one of the prominent lawyers of the state was for a time a clerk at this office.

I had been having trouble with insomnia before leaving Iowa, and in the winter time had a troublesome cough, but the sunny healthful climate of Colorado rejuvenated me; for I "slept like a log", increased my weight from 175 to 220, was full of pep and vitality and was satisfied that I had at least been fortunate enough to locate in a country that was not surpassed for health and for the great possibilities of development for the future.

I am very grateful that circumstances shaped themselves so that it has been my permanent home. We have had our dull seasons and our good seasons but all of the time we have been having a gradual growth since the year 1892 and we have now arrived at the
condition, that we have all of the modern conveniences and improvements of large cities, good schools, numerous churches, a fine domestic water system, electricity in all of its forms, manufactures of various kinds, and a population that is not surpassed for thrift, energy and good citizenship. Therefore I am thankful that I came to Lamar, that I have remained here and that it is my permanent home; located upon the Santa Fe railroad, the finest railroad system on the Earth.

(Published in Lamar Register, March 19, 1924)

The old County of Bent, State of Colorado, when Lamar was founded, extended from the east line of Colorado to the east line of the county of Pueblo, a distance of 109 miles, and from the north line of Baca county, then Las Animas county, a distance of 84 miles, having an area of 9072 square miles, being a larger area than the states of Delaware, Rhode Island and Connecticut combined. The county seat was the town of Las Animas, an old cattle town, which by reason of its location and population controlled the county government. The lines of railroad within its borders were the Denver Pacific in the northeast part with an approximate mileage of about 60 miles, and the A. T. S. F. Ry. Co. extending across it from east to west, running to Pueblo and the main line running from La Junta, to the southwest on its route to California.

In 1887 the Missouri Pacific was constructed across it from east to west on its route to Pueblo, thus making three lines of railway in this county. The wave of emigration in eastern Colorado that started in 1886, settled along the line of the railroads, and the new settlers coming from parts of the country where the distance from the outermost parts of their various counties in which they lived was generally no more than from ten to sixteen miles, began to find it inconvenient to do business at the county seat, which was for a large part of old Bent county a distance of from thirty to fifty miles, requiring them if they
had any business transactions at the county seat to spend at least two days in the coming and going to that place.

Cheyenne Wells in the northeastern part of the county was about 60 miles distant, Lamar was 34 miles, Granada 50 miles. Sheridan Lake was about 50 miles, La Junta about 20 miles and the new town of Rocky Ford about 30 miles. Around these towns were grouped large settlements of newcomers and in the early part of the year 1888 a movement was started for the division of the county of Bent into counties that should be more convenient for the new settlers and would assist in the development of the whole county, it was believed. Naturally the town of Las Animas, then the county seat, opposed any such division. It was charged that there was a political combination at Las Animas that was able to control the county finances by a non-partisan political combination, which proposed to defeat any movement for division, and laid plans for the building of an expensive court house, hospital and various bridges for the convenience of that place.

Naturally that added fuel to the flames of discontent that already existed as to the prevailing conditions and in the election of 1888 in the matter of representative to the Colorado Legislature, the question of the division of the county was the dominant question. Bent county at that time was normally republican owing to the recent emigration; Dr. W. M. Cummings was nominated by the republican party, and James Swift, a merchant at Lamar, was nominated by the democratic party for the representative to the Colorado Legislature. It was alleged that Dr. Cummings was opposed to division of Bent County, while James Swift came out openly in favor of it. The result was that while the county gave the Republican ticket a good majority on every candidate except representative, Dr. Cummings was defeated and James Swift was elected. Dewey C. Bailey, republican candidate for senator having declared himself in favor of division received the normal republican vote in this county and was elected.
The legislature that convened the following January 1889, and known as the Seventh General Assembly had as one of its principal questions for decision the division of the counties of the state, and established thirteen new counties. Otero, Prowers, Kiowa, part of Cheyenne and Lincoln counties were formed out of the old territory of Bent county, and Bent county was cut down to its present size. Lamar was made the county seat of Prowers county until it should be changed according to law, and there was great rejoicing in the town for this notable victory in its history. There had been quite a lobby around the legislature which endeavored to defeat division, and also the fixing of Lamar as the county seat of the new county of Prowers, but Senator Bailey remained true to his pledges and with representative James Swift's efforts it was accomplished. Dr. Cummings contested the election of James Swift as representative, and I was the attorney of Swift in that matter and was at Denver a large part of the session, and had the opportunity of assisting in a quiet way the division of the county and the location of the county seat at Lamar, and I take pleasure in stating that Lamar owes a debt of gratitude to Senator D. C. Bailey's firm and influential stand for the division of the county and the location of the county seat at Lamar. The legislature was strangely republican and the Senator was one of the leaders in the Senate. C. D. Ford, who afterwards was Register of the U. S. Land Office, was one of the representatives from El Paso county and a member of the committee that had in hand the division of the old counties into new counties, favored the division and Lamar as the county seat, little thinking at the time that he would become an influential citizen of the town and county he was favoring. The contest against Swift initiated by Dr. Cummings was thrown out and Swift declared the legally elected representative. It was charged at the time that the contest was started by those opposed to the division of the county.

