MONTROSE COUNTY

Interviews collected during 1933-34 for the State Historical Society of Colorado, by C. W. A. Workers.

Interviewers working on this county:

Arthur W. Monroe

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GRADUATION PROGRAMS with Doc. 4 are in Envelope - Back Cover.

50 PICTURES sent from this pamphlet to PICTURE FILES - Room 318.
This is the story of Samuel Cramer, one of the few remaining survivors of the great War of the Rebellion, which has receded into the past of seventy years ago. Samuel Cramer is hale and healthy and is daily seen on the streets of Montrose.

He was born on the 28th of April, 1847 in what was then the Iowa territory. He lived there on a farm for the first thirty-four years of his life, with the exception of the time spent as a soldier in the Union Army. His father died when he was 15 years old.

He enlisted in the Union Army and served with the Company F., 16th Iowa Infantry, Third Brigade, Fourth Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, and his active service started in Chattanooga, Tennessee. He was with Sherman on the march through Tennessee, at the Battle of Atlanta, the March to the Sea, and was present when Johnston surrendered to Sherman at Raleigh, North Carolina. Then Sherman's army marched the four hundred miles to Washington and took part in the Grand Review, when Grant's Army was reviewed one day and Sherman and Sheridan's commands the following day.

One of the most bitter experiences he suffered was when, in Feb. 1865, they were marching North through South Carolina. The only pike for roadway in the immediate vicinity was held by Confederate forces. Sherman fooled the Rebels into thinking that he was going to march on Charleston, and instead made a forced march through the cypress swamps and across the Balakashechi River. It had been raining, the water was extremely cold and shoulder deep. The four thousand men of the command waded the River, even the officers going on foot. Many of them fell and were drowned, and those who got through suffered severe hardships. Even William Belknap, the Brigade Commander, who was later Secretary of War, and a very large man, was forced to wade the river. And, because of one man's ambition, the trip was without avail.
The bedraggled forced who had braved the river's waters were to attempt a flanking movement and come in on the Rebel's rear, but, because the commanding officer of the force which remained to attack from the front wanted all the glory of capturing the Confederate forces, the entire movement was lost. This officer attacked too quick and the rebels fled before Belknap's men reached the rear.

After the War Cramer returned to Iowa and farmed for ten years. Then he was married to Ammi Ammerman. A son and daughter were born to them, the daughter died at the age of thirty years and the son is a prominent business man of San Diego, California.

In March of the year 1880, Samuel Cramer came West to Colorado, stopping at Buena Vista, where he spent the Summer, in the fall of that year going on to Leadville, which was booming. Silver sold for a good price and the camp was going strong. While he was there the miners struck for a $4.50 wage per day. Mr. Cramer was prospecting during the time he spent in Buena Vista and Leadville, and in the latter place was a teamster for a time.

In the winter of 1881, Cramer went to Aspen where he lived for many years, assisting in the organization of Pitkin County and acting as a County Commissioner for three years, from 1884 to 1888. He owned and operated a farm for many years on the Roaring Fork River near Basalt.

His first wife had died and he was remarried in 1893, and has one daughter by this union, Mrs. Earle Bryant, of Montrose.

Selling his ranch on the Roaring Fork in 1915, Mr. Cramer went to Florida, where he secured a farm and feed mill in the Everglades. In the past seventeen years he has made 18 trips between Colorado and Florida, his mill was the first feed mill in the Everglades of Florida.

He sold his property in the South and returned to Montrose, where he bought a home and has since been living here. During the past few years he has given much of his time to the affairs of the rapidly depleting ranks of
the Grand Army of the Republic. When he came to Montrose there were about twenty-five members of this respected order, but today there are but three or four left. When Cramer went to Aspen there were 125 members of the G.A.R. in what town, while today there are none.

Mr. Cramer has lived a clean and moral life and is highly respected in the community in which he resides. He has helped materially in the development of the Empire that is Western Colorado.

Signed

Samuel Cramer

Date December 29, 1933--Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF CHARLES HENRY FOSDICK, WHO CAME INTO COLORADO IN THE YEAR 1880.

During the past fifty-three years Charles Henry Fosdick has worked on various jobs throughout Southern Colorado. He was born in Waverly, Ohio, on January 23, 1862. His mother died when he was two weeks old, and his father took him to Granville, Ohio, where they lived on a farm.

In the Spring of 1880 he came into Pueblo, Colorado, and secured a job digging for the laying of the ties for the first streetcar lines in that city.

After three months work in Pueblo, Fosdick went to Silver Cliff, where he worked in the mines and freighted from the West Mountain Valley to Canon City, Coal Creek and Pueblo. He says that on these trips he saw plenty of wild game, especially antelope.

The jail burned while he was in Silver Cliff and two men were cremated. One day, Fosdick bought a five dollar meal ticket and started to eat his first meal on the ticket. A fire started across the street before he finished his meal and burned up half the town. He never did get the rest of his meals on that ticket.

While in the West Mountain Valley, he worked in various mines and mills, doing all kinds of labor. He says that at that time they were finding silver at the grass roots.

During the Summer of 1882, Fosdick, with Charley Phelps and another man whose name he does not remember, made a long horseback trip over the Western Slope of Colorado. The railroad had been built only as far as Sargents, and that town was a settlement of tents. On this trip they passed through the towns of Villa Grove, Saguache, Del Norte, Durango, Farmington and Ophir.

In 1885 Fosdick returned to Montrose and has been around this vicinity since that year. He has never been married and has lived his
own quiet life. He has worked in the mines around Ouray, grubbed cedar and pinyon trees for Jim and Joe Calloway in Dry Cedar Basin and has otherwise helped in the development of Western Colorado.

Mr. Posey remembers that when he came to Montrose there were many saloons, one being in the basement under the present location of the Western Furniture Co. And Ouray was a lively town too. He recalls the experience of opening the road to the Camp Bird Mine after heavy snow storms.

Dated December 29, 1933 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
CONCERNING THE LIFE OF J.W. TOPLISS, WHO FIRST CAME INTO THE UCCOMPANGRE VALLEY IN 1880.

J.W. Topliss was born in Council Hill Station, Joe Davis County, Illinois, November 9, 1859. His father was a small town blacksmith and moved from place to place. He received most of his schooling in Galena, Illinois, and Diamond Grove, Illinois and in Grant and Lafayette Counties in Wisconsin.

Mr. Topliss first came to Colorado in 1880, at which time he settled in Granada. In 1881, he moved to Canon City and moved over the Divide into western Colorado in 1890, bringing in a bunch of cattle and horses. In 1891, he freighted in the Ouray District, hauling ore and supplies to Red Mountain, Sneffles and other points in the San Juan.

Returning to Kansas in 1892, he lived there a few years or so and then returned again to western Colorado. In 1909, he moved into the Little Cimarron Valley and has lived there since that time, farming in the summer and often prospecting in the winter. For a year in or about 1923, Topliss helped guard a bunch of convicts, who were engaged in highway work.

His has been the life of a farmer and laborer and he has had his ups and downs. He has had no outstanding experiences, although he has helped in the development of Western Colorado.

Date December 8, 1933--interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Worked for the Colorado Historical Society.

J W Topliss
Herman LeRoy Darling was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan on February 15, 1864. In 1879, at the age of 14, he moved to Canon City, Colorado. Previous to that time he had already started in the lumbering work, which he has followed all of his life since that time. While at Canon City, he sawed timbers for the railroad to Leadville. He worked in a sawmill below the town of Salida and in one at Buena Vista. In the year 1884, he came into the Uncompahgre Valley and settled in the Horsefly District, and has lived in this valley since that time, having conducted sawmills throughout that region.

One of his outstanding experiences was a trip through the Black Canyon of the Gunnison on a horse, before the railroad was built through the canyon. It was in March and he had to travel on the ice on the river, often being compelled to unpack his packhorse and carry the equipment around large boulders to keep the animal from being pushed into the icy waters of the river. At this time there was a grade camp in the Cimarron Canyon, where men were building the railroad. He stayed one night at the camp and another at the home of A.E. Buddecke in the Old Town of Montrose.

In 1893 Mr. Darling walked from Montrose to Rawlings, Wyoming, where he ran a stage for a year at $25.00 a month. He says that the present generation do not know what hard times are, even with the great depression of 1930-33.

He was in Delta when three men were killed in a bank robbery, and says that Russell and Eldon Hauser, now of Montrose, who were boys then, found one of the guns which was lost by the robbers.

Mr. Darling remembers that in 1884 Dick Netherly said that people were living much too fast, and should go back to burning candles and weaving clothes from the backs of the sheep.
During the years that he has engaged in the lumber business, Herman Darling has carried on his own operations, employing from 40 to 60 men in the woods every summer, and doing wholesale lumbering, that is, combined logging and sawing, and running his own boarding houses with women cooks.

His favorite sport is horse racing, and Mr. Darling has seen lots of good races.

At the time he came into the Uncompahgre Valley, Mr. Darling says, Dave Wood was the whole cheese here, although other prominent men were Dick Netherly, Jim and Jesse O'Hriel.

