

Mrs. A. H. Papp
Edward Oscar Furlong

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Edward O. Furlong was born in Cass county, Nebraska, July 3, 1874; a son of Samuel L. and Calpurnia (Law) Furlong, both of whom were natives of Michigan. The father was a farmer by occupation and moved from Michigan to Cass county, Neb. when the latter state was under territorial rule. He bought land, which he improved and developed, continuing its cultivation to the time of his death. Mr. Furlong's mother passed away in 1912 and his father in 1923, at the advanced age of 85 years.

Edward O. Furlong was reared and educated in Cass county, Neb. and also pursued a course of study in a business college at Omaha. He made his initial step in the business world as a stenographer and bookkeeper in the employ of the Cudahy Packing Company of South Omaha, with which he remained for eighteen months. On the expiration of that period he became connected with the Union Pacific Railroad Co. in the personal injury department and afterward was identified with the Denver and Rio Grande as personal claim adjuster. While in this work he heard of Routt county with its advantages and opportunities. He made a trip into the country and after talking with his brothers, James and Albert, they decided to put their capital together and start a hardware store at Steamboat Springs. On Jan. 17, 1903, "The Furlong Hardware Co." was organized and has become one of the outstanding enterprises of Northwestern Colo. Albert Furlong was never active in the business and about three years later E. O. Furlong bought the entire stock. After that time he conducted the business alone under the present name "E. O. Furlong Hardware."

The stock of hardware was freighted from Arrow, Colo., the terminus of the Moffat road at that time, and the business was located in a

frame building twenty five feet by forty feet on Lincoln Ave. When Mr. Furlong became sole owner he moved the business diagonally across the street into a room 18 by 40 feet in what was known as the First National Bank building. A large galvanized shed was soon added which housed implements, wagons, and buggies.

Mr. Furlong organized a store at Craig in Moffat county in the year 1913 and one in Hayden in 1916. The Craig store was opened in a building 25 feet by 40 feet but at present occupies a building 50 by 125 feet. They also have two large ware houses, one of them 50 by 125 feet and the other 32 by 125 feet. They carry a stock worth about \$15,000 dollars.

In July 1920 Mr. Furlong moved his stock at Steamboat into his new building (50 by 100 feet) that he had just completed. He added furniture and rugs to his stock and also increased the amount of shelf goods. In 1923 the store at Hayden was closed and the stock placed in the Steamboat store. At present the stock is valued between ten thousand and fifteen thousand dollars.

Mr. Furlong passed away on Dec. 31, 1923, of heart failure. The stores which are a part of the estate are managed by his two nephews, George G. Allen of Steamboat, and Alba R. Glassburn of Craig. His son, Edward Furlong, who was married Dec. 24, 1933 to Kathryn Snyder, is finishing up his work in business college, preparatory to entering into active work in the Hardware business conducted by his father.

Mr. Furlong organized The Steamboat Creamery and Produce Co. May 11, 1912. Before this he had run a small creamery in a building down near the river. After making it cooperative a new building was constructed on Lincoln Ave. in 1915 with modern equipment so that butter and ice cream of the finest quality is produced. Due

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to the heavy demands made upon his time and energy by other business he sold his interest in the creamery in 1920.

Ninety per cent of the sales in the valley from Yampa to Craig were cried by Mr. Furlong. This was an arduous task as most of the sales were in the spring or fall when the roads were in very bad condition. He, and his clerk, Mr. A. H. Poppen, have ridden over most of the roads in Routt county in buggy or sleigh. Mr. Poppen's bay team, Roy and Jewel, was known by the whole country side. Some of the trips were so long and difficult that it was necessary to start the day before so they would be there early enough for the sale the next morning. Heavy fur overcoats, mufflers, sheep-skin lined gloves, four buckle overshoes, and a charcoal foot warmer were very necessary parts of their equipment. Most of these places can be reached by automobile now since there has been so much road work done. Mr. Furlong's training for an auctioneer was not inside the school room. During his first years in Steamboat Springs the old fashioned box supper was one of the means of raising money by local organizations as well as furnishing an evening of entertainment. At one of these affairs the auctioneer failed to come and Mr. Furlong volunteered to auction the boxes. His wit and ability was appreciated. A rancher came to him the same evening and ask him if he would cry a sale he was having the following week.

On the 29 of June, 1904, Mr. Furlong was married to Miss Nellie Taylor of Plattsmouth, Neb. Their honeymoon trip consisted of a trip to the St. Louis Exposition and ended by a stage coach ride from Arrow, Colo. to Steamboat where they established their home. To this union were born five children; Grace, Sept. 6, 1905; Ruth, Sept. 12, 1910; Edward, Sept. 22, 1912; Doris, who was born April 30, 1916, died July 22, 1922; and Virginia, was born on Nov.

12, 1923.

The religious faith of the family is that of the Congregational church to which they loyally adhere, doing everything in their power to promote the work of the church and extend its influence. Politically, Mr. Furlong was a Republican. Fraternally, he was a Mason, loyal to the teachings and purpose of the craft. He also had a membership in the Eastern Star, Modern Woodmen, and Woodmen of the World. He was a member of the local Lion's Club and Chamber of Commerce, giving his endorsement and support to any cause or movement calculated to benefit the community or advance the steady growth of this section of the state. The local schools always had his support and interest. The high school annual of 1924 was dedicated to Mr. E. O. Furlong. The Lion's Club erected a memorial swing on the school grounds in his honor. In business circles he was alert and energetic and so directed his efforts that he was numbered among the most substantial citizens. His wife and children still reside in Steamboat Springs. Truly it can be said that no citizen in Northwestern Colo. was more highly esteemed or took a more active part in those things which make up the best of community life.

Mrs E. O. Furlong.

Feb 12, 1934

Mrs. A. H. Pappin.

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The History of Preston and Mary Adella King,
Pioneers of Northwestern Colorado.

Andrew J. King and Maria M. King drove overland from Illinois to California in 1862, taking with them their sons, Preston King, twelve years of age, and Charles A. King, two years of age. They located in Napa Valley and lived there for five years. In 1867 they returned to the Eastern part of the U. S. by ship and by railroad across the Isthmus of Panama.

Preston entered Union College at Schenectady, N. Y., in 1867. He graduated in 1871 finishing the Scientific and Classical courses in the time allotted for one course. Immediately he went on the Northern Pacific survey and worked there until winter set in and the party had to disband. From there he went to Brooklyn, N. Y. where he worked as a surveyor for some time. He was principal of a business college for two years and then went to Franklin, N. Y. where he was principal of the "Deleware Literary Institute". During the summer vacation of this school he laid out a very beautiful cemetery which now serves as a monument to his artistic taste and ability.

On Oct. 6, 1875 he was married to Mary Adella Reed. They lived at Hamilton, N. J. where he worked at his profession of Civil Engineer and Surveyor for four years.

In 1879, he and his brother-in-law Charles J. Reed went to Idaho. They engaged in gold mining using silver plates and mercury to catch the fine gold. This was expensive and proved unsuccessful. They worked until it became so cold they had to give it up. Their provisions were gone, their clothes were in rags and they were nearly barefoot. With a little old pony as a pack horse they started for civilization. Weary and worn after several days travel they reached Black Rock.