The following clipping from the Lamar Register of date January 21st, 1889, gives some idea of the feeling that prevailed at
the town of Las Animas relating to the division of the county:

"A special dispatch to the Denver Republican dated Monday reported a mass meeting at Las Animas that day to oppose the division of Bent county. We want to say a word about the mass meeting. Instead of it being anything of the kind, it was a meeting of Las Animas men, and not a meeting of citizens of the county as the dispatch indicated; they oppose the division of the county on the ground of the financial condition of the county. Such gall was never heard of before. The people of this county would like to inquire who caused the present financial condition of Bent county, who was benefited by the unwarranted expense, if there is a town outside of Las Animas in the county that received any benefit whatever from the thousands of dollars invested to advance Las Animas? They say the scheme to divide the county is being urged by the towns of Lamar and Rocky Ford; to be sure it is and we would like to know the town or community in the county that is not extremely anxious to be cut off in any way, to get rid of Las Animas and its improvement committee. The meeting selected eight men to go to Denver and fight the division bill, which action at last shows that town in its true light, opposed to everything in the county outside of Las Animas."

The bill providing for the establishment of Prowers county and fixing the county seat at Lamar was passed, and approved on April 11th, 1889, in spite of the efforts of the eight men above referred to and others. Of course viewing the question at the present time we can readily understand why the town of Las Animas should oppose the division.

The same Legislature that established Prowers County, also elected Edward O. Wolcott, U. S. Senator to succeed Hon. Thomas Bowen. Gov. Job A. Cooper appointed the officers of the new county as follows: Sheriff, E. A. Billow; Treasurer, T. H. Cecil; Supt. of Schools, F. E. Irwin; Coroner, A. Deeter; County Judge, J. K. Doughty, all of Lamar; County Clerk, Frank Allen of Granada; F.
Goodale, #12.
Prowers Co.

W. Burger of Lamar and A. H. Rogers of Wilde as County Commis-

I also note that at this time The Register that had been

published as "The Bent County Register" changed its name to "The

Lamar Register."

On the 17th of April there was a great celebration upon the

occasion of the completion of The Henry Ditch (now the Fort Lyon

Canal) and the Keen Ditch (now the Fort Bent Ditch). An excurs-

sion was run from Denver under the guidance of T. C. Henry and a

barbecue was had, when the visitors were taken over the country and

were greatly surprised not only to see the above named ditches full

of water, but also the Black Ditches (now the Lamar Canal system)

the Amity Canal and the Red Rock Ditch all running water.

On May 2nd, 1889, the County Commissioners, J. D. Martin,

F. W. Burger and A. H. Rogers met at Lamar duly organized, ap-

pointed J. D. Martin as Chairman of the Board, O. G. Hess as

County Attorney and Dr. J. S. Hasty as County Physician, took the

proper steps for the location of the offices for the county offi-

cers and Lamar was very proud of the fact that it was at last

a county seat.

The following taken from the Field and Farm, an agricultural

journal published in Denver at that time, May 1889k barring the

reference to the catalpa trees, which were not a success and were

superseded by the cottonwood, gives a good description of Lamar

at that time.

"Lamar is the capital of the new county of Prowers. It is a

bright little city on the Arkansas River in the midst of as fine

a farming country as the sun ever shone upon. The streets are

lined on either side with rows of thrifty catalpa trees planted

last season and now well growing. The people besides building

fine stores, churches and cozy cottages, have constructed one of

the largest and most elegant school houses of the mid-continent.