Dated December 11, 1933—Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
William Adolph Neugart was born in Bar-le-duc, France, in 1871. His father ran a canteen there during the Franco-Prussian War, and after the war the family moved to Germany, where they lived for five years, coming from there to America and spending a year in the city of Cincinnati. In 1882, they moved to Colorado and settled on a farm in the Uncompahgre Valley. In 1897, he was married to Miss Julia Bennett. The couple have one son and one daughter, Clyde Neugart and Mrs. Louis Krohn, both of Montrose.

After twenty years of farming, Mr. Neugart left the farm and has since engaged in the grocery and baking business, and to this date has been in that business for twenty-eight years, twenty-years in his own store, two years for J.L. Mullins and six years for Caleb J. Diehl. He says that in the average prices are not much different than they were when he started.

In 1932, Mr. Neugart went to Portland, Oregon and Cour-de-alene, Idaho to visit his two sisters. This was the first time he had been out of Colorado in nearly fifty years. In 1933, he again left the state, going to the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago.

In all the years of his residence in the Uncompahgre Valley, Mr. Neugart has never hunted nor has he ever dropped a fish line in any Colorado stream. When he came to Montrose, the citizens were just moving from the Old Town to the present site of the city.

Among the old timers he recalls are J.E. McConnell, banker, M.L. Zoppin, newspaper man and Thomas M. McKee, photographer, whose wife was the Secretary of the town council. There was also L.N. Heil, a clothier.

Dated December 12, 1933 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker of the Colorado Historical Society.
FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF FRANK WHEATON CLARKE.

Frank Wheaton Clarke was born in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on the second day of February, 1861. He went to school in the town of Leavenworth and at the age of 14 went into the printing office of the Leavenworth Times, where he worked for three years, acting first as devil and then as Press Boy. Following this he worked in the Post Traders Store at Fort Leavenworth until 1886, when he came to Colorado and entered the store operated by his brother-in-law, James A. Fenlon. The Indians had already been taken out of the Uncompahgre Valley when he came and only a few were left about the Post. He remembers playing baseball with the Fort Crawford Soldiers, and making trips to Gunnison, Ouray and Montrose.

In the year 1899, Frank Clarke followed the call of Gold and journeyed to the Yukon Territory, where he spent thirty-one years. He lived for a time on Bonanza Creek and knew the man who made the first big strike there—the strike that started the great rush into the Yukon Gold fields. From 1899 to 1915 he worked in the store of the Cudahy Company and then went into the placer mining game for himself. He states that the best days work he did was the day he found six ounces and eight pennyweight in gold in one pan, taken from bedrock.

It was in 1930 that Mr. Clarke returned to the Uncompahgre Valley, bringing with him his sick wife. They are at present located in the town of Montrose.

Frank W. Clarke

Dated December 12, 1933 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF JAMES IVEY LICK WHO HAS LIVED NEARLY ALL HIS LIFE IN THE UNCOMPAGHRE VALLEY, COLORADO.

James Ivey Lick was born in Mountain Home, Baxter County, Arkansas, October 3, 1890, and was brought by his parents to the Uncompahgre Valley at the age of two months. He went through school in the town of Montrose, and since that time has followed various pursuits, engaging mostly in mining and milling.

His father, Francis August Lick, had made a previous trip into the Valley and had helped General MacKenzie take the Indians out in 1881.

Mr. Lick helped the Williams boys haul the lumber to erect the first uranium mill in the United States. The work was superintended by a Frenchman named Appollo, who was the representative of Mme. Curie, the famous French Scientist, who discovered Radium.

Among other experiences, Mr. Lick recalls a time when a bunch of Utes from the McElmo Canyon country surrounded their wagon train, and one of the Williams boys traded whiskey to the redskins for the safety of the cattlade.

In the days when he was a boy, Lick says, it was a common occurrence for the Cowboys to ride into town and shoot all the lights out. He says, also, that the cowboys in Western Montrose County often wrote their names on the cliffs with uranium ore, not knowing what it was.

At the time his father was in the Valley, before the Indians were removed there was a trading post almost on the spot where James I. Lick now lives.

James Ivey Lick

Dated December 12, 1933—Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
Facts Concerning the Life of George Washington Robuck, Pioneer Citizen of the Uncompahgre Valley, Colorado.

George Washington Robuck was born on February 18, 1855, in Macon City, Missouri. He attended school in that town and grew to manhood there. On May 4, 1885 he arrived in the town of Montrose, Colorado, at midnight, on the train, flat broke. He says that, after one look at the adobe hills to the east of Montrose, if he had had the money he would have left the town and never returned. However, Fate had not decreed that he do so, and he is here yet—and glad of it.

to Montrose

Shortly after coming home, he went to Telluride, where he ran a livery stable for Ike King for a year and a half. Returning to Montrose he took up eighty acres of land in Floral Valley, about eighteen miles north west of town. He lived there for ten months and then sold the land to Dave Wood, or rather he traded it for the Magnolia Livery Stable, which was located where the Rhodes Blacksmith Shop is now.

After disposing of the Livery Stable, Robuck conducted a second hand store for seventeen years, or until 1930. At the present time he is an automobile salesman.

Mr. Robuck was married in 1876 to Mary Jane Smiley, and to this union were born five children, all of whom are still living. They are: Mrs. C.C. Dole, of Portland, Oregon; Lester, of Montrose; Mrs. H.H. Ender, of Los Angeles; Mrs. Gertrude Davis, of Portland, Oregon, and Mrs. W.H. McCarthy of San Diego, California.

In the years he has spent in Western Colorado, Mr. Robuck has done a good deal of hunting. Some of the old timers he especially recalls are: J.V. Lethbop, Abe Roberts, J.C. Freas, O.D. Loutsenhizer and Walter Musgrave.

Signed:

Dated December 12, 1933—Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker of the Colorado Historical Society.
Eugene Louis McGregor was born near Powderhorn in the Cebolla Valley, Colorado on August 3, 1889. When he was six months old the family moved to the town of Clathea, where Eugene went to school until he was seventeen years of age. During this time he also did considerable work on the farm where the family resided.

When he was seventeen years old he went to work in the mill of the Liberty Bell Mine near Telluride, where he worked for ten years. His most exciting experience was when eight hundred pounds of ore was dumped onto him from a bucket while he was at work in an ore bin. He saw the shadow of the bucket coming and hugged a large timber so that he was not crushed to death. However, he received several bad cuts on the head in the experience.

Gene McGregor spent four years in the sheep business, but for the past twenty years has been engaged in blacksmithing and machine shop work, operating his own shop in Montrose at the present time.

He was married in 1911 and has two children, Miss Doris and John. Mr. McGregor's father freighted into Western Colorado before the coming of the Railroad.

Dated December 19, 1933 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
Jay J. Ross was born in Ionia County, Michigan on the 25th of February 1858. At an early age, in 1864, his father, M.E. Ross took the family to California, going first to New York City and thence down the coast on an ocean steamer to the Isthmus of Panama, across the Isthmus Pacific by rail and then up the coast to San Francisco. Arriving at the Golden Gate city, they changed boats and sailed to Humboldt Bay, where they were transferred to a tug boat, which went in through the breakers and landed the little party. The steamer carried their baggage on to Seattle and dropped it off on the return trip.

It was in 1867 that the family journeyed overland by pack train to the Sacramento Valley, where they settled in Solano County. There Jay J. Ross grew to manhood, going to the common schools of the county and engaging in farming. It was there that the elder Ross died and his estate was settled by Judge McKinney, later to become a justice in the United States Supreme Court.

Jay J. Ross recalls the trip by boat to California, saying that of Cape Mendocino his father was so seasick that he wanted the boat to sink. After landing the elder Mr. Ross wanted to fish and was taken up to a sort of slough by a Chinaman, who showed him how to get the blind fish out onto the bank with a pole. At first the father would not believe there were any fish in that stagnant water, but the Chinaman explained that the tide had just gone out. He also recalls the method used to transfer the family from the steamer to the tug. They all climbed down a ladder and as the tug came up on the waves, each one was tossed into it by two men.

M.E. Ross was a shingle weaver, making shingles by hand, and manufactured all the shingles for the largest warehouse in Eureka, California, from redwood trees, making one thousand shingles a day. He was also a great deer and elk hunter and hunted them for their hides.
In November of 1880 Jay J. Ross arrived in Colorado, settling for a short time in Colorado Springs, where he went to work on the frozen waterworks. Together with Gus Frost and his brother Lew Ross, he came into the San Juan country before the end of that year, coming as far as Alamosa on the train, thence by stage to Antelope Springs, and walking on to the Silverton country. They arrived in the vicinity of Chattanooga on Christmas Day 1880, and were the first white men to spend the winter in that high country.

Jay J. Ross and Gus Frost

Early the next fall, the three men walked down to the Uncompahgre Valley and arrived at the present site of Montrose just four days after the Indians were removed from the Valley. This was the seventh of September 1881, and the town of Montrose, which had been established a short distance south of its present site, was just being moved. Gus Frost returned to Silverton with their one burro to get Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ross and together they came again into the valley.