Mr. King had a blistered heel and wore one shoe and one boot. Their first job was unloading a car of flour. The first school in that vicinity was taught by Mr. King who received sixty dollars a month. The following spring he went to Breckenridge, Colo. and opened an office as mining engineer. He was very busy and received fifteen dollars a day for his work.

The following June in 1880, he sent for his wife and two small children, Mary Adella and Preston Jr. April 27, 1881, another son was born, Elmer, named for Elmer Reed, a brother of Mrs. King. On Dec. 30, 1882, the next boy, Frederick Wellington, was born in Denver, Colo.

In 1883 a colony of ten families was formed from the Breckenridge populace, and Mr. King engaged to go with them to Egeria Park, Routt County Colo. a distance of nearly one hundred miles. He surveyed claims for them on which they homesteaded, and also took one for himself. Mrs. King, with her new baby, Harry Crosby, born Oct. 8, 1884, and the other children arrived at Egeria Park in Nov. 1884.) The next son was born March 18, 1888 at the ranch, and was named William Johnson. The next was Julian Peverell, born Jan. 16, 1890. The last child, Richie Leon, was born May 8, 1893 and lived only about 7 months.

The King ranch is 15 miles east of Dome Peak in the Flat Top mountains. A large mountain right at the ranch is named "King Mountain" for Mr. King; as is the little creek which runs through the ranch, "King Creek". Mr. King named the ranch "The Buffalo Head Ranch" because there were so many buffalo skulls there.) After a while Mr. King bought cattle in Denver and brought them to the ranch. Among them were fine milk cows, and the Kings made wagon loads of fine butter, which Mrs. King took to Breckenridge and Leadville

and sold. With the proceeds he purchased supplies for the family and the ranch. In a little while he bought a big bunch of horses, and raising horses became another industry at the ranch. In 1895, the Kings purchased the first cream separator in the Yampa river territory.

The children went to school in a little log school house 2 or 3 miles away. When the only daughter, May, was old enough, she taught school. Later she married Louis L. Wilson, another pioneer, and raised a large family. She now lives in California. Preston Jr.

went away to school in Fort Collins, Colo., where he took civil engineering, which he has followed ever since, having worked on that wonderful piece of construction; the Panama Canal. Afterward and since that time he has been with the Bureau of Lands in the Phillipines. He is unmarried.

Elmer was put to freighting when fifteen years of age, making the long trip from Wolcott, on the D. & R. G. railroad to the ranch, and to other places, even to Hahn's Peak, the county seat. Elmer was very fond of horses, and drove four on his trips. At the ranch he helped "break" the horses to ride or to work. He also cultivated the land for crops of hay, grain, and garden produce. When he was older he went to school in Denver for a while and then learned Blacksmithing, which he has worked at a good deal since. He took up a ranch close by his father's and lived there a few years, having good success with ranching and cattle raising. He bought a J. I. Case threshing machine and run it during the threshing season for 14 years covering a good deal of territory with it. During the World War he was under government supervision and carried the U. S. flag on the machine.

On his first trip to Steamboat Springs, when he was seven, he met a little girl who was the daughter of the first family to settle in

Steamboat--Mary Crawford. She was the youngest of her family, six years old and red-haired. Forty one years later she became his wife. They live in Steamboat and Elmer has his blacksmith shop there.

Fred, after living at the ranch and sharing in all its activities until his young manhood, went to Denver, where he got work, later becomeing city salesman for "The Spray Coffee and Spice Co." He still lives there and is doing well. He has become a very active worker in the Masonic lodge, holding many high offices.

Harry, the next son, graduated with fine honors from the State Agricultural College. He has since followed his profession of machincal engineering in several cities. He is now located in Buffalo, N. Y. with his wife, Mable King, and a son, Donovan King.

William King attended the schools in Steamboat Springs, and when the World War came he went to help his country, being stationed at Ft. Funstan, Kansas. Afterward he married Jean Charbonel and there are three children by this marriage, Mary Jean, William Jr., and Joy. They live at Toode, Utah where William has long been associated with the big copper mill.

Julian King, youngest living son, also attended the Steamboat Springs schools. He helped his brother Elmer with the threshing machine at times, and with the ranch work also. During the World War he became a sailor, and was on the U. S. battleship, Kentucky, a long time. After the was he married Fay Ginter. They now live in Denver, Colo. They have three children, Idella, Jacquelyn, and Garrot. Julian is an expert locksmith and goes to several states on call to attend to safes, etc.

Preston King practiced his profession of Civil engineering and surveying for a distance of a hundred miles and more, for forty seven years. In 1901 he and his wife moved to Steamboat Springs

where he opened an office. Before this, while living on the ranch, he kept an office in the office of James H. Crawford, who was a member of the Town company.

Mr. and Mrs. King built a good home on Crawford Ave. and lived and prospered. They were both active in the Masonic and Eastern Star lodges. Mrs. King was a great worker in the Woman's Club and the Methodist Ladies' Aid. Preston King passed away the 15 of Nov. 1931, at the age of 81 years. His years were well spent in helping others. Mrs. King lives at the family home in Steamboat in the summers and spends the winters in Denver.

Preston King surveyed nearly all the ranches and ditches up and down the river, and also the roads; but this was not all he did. He knew something of medicine and acted as doctor to anyone needing such attention. If a man broke a leg, he got Mr. King to fix it. If anyone was sick they sent for Mr. King and he received most of the babies born in that locality and for many miles around it. He also acted as legal adviser to anyone needing that kind of help. He was Justice of the Peace, and presided at many weddings, both in his ranch neighborhood, and in Steamboat; in the early days he presided at several funerals.

This is the story of the first Christmas as told by Mrs. Preston King in 1916. "As the Christmas season draws near it reminds us of our first and succeeding Christmas occasions in Egeria Park, more than 30 years ago. (We had just come from Breckenridge, Summit county, to make our home on Egeria creek, on a ranch previously located by Mr. King at the time that he had been surveying ranches for George C. Crossan, Ed. McFarland, S. G. Sutton, S. D. Wilson, Sieboldt L. Newcomer,[†] Samuel C. Reid, and William W. Reed, making quite a colony, which W. E. Crowner joined later. But only ourselves and the Crossans spent the winter of 1884-85 there, the others moving in the next year.)

We left Breckenridge about Nov. 20, travelling down the Blue river, crossing the Grand at Kremmling on a ferry boat, and on over Gore range, following icy mountain roads, with more or less adventures. In the party were William Reed, driving a fourhorse team loaded with household goods; Agnes Mandell, a girl who was living with us, and several children, with Mr. King and myself coming in buckboard and bringing more children, one a babe of six weeks. We were four days on the road and found the park without snow and the roads dry, looking very beautiful as we had our first view of it from the divide near what is known as the Tony Cunha ranch.)

We reached our point about 1 P. M. and found several bachelors there. It was a log house with no partitions. A stove was up, and said bachelors were getting dinner, and making coffee in the tea-pot, which was nearly full of grounds. They said it tasted better than when made in the coffee pot. We proceeded to unload everything in the middle of the floor, and with the help of many hands we soon had a steaming hot dinner and by nightfall had beds up and other things partially arranged, so we looked or felt quite homey and comfortable.

[†] This is the Samuel Reid who later was county Treasurer but not the one who moved to Hayden. William Reed is a brother of Mrs. Preston King and lives near Tappan.