The city has an excellent system of water-works with a pressure

for fire purposes sufficient to drown out a fire of moderate pro-
Goodale, #13.
Prowers Co.

portions in the shortest time possible. One might travel the
continent to find a more attractive place than Lamar."

For a three year old town that is a pretty good send off.

(Published in Lamar Register April 16, 1924)

As noted in a former article Lamar was designated as the
county seat in the Act of the Legislature forming Prowers County;
this action, however, did not determine that the county seat was
permanently located at Lamar; under the law that question had to
be submitted to the qualified voters of the county, and the place
that got a majority of the vote cast would become the permanent
county seat of the county.

In September, 1889, the County Commissioners acting according
to law took the necessary action of submitting that question to
the voters of the county and notice was given that the question
would be voted upon at the coming election on November 5th, 1889.

It was supposed that the contest would be between the towns of
Granada and Lamar, but another scheme was put forth that boded
no good to Lamar as the vote that it would get would be votes
that would naturally be for that town.

A. R. Black of whom the Lamar Town Company first tried to buy
some land to start a town before it located on its present site,
and which he refused to sell, had opposed the division of the
County of Bent and the formation of Prowers County, proposed to
start a town at a place on his ranch, said to be an alfalfa field
between Lamar and Carlton and to have the county seat located
there. At that time there was a political party known as the
Farmers Alliance party, that had some following in the county and
particularly on the north side of the Arkansas River and as an
attraction for his proposed town he called it "Alliance" and sub-
mitted propositions that he would build the necessary county build-
ings with other improvements if the voters would locate the coun-
ty seat in the proposed alfalfa field.

At first the proposal attracted considerable attention and
was favorably considered by a number of the farmers. There was
no doubt but what Lamar had the vote to keep the county seat temporarily by a plurality vote, but this proposal at one time looked as though it would prevent Lamar from receiving a majority vote that was necessary to permanently locate it, and there was a prospect that Prowers county would be the scene of a bitter county seat contest, such as had prevailed in several of the counties in Kansas and which had caused feuds, litigation and in some cases loss of life in the vigorous measures that were prevalent in the county seat fights of those days.

I had read about these feuds, contests and battles in the counties in Kansas and had wondered why people should resort to such extreme measures, with "bad men" on each side. In the contest that was before us I began to realize the spirit of such contests and to feel that it was necessary for Lamar to thoroughly organize to meet its opposition and to win the fight. The leading business men of Lamar fully realized the necessity of organization and caucuses were held, committees for each voting precinct were appointed, and the voters on the north side of the river were thoroughly canvassed, a list containing the names of every voter was prepared, and an executive committee appointed with power to do whatever was necessary to win the fight.

Lamar people who were supposed to have influence with the voters had quiet meetings over the county and the merits of Lamar were fully set forth. As illustrative of the method of procedure, I will state that one afternoon I got notice that C. B. Thoman and myself were to attend a meeting on the north side at the residence of C. B. Jones to canvas the matter with the people in that locality; Judge Thoman and I went out to the residence of Mr. Jones and I presume there were twenty-five persons present, some of them had been reported as favorable to the proposed Alliance scheme; we went over the whole matter in a neighborly way with them and we had the gratification of getting the pledges of the voters that they would support Lamar for county seat at
the coming election. Other Lamar business men held similar meetings and soon it was apparent that the Alliance scheme was losing ground. Granada our principal opponent was making every effort to be the victor and the contest was red hot.

If Lamar could flatten out the Alliance project we knew that it would be the victor, and that was the great fight. Black never let up on his proposition and kept it up to the last. Preparations were made by Lamar for a barbecue and the following named ladies were selected as a committee to arrange for one on the Monday before election, viz: Mrs. C. C. Huddleston, Mrs. B. B. Brown, Mrs. W. R. Davis, Mrs. O. G. Hess, Mrs. C. C. Goodale, Mrs. Fred Lee, Mrs. D. L. Silver, Mrs. J. D. Martin, Mrs. Elijah Jenkins, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Walters, Mrs. Coxhead, Mrs. Heaton, Mrs. J. W. Metcalf, Mrs. Blodgett, Mrs. J. B. Traxler, Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Schmidt, Mrs. M. A. Metcalf, Mrs. D. E. Cooper, Mrs. Joe Conwell, Mrs. Rabb, Mrs. Outhouse, Mrs. Turner, Miss Bennett, and Miss Mary Maxwell, who requested that all the ladies of Lamar would meet them at the Diamond Front, a building located where Marx & Wheeler now have their grocery store, to make arrangements for extending the hospitality and a good time by Lamar to all people that should be present, and the meeting was held and great preparations were made.