They then settled on the land where General MacKenzie had had his army, which is against the hill just west of the Farrish Ranch, about six miles north of Montrose. Today Lew Ross still lives on a part of this land and Jay Ross lives on a parcel of land half a mile south.

Mr. Ross says that when he pre-empted the land he had to fill up thirty-six wells and privy holes. Two soldiers of MacKenzie's Command had died and were buried nearby on the hill, but they were removed when the Indians left. Ross tells of the first white man who died in the valley, shortly after his arrival. The man's name was Charles Garten and he died from Pneumonia poisoning. The body was taken to the little bench just west of the old camp and buried by Mr. Ross and his companions. The ground was hard to dig and they dug down three feet and then made an offset a foot and a half deeper, wrapped Garten in his blanket and covered him over with dirt. They expected his family to remove him but this was never done.
So down through the years Garten has laid in his lowly grave, while the Ross brothers have labored and toiled to make a beautiful garden spot in the surrounding valley. It would be a fitting tribute to this first white man to remain buried in the Valley, if a marker were erected over his tomb.

Judge Stevens came down from Ouray and found that the settlers had no means of protecting themselves, so he called a meeting at the Nutt ranch and organized the Pioneers Protective Association, with an executive committee of five men, Solomon Edwards, William Bruce, James Moore, Tom Nett and Jay J. Ross. However, they never saw an Indian for ten years and were not molested. Mr. Ross says he met Chipeta when she came to the first Pioneer's celebration.

Joseph Selig and Mr. Eckerly had borrowed money from O.D. Loutzenhizer and a man named Pumphrey and established Montrose. At this time the Railroad came down Townsend Avenue. Story and Stevens of Ouray sent Joe R. Brown and Joe Winchester down to establish a town at the Wye, where the Joe Brown ranch is now. However, it seems, that the site was not satisfactory and a squatter's claim was purchased where the town now stands. Each of the business men in the Old Town was given a corner lot in the new town. Tom McCaffery established a saloon on the corner, now occupied by the Foster-Wil Strong and Garrett Grocery. Harry Hammond started a Livery Stable on the Foster Wilson corner. This stable was operated by Jim Donnelly for years. Buddeke and Diahl had a store on the Missouri Building site. Stewart Brothers had a grocery store where Dinkstaff is now. Barney Wolf, the wholesale grocer of the Old Town started a store on the First National Bank corner, and Otto Mears started the Loutzenhizer Hotel on the Montrose National Bank corner. This hotel later burned down.
Roberts and Frees had a store where the Vote Grocery now stands. This is the only property in town that has not changed hands, it still being held by the Frees heirs. The father of Chas. B. Elliot, who is at present Superintendent of the Uncompahgre Valley Water Users' Association, built the building used by this store from lumber brought in by J.J. Ross, from the Eckerly Saw Mill on the Dave Wood road southwest of Montrose. This building today stands on Uncompahgre Avenue next to the Montrose Cream Station. Mr. Ross helped build this building.

The corner where the Thomas Building stands today was given to Doc Cummings, the "Carpet Bag" Mayor of the Old Town. The Texaco Filling Station corner was given to Chas. McConnell, the banker, and Ab Roberts established the Montrose Messenger on the corner next to the City Steam Laundry.

A stranger "jumped claim" on the lots next to the Missouri Building and was removed by a Vigilance Committee headed by Matt Moore, the City Marshal. Moore later died in the pest house.

Jay J. Ross was the first road overseer in the Montrose District. He was also floor manager of the first dance held in Montrose in the Mears Hotel in the winter of 1882 or 1883, and dancing has always been a favorite pastime with him. He has been prominent in the affairs of the Pioneer's Association, the Western Slope Fairs long held at Montrose and other activities.

Married in Telluride December 23, 1887 to Grace Eby, three children of this union are now living, one daughter lives in Oregon, another in Pocatello, Idaho and a son, Eby is a mail carrier at Blackfoot, Idaho. After the death of his first wife, Mr. Ross was married in 1905 to Myrtle Bryant and the couple have two daughters, Mrs. Victor Steele, of Nucia and Mrs. Orville Danlap, who resides on the Ross Ranch near Montrose. These two daughters received wide publicity recently
when they both gave birth to babies just sixteen hours apart in the same room in which they, themselves, were born.

Dated December 15, 1933 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker of the Colorado Historical Society.
WILLIAM ORSON CAIRNS was born on a farm in Rice County, Kansas, on December 21, 1873. At the age of six years, in 1879, he moved with his family to Denver, Colorado, where he lived a year, after which the family went to Grand Lake, Colorado, where four years were spent.

Moving to Montrose in 1884, the Cairns family drove a team town through Leadville, which was, at that time, only a small town.

Although Mr. Cairns has followed farming most of his life, he spent several years in the stamp mills of the Liberty Bell Mine near Telluride and the Kendrick-Gelder properties in Silverton. In these stamp mills the ore was reduced from rock and the gold and silver taken from it.

He was in Telluride at the time of the famous Miner's Strike and saw trainloads of men deported by the State Militia. These men were taken over Dallas Divide and put off in the Oak Brush, but most of them were back in Telluride within a short time.

At the time he was at the Liberty Bell, Chas. Chase was the Superintendent of the famous mine and Ed Lavender was the chief freighter.

Judge Edwards was the County Judge at the time he came to Montrose and J.B. Johnson was the Sheriff.

In 1884 Cairns was married to Emma Kilmer and to this union was born one son, William Dave Cairns, who is now connected with the Homestead Reclamation Project. His first wife died and Mr. Cairns was later married to Georgia Barnes. The two have four children and the family resides on a farm near Riverside, five miles South of Montrose.

Signed: W. O. Cairns

Dated December 13, 1933—Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker of the Colorado Historical Society.
FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF BURELL EMERSON HITCHCOCK.

Burell Emerson Hitchcock was born in Onawa, Iowa on the tenth of November, 1857, 1878, and shortly after his birth his father took brought him into Colorado, taking part in the gold rush to Black Hawk, where the elder Hitchcock engaged in the carpenter and wheelwright professions.

In 1884 the family moved to Montrose and Burell started to school, when the present Central School Building consisted of four rooms.

At that time Montrose was not much of a town, altho rather lively at times. In those days there were several Chinamen in this little town, a situation that has not existed for many years now. The youngsters of the village made it so tough on the yellow men that they finally moved out, but, however, until they were asked to do so by a committee of citizens.

Mr. Hitchcock remembers one time when he and Don Detweiler dealt considerable misery to one of these "chinks". One evening they went to his laundry, which was in a building where the telephone office now stands. Don took a tack-tack and made a terrible noise against the window pane and his companion dropped a box of broken glass. The old Chinaman thought the heavens were falling in on him.

Another time they laid out a Chinaman called "Grinny" cold. First the boys put a pail over his stovepipe. Then they wired the front door about and put a railroad tie against the back door. When "Grinny" ran out the back door, the tie fell on his head with disastrous results.

For thirty-three years Mr. Hitchcock has been connected with the Grocery business in Montrose. For some years being in business with the Henson-Hitchcock Grocery and for several years past as the efficient manager of the Montrose Piggly-Wiggly Store.

He was married in 1907 to Anna Newton and to this union were born one son and two daughters, Orville, and Misses Maurine and Yvonne.
Charles F. Huntsman was born in Ohio City, Kansas, near Ottawa, on the twenty-ninth day of November, 1868. His early boyhood was spent there and in July 1875, he moved, together with his father's family into the nobilla Valley and settled near the Powderhorn Post Office. Their coming into the Centennial State was just a little while before Colorado was admitted to the Union. The father took up the middle ranch in the valley and raised hay and cattle.

The first dead man Charles F. Huntsman ever saw was a man named Alexander Derocia, who was killed by one Oregon Bill in a quarrel over a piece of land. His grandfather made the coffin and by the time it was ready the body was so bloated that it would not go into it, so they had to bury him in the rough box.

At this time there was no railroad over the divide, and the family came over from Pueblo by covered wagon. All the hauling was done with wagons and freight outfits.

As a boy in school in Lake City, Mr. Huntsman attended the first trial of Alfred Packer, who was alleged to have killed his companions on a journey over the mountains a few years before and eaten their flesh. His trial was in 1884, just about ten years after the tragedy occurred. Huntsman says, they had the skull of one of the murdered men at the schoolhouse for a time. He remembers details of the trial. Judge Gary presided, and man named Mines was the lawyer for the defense and Judge John C. Bell was the prosecuting attorney. The details of the Packer case are two well known in State History to go into further here.

However, Mr. Huntsman vividly recalls the appearance of Alfred Packer. He was a very peculiar man. He had a large head and almost no forehead, the cranium sloping back from the eyes. He was broad shouldered and had a wax-like complexion, a small goatee, and a very peculiar voice, one
Huntsman also remembers seeing two men named Betts and Browning hanging by their necks a short distance from the school house one morning. These two men were attempting to rob a house, not knowing that the Sheriff and City Marshal were concealed inside, and when they were caught in the act, they shot their way out, killing the Sheriff. They made their getaway and the Marshal, whose name was Clair Smith, ran into town and organized the posse. The posse started after the miscreants and met them coming into town. They were jailed, a mob stormed the jail and took the two out and hanged them.