There was much to be done to make our home in any degree livable, but when *people are* full of enthusiasm and willing to put up with most anything for the sake of the mints of money they are expecting to make out of ranching, they are not necessarily unhappy, and we surely were not, although most of our fondest hopes did not materialize.

(On Nov. 30, Mr. King started out with a four-horse team (~~the first he had ever attempted to drive~~) for Breckenridge, for more provisions, fearing we might not have enough to last us through the winter and knowing it would be impossible to get more when once the range was closed to travel. When we reached Breckenridge, he found that the town had been burned, and he having been the insurance agent, must needs stay and help with the adjusting of claims, which occupied two weeks.)

He then started home with his loaded wagon, trailing bob-sleds behind. It snowed all the way down the Blue, and when he reached the Gore range the snow was so deep that he had to divide his load, making three trips across the range to Rock creek and to the McDonald ranch house. It was most strenuous and difficult to make his way through from two to five feet of snow, and he was thirteen days on the road. Thus he spent his Christmas, reaching home the day before New Year's.

The wind had been blowing furiously all the time he was away, and it found many places of entrance in our newly built log house, making it a hard matter to keep warm. Our poor cattle were without shelter except for the willows, and drifted with the wind--literally blowing away, and were not recovered for days. I used to get up in the night and stand watching at the window, looking in the direction I thought the road should be, wondering if we should ever all be at home again. The suspense and anxiety were most trying.

We did not attempt to celebrate Christmas, but waited until New Years, Mr. King having arrived home the day before. I can only remember one thing we had to eat, that was a roast of some kind, venison I suppose; and that just as I was taking it from the oven Billy Jacobs, from Sunnyside divide, came in and staid with us for dinner. This was the first time he had ever been at our house, but later he and his family came to be very pleasant neighbors. I do not remember that any gifts were exchanged, but suppose there must have been, as that was our custom.

William Reed, still of Toponas, was a mamber of our household and did much by his genial disposition to break the monotony of our existence. We saw more people than might have been expected, those going to and fro on snow shoes from Burns Hole to Egeria and other points. Agnes, the pretty young girl I have mentioned, was a daughter of the late Nicholas Mandall, who came to Egeria park later, settling up the river from where Yampa is now located. She proved to be a great attraction and it was not many Sundays after our arrival before Tom Elliot and Mark Choate made their appearance, from the former's ranch on lower Rock creek, and soon other men from all directions; Billy Whipple, then just about 21; some of the Birds, and Bob Nickol among them, especially when they wanted to get up a dancing party at Egeria, which was quite frequently. But it was Ed. Dawson whom Agnes married. He wintered some cattle there that winter and later took up a ranch on Sunnyside. For many years he has been in the commission business in Denver.

(The next year, when our old friends from Breckenridge had come in and settled on their ranches, we had very sociable and happy times together, each taking some special one of the holidays to entertain the others. We wonder now how we could have done it in our limited quarters, but those of us who are left look back to that time as a

very pleasant part of our lives.)

We may possibly be forgetting some for the moment, but as we remember, (those who were then also in the park, north of us, in the neighborhood of the old Egeria postoffice and from there down the river, were Riley Wilson, on his present ranch; L. L. Wilson, who was feeding cattle on the Spronks ranch, later the Adam's place; Tom Nichols and family; Thomas Gibbs and wife, John Phillips, Alex Gray and family; Will King, at what is now the Whitney ranch; Mr. Stafford and family, Elmer Hoag, William Bird and family. Albert Bird and wife, Lawson Bird and wife, William Montgomery and family, Som Fix, Peter Simon, Heron Fulton, and Sam Tharp, with the Ward family, living in what is now the VanCamp home at Yampa. Jim Scott was on the Iron Springs place, and probably Dug Lees was at the lower end of the park, on what is now the Cheney ranch. Leo and William Thayer came in about that time, as did Mr. Acton and his son Bert, and William T. Laramore. H. J. Hernage came the next year.)

Many of those who came as little children, or were born there, are the men and women of today who have settled up that country. Many, of course, found homes elsewhere, and of those who came first many have gone to the far-off home from which no one returns. (Our hearts always warm with thoughts of the early days in Egeria Park and its first settlers.)

Mary Crawford King
 Steamboat Springs, Colorado -
 February 15, 1934.

Mrs. A. H. Pappen

Christmas at Albert McCargar's. - 1877

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William Leahy.

"There was going to be a big time at old Albert McCargar's place on Snake river, at the mouth of Slater creek, where Robert McIntosh now has his store, and all of us from the Peak were invited. I was one of the party of about six who accepted, going down with Ed Cody, Dave Miller, Frank Hinman and a couple of others whose names I do not now remember. Hinman later married one of the McCargar girls.

There was four or five feet of snow on the ground, and we started on snowshoes on the night of Dec. 23, making the distance during the night and arriving early for Christmas Eve, when the celebration was to occur. The trip was made in quick time, for we each had a bottle, which made us go faster.

Bob McIntosh was at Bugtown then, being foreman for the placer, but he wouldn't go with us, as he had a big force of men at work building houses at what is now the town of Hahn's Peak. We were then all living at Bugtown, the real name of which was Centennial City, and there were about 75 men in camp, nearly all employed at the big placer, which was backed by J. W. Farwell of Chicago. The store had a stock of \$30,000 worth of goods, as it was necessary to lay in supplies in the fall for the work that was to be done in the spring. Everything had been freighted in from Laramie City, through Whiskey park.

Whiskey park got its name at that time. Some parties were there, selling whiskey, and Farwell sent a party out to dump the stuff. They destroyed it, but it was not wasted, for every bottle had a man at its mouth.

About 30 were at McCargar's for Christmas, and there was a fine time, with a big dinner and a dance, but I never went in for dancing much. Two of the McCargar girls were there, and I can truthfully

say they were the most beautiful girls in Routt county so far as I knew, as at that time I hadn't seen any other women in the county. The third Miss McCargar was already gone, she having previously been married to Billy Morgan. Jim Baker had at least six girls, but they were just across the line in Wyo. Samuel B. Reid, now of Hayden, was then just across Elk river from what is now Glen Eden, where he raised potatoes and cabbage for the miners at the Peak, while his wife made butter, and they had some daughters but I wasn't acquainted with them. And there were a lot of Flys, further down on Elk river, but I didn't know them either.

The Christmas celebration at McCargar's broke up when the whiskey gave out, which was probably some time Christmas day, and then a large portion of the crowd went to Dixon for a good time. All of us had plenty of gold dust, which was the money in use in those days, and it surely was a good time we had.

Of the men who were at Hahn's Peak and on Snake river in 1877 very few are now alive. Robert McIntosh wintered at the Peak in '77 and '78, and Joe Morin was there in '78, but he didn't winter there. Croft Beeler's father was on Snake river, and Albert E. Salisbury was there in 1877, but he went out for the winter, returning next year."

This was taken from the holiday edition of the "Routt County Sentinel", dated Dec. 15, 1916

Bernice Deaver Popper

Feb 25, 1934

Mrs. A. F. Poppen.

First Christmas in Routt County.

Hon. Thomas H. Iles.

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In complying with your request for "The Story of my First Christmas in Routt County," I shall beg permission to embrace a somewhat broader latitude, as in the days of which I shall write, Christmas differed from other days only in memory of the good cheer and happy days gone by.