This invitation was published and broadcasted on the Saturday before election, and as an incident of how unexpected matters happen, that night there came one of the heaviest snow storms that has fallen in Prowers county, during my residence of 37 years, and the Sunday morning following when the various committees met to take final action it was a very disheartened body of men that assembled. However the people present realized that it was as bad for their opponents as it was for Lamar, and went to work with increased zeal to perfect the arrangements for Monday and election day. The barbecue had been fixed for Monday
noon to be followed by public speaking to the expected crowd to set forth the merits of Lamar and why it should be selected as the permanent county seat; A. R. Black with characteristic nerve had sent word that he was going to have Judge Ely of Pueblo and Lafe Pence of Denver here at the meeting and demanded that they have a part of the time to boost Alliance.

That, however, was not a part of the program. It was considered that the barbecue would be over by two o'clock and arrangements were made for the speaking to immediately follow and to be kept up till dark. It was necessary to have a man of determination and force of character to preside over the meeting, who would rule that Mr. Black's speakers were out of order if they attempted to make any talk, and C. B. Thoman was selected as such chairman. A. M. Nicholas, O. C. Hess, J. W. Kriger, Geo. W. Butler and C. C. Goodale were selected as the speakers to take up the time until darkness prevailed.

That was before the days of the Australian ballot and each party furnished its own tickets. Arrangements were made whereby good and true men for Lamar were to have the tickets at each polling place on Tuesday morning and stay there all day to see that Lamar had its vote cast as it was known who was for Lamar and who was against it at that time.

Monday the storm had ceased and a big crowd came into town for the barbecue and speaking. The ladies of Lamar certainly did set up a good feed and everything went off joyfully. The room was cleared of the tables and the speaking commenced about two o'clock with Judge C. B. Thoman as chairman, and a good big crowd to listen. A. R. Black and his two speakers were on hand. They attempted to speak two or three times but the chairman ruled them out of order and as not on the program, and the crowd being hostile to their interruptions they made no head way. The program was carried out to the letter C. C. Goodale closing the speaking until darkness came when the lights were turned out and the meet-
ing adjourned by the chairman. The Santa Fe run its train to Pueblo and Denver at 7 o'clock P.M. in those days and Mr. Black's speakers had only time to catch the train as the meeting adjourned. It was a great day for Lamar.

The Lamar Sparks then owned by Mrs. J. W. Metcalf and edited by her son Joe Metcalf and its present editor Joe T. Lawless, did great work for Lamar; this was remarkable for Joe Metcalf was a son-in-law of A. R. Black, but Joe worked all the harder on that account. The Register also did excellent service and Lamar is indebted to those two papers for much of its success at that election.

Tuesday, November 5th, the election day, was a fair day and the people of Lamar were up early and its various committees attended to their duties vigorously and thoroughly. It was said that a certain element was going to import one Ben Daniels to stir up strife; he was present I was told but there was no disturbance whatever. It had been provided for, and everything went off smoothly and quietly. The vote on county seat was as follows: Lamar, 348; Granada, 246; Alliance, 36; Carlton, 3, giving Lamar a clear majority of 63 votes thus fixing the county seat permanently. At the same election J. K. Doughty was elected County Judge, H. J. Gochenour County Clerk, M. D. Parmenter County Treasurer, W. C. McCurry Sheriff, Geo. T. Feast County Supt., Anderson Stewart, Assessor, C. E. Sexton Surveyor, A. Deeter Coroner, Harry Pettee and Lewis Elder Commissioners. It was a mixed ticket politically, but Lamar was after the county seat and all other interests were secondary.

Thus was Lamar made the permanent county seat and with the U. S. Land Office in full operation, it gave its inhabitants a feeling of confidence that at last Lamar was a good town to live and to invest in.