In 1886, Huntsman moved to Montrose. He became connected with the second hand store that he has operated most of the time since then. For a time he was in the store with N.D. Barney, whom he had known in Lake City. He sold out to Barney and later bought back the whole store. He was married in June, 1906 and has two sons and a daughter. The sons are Armour and Shirley and the daughter, Miss Dixie. He is still operating the second hand store and carries all kinds of wares in his stock.

Signed December 19, 1933--Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
Robert McKeen Ormsby was born on the banks of Cherry Creek, near Denver, Colorado, on the thirteenth day of June, 1868, the son of R. M. and Mary Adeline Ormsby. For several years the family lived on Cherry Creek and Mr. Ormsby recalls two different times when they were Indian scares and the whole family was bundled up and hurried into the little city of Denver. The elder Ormsby then returned alone to do some scouting. However, these were only scares and the Indians never molested the family.

In 1874, at the age of six years, Mr. Ormsby went with his family into the Wet Mountain Valley, which at that time held three post offices. One of these was at Ula, another at Legert and the third at Colfax. Today there are no towns on the site of these old settlements. R. M. Ormsby, Sr., established the first saloon in Ula, and during his residence there he held the offices of Constable, Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff. In later years, he received a pension from the State of California, for his activities as an Indian scout.

Those were exciting days in the Wet Mountain Valley, and Mr. Ormsby recalls seeing a mob kill a man named Graham, riddling the latter's body with a hundred and twenty-five shots. Graham was mobbed for holding a mine on a bogus deed. The same day the town of Ula was cleansed out by a Vigilance Committee. Two bankers, Boyd and Stewart and about forty other citizens were run out of town. That night a woman named Her held off the mob with two six shooters, while her husband made his getaway. This same woman, as a girl, had discovered the Pocahontas Mine.

Another time, Ormsby saw a man named Amison killed by one Jim Monroe, in a fight over a Little Topsy stove. He also recalls an Englishman by the name of Whart, who left a thousand dollars with Ormsby's mother the night, as he was afraid he would be robbed. The next morning he started out to return to England to claim his estate and got as far as England.
Boneyard Hill, and was never seen again, although years later a skeleton was discovered near there, and was thought to have been the unfortunate Englishman, who was probably murdered.

Mr. Ormsby worked in the ore mills at Bassick and at one time, he states, was receiving $125 a month and board.

He was in Leadville before the railroad was built to that place. For a time he waited table in the camp at Leadville. Once, here, he saw a Marshal shoot two men in three minutes. Another time, he went on the gold rush to Williams Creek, where thousands of people stampeded when false assay returns were sent out. Finally, one of the miners rounded up and moled a water jug and sent it to the Assayer, who reported that it would run $150 to the ton in gold. Thus were the false reports run down, and a mine sale of $150,000 halted.

Mr. Ormsby says that every time he went to Salida he saw some excitement. One time in that town he saw five men killed, four of them being members of a gang of desperadoes and the other a town marshal. Six months later, to the day, he was in Slida again and saw Baxter Stingley, another Marshal shot by Frank Reed, who was a member of the same gang of outlaws that had killed the first marshal.

Another time while in Salida with a freight outfit, he saw a man, while drunk, killed a twelve year old boy. The man was caught by a mob and thrown out of his bedroom window, with his head tied to the bedstead, so that his neck was broken.

Robert McKeen Ormsby was married in Pilsom, New Mexico, to Miss Minnie Donnell and to this union nine children were born. Seven of these are still living and they are raising one grand child. The living children are: Mrs. L. Severs, Mrs. John E. Smith, Mrs. Cleo Calver, Robert, Vernon, Cecil and Oliver and the grandson is Harvey Dopp.

Together, Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby have driven four times across
the plains of New Mexico and Oklahoma in a covered wagon. Once in Kansas, when one of the little girls was sick with whooping cough, Mr. Ormsby had to use a shotgun twice to force the farmers to sell him some milk. He was working in a store in Folsom when the outlaw, Black Jack was killed, the latter being hung after a train robbery. He recalls that when he sold the same Black Jack a mule and immediately after the sale, the desperado hit the mule in the head with an axe.

While herding cattle on the South Canadian River, a herd of 4000 head, stampeded and were scattered in a storm. Ormsby came in with thirty head alone, hours after the stampede. The foreman of the ranch carried twenty-seven notches on his gun. This man was named Cook and as a U.S. Marshal, together with another Marshal named Zeb Russell, attempted to run the Mexicans out of the Maxwell Grant on the Colorado-New Mexico line. Cook and Russell had worked on the Jinglebob Ranch, where Billy the Kid and Sam Bass got their start years before.

In earlier days, while in Westcliffe, Ormsby was a deputy Marshal, and in two years, while he was in office, there was one man in jail. A while before this there were on an average of two shooting scrapes a week in the same town.

In 1910 he moved to Montrose and has lived in that town since that time. During his residence in Montrose, he has engaged in concrete work, and at the time of this writing is living a retired life with his family.

R.M. Ormsby

Dated December 11, 1933--Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
CONCERNING THE LIFE OF JACOB H. HAVER, PIONEER OF THE UNCOMPAHGRE VALLEY OF COLORADO.

Jacob H. (Jake) Hafer was born in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, on February 10, 1860, and lived there until he was 16 years of age. In the Spring of 1877 he went to Colon, Michigan, where he joined his uncle and together they started for Colorado, arriving at Mineral Point in the San Juan Mountains of Western Colorado in April of that year. There were at this time about fifty miners living at Mineral Point, which, by the way, is the most highly mineralized point in the World, according to reports.

Since 1877 Jake has been identified with the life and development of the empire of western Colorado. For a time after coming into this great undeveloped region he carried mail between Gunnison and Ouray, making his trips on horseback one day and buckboard the next. During this time he had no unusual encounters with the Indians, who at that time were running at large over the Western part of the Centennial State.

However, in the Spring of 1879, while he was assisting in the driving of a bunch of cattle from the Paradox Valley to the Lone Cone Country, Jake did have a rather interesting affair with a bunch of renegade Utes. Together with Fred Mayall and his son-in-law Bill Basheau (spelling uncertain), he was in camp when the band of Indians came swooping down upon their camp shooting into the herd of cows and killing about a hundred head.

This bunch of Indians were, without doubt, the same ones that had just taken part in the Meeker Massacre, for they wore soldier caps and clothes and carried army guns, the old so-called Needle guns. They were probably on their way out of the country, and all except the leader were Southern Utes, while the man in Command was an Uncompahgre Ute that Jake had seen around the Agency at Fort Crawford, in the Uncompahgre Valley.
After shooting a large number of the cattle, the Indians circled around the camp of the three white men and the leader dismounted and came up to Fred Mayall, the owner of the stock, telling the latter in very forceful language to: "Get the H--- out of the country."

In his rage he reached down and picked a handful of grass and pushed it into Mayall's mouth, saying, as he did so:

"Eat 'em, You Muleteer Son of a B----."

Whereupon, Mayall gave the Indian a hefty shove that almost landed him in the campfire. After further pow-wow the Utes went on their way.

Mr. Mayall sued the Government in an unsuccessful attempt to secure damages for the dead cattle.

While herding cattle or "punching cows" Jake carried his salt, pepper, sugar and flour and looked to the land for the rest of his sustenance, making "sour dough" bread and shooting his venison and beef.

Hunting has been Jake Nafer's main amusement during the time he has spent in western Colorado. In the fall of 1884 he killed more than forty deer, and sold them on the market, selling some to the Lot Mine and a number to the Micky Green Mine. Once at a restaurant in Montrose, he traded old man bonitas a deer for breakfast for five men.

While Jake has never hunted for bear, he has killed several that he encountered accidentally, while hunting deer. Once, while punching cows for Ike King on Willow Creek, Wilson Mesa, San Miguel County, he came onto a large silver tip bear, that weighed in the neighborhood of 1000 pounds. This bear he killed with a six shooter, taking seven shots at the brute, at a distance of about sixty yards.

For the past 41 years Mr. Nafer has been engaged in the harness and saddle making business in Montrose, working for thirty-seven years and five months in one place. During this time, he worked for Walter Musgrave, W. A. Moore, Mark E. French and Walter D. Allison. At the present writing
He is operating a small shop of his own on South Cascade Avenue, Montrose, Colorado.

Jake Hafer is known to all the pioneer residents of Western Colorado and is a landmark among the substantial citizens and business men. He has watched men come and watched them go and has always been content to work with his leather.

He has known all the old timers of the Ouray and Montrose districts and recalls such characters as Will and Henry Kipley, Will, Uri, and Vinzie Notchkiss “Ark” Hall, J.C. Press, and many others of the pioneer type, who are fast passing on.

Dated December 3, 1933—interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Worker for the Colorado State Historical Society.
Facts Concerning the Life of Margaret Topliss Lupher, Pioneer Resident of Western Colorado.

