Following is an interesting story from C. G. Ament of Grants Pass, Oregon, who is a former old timer of the city which Saturday celebrated its 45th birthday anniversary.

"Possibly a line from the survivors of those present from the first day to the end of the first year of Lamar's eventful career might be of interest to all readers, we therefore briefly relate our little story of how it all came about.

"In February, 1886, I was living in Topeka, Kansas, where at that time was located the offices of the Santa Fe officials. A Mr. Scott, son-in-law of Colonel A. S. Johnson, land commissioner of the Santa Fe Railroad Company, with whom I was acquainted, informed me that the Railroad Townsite Company was planning to start a new town in southeastern Colorado, which in his opinion was to be a "hummer" and one of the best on the line of new town sites east of the Rocky Mountains. A United States Land Office was to be located there. Absolute secrecy was enjoined as to any further details and all I could gain from my informant was that the location was to be in southeastern Colorado, and the first movements some time in May.

"Mr. Scott advised me to get out into that country and in line with the first movements of the Railroad Townsite Company.

"Early in May I left for the west, stopped off at Garden City, where so many important enterprises for western Kansas had originated, but could get no hint of the future "Mascot City of the Plains."

"I moved on to Granada, Colorado. All inquiries as to the future Land Office town were received with amusement, and they countered with the claim that all those good things were coming to Granada.

"Somewhat discouraged I remained in Granada for a few days debating on what next move I should make. On Sunday morning the 24th of May, the telegraph operator gave out the information that up at Blackwell, there were two construction trains, and a
large force of men "tearing up the earth" as it were, loading buildings on to flat cars and laying rails at another point, apparently for a new town. "That's it. That's it," I said, "that's our new town." At ten o'clock I boarded the passenger west and got off at Blackwell.

"With me there got off the train a gentleman who introduced himself as D. E. Cooper from Winterset, Iowa. We noted the movements of the men and trains as the work proceeded of loading buildings on to flat cars and the laying of trackage at the new town site. It was an unusual thing and very interesting. The section men loaned Mr. Cooper and me a hand car which we pumped up to the new townsite and the balance of the day was spent looking over the new site and the unloading of building from Blackwell.

"Returning to Granada that evening, I boarded the Excursion-Train the next forenoon back to Lamar. On the sides of the cars to the long train were tacked wide strips of white muslin, on which in large letters appeared something like the following:

"I. R. Holmes Excursion, Garden City to Lamar, future "Mascot City of the Plains." First great sale of Town Lots today.

"About $45,000 worth of lots were sold and the Town of Lamar was on the map from that day.

"The writer and W. W. Louden put up a building on the north side in which a drug store was established on the one side and the other a real estate office occupied by "Ament, Lowe & Co."

"For the first few weeks U. S. mail came up from Blackwell post office and was thrown into a pine box and every fellow helped himself.

"A little later a post office came to us with Mr. Decker as postmaster. I managed to get the first Notarial Commission and had the honor of administering the oath of office to one or both of the land office officials--later they were sworn in by some high court officials. Among the early business men were
Mr. Chadeayne, justice of the peace; Dr. Rice, leader of the first brass band; Jim Talbut, deputy sheriff, and much of the time with us a splendid officer. E. M. Steward, Mr. Conwell, Mr. Marburg, Mr. Lee and Everett Koen, we understand, are still with you. A. E. Bent and Fred Burger and many others have passed away. The writer proved up a homestead just north of the river, went through Lamar's first experience with a flood, and the loss of a portion of the first pile bridge.

"We helped Mr. Clark, a fine old gentleman from Winterset, Iowa, to make the first pine coffin for the interment of the first of earth's unfortunates to pass away.

"Undoubtedly other writers will mention many more of the old time residents, so I will close with these few lines, regretting my inability to be present at the celebration in prospect, and greet the old timers still with you and to note Lamar's great advancement and wonderful prosperity."
Mr. Patrick Nolan was born in Danville, Pennsylvania, in 1863. He came to Prowers County, Colorado, in 1883.

At that time the old town of Granada was the principal town of the county, or what is now known as Prowers County. It was situated by the XY ranch, XXXX.XX.XXXX.XXXX.XXXX. There was a large settlement there, but there were only two stores, one owned by a man named Williams, the other by Tom Nolan.

In 1883 there was practically no plowed land in this part of the state, just cattle ranches, and Granada XXXX.XX.XXXX.XXXX.XXXX was one of the largest shipping points of cattle to Albuquerque, New Mexico. There were only two freight trains and one passenger train each way a day.

There were very few amusements for the people then—a few dances was about all. Trail City located between Holly and Dodge City on the old cattle trail was a resort of gamblers and dance hall proprietors.

Mr. Nolan became a cowpuncher working on the ranch owned by his uncle, James Graham, and on others. The Graham ranch was one of the largest private ranches in Prowers County. After his death and seven years of litigation in court the land alone was sold for $90,000.

Mr. Nolan says wages were low, but that there was little hardship connected with punching cows, except in rainy weather.

There was little variety in the food. The usual meal was biscuits and beef and occasionally beans with dried salt meat for seasoning. The stores carried no fresh fruit or vegetables, but they had potatoes, bread and canned tomatoes, which were all too bulky to carry on the round up, but were used at the home ranch.

The biscuits were cooked on the round up in a Dutch oven, an iron pot whose top was surrounded by a deep rim. After heat-
ing the pan near the fire and filling it with biscuits, the cook raked out a pile of live coals and place the oven on it. In windy weather a small hole was dug to put the coals in. The oven was placed on top of the coals and covered and live coals placed on the top. An iron hook was used to remove cover and to occasionally tip it very slightly to see if the biscuit were scorching.

To cook beans or anything in a pot over the fire itself, two iron poles were stuck in the ground on each side of the fire and a cross bar suspended by hooks at the end of these poles. Then figure 8's made from heavy wire were hung from the cross bar, one end over the bar and one through the pot handle. These wire holders were of varying length so that by means of the iron hook the pot could be raised and lowered according to the degree of heat wanted.

Mr. Nolan says there was very little horse or cattle stealing. A few horses might disappear from the pasture at night and, of course, there was much branding of mavericks, but this was done by individuals; there were no bands of cattle thieves.

Soon after coming to the country Mr. Nolan homesteaded on a pre-emption claim. On these claims the homesteader could pay the government $1.25 per acre and by living on it six months obtain possession of the land. Mr. Nolan and another man from the Graham ranch took adjoining claims and helped each other to build the houses.

These houses were made of green lumber and put up very roughly. The outside was covered with tar paper. The roof was a "box car" roof with a slight elevation, the lumber being covered with tar paper and then with dirt. The floor boards, as they weathered, spread so far apart that you could stick your
hand between them. One dark winter evening as Mr. Nolan reached into the wood box to get wood for the stove a snake, which had probably come through these cracks, bit him.

The claim, as were most in that day before much of the land was taken up, was in the river bottom and the two men dug only 6 feet for their well and put in a small pitcher pump. Some homesteaders only had to go down two feet for water.

The chief reason for homesteading in those days, Mr. Nolan said, was to get possession of the land, take a loan on it, and let it go. Some people held on in hope of a big land boom and eventually paid far more than it was worth in taxes.

In 1889 at the old Alma hotel in Lamar Mr. Nolan was married to Kate Meagher, who was born in Kilkenny, Ireland. In July, 1885, her father, mother and seven children came from Ireland to Anderson County, Kansas. The father died in Kansas and, as one of the sons was in bad health, the mother, two brother, Walter and Dan, and Kate moved to Granada.

The Meagher boys were employed on the Graham ranch. Afterwards they homesteaded two miles from Granada, where they farm today.

Mrs. Nolan lived on the Graham ranch for several years. She remembers the wild grapes, currants and gooseberries which grew near the river and said they made delicious jelly and jelled more easily than the tamed varieties. The river was also filled with fish and the country abounded in jack rabbits. These, of course, were not eaten, but they did have young cottontails to eat. Water was obtained from a well near the house and the only fuel was wood or buffalo and cow chips.

The cowboys lived in two little shacks but in good weather usually rolled up in their blankets and slept on the ground.
Two eastern college graduates came out to the Graham ranch to try western life. When they asked where they could sleep "Uncle Jimmie" told them "Anywhere from here to the railroad". One night was sufficient for them.

It was a healthy life, however, for those who could survive it and the cowboys were usually cheerful and contented. At night, after supper, they would get together and sing. They used to send to Montgomery Ward for books and, strangely enough, preferred the western thrillers of that day.

The Nolans left Colorado in the early 1900s and spent two years in Pennsylvania, but at last the call of the west was too much for them. One Saturday Mrs. Nolan said "Let's go back" and by Wednesday they were on their way. Mrs. Nolan and her four children settled in Granada. Mr. Nolan went to the mountains and worked for several mining and construction camps. He also worked several years for the Marland Oil Co. and a few years ago retired and he and his wife settled in Lamar.

Address: Lamar, Colorado

Interview by Margaret Merrill on December 5 and 9, 1923.
ERRORS

Patrick Nolan, #1, Paragraph 4--I misunderstood Mr. Nolan in thinking that Trail City existed in 1883. It did not come into existence until 1886.

McCurry, #1, Paragraph 3--The XY ranch was not owned by Tom Nolan. He owned 160 acres and a house, which he sold to F. H. Harvey. This house became the ranch house from which fact evidently the mistake has arisen. A large portion of the land, which Fred Harvey collected as the XY ranch belonged to Lawrence P. Browne and the rest he bought from other land holders.

W. McCurry, #1, last paragraph--Obviously from the above this could not have applied to Mr. Nolan. It may have been true of Mr. Browne, who from the records bought in a great deal of land from the original homesteaders between '74 and '80. I have been told it was the method by which the SS Cattle Co. acquired land.
Metta Snowden McCurry was born in Cameron, Missouri, in 1867. Her family moved to Sumner County Kansas, where her father, Adam D. Snowden, was employed by the Santa Fe Railroad. He was crippled while working for them and they sent him to Topeka, Kansas, for medical attention and finally sent him to the old town of Granada to be caretaker of the rail and toll wagon bridge at that point. This was in 1873 when Mrs. McCurry was six.

Granada was at that time the end of the Santa Fe line and was the shipping point for all the cattle men in this territory. There were only two wholesale houses in the town with a limited supply of merchandise and Mrs. McCurry remembers that her father sent to Kansas for apples and potatoes. The town itself was goodsized, probably as large as the present town of Granada.

It was located near the XY ranch owned by Tom Nolan, who later sold it to Fred Harvey.

Mrs. McCurry remembers several Indian scares but none of them ever developed into more than rumors. Once the caboose was sent to the bridge to bring them into town, but her parents refused to go. During another scare a train of immigrant wagons camped at one end of the bridge as they did not want to cross the bridge and pay the toll if it was not going to be necessary.

There was a school at old Granada taught by a Miss Wylie. Coolidge, Kansas, did not have a school at that time and many children came up to Granada by train to go to school. Occasionally the train would have to wait a few minutes for school to be out so it could take the children home.
In 1886 a group of men started to boom old Granada. They had difficulty in obtaining title to land around the town and Mr. Harvey refused to sell them any land from the XY ranch so they bought the site of the present Granada from Mr. Grooms, who had proved up on it. Mr. Snowden was a stockholder in the town company and was the first postmaster of new Granada. Other members in this town company were Mr. Mims, Mr. Keep and Mr. Doak.

Mr. Snowden and two other men were chosen to represent Granada's interests in the county seat fight, which took place when Prowers was separated from old Bent county. They were sent to Denver to talk with the state legislators. Mr. Snowden died in 1921.

Address--Lamar, Colorado

Interview by Margaret Merrill on December 6 and 11, 1933
Extracts from "The History of Granada and Its Pioneers"

(Written by Miss Mary Nolan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Nolan, based upon information obtained from her uncle, Martin Graham, an early cattlemaker of old Bent County, and published in the Purple and Gold by the Granada Union High School in 1907.)

"When the pioneers first came they had to commence to build houses for themselves and to make many roads as there were then hardly any roads at all. The houses which those people built were very small, generally made of logs and adobe and very rudely built because they had to build them themselves as there were then no carpenters here as there are to-day. Many of them knew nothing about building a house. The next thing to be done was to see about getting some furniture for their houses and as they could not then buy very much they had to make most of it themselves.

"The ground had never been cultivated to raise anything so any one who wished to raise a garden or any grain had to plough, cultivate and harrow it several times, and this was a vast amount of work. It took many weeks and much hard labor in order to accomplish it. There were but few towns in this country and they were very small and a long distance from those people.

Often when they were in need of provisions they were forced to do without them; and when they did go to town they were often tracked by the Indians. Many times they had a hard struggle for their lives. All of those people with the exception of a very small number were men who had invested their money in cattle here. They led a very hard and lonely life for many years. Often in the cold winter mornings they had to arise before daylight and drive their cattle out on the range where they had to camp out and herd them for sometimes a week at a time."
Many times they had to sleep out on the open prairie with no shelter over them at all, through severe storms, of ten thunder storms, when the lightning would strike so near them that it would strike their horses beside them. Some dry years they had to travel ten and fifteen miles a day in search of water for their cattle. And in the cold winter mornings they had very hard times in trying to break the ice to get water for them. They had to put up their own feed for their cattle without any hired help, and this took lots of hard labor. Those pioneers had no places of enjoyment to go to at all; and as they lived a long distance apart they did not even get a chance to visit each other very often. They were interested in looking over the newspapers when they could get them, though it was not often that they could get them. What was worst of all was that they had no place of worship because there were then no churches of any kind here.

I was interested in hearing some Granada pioneer stories which I shall relate to you. My father's uncles, Martin and James Graham, who were two of the old pioneers on the frontier of this country for many years were living on the Graham ranch about six and one half or seven miles northwest of here. One fine bright September morning in about the year 1872 or 3 while they and all the boys whom they had working for them were away from home a large band of fierce looking Indians came riding up to their houses and stole two fine horses, several of the boys' watches, all of their cooking utensils and many other useful articles which they needed very much. They had been away from home all day and towards evening the boy who did the cooking started home to get supper ready for them. When he reached the house and saw that so many things were gone he was greatly frightened and
he rode back to the men. Upon being asked why he did not stay at the house and get their supper ready he told them there was nothing to get supper ready with. They soon came home and they could not imagine where so many of their things had gone to. They were told those Indians had taken them, also many other things from other people.

Two of the men followed them down into Kansas where they found their horses. The Indians found out they were following them, and they became frightened and turned their horses loose. The two men soon returned home. They were glad to get their horses but they would have enjoyed securing the rest of their things also as they had to buy more in place of them. Another incident took place in about the year 1873 when a large band of Indians came suddenly upon a man and a boy who were riding out south near Butte creek. The boy’s horse stumbled and fell to the ground, and they killed him instantly but the man escaped from them and rode over north of here where some people were living and told them the Indians were advancing in that direction. Mr. Peterson, known by the name of "Old Uncle Abe," who died some years ago and who was then living over there, went over to the nearest ranch which was about three miles from Old Granada. He got the few families together in a wagon and saved them from the Indians. Those Indians killed a Swede out south of here also. There is a graveyard about five miles east of here in which many of the old pioneers are buried.

Granada, which was named after a flourishing city of Spain, once very powerful, was first founded at the XY ranch, or at the little station east of here, now known as Byron. This town was primarily created by the A. T. & S. F. R. R., which was extended to that point July 4th, 1873. It was
known as "Old Granada" and had been previously located and
laid out by the mercantile firm of Chick, Brown & Co., formerly
of Kit Carson. This town consisted of a depot, a section
house, a store owned by Mr. Tom Nolan, a restaurant owned by
Mrs. Gilman, another store owned by Mr. Barney G & W and a few
dwelling houses. This was owned by Mr. Tom Nolan.
This is now the old ranch house at the XY ranch. Shortly
after the firm of Chick, Brown & Co., came another firm of
the same order, known as Cero, Sellers & Co. This firm also
located at Granada. Great activity was created for a time
caused by the arrival of the railroad and the new town en-
tered into rivalry with West Las Animas for trade from Santa
Fe and other points in New Mexico. But in 1875, both the
Kit Carson branch and the Santa Fe moved to La Junta. Then
the glory of Granada was taken away.

Mr. Fred Harvey, then owner of the XY ranch, objected
to having a town there. So in May 1886 it was moved to its
present location. The county of Prowers in which Granada is
situated was made from Bent county. This division was made
by an act of the General assembly, approved April 11, 1889.
William McCurry was born in Arkansas. His parents were Tennesseans and he was raised in Rockwall County, Texas, then known as Kauffman County. In 1883 he was advised to go north for his health and went with a cattle herd from Texas to Dodge City, Kansas, and on to Prowers County, Colorado. He was 27 when he came to Colorado and weighed only 127 pounds from which he gained his nickname "Bones".

He worked as a cowpuncher for the Double SS ranch which was owned by the Arkansas Land & Cattle Company. He was made a deputy by the last sheriff of old Bent County and was the first elected sheriff of Prowers county, H. A. Billow being the first sheriff by appointment. Mr. McCurry served as sheriff in '90 and '91.

In '92 he was married to Metta Snowden at El Reno, Oklahoma, where the Snowdens had gone to live for a while.

He worked on the Koen ranch and for the Prowers Land & Cattle company. Later he worked for the milk condensery in Lamar for ten years as nightwatchman.

Mr. McCurry, taking an active part in both range and town life, knew most of the community builders of the early days. He remembers Jack Lyons and "Dutch" John Louyck, who were prominent in range life and were often appointed foreman of the range round up in this district. He also knew Festus Koen, cattleman and ditch builder, Hamer Norris, the first newspaperman in what is now Prowers county and an outstanding figure in the life of new Granada, and the members of the Lamar town company, J. H. Codding, M. D. Parmenter and I. R. Holmes.

Mr. McCurry, in reference to Tom Nolan, told the method used by early cattlemen to obtain title to land. He said Mr.
W. McCurry, #2
Co. of Prowers

Nolan would get men to come out and homestead, pay their way, and as soon as they had proved up on their land buy it from them.

Mr. McCurry says the cowboys equipment consisted of a good saddle and saddle rop, six shooter, spurs, chaps and a pocketful of good cigarette tobacco and cigarette papers. Horses and board were furnished by the ranch owners.

In 1883 the range round ups were held in the spring and fall under the management of the Colorado Stock Growers Association, who appointed round up foremen in the various districts.

Each ranch in the district sent a wagon, cook and cowboys. The cook was an important person and was paid around $50 a month while the cowboys received $30.

The range foreman told each wagon what section they were to work each day. In the morning they rounded up the cattle in that section into a herd or if there were a large number into two herds. This usually took until dinner time. After dinner the cattle belonging to each ranch would be cut out into a group by itself and the calves would be branded. By the middle of the afternoon the outfit was usually ready to move on to the next day's location.

The Association issued a pamphlet containing all the brands that there were in the country and each man in the outfit had a copy. Stray cattle could thus be identified and returned to their owners or, if too far away, could be sold and their price be sent to the owner. Cattle would occasionally drift into this section from as far away as Cheyenne, Wyoming. In this section there were the Double O brand, the XY or Harvey brand, the four circle or Prowers brand, The JJ or Jim Jones brand
Mr. McCurry mentioned that they rounded the cattle up on the higher ground as the lower ground was bog land. This is a reminder that drainage ditches have made considerable change in the character and value of much of Prowers county's land.

Young calves heads were sometimes barbecued by the cook on the round up. This was done by digging a small pit two feet deep, building a fire in it and getting it very hot. The head was then put in, hide and all and covered with dirt and left for several hours. It was then carefully removed to a board and the skin laid back with a knife. This was a very special dish.

Lamar, Colorado

Interview by Margaret Merrill
Date: December 6 and 11, 1933.
Mr. J. T. Lawless, the oldest Lamar newspaperman yet living in the county, was born in Covington, Kentucky. He became a printer and worked on many papers in the country, coming to Lamar from Kansas in June, 1887, to work for the Lamar Sparks.

The Lamar Sparks was started in March, 1887, by Mrs. M. A. Metcalf and a Mr. Coursen. Mr. Coursen kept his interest in the paper about a year, then sold to Mrs. Metcalf.