Besides the location permanently of the county seat at Lamar, that contest was of great benefit to Lamar in another way. The business men of the town were from many different states and their acquaintance with each other was of the most casual kind.
The organization that was perfected for that election, brought these men closer together, friendships were formed that had not existed previously, and all working for Lamar begot a mutual esteem that had not before existed.

The organization was kept up by the forming of The Lamar Board of Trade with D. E. Cooper as President and U. H. Van Orsdale, C. C. Goodale, B. B. Brown, C. D. Ford and J. K. Doughty as directors, the following March after the county seat election, which had for its objects the promotion of any matter beneficial to Lamar and to advertise Lamar and Prowers county. Afterwards the Board of Trade was merged into The Lamar Commercial Club. Through these organizations Lamar was enabled to secure the flour mill erected by J. K. Mullen, the sugar beet factory, the Ben Mar hotel, and the Helvetia milk condensary, and many other smaller improvements; all of which were made possible as the result of the organization of the business interests at the time of the election for the county seat.

During the year 1889, C. D. Ford of El Paso county was appointed Receiver of the U. S. Land Office in place of Frank P. Arbuckle, removed, and on December 1st, 1889, C. C. Goodale succeeded F. H. Schrock as Receiver, who had resigned to return to Pueblo, his former home, which was enjoying a great real estate boom at that period.

Arrangements were made for the erection of a court house and other buildings for the necessary transaction of public business, and Lamar was established as the coming town of southeastern Colorado; and soon demonstrated that it was the natural commercial distributing point for a vast and fertile territory.
Mr. Charles D. Baldwin was born in 1861 in Mound City, Kansas, and raised there. He went to Cherryvale, Kansas, in 1878, where he opened a drug store. In October, 1880, he was burned out and moved to Colorado. He settled first in the San Luis valley where he subcontracted six miles of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad from Mears Station to Villa Grove. In the fall he moved to Silver Cliff where he ran a harness shop for three years.

In the summer of 1884 Mr. Baldwin came to the Arkansas valley with the government survey to survey the SS or Arkansas Valley Land and Cattle company's pasture. This pasture was thirty miles square from the river along the state line to Sheridan Lake, west between Big Sandy and Rush Creeks, back to the river near the A. R. Black ranch.

In 1885 Mr. Baldwin went to old Granada where he worked first on the XY ranch as a carpenter, building the big barn at what was known as the "spring" ranch.

This was just after Frederick H. Harvey of the Harvey eating houses had bought the ranch. Mr. Harvey bought a house and 160 acres situated next to the town of Old Granada from Tom Nolan and made this the home ranch house.

Mr. Nolan ran a store in old Granada and owned a thoroughbred running horse which was his pride. Races were held at Coolidge, Kansas, and, as a joke, some Granadaites brought in a horse from northern Colorado and beat Mr. Nolan. Mr. Nolan moved from Granada to Coolidge.

Mr. Baldwin was in Granada until Christmas of 1885. The town was decidedly run down at this time, though in earlier years when it was the terminus of the railroad and a big cattle shipping point it had been of good size. When Mr. Baldwin was there, there were just a few houses, a store, saloons and post-office.
Baldwin, #2.

Until the fall of 1886 Mr. Baldwin was in Pueblo and Salt Lake City. Then he heard of the boom town of Lamar and decided to go there. He started a harness shop in Lamar, buying his saddles from Pueblo and making the harness in the shop from tanned cow hides.

Except for six years when he took up a homestead and farmed it, Mr. Baldwin was in Lamar until 1907 when he moved to Granada. He has held many official positions in the county. He was undersheriff under Tate and McCray, postmaster at Granada for seven years, commissioner of the county and has been mayor of Granada for many terms.

Mr. Baldwin was very fond of horse racing and was one of the leading promoters of the races at the early 4th of July celebrations and fairs. He helped to get the first race track which was a little north and east of the present flour mill and himself paid out for lumber to build the seats which were used for many years.

He says his first attempts to put on a big program on the 4th was looked upon with little enthusiasm by Lamarites. A Mr. Jones of Las Animas had such good horses that he was sure to win and Lamar did not relish the idea. Las Animas, however, moved down in a body for the day and the Lamar business men soon realized the commercial benefits of the plan and became enthusiastic supporters of the races.

Mr. Baldwin also played in Lamar's first band under Capt. Meaton.

Interview December 27
by Margaret Merrill.