Margaret Topliss Lupher was born April 9, 1876 in Beetown, Grant County, Wisconsin. The family removed to Lincoln County, Kansas shortly after this and spent four years in that state, after which they came into Colorado, making the trip by wagon and settling near Canon City in a town called Yorkville, where they lived for nine years.

Sam Topliss, the brother of Margaret came over into the Uncompahgre valley at the time the reservation was opened to settlement and secured a ranch, and, the father having died, he returned to Canon City and brought the family over into Western Colorado. They made the trip in wagons and on horseback, and part of the time drove the cattle on foot. One time her sister rode a wild steer and Margaret rode a half broke colt.

Margaret Lupher is the wife of Harry Mack Lupher and has spent much of her time in and about the cow camps with her husband. She recalls one trip she made over Cerro Summit when there was only a trail, and she rode all night leading her son's horse. When she arrived in Cimarron she was so sore and stiff that she could not get off the horse alone and the following day her boy came down with the measles.

Mrs. Lupher recalls one time when the cowboys lassoed a bear and gave her the honor of shooting it. She has a fine rug made from the bear's hide.

She also remembers once when her husband and with Ed Pitts and Tom Topliss shipped eight hundred cattle about two miles down into the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, below Cimarron, and jumped them out of the cars. They attempted to drive the cattle up onto Black Mesa, but failed the first time. The next morning the animals were all down on the railroad track.
and, after being taken up onto the Mesa again, they stayed. The whole town of Cimarron, or rather all its inhabitants went down on a flat car to see the cows unloaded.

In the Black Canyon, there is a railroad bridge about ninety feet above the river. The cowmen had plenty of trouble getting their horses across this bridge. Once they took down four planks and literally "plank- ed" the horses over. They laid down two boards and led one horse onto them, then laid down the other two planks and moved the horse up onto them, repeating the process until the animals were both across.

One morning, when they were camped near the bridge, they awoke to find one of their horses half way across the bridge, down, with its legs between two ties. They had to hogtie the animal and drag it back on the rails. Another time they blindfolded a horse and took it across on a push car. Still another time they jumped their horses into the swift Cimarron River and swam them across.

Harry Lupher was halfway across the bridge on foot once, after dark, when a freight train suddenly came around the curve and he had to hang over the bridge until it passed.

Mrs. Lupher spent some time at the Oliver Coal Mine, a mile above Somerset, when Mr. Lupher, Norval Hand and Wood Galloway started this mine, which is the present site of the Oliver Power Plant.

She is now living with her husband and son on South Fourth Street in Montrose.

Margar Topliss Lupher.

Dated December 20, 1933—Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
Harry Mack Lupher was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania on June 10, 1879. When he was three years old he came into Montrose, Colorado with his parents, making the trip by train. The railroad had just been completed at this time. His father, Parker Lupher, built the first frame house in the town of Montrose. The house is still standing and is occupied by Miss Rena Olds. It was originally built at the corner of Cascade Avenue and South First Street, where the Elks Home is today, but was later moved to its present location at 339 South Fourth Street. It has been in use for 51 years.

Mr. Lupher says that Montrose was quite a freighting station in those old days. Dave Wood operated most of the freight wagons and was worth nearly a million dollars. At one time, Mr. Wood paid Parker Lupher $22.00 a day as a wheelwright.

Mrs. Parker Lupher established the first bakery in Montrose and fed the freighers. After a year in Montrose, the family moved to a ranch in the old Soldier's reservation. This was before the reservation was thrown open for settlement, but Parker Lupher was allowed to establish squatter's rights, because of his previous service in the Civil War. The reservation extended across the valley from the Sam Tipliss ranch to the Montrose and Delta Canal.

When the reservation was opened there was quite a race of homesteaders seeking land. They squatted on their respective pieces of land and then were removed for thirty days, after which they made another run for the desired land. In the first rush, a man named Nichols, who had been staying with the Lupher family, settled on a piece of land, but when
The time came for the second rush, Nichols was in the San Juan Country prospecting. So, Harry Lupher took a tent and suatted on his property and kept the claim jumpers off with a shotgun.

Mr. Lupher recalls one shooting scrape, when a man named Paddy Matta killed a party by the name of McLaughlin in a claim jumping epi-

Another time Lewis Mitchell was stabbed by a man named Brown, at a dance, but was not killed.

There was an abundance of game in the valley and one could see or shoot any kind that he desired most any time. The deer were afraid to cross the new railroad track and would spend hours walking up and down the track before they could get up enough nerve to jump it.

Once when Harry Lupher was a very small child, his father was digging a well and Harry was playing in the dirt that had been shoveled out of the hole. A small animal came along and the lad played with it for some little time until, finally, he asked his father what it was and the man came up out of the hole and looked. He told his son it was a faun. Another time he saw two dogs and a lion chase each other around a wagon. And three Wolverines came near the house several times.

Lupher saw the railroad grade built and the first train started through the valley on the Ouray branch. The first buggy was brought into the valley by Charles Raish and everyone thought he was a rich man.

In early days everyone was friendly and neighborly and mostly lived peaceable lives. There were parties, Fourth of July celebrations, baseball and other forms of amusements.

Most of Mr. Lupher's years in Western Colorado have been spent in the cattle business, on roundups, branding calves, swinging a rope and working over a camp fire. He was married May 8, 1901 to Margaret Topliss and has one son, Thomas. At the present time the family reside on South Ninth Street in Montrose.
Truly Mr. Lupher is one of the pioneer residents of Montrose. He has seen the town grow from a few small huts to a good-sized and substantial community.

Harry W. Lupher

Dated December 19, 1933--Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
Flavius Josephus Hartman was born on a ranch about twelve miles below the town of Saguache, Colorado on the thirteenth day of April, 1890. Edward Randolph Hartman was born on the same ranch on the sixth day of September, 1878, and Sidney Carlton Hartman on the fourth of October, 1883. Their early boyhood was spent on this place, the two older boys going to school there.

Very early in life they witnessed the hanging of a man named Clements, who had killed his brother and sister-in-law, and buried them in shallow graves near Saguache, and they recall seeing the posse searching for the bodies. A high board fence was built around the scaffold and only a few were permitted within the enclosure. However, the boys climbed a tree and watched the event.

In June, 1893 the family moved to Maher, Colorado, where they spent some time with an uncle, E.M. Hartman, and then, in the fall of the same year, they came into the Uncompahgre Valley and the father purchased the place which is still known as the Sanitarium Place about four or five miles South of Montrose. After living on the place for a time, the elder Hartman sold it and then repurchased it. Altogether they lived there from 1893 to 1916.

Joe and Ed Hartman attended the Union College in Lincoln, Nebraska and Sidney attended high school in Montrose. After finishing their schooling, Joe and Sid bought a small bicycle shop, located at the rear of the building now occupied by the Pinkstaff Grocery. After operating their shop in this location for about three years, they moved into the building east of the Daily Press Office, where they stayed for two years.
They soon found that they had outgrown this location so they built the building now occupied by the City Steam Laundry. Many of their fellow citizens thought this was a foolish move as the place was too large for their little shop. However, the Hartman Brothers were men of vision and ambition and so they moved into larger quarters. After occupying this new building for a few years, they needed more space to carry on their business, so they purchased property near the middle of the same block, and built a larger building. This was in 1912. Three years later the firm of Hartman Brothers had outgrown this place of business and purchased the corner lots to the East and extended the building to Uncompahgre Avenue, and in the year 1919 the Annex on North First Street was built.

All three of the Hartman Brothers are now connected with the firm of Hartman Brothers Inc., and it has grown up with the automobile business. Started in the year 1904, the institution has been built up into one of the most complete automobile concerns in the State of Colorado. On their nearly 26,000 square feet of floor space they have every department for automobile repairs and service.

The first automobiles handled by Hartman Brothers were the first two automobiles in the town of Montrose. One was a two cylinder Oldsmobile owned by Dr. Fred Schermerhorn and the other was an Autocar owned by W.O. Beddige. Joe Hartman tells us that in 1905 Bill Torrance built an automobile in the building now occupied by the Gilchrist Feed Store.

And when he had it finished he could not get it out of the door, so had to tear it down again, move it out and rebuild it. He had no differential and broke axles as fast as he could put them in.

The first time the Hartman Boys were out of Colorado was in 1903, when their father took them to the World's Fair in Chicago.

At the present time the Hartman Brothers are doing a thriving
They are agents for Dodge Brothers and Plymouth Cars, and are among the most progressive and far-seeing of the Western Colorado business men. They have always believed in Western Colorado, its resources and its future and are here to stay.

Ed was married to Miss Molly Mock on September 27, 1899, and to this union two children were born, a son, Alonzo and a daughter, Miss Clara Mae.

Joe was married on Christmas Day 1907 to Ruby L. Barnett and has two sons and a daughter. The sons are Clifford and Richard and the daughter is Miss Lucille.

Sid was married on May 12, 1912 to Mable Kennedy and he, also has two sons, Carl and Harold and a daughter, Miss Julia Mae.