I shall begin my story with Dec. 1, 1874. According to my journal kept in those days, there were then living on the Bear river, between the Gore range and the Utah line, the lucky number of just thirteen souls, whose names were as follows: Joe Morgan, keeper of an Indian trading post; Johnnie Tow, an old trapper; Albert Smart, founder of the Hayden colony; Mrs. Smart, his wife; Gordie Smart, brother of Albert; Frank Gonson, employed by the Smarts; Homer Pollock, a prospective settler; Jim Pollock, brother of Homer; George Schlosser and Frank Mann, in partnership with the Pollocks; John Spitzenberger, trapper and guide; John D. Newton, partner of the writer; and Tom Iles, the writer.

On Dec. 1, 1874, all of the above except Tow and Spitzenberger congregated a place near the south approach of the present Bear river bridge near Hayden and erected the first house for actual settlement on Bear river, which valley at that time was a part of Grand county. That first house, was, up to a few years ago, in use as an out building on the ranch of County Commissioner J. W. Cawlfild. I ought to mention in this connection that on my first visit to Steamboat Springs, about Nov. 25 of that same year, I noticed a foundation of four logs, placed near the "Boiling Spring" with a claim notice signed James H. Crawford, who then resided at Sulphur Springs, Colo.

But Christmas is yet too far away so I must hurry on, with these extracts from my journal of 42 years ago: "Wednesday, Dec. 23.--A party of two trappers camped last night near our shanty, coming in via Snake river. I traded my watch to them for a Navaho pony, pack-saddle and rope, and received in the bargain a good pair of boots. Today I packed my new pony and started with Newton, Jim Pollock, and George Schlosser on a trapping expedition up the river. We made about four miles," (camping for the night at the present location of the Mount Harris coal mines.)

"Thursday, Dec. 24.--We packed up again and started after having a lively time shooting grouse from the cottonwoods near our camp. We arrived at Elk river about noon, going into camp about a mile above the mouth of that stream. Set out a few traps for fox and coyotes, then I killed and dressed two nice fat porcupines for our Christmas dinner. There were great quantities of dead cottonwood trees where we went into camp. We selected a place where two large trees had fallen, the one across the other, and in the angle of these trees we made a roaring fire, as wood was so abundant. Pitching our tent we fastened the flaps back so the light and heat from our fire would penetrate our tent. We covered the ground inside with large strips or slabs of bark from dead cottonwood trees; over this we spread a quantity of willows, and finished with liberal surfacing of rank grass. On this we made our beds, and indeed we were quite comfortable."

We sat up late that night, talking of our Christmas eve, in comparison with the mirth and joy of years gone by, surrounded by father, mother, brothers, and sisters, in eager anticipation of the visit of Santa Claus. We realized, however, that good old Santa would scarcely be able to find us that night.

With visions of home and mother fresh in memory, one by one the voices ceased to respond, then I realized that I alone was awake. I had no desire to sleep. I was wondering "Why am I here this cold winter night?" I had left a home of comfort, with kind, loving, and indulgent parents, brothers and sisters. It was not through necessity--it was my voluntary choice. But why? I communed with the stars, and they told me not to ask why. It was the life I felt; that life was irresistible; the life that compelled me--the adventurous spirit of the Pioneer--. Gazing long and earnestly at those stars in deepest meditation, slowly my eyelids closed on this, my first Christmas Eve on Bear river, then all was sweet oblivion.*****

Then--Pop!! went a rifle shot very close to us. Every sleeper was awakened and sprang from his bed with rifle in hand, ready for any emergency.

Pop! Pop! Again and again, we were mystified, till George Schlosser solved it for us. Taking a long stick, he reached over and removed a loaded cartridge belt from the burning log and cast it into the snow. For he had carelessly left his belt on the log the night before; the fire had burned into the log, reaching the belt and exploded three cartridges.

We then noticed the Star in the East and the grey of dawn, as did the Shepherds of old.

We wished one another a "Merry Christmas," just one thousand eight hundred and seventy four years after that memorable morn in Bethlehem when the hosts of Heaven cried out "Glory to God in the Highest; Peace on Earth and good will to men."

After a breakfast of fried grouse, with gravy, hot biscuits baked in a dutch oven, and black coffee, the other three started out to set their traps, leaving me to prepare Christmas dinner.

I got busy as soon as they left, by preparing and cutting up the porcupine I had killed the night before, put it to boil in a camp kettle, and keeping it boiling for four hours. In the meantime, I made a pudding of one part flour, one part suet, and one part raisins, a pinch of salt, and a little baking powder, with water enough to make a stiff batter. I put it into a sack and boiled for two hours. About noon I made the dumplings, but did not put them into the stew till I saw the boys coming (home?) The dumplings were boiled forty minutes. Our dinner was ready soon after they returned.

Thus the following was the menu for this first Christmas dinner in what is now Routt county: Porcupine stew, with dumplings; hot biscuits, with coffee, then our "plum pudding." True we had neither hard sauce nor brandy, but we had a substitute, a thin syrup made of brown sugar, thickened with flour. As I was the cook, I refrain from saying our Christmas dinner was delicious, but that was what the boys said.

Now, my friends I wish to impress upon you that I am making you a great and generous wish when I say: I wish every reader of this may eat his next Christmas dinner with as much relish and as free from care or regrets as did the writer at his first Christmas dinner in Routt county forty-two years ago.

This was taken from the holiday edition of the "Routt County Sentinel", Friday December 15, 1916

Bernie D. Poppo

Feb 20, 1934

Bernice Pappen
Thomas R. Blamey
2/19/1934

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I came from Cornwall, England to Halifax when I was nineteen years old. In fact I ran away from home. My mother used to tell me I would never live to be very old as I roistered around too much. Nevertheless here I am and I will be eighty nine years old the twentieth of next June.

In England I had worked in the mines so after being in Halifax awhile I came to Illinois. Soon after Gen. Grant. came back from Colo. I heard his story of the opportunities in mining so I went to Black Hawk and then to Georgetown. In 1875 I married a girl form New England. After the Meeker Massacre I heard so much about the Indians and that there was a great amount of land that could be obtained by a preemption and timber claim so in the spring of 1881 I drove a horse and buggy over Berthoud Pass and over the Gore to Steamboat Springs. I stayed at the Crawfords for two weeks. There were only three families in Steamboat at that time. I took a preemption twelve miles west of Steamboat and after several years sold it to Henry Dinius. Some of the Tow Creek Oil Wells are located on this place. Before I left Georgetown a cousin, Billy Sampson, said to me, "Tom, if you want my ranch near Steamboat you may have it. I will never go back. The location is tacked on a tree." I found it as he had said.

Later that summer I went back after my family. Only my wife and one son was left of my family as two sons and a daughter had died from black measles two years before. We had a hard time getting here. We upset the load once and broke our clock and a lounge for which I had paid twenty-five dollars. One time the front wagon wheel dropped out of sight and my wife who was sitting beside me was

thrown out. The wagon tipped over against a tree. Part of the furniture went out and we had to unload everything to get the wagon out of the hole.

When we got our preemption our one room log cabin was furnished. I had given Mr. Clark sixty five dollars to build it but there was no floor, no chinking, and of course a dirt roof. I cut down some quakers to make shelves and cupboards and a door.