At that time the Lamar Leader, started in September, 1886, by Mr. G. M. McGill, had all the "prove up" notices given to them by Frank Arbuckle, Registrar of the Land Office. The change of administration, however, resulting with the election of Harrison caused the appointment of Charles D. Ford as Registrar and the giving of the notices to the Register, a Republican paper. So the Leader decided to quit.

On January 1, 1889, it merged with the Sparks, Mr. McGill selling the goodwill and subscription list to Mrs. Metcalf and taking his outfit with him.

The Lamar Advocate was published for about six months by Charlie Ross in '87 and then closed. The Daily Times was started in '88 by C. G. Coutant & Sons and the Irrigator was started by Fess Koen and T. H. Cecil, cashier of the First National Bank and first county treasurer by appointment. In '89 after the county seat fight was over they were consolidated as the Times-Irrigator, but did not run long. The only permanent papers of the early days were the Sparks and the Register.

Mrs. Metcalf, the owner of the Sparks, came to Lamar from Milan, Missouri. She was a very original woman, a hustler and an excellent business woman, but not a writer. Her
son, Joe, was associate editor and did most of the writing. She was the restless type of pioneer and liked to keep pushing on, so in '89 or '90 she caught the Texas fever. She sold the goodwill, name and subscription list of the Sparks to George Butler and moved to Corpus Christi, Texas, with her printing plant, which consisted of some antiquated type and an Army press. Later she moved to Oregon, where Joe Metcalf practiced law and a younger son, Will, became prominent in politics in Vancouver.

Mr. Butler bought the plant of a Granada paper, which Mr. Lawless moved to Lamar. After about two years Mr. Butler was injured in an accident and died. Mrs. Butler ran the paper for a while then sold out to Mr. Lawless in '94.

Old Bent county was part of the cattle country. However, in the late '80s boom companies from Kansas started to lay out town sites along the railroads. The railroads also became interested in these towns as it meant increased business for them and was a means of settling the country. The town companies' methods were to sell lots, then move out and start somewhere else, followed by the restless settlers seeking easy wealth. A large class, however, that came to Lamar wanted to stay and make their homes there.

The best boom days were in '87 after the land office was established here. Through the year there were probably close to 1500 people in the town. Then the boom flattened out for the country was not yet ready to produce enough to support it. The transients left, many of them joining the rush to Oklahoma which was just being opened up. The official census of 1890 showed 589 citizens for Lamar. That in 1900, 985.

Lamar's founders were a group of clever men who knew how to obtain what they wanted. The town was named after L. Q. C. Lamar, then Secretary of the Interior under Grover Cleve-
land, thus gaining his interest in securing a post office and land office. Then Mr. I. R. Holmes, the outstanding figure in the town company, put influential friends in Washington to work and all other settlers, who had such friends enlisted their services in securing the land office. This influence reached to Senator Dan Vorhees of Indiana, who was an eloquent speaker and important political figure and mainly through his interest the land office was established here and opened January 1, 1887.

Later Senator Vorhees became interested in the town site of La Veta, Colorado, and passed through Lamar on his way there. He stopped over and a big celebration, bonfire and speeches was held in his honor.

As far as the population of Lamar was concerned it was a typical new western town. There was a rough element, gamblers and sports. They, however, attended to their own business and, though we had our share of bad men, there were no killings in the town in early days. The cowboys were numerous and noisy and liked to run their ponies up and down the wooden sidewalks on Main street and shoot their guns.

There was a strong business and farming element in the town. Among the early business men were W. J. Johnston, pioneer dry goods merchant; I. L. Maxwell, who ran a clothing store; Geo. T. Herbert, implement dealer and chief of the fire department; Jim Swift, owner of a general merchandise store; W. W. Louden and J. W. Decker, drugstore owners.

Among the pioneer farmers were John O. Stream, Carl Burke, E. E. Pike, J. E. Moulie, Bert Rowe, C. B. Jones, Judge Thomas, E. L. Koen and A. Deeter and many others.

When the Henry canal was extended in 1888 farming commenced in earnest, though the water supply was uncertain for several years.
Among the early day marshals were Louie Werth, "Indian" or "Cherokee" Bill Smith, who later participated in a post-office robbery at Carlton and was caught, and Cal Spragg, who always scorned to carry a gun and proved to be more than efficient with his fists. It was customary to initiate the new night marshals by ducking them in the water trough.

In '98 or '99 the Prowers County Fair Association was formed and bought land by the river for a fair grounds. Their purpose was to advertise Prowers county agricultural and livestock progress and make a gathering place for the farmers to get together, have a sociable time and share their products. Mr. Lawless was a stockholder in this association. Later it was taken over by Charles Maxwell, manager of the Lamar Flour Mill, who ran it several years.

The chief amusement at the fair was the horse racing. Among those showing horses were Dan Silver, Charles D. Baldwin, Dan Kezee and Jack and Dick Creaghe. There were quite a few good running horses brought down from Las Animas. The relay race was introduced into Colorado for the first time at the Prowers county fair grounds. Several of the earliest aviators also attempted flights at the fair, not always successful as one man at least crashed.

Joe T. Lawless
Address: Lamar, Colorado
Interviewed by Margaret Merrill
December 14 and 17.
Mr. Will Cooper and Mrs. Emma Goodale Cooper were part of a good-sized colony of settlers who came to Lamar from Winterset, Iowa, in '86 and '87. The colony included Fred Burger, A. Deeter, J. W. Graham, Peter Lynch, C. C. Goodale and D. E. Cooper and families and Fred Lee.

These men, with the exception of Mr. Lee, were all old soldiers just entering middle age and held well established positions in Winterset. Mr. Goodale was mayor of that town, Mr. Cooper had just finished a term as postmaster. They were seized, however, by the spirit of the general westward migration and the adventurous desire to build up with a new community.

Early in 1886 Mr. D. E. Cooper started westward to look for a location. Somewhere on the way he heard of the sale of lots that was to be held for the new town of Lamar and arrived at the location on May 19th, five days before Lamar's first lot was sold. Mr. Cooper chose a claim near the town site and homesteaded there. His family joined him in the fall of that year. Mr. Goodale visited the new town in August of '86, was favorably impressed with the location and returned in '87 to stay. He chose a homestead next to Mr. Cooper and in April of '87 his family followed him.

The Winterset colony quickly became prominent in the affairs of the new town. The firm of Goodale and Cooper went into law and real estate business; Mr. Graham opened a real estate office and also was one of the first dairymen of the community; Mr. Burger, who had managed a hotel in Des Moines,
opened the first hotel in Lamar; Mr. Lynch was a contractor and really could claim to have built the new town; Mr. Cooper's son, W. W. Cooper was employed in the first bank to open, organized by J. H. Borders and A. V. Scott and called the Bank of Lamar. Later Mr. Cooper was employed in the Land Office. He acted as deputy clerk under Mr. Mort Underwood, who was county clerk in '94 and '95. He then returned to the banking business and was associated with the First National assistant Bank for eighteen years, first as cashier and then as cashier. Then he went to the Lamar National Bank as cashier and has remained there since.

Life in the new town was by no means easy. Especially was the change hard for the women of the community. The frequent wind and sand storms made house cleaning a continuous performance. The water was surface water and, as the country abounded in alkali, was unbelievably hard. It was difficult to break and the problem of getting the family washing really clean was enough to make any woman dislike the new country. Domestic help was scarce and every woman had to meet and solve the problems of pioneer life herself.

The water was also terrible to drink and drinking water was sold for fifteen cents a barrel. In '92 or '93 an artesian well was put down at Main and Olive streets, but it was soft only in comparison with the surface water.

The river and irrigation ditches were full of fish. Mr. Cooper says that in holes in the river it was easy to spear a four or five pound catfish with a pitchfork and remembers taking two gunny sacks of fish out of an irrigation lateral. (The Lamar Register of May 25th, 1889, mentions that practically all fish of any size have disappeared from the river due to the run of water in the irrigation ditches.)
The river banks were heavily wooded with huge old cottonwoods. The Indians used to hold their races where the now disused fairgrounds are located and called it the "Big Timber". Fresh fruits in the stores were expensive, but in the river bottom delicious wild grapes grew abundantly and post haulers used to bring wild plums from the cedars forty miles southwest of town to sell.

There was plenty of wild duck and antelope, but no deer near the town. In the cedars there were mule deer and there were white tailed deer up the river near Prowers.

Quantities of arrowheads and buffalo bones were found on the plains. The horns of the buffalo were polished for ornaments.

The early milkmen used to drive along the streets ringing bells and, regardless of weather, the housewives had to run out to the streets with containers to get their milk.

In 1887 there were seventeen saloons in Lamar. Drinks were 15c or two for a quarter. There was much wildness, but mostly of a goodnatured sort and Lamar had the reputation of being a well behaved town.

The men mingled freely with the newcomers and were busy with the problems of building a new town. Mr. D. E. Cooper was responsible for bringing many valuable settlers from Iowa to Lamar. He was elected to fill a vacancy on the first town council. He also served as a postmaster and was very active in Lamar life until his death in 1913. At the time of the division of old Bent county Mr. Goodale served on the committee to represent Lamar's interests with the state legislature and was Receiver of the Land Office in Lamar and always worked for its solid and substantial growth. He died in 1928.
Cooper
Co. of Prowers, #4.

The amusements consisted mostly of dances, which young girls were not often allowed to attend, church socials and theatrical performances. There were many of the latter, both by amateur and by professional companies of players. The amateur performances were usually one-man performances by "Doc" Arnold, who held a claim near Lamar and claimed this as his home though he toured over the west giving shows, and a former actress, Clara Angelo Brown, who had had fifteen years professional experience. Mrs. Brown formed the Star Dramatic Club, which produced such plays as "Fanchon the Cricket", "A Divorce Case", "The Jealous Wife" and "The Bankers Daughter".

Mr. and Mrs. Cooper remember many of the interesting characters of the early town. There was a Mrs. Ferguson, who with her cowboy son, made all the boom towns in the country and speculated in land. There were various alleged wives of Brigham Young, who used to come through Lamar, selling pamphlets on their thrilling adventures. Then there was the young gentleman from Washington, D. C., who drove an ox team. His outstanding characteristic was the possession of one of the few dress suits and high silk hats in the country and it was one of the sights of the town to see him driving in to a dance sitting behind his oxen in his dress suit and high hat.

\[Signature\]

Address: Lamar, Colorado

Interviewed by Margaret Merrill
December 9.
Louella Morehouse Strain was born in Inwood, Indiana. The family moved to Winfield, Kansas, and in September of 1887 when she was 17 her father, W. L. Morehouse, and family came to Lamar. Mrs. Strain was in school at the time and did not join her family until December of '87. She was in Lamar until May, 1889, then was away until 1893, and since that time has been living here.

As a young lady she entered into the social life of the town, which consisted chiefly in the earlier years of dances and socials.

These socials were given by the churches and they had several variations. Charades were the usual entertainment. Sometimes they would have dime socials with light refreshments. Sometimes they sold box suppers. Once they had a necktie social when each box supper also contained a necktie.

The great social event of the year in the early days was the Fireman's Ball on New Years eve. There was a big supper and ball and everyone attended dressed in their best silks and satins. Later the Masonic banquet on St. John's day became the big event. This was an evening banquet with an entertainment afterward.

The men appeared at these social functions in Prince Albert coats and the Ladies, of course, all had to have new dresses. There was only one dressmaker in town and she was a deadly overworked lady on these occasions. It was not always possible to get everyone ready in time and many a lady wore a dress with a basted or pinned in seam or sleeve, occasionally with embarrassing results.

Social life was much more formal in those days, especial-
lying in a new community where people knew nothing about one another. A strange gentleman not only had to be properly introduced, but certain investigations as to his character and standing were made by parents before trusting him to take their daughters to a dance or social.

The surface water was not fit to drink and drinking water was either hauled in or bought by the barrel from those fortunate enough to have a deep well. Even after the artesian well was sunk on Main street that water was used mostly for washing dishes and clothes rather than for drinking purposes.

One of the sights in early days was to see a trail herd cross the river. The bridge was built in '87 but sections washed out several times until finally a new bridge was built in '95 or '96, so that cattle often had to ford the river even after '87. Mrs. Strain remembers seeing 2500 head ford the river at one time. The drivers took the horses across first, then some of the cattle to lead the others and then drove the rest across.

In 1889 a smallpox epidemic broke out. Many people caught it and there were several deaths. Men had come from everywhere in the state to work on the Henry ditch and it was thought that it spread from them. The first case was a Phil Clark, who was working on the ditch. This was about February 14th, as there was to be a masquerade ball on that date which was called off because of the epidemic, and it was still going on when Mrs. Strain left Lamar in May.

Mr. Clark was moved, house and all, in a wagon to the outskirts of town. Several other houses were moved there as people continued to come down with smallpox and it was made into a pest district. Mr. Charles Myers and his sister, Miss Kate, had had the disease and acted as nurses.

Address: Lamar, Colorado

[Signature]
Miss Josephine Silver is the daughter of D. L. Ferguson, who, with a Mr. Ferguson, owned the Springfield stage line. They came to Lamar in the spring of '87, being here for the first birthday celebration on May 24th.

The line was called the Ferguson Stage Company and the equipment was brought to Lamar, from Dodge City, Kansas. This equipment consisted of hacks or light spring wagons with tops and seats, the seats running crosswise of the wagon. They were drawn by four horses as was the Concord coach, which was used only on state occasions. This coach was painted yellow and lined with red plush.

Mr. Silver and Mr. Ferguson had barns at both ends and made a trip each way every day, carrying passengers and the mail.

They also made special trips to other towns in that section of the country for little towns were being boomed all over it in the early years.

They ran this stage for three or four years. Then Mr. Ferguson went back to Dodge City with the equipment and Mr. Silver entered into business in Lamar. Later they ran the stage line together for a short time between Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek.

Interview by Margaret Merrill
December 11.

Lamar, Colorado
Mr. John E. Ford was born in Kincardine County, Scotland. In 1881 he decided to come to America. He worked in Chicago for about three years, then went to Minneapolis. In 1885 he came to Prowers County, Colorado, then a part of old Bent County.

Mr. Ford homesteaded on Clay creek near the site of the present bridge across the creek on State Highway, No. 59. Several other people from the same district in Scotland came out in the next two years, though Mr. Ford says he was not responsible for bringing them. Many of them took up claims in the vicinity of Clay creek and they were known in early days as the Scotch settlement. A little town of Ayr was built, though it was no more than a postoffice, store and saloon, Mr. Ford says.

Among these settlers were James Roberts, Alec Bremner, W. M. Dargie, Wm. Lyon and the Collie brothers. They were of the industrious substantial type of citizen needed to build up a new community.

Mr. Ford says the land south of the Scotch Settlement had no settlers at that time except for a Henry Kellogg on Butte creek, who raised Hereford cattle and was county treasurer in Bent County in '88, and A. V. and F. G. Scott's sheep camp on Clay creek. He does not remember any trouble between sheep and cattle men after he came here.

There were no roads in that part of the country in '85. Just wagon trails over the prairie and trails up and down the creeks made by the cow herds traveling through the country from the south. The tracks of the wagon trails were washed out by the rains until they were deep ruts running across the prairie.

There was a road of some sort to Springfield in '86, but the present road was not laid out until '89 and its course was changed in places in 1918. Mr. Ford says it was never
possible to persuade the engineers of this road to make the culverts along it big enough, because they could not understand how dangerous the harmless looking dry creeks can become in the rainy season. There was a stage running from Lamar to Springfield on this road in '37 and there was quite a bit of travel on the line as they were just opening and booming the south country. They changed horses three times on the route and accomplished the trip in 7 or 8 hours.

It was very hard for the Scotch settlers as for all the early settlers to make a living. They had practically no money and, of course, no crops at first. They built dug outs or sod or rock houses to live in. The successful ones were those who stayed with it and worked hard. Many of them worked for the cattlemen or wealthier settlers and made enough to live on until their claims became productive.

Mr. Ford worked for James Roberts and for A. R. Black. The Black ranch was the most important in the Lamar vicinity and Mr. Ford remembers that some farming was done on it. Hay of course, was grown and in '36 Mr. Black had 15 or 20 acres of alfalfa. Mr. Black built an irrigation ditch in the early '30s which he took out at Morris.

Many irrigation ditches were being surveyed in the '80s. Mr. J. M. McKillen had a ditch on his ranch. F. B. Koen started the Fort Bent Ditch in 1885 which later consolidated with the Colorado and Kansas. F. B. Koen bought Indian claims in 1888 and started the Amity Canal which ran to Buffalo creek for several years. Buffalo creek was taken out east of Bristol.

The first bridge across the river at Lamar was built in '88 by Foote & Sons just west of the town site. The second bridge was built in '94 or '95.

On the 23rd of May, 1887, Mr. Ford was married to Mary Cook by Judge Chadeayne. This was the first marriage in the new town of Lamar.

Address: Lamar, Colorado

Interview by Margaret Merrill December 10 and
Mr. "Buck" Brady was born in New Jersey. He was in Prowers county for occasional visits in the '70s and '80s. He did not, however, come here to stay until the early 1900s when the sidewalk paving was being laid in Lamar.

His early trips were made while he was working for the owned by an English syndicate Deane Cattle Company of Texas. He was bringing herds of cattle through from Texas. The first trip was made in '71. There were very few ranches here at that time. (Mr. Brady remembers a ranch towards Prowers owned by a man named Gillespie. He also remembers the Graham ranch, the Jones ranch and Abe Peterson's ranch, but they were the only ones he remembers.

Trail City was in existence then and thrived on saloons and gambling and was a truly "wild and woolly" town.

Mr. Brady says that they had a great deal of trouble with cattle thieves when coming up the trail in those early days before the Colorado Stockgrowers association was formed. Mr. Brady did some work for the government as deputy marshal in this line. He found many stolen calves that had been branded or rebranded.

In driving cattle up the trail a great many strays would join the herd and some of the herd would be lost by the wayside, joining other herds or straying off from the rest. So the herd drivers would stop occasionally and cut out the strays from the herd and put them back on the range to be collected by the owner at round-up time.

Mr. Brady says the right way to break a horse is to break him gentle. He always tied them up, fed them and took care of them before he would try them with a saddle and did not abuse him them. This method made a good horse.

Interview by Margaret Merrill December 20, 1933

Address: Lamar, Colorado
Mrs. Laura McDowell Leonard came to Prowers county in 1885 when she was eleven years of age from Oil City, Pennsylvania. Her family were relatives of A. R. Black, owner of one of the largest ranches in Bent county, and he made her father, J. A. McDowell, foreman of the ranch. The little town of Blackwell was situated by the ranch. It was merely a shipping point for cattle and consisted mostly of a depot, section houses and postoffice. Mrs. Leonard’s mother acted as postmistress.

The Black ranch house was the finest in what is now Prowers county. It was an adobe house, weatherboarded on the outside so that it looked like a frame house. The adobe walls made it both cooler in summer and warmer in winter. There were big porches running all around it. It had ten large rooms, the living room being an immense room with a great fireplace. There were four fireplaces in the house; the rest of the heating was done by stoves, and as usual with that type of heat the occupants were warm only on the side facing the fire. The house was beautifully finished and furnished inside, but contained no closets at all and, of course no modern conveniences or running water. There was not even a wash house, the water being heated on stoves and the laundry done outside.

There was plenty of hired help, however, including a man cook, and there were always lots of company. The marriage of Mamie Black, one of the daughters, to A. E. Bent, a Lamar business man, was probably the largest affair of the kind ever held in the county. The ceremony took place at the house and the bride wore an elaborate white satin gown with a long train. Guests came from all parts of the state.
and there was feasting and drinking for two days. Mr. Black flagged a passenger train to take away the bride and groom and guests from other parts of the state.

The cowboys lived in big bunk houses. One of the events of ranch life was the bringing of herds of cattle from the range to ship. All of the Black and McDowell families would go out to eat with them and look at the herd. Another event was the arrival of the newspapers which came about once a week and were eagerly awaited.

In February of 1886 there was an eleven day blizzard which left piles of dead cattle in its wake.

Mrs. Leonard remembers the night that the Santa Fe officials had the station moved from Blackwell to Lamar. Blackwell was just three miles east of the Lamar town site and the Santa Fe did not want two stations so near to each other. Mr. Black refused to sell any land to the Lamar town company for a town site, but he did not want to lose his convenient shipping point, therefore he was determined to stop the railroad from moving the station. They did it on Sunday, however, when he could not serve an injunction on them.