Dated December 19, 1933--Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
PREVIOUSLY CONCERNING THE LIFE OF CLARENCE PUTNAM FOSTER, EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS OF AGE, WHO CAME INTO WESTERN COLORADO IN 1874.

Not to all of us is given the opportunity of living to be eighty-seven years of age, or, if we do, to retain an active mind and a good memory. But such a man we found in Clarence Putnam Foster, who was born in Wakefield, Massachusetts, November 20, 1846. He went to school until he was thirteen years old and at fourteen he was making shoes. After this he was a farmer and worked in a notion store, where he handled several paper routes that delivered the Boston Herald to three or four hundred customers.

In the Summer of 1874, Mr. Foster felt the urge to come West and seek his fortune on the frontier. He arrived in Denver in September of that year, went to Colorado Springs and then started out through Ute Pass with a wagon and mule team, headed for the Ute Indian Agency on the Los Pinos River, West of the Continental Divide. The last night of their journey, they camped about six miles from the Agency. Shortly after they had unhitched the teams and prepared camp for the night, a band of Utes rode up and made camp near them. The Indians had been on a raid into the Arapahoe country, and were returning with three hundred stolen horses and three scalps. So that night they held a big scalp dance to celebrate the event.

Shortly after this experience the Indian Agent on the Los Pinos, Mr. Bond, received a letter from Thompson, the Agent in charge of the Arapahoes, stating that the Utes had stolen three hundred Arapahoe horses and that they would have to return them. The matter was referred to Chief Ouray and his decision was that, when the Arapahoes had returned all the Ute horses they had stolen, theirs would be returned to them.

C. P. Foster was well acquainted with Chief Ouray, who lived in a cabin next to his at the Agency. He says that, while Ouray was a great deal smarter than the average Indian, still he was no super man. He did, however, have power and his word was the law of the Utes.
The language of the Utes was interspersed with Mexican, due to their contact with the Mexicans along the border for four hundred years. Curay was the chief of all the Utes, which tribe consisted of several bands, namely the Wimonoches, Capotes, Rabeguache and the bands of Colorow and Hayano.

When Mr. Foster arrived at the Agency he was given the position of head farmer, and it was his job to teach the Utes to farm. The Agency was quite a settlement at that time, there being storehouses, warehouses, blacksmith shop, Agent's house, houses for the other employees, Chief Curay'sahoe house, etc.

The winter of 1874-75 was just before the opening of the fabulous rich gold and silver mines at Lake City, which at this time did not exist. Rich ore had been discovered at the site of the Ute and Ula Mine, and a toll road was being built into the Lake City country by Otto Mears and Bliss Hotchkiss. The intention was to build the road up through Harris Park and the site where Sherman is to Silverton. While they were working on the road past Lake San Cristobal, the two Hall Brothers found an outcropping of ore and decided to do some prospecting. That winter they loaded eighteen sacks of the ore they had found on two wagons and started to Denver with them. The snow was deep and the horses could not pull the wagons, so they put the sacks all on one wagon, doubled the team and made it through. These eighteen sacks of ore brought $1,000 a sack, or a total of $18,000, at the Grant Smelter in Denver.

Bliss Hotchkiss spent a night at the Foster cabin a while before he located the Hotchkiss Mine, which was later changed to the Golden Fleece, and which, in a few weeks changed Lake City from a group of four or five cabins to a town of 5000 people, all feverishly trying to locate a rich lode.

A man named Finley traded a Sharpe Carbine rifle for a fourth
Interest in the Golden Fleece, which, by the way, was on the location where the Hells had taken out their fortune. It was thought that they had only found a pocket and it would play out. The mine broke Hotchkiss and was sold on default of assessment work. A man named Davis secured a lease on the mine and, at this time, C.F. Foster was operating a market in Lake City and furnished him supplies. Foster was afraid that Davis would not be able to pay him, and told him so. Davis then said that if he did not strike good pay ore the next time he tried, he would quit. He went to work again, but finally gave up in disgust. When there was one stick of powder left, he quit and started out. The man who was working with him, decided to use the one stick and shot off a pop shot in a bulge on the wall. The pop shot opened a pocket and they took out a thousand dollars worth of gold. Proceeding in that vain, they took out more gold, and Davis, fearing the pockets would play out, sold out for $75,000 to Stewarts and Bartheldes of Denver.

The new owners worked out the pockets they found and were losing money on the mine, but, figuring that they had invested too much to stop, they kept on with the work and opened up a chimney of fabulously rich gold ore. George Walton

It was in February of 1875 that Foster and the Agency Blacksmith quit the pull of the gold lure and quitting their jobs, went to Lake City, where they bought some town lots at five dollars a lot, and built a cabin.

Once when he was prospecting up the Lake Fork, Foster came upon the camp of the victims of the Packer tragedy. There were towels hanging to the branches of the trees, just where they had been left by the murdered men, and the blankets and other camp articles were lying about on the ground. He later saw Packer in the jail in Gunnison.
In 1876, when spring had come, Foster moved into the Cebolla Valley and settled a squatter's claim. There were then four other settlers in the valley of the Cebolla, Jones, Mathias and Testerman.

Oregon Hill, whose real name was W. Speck, and who was an Englishman, was a would-be bad man. He wore long hair and boasted of how tough he was. He settled on a farm in Summit Park and started to work it, but soon had an accident in which he received a bad cut on his foot. He went to a doctor in Lake City, and was laid up there for considerable time. While he was gone, Derocia, a Frenchman jumped his claim. Oregon Hill returned to the ranch and shot the Frenchman dead, then fled to Saguache. D.J. Huntsman, the Justice of the Peace, issued a warrant for the arrest of the murderer, and Foster, being constable, was sent to Saguache to bring the man back. Oregon Hill feared he would be lynched and said he would not return to the valley, but after Foster guaranteed his safety he returned and was exonerated, because the settlers had no use for claim jumpers.

A tenderfoot lad from Missouri killed a man named Davis in a cabin that a short distance from the Foster home, after Davis had teased him until the lad could stand it no longer. He also was cleared by the Coroner's jury. It seems the Missouri youth had a small thirty-two calibre revolver and the men, with whom he was bashing in the cabin teasingly told him not to pull the gun unless he intended to shoot. One day, Davis, who was prospecting for Lewis, the man who built the big Leyeta Hotel in Gunnison, and was seeking iron ore, with visions of a steel mill in Gunnison, invited the boy into a fight and hit him on the head with an axe handle. The boy pulled his little revolver and shot Davis through the eye, killing him instantly.

In the year 1889, Foster came down into the uncompahgre valley and bought the ranch where he now lives, about three miles South of Olathe,
Schrader, a Dutchman had proved up on the place, but found himself in financial difficulties and sought to sell out. He had other difficulties also; he had wanted a wife and offered to pay fifty dollars for one. A friend picked up a wife for him in Denver, paid her ten dollars to marry Schrader, and told the woman the Dutchman had money. The wedding occurred but it was not long until Schrader wanted to be "unmarried."

John McIntyre, who was a good friend of Foster's, got in touch with the latter, when he learned that the ranch was for sale and he came down and bought it.

Since this time, Foster has divided his time between his store in Lake City, the ranch on the Cebolla and the farm in the valley. He has never married, but has remained a bachelor throughout his long and eventful life.

Here is a true pioneer of western Colorado. Coming into this vast empire long before the Indians were taken out, he has watched its growth and development. He has watched Lake City develop from a grassy meadow to a bustling city of several thousand people, has watched its decline into a mere village, and may yet see it rise up again to a place of importance before he passes on.

Mr. Foster has had many more experiences, but in a short interview could call to mind only a few of them.

One experience he recalled was a trip he and Alonzo Hartman made into the Black Mesa Country. They were on horseback and were accompanied by a man named Bullock, a prospector from the Lake City District. Their pack horse was a half-broke pony, and one morning it came "unbuckled" and stuck down through the trees, scattering their supplies over the surrounding terrain. When they got the animal quieted down, all the supplies the little party possessed was a piece of salt side meat.
They took the wrong trail up Crystal Creek and got lost. The salt side and a cub bear they shot was all they had to eat for five days, besides a stew made of squaw berries and service berries.

Mr. Foster says the Meeker Massacre was brought on by the plowing up of the Indian race track for farm land. He also says that Alonzo Hartman, who was at the Los Pinos Agency, when Packer went through there, told him that Packer was carrying a long strip of meat that looked as if it might have been human flesh. A good friend of Foster's, Harry Youman, helped to bury the Packer victims.

Foster saw Chief Ouray knock an Indian unconscious in a dispute over the distribution of a shipment of guns.

About the time he arrived at the Agency, O.D. Loutsenhizer and a man named Hutchins arrived at the Cow Camp of Sidney Jocknick on the Gunnison, after a harrowing experience. They had left the Packer party and gone up the North Fork of the Gunnison, nearly starving to death on the trip to the cow camp. Hutchins fell exhausted and Loutsenhizer went on until he found an old Ute Cow. He shot it and drank the blood, then took a piece of the meat back for Hutchins.