Address: Granada, Colo.
Mrs. Lillian Strain is the daughter of Peter S. Lynch, who could have claimed to have built Lamar.

Mr. Lynch moved with his family to Lamar in the summer of 1886. They were a part of that large group of settlers from Winterset, Iowa, who responded eagerly to the advertising of the boomers of Lamar. Mr. Lynch was a contractor and builder and found plenty to do in the town that was springing up like a mushroom. One of his first contracts was for a house for his Winterset friend, C. C. Goodale. The Lynch family moved into this house for a short time, while their own was being finished. The Goodales, however, arrived before the roof on the Lynch house was done so that the Lynches moved into a roofless house.

Mr. Lynch built most of the prominent buildings of the town up to the time of his retirement. He says in the conclusion of his "Civil War Experiences" published in the Lamar Register in 1932:

"In 1886 my family and I moved to Lamar, Colorado, from Winterset, Iowa. Lamar was just a new town three months old. I contracted and built twenty-two business houses, including three of the four school houses and seventy-five residences between 1886 and 1911. That year I retired and I moved to San Diego, California.------Although I quit contracting in 1911 I could not quit the business altogether. I superintended the building of several large buildings, among them a school house, Lamar High, Victory Theatre, Elks' Home, C. C. Goodale residence. (Referring of course, to a later Goodale residence.) The Elks' Home is the last and I expect it will be my last job, I am nearing my eightieth birthday and I think I have finished building."

Mr. Lynch homesteaded south of Lamar on Clay creek. Mrs. Strain remembers one three day sand storm while they were living on the homestead which blew with such force that it sounded like bullets on the roof. It was impossible to get out to the barn
to care for the stock except at evening when the wind would go down a little. When the storm was over they scooped sand out of the house.

Mr. Lynch built a pond on this place where the trail herds would stop to water the cattle well before going on to ford the river. They would send a man ahead to notify Mr. Lynch of their arrival and he would take down his fences and move his own cattle out of the country so that they would not stray off with the trail herd. If one of the cows had had a calf, the cowboys would give it to the little Lynch girls as the calf would not be able to stand the trip to Wyoming.

There was not much money among the homesteaders at first and if it had not been for the irrigation ditches that were being constructed and the work which the farmers could get upon them it would have been impossible for most of them to have stuck it out here.

On his ranch east of Lamar Mr. Lynch raised some of the first alfalfa, wheat and flax grown in this section.

The chief amusements in the early days were the box suppers given by the churches and the bean suppers and dances given by the G. A. R. and Women's Relief Corps. There were many picnics in the grove of trees near the river, to which everybody in town went. Mrs. Strain remembers one of these picnics in the first year when some one brought radishes grown in their garden and the great enthusiasm with which the fresh fruit and vegetable hungry settlers fell upon them.

After Mr. Lynch went to San Diego he became acquainted with a Captain Ellsworth who visited here with him. Captain Ellsworth remained in the army after the Civil War and was stationed in Bent county, first in a camp below the site of old Granada, then at Fort Lyon. When they left the country the soldiers had to go to Kit Carson to get the train out. Captain Ellsworth was in several Indian skirmishes while in the state.
Mrs. J. M. Johnston came to Lamar in 1887. She taught in
the school here three years. She and a Miss Dell Jones were the
first lady teachers in the old Pioneer school building, which was
completed in the fall of 1888. Professor Bird was the principal.
The school was divided into four groups and the population was
so transient that Mrs. Johnston had children from 10 to 17 in
her group. There was very little equipment for the school out-
side of books and the teachers were in luck if they had a chart
or two for each room. They had to make use of whatever they
were able to find themselves for equipment. Skeletons for study
were easy to get.

Mr. Johnston's first trip was made in November, 1886, when
he came up from Kingman, Kansas, to buy lots for a store building.
Then he and his brother returned in April, 1887, and opened 'John-
ston Bros.' store Friday, May 13th, 1887. This store has had the
oldest continuous existence of any store in Lamar, at present be-
ing operated by the two sons of W. J. Johnston. In the early days
it carried a very small stock consisting of dry goods, shoes and
notions. This stock was bought chiefly in St. Joseph, Missouri.
There were no ready made clothes for ladies carried in the town
in those days and no millinery store. The ladies had to wear
their old hats or in the cold weather elaborate hoods.