The McDowells had been over at a neighbors Saturday evening and had just gone to bed when they heard a terrible noise. It was caused by crews of men sent from Dodge City and La Junta to tear down the depot and section houses. It was daylight by the time the men had loaded them on to flat cars, ready to start for Lamar. This was the morning of May 24th, 1886, and they had them in Lamar, ready for business when the first excursion from Garden City arrived at ten o'clock for the opening sale of lots.

Interview by Margaret Merrill
on December 16, and 18th, 1933.
Leonard, #3.
Prowers Co.

ADDITION—When the McDowells first came to this county there was not a fence here except one that enclosed about an acre around the A. R. Black house. Within this enclosure the blacks had planted trees and shrubs.

The railroad fences were built by the following spring and it was against this fence that the cattle were caught and killed in the blizzard of '86.

Mrs. J. A. McDowell had to get on a freight train and go either to Coolidge, Kansas, or to La Junta for supplies.
George B. Merrill is the oldest newspaper man of the county yet living within its boundaries. He was born in Catlettsburg, Kentucky; his mother was Louisa Buchanan Merrill, his father Joseph Chandler Merrill.

In 1886 his older brothers, Will and Joseph, went west to Garden City, Kansas, to see a former townsman, Mrs. D. A. Mims about a good location for a homestead. Mr. Mims was a member of the town company of Granada, Colorado, which had just been started and advised them to go there. In '87 Mr. Mims offered a job on the Granada Exponent to George Merrill and in April he joined his brothers in Granada. In August the family followed and Mr. J. C. Merrill opened a private bank, which he later closed and opened a grocery store.

The reason for the formation of the town company to promote Granada was that everybody was aware that a new land office district was to be formed in this part of the country and wanted to find a location for a town and be the successful bidder for the land office and profit by the resulting boom. The town company for Granada included Mr. A. D. Snowden of Granada, D. A. Mims and E. N. Keep of Garden City, Thomas Doak, who was president of the company, and M. F. Dickinson. They could not secure title to the land around the old town of Granada and bought a section that had been proved up by a William Grooms. I. R. Holmes of Garden City, who later successfully boomed Lamar and procured for it a post office and the land office, desired to become a member of this company and was kept out.

The first lot sale was made May 17th, but a town organization was not formed until after nearly a year and a half, as they were unable to get either a post office or depot until '87. Trains would stop only when flagged until a de-
pot was secured. By April, 1887, when Mr. Merrill arrived
a depot had been established, but it had not been there more
than a few weeks. This was accomplished by selling the con-
trolling interest in the town to the Santa Fe Town
Mr. Doak made it positive that the town company did not
consider their town as a continuation of old Granada, but
that it was Granada and they were not connected in any way.
Indeed very few houses of old Granada were moved to the new
town as most of them had already been moved to La Junta and
Trinidad.

The first hotel in the town was Mim's House opened some-
time in 1886. The only important business were the real es-
tate offices and saloons. There were four of the latter. An
artesian well was drilled in 1902 and the high school in 1905
or 1906.

There were several killings in Granada in the first two
or three years of its existence, which gave the town a bad
reputation, but they were all committed by transients and
the victims were also out of towners.

Church services were already started when Mr. Merrill
arrived and he does not remember when they began. He was
present, however, at the most memorable service in Granada.
An old time cowboy had taken a notion to become a minister
and obtain permission from the Methodist conference to hold
local services. At the first meeting the hall was crowded
with old timers and cowboys, and they applauded vigorously
after every step of the service including the prayers.

The only amusement Mr. Merrill remembers was the De-
Bating Society which flourished during the winter and spring
of '87. By '88 the people were thinning out too fast to
organize anything.

The Granada Exponent was the first paper in what is
now known as Prowers County. It was owned by Mr. Mims and Mr. Keep of Garden City and the editor and manager was Hamer Norris, who is still living in Garden City.

The paper was started about the middle of May, 1886. In February of that year there had been an eleven day blizzard. Many of the cattle south of the railroad survived, but drifted as far south as Texas. Those north of the railroad drifted as far as the railroad fence and there died. Mr. Norris on his way from Garden City to Granada was forced to get off at Coolidge, Kansas, and walk the rest of the way, for, as we have already said, the trains did not stop at Granada. He told Mr. Merrill he could have walked the entire way on dead cattle.

This blizzard helped many a poor settler through the first year in Colorado by skinning the dead cattle and selling the hides. Later they collected the bones and shipped these away to sell.

The chief article of the equipment of the Granada Exponent was an old army press. This press was run on the principal of the present day proof galley. The bed of the press was run under the roller by hand. It would hold one page of a six column paper and one run could be made as the bed went forward under the roller and another on the way back. The circulation of the paper was around 350. Printer's wages were about $9.00 a week.

Mr. Norris edited the Exponent about three years, then he came to Lamar to run the Times-Irrigator and Mr. Merrill took over the Exponent. In about three months in '90 Mr. Merrill went to Lamar as foreman and editor of the Lamar Register, which was started by W. R. Davis as the Bent County Register on June 12, 1886, and was then owned by B. B. Brown, president of the Merchants State Bank. After a year
Mr. Merrill bought the Register in partnership with Mr. E. F. Seeberger. In '92 Mr. Seeberger sold his interest in the paper to Mr. C. D. Ford, Register of the land office, and in '94 Mr. Merrill bought the paper outright and has owned and edited it ever since.

The first press of the Register office was a Washington hand press. It was harder to run, but gave a better print than the army press. The job presses were run by foot power.

The newspaper business at Granada is complicated. At one time there were three the Exponent, Graphic and Times. They were all running in '87. G. M. McGill owned the Graphic as well as the Lamar Leader. (The Lamar Register for January 12th, 1889 says "The Granada Exponent announces they have purchased the subscription list and goodwill of the Granada Graphic.")

At the time Mr. Merrill moved to Lamar, Mr. Norris moved the Times-Irrigator to Granada and ran it for about a year. The Sentinel was moved from Stonington, Colorado, to Granada in either 89 or '90 by W. C. Calhoun and ran for about two years. This equipment was rented later by a tramp printer, who claimed to be a hot shot from Iowa. He was; he published four issues and then while drunk was run out of town in a load of manure.

From about '93 to 1900 Granada had no paper. Then one called the Sentinel was started. It has changed hands and names many times since then but has had a more or less continuous existence and is now the Granada Journal published by A. L. McDonald.

When Mr. Merrill first arrived in Granada he had an experience typical of boom towns. It was near evening and too late to find his way out to the location of his brother's claims. As he stood on the station platform a man approached and asked if he might help him. Mr. Merrill explained who he was and his predicament. The man, a Mr. Cash, said he knew Will and Joe Merrill quite well and said that the only hotel was too crowded for anyone to get a
Merrill, #5.
Prowers Co.

bed. However Mr. Merrill was welcome to half his bed. Also he was going out into the country in the morning and would be glad to drop Mr. Merrill at his brothers' claims. Feeling very fortunate Mr. Merrill started off with Mr. Cash for the hotel. The conversation suddenly changed to homesteading. Mr. Merrill explained that he was eager to take up a claim, but that he was as yet too young being only 19. Suddenly he discovered that his companion had vanished along with his bed and ride, which the real estate man probably shared with some older man.

George B. Merrill

Address--Lamar, Colorado

Interview by Margaret Merrill on December 12 and 13, 1933.
Lamar, Colo., Dec. 21, 1933.

Some Observations I Have Made in the Past Forty Eight Years.

As an employee of the Fred Harvey ranch and cattle company, I came to old Granada, Colorado, from Deerfield, Kansas, in June, 1885. At that time Prowers county was part of Bent county and very sparsely settled, so sparsely that people living here soon came to know all the permanent inhabitants, all the settlements and nearly all residents on or near the Arkansas River. Coolidge, Kansas, at that time was a struggling village, consisting mostly of railroad people, it being the division point on the A. T. & S. F. railroad. The round house and Harvey eating house, railroad hospital together with quite a number of small cottages for the accommodation of railroad employees.

Trail City later located on the Kansas-Colorado line was not in existence at that time.

There was no farming carried on in this territory in 1885. The only industry was stock raising, cattle, horses, and sheep. There were just two settlers between Coolidge, Kansas and Holly, Colorado, A. D. Jones and Mrs. Hays. Holly was the headquarters ranch of the Arkansas Valley Land and Cattle company (locally known as the SS cattle company), an English-Scottish corporation, who owned practically all the north river bottom from the mouth of Buffalo creek to the Kansas line and many thousands of cattle ranging over the country.

Holly consisted of the large white stone residence designated "The White House" occupied by M. R. Tillett, the company's manager, also a large stone horse barn, a camp-mess house, a large hay barn for storing baled-prairie hay, a commissary-store and a post-office held in the store, all under the care of C. L. McPherson, who was bookkeeper for the company. All these buildings and the stockyards were located on the south
side of the railroad. The blacksmith shop was on the north side about where the Grand Hotel now is.

The SS company employed about thirty men, mostly transient cowboys.

John Gores, who lived a little east of Holly was general utility man, he put out and baled the prairie hay, built fences, was carpenter and blacksmith.

Holly proper consisted of side track, section house and small frame depot. Resident population consisted of four or five families.

The SS company had a very large pasture, which required something like seventy miles of wire fence to enclose three sides of it. Beginning a little west of Cheyenne creek, running north and west to Sheridan Lake, west past the battle ground, on west and came back to the river on Graveyard Creek. There were five families residing between Holly and old Granada. The House family in what was known as the Pomeroy house located north and east of the Santa Fe river bridge. South of the railroad about three fourths of a mile from the bridge is located some stone ranch buildings known as Yankee-bend (formerly the IV ranch) where a family by the name of Toland lived. On the south side of the Arkansas, the Sisson and Gilman families lived. At the time of which I am writing there was no bridge on the river between Garden City, Kansas, and Nepesta, Colorado, except the Santa Fe railroad bridge just east of old Granada now known as Barton.

An extension was built on the upper side and leased by the county as a wagon bridge. Mr. Adam Snowden was employed as bridge watchman for fire protection and lived just at the west end.

In the winter of 1885 the Fred Harvey Ranch and Cattle company bought the Chick, Brown and company's holdings at old Granada, consisting of something like three thousand acres of land extending from the river bridge to the present town of
Granada including the town site of old Granada.

The population of old Granada consisted of four or five families, two side tracks, section house and a 14x16 frame depot, three or four old store buildings, school house, a ramshackle residence where Maj. H. M. Falls, the superintendent lived.

Granada had been the terminus of the railroad for a few years and the remains of a turning wye and round house were plainly discernable.

John *Luke* (Dutch John was foreman or wagon boss.

The present town of Granada was established early in 1886 and nearly all the buildings were moved from old Granada to the new town.

W. W. Jones lived about three miles south west and F. D. less seven miles old Granada. Tony Herlinger three quarters with new Granada. All were engaged in the cattle business exclusively.

The Graham's ranches were located west of Granada in the bottom near the river.

Carlton was a side track and section house on west of the ranch of W. J. McMillin, father of the late Marsena J. McMillin.

Blackwell station was located at what is now known as West Farm and consisted of a large white dwelling, the home of Mr. A. R. Black, a small frame dwelling the home of John A. McDowell, side track, stockyards, section house, a frame 14x16 depot.

Mrs. McDowell kept the post office in her home.

There were no settlers between Blackwell and Prowers station and Lamar had not been thought of and not founded—until May 1886, when the section house, depot and other buildings belonging to the Santa Fe were loaded on flat cars and moved to the present site of Lamar one Sunday and Lamar was born.

In 1886 and '87 there were many settlers coming into the
country and it was impossible to know all of them, but I think there are only three men in Prowers county now that were here when I came: Charles Gore of Holly, Patsy Nolan of Lamar and myself. There are others who were boys then that are men now.

Lamar built up very rapidly and early in 1887 the U. S. Land Office was established here with Arbuckle and Schrock as Register and Receiver.

Prowers county was a part of Bent county until the Legislative session of 1888 when Bent and Las Animas counties were divided. The east end of Las Animas county now is Baca county.

Old Bent county covered the territory which now constitutes Custer, Bent and Prowers counties. The Governor appointed the first officers and designated Lamar as the temporary county seat. When the time came for holding the election there were three candidates for the county seat, Lamar, Granada, and a paper town that Mr. Black proposed to locate and build just west of where the Roosevelt schoolhouse now stands but Lamar had the fastest counters and also some money.

Harry Pettee of Holly and Mr. Elder of south of Granada were the new commissioners elected and together with Mr. J. B. Martin our old commissioner from Bent county constituted the first board of elected commissioners for Prowers county.

The county was named for John W. Prowers, who was a very early settler and resided at Las Animas and died 1883 or '84. He owned much land between Lamar and Las Animas also a large herd of cattle and horses branded v (box v).

He left numerous descendants; John W. Prowers late county clerk was a son.
Mr. George A. H. Baxter, at present county commissioner from the second district of Prowers county, came here in 1872 when he was one year old. His father, Mr. A. H. H. Baxter came to Colorado in 1870 from Indiana near Madison and took up homestead number 11 in the Pueblo land district and the family followed in 1872.

In 1872 Mr. A. H. H. Baxter and Mr. Jake Stover, a relative, built the Baxter and Stover ditch and extended it in 1874. This later became known as the Sisson and Stover ditch. About the same time the SS Cattle Company built a ditch which later became known as the Buffalo Canal.

There were very few settlers here when the Baxters came and no business except the cattle and horse raising. The settlers took land along the river and often just lived on it without filing. There were three types of filing claims, homestead, pre-emption and timber claims. Some of the cattlemen filed on homesteads along the river and then used the range as if it were theirs.

There were a great many Indians going through this country on their way to Indian Territory and this caused several Indian scares, but they did little damage.

Old Granada was started in 1872 about a year before the railroad reached there. T. E. Nolan ran a general store and commissary there before the town was started. At one time there were about fifteen hundred inhabitants, mostly railroad employees, gamblers, freighters and buffalo hunters. The town contained a round house, two wholesale stores, Chick, Brown & Co., and Otano, Sellers & Co., a few private stores and several saloons. These wholesale stores freighted all the supplies to Santa Fe, New Mexico and all the southwestern country by ox teams. Three wagon loads equalled a car load and the long trains of wagons drawn by oxen were a picturesque sight of the early days. This lasted from 1873 to 1876, from the time the railroad built into old Granada until the time when it built on to Las Animas and Pueblo. When the rail
moved on everything moved with it, the round house, the wholesale
stores and freighting business and most of the population.

The Union Pacific Railroad had built their line to Kit Carson
in 1870 and then had run a cross line to Las Animas. This cross
line was abandoned when the Santa Fe line built on from old Granada,
but the old grade for this cross line may still be seen.

Mrs. W. W. Jones was the school teacher at old Granada in
1876. Of the school children of that time five are still living
in Prowers county, Frank Gilman, Fred Gores, Metta Snowden McCurry,
Mrs. "Kid" Baxter, George A. H. Baxter. Murph Ward is living
at Coaldge, Kansas.

The school house at old Granada was moved to the new town of
Granada a few miles west in 1886 and another room was added to it.
In 1903 the high school was built there. C. O. Barton was the
first teacher in new Granada.

New Granada was the first town boomed in this county after
the emigration of the last half of the '80s began to spill over
from Kansas into Colorado. Members of the town company were the
W. H. Snowden Real Estate and Land Co., Mims & Keep and Doak &
Dickinson. W. H. Norris of Garden City, Kansas, was the first
Newspaper man in Granada opening the Granada Exponent.

The boom days of this section were in 1887. At that time
New Granada had a millinery store, two grocery stores, a grain
and feed store, two saloons, the W. H. Norris dry goods store and
the Auff Brothers general store.

Carlton was also founded in 1886. It never had a town or-
ch, and was never much more than a hotel, postoffice and
general store. Judge Fryberger was the postmaster and ran the
store.

Mr. Baxter worked on most of the ranches in this vicinity
and is familiar with their history. He says A. B. Black came in
1872 and built the ditch which afterward became part of the La-
Verne Canal system. This is the oldest priority in the county.

He came back from Texas in 1876 and started his ranch. He controlled
everything from Lamar to the McMillin ranch near Carlton. The McMillins came in 1878. W. W. Jones came from the Republican River in Kansas in 1878 and settled about two miles south of the XY.

The Stovers, Baxters and Robins sold their ranches to the Sisson brothers. Mrs. Baxter has a complete record of the ranches as follows:

T. B. Nolan and Foley came in 1871. Their brand was TB and they ran about 20 to 50 thousand head of cattle.

E. S. Holley opened the SS Cattle Company in 1870. He had pasture about forty miles square from the state line on the north side of the river until the government made them take the fences down.

Beales and Beattis came in 1872 and located at what is known as Yankee Bend. Their brand was BB and they ran about 10,000 head.

James and Martin Graham came in 1873. Their brand was UF connected and they ran about 5,000 head.

Andrew Hirlinger came in 1873. He had three or four hundred head of cattle and his brand was XH.

Marseena McMillin came in 1878 and had three or four hundred head. His brand was X'ML.

A. R. Black came in 1876 and had about 20,000 head of cattle. His brand was WWW.

John W. Powerson started his ranch in 1868 and had about 15,000 head of cattle. His brand was JW.

Abe Peterson came in 1872. He had about four or five hundred head of cattle and horses. His brand was AP connected.

John Malloy had a horse ranch in 1868. His brand was H.

Felix Cain had a cattle ranch.

A. L. Hudnall started a cattle ranch in 1870. His brand was X.

Towers and Gudgell had about 20,000 head of cattle. Their brand was CX.

Kelley and Murray settled in 1874 on Butte creek. They ran
a cattle ranch and their brand was \underline{\text{\textit{AH}}.}

Luke Cahill raised horses. His brand was 55.

Jim and John Jones came in 1873 and settled near Las Animas.
Their brand was JJ and they had both horses and cattle. They sold to an English company.

Jim and Jack Beatty started in 1873 on the townsite of Manzanola and on the Cimarron. Their brand was JB.

McLain was west of Manzanola in 1871. His brand was MC.
Kellogg came in 1872 and raised horses.
P. O. Scott came to this country as a soldier. He went into the sheep raising business in 1876.

The Prairie Cattle Company was the biggest cattle company in this section. They came in 1880 and their main brand was ZH.

The three Miller brothers had a ranch south of the river in Prowers and Baca counties. Their main ranch was the 101 at Miller, Oklahoma. Their ranch here on Butte and Bear creek was started in 1881.

The Western Cattle company was also a large company. They started here in 1882 and their brand was WCC.

Fred Harvey started the XY in 1885.
The Sisson brothers came in 1885, their brand was \underline{\text{\textit{AH}}.}
The Gilmanas moved down from Las Animas in 1876 and started a hay and cattle ranch. Their brand was \underline{\text{\textit{AH}}.}

Jake Stever had a hay and cattle ranch started in 1872. His brand was \underline{\text{\textit{AH}}.}

Fred and George Robinson came in 1870. They hunted wild horses and shipped them east. Their brand was \underline{\text{\textit{AH}}.}

Duck Woods had a horse ranch in 1871.

H. H. Baxter homesteaded in 1870 and had a hay ranch.

Mr. Baxter says that between 1886 and 1890 the small towns opened in the southwest part of Prowers and in Baca counties were

Miamiselle south of Granada on Bear creek, Vilas, Stonington, Byersfield, Albany south of Butte creek, Bulvane south of Lamar, Orella, Atlanta, Wilde west of Two Buttes mountains, Boston
in Smith canyon, Troy by Carriso creek and Higbee. Between 1914 and
1922 they were Springfield, Vilas Stonington, Webb, Walsh, Rodley,
Frishott, Kim, Tobe, Two Buttes.

C. H. P. Baxter, an uncle of George A. H. Baxter and the
mother-in-law of John A. Thatcher, was quite a figure in the his-
tory of the upper part of the valley. Mr. Baxter says of him: "He
came to Colorado in 1867 and made a stake as a miner around Clear
creek. He once owned all the land where Pueblo is now located. His
first partner was Hank Creswell. They had cattle on Boggs flats
between Pueblo and Canyon City and the Indians stole 25,000 head of
these cattle. My uncle organized the volunteers that went with Chiv-
donald to the Sand creek massacre. The Indians had caused a lot of
trouble among the settlers stealing cattle and destroying property
and a large group of citizens volunteered to go with the soldiers.
They surprised a band of Indians about six hundred of them and
killed them all, men, women and children."