Dated December 28, 1933 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
John William McCaw was born in Pike County, Illinois, January 30, 1855, and lived in various parts of that state throughout his childhood. His mother was a widow and her son had to forego the advantages of education and work to help support the family. He engaged in team work, farming, etc. He has always been an enthusiast over good race horses and has owned a few himself.

In September of 1879, Mr. McCaw came west, settling for a time in Longmont, Colorado. There he met Dan Kelly, who is now located in the city of Montrose. The two have been friends for more than fifty years. Together, they hauled baled hay for Alf Cushman, prominent rancher of the Longmont District.

In 1908 John McCaw came into the Uncompahgre Valley and secured one hundred acres of land in the Pea Green District. Nine or ten years of his life were spent in the San Luis Valley. Part of this time, he drove a freight outfit between Villa Grove and Saguache, and the rest of the time he operated a butcher shop in the latter town.

He was married to Alice Buchanan and the couple had no children. Mrs. McCaw died in April 1933, leaving, besides her husband, a son in New York and a daughter in New Jersey.

Once while hauling flag stones from Lyons to Longmont to be shipped to Denver, he met a woman on horseback who was riding furiously to give the alarm of Indians on the warpath. The redskins attacked a schoolhouse, killed one little girl and ravished the school teacher.

In the boom days of Leadville, McCaw hauled baled hay from Longmont to that city, and sold it for $100 a ton and sold oats for six and eight cents a pound. At this time there were thousands of teams and freight outfits, and a police patrol man was engaged to guard the immense miles of freight that was hauled into the famous camp.
The policeman once entered the board bank at eleven o'clock
that night and cashed checks for $150 for a man who was in a hurry to get his
money. Dogs and deer and other animals ran at large in the streets of
Sandville and McCaw once saw a dead man lying in the road where he had
been shot—and most of the people thought he was asleep or dead drunk.

He recalls that once in Saguache, he and his brother had a
brown mule, which they were attempting to ride. The animal ran down
in front of a church where services were in progress and fell in the
street. For half an hour they tried to get the animal onto his feet
and finally the sheriff came and told them they would have to move on
as they were getting a larger crowd than the preacher, so they hitched a
team of horses to the mule and drug it away.

On a ditching contract with one G.T. Hansen, McCaw was sent
into the mountains to haul wood, which was placed on the line of the ditch
and burned to thaw out the frozen ground.

Signed December 15, 1933—Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field
Survey worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF THOMAS HARRIS DOUGHERTY, PIONEER OF THE
UNCOMPAHGRE VALLEY, COLORADO.

Thomas Harris Dougherty was born in Richie County, West Virginia,
on May 20, 1848. At an early age he served in the Civil War, being a mem-
ber of Co. D., Sixth West Virginia Infantry, and came out of the war with
a crippled arm. After the War, he worked for a railroad at Pennsboro,
West Virginia, cutting rails and making cordwood.

Moving to Kansas in 1869, he lived for a time at the town of
Ameri... [rest of text not visible]

While at Fort Crawford, Mr. Dougherty supplied meat for the
post and killed hundreds of deer for their consumption. With the exception
of ten years spent in California, Nevada and New Mexico, Mr. Dougherty has
been a resident of the Uncompahgre Valley since 1882.

Married to Miss McCravy in 1869, nine children being born to
the union, and five of them are still living. These are: Mrs. Wesley
Williams, of Montrose; Mrs. James Stephen, of Brush, Colorado; George,
who lived on a farm near Montrose; Arthur, of Walsenburg, Colorado and
Ed, of Van Nuys, California.

Dated December 22, 1933—Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field
worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
Mrs. Rosa Belle Lines was born on Cherry Creek, near Denver on the twentieth day of June, 1868. She lived there until she was four or five years old and can tell of various Indian scares that occurred in those early days. Once they received word that the Indians were coming and were killing and scalping every white person they could find. Mrs. Lines' mother took the children and retreated to the hills with other families, and the father, John Lemon, stayed and saved the place from being wrecked. The Indians turned out to be a bunch of renegade soldiers.

When Mrs. Lines was about five years old, the family moved to Old Rock, where Mr. Lemon worked as a stone mason. One day, when the mother was sick, a bunch of Indians came to the house carrying a lot of knives on a pole. There was a white man's and a white woman's scalp on the pole. The redskins demanded food, and all crowded into the room where the sick woman lay in her bed. They found a can of syrup and drank it all, pouring it out in the wash pan and drinking it then. The youngsters were all hiding behind the doors, badly frightened. Mrs. Lemon secured a Manchester Rifle and laid it across her knees, and soon the Indians left. The rifle was empty, but it worked just the same. The redskins went only a short distance and killed and scalped a whole family.

The family moved into the Cebolla Valley, when she was about 10 years old. Here they conducted a Camp House for freighters. The Boys, at this time, were frequently riding up and down the valley, and often stopped at the Camp House. Once Colorow attempted to ride his horse into the house and Mrs. Lemon hit him in the back with a hoe. He beat a hasty retreat.

Chief Ouray and Chipeta were frequent visitors at the house. The Old Chief would often take the youngsters up on his lap and hold Many times Chipeta drove the children to school behind her team
The family knew these two famous Indians well and liked them very much.

After living for a time in the Valley of the Cebolla, the Lemon family went overland to Texas, making the trip in covered wagons. They spent two years in the Lone Star State and then started back again to Colorado. On this trip they were harassed by Indians all the way. There were about ten families in the wagon train and every night the wagons were drawn around in a circle and the horses placed in the middle. One evening a band of Indians swooped down upon the train, killed the best beef, dragged the animal a little way from the wagons and barbecued it. Only the quick thinking of the older girls saved the wagon train from annihilation. The young ladies hid the white men’s guns so that they could not shoot at the marauders. If the men had done this, the redskins would have massacred the whole outfit. The following morning, two or three miles farther along the road, the train came to a soldier camp, where there were troops to protect the settlers.

Only a short time was spent on the Cebolla, after the return to the Centennial State, and the family of John Lemon moved over to the Muddy Country, near Crawford. This was in 1881. The father died there in 1884. A brother of Mrs. Line, Charley Lemon, still lives on the Muddy.

On February 6, 1883, Rosa Belle Lemon was married to John McIntyre, who had spent some years in the Uncompahgre Valley as an Interpreter between the Utes and their white brothers. One child, Douglas, was born on the Muddy and died at the age of three years. Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre moved to the Olathe District and lived on the Heckert place, and while deceased, several children were born to them. These are: Mrs. Ruben Fluke; Mrs. J.L. Cameron, of Grand Junction, Jessie Wilson, of Peoria, Illinois; Mrs. Frank Donaldson, of Grand Junction, Colorado; Edna Connelly, deceased; and John L. McIntyre, of Montrose, was born in Cimarron.
For a time, Mr. McIntyre was cattle inspector in the Uncompahgre Valley.

After several years in the Valley of the Uncompahgre, the McIntyre's moved to the Cimarron Valley and settled on the Enboom ranch, and here the first child, John, was born, August 2, 1896, and before he was a year old his father passed away. Mrs. McIntyre continued to operate the ranch, superintending the work with the cattle, going on the roundup, roping her own horses, assisting with the branding, and otherwise taking an active part in the work that was to be done.

Those were lively and exciting times in the Cimarron Valley.

There were dances that were usually interrupted by the arrival of "Crippled Jim" Mahan, and a gang of cronies, who would shoot out the lights, and chase a bunch of chickens or pigs in the hall, and drive all the dancers out of the place.

"Crippled Jim" was said to have been a very likeable man when sober, but on his frequent drunks he went on a rampage. His career was ended, when he was shot by Jim Fitzpatrick in a sheep camp quarrel. Fitzpatrick was exonerated by the Coroner's jury.

In those days the Cimarron Valley could boast as good a bunch of riders as ever sat astride wild horses. There were Henry, Art and Lloyd Berry, Lee Armitage, John McIntyre, Johnny Wittingham, George Maurer and others, who took part in the Western Colorado Fair programs at Montrose and were the life of the show. This bunch of riders was tragically broken one year, when Lloyd Berry and George Maurer died with influenza and Johnny Berry and Lee Armitage were drowned together in Swanson Lake.

Mrs. McIntyre was married to Jack Lines in 1907. This couple had one child, which died when very young.
Mrs. Lines remembered well one experience that she and Jack Lines had together. They rode over to Monteagle from Cimarron one winter day and started back the next day with a bunch of horses. The highway was snowed over, so they went up the railroad track. They had asked permission to ride their horses through the snow sheds on Cerro Summit, and as the trains were not due for several hours, they started the band of broncos through the sheds. But it happened that this same morning there was a freight train up there with the caboose off the track and a special train had been sent up there to assist in getting it back onto the track.

As luck would have it, the special came steaming into the shed when the horses were about halfway through. Mr. Lines was riding a bronco, which got out of the shed some way and leaped out into a snow bank thirty feet deep, where, after considerable floundering it finally came out, unharmed. Mrs. Lines turned her horse, and galloped out ahead of the train and leaped him out into the snow. The rest of the horses had to shift for themselves. Six of the animals were killed, including a mare and colt, who would not get off the track and were literally run to death.