At that time there were ducks everywhere and also geese were plentiful. I could kill a deer from the cabin door.

Elmer Brooks and I used to go up to the Tow Creek spring with a five gallon can and get it full of oil to use on the machinery. This was all we had to use.

(In 1882 I got the first contract to carry mail from Steamboat to Lay. I used a string of four horses, one at Steamboat, one at the Tow Creek ranch, one at Craig, and one at Lay. I received \$1400 a year. Sometimes there would be only one letter in the mail sack.)
Oh yes, I must tell you about my first trip. A friend of Mr. Crawford's, living at Lay, wanted to send two cats to him. The cats were each placed securely in a sack. Mrs. Gregory, the postmistress at Lay, helped me put them on the saddle. I got up on the horse and started, the cats began to meow and the horse started to buck. Mrs. Gregory said, "Aren't you afraid?" I forced the horse into a gallop and did not slow down until almost to Craig. The horse refused to go further and I had to get off and drive it into Craig. I delivered the cats safely to Mr. Crawford in Steamboat and received two dollars.

Another time just after I had crossed Marshall Ford and had come to the trail around the Gibraltar Rock my horse suddenly refused to go any farther. I looked around and saw bear tracks. I couldn't go back very well so led the horse a little farther on around the bend

and then saw Mr. Bear. The horse snorted, but there was only the river below and the rocks above. In a little bit the bear started off up Wolf Creek and I was able to mount and go on with the mail. There used to be lots of bear in the country. I had this contract two years.

After I sold my ranch at Tow Creek I took up a homestead on Sage Creek. I lived there five years.

(About 1885 Jim Norvell and I had three mail contracts; one from Steamboat to Craig; from Craig to Axial, and from Craig to Baggs. At that time we had forty horses. The fare on the stage was \$4.50 one way but a round trip was eight dollars. It was some job to haul the drummers around with their luggage and numerous trunks.)

Later on I bought a ranch near Fortification on Little Bear and I still own it. My wife died there. I was married again to Mrs. Buckner in 1917. We leased the ranch to my son and moved to town. My son died a few years ago so there is just my wife and I left.

My last mail contract was about twenty six years ago from Craig to Baggs. I came very nearly being killed when the team ran away. We had two passengers and was having their trunks tied on behind. The horses did not want to stand so I stepped around in front of them to hold them by the bits. They became frightened at the trunks and knocked me down with the end of the tongue, run over me and broke three ribs. I sold my six horses and new wagon to Dutch Henry and went back to the ranch on Little Bear.

Feb 19, 1934

Bernice D. Poppew.

Bernice D. Applegate Christmas at the Crawford's *J. E. Milner* *Doe* $\frac{358}{6}$ 23

My first Christmas in Routt county was that of 1884, when with most of the other unmarried men then in this part of the county I enjoyed a turkey dinner and spent the day as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Crawford at their home near the Iron spring, across Lincoln avenue from where the Cabin hotel now stands. My cousin, Billy Kemmer, who was also a cousin of Walter S. Kemmer, now postmaster, was with me, for we were batching together that winter.

I had first known the Crawfords at Boulder, where they had been neighbors of my uncle before they had moved to Hot Sulphur Springs and later to Steamboat Springs. In 1884 there were but three families here, those besides the Crawfords being those of Harvey Woolery and Horace Suttle. In the latter family there was a little girl, Cusha Suttle, now Mrs. J. Q. Groesbeck, who still resides here. Mr. Woolery was postmaster and his wife kept a road house, a stopping place for those enroute to Hahn's Peak, Hayden and other points in the county. The first house up the river was that of Leo Thayer, in lower Egeria park, on the ranch now owned by James Gilruth.

It was the year before this first Christmas spent with the Crawfords that I had first been in Routt county, having spent a couple of months here in 1883 with T. B. Doane, now of Denver, who is a brother-in-law of C. E. Goody, the present general agent of the passenger department of the Moffat road. Our home had been at Marion Ind., where Mr. Doane and I had been neighbors. We located on Walton Creek at what is now known as the Fish Farm, and there we laid a foundation in the fall of 1883. I returned the next spring and have lived here ever since. The old cabins on Walton creek are still standing.

Early in the springs of 1885 I bought the road house from

Mr. Woolery, who then moved with his family to their ranch on the south side of the river a few miles west of town, where Mr. and Mrs. Woolery still make their home during the summers. The road house was in the building at what is now Lincoln avenue and Tenth Street, where John Knll of the Steamboat Transfer is located, and in the spring of that year I established a store there.

Except for the Indian trading post of Joe Morgan near where Craig is now located, my store was the first one in this entire valley. I was appointed postmaster, and the postoffice was in that building for several years. I later sold this store to Barney Napier, Jerry McWilliams and George Milbank, who conducted it for several years.

This story was taken from the holiday edition of the "Routt County Sentinel" dated Dec. 15, 1916

*Bernice D. Pophers
Feb 21, 1934*

Bernice Pappen

2/7/1934

Ezekiel Shelton

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Ezekiel Shelton was born Jan. 28, 1833, in Columbiana County, Ohio. His parents moved from Maryland to Ohio in 1830. They bought two hundred acres of timberland and this had to be cleared before it could be farmed. Grandpa Shelton as a young man helped fell the forest and tells of many log rollings and gatherings on these occasions.

There were thirteen children in his family and he was the oldest in the family. Grandpa attended the district schools three months each year in a log cabin with puncheon floors and benches with desks at the sides of the walls. At the age of nineteen years, he was desirous of gaining a more thorough education so packed his grip and walked eighteen miles where he entered Mount Union College and graduated from there five years later. He taught the first singing class in Mt. Union College, catching the tone from the old style tuning fork. After graduating he taught the district school three months a year at twenty dollars a month with board and room furnished among the patrons of the school.

In May, 1860, he married Mary Strode Entrican who was born and raised in a Quaker settlement not far from Harrisburg, Penn. To this union there were born four children; Samuel, who died at the age of one year; Annie Shelton Bowman, William Shelton, and Byron Shelton.

While in Mt. Union College he studied Civil Engineering, and after farming a few years he took up that profession and moved to Alliance, Ohio, where he was city engineer. During his stay in Alliance, Ohio he had charge of the laying out, building and constructing thirty miles of narrow gauge railroad.

About this time he heard of the great gold strikes in Colorado and got the western fever. He went to Breckenridge, Colo. in June, 1879,

and took up surveying as an occupation.

In the fall of 1881 some Denver capitalists heard there were beds of coal in Northwestern Colorado and sent him over there to investigate. The only vein he opened up at that time was in Coal-bank-gulch one mile north of Hayden, Colo; land that Alva Jones is now occupying. He went back and reported that from the geological formations of this country there should be plenty of coal, which later turned out to be true.

Upon his arrival in 1881 he was so impressed with the beautiful valley that he decided to locate a homestead and immediately went to the U. S. Land Office at Central City, Colorado and filed on one hundred and sixty acres of land near what is now Hayden. On his way over in 1881 he drove down the Blue River in Grand County where the Burlington railroad was constructing the grade for the western extension of their line. The talk then was that in about three years a road would be built into the Bear River valley. The Burlington people never completed their plans and this grade they built is used now as a county road.