Mrs. Etta Hodge Baxter came to Colorado in 1882 with her fam-
ily. They lived first near Prowers on the Abe Peterson ranch and
then moved to Las Animas and later lived west of Lamar. She was too
young to remember much about the country in the early days.
Mr. Baxter worked on most of the ranches in this vicinity and is familiar with their history. He says A.R. Black came in 1872 and built the ditch, which afterward became part of the Lamar Canal system. This is the oldest priority in the county. He came back from Texas in 1836 and started his ranch. He controlled everything from Lamar to the McMillin ranch near Carlton. The McMillins came in 1878. W.W. Jones came from the Republican River in Kansas in 1876 and settled about two miles south of the XY.

The Stovers, Baxters and Robins sold their ranches to the Sisson brothers. Mrs. Baxter has a complete record of the ranches as follows:

T. B. Nolan and Foley came in 1871. Their brand was TS and they ran about 20 to 50 thousand head of cattle.

H. S. Holley opened the SS Cattle Co. in 1870. He had a pasture about forty miles square from the state line on the north side of the river until the government made them take the fences down.

Beales and Beattes came in 1872 and located at what is known as Yankee Bend. Their brand was BB and they ran about 10,000 head.

James and Martin Graham came in 1873. Their brand was UF connected and they ran about 5,000 head.

Antone Hirlinger came in 1873. He had three or four hundred head of cattle and his brand was XH.

Marsena McMillin came in 1878 and had three or four hundred head. His brand was XH.
A.R. Black came in 1876 and had about 20,000 head of cattle. His brand was WXX.

John W. Prowers started his ranch in 1868 and had about 15,000 head of cattle. His brand was JW.

Abe Peterson came in 1872. He had about four or five hundred head of cattle and horses. His brand was AP connected.

John Malloy had a horse ranch in 1868. His Brand was J.

Felix Cain had a cattle ranch.

A. D. Hudnall started a cattle ranch in 1870. His brand was #.

Towers and Cudgell had about 20,000 head of cattle. Their brand was OX.

Mulane and Murray settled in 1874 on Butte Creek. They ran a cattle ranch and their brand was A.

Luke Cahill raised horses. His brand was 55.

Jim and John Jones came in 1873 and settled near Las Animas. Their brand was JJ and they had both horses and cattle. They sold to an English company.

Jim and Jack Beatty started in 1873 on the townsites of Manzanola and on the Cimarron. Their brand was JB.

McLain was west of Manzanola in 1871. His brand was MC.

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The Prairie Cattle Co. was the biggest cattle company in this section. They came in 1880 and their main brand was ZH.

The 3 Miller brothers had a ranch south of the river in Prowers and Baca counties. Their main ranch was the 101 at
Miller, Okla. Their ranch here on Butte and Bear Creek was started 1881.

The Western Cattle Co. was also a large company. They started here in 1882 and their brand was WCC.

Fred Harvey started the XY in 1885.

The Sisson brothers came in 1895. Their brand was  [ Missing symbol. ]

The Gilmans moved down from Las Animas in 1876 and started a hay and cattle ranch. Their brand was  [ Missing symbol. ]

Jake Stover had a hay and cattle ranch started in 1872. His brand was  [ Missing symbol. ]

Frank and George Robinson came in 1870. They hunted wild horses and shipped them east. Their brand was  [ Missing symbol. ]

Buck Woods had a horse ranch in 1871.

A.H.H. Baxter homesteaded in 1870 and had a hay ranch.
Unless steps are taken soon to get the correct data and chronicle events and names connected with the organization and early growth of Lamar, it will soon be impossible ever to correctly chronicle the town's history.

The idea of laying out a town here was first conceived by John E. Codding and he interested I. R. Holmes of Garden City, who was the prize town boomer of that day. Together they went to Topeka and interested substantial men connected with the land department of the Santa Fe.

The firm of Steele and Malone of Denver, composed of Robert W. Steele, later Chief Justice, and Wm. H. Malone drew up the incorporation papers of the Lamar Town & Land Co. There were 36 shares of stock issued of $100 cash paid in value. The articles of incorporation were filed May 22, 1886, and John E. Frost, John E. Codding, I. R. Holmes, Robert W. Steele and Wm. H. Malone were the incorporators. The officers were A. S. Johnson of Topeka, president; Wm. H. Malone, vice-president, and John E. Codding, secretary. They paid $1600 to Edward Fitzgerald for his homestead on which the original town was located, $600 to Steele and Malone for attorney fees, and the balance for advertising a lot sale on the ground on May 24, 1886.

The party arrived on the ground on the day of sale and the surveyor began the work of platting, but the eager buyers bought the lots faster than he could plat them, many being bought from the plates brought with the promoters. The first day sales were $45,000, one third cash and not one dollar of the deferred payments on these sales were ever defaulted.

The first scrap was to obtain a depot and as the station of Blackwell, near the old Black ranch house, had to be moved here, it was necessary to scheme around that most superb schemer A. R. Black to get it.

Taking advantage of Mr. Black's absence and the fact that no injunction could be issued on Sunday, Lamar's first Sunday celebra-
tion was going down in a body and assisting the railroad men in loading the station on a box car and bringing it up here.

The Holmes and Parmenter addition was located on land which M. L. Parmenter gained title to by soldiers additional scrip in the names of Luther Branch and Louisa Stover, guardian for Eliza J. Borchs.

The McKeever addition was located with soldiers scrip of Samuel S. Reynolds by A. C. McKeever. The West Side addition was proved up by John E. Godding. The Bent Cottage Place addition by Wm. Jr. Cummings. The Highlands, Morehouse, and Buena Vista additions by E. W. Fuller. The Maxwell addition was proved up by Edith P. Craddock, while John Morris proved up the First Addition.

The town was incorporated by the election of city officials on January 4, 1887. C. M. Morrison was the first mayor and F. W. Burger, U. H. Vanorsdale, S. D. Rall and P. M. Noble were the first trustees. At the first regular election in April, 1887, A. D. Rawlings was elected mayor and F. W. Burger, A. Deeter, U. H. Vanorsdale, E. L. Koen, P. M. Noble and S. D. Rall trustees.

The first regular school board was elected on December 18, 1886, and was composed of D. E. Cooper, C. W. Hunter and Dr. Wm. Cummings. The first big school scrap was in the summer of 1887 when it was decided to build a new school house and an election was called to select the site of the building. Three elections were held in one day. The first was declared fraudulent and thrown out. The second was a tie and the third resulted in the election of the site in McKeever's addition by a majority of one. The building was constructed by D. C. Marker and is now the Pioneer building.

I. R. Holmes, who was chief boom and congressional lobbyist for the town, secured the passage of an act of congress establishing the Bent Land District and the location of the land office at Lamar beginning January 1, 1887. This was the cause of the big boom.

The Koen Bros. were already on the ground constructing the
south side ditch when the town was started, and they and others
have kept this work up ever since.

The division of Bent county and the organization of Prowers
county and establishing of temporary county seat at Lamar did not
occur until April, 1889. Hon C. C. Goodale was head of the commit-
tee that secured this most valuable addition to Lamar's assets.
The election for permanent county seat occurred in November, 1889,
and resulted in a victory for Lamar by 89 majority over Granada,
Alliance and Carlton combined.

Lamar's first celebration of its anniversary, May 24, 1887,
was the most spectacular event of the early history of the Arkansas
valley, and the most spectacular feature of the parade was the
float, band and citizens of Boston, a town of one thousand inhab-
habitants in what is now Baca county, and which has now passed entire-
ly out of existence.

The present Christian church was the first church building in
Lamar, and the residence of R. C. Goodale, the first residence house.

The first business house was moved out of town years ago.

The Lamar Register was issued on June 5, 1886, in a building
without a roof and during a rain storm, but nothing could stop the
men of that day in what they started to do. It has had a more or
less stormy existence ever since, and several times has felt as if
both the roof and floor were slipping away. The Lamar Leader was
the second paper and the Sparks the third. Both were merged
afterwards into the Sparks. The first paper in the territory com-
prising Prowers county was the Granada Exponent, which was finally
taken over by the Register.

The big rush of settlers to this district in '86, '87 and '88
made Lamar the Mecca of all homemakers and the liveliest town in
the west for several years. Real estate, restaurants and sal-
oons were of course the leading businesses, and at one time the
town had seventeen saloons. Our present mayor, J. K. Doughty, an
attorney, secured the first conviction for a violation of the
tavern laws.
W. J. Johnston opened a dry goods store here in the summer of 1869 and is the only merchant who has been continuously in business since the first months of the town. C. C. Huddleston started about the same time, but had a short spell a few years later when he had to be "showed" that Lamar was the best town on earth, so he went to Missouri for a little over a year. Many of our citizens have been over 27 years in the vicinity, and some over 30, but no man or woman has been 28 years a resident of Lamar just yet awhile.

Geo. W. Hunter was foreman of the Santa Fe section before the town was started and Mrs. Hunter was the first white woman in the town, but they lived awhile on a homestead as did practically all of the early settlers. Hardly one of the first settlers failed to squabble $16 with Uncle Sam that they could stay six months on a claim and most of us had to give up that Uncle had us beat.
Hon. A. M. Lambright of Las Animas who was referee to take
the testimony in the early adjudication of water rights of the
Colorado Ditches in the Arkansas river, is probably the best posted
man on early ditch history along the valley as a result of his
work. He has written a very interesting article to the Bent Coun-
ty Democrat on early ditch history and litigation which will be of
much interest to our readers and which we print below:

After reading the article copied in the Bent County Democrat
from the La Junta Tribune, as well as the decision of the U. S.
District Court published some time ago, and hearing the scare talk
around town over the Kansas-Colorado suit, I feel that the people
interested may appreciate what I may suggest. While taking the
testimony in the priorities matter in District No. 17 and later in
District no. 67, I had the pleasure of an acquaintance with many
citizens, most of whom have passed over the divide. I learned
many facts that now are nearly forgotten. The attorneys appearing
for the different ditches were dealing with a new subject. The
proceedings were started by T. C. Henry for The Arkansas River
Land, x Reservoir and Canal Company, now the Fort Lyon Canal com-
pany, in the year 1890, as I recall, for I am not going to look up
the record in that case, but will rely on what still lingers in my
memory. C. C. Hess was attorney for that company; John Ayers repre-

ounced what was then known as the Jones Ditch Company; C. M.
Ayers, the Las Animas Ditch Company; John H. Voorhees represented
the Rocky Ford Ditch Company and M. B. Cerry the Catlin Ditch Com-
pany.

The state was admitted into the Union in 1876 so that the
Constitution was still young in 1890. The first statute was passed
by I recall in 1879 and the one we were really working under was
passed in 1881. The Supreme Court had rendered very few decisions
in irrigation matters. We had the statute requiring the filing of
a bond and statement in the office of the County Clerk and also in
the office of the "State Hydraulic Engineers," an office which
never existed in fact. This law was enough to confuse both engineers and attorneys. To illustrate: The Jones Ditch had been constructed about 1871 or 1872 before the constitution, and about 9 years before any legislation on irrigation in Colorado, and of course no statute could require the filing of a map and statement, which could limit rights to the date of such filing. Nevertheless the attorney filed such map and statement, claiming a priority as of about 1889, and thought that he had done well to escape dating it in 1890. A priority was first granted to the Jones Ditch in 1889, which was afterwards changed after much litigation to the present priority, whereas at all times under the law (if the case had been properly presented in the beginning) it was entitled to its full 120 cubic feet back to at least 1871 and part of it back to about 1860 or 1867.

Such was the condition when this water litigation began, and when no one in this part of the state thought there was really much in the question of priorities. The priorities of ditches, especially of the ditches in this part of the valley, would be entirely different if the adjudications were made today, as will appear presently. They are probably now settled forever so far as ditches in Colorado are concerned, but not so as to affect or establish any rights adverse to Colorado in any litigation with Kansas or ditch owners in Kansas. The doctrine that the prior use gives the better right was established by the courts, as it was said, ex necessitate rei (by the necessity of the case) before there was any legislation, state or federal, and before declared in any state constitution. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Federal Courts have followed that doctrine regardless of state lines. Now with this preliminary statement of the law, what are the facts that ought to be looked up and placed permanently of record in this case before the facts are entirely forgotten? The witnesses are getting fewer each year and are nearly all gone. When taking the evidence in the early nineties I learned many things of the old timers than living, but most of that has also gone from me,
because those engaged in presenting those cases mistook the statute as they found it, and not the application of water, as the important fact. But I will suggest a few facts that may be worth investigating, and which I will suggest from memory: Proof can still be had showing that as early as the early sixties quite a large acreage of the Lee Place, I would estimate about 600 acres, and of the Moore ranch, I would say at least another 600 acres, was irrigated from the Purgatoire ditch, having its headgate about two miles above the present bridge. This came into the Lee ranch about the southwest corner of the ranch and passed just east of the houses, thence over the dyke and on to the Moore ranch about where the present ditch crosses the railroad. These were still there when I took over the Lee ranch in about 1896. Through this irrigation not only will hay was produced but after Fort Lyon was moved up from the old location near the headgate of the Amity canal, corn and other crops were grown and sold mostly to the Government for their cavalry by Tom Boggs and Judge R. M. Moore. There was also a ditch taken out on the east side of the Purgatoire near where the old Kellogg bridge was and ran down to the old town, the original Las Animas, opposite and a little above the Fort. This irrigated quite an acreage. This was the condition until the coming of the old Kansas Pacific railroad from Kit Carson, when the persons who put in the grade for that railroad moved their outfit over and constructed what was then known as the South Side Ditch, afterwards called the Jones Ditch and now The Las Animas Consolidated Canal, covering all the land now covered by the Las Animas Consolidated Canal and the Las Animas Ditch and, during its day, the Riverside Ditch, possibly six to eight thousand acres. There was much difficulty in keeping the headgates and dams in the Purgatoire and when this ditch was completed water was turned into the old Purgatoire ditch to supply the lands on the Lee place and Moore place. About this time great herds of cattle were being brought in from the south, from New Mexico and Texas, for slaughter in the two packing houses, one east and one west of Las Animas. The carcasses
were shipped by train loads hung up in box cars in the winter time.
The bottom lands were not all farmed for cultivated crops, but
were irrigated to grow wild hay and grass on which to hold these
cattle for a short time. So, the fact is, there was probably 60
to 90 cubic feet of water supplied from the Purgoaire from the
early sixties. I would estimate that the old South Side Ditch had
a capacity of about 200 feet, for it had still a capacity of 120
feet when we were taking proofs in 1890, and part of the land was
then covered by the Riverside with 80 cubic feet and the Las Ani-
mas Ditch of 38 feet, and when they came in the then Jones Ditch
gradually was allowed to get into bad repair and carried less.

So that for the lands around Las Animas a priority can be es-

tablished earlier than any of the Kansas ditches for at least 200 cu.
feet, running back at least to 1871 for all, and 1860 to 1867 for
at least 60 cubic feet. It may be said that this early irrigation
was not as thorough as present irrigation, but it is also true that
none of the early irrigation under any of the ditches in Colorado or
Kansas was any better, and the Court must take these things into its
consideration, and must also consider that for the first few years
several times as many cubic feet of water is necessary to irri-
tate the land as would be required after years of irrigation, when
the ground is leveled down and soaked up.

With these facts before us we may now state what would be the
priorities adjudicated to the Las Animas Ditch and the Consoli-
dated Canal if the adjudication were to be established now in the
light of present knowledge of irrigation and the law, both statute
and court decisions. The lands under the Las Animas Ditch and the
Las Animas Consolidated Canal would have a priority going back to
at least 1867 for the land originally irrigated from the Purgo-
aire, say 30 cubic feet, and for the balance, say 200 cubic feet
running back to about 1871.

These are the facts and the law that will determine the rights
of Colorado as against Kansas so far as these ditches here alone
make up the case. It is also well known that the Fort Lyon Mill-
Reservation included the land up to near the Las Animas
bridge and covered all the land lying south of the Santa Fe Trail down to a point east of the Fort, as now known, and that the Government constructed a ditch from the Arkansas river, with headgate just east of the Las Animas bridge as now located and running down through the present reservation grounds and irrigated land lying just east of the present hospital grounds. That ditch carried at least 50 cubic feet of water before 1880.

The Kansas Ditch and the Prowers Ditch between Caddoa and Prowers irrigated something like 2,000 acres from some time in the seventies, on the Abe Peterson ranch and the old Prowers ranch. There is probably a couple hundred cubic feet of water there prior to any claimed by Kansas. Every old timer knows of the tremendous tonnage of wild hay grown on the Arkansas river bottom south and west of Holly under the SS outfit ditch. A. R. Black was a pioneer in irrigation east of Lamar. (Coming again up the river, in the early sixties there was the old Armentrout ditch coming out of the Arkansas river about where the Fort Lyon headgate is, and was maintained as a sort of educator of Indians in farming.) (Going further up, the Rocky Ford Ditch has claims to an earlier priority than any in Kansas.) (The Fosdick Ditch near Boone was constructed either in the sixties or seventies.) An investigation will probably discover evidence of ditches prior to 1880 about Canon City.

Going over into the Lower Huerfano, Craig and Boyle farmed by irrigation and had a mill to grind their wheat into flour, and grew corn which was hauled by ox teams to Fort Lyon for sale in the late seventies.

Returning again to the Purgatoire, some of the earliest farming was done under the Sizer ditch in the early seventies and even back in the sixties. The same can be said of farming at Ninemile and about Trinidad on the Purgatoire.

I have no doubt but that an investigation will show that at least 2,000 cubic feet of water was used from the Arkansas river and its tributaries in Colorado as early as the seventies, and before there was any effort to irrigate in the state of Kansas.

In those early days dams and headgates were easily washed out
and there may have been years when ditches were idle, but it makes no difference whether there was a continuous irrigation from the same ditch. Kansas' right, if any, is measured at the state line, and if the water was used at all to the extent claimed by or in Colorado in this litigation, Colorado can marshal all the water used and make claim just as it could if taken out of one ditch from the Arkansas river or any one or more of its tributaries. During the low stages of the river Colorado will be entitled to all the water as a matter of right, and during the floods Kansas will want us to take all we can. The large and late ditches in both Colorado and Kansas are substantially flood water ditches and always were, and it is out of these late ditches that this Kansas Ditch must draw its supply, and at times when there is any water Kansas could draw, we will have it to spare and she then can't use it, for she will then have plenty.

Another thing, this ditch must first shut down all ditches in Kansas with a later priority than 1880 before she can call upon Colorado, and if seepage is returning to the river in Kansas as in Colorado the seepage in Kansas and the lower Arkansas in Colorado will supply her priority.

And still another thing: There was only one year since the Fort Lyon was built when the dust blew up and down the bed of the ditch after the snow water quit. The only water in the Arkansas came down from the Royal Gorge at Canon City. We all know that there are times when all the headgates of the Fort Lyon Canal are shut down in an attempt to carry part of the first priority of 160 feet to the lower end of the canal and that none of it ever reached the lower end headgate. Such waste should be stopped. Except for the seepage coming into the river all along the route, 500 feet at Canyon City in low water times, would never reach the headgate of the complaining ditch in Kansas. It would all be lost in the sand never to resurrected for irrigation. No court would permit such waste, especially when it can be proved to be waste. Furthermore,
it would establish a dangerous precedent. For if the Kansas Principle can be applied to the complaining ditch it would apply to a ditch at Great Bend or Hutchinson.

No. Let our excited farmers take a dose of horse sense and not waste time in worry that ought to be spent in farming. Our friends in Kansas are scared at what existed before there was any irrigation in Kansas. We all know that when Kansas settled up we were always hearing of the hot winds burning up all crops every few years, and if the hot winds didn’t come the grasshoppers did, even into the eastern part of the state. But cultivation, planting of trees and growing of crops is doing away with all that. The conditions are no worse than they were in 1880, when the complaing ditch says their rights arose; in fact they are far better, as will be shown, if the proofs are looked up and presented, as herein indicated, can be done. In fact if they have read carefully the former Colorado-Kansas decision of the U. S. Supreme Court they know that they cannot win, but think that our ditch companies will again be easy marks and compromise as they did before.
ALONG THE CATTLE TRAIL

By Hamer Norris
(From Lamar Register March 7, 1928-May 2, 1928.)