The death of Jack Lines was somewhat of a mystery, but was thought to be a case of suicide. One time, a while before his death, Mr. and Mrs. Lines were riding down the road on a wagon, when the wagon, reach ing the front of a cabin, the man and woman were taking a wild ride on the front part of the running gear. One astonished passerby reported in Cimarron that the two people were killed in a runaway and Mr. and Mrs. Lines surprised the natives for they rode in in perfectly good health.

Mrs. Lines recalls one incident that her first husband, John Henry, was in charge of the Indian supplies at the Agency on the Unita. He had to give out the meat, blankets, etc. One day, when he left the agency, he told the Indians not to bother anything. All they had to do was open the garden gate and invite the goats in to eat the garden.
The redskins greatly enjoyed their joke and laughed long at the interpreter’s chagrin.

Mr. McIntyre is mentioned in Sidney Jocknick’s book on “Early Days on the western Slope of Colorado.”

Mrs. Lines has a twin sister, Isabelle, who was married at the same time she was to a brother of John McIntyre, Douglas. This sister is now Mrs. Isabelle Jennings.

Dated December 26, 1933 — Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF JOSEPH HENRY MEYER.

Joseph Henry Meyer was born in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania and lived in that city until he had grown to manhood. He came West in 1880 and cast his first vote in that city. He worked in a machine shop in Denver until the spring of 1885, when he came over the Continental Divide to Montrose, settling on a farm on North Mesa a few miles North of the town.

Mr. Meyer says that at the time he came to Montrose it was composed mostly of saloons. He was married to Mary Albert in Montrose in 1887 and they raised a family on the North Mesa Ranch, living there for thirty-seven years. Four sons and two daughters are living now. They are: Chester P., Joseph H., William A., Albert G., Mrs. William Brady and Mrs. Minnie Heald.

Mr. Meyer recalls the Chinese riot which took place while he was in Denver. It seems that the Chinamen had been taking the work from the white men. They had been shipped in by the railroad companies to work on the new grades and stayed on to work cheaper than the whites could do it. In this riot, the houses were burned and looted and the yellow men handled very roughly. The foremen turned the hose on the mob and the frenzied members cut the fire hose to pieces with axes.

The life of Mr. Meyer has been a rather quiet one. He has gone his own way and raised his family. He is now retired and is living with his daughter, Mrs. Heald on a ranch on Spring Creek Mesa.

Dated December 16, 1933 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
since about 1902, Walter Marion Wittmeyer has moved practically all the houses and buildings moved in the town of Montrose, and has moved many others throughout Western Colorado.

Born in 1876, on the eighth day of June at Portsmouth, Ohio, he lived in that town until he was four years old, then, with his family, moved to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he lived for four more years, after which the family went to Oberlin, Kansas, where they lived until the year 1890.

It was while in Kansas that Wittmeyer learned the house moving business, working there with a man who did that kind of work. His parents went to Arkansas and he spent a part of the next few years in that state.

In 1901, at Carthage, Missouri, he was married to Eva A. Viers and the couple came out to Norwood, Colorado, where they spent about a year, Mr. Wittmeyer working on a new irrigation project. In 1902 they came to Montrose and here they have raised their family. They have three daughters, Mrs. William Mills, Misses Ruby and Marian and a son, Lloyd.

All the years he has spent in Montrose, Mr. Wittmeyer has engaged in house moving and concrete work. Altogether he has moved several hundred buildings and has undertaken some very difficult jobs. One time, after another man had attempted to move a fourteen room house from Coventry to a section, and failed, Wittmeyer was called to the job and put it in the desired location.

He once brought a house down the steep, narrow road off of North Avenue at Menoken. To do this he had to split the house in two endwise and move half of it down the hill at a time. He has moved houses from a few feet to twenty miles.
John William Roatcap was born in Cooper County, Missouri on October 1864. He lived there for eight years and then removed to Fredonia, Kansas, where his father, D.S. Roatcap, opened a grist mill. In January 1882, he and his brothers left Kansas and came into the Lake City country. It was winter and they worked in snow waist deep all winter, cutting out 200,000 feet of logs, which they sawed into lumber the following summer.

In September of the year 1883, the Roatcaps came down into the Champagne Valley and settled on a ranch on California Mesa, which at that time was known as Cushman Mesa. To William Roatcap belongs the distinction of changing the name of this mesa to California Mesa. It is said that a mesa of 11,000 acres should have a big name, so it was called California Mesa. At that time they secured irrigation water from the Cushman Ditch, taken from Dry Creek. Charles Roatcap, a brother of William still lives on a part of the same place.

On this ranch William Roatcap married Miss Nettie Park and raised nine children, eight of whom are still living. They are: Mrs. Ed Austin, Ed Montrose, Walter, George and Robert of Montrose, Mrs. Arthur Rose of Gunnison, Mrs. Gooebel Ficklin of G and Junction, and Louis of Montrose. Their ninth, a son, was run over by a train in Montrose in 1927 and killed. Mr. Roatcap has twenty-seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

During his many years spent in Western Colorado, William Roatcap lived much in the out-of-doors. He has operated sawmills on Horsefly and in the Paonia District. He has prospected for a time each year for the past twenty-nine years, six years of which were spent in the Carnotite District of Western Montrose County.
At the time he first came into the Uncompahgre Valley, there were 
sixteen saloons in Montrose, and exciting events were not unusual. Once a 
mug was hung to a telegraph pole near the depot for stabbing a friend after 
a quarrel. Another time, two men met in the alley behind the Busy Corner 
Pharmacy. One of them had come from Colorado Springs to kill the other, 
and took two shots at him when they met. The second shot went through the 
man's chest and made a hole so large that a silk handkerchief was pulled 
through it twice. But he recovered and was later a partner of Mr. Roat-
cap in a sawmill.

One Jack Watson rode up to the well on the main corner of Montrose, 
which was the city watering place and watered his horse. Then he rode 
across the street and started shooting at the city marshal, who lost a 
bullet in his calf. The marshal was crawling under the high board sidewalk. He was shot in 
the heel.

Another gang fought it out with the Blackwells down by the River 
Bridge on Main Street. There were about twenty shots fired, with the 
result that one man, Jim Blackwell was wounded in the arm. The country soon 
quieted down for this bunch and they carried their feud elsewhere. They 
had caused considerable trouble hereabouts and the vigilantes had been 
after them, so they departed.

Mr. Roatcap recalls the burning of a hotel on North First Street 
in which a traveling salesman lost his life. The day before the fire this 
salesman had bought a fine elk head from Roatcap. The head had been nicely 
mounted and was crated and shipped before the fire.

In earlier years, while in Lake City, William Roatcap and his bro-
ders sawed the lumber that was used in building the scaffold, upon which 
theaf Packer was to be hung. However, the sentence was never carried 
out. This bill called for twenty-two hundred feet of lumber.
After Packer had served time in the State Penitentiary at Canon City and was paroled, Roatcap saw him frequently at the Rumberg Bar on Ninth Street in Denver. In fact, he often bought the man a glass of beer.

In recent years, Roatcap owned the tax deeds on the once famous Conkling Mine on the Big Cimarron River, near Uncompahgre Peak. These were sold to the Silver Jack Mining and Milling Company and the old mine is to be reopened. He is still a stockholder in this mine and owns the Lucky Wone and Sunset Queen claims in the same region.

Many of the buildings in Montrose were built with lumber sawed by Roatcap at his mill near Iron Springs, west of Montrose.

At the time the City Marshal, Murphy, was shot by Jack Watson, Roatcap was standing by the well with a bunch of other men. Watson got on his horse and rode around the block and came to the well again. As he came up this second time, he asked the men:

"What town is this?"

The men were all so scared they could hardly answer him.

Mr. Roatcap has done a great deal of hunting and has killed a dozen bears and numerous deer and elk. Once he brought two cubs to Montrose and sold them to Jim Kyle and Phil Peters, who were operating the Round Mesa Hotel. Another time, when he went to Denver to take part in the celebration that took place when William Jennings Bryan was nominated for President of the United States, he took three cubs and they were placed in the window at Tritch's at Seventeenth and Arapahoe. He sold the three bears there for $200.00.

These animals had been great pets around the Roatcap home in Paonia, where William Roatcap operated a box factory for six years, before the railroad was built to that town.
Once after a heavy rain, when the ditch was full of soft mud, one of his boys, Ray, climbed up a tree after one of the cubs, which was up on a limb. The bear resented the intrusion and started toward the boy with a growl. The boy came tumbling out of the tree straight into the ditch and was a muddy sight when he was rescued. A drummer, who happened to see the accident, took Ray into the store, stripped off his muddy clothes, washed him and bought him a whole new outfit.

Mr. Roatcap once killed two bears near Paonia in one day and secured sixty gallons of bear oil, which was used in cooking. One day, while out on his horse in the mountains, he encountered a wild steer running at full speed down the mountain with a big bear right behind it. He took a shot at the bear, but failed to get it.

At the present time William Roatcap is living at Montrose and if the price of silver goes up, will attempt to sell his two mining claims.

J W Roatcap

مراجع: December 22, 1933—Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.