There were 17 saloons in Lamar in '87, one being both a
wholesale and retail store. There was not a shrub or tree in
the town and the streets resembled any prairie wagon trail. Even
on Main street there was a wagon track down the center of the
street. The houses were small frame affairs.

Water could be obtained by driving a pointed pipe down
seven or eight feet and putting in a pump. It was surface water
of the worst alkali.

A two-story building north of the track was the opera house
and here most of the social affairs including the church suppers
were held. Later a stone barn became the opera house.
Johnston, #2.
Prowers Co.

The town was built on money brought in by early residents attracted by the boom, but this money was used up before the surrounding country was turned into producing farm land and there was nothing to support the population. Everyone that could realize enough money to leave did so and the town was left a barren shell for a few years until the land began to produce enough to justify growth.

Interview by Margaret Merrill
Address: Lamar, Colorado
January 3, 1934.
Mr. Alford E. Downer came to Lamar from Garden City, Kansas. He is a nephew of I. R. Holmes, the town boomer.

Mr. Holmes was born in Ohio, the ninth child in a family of ten children. The family were poor and Mr. Holmes had his own way to make so that his early career was one of hard labor. He possessed, however, a pleasing appearance and personal magnetism that were to make him an ideal promoter. He was six feet tall, weighed 200 pounds and was as straight as an arrow. So great was his persuasiveness that it was almost impossible to say no to him.

Mr. Downer is not sure exactly how he got his start in the town booming business, but some how he gained the reputation of being a successful town boomer and also the confidence and good will of the A. T. & S. F. Ry. Co. In 1886 he organized the Lamar Town & Land Co. In the two years prior to 1886 he had been engaged in booming Garden City, Kansas, where he made his home for several years. His partner in that venture was the Rev. A. C. McKeever and Mr. M. D. Parmenter was their land agent. These men aided him in his new venture.

Among the members of the town company were A. S. Johnson, its president and an official of the Santa Fe Railroad, John E. Frost, John E. Godding and I. R. Holmes. After an unsuccessful attempt to purchase land from Mr. A. R. Black at the Blackwell station they purchased a quarter section which had been proved up already and was situated by the railroad track from an Edward Fitzgerald (see abstract). An E. W. Fuller held some sort of claim against this property, but, due to Mr. Holmes, influence, it was quickly settled.

Rev. McKeever platted McKeever's addition to Lamar and Mr. Parmenter and Mr. Holmes the Holmes and Parmenter addition. Mr. Parmenter as agent in this matter received 1/5th of the land and Mr. Holmes 4/5ths.
Mr. Holmes brought many free excursions in by train from Garden City and other points and advertised Lamar widely. It was through his influence and tireless efforts that a postoffice and land office were secured for Lamar within a very few months from its beginning. A quarrel developed between Homes and Coddin which caused considerable unpleasantness, but that was the only speck on Lamar's prospects.

Mr. Holmes' efforts, however, were not confined alone to Lamar. Several small town sites to the west of Lamar received either his attention or that of other Lamar citizens. Among these towns were Holmes City, Mulvane, Cariso, and Swift City, which are only names today.

Mr. Holmes was also interested in the booming of La Veta and La Jara, Colorado. Perhaps his most unique venture, however, and one characteristic of the man, was the booming of a new town on San Jacinto Bay between Houston and Calveston, during which he managed to have a bill lobbied through in Washington to dredge the bay so that the largest ships might go up to his town. This enterprise was unsuccessful.

Considerable confusion was caused in Lamar by the burning of the old Bent county court house and the destruction of the records prior to 1883. The original plat of the town of Lamar was destroyed and Jarvis S. Humphreys, the civil engineer, who had made the survey, certified from his notes a plat in which several discrepancies were found. As first street in Lamar angled slightly, in the original plat several half blocks in the Original Town facing First were laid out north and south instead of east and west and the new plat showed them east and west. In the meantime the boom had disappeared and along with it half the population so that it was difficult to locate deeds to the property. The resulting confusion in assessment and paying of taxes and transfer of property until the owners got together at last with deeds
and straighten the matter out.

Interesting personalities whom Mr. Downer remembers in the early days of Lamar were Jack Flood, the prize fighter, Ben Daniels, Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp, who was here a short time and whose brother was marshal at Garden City.

Address: Lamar, Colorado

Interview by Margaret Merrill

December 21.