It was an unusually warm day on the 17th of May, 1886. All eastern Colorado lay bathed in bright sunshine, but above all rested a light haze, peculiar at times to the Great Plains, the dust arising from the ground, which had yet hardly commenced to turn green with its carpet of buffalo grass, formed here and there small patches, looking all the world like lakes of purest water, in which the surrounding objects appeared distorted and upside down. Along the south, cutting the plain in two, arose the range of low sand hills, bedecked in sage bush and bunch-grass. To the north the Arkansas glistened and glittered as it wound its sluggish way over the quicksands of its bed, in and out through the sparse timber that lined its banks. Over all this great region, that extended from the eastern boundary of the state to the foothills of the Rockies, and from Canada to the Rio Grande, a silence sober and almost appalling brooded and oppressed. No sign of civilization, except at long distance some ranch house and low corrals lay indistinct on the horizon, or perhaps a cloud of dust arose and floated away, betokening the presence of cowboys working their herds. Crisscrossed in all directions were the old buffalo trails leading to and from the river or some old buffalo wallow. To the east the tender green of the XY meadows formed a rest and cooling shadow; to the north another ranch house appeared in a small grove of cottonwoods, all else was deserted and silent. But into this picture came several men, and with chain and compass commenced to plat the town of Granada. It seemed a hopeless task in this great wilderness, just as nature had left it ages before, but starting from a stone, or the little mounds and holes that government surveyors had left to mark township and range, the task was accomplished and the new town had its beginning. A small herd of timid mild-eyed antelope stood and watched the men
in silent protest, or a lone coyote raised a louder one from the fringe of sandhills, for was this not an invasion of their hither-to undisputed domain, the advance guard of the immigrants that were to sweep across the plains, founding towns, opening farms, that were to drive them from their hunting and grazing grounds?

On the morrow a load of rough lumber, more men, and in a few hours a rough shack, with battened cracks and a stove pipe extending through the roof, and at noon the first meal served on the townsite to the surveyors and saw and hammer carpenters; the guests welcomed at the door with a kindly smile by a man whose shoulders already sagged beneath the years, and whose locks were already whitening in the passing of time; in one corner a woman busy over pots and pans, and the pleasant aroma of food, clean and tasty filled the room.

The next day a saloon reared its unwelcomed head, then a general store, and so on, day by day, a new store, another saloon, a bank building, lumber yard, the inevitable livery stable, hotel and real estate office, and finally the newspaper whose mission it was to lie and boast and solemnly affirm that Granada, "The Cradle of Destiny" and the "Gateway to Colorado," was to become the metropolis, the teeming city of the new land.

So Granada made rapid strides, all the characteristics of the boom town, were present; the sound of saw and hammer from early morning to evening shadows; streets filled with eager eyed men, all possessing the gambling spirit, speculating in town lots, locating on timber claims and homesteads, eagerly pushing their various businesses as merchants, real estate men or hotel rustlers.

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At a meeting of the citizens one day it was unanimously decided that what Granada needed most at the moment was educational advantages for the children already there and for those who were yet to come. So it was proposed to collect a fund to build a school house, and the proposition was going over fine until someone suggested that there was a perfectly good school house a few miles away east of Granada which was used only occasionally
orlic, 93.
Proctor Co.

by two or three children from a neighboring ranch, so he proposed that the building be swiped, and as there was only once chance in a thousand that anyone would discover what was going on until the building could be safely anchored in town, enthusiasm ran high, and the following day the building was resting safely and snugly in its new location.

Now that the matter of education was so satisfactorily settled it was determined that something must be done to induce the Santa Fe railroad to recognize the coming metropolis and stop its trains. Hibbert the nearest station was Old Granada, three miles away, now a place in name only, possessing a great and exciting past it was true as one of the important towns on the Old Santa Fe Trail, but now having only a drab and dreary future. There was no need for trains to stop there, but every reason why they should stop at the new town. The proposition was put up to the railroad officials and after a little time came the ultimatum. "As the Santa Fe practically owned all the towns along its lines in Kansas it would have to have fifty-one per cent of all unsold lots in Granada and fifty-one percent of all the money heretofore realized from lot sales before it would give Granada a depot." This was a solar plexus blow, indignation meetings were held, it would never do to surrender its birthright to the soulless corporation, and answer was made "that the town company would build at least one town without railroad interference."

This answer hurt the pride of the Santa Fe officials and filled their hearts with anger, to even dare to intimate that anything could be put over on the Great Plains without the sanction of the railroad. For the next month the silence was ominous, and the next move of the railroad came when surveyors appeared on the spot where Lamar now stands and laid out the new townsite. The new town was sponsored by the Arkansas Valley Town Company, which was part of the Santa Fe land department, and was taken up and owned by a lot of Kansas town boomers who knew how to make things happen. In a few days a depot was moved to the townsite, a lot auc-
tion was arranged, excursions were run, the U. S. Land office was
premised and buildings sprang up everywhere.

Meanwhile Granada assumed a pose of watchful waiting and this
attitude was maintained for a year when the town surrendered un-
conditionally to the railroad. But it was too late, all the set-
tters insisted upon going further west. Lamar continued to grow
and Granada wallowed around in a slough of despond. But one hope
remained, Granada proposed to be made the county seat of the pro-
posed new county of Prowers. Arrangements were made for an honest
election, it was not proposed to have any disgraceful Kansas county
seat war, so Bat Masterson was employed to look after the interests
of Lamar and Ben Daniels was similarly employed by Granada. La-
amon and Granada's hopes like the deceptive mirage flickered
and faded, and the sun of "The Child of Destiny" hid its face be-
hind the dark and somber clouds of a pleasant vision and Granada
became a deserted village of the plain.

The same glorious sunshine flooded the plains as on the day
of its birth. Meadow larks raised their voices in the fields, the
sun of machinery came from the farms, water glistened in the new
irrigation ditches, the world moved on either side but Granada re-
mained apathetic, the spirit of progress was dead, and "The Child
of Destiny" tottered around on paralytic legs.

Anger filled the heart of the old guard that had started the
town, a spirit of revenge against the Santa Fe still lingered,
and ways were sought to get even and it was suggested that a rail-
road be built from Colby, Kansas. The idea was taken up and ex-
abled by a long whiskered man from Missouri; he owned a bank,
a lumber yard and his piety and honesty seemed as substantial as
his whiskers, and the people rallied to his support. To raise the
money by popular subscription was out of the question; the voting
of bonds to build railroads was prohibited by law, but glory be,
the town could vote bonds to build irrigation ditches. So every-
body marched to the polls and forty thousand dollars worth of beau-
tifully printed bonds were authorized and turned over to the pro-
motor's bank, without the scratch of pen or legal writ, and the old saint lost no time in converting them into cash. A few yards were excavated on a ditch and then the bank, bonds and promoter faded out of the picture and later Granada had a large judgment saddled upon her. Some still professed to see a faint glimmer of the star of destiny and a bridge was built across the river. If Granada could not have the county seat or the land office, she could still become the chief trading point for the great territory surrounding her, for did she not have the best roads through the sandhills; was not the great valley only awaiting the magic touch of water and alfalfa to transform it into a sea of living green; were not countless herds roaming over the range; was not farm and homestead beginning to dot the land; was not water ready to be brought to these farms insuring against drought and failure? But these hopes were, alas, blasted; first one building after another in the town went up in flame and smoke; the prairie dog again sat up on the rim of his burrow as of yore, and the skulking coyote raised his mocking laugh in the deserted streets. The silence of the day and the shadows of the night alone were broken by the clanking of glasses and the rattle of dice in the saloons or the frequent fusillade of revolver shots discharged by the cowboys who rode up from Trail City, or some ranch, to quench their thirst in bad whiskey, or satisfy their gambling spirit in a poker game. Trail City finally passing out, the saloons and gambling houses in Granada, having nothing else upon which to feed, also disappeared, and Granada lay a broken and futile thing, a monument to chance that might have been but never were.

March 14

During the first few months the groceries and supplies for Granada were purchased in Coolidge, Kansas and transported by wagon for it was cheaper that way than by freight. At that time there was a double bridge across the Arkansas river over which these supplies must be brought. Half of this bridge was used by
the railroad and the other half by wagons protected on the side by a flimsy railing. It was always dangerous for a team to meet a train on the bridge, especially with bronchos that always had the devil well developed in them and they invariably tried to run away and would take a flying leap into the river. One day the pioneer boarding house keeper met a train, his team crashed through the railing and the life of the man was crushed out beneath the heavily loaded wagon. It was the first death in the community; there was no undertaker in the town, so a carpenter was employed to construct a rude pine box, a grave was dug in the edge of the sandhills and preparations for the funeral were started. The town was also without a minister and no one could be found to conduct religious services, until finally the carpenter, who had constructed the coffin said he had a Bible and would read a chapter at the grave provided that the possession of the Bible did not stamp him as a man who depended upon Christian guidance rather than the six shooter.

The funeral was held on Sunday and a large crowd attended, for it was an event of considerable moment, it was the first tragic death and the first funeral. There assembled the settlers from the homesteads, cowboys from the ranches and dwellers from the town who ranged themselves around the grave, the coffin was lowered and as the first shovel of earth settled upon the pine box the aged widow gave a piercing cry and swooned away. She was dragged to the side of the crowd which again turned to the matter in hand. The grave was filled and rounded up and as the people were preparing to depart, Dutch John, a browned giant from the range and cow camps stepped out of the crowd and in his half broken tongue said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I want to announce that there will be a dance at the Blue Front tomorrow night, everyone come out and rag."

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To all outward appearances the settlers were not over burdened with piety, or at least they made no sign that they longed for serenity and peace, but there must have been a little latent Christian charity, or perhaps they were looking forward to such material bene-
fite as might accrue by having a little religious sentiment in the town, but something moved them and it was decided that church should go along with the schoolhouse. A popular subscription was taken up, to which the cowboy and gambler added not a little, and a suitable building was soon available. Here was another dilemma, the church was ready but there was not a sky pilot within a hundred miles, and as yet no cowboy felt the urge to become an evangelist, so when the Methodist conference offered to supply the pulpit, but allow it to remain non-sectarian, the offer was accepted.

Shortly afterwards a tall, gangling, long faced Missourian was assigned to the pulpit and commenced holding services. He soon developed the habit of dropping into places where the boys were having a quiet little game. He did not go there to admonish them, nor to point out the error of their ways, he simply stood around, but when a particularly rich jack pot was in sight his mouth would positively water for the flesh pots. He invariably wore one of those old fashioned linen dusters one pocket of which sagged in peculiar manner, and seeing this another Missourian who was setting in a game, invited the preacher out behind the house and without a word handed him a half pint bottle of whiskey. The empty bottle was returned and that was all and Christian spirits became considerably diluted with those of another kind. On returning to the mine the Missourian remarked 'that a sagging pocket like that in Missouri always indicated the presence of a whiskey bottle.' Even the cowboys were shocked at such evidence of depravity in a sky pilot and so he drifted out of the picture.

The next attempt to Christianize the community came when a Harper little fellow was sent out from New York. He had had a great urge to convert the western heathen, to show them the comfort of religion. His garb was the conventional black of clergymen, a white shirt and a derby hat to lend dignity. Although his garb and ways attracted attention no cowboy every thought to smash his camera or make him dance the same dance with bullets spattering around his feet, rather they regarded him with a sort of reverence, or it
may have been just simple curiosity.

He announced that his first services would be on Easter night and invited all to attend. So at early candle light the church was filled. On the front rows the cowboys in full regalia, chaps, spurs, guns and the regulation ten gallon hat, which they forgot to remove. In the middle rows the elders and leading citizens of the town, and occupying the back seats were the children. The first number of the program was a prayer by the pastor and at the word "amen" a roar of applause from the front rows, which swelled into a diapason of sound as hand mmxxixxx met hand, spurs struck together, and chaps made a swishing sound and high heeled boots clattered on the floor. No ghost that ever came out of graveyard at midnight looked whiter than did Rev. Story as he stood in awe before the magnificent crowd in front of him and it was in a weak and trembling voice that he announced the next number on the program, a guitar solo by the local music teacher. Taking up the instrument with the confident air of the artist, tuning it to her liking, adjusting her three children conveniently at her side, she announced that the title of the piece was "Pass Under the Rod," supposed to convey the idea of punishment awaiting those who failed to hear the call to the mourner's bench. With a sweep of the hand across the twanging strings she attacked the piece with vigor and assurance. She soon discovered that she could not keep up the rhythm and preserve the harmony with one hand and wipe the noses and pull up the stockings of the children with the other. Neither could she keep them quiet with a frown, so the melody drifted from C major to C minor, and the music ended in a clash of discordant sound. Amid the roar of applause that followed she marched out from the church with her three children, and from certain loud wailings and sobs that came drifting through the door it became known that all had "Passed Under the Rod." She thought she had made a failure, but the cowboys, who knew nothing of music, and whose ears were attuned alone to the howling of the calf under the branding iron, or the howling of the coyote on his lonely vigil, unanimously decided that it was
the perfection of music and harmony. And so on, as each number on
the program was ended the applause swelled ever louder and louder,
until the Benediction, when it broke forth in deafening ki-yies
and shouts of "go to it, pastor" and the announcement that the
jack pots in every saloon would be sweetened for the benefit of the
pastor. That promise was kept and the proverbial wolf never got
near the pastor's door as long as he remained.

March 2|

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In every community there are always one or two outstanding
characters who are seemingly set apart from the "common" herd.
This appeared particularly so in the West as it was forty years
or more ago. Some of them may have been old buffalo hunters, mer-
chants, bad men, or even the faithful itinerant minister who traveled
over a large territory, never dreaming it a hardship to ride fifty
or sixty miles in all kinds of weather, to perform a marriage cere-
mony, or carry a message of hope or sympathy to some bereaved and
lonely family.

One such character of the old West appeals particularly to
me. Perhaps because on several occasions, through friendship
alone, he was willing to risk life or serious injury in my behalf.

John Luke, known as "Old Dutch John", was a product of the
backwoods of Missouri, who developed his character and achieved
his reputation in the cow camps or on the range as a foreman. He
was generally accorded the reputation as a bad man, still we did
not believe he deserved it entirely; true he had several notches on
his gun which were supposed to represent several men whose lives
had gone out in some bar room brawl. Under his rough exterior he
possessed a tender heart; ever ready to stand by a friend, and (when
aroused to anger a raging lion, fearless and indifferent to all
consequences to himself.)

He was powerfully built, rugged of countenance, possessing
great physical strength; a face seemed with dissipation and long
hours at the gaming table. Always dressed in chaps and flannel
shirt, the inevitable broad brimmed hat, high heeled boots and
flaming red necktie to impart color. Such was his love for children that he would desert the bar or the gaming table, whenever he heard that some mother with a small baby had arrived in town, and marching straight to the mother he would ask in his broken English: "Madam, can I borrow your baby for a little while?" It was seldom that the request was refused, even the smallest child did not seem to be afraid of him as he would mount him on his shoulders to commence the round of the saloons, gambling houses or grocery where candy and cookies were to be had, and if the infant was returned to his mother without a severe attack of colic it was fortunate.

A feud of long standing existed between Dutch John and Dan Jones, the marshal of Coolidge, a man equally powerful and fearless. One hot day Dutch decided he would go down to Coolidge and have a little fun with the marshal, so heading up on firewater in Cranada and finishing the load with an additional supply at Trail City, he crossed the line into Kansas. By the time he got there he was in an hilarious, if not dangerous mood, and lost no time in making his presence known. He did not have long to wait for the marshal appeared on the scene. What was said is not known, but each ignoring their guns, they went after each other with bare knuckles, they fought like two vicious animals, rolling over in the street, striking and grunting but finally resorted to knives. Dutch finally arose and the marshal lay a bleeding mass in the dust. Dutch mounted his horse and crossed the state line, and as the marshal finally recovered nothing was done, but Dutch considered that the feud was settled.

On another occasion Dutch was riding on a railroad velocipede, and as he came opposite to a saloon in Cranada, that faced the railroad, a fusillade of pistol shots rang out all from the porch in front of the saloon. Dust and sand flew up all around him, but brushing his face in the most leisurely way toward the saloon he remarked: "Say, look out, you might hit someone." Then seeing who it was and recognizing an enemy, he jumped off the velocipede and started toward the saloon, gun in hand. The man did not tarry on
He going, but directed a straight line toward the sandhills and being the better sprinter, and fear lending wings to his flight, he disappeared in a cloud of dust.

March 30

To avoid friction and avoid tragedy as far as possible between the new settlers and the cattlemen, the government set aside a range of townships in Kansas and another in Colorado, over which all herds being driven from Texas to Montana, were compelled to go, and Trail City, a few miles from Coolidge, suddenly came into existence. It was the first place on the trail where the cowboys, accompanying the immense herds would receive any pay. So twenty-five or thirty saloons and gambling houses and nearly as many brothels to house the camp followers, came into working order, before the first big herd and army of cowboys came up the trail. Immediately on their arrival, and as soon as they received their pay, they proceeded to paint the town red. The saloons and gambling houses were filled to overflowing, with drunken, boisterous men, Americans, halfbreeds and Mexicans filled the streets, pistol shots and lurid oaths mingled in wild confusion; painted and half tipsy women mingled about the men, beguiling them with their arts and helping themselves from their wallets. Nearly all the women developed into Lady Godivas, and mounted behind the cowboys, would ride naked up and down the streets and even to the corporation line of Coolidge, where officers armed with Winchesters, would warn them off. The scenes daily enacted were unbelievable, reaching the utmost depths of degradation and debauchery.

One day three cowboys rode up from the south at a furious gallop and jumping from their horses to the porch in front of a saloon immediately opened fire on someone within. Apparently satisfied with their work they remounted their horses and disappeared in a cloud of dust to the north. On the floor lay a dead man, blood flowing from a dozen wounds, and still clamping a half empty whiskey bottle in his stiffening fingers. The dead man was Print Olive, a
well known cattleman, who was bringing a herd up the trail. It was
cut that he had once caught some cattle rustlers, and instead of
employing the civilized method of hanging, had lapsed into savagery
and burned them at the stake, and that a brother of one of the men
had become the avenger, following him like nemesis up and down the
trail until the last chapter of the tragedy was written in this
well hole on the Arkansas. With the passing of the trail the town
faded as rapidly as it arose and a dark blot was removed from Eas-
tern Colorado.

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It was a dry trail over which the immigrant in the covered
wagon pursued his slow and weary way. Water was almost unknown and
precious as diamonds, sand and alkali dust filled the nostrils
of man and beast; dry throats became dry and parched; in the summer
intense sun bore down upon the caravans. A few miles within
Colorado a man had put down a pump, the water was warm and alkaline
in the taste, but the water was not free to thirsty man or beast,
there was a padlock on the pump, and a small glass was fivey cents,
and a bucket for a weary beast was twenty-five cents. There was
usually the alternative of either paying the price or suffering the
pangs of thirst until some brackish hole could be found. He did
a thriving business. No telling how often that man was consigned
by the immigrant to the place where the water would be all steam.

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Amusements, aside from shooting up saloons, or the too fre-
quent killings, were mostly found in the dance. Any vacant room
would do for a dance hall, but preferably it would be a saloon,
where the participants could belly up to the bar at the end of each
dance and imbibe freely in that which would tend to the exuberance
of spirits, even if it did interfere with the rhythmic measures of
the dance. To these amusements came the cowboy, arrayed with spurs
and chaps, generally two forty-fours dangling from his belt, and
The girls from the ranch, bedecked in gaudy costumes, and any other girls from the town, who had the nerve to participate. To the tunes of a squeaky violin the dance waxed warm and hilarious; the waltz or the stately minuet had no place in the scheme, it was the polka or any square dance that would give the chance for the display of exuberant spirits that appealed, and as the evening merged into early morning hours, even the movements of these dances became peculiar and irregular, and would finally develop into high jumping contests, and amid shouts and ribald songs, the occasional bark of a revolver as some hilarious soul would put a bullet into the ceiling or a hanging lamp, the jingling of spurs, and the constant tinkling of glasses on the bar, the dance would come to an end with the feeling among the participants that it was end of a perfect day.