Grandpa Shelton was public spirited and full of energy. He was the leader in the development of many ranches surveying the ditches for irrigation, discovering both bituminous and anthracite coal in this county. He surveyed over five thousand ranches and ditches in Routt and Moffat counties.

Here is an interesting quotation from Grandpa's talk before the Hayden High School on his 89th birthday. "A mere spectator amounts to nothing. Genius must act to be worth anything, and must persevere in the acting. Though not yet ninety years old I am older than any railroad company, telegraph, electric light plant, steam engine, automobile, tractor, aeroplane, mower, harvester threshing machines,

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typewriters, and almost all inventions of any note. Electricity, gasoline, and steam have revolutionized the world. The last fifty years have been great and it is a joy to have lived in this greatest age of history. But you boys and girls have greater facilities for research, invention, and initiative than any generation that has preceded you. Some boy or girl now listening to me may startle the world with some new discovery."

He was always an active leader in the educational and spiritual affairs of the community. He was Co. Supt. of Schools one term and also Co. Commissioner one term. For over thirty years he served as U. S. Land Commissioner. Not only was he one of the organizers of the Routt and Moffat County Pioneer Association but was its president for a number of years. Probably the crowning event of his life was when the Pioneer meeting was held at his home, a few years before his death, under the shade of the big cottonwood trees that he had planted forty years before. Several hundred pioneers from far and wide were present.

Grandpa Shelton was 94 years, one month, and eleven days old at the time of his passing away.

B. J. Shelton-Hayden Co.
Feb-7-1934

Early History of Hayden and Bear River Valley.

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Bernice D. Pappan 2/7/1934

The history of Hayden naturally involves the history more or less of Northwestern Colorado. Up to the year 1876 this valley was inhabited by tribes of Ute Indians. The first settlements by white men were about the year 1877 which consisted of a few trappers and hunters and pioneer cattle men. The discovery of gold at Hahn's Peak created quite an excitement and brought in men with capital who built ditches, erected buildings, and sluiced out the gold. Several people began raising vegetables to supply the camps at Hahn's Peak and Bugtown; one of these families was Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Reid. They grubbed off the sage brush and farmed the land where Glen Eden, the summer resort, is now located. This section of the country had wonderful nutritious blue grass and soon attracted the cattle men's attention. When we first came here a few big cattle men then held and tried to control the whole of the range. Very shortly settlers began to pour into this section and took up the most desirable bottom land as homesteads.

In the spring of 1882 my father and myself left eastern Ohio for Hayden, Colo. Upon arriving at Hayden we did not find any town and it was our first experience to have a place named when there wasn't any town. Upon inquiry at Hayden we found that the reason this particular part of the country was named Hayden was due to the fact that Prof. Hayden sent out by the Topographical Dept. of the government camped in this vicinity during the greater part of one summer. They found the mosquitoes were so bad for his men and horses in their camp along the river that he sent his men out to see if they could find feed and water on higher ground. They found the spring where Mr. Howard Bailey now lives and camped there for the remainder of their stay.

Perhaps Dr. Whittaker and Mr. Bailey are not aware that they now live on and own such a historic spot.

The first school in the Hayden valley was held in a log cabin, about where you enter Hayden on the Victory Highway. Mr. Oliver McCasslin was the teacher and he had two pupils, Mrs. Martha Reid Donelson and her brother Albert Reid. The next school was taught by Prof. John T. Whyte in a log cabin about the center of what is known as the Sam Adair ranch east of Hayden. This school consisted of six pupils. Prof. Whyte was a highly educated man and gave us an excellent school. He was the first Co. Supt. of Public Schools of Routt Co. He passed away the winter of 1888 at the home of my father, Ezekiel Shelton. In selecting a place for his burial it was suggested that we put him on the hill which was my homestead claim. We did not realize then that we were establishing the place that is now the cemetery for Hayden.

The country was settling up rapidly so made it necessary to establish some permanent place in the neighborhood for a schoolhouse.

The first schoolhouse was built on land donated by W. R. Walker back of where Mr. Corbins residence is now. Mr. J. F. Stees was the first teacher in the new schoolhouse. He also taught music and held classes around at the different houses during the winter. Very enjoyable times were had at these gatherings. That is where I developed my musical talent. I will have to tell a story on myself. Some years later the Choral Club of Hayden gave an entertainment. The first song that was sung was encored very loudly. They sang again what I supposed was another song. When I got home my wife asked me how I liked the music and I told her that I thought the second song was much better than the first. She laughed and said that the second song was a repetition of the first.

About the year 1894 we found that it was necessary to have more room for our school so we bonded the district for three thousand dollars and built what is known now as the south portion of our grade school. Later on an addition was built to the north side of this building. Mrs. Peck was one of the first teachers and drove from the ranch with her four children. A bushel of Pecks she called them.

When there was not room for the grades and the high school in the same building a consolidated district was formed for high school purposes. We now have one of the finest high school buildings in Northwestern Colo.

(There was no post office nearer than Steamboat Springs when we came here in 1882. Mail came by stage and sleds and snowshoes, from Georgetown over Berthoud Pass, the Gore Range, and down by Toponas and Yampa to Steamboat. We had to go horseback and swim or ford Elk river to get the mail from Steamboat.) In August 1882 Mrs. M. E. Reid was appointed post mistress and held the office for several years. Later on her daughter, Martha Donelson, succeeded her.

(The first mail line from Steamboat to Lay Creek was established in 1882 and Mr. Tom Blaney was the first carrier. This line connected with the Rawlins and the Meeker stage lines at Lay Creek. The mail was carried from Steamboat to Lay one day and back the next day.) A burro was used as the beast of burden for the ^{first} mail and rider. A few letters at that time made up the mail but it was not many years until it became necessary to put on Concord coaches drawn by four or even eight horses. In 1889 the Denver and Rio Grande railroad was completed and the mail for Northwestern Colo. was brought from Wolcott.

I must tell you of an incident that happened to the second mail carrier, "Bonanza Bill." He started out from Steamboat one very stormy morning. He weathered the storm all day long and arrived

toward evening at what was known then as Marshall Ford. This is where the old bridge was located between Hayden and Mt. Harris. He did not know where to cross the river so wandered around on what is known as Morgan Bottoms. No one was living there at that time. When night came the temperature had gone down to twenty degrees below zero. His clothing was wet and he began to be afraid he was going to freeze. He called loudly for help. It happened that S. B. Reid was coming home from Hahn's Peak on snowshoes and heard his cries. He brought him across the river to my father's house. We thawed him out but found that his feet were badly frozen. He needed medical attention and there was no doctor in the country. Father and I put the bows on the wagon, covered it with a wagon sheet, made a bed for Bill in the bottom of the wagon and after two days trip we landed him in a government hospital at Baggs Wyo. The government had a post and a hospital there at that time.

Father has so thoroughly covered the history of the churches and Sunday schools in his little book on "The Evolution of Christianity in Routt County" that it will not be necessary to say anything about them in this data.

Upon our arrival in Routt County there were no established roads and only one bridge. This bridge was across Bear River between Lay Creek and Meeker, so that recruits and supplies might be transported to the Indian Agency at Meeker. A canoe dug out of a large pine log was all the means we had of crossing Bear River. This was used all one summer. My father and I were camping by the river and when some one would call we would bring the boat over and transport them across. We often charged a small fee of twenty-five cents for this service.