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Tragedy, too, often reared its grim head, and in the first six months of Granada's history twelve men died with their boots on, they were too slow on the draw, and the only prize they drew was to be hauled out to the graveyard in the sandhills and be presented with six feet of sand and a pine box. They passed as do ships in the night, no friend to mourn, even their names soon forgotten.

An Uncle Tom's Cabin troup appeared, Legree cracked his whip in the most approved style, Eliza crossed the ice without mishap; and Uncle Tom who had just witnessed the ascension of Little Eva in a blaze of calcium lights, and with the humble prayer still lingering on his lips, went forth into the night seeking the life blood of Mr. Sinclair, whose attentions to Miss Ophelia were causing the pangs of furious jealousy. He climbed into a second story window of the hotel in search of his victim, he wandered up and down the dark streets, casting furtive glances into saloon or gambling house, but it was not until morning when the train came in that one to carry the troupe away did he find his victim. A pian-
tell shot, the scream of a woman who was about to get off the train, a limp and dead body rolling off the platform and the tragedy was complete. The gathering of an angry mob, the bravery of the town marshal who held single handed the mob at bay and the removal of the murderer from the town and another red blot upon the town.

Granada had won an unsavory record, it was pointed out as a dangerous place, where life was held cheaply, and naturally many avoided the place. On the train was a Granada merchant who had been sitting for hours to persuade an elderly couple to settle in the town. "All this talk about the murderous disposition of our people was all bosh," he said, "We now have regular church services, our people are quiet, and peace loving in the extreme, that there had not been a hostile shot fired for six months. There were splendid opportunities for business; there were homesteads, as level as a floor, awaiting the settler; the soil was fertile, the climate delightful, and the Garden of Eden could not have been a more charming spot." But a pistol shot cut short his flow of imagination and the prospective settlers crawled under the seat until the train pulled out.

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There was a dance in progress and everybody was expecting trouble between two cowboys over the affections of a girl, she had been impartial in her affections, for had she not thrown a butcher knife at one and struck the other across the face with a quirt, but each still wanted the job of hogtying the maiden and taming her wild cat disposition. Her possession had become an obsession with both, and if it had to obtained at the point of a gun well and good. Whiskey flowed freely in every saloon, men were experiencing the effects, there was a feeling of expectancy in the air; men listened for the shot that was to herald the tragedy that no one knew how it would end, or how many additional graves would be dug in the graveyard. In a saloon men were ranged along the bar, a half dozen card games were in progress, there was a haze of tobacco smoke in
the air, and above all the stale smell of beer and the aroma from
a hundred bodies. Into this scene entered three men, grim and si-
dent, guns lashing from hip, the smell of whiskey on their breath;
the deliberate jostling of a young man who was watching a poker
game; another jostling and the retreat of the young man behind the
bar; the opening of the front door and the entrance of a brother; a
shot and the crumpling down of the young man with a bullet in his
brain; more shots and the brother lying on the floor, three bul-
llets in his quivering body; another fusilage of shots, the lights
blown to pieces, darkness in the room and the pounding and fading
may of horses' hoofs on the outside.

The murdered youth and his brother had done nothing to deserve
their fate except that they had dared to file on homesteads in a
cattle country. Another tragedy and another grave in the sandhills
cemetery, and the final verdict of a corrupt jury that the murder
was committed in self defense.

* * * *

One day in December the air was soft and balmy. Off to the
west and north a fringe of clouds, and by night a gently fall-
ing snow that piled up over a foot deep; a fleecy blanket of white,
light as thistledown. The next morning the sun came out in refu-
cient splendor and the snow glistened and sparkled like a robe de-
decked with a million diamonds. The low moon of the cattle on a
distant ranch; the scampering of jackrabbits hither and yon in
search of food; the clear bell like notes of meadow larks perched
on fence post or yucca plant. Not a breath of air and a quiet
atmosphere spread over all. From farm and ranch came men to do
their Christmas shopping, unaware of the tragedy that impended, for it
was now but a few days until the dawn of the day that was to fill
the world with joy and pleasure.

The sun had commenced to swing toward its setting, when sud-

cedly a dark and forbidding cloud appeared in the north; it moved with
incredible swiftness, and before it fled horses and cattle to the
shelter of the cottonwoods along the river; nearer and nearer came
the dark shadow forced forward by the raging tempest. In the
winking of an eye the snow was caught up in swirling masses,
the landscape was blotted out in a sea of white; landmarks disape-
peared and it was impossible to see your hand before your face
even though it was broad daylight; then a chill and cutting blast;
moisture from the breath froze over eyes and mouth, breathing be-
came labored and the fine snow penetrated every seam and opening
in clothing and formed a coating of ice between outer and inner
linings.

Through this storm men strove to force their way, ever seek-
ing some familiar object to guide them to home and safety. To
save the battle was futile, and soon several little white mounds
formed above what had been a few moments before a pulsing living
being, but now only an inanimate body with frozen and distorted
limbs.

In this welter of snow and ice a man pushed doggedly on, his
eyes were frozen shut, his whole body was sagging under the in-
cessant pelting of the snow, and his heart's blood was congealing
in the fierce cold; nature could hold out no longer, so he lay
town in his long last sleep, and only a few paces from his own
deserted spot where lay life and safety. All night long a light had
shone in the window of his home, behind it the hopes and anxiety
of wife and mother, before it the body of husband and father.

The next day when the storm had passed, searchers found the
man, and tightly clasped in his stiff and frozen fingers the lit-
tle toy soldiers, fife and drum, candy and nuts for the little
niece, and the present for his life's companion, who all night had
watched and prayed for his safe return through the fury and dead-
ly grip of the blizzard.

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Colorado had a wise law in regard to voting hands for public
improvements, but like all laws there is a way of getting around
this. There was the chance that old Bent county would be divided
into several new counties by the coming legislature, and Las Ani-
mas, the county seat, suddenly awoke to the realization that a new
court house would be a most desirable thing, so if they wanted all
new county to share in the expense it was time to act, and a bond
proposition was proposed. Under the law at that time only those
who paid taxes the preceding year could vote. There were not a
dozen legal taxpayers in the eastern part of the county, and very
few elsewhere in the county. That could be easily overcome by

paying taxes on a saddle or broncho and dating the receipt back to
the preceding year. In the eyes of the promoters that did not
constitute an illegal act, or even involve moral turpitude, consi-
tering the end to be achieved, for the owner of the saddle or
broncho had always intended paying his taxes, he had felt it a
duty he owed the community, but in the stress of other things he
had not gotten around to it, but now that Las Animas philanthro-
pists offered to pay the tax it would be nothing more than courte-
sy to vote for the bonds. Of course under these circumstances a
limited amount in bonds was voted. It was such a modest sum that
the people congratulated themselves on getting a brand new court
house on such reasonable terms, until it was discovered that when
a public improvement was begun under a bond issue, which was after-
ward found to be too small to complete the job, the county commis-
sioners could appropriate enough money to complete the work and
levy a tax to meet it. This lack of money occurred so often, so
many unlocked for expenses arising, that finally the appropriations
amounted to three or four times the amount of the original bond
issue. These things perhaps worried the commissioners, especially
as the building did not seem to be worth half of what it was cost-
ning, or well, they were doing their best, some of the boys had to
be taken care of, even if it was at the expense of the taxpayer.

One of the large items of expense was the corner stone, upon which
the artist who carved that stone happened to spell the word
Commissioners" with but one "m" and basing an estimate upon the number of letters on the stone this gave an editor the opportunity of telling how much the taxpayers had saved because of bad spelling.

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Connected with all real estate firms was the land locator, whose duty it was to take the prospective homesteader to a piece of government land that was still open to settlement. His task seemed an impossible one to the settler, here was a country without landmarks of any kind, a great level plain, where at the rim gangland seemed to meet and blend, but the locator never made a mistake. Starting from a government range and township corner, he would tie a rag to his buggy wheel and every revolution of the wheel meant so many feet to the mile. By keeping accurate count his destination would be reached. While keeping this count he was expected to carry on a conversation with the settler, telling him of soil, climate, and picturing to him the wealth that would flow into his pockets once he possessed the land. Generally they were honest and pointed out the exact land, however, there was one locator who got into the habit of showing one particular quarter of land which he claimed was open to free claim entry, and then filled out the papers on land miles and miles away, the deception only being discovered when the entryman appeared to do the necessary tree planting.

The most successful locator was a big jolly Texan who came to school in Colorado, but there being some snags as to requirements, he turned his attention to locating. He was also somewhat of a naturalist, and it was seldom that he returned from a trip without being able to empty his pockets of horned toads, prairie chicken, and occasionally the skin of a rattler, which always had a high sale. The cowboy who wore the largest skin with the most rattles was entitled to swagger and appear as a bad man.

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To provide the necessary literary tone to the community the
newspaper came. True the equipment consisted of a limited number of advertising fonts, a few cases of body type and an army press. News was scarce and the editor was forced to drift into wild flights of fancy in depicting the stories of the new country; the sky was brighter, the soil more fertile, and there never had been enough adjectives invented to do the subject justice. Naturally the editor became a man of importance in the community; he was the public adviser; the local poet sought his columns; all the scandal of the neighborhood was poured into his ears with the request to publish; he was expected to be the champion of his party and write touching eulogies of some departed one, for whom a word of praise during his lifetime would have been a crime. Even his usefulness did not secure his personal safety, for if at times he felt called upon to wield a vitriolic pen, he would be fortunate indeed if he escaped some outraged politician, a rum soaked bad man, or a scandalized and outraged female who was on the warpath. All who had a grievance would appear promptly on the scene to demand an apology and retraction not with kindly argument, but with a forty-four, the only law in a community which recognized might as right. If he did not wish to become a target, or achieve a niche in the sandhill cemetery his only alternative was to hide out which he generally did until the storm was over.

The crisis in his career always came in the heat of a political campaign. He was cussed and despised by the opposing politicians, and all of their newspapers from Holly to La Junta, and Grayene Wells to Springfield, united in calling him a liar and a thief. It was exciting fun if he could keep out of the way of fiery fist or flying bullet.

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For nearly twenty years a certain gang of politicians at Las Animas had appropriated all the county offices. They became arrogant and dictatorial, finally believing that the offices belonged to them by right of possession. What few people were in the coun-
were helpless to break this strangle hold. But immigrants were
pouring in and in view of this the Republicans organized, put a
full ticket in the field, and in November when the votes were counted
it was found that they had elected the entire ticket with the ex-
etion of one man. Here was a pretty kettle of fish, the gang
was paralyzed over the disaster that had overtaken them; the
thought of giving up the offices was martyrdom; to have what they
considered their inalienable rights taken away was unthinkable.
Then it became time for them to surrender the offices the old
deep frame court house in Las Animas went up in smoke and flame; the
records of the county were destroyed, and the old gang lamented
bad and long that all the money that had lately been paid in on
taxes was in the little iron safe in the treasurer's office and
was a total loss. However when the safe was opened there was no
sh*t of gold or silver; not an ash that bore the slightest resem-
bance to paper money, only a few scorched and crumbling records of
no value. Possibly fearing some such catastrophe someone must have
removed the money for safekeeping and forgotten all about it.

A feud soon started among the gangsters; each charged some-
body else with his defeat; recriminations and angry words were
hurled about; former friends became bitter enemies, the tension
became so great that a single word might be the forerunner of
tragedy.

That was a situation that must be remedied; a truce must be
signed if they ever hoped to regain lost power. One day two of
the most bitter opponents met on the street, they approached each
other warily, hand on revolver butt, and a challenge in the eye.
As they approached near enough to speak one suggested "that this
war among old friends was silly and dangerous, and if the other
was willing to stop it the matter could be arranged." Both agreed
and to seal the compact it was suggested that they go to a saloon
for a drink. On arrival there it just happened that all the par-
ties on one side were present and none on the other. Neverthe-
less drinks were set out and drunk, another was ordered, and as
the glasses tinkled together as a symbol of good will, the lone partisan crumpled to the floor, a dead and inert mass. No doctor or coroner was ever able to decide upon the cause of the death of a perfectly healthy man.

Granada feeling growing pains decided to incorporate as a city, for would not a mayor lend dignity and honor. So the necessary papers were prepared and two delegates traveled to Las An- nas to obtain the signature of the county judge, which was all that was necessary at that time to set the municipal machinery going.

The judge was in his office, feet high on desk, a thin cloud of tobacco smoke encircling his head, the faintest smell of White Rule in the judicial breath, half sleepy eyes fastened on a newspaper, the perfect embodiment of a man who had nothing to do and plenty of time in which to do it. The papers were presented for signature a moment would complete the transaction, but his honor remarked: "that it was an important question and he would have to take the matter under consideration." Minutes ran into hours, a train time approached and the judge still maintained the same attitude of studied ease. Finally a friend who understood the situation, and the failings of the judge, suggested a visit to a nearby saloon. No sooner had the suggestion been made when his honor's feet hit the floor with a thud and he was half way across the street in an incredibly short time. One drink warmed the cockles of his heart, and three made him positively affable, and turning to the waiting delegate he said: "Gentlemen I am now ready to sign the articles of incorporation." After all how little a thing it took in Colorado to make a man see his duty.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in spring. The school house was filled with townspeople whose hearts were responding to the call of budding nature. They had assembled to organize a Sunday school. The minor offices were easily filled, but when it came
to superintendent a difficulty arose. There were none present who felt sufficiently pious to offer the necessary prayers and conduct the religious services, and the school seemed destined to go forward without a head, when it was suggested that there was an hotel keeper in town who might take the place. True he was a thin hornswoggler who liked his booze straight and plenty of it, but he could argue the Scripture and was absolutely orthodox on Jonah and the whale and Daniel in the lions den, so if he could be prevailed upon to accept the place all would be well. The invitation was extended and accepted. He was also a real estate dealer and he possibly saw some good advertising in being in such a position, for a pious real estate man in those days would be a novelty. He was a dapper little man, always appearing in a white shirt and standing collar, his boots bright and shining, and the look in his eye was always mistaken for benevolence and honesty. Without a tremor or a sign of embarrassment he offered up a prayer, unexceptional in quality, and very soothing to those who felt in need of spiritual guidance.

There being no organ to direct the music, it went alone. Some sang in fast and some in slow time without regard to what the others were doing. Consequently the simplest song soon took on the character of an anthem in which the basso seemed always interfering with the tenor, and the alto colliding headlong with the soprano. There was one old German who prided himself upon being able to sing "Die Wacht am Rhine" and "Vaterland uber Alles." He was the slowest singer in the house and was always several measures behind when the song was finished but insisted that the others wait until he had finished.

The following Sunday the superintendent did not appear and a messenger was sent out to hunt him up. He was found at the gaming table and returned the message "that the Sunday school could go to hell, for things were now coming his way."
The room was crowded and dimly lit by kerosene lamps suspended from the ceiling. A haze of tobacco smoke filled the room, and the scent of stale raw beer and whiskey made a sickening odor. At one of the gaming tables sat four men. The night was growing old, yet these men had occupied the same positions all the night before and the following day. Around them was a ring of empty beer bottles, half-empty whiskey and glasses and cigar stubs. They had had no food, and their eyes were heavy from the loss of sleep, yet they played on. Not a word was spoken except those necessary in the game. In this game was Dutch John, his coat and vest unbuttoned, his vivid red necktie a spot of color in the dim light, and a sullen and determined look upon his face. Opposite him a tenderfoot from Indiana, whose luck at first had been fair, but now was steadily running against him. In his eyes the look of the hunted animal.

To his right sat Doc Cudney whose face was marred by a livid scar that extended from forehead to chin, he professed the vocation of veterinarian and only a novice at the game. Opposite him was an old buffalo hunter, a long beard hanging from his chin beamed with tobacco juice, benevolence and kindliness fairly beaming from his blue eyes, also equally innocent of the game, who would never think of stacking a deck or having an extra card up his sleeve. The cards were dealt for another hand, and a jackpot was suggested, and all stayed in. The tenderfoot had three queens and got a pair of fours in the draw. The betting continued, and chips finally running out, silver and bills began to pile up in the center of the table, and finally the watch and ring of the tenderfoot were added to the pot. The call for a showdown was made, and there were three other hands laid down that beat that of the tenderfoot. A sickly pallor spread over his face, a hand reached out to grasp his money; instantly three revolvers covered the victim of a setup game, and he was led from the saloon by the bouncer, a penniless and fleeced gambler.
In all the new towns in Colorado the lots were sold on the installment plan, one-third cash and the balance on time with interest. The speculators were thus enabled to get possession of the lots and adding their profit again place them on the market.

One day a man entered a real estate office. There was nobody there aside from a clerk. The visitor designated several lots on the Main street that he wished to purchase, and the contracts being drawn he requested the clerk to accompany him to the barn behind the office where he would give him the money. To all appearances the stranger was an old man, his hair and long whiskers were almost white and his eyes were hid behind a pair of colored goggles. He was bent over and carried a cottonwood stick in a case. Taking a well filled belt from around his body he laid over the money and requested that the lots be placed on the market at an advance and then disappeared. A week or so later he reappeared. In the meantime the lots had been sold; he invested in others and again disappeared. These lots were also sold before his return. He said that he did not care to invest again, as he did not think making money on such real estate deals was exactly honest, and again requested the same clerk to accompany him to the barn. Arriving there and carefully closing the door and seeing that nobody was about, with one sweep of the hand a wig, false whiskers and goggles came off, and he stood forth as a man not over twenty-five years of age and in the full vigor of manhood.

To the bewildered clerk he nonchalantly remarked that his name was Middleton; a light suddenly dawned upon the clerk, who in much excitement asked: "What, are you Doc Middleton, the notorious bandit who has been causing so much trouble in Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado?" "Yes," he said, "the Nebraska officers are now close on my trail and I will have to vamoose my camp that I have had down on the river." Why he revealed his identity and left a clue to his whereabouts is not known, but he eluded the officers and was heard of no more in that vicinity.
Granada in July, 1927. Much water has passed over the wheel in the forty-one years of its existence. The saloons and wooden shacks have given way to brick and concrete; the pistol shot and bellowing language of the cowboy has been submerged in the peaceful tones of church bells, or the cheerful clamor of another bell, calling hundreds of alert bright-eyed children to their studies in the consolidated school; the open range with its horrors of dead cattle, victims of the blizzard's wrath, and the broken fortunes of the cattlemen has passed away; the brown grass of the heat baked prairie has been replaced by the emerald green of the alfalfa fields, and the plain is dotted with blooming orchard and shady grove; the smoke from the mill and factory tints the sky up and down the valley; water glides along in the irrigation canals, bringing the breath of life and fruition to the fields, and the people live in peace and contentment. There are very few of the old pioneers left to witness the changes, and those who have remained no longer look forward to future glories but are contented with the present. These old pioneers had their dreams, they were pleasant and made the heart glad, but were too often shattered, yet, who knows, they may yet come true and Granada still become "The Child of Destiny", the material evidence that these dreams and hopes have come true. The old star of hope has returned again, may it grow brighter with the years.

(The End.)

(From Lamar Register Sept. 27, 1922)

A family party from Garden City consisting of Messrs. Hamer and Guy B. Morris, Mrs. E. C. Morris, Mrs. J. W. Haskell and daughter, mother to Lamar last Saturday afternoon and spent the evening and Sunday at Lamar and Granada. Mr. Hamer Morris was the pioneer settler of the territory comprising Prowers county, having been editing the Granada Exponent for six weeks before the big lot sale that marked the opening of the Lamar townsite. He was afterwards a time editor of the Times-Irrigator at Lamar. He was a forceful and fearless writer whose pen had much to do with start-
For the boom that first settled this valley and with breaking up the old Bent county political ring that had been squeezing the good out of it. While in a reminiscent mood at the Register office on Sunday, Mr. Norris told two stories of early days that were especially typical both of the times and boom methods of the time. He told of the first funeral in Granada.

The other story was when the men who laid out the townsite of Sheridan Lake wrote to Mr. Norris and asked him to give the new town the boost in his next paper but forgot to tell him anything about the town or surrounding country. He drew on his imagination and pictured the beautiful lake, which was only a buffalo wallow, and said it got its name because it was a favorite stopping place of General Phil Sheridan while in command of this section of the country. Several months later he received a letter from an old soldier back in Pennsylvania telling him that he had come all the way out to Sheridan Lake because he was a great admirer of his old general and wanted to secure a home near his favorite resort. He had returned to Pennsylvania and wrote to tell the editor that he was a liar, as he had too great respect for General Sheridan to believe that he ever even once stopped over night in such a desolate spot. The situations those days were not all humorous and Granada had more than its share of tragedy as murders were frequent in the first two years of its history.

(From the Garden City Herald in Lamar Register October 11, 1922.)

On the 16th day of May, 1886, thirty-six years ago, the junior proprietor of the Herald, who was then running a newspaper in Panama, the first town established in what is now Prowers county, came to the townsite of the city of Lamar, and witnessed the birth of what is now the best town in eastern Colorado.

Grande, which had high hopes and aspirations, had reached the dignity of a general store, a newspaper, a livery stable,
seven saloons and a dance hall, before the idea of Lamar was con-
ceived by a party of Garden City town boomers, and the land de-
partment of the Santa Fe railroad, and naturally the idea of a
rival town did not even cast a shadow, notwithstanding that the
Santa Fe refused Granada a depot unless she surrendered her birth-
right and all her youthful charms to a grasping corporation, so
it was with a feeling of smug confidence and superiority, we jour-
neyed to the proposed town site, which was still government land,
and the sage brush and cactus covered ground in contrast with the
beautiful carpet of buffalo grass on the townsite of Granada, did
not present a very pleasing appearance or lessen the feeling that
Lamar was a bubble that would soon burst.

The first thing that struck the eye of the writer was a two-
story depot still standing on flat cars, which the boomers had
moved from Blackwell sometime between dark on Sunday night and
daylight on Monday morning. / A little later on a special train from
Garden City came I. R. Holmes, J. E. Coddington, M. D. Parkman, A. C. McKeever, J. E.
Jess, and a host of lesser town builders. They got off and,
headed by a brass band, a corps of surveyors, marched on the town
site. In the twinkling of an eye the engineers commenced to drive
stakes, a well was dug, the depot was unloaded and the sale of
lots started, and before the sun went down $50,000 worth of lots
were sold, two frame buildings had been erected and Lamar was
officially placed on the map of Colorado.

After an absence of a number of years the writer had the plea-
sure of again visiting Lamar, which was both a pleasure and a disap-
pointment, paradoxical as that statement may seem. The pleasure
was in finding a city of the size and importance of Lamar, and the
disappointment in missing old familiar landmarks and the faces of
many friends of years ago, many of whom have gone down the long,
slow, trail, and those who were left bore the evidence of passing
years, but with a greeting as cordial and a hand clasp as sincere
as pioneer days.
Frequent fires and the march of progress had removed the old landmarks, and the business section was replaced with substantial structures of brick and stone; the residence streets are lined with beautiful modern homes, and the town of frame shacks and ironclads had disappeared. Any old timer who should now revisit the town would naturally feel as though he had never seen the place, he would miss the clink of glasses in the saloons, the rattle of money in the gambling dens, the hoisterous noises of the dance halls and the familiar yells of the untamed cowboy. But all old things must pass.

Lamar today has mills and factories, industries of various kinds, large stores and beautiful homes, a Carnegie library, a fine school and church buildings, a large armory is being built by the state, a $50,000 Elks Home just starting and signs of growth on every hand.

The business importance of Lamar was a revelation, for although it has two excellent weekly papers and a daily, none of them carry the advertising they deserve and should have, and leaves the impression upon the stranger that the town is of small commercial importance.

Another thing that seemed out of place in a city the size of Lamar was the absence of paved streets in the business section. Dust and dirt was everywhere on the main thoroughfare, and it looked as though the merchants put in considerable time sweeping it out of the stores and from the sidewalks. However, that makes it an ideal location for boot blacks and barber shop porters.

Note: Mr. Morris' present address is Garden City, Kansas.
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Petticrew came to Colorado in 1887 from
Baca county, Kansas, by covered wagon. They had four mules and
it took them about 21 days, making 25 or 28 miles a day. They
had just been married in December and started out in March as soon
as the weather would allow to make a new home in Colorado. The
spirit of adventure was evidently strong within them as Mrs.
Petticrew declares "Pioneering was just a lark."

Their first stop in Baca county was in Boston, which was then
a booming town. The next was at Vilas. Mr. Petticrew and Mr.
Wheeler, who was to become the storekeeper at Vilas and a well
known character all over this section, had grown up in the same
town. Mr. Petticrew says Mr. Wheeler came to Colorado in 1887
with a pair of mules and a wagon with which he freighted in the
spring and fall of 1887 and in 1888. He then sold the mules and
the wagon to Henry Koen, brother of F. B. Koen, for $360 and
started his store in Vilas.

Mrs. Petticrew's brother was already settled in Baca coun-
ty and with him they took a camping trip trying to find a good
location to homestead. It was while on this camping trip that
they saw the last of the buffalo herds being driven to Garden
City to be put under the care of "Buffalo" Jones, an old hunter,
for preservation.

Mr. Petticrew settled first in Baca county and moved later
to Prowers county. He sold one team of mules to a disillusioned
settler who wished to return east for the man's crop, calves,
kitchens and oxen.

In 1896 Mr. Petticrew bought the mail contract between La-
mar and Springfield and the passenger business. At that time he
was there were only two houses between Springfield and Lamar.
He had this service for sixteen years and ran a dinner station
in connection with it at his place about twelve miles south of
Shay creek. This dinner station was a lumber building boxed up
against a bank and consisted of dining room, kitchen and living
quarters for his family. He later built his stone ranch house
There was a huge barn conveniently arranged for changing horses and for housing several teams. The old road ran directly past Mr. Petticrew's house, but it is now one-half mile east of the house.

There was one mail each way every day. Sometimes the drivers would meet at the dinner station and exchange mail and passengers and sometimes they would go on through. Mr. Petticrew said he once drove the mail for eighteen months without missing a single time. There was a good deal of mail on the route, the heaviest being the Montgomery Ward catalogues. Some days there would not be another team on the road and usually there were not more than one or two, but occasionally there would be many freight teams carrying goods for Mr. Wheeler at Vilas or for the Springfield merchants.

The mail was never held up in the sixteen years and the drivers were not allowed to carry six shooters. Once, however, an exciting adventure came their way. The store and post office at Melton were robbed by three men on Friday evening. They were traveling in a light spring wagon and the next day Sheriff Frank Tate and Undersheriff Frisbie trailed them as far as the dinner station. Mr. Petticrew says: "I was just coming up a draw that evening when I saw Tate and Frisbie ride in. They had been trailing the robbers. A boy had seen them go down the trail but hadn't seen them come back. The officers spent the night with us and the next morning started on. The robbers were camped in an old deserted cabin in a draw. They saw the sheriff coming and shot off the gun and made their getaway. Frisbie rode back to the dinner station and we got a team and wagon and brought Tate in. Frisbie was on to town to get a doctor. He came back with Dr. Hasty and Mr. Fewkes and more men from Lamar. There were twenty-five of us in the cabin that night. At midnight Sunday night nine of us started out to follow the robbers. The nine were Jim Smith, Marshall McMillin, Lish House, Frank Baker, Jack Creaghe, Billy Stevens, Jack Sherlock, Dr. Fewkes and myself."
"We got to Jim Murray's on Butte Creek Monday morning and that night arrested part of the gang. They had left their women and one man in camp and had left the spring wagon there too. The man proved to be Jorgenson, the son-in-law of old man Wilson or Indian Bill Smith as he was called when he was marshal at Lamar. We arrested Jorgenson and took him to Murray's. The women drove the spring wagon into Las Animas. Marsena McMillin followed them on horseback and came back the next day. Thursday we struck the robbers in the pines and had a fight. Two hundred fifty or three hundred rounds of ammunition were shot, but no one was hurt. We killed two of their horses and I captured another. He was a good horse and I later bought him in at the sheriff's sale in Lamar. We had set the robbers afoot, but they got away across Irwin canyon and into Shell canyon. That night they held up George Watson and Ed Corman and took their mules and rode away. Bill Smith was sick and couldn't go on and he told me later that the other two debated whether to kill him or leave him. Finally they loosed his horse and went on and rode 75 miles that day. They rode into Beatty's ranch at sunup. They left there the next morning and we knew no more about them until they were killed in Oklahoma by a U. S. Marshal and their pictures were sent back here."

Mr. Petticrew and Charles Maxwell erected the first telephone line in the county. It was built on a wire fence and connected Mr. Maxwell's ranch with his father's house in town. This was in the fall of 1885. At the same time A. E. Bent was putting a line from Lamar to Granada which was finished later.

Mr. Petticrew also superintended the putting up of poles for the line between Lamar and Springfield. A Mr. Duncan was sent down from La Junta by the Bell Telephone company to inaugurate the line. A meeting was held in Springfield and the citizens seemed anxious to have the line. The company agreed to furnish the insulators and put up the wire if the people would erect the poles and furnish the labor. Mr. Duncan told Mr. Petticrew "I believe if we had a little money the people would do it." Mr. Petticrew went to Lamar and in
They raised $750 among the business men there. He and Mr. Duncan went back to Springfield and Mr. Petticrew was appointed to organize a company to do the work. He did so and Will Stewart was elected president, Alfred E. Allen, secretary and Mr. Petticrew, superintendent of construction. The poles were bought in Michigan and shipped to Lamar. Mr. Petticrew and another man went to Lamar and creosoted the 3-foot butt of them and organized a group of six men a cook and chuck wagon and in ten days had the poles erected from Springfield to Lamar. These poles stood twenty years. The next poles only stood three and then the rotted butt had to be sawed off and the ends creosoted. The Bell Telephone co. put up the wire and took charge of the company and ran it.

Mr. Petticrew was also connected with the building of the Buttes reservoir and dam. He recommended the site to Dr. Grove of La Junta, who originally started the project and drove Dr. Purse down to the canyon. Dr. Purse had a transit with him and took the fall of the creek. About three weeks later he came back with a wagon, mess outfit and men and surveyed the site. This was in 1905. A year or two later they sold out to a bonding outfit in Chicago. Mr. Fred Harris, now of Two Buttes, was a member of this bonding house and came out here to see the dam. Mr. Petticrew drove him and Dr. Purse and two real estate men who were connected with Dr. Purse in the venture, around the country. They drove about 75 miles investigating the possibilities of the dam and the fall of Butte creek. Mr. Harris was very sceptical about the success of the project. It had been a very dry year and he did not see how they could get enough water to fill the reservoir. He was still in the country, however, the following Sunday when it poured down rain all day and Butte creek was bigger than it ever has been. Mr. Petticrew and Lon Filton were gathering cows and were camped in a house in the canyon. They narrowly escaped drowning as the water came up over the top of the house. And that rain put over the sale of the dam.
Mr. Petticrew says there were six wagons which took part in the round up on the south side of the river in this district, though there would be representatives from other ranches. These wagons were the XY, JJ, OU, OX, Box 2, Triangle HL.

The first lynching which took place in this section after Mr. Petticrew came was a dime novel thriller. "It happened in the spring of 1888. Two brothers named Johnson and a little boy were in Lamar with a bunch of Texas horses. Davy, the hotel man, bought a bunch of horses from them and they took the horses on to his place at Copeland, Kansas. They picked up a tramp on the rode to help and delivered the horses all right. Then the younger brother went on to Scott City to deliver more horses. August Johnson and the little boy and tramp started back to Granada. That night they camped just east of Syracuse. In the night the tramp killed the boy with an ax and thought he had killed Johnson, but did not quite finish him. He took Johnson's horse and money and started south. He got to Butte creek springs the next evening and ran into a trail herd camped there. He rode in, left his jaded horse, took a horse which was staked out with saddle and bridle for the night guard and rode on. The horse was for a boy who had second race. He couldn't find his horse so he got his lantern and found the jaded sweaty horse. He called the boss who got a lantern and there on the path which had been trampled down by the cattle they found the thief's track. The boss followed that night and got close enough to hear the thief's spurs jingle. The next morning he was passing a sod stable when he heard a horse whinny. He went in, struck a match, and there was his horse. He waited for the owner of the stable to come out. "Did you have a man here last night?" "He's in there now." "Then tell him to strip off his clothes, come out and be hanged." The thief was not disposed to give up, but a six shooter soon convinced him he should. He was taken to Minneapolis and turned over to Burt Summers, the marshal.
The tramp had taken $18 in cash and $400 in checks from Johnson and had them on him. The next morning as he had and the marshal stepped up on the platform of Dalton's restaurant, the only one in town, he tossed the checks under the platform. Summers did not see him do it, but Dalton's little boy did and got the checks and brought them in to his father. The papers on the murder had just been received and the checks had Johnson's name on them. The next day they started to take the tramp in to Lamar to take on to Trinidad, but the Syracuse people got him and hung him in Hamilton country.

Sworn to by Margaret Merrill
January 29, 1934.

Address: South Route
Lamar, Colorado.
On Sunday morning early at Granada death removed one of the original and earliest pioneers of this section of the west in the person of W. W. Jones. His end came in a very peaceful manner after an illness of several weeks.

Mr. Jones was born in Missouri in 1834, and in 1858 came to Colorado to make his home, being one of the owners and managers of the overland freight trains that handled all the business to and from Denver in those days. He was a member of one of the Colorado regiments in the Civil war and was after that close of that struggle a government scout and contractor during all the worst days of the Indian warfare on the frontier, being in the thick of all the strife and hardships necessary to settling up and civilizing of western Kansas and Colorado.

In 1872 he married Miss Mary Wylie of Washington, Kansas, and the year following moved to the vicinity of the present town of Granada and entered the cattle business, and has been a resident there for the 34 years since. No man had seen more of the hardships and ups and downs of pioneering in the west than he, and none loved the country and its people better.

After the decline of the cattle business in the early '90s, Mr. Jones moved to Granada and became one of the leading business men of that place, always known for his industry and honorable dealings. In addition to this he established a fruit orchard there that soon became the model one of that section and was shown to all visitors as the best example of what could be done here in that line.

He was a friend to all his neighbors, ever ready with assistance and sympathy to all in distress, and was a whole scaled Christian gentleman, who held the highest respect and esteem of all who knew him. He leaves a wife to mourn the loss of a loving companion and she has the heartfelt sympathy of many friends in her great loss.—Register, May 8, 1907.
April 23, 1898.--About thirty families consisting of 120 individuals arrived at Holly the first of the week. They are the advance guard of the Salvation Army colony which is to settle up the portion of the old SS ranch lying just west of Holly. The residents came from Chicago.

September 4, 1901.--Kansas City, Aug. 31.--Commander Booth Tucker, whose authority extends over the Salvation Army of the entire country, was in Kansas City a few hours today. He was on his way from New York to the farm colony at Amity, Colorado. With him was Mrs. Holmes.

"I will be off for Amity this afternoon," said the commander. "I am going there to open up our new orphanage, a building, which cost some $12,000, and will house 100 children. Such a place has been a necessity for some time. It is only another of the improvements made at the colony.

My pet project, I hope, will be next. What is it? A sanitarium for the poor, especially for those with pulmonary troubles. The idea has been in my head for a long time. I shall probably have to wait a little while, but the sanitarium should be built.

It would be a benefit to the sick as well as to the colony.

"You see," he continued, "the building would be large enough for 7,000 beds, the rate of each bed to be $4 a week. The weekly income would then be $4,000. Of this sum the farmers of the colony would be paid approximately $2,000 for their vegetables, eggs and other products, $1,000 would pay other expenses, leaving $1,000 to go into the colony treasury for the assistance of the farmers.

Do you understand, is merely by way of figuring it out. Still think practice would prove me not far wrong.

The American Beet Sugar company has given our colony a lease of 100 years. It has bought all the land near Amity, in fact to the land of its tenants. The land about us has been pronounced by experts to be the best for sugar beet raising anywhere in this
The company will put up a large plant for extracting the sugar from the beets, taking all that can be raised. This plant, together with the sanitarium, will take all our products and give us a home market. Amity colony will not be dependent upon railroads or railroad rates.

February 22, 1899—A visit to the Salvation Army Colony at Amity enter the Amity and Buffalo canal systems was a revelation to us. The commander of the Fort (Fort Amity as it is called by the Army) was away, having gone to California for a short stay. He made the acquaintance of Ensign Erickson, the colony's secretary, who was in charge. Messrs. Fowen, Cash and other colonists were also interviewed. The past year, their first, did not prove particularly successful, the land being new and their principal crop (cantaloupes) late. Yet these people are hopeful and have an abundance of courage. They have at this time some thrifty well built cottages, each on allotments of five acres and occupied by families. They have also a commodious school building nearing completion, which will be dedicated with appropriate exercises on Washington's birthday. All of the many trades so necessary to build up a village or city are to be found in the members of the Army here. It is expected to establish a creamery this spring arrangements having already been made to supply each of the families with five well bred dairy cows. This no doubt will prove a very satisfactory venture. It is also the intention to plant a great many fruit and ornamental trees this spring.

September 16, 1903—The latest arrival on our exchange table is the Amity Optimist published by C. A. Brakeman. Considering the material with which he had to work, it is a very creditable paper and Mr. Brakeman is evidently both a printer and newspaper man of ability. Success to him.

September 7, 1904—Owing to the removal of the Cherry Tree Home children it has been decided that three teachers can handle the work in the Amity schools this year.
Following is an interesting story of the "trail herd days" of Lamar and western Kansas told by E. M. Steward, pioneer of this activity, who still makes his home here. (He died in 1932.)

The story has been divided into installments, the first of which appears below, the others to follow in future issues of the *Lamar Daily News*:

The first record I can find of the movement of large herds of beef cattle from the southern ranges to northern markets was in the year 1867 when several herds were brought up over trails leading as far east as Independence, Kansas.

Then in the years to follow, Abilene, Medicine Lodge, Dodge City and Coolidge, Kansas, and lastly, Lamar, Colorado, each in its turn held the distinction of being the terminus or the main rest along the trails to their destination. In the early eighties Kansas and Nebraska passed laws prohibiting the movement of these herds of southern cattle over or across their territories.

Consequently, a strip of land two miles wide off the state of Colorado next to the western boundary of Kansas was set aside and used as the trail for the movement of these herds.

In the first year of Lamar's infancy, Coolidge, Kansas, was the big trading point along this trail and Trail City, Colorado, not across the line, was the big amusement place.

Trail City was a typical sporting town on the then frontier, and its only purpose was to show the followers of the trails both north and south and east to west a good time when they stayed.

It was a carry over from the wild and lawless days of the frontier that did not long survive the actual settlement of the area by homesteaders.

In this article reminiscent of the trail herd days of Lamar, of interest to those who were here and had a part, I shall tell it as best I can from memory after nearly forty years, and I feel that it must be of interest to those who never had a chance to know of the movement of such vast numbers of cattle.
I never had any part in this annual occurrence more than as a general furniture and hardware store clerk in Lamar during two seasons in the early nineties. About the year 1889 this old trail on the Kansas-Colorado line was abandoned and a new routing was made to bring the herds through Lamar and this movement reached its largest number of herds to pass in the years of '92 and '93, when a herd of 3,000 head would cross the Arkansas river here nearly every day for from five to six weeks duration. These herds were started in the spring as soon as the grass was sufficient to sustain them from as far south as Old Mexico.

They moved leisurely, not wanting to move more than 10 to 15 miles each day, but movement was somewhat controlled by water and feed conditions. A herd when made up for the long trail consisted of about 3,000 head of two year old steers. Some herds had older ones but none had younger ones nor females.

These southern bred cattle at that age were small, thin and lanky. All carried large horns. The farther south their origin the larger the horns, and often the herds from farthest south were marked all over the side with the most unsightly brands.

By the time they reached Lamar they were supposed to be four to five months old, but even then they were as wild as deer and very difficult to approach anything unusual. A fence, a bridge, a railroad track, an unusual loud noise, a dog or the most casual thing might stampede them.

A herd required the constant attendance of seven to ten riders and these boys were trained to their place and duties as well as a good fire company would be. To avoid any confusion they were called out of nights or for any reason they had to act quickly, each one knew where he was supposed to be and what to do in any emergency. This was no haphazard job, but required the services of hardy young fellows with the best of training for their jobs.

These crews were made up of young boys raised on the frontier in Texas who had never done anything else all their lives but fol-
generally were away from home for the first time in their life. They were not a rowdy bunch at all. Once in a while there would be a crew of older men who had been over the trail several times and might be addicted to more rowdyism.