During the summer there was a party of four men and two wagons with agricultural implements and supplies headed for the White River

country. They claimed they had had experience in handling boats and if we would permit them they would transport the stuff across without our assistance. They made two trips across very successfully. The third trip they had loaded in some stuff that made the boat top heavy and when they got out where the current was strong the boat upset and everything was lost in the river. One man swam across to the north bank and the other two hung on to the upset boat and were carried down the river and lodged on an island. The water was very high at that season of the year and this island was covered with about two feet of water. Some of the neighbors went up the river and secured a canoe dug out of a cottonwood log and went down about ten o'clock that night and rescued the men. Twelve of the settlers decided there should be a bridge across Bear river so got together and built one. My father was appointed overseer. Everyone went to work with a will in the fall of 1883 when the water was low and by the spring of 1884 the bridge was built. It was built entirely out of logs and poles. There was not a nail or piece of iron used in the construction. In the spring of 1884 when the water was high some big drift wood came down the river and lodged against one of the sections of the bridge. We found it impossible to dislodge this drift wood so more and more lodged against it so that part of the bridge went out. The pioneer spirit was not daunted. The next winter the same ones who had built the bridge raised it and rebuilt the span that was torn out.

(The first court in Routt Co. was held at Windsor, a place one mile east of Craig. A man by the name of Barker was arrested for stealing one hundred head of Indian ponies. He pled guilty but as no Indians appeared to prove ownership, Barker was turned loose. The law required that they had to prove ownership.) (One of the first judges at the county seat at Hahn's Peak was Judge Rucker of Aspen.

The story is told that he liked to play poker and that occasionally he would call a recess during a case and go down to the saloon to play a game. He would sit in a poker game as long as he was winner but when he lost as much as five dollars he would go back to the court and resume the case.

(At one time there was a trading post on the Bear river near what is known as the slough bridge north of Hayden. Thompson and Stout conducted it, and traded mostly with the Indians.)

(George Carly and J. J. Jones put up the first business building in Hayden. They had been running a peddling wagon through the country in the summer but transferred their stock to their new building. Later on they enlarged their stock and built the front part of the building that was used by the Hayden Drug Co. The upper part was rented by the Odd Fellows Lodge.) The next building was a blacksmith shop adjoining the Carly and Jones building on the south. A saloon was next built but a blacksmith shop is now located there.

(In 1877 the White River Indians got on the war path and burned out this section of the country. All the settlers at that time either went to Hahn's Peak or Steamboat. Mr. Crawford used his house as a barricade to protect the people that came there during this scare. But outside of burning the country over no harm was done to the white man.)

In the year 1895 we had another little Indian scare in this section. The White River Indians were again reported to be on the war path and came up as far as the Williams Fork Country near Pagoda and were met there by the settlers, cowboys and cowmen who turned them back. Of course the families that were living here on the river, not knowing that the Indians would be checked, were very much frightened and most of the families gathered down here at Uncle

Billy Walker's residence and remained there until word came back that the Indians had gone back to the reservation. During this scare a very funny incident occurred. Two families living across on the Morgan Bottom not being able to get down to Uncle Billy Walker's conceived the idea of taking a cow bell and their children down in the willows along the river and shaking this bell all night long thinking that the Indians would think that it was nothing but a cow with a bell on and that they would not be molested.

We used to have Fourth of July celebrations, Literary Societies, and debates that were very interesting. This Literary society published a paper called the Aurora Boreals or Northern Light and was edited by different members of the association as they were elected from time to time. This Literary society met around at the different houses every two weeks during the winter months for several years, and developed a great deal of interest besides giving some entertainment.

(The game here in the early days is what made it possible for the pioneer to stay and improve his homestead. Deer, antelope, elk, and bear were here in abundance. In the fall of the year when deer were bunching to move to the lower country for their winter quarters, I have seen hundreds if not thousands in a band. Many bands traveled for days to reach their winter range.) Near where J. C. Temple lives on Dry creek I have seen five hundred antelope in one band. The largest bands of elk used to range north of us. Many years ago elk on Little Bear creek and Fortification Creek were slaughtered for market. Just the hind quarters were cut off and hauled to Rawlins, Wyo. and found ready sale when shipped to Denver, Cheyenne, Omaha, and Kansas City.

On the morning of May 18, 1882, the day of our arrival here we camped down by the river. My father got up at four thirty the next morning, took his gun, crossed the river in the log canoe and got back in time for breakfast. He told me he had killed three deer about one mile up the gulch. I was all excitement and as soon as we had a bite to eat we went over and got them.

We would kill enough deer in the fall to last us all winter. Most people had meat houses where they hung them up and let them freeze.

The Ute Indians had their summer camps where Mt. Harris is now located. When I first came here the Gibraltar Rocks below here were filled with paintings and hieroglyphics that the Indians put on the rocks with red paint. I used to go down there and study these paintings to see if I could figure out any meaning to them. I figured out, right or wrong, in my own mind that an Indian battle had taken place near these rocks. They were describing it in Indians fashion. Indians were riding their Indian ponies togged out in war paint and feathers and were pointing their fingers down the river as if some great disaster had taken place. What little remained of this writing was entirely destroyed when these rocks were blasted at the time the highway was built.

B. J. Shelton - Hayden Colo.
Feb - 7 - 1934

Bernice D. Pappen
2/8/1934

Doc $\frac{358}{9}$

SOME NOTES ON THE LIFE OF
EMMA HULL PECK
AND HER WORK IN ROUTT COUNTY

* * * * *

As told to the "Inquiring Reporter"

In 1883, Routt county was a new country. Settlers were coming in from all parts of the United States and establishing ranches and communities. On October 26th of that year, there was great excitement in the small community of Hayden. Three groups of newcomers from widely separated places arrived. Harry B. Peck of Georgetown, at that time deputy county clerk of Clear Creek county, reached Hayden with his young wife, the former Emma Hull, and their two small children. Mrs. E. Shelton, with her two sons, Byron and Will, came from Ohio to join her husband who had already located in the Yampa Valley. Mrs. W. R. Walker arrived from North Carolina.

The Pecks settled on a ranch below Hayden on the river and at once became identified with the life, the activities, and particularly the educational work of the growing and eager country. Mrs. Peck looked upon her new surroundings with a friendly and curious eye. If she was homesick or discouraged, no one guessed it. She brought to a pioneer community the ability to see the humorous, the vital, the thrilling, in what to those lacking in imagination might have seemed a discouraging outlook. She brought a capacity for developments, and interest in bettering other's, as well as her own, condition, and an already vital interest in education that has been her chief enthusiasm throughout her life.

When she was only sixteen, she had taught her first school at Dumont, Colorado. Many of her pupils were much older than herself. One great hulk of a lad of seventeen told his mother on the first

day of school that they were being taught by a "little girl who wasn't any bigger than a half Pint". At seventeen she taught another school at Freeland--and successfully too, even if she wasn't "much bigger than a half pint." At nineteen, she married Harry B. Peck and it was with him that she a few years later turned her face toward the new country on the Yampa river.

(In 1885, the first log school house was erected in the Hayden district and winter school was held. The Samuel Reid family furnished most of the pupils. There were about a dozen in all.