Then on the move in the day time these boys were distributed one on each side of the herd near the lead cattle to guide them in their course, one on each side about mid way of the herd to keep them in line and prevent straggling, and two in the rear to keep them moving. Every herd had its invalid bunch, as some got sore and tender feet, others became weak from the constant grind and lagged behind and would be punished by the riders' horses constantly striking them on the heels with their forefeet. These would all be thrown into a small bunch by themselves and cared for by one man who would move them along in the rear as best he could and manage to overtake the big herd at night.

At night each one had to do his turn at guard, relieving one another at certain intervals. The cowboys never left these herds without ample guards at all times.

On account of the strenuousness of the work each rider required a string of 12 horses for his mounts and with the bosses mounts made 100 head of saddle ponies. Each man had his own string and was responsible for seeing that they were in good condition for duty.

A wagon accompanied each herd to carry the grub, beds and a complete camping outfit. It was presided over by the cook. In the early years many of these wagons were drawn by two yoke of oxen, but in later years they all used a four mule team.

These cooks were generally good natured, genial fellows but often had to get the meals under very unfavorable conditions, handicapped by frequent lack of water, fuel and shelter from storms. However they all carried a large tarpaulin to spread over the wagon, covering considerable space adjacent in case of storm.

The trail boss was generally a man who had been over the trail once, and more likely many times. He had general supervision,
Two all orders, selected all camp sites and did all purchasing. Many of these fellows were quite picturesque and had earned no-variety in their calling.

After all these years I have forgotten most all their names as well as faces, but two I shall always remember on account of their nicknames as well as their personalities. One carried the sobriquet of "Shanghai Pierce" and the other whose name was John fandless was known by the appellation of "Scandalous John". They were striking to look at and just as interesting for what they said and how they said it.

They were both very popular fellows on the trail and we always knew several days ahead when "Scandalous John" or "Shanghai Pierce" would be in town.

I have forgotten nearly all of the various brands, but the one I do remember best was the XIT outfit as they had by far the best cattle on the trail of any outfit. When this brand began to come we could look for from five to eight herds.

This brand belonged to a syndicate of rich people who had accumulated the money to build the Texas State Capitol at Austin and had taken state lands in payment. You can imagine how much of these lands they must have gotten when they could send out eight herds of 3,000 head each of steers of the same age in one year. The other brand I remember was with headquarters in Bexar Chimahua, Old Mexico, and they had the next most cattle on the trail yearly and always had Mexican crews. Many of their cattle carried other brands besides that of present ownership of enormous long horns.

The merchants in Lamar would lay in a good stock of such stock as would be wanted by the wagons as well as what would be filled for by the riders. As I remember the merchants of Lamar at that time, Middleston and Silver had the largest grocery, W. L. Jenkins had the largest stock of wearing apparel, D. C. Har-
Or had the only hardware, Woodcock's on the north side of the
crossed tracks was the main hotel, Fred Smith's was the popular
first emporium, though I think there were two other saloons in
Jim and A. Everett had the meat market.

The Register and The Sparks were the newspapers. The Sparks
office was on the edge of town, on the corner where the post of-

tice is today.

While the herd was undergoing inspection the wagons would
be getting their stock replenished. You might think they would
not buy much at the hardware but it was always one and just as
ten two bags of ready-to-nail-on horse shoes they purchased.
These ranged in size from No. 99, No. 0 and No. 1. I mention this
because these were the very smallest shoes made for horses. They
bought a dozen pie tins for plates, a few cooking utensils and a
lot of cartridges, for every man carried a gun and a belt full
of cartridges at all times.

These herds entered Lamar just the same as the south road
and around the corner where Ray Strain lives today, and cut
crosses the south side of town and along the west side to the
Double Flat west of town. Here they were bunched and held for
inspection. All brands that they may have gathered in their long
they were cut out and turned back. Government veterinarians
looked them over for infections, disease, scab and ticks.

This over, they were ready to cross the Arkansas river. This
was not always easily accomplished as in later May in those
times the river carried a lot of water as there was then very
little irrigation.

When the herd was ready to be moved the cattle would be
drawn out in a long line and with much whooping and hollering
they would be headed for the river with a rush, saddle horses in
the lead, men on horseback flanking the sides with the idea of
leading them into the water and starting a line across the river.

If all went well a crossing was soon made. Sometimes for
several or another the cattle in the lead would become scared
and would want to turn back in mid stream. Then trouble began but everybody was on the alert for just such a move and generally enough help was at hand immediately to straighten out the column and keep them moving. It was not always a crossing was made without a few mishaps and often a few were drowned or trampled by the stronger ones.

After a crossing was made the herd was allowed to rest and given a chance to graze, return to the water for a drink or otherwise to be at ease until they had a chance to dry off. This gave the chance to all but a couple of the boys whose duty it was to keep guard to come back to town for a few hours recreation.

These boys together with the boys from the last two herds to have crossed and those from the next two herds approaching would sometimes make quite a large crowd of visitors in town and it was every day occurrence to see Main street from the Huddleston corner to the bank corner completely filled with these cow ponies saddled and bridled, with reins hanging to the ground, milling about switching their tails and throwing the reins in the effort to fight the flies.

The boys would leave for the herd when their time for duty was up only to release others who would find their way into town and so it went on until late into the night.

This was the first chance these boys had to visit in town or spend any money, coming over several hundred miles of this trail and it would be the last chance for several hundred miles ahead, when they left Lamar. Knowing these boys as I did, it was very easy for me to overlook their wild pranks and doings while in our little city in quest of entertainment, and on the whole they got along fine with these annual visitors as we never had a thrilling or a serious disturbance in all the years of the trail days.

These boys led a hard life in many ways, as it was early spring weather, subject to cold rains, sleety or even snowly spells
In the country from where they started and they remained subject in the same conditions as they moved north even to the ranges of Montana and Dakota.

Their rest was more or less broken every night by changing of the guards, by restlessness of the cattle, from one cause or another so that they were compelled to be on duty, and from being in the saddle all day regardless of the weather. The worse the weather the harder their tasks.

I remember in the year 1893 the herds had begun to reach Laram. Several had passed. One herd had just reached Clay Creek south of the town about 14 miles and there came a four inch fall of wet snow, causing the weather to turn very cold, enough so that they lost many of their horses, actually chilled to death, but this herd had to remain where they were until the boss came to Laram to find out where he could procure saddle horses. He went west to Malloy’s and Blackburn’s ranches and got new mounts before he could move his herd.

At that time no Texas boy thought he was a full fledged cowman until he had made at least one trip over the trail under the guidance of one of these famous trail bosses.

Most of the bosses were hired by the larger cattle companies, but many of them owned their herds. Some bought up a herd made up of several brands and would contract to deliver at the northern range. All were of a hardy pioneering people of Scotch-Irish descent and mostly of a very sandy complexion, tall and muscular, bronzed, tanned or sunburned from constant exposure to the weather.

Laram was at that time the only place where the owners could check the herds by travel on the railroads and many of the owners made the trip from their southern homes to this point for an inspection, and a visit with their crews.

I took a great interest in making the store a comfortable one for them to loaf and visit in the evenings, and I always
had a crowd of them, as after their supper at the hotel they liked to congregate to themselves to roll their own smokes and talk with their kind.

Often the conversation would be a heated argument. Why certain ones of the herd carrying an off brand should not have been sent back or a recount of some special experience they had encountered on the way up, how they managed to float the mess wagon across some greatly swollen stream, or how they had diverted a stampede of the cattle in a dark and stormy night.

All this talk was very interesting to me coming as it did at first hand and from such characters and tell me where is the young American who would not be interested as I feel sure most of you readers are going to be interested in this recount and what your imagination can picture for you.

Little Joe Wyatt was the brand inspector. A man under midlife age, thoroughly conversant with all the cattle brands in the country, a man with nerves of steel and a determination when he thought he was in the right.

Joe had been on the job a long time and had earned for himself a very enviable reputation in his calling. He had taken part in several actual gun battles with cattle rustlers in the Animas valley and always come out with a "whole hide," if not always successful in his undertaking. When he made a trip into mining in his line of duty he was stricken to death by a bolt of lightning.

To those of us who are left that witnessed this great epoch in the history of the west it is only a reminder of the great changes that have been made, and are being made, in this great Animas Valley and our city of Lamar, and in all that vast country to the south of us which in the days of this article was all the vast cattle range.
John Wrinck, generally known as John Luke or Dutch John, a
well known old timer, died Sunday, December 29, at the home of
the horse, about 16 miles northeast of Lamar. He was injured in
a fall away several weeks ago and died from the effects of such
injuries. When the first wave of immigration struck this section
of the Arkansas Valley in 1886, Dutch John was an old timer, whose
headquarters had been in the vicinity of Granada for many years.
He was then a fine specimen of physical manhood, and was regarded
as a dangerous man, though not inclined to start a quarrel or
fight. His life was that of a cow-puncher through all the most
trying times when cow-punching, Indian fighting or buffalo hunt-
ing were almost the sole occupation of man in the Arkansas valley.
Dutch once told the writer of this item that he brought the
first bunch of cattle to the Arkansas River from Texas that were
never brought here. He was no doubt the pioneer cow-puncher of
this valley and perhaps of this state.

As a young man, he enlisted in the Civil war in the state
of Missouri and served about three years. He came west in the
1860's and began the life he led until a few years ago. He dropped
his Polish name of Wrinck and became known as John Luke. He was
otherwise supposed by his companions to be a German and became known as
Dutch John. He never married and became somewhat eccentric
in character. His inability to read and write, and his sensitive-
ess concerning the matter, caused him to neglect his family and
they lost all trace of him for more than 30 years. He finally
was located by them through the writer of this article, and a nephew
visited him about three or four years ago and John returned home
with him for a short visit.

A few years ago he settled down as a farmer and stock raiser
on a homestead on Big Sandy. He also leased a considerable body
of state land in partnership with the late W. J. Wilson of Denver.
He became a fruit raiser and was said to have the finest orchard
in Stevens County.
Lake, #2.
Brooks Co.

Since the settlers of 1886 arrived in the valley there has been in John's actions or habits nothing to indicate the typical bad man, but he was undoubtedly able to take care of himself through emergencies that must have come to one leading his kind of life. The last Indian known to have survived the Chivington battle was XXXXX pursued by Dutch John to a point south of Holly. He got a fresh horse south of Holly and disappeared in the Plum Creek country.

John Luke was supposed to be about 70 years of age. He was buried from Lamar and his funeral was largely attended by old timers from Lamar, Granada and Holly. He was a member of Proctor C.A.R. Post of Granada. He was a kind-hearted man and will be missed by many, especially by the early settlers and by those who had lived here before the invasion of the farmers began.

--From Register of January 1, 1908.

The Register of May 26, 1894 makes the statement that "John Luke brought the first Texas cattle to the Arkansas valley in 1865."
On May 12, 1883, I left Blossom Prairie near Paris, Texas, with a herd of 3,000 cattle to Rhoads, Las Animas, Colorado. I arrived here August 3rd, and turned them loose on the creek near Las Animas. Then we went to the ZX headquarters. We lay around the Ranch until the fall roundup.

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

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

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

After the boys came into camp (?) our business was to look after the horses and get everything in readiness to start out about the first of May. The outside men would start out a few days before the wagon in order to begin work way south on the Canadian River. These men would like to be there three or four weeks before getting back on the range.

The Arkansas wagons which would number about seven to nine with eight riders and about seven to nine horses a piece, would work on the Cimarron River and work from there back to the Arkansas River. The time would be about two months.

The cattle gathered on the first round up would be under care until turned loose on the range. After the calves were all milked we had but little to do until work began the next fall at the roundup which was to gather beef for market.

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

We will go the year of 1886. I will speak of the storm January 4, 1886. We had one of the worst storms that we ever had to go through. More dead cattle than ever were before or since.

Then by the name of Rube Irwin skinned cattle on the north side
of the river after the storm. He made an average of one hundred
battles a day. He began this work at the Colorado state line and
shipped cattle to Las Animas. Lots of places he could walk on
the cattle for miles and never touch the ground. The Double S
bank by a Syndicate ran a hearse for two weeks and threw the
cattle in the river.

In '88 we had another tremendous storm the last days of
October. We were camped on the hill just north of the Forks of
Coy Creek. The snow began to fall about three o'clock in the
afternoon and at sunrise we turned the herd loose. They drifted
about three or four miles. A Mexican herder and I were on the
gaurd after we turned the herd loose and started back to
the wagon. We met the horses so we took them back to the wagon.
The snow had drifted till part of the tents were half covered.
I had a little conversation with the boys and we went down to
Mr. Piloud's as hungry as two bears. There we got a very
fine breakfast. We got the mess team and went back to camp. And
bought the team down to the creek to a sheet camp. There we
stayed for three days and nights. During this time we cut down
bottomflex trees to save our horses and lost two at that.

The third day we started out to go to Lamar. The first day
we went five miles and the snow melted away. The next day
we went to Lamar. They were having a big rally, "The County Seat
 Fight." They had just finished dinner. Some of the ladies,
who we walked in, said, "There's those cowboys and they're hun-
grily." So they asked us to eat. And Boy did we eat! The next
day was election day and we went from Lamar to Las Animas to vote.
We went to winter quarters.

The year 1890 a number of the big cow outfits went off busi-
ness on account of free range being taken up by homesteaders. La-
ma became one of the best shipping points and thousands of cat-
tle were shipped out to eastern markets and as a result from this
area there were fewer wagons and men sent out on the roundups. But the
roundups really didn't end until about 1900.

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

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

And another question was: How the cowboys felt towards the settlers coming in?

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

We were in winter camp together:
Dead--Marseena McMillin
Dead--Joe Wyatt
Alive--J. R. Edwards, New Mexico
Dead--Johnny Bowers
Alive--Arthur Dodge, Granada
Alive--R. Craven, Syracuse
Alive--Wills Metcalf, Two Buttes
Alive--Jess Tanner, Lamar
Alive--Bill McCurry, Lamar
Alive--Jack Ford, Lamar
Dead--Joe Bell, Lamar
Alive--Patsy Nolan, Granada (now Lamar)

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

The SS Ranch located south of the railroad track in Holly owned by Syndicate.
The Crutch Ranch south of the Arkansas river about two miles west and two south of Holly.

XY Ranch located by what is now known as Old Granada. Owned by Fred Harvey.

Jimmy Graham located four miles west of Granada on the south side of the river.

Marseena McMillin Ranch located about two miles west of Carlton on the north side of the railroad track and the south side of the Arkansas river.
The Black Ranch located about four miles east of Lamar on the north side of the railroad track.

John W. Prowers located about six miles west of Lamar.

Ran Reeser located at the mouth of Mud creek, north side of railroad.

Hailey Ranch located on Mud creek south of river and south of the railroad track.

Abe Peterson just below the mouth of Cañena south of the river.

P. C. Scott located on the north side of the river about four miles east and north of Cañena.

Senator Woodworth located south of railroad track on Cañena and four miles south of its mouth.

Dutch Ranch, 12 miles south on Cañena creek. (This belonged to Felix Cain, Bill Stone, Dick Klutt and a man named Muth.)

Roads brothers located on Rule creek 12 miles east of Las Animas.

Seventy Seven Ranch on north side of river and about the south of Rule.

Major Hill Ranch four miles west of 77 Ranch.

Triangle HL located at the old town of Las Animas.

Lake Cahill south of old Fort Lyon and south of river.

Moor Ranch west of Picket Wire on the north side of railroad track.

Rice Rancho beyond Picket Wire and 15 miles south of Lamar.

To Ranch 25 miles south of Las Animas controlled about 60,000 little owned by Syndicate.

In regard to the skinning of the dead cattle Mr. Edwards explained that it was done by horse, a seam being cut down the back and legs of the hide attached by the ears to the horse and torn off.

Mr. William Edwards' address is Holly, Colorado.
In 1883 Mr. Wilson Edwards came up the trail from Paris, Texas, with a trail herd to Las Animas. He stayed in Bent county, riding on this range for fourteen years, seven years with the Brothers on Rule creek and seven years with a Mr. Alexander. The most important articles of the cowboy's equipment were the six shooter and Winchester, which constituted the law in those days. He also furnished his own saddle and bed. The rancher furnished him with nine head of horses. They needed so many because of the hard riding.

During the winters the cowboy sat around the ranch or rode town to keep the fences up. The fences were used for the poor cattle and to keep the horses from drifting away. The cattle did not drift as far as horses would.

But there was hard riding to be done from the first of May, when the round up started, until along in October. The round up commenced at Adobe Corral on the Canadian and worked north in the Marsh district and worked north. 12,000 to 15,000 calves were counted during the round up.

The food on the round up consisted of beef, bread, beans and black coffee, as they might not be near a store for weeks and could not lead up with bulky or perishable groceries. However, it tasted mighty good to the men after a day's hard riding.

Each ranch sent an outfit to represent their interests in the round up. There were usually 10 men to an outfit, eight riders, one cook and the horse wrangler. The cowboys usually had to stand guard every night over cattle until the round up was over, two or three men to a guard and three or four changes during the night, depending on the number of men in the outfit.

Each morning each outfit would cover a certain amount of territory. Then they would meet at a certain place at noon with the outfit with the round up and count calves. If they did not clean up all the calves in that territory they would circle back and get them the next day. The
Calves were branded in the afternoon. If they gathered a big lot before they went to market, they might commence in the morning.

In the evening the outfits would come together at a location near for the next day's work. Then they would occasionally amuse themselves by riding pitching horses. One or two of the ranches would send a man just to break horses. As soon as he would gentle one he would turn it over to a rider and begin on another. Beatty on the Cimarron and J. J. Jones on the Picketwire had such men.

Sometimes the riders would get in a dispute over an animal of the round up and then somebody was hurt or killed.

Old Granada was in full blast when Mr. Edwards came to this country. There was one store and the rest was principally saloons. After the immigration started Granada was moved from its location by the XY ranch to its present site.

There were several killings in Granada. Mr. Edwards says three men were killed one night in a saloon hardly big enough to turn around in. Most of these killings were caused by bad whiskey.

In the early days the trail herds came up from the south wherever they could or it was convenient, but by '87 there were so many settlers and fences that a trail was laid out running along the state line. Mr. Edwards, however, does not remember that there was any particular bad feeling between the cattlemen and the new settlers. He himself always advised the new settlers to get a bunch of cattle and stay, rather than farm, as this was not good farming country before the days of irrigation.

The chief ranches in this district were the SS Cattle Company on the north side of the river, the Sisson ranch, the Graham and Neff in the Carlton vicinity, the Black ranch on the south side of the river three miles below the Lamar townsite, the Prowers ranch two miles above the Lamar townsite, and Malloy at Mud creek.

The biggest ranch near here was the J. J. outfit on the Picketwire twenty miles above Las Animas, which at one time controlled 50,000 head of cattle.
When the demonstration train was in Rocky Ford and the lecturers were painting the pictures of prosperity evidenced by the great quantity of alfalfa being grown throughout the valley and the quantity of stock being fed on alfalfa, there was in the audience an old gentleman in whom the story started a train of reminiscences. This was William Matthews, who settled in Rocky Ford in 1871. He said:

"When I heard the lecturers telling of the impressions they received on this trip, I thought of the time in 1874 when I planted the first alfalfa ever grown in the Arkansas Valley, a little patch of less than an acre. I bought the seed of J. D. Miller in Pueblo, paying 40 cents a pound for it, and I did not know whether I was getting it cheap or paying too much for it. In fact, neither Mr. Miller nor I knew really what it was, but he told me they had been growing it in California, and they said it was a fine forage crop. There had been some seed sown in Pueblo the year before, but they failed to get a stand. The same year I tried it a small patch was sown on the Purgatoire, six miles from its mouth."

"I could not help but think of the settlement on the river in these early days, compared with conditions today. I arrived here in 1873 and stayed the first winter with Asa Russell at the old Rocky Ford, who was then the only resident of this section. There were two families living at La Junta and one at the place now called Swink, and the other at Anderson arroyo, from whence we came. These were cattle thieving outfits from Texas, and I guess they soon went to jail. There were no other residents on the south side between these settlements and the town of La Junta. West of us were the Beatys of Manzanola, old Uncle Graham at the mouth of the Apishapa, and a few others scattered up the river. The next winter John Vroman and T. J. Downen were our neighbors. There are only a few of us old-timers left."