In September of that year, Mrs. Peck called all the old settlers together for a picnic at the school house. Everyone was enthusiastic about the idea and it was suggested that they make it a yearly event. In that small beginning was the germ from which the Pioneer Association has developed.

Mr. E. Shelton, Mrs. Peck and others organized a Literary Society and the entire community joined to make it a great success. There was entertainment of all sorts--readings, music, speeches, and debates. These debates were exciting affairs and everything in Christendom was discussed--the activities of Congress, the Sherman law, the McKinlay Tariff Act, European politics. They were really informative and the participants worked carefully on their preparation. There were many well-informed people in that little community. The Pecks perhaps had more reference books to prepare for these meetings and people rode to the ranch to borrow books to use for their debates and speeches at the "Literary". A newspaper, the "Aurora Borealis", full of news and gossip and humor was written

for the amusement of the community.

A Sunday School was organized, with E. Shelton acting as superintendent. The Peck organ, a much-traveled instrument, which was brought by wagon from the ranch to raise its voice at "Literary" and dances, and every activity, now was hauled to the schoolhouse for weekly services and assumed a sober aspect while it played the humns. That organ was an unwavering traveler and a versatile one.

Mail service at that time was by buckboard from Rawlins, Wyoming. At first it came only twice a week, but later was increased to three times a week. The mail was carried via Lay creek and the carrier would ride on the north side of the river to the Sam Adair and Brock ranch and there transfer his mail sacks to a hewed out log that served as a canoe and cross the river when it was full. One day the canoe overturned with the carrier, Zene Maudlin, and though he lost his saddle and all his equipment, he saved the mail sacks. He arrived at the Peck ford, clad only in his underwear, but the precious mail sacks were safe.

At this time, not a telephone, telegraph, or any means of transportation other than horses, existed in the county.

In 1885, Mrs. Reid, who was appointed postmistress, laid in a small stock of groceries and kept store. A few years later, W. R. Walker and Sons established a store near their ranch house. Up to that time, it was necessary for the settlers to go at least twice a year to Rawlins for supplies.

Game was abundant and all spring in the early morning hours, numbers of deer could be seen feeding on the hillsides. One morning, over a hundred were seen on the meadow of the Peck ranch--and a very small meadow it was, too, as the ranch at that time was most-

ly covered with sagebrush.

A dramatic incident occurred in December when the snow was deep. Some of the North Carolina settlers had a visitor--a tenderfoot from the home state. He was very anxious to kill an elk and one afternoon two of his friends took him out on a hunt. As they hunted, it began snowing. Coming finally upon a bunch of elk, the young man wounded one, and while his friends followed the main herd, he pursued the wounded one till it jumped over a wire fence. He tied his horse there and followed the elk down into a gulch where a second shot ended its life. Greatly excited, he started to dress his game, scarcely realizing that it was rapidly growing dark. When he had finished, he found himself completely lost, not even knowing where to find his horse. As a last expedient, having lost all sense of direction and the snow coming down thicker all the time, he skinned his elk, wrapped himself in the warm hide and prepared to stay till morning when his friends would come to find him.

When he awoke, he was covered with snow, and trying to rid himself of his covering, found to his horror that he was firmly enclosed by a stiffly frozen hide from which he found it impossible to extricate himself. He called and struggled in vain. When his friends found his horse still tied to the fence and started down the gulch, they saw what looked like a strange animal rolling and plunging in the snow. One of the men raised his gun to fire and was only restrained by another, saying, "Wait, let's see what it is first." A closer examination of course revealed their friend, terrified and exhausted after his experience as a prisoner in a frozen elk's hide.

The county seat at this time was at Hahn's Peak and the people who lived at the extreme western end of the county in Brown's park, if they had business at court, came prepared to camp for a week or more, while some small trial, one over the ownership of a calf, was bitterly contested, at the cost of \$500 to the county. The county commissioners often snowshoed to Hahn's Peak to attend the spring meeting, the snow at times being ten feet deep there.

Mrs. Peck taught her children at home during the years the family lived on the ranch at the "Peck Ford". It was an amazing school at which the small Pecks received their early education, for school was by no means the only activity of a ranch household. While she washed dishes, or mixed bread, or churned, she heard one child say his multiplication tables and upbraided another for never seeming able to learn the principal exports of Germany! It was a busy ranch wife and a hard-boiled school mistress in one who had her three boys ready to enter the seventh, fifth and fourth grades when they were able to enter a regular school.

Then the school board at Hayden asked her to teach a summer school there for a term of four months. She was elated. She would be teaching a regular school again! Eagerly she began studying for the Teacher's Examination, working till midnight with her books and then up at five to the never-ending tasks of a ranch wife. With the examinations behind her, she began her term of school in May, driving to and from school each day in a lumber wagon with her four children, picking up other youngsters on the way.

The school was a great success and Mrs. Peck's work as an educator reached the ears of the school board at Craig, where a fast-growing town was established. She was asked to teach the winter

school there and in the fall of '92 the family moved to Craig and she taught the firstclasses in the large new school house which had just been completed.

There she was confronted with only the simple task of teaching sixty-two lively youngsters in all stages of education from beginners to the ninth grade. There were no grades; there were just sixty-two young hopefuls in a schoolroom to be taught whatever their age and abilities seemed to demand. Nothing at all!

After a month's struggle with so many classes, out-of-date text books, (the geographies still showed Colorado as a territory!), and the confusion of numbers, Mrs. Peck went to the board and told them that if they would get a man to teach the higher grades and give her the lower, that she would establish the school as a properly graded school, bases on the state course of study. The board consented and enstalled Charles Ranney as principal and the work of gradeing was begun. At the end of three years, the work was completed and Craig could boast the first graded school in the county. It was a gruelling task, but Mrs. Peck has often said that nowhere had she ever found such splendid and untiring cooperation as she experienced from the people of Craig in this work. They gave her a free hand and were ever ready with help and encouragement.

(Mr. Peck was elected County Superintendant of Schools in the fall of '94 and during his term made the first map of the school districts of the county and got the beginning of a record of the schools in good shape. He served for two years and at the close of his term, Mrs. Peck, having completed her three years of teaching in Craig, was elected County Superintendent in 1896. She was the first woman ever elected to office in the county.)

The second year of her term, Mrs. Peck succeeded in organizing a Teachers Association, the first ever attempted in the county. It did seem a difficult undertaking, for the county had an area as large as the state of Massachusetts, and there were no telephones, or telegraphs, or railroads. Yet, for all the difficulties, the meeting, which was held at Steamboat Springs was well attended. One teacher, living in the western end of the county, rode seventy-five miles horseback to attend. Mrs. Peck persuaded the State Superintendent of Schools, Mrs. Peavy, to come, the first time a State Superintendent had visited Routt County.

The second meeting of the Association was held at Craig and a four-horse sleigh arrived loaded with teachers from Steamboat for the two day session. Mrs. Peck, busy with the work of the association, had prepared a turkey dinner which was ready when the Steamboat delegation got there. Suppose she was busy! With pioneer hospitality, she knew those people would be hungry and hungry must be fed!

The meeting at Craig was very gratifying. A much better understanding of school needs was impressed upon the teachers and enthusiasm was shown by all who attended. The teachers were all entertained by the citizens of Craig and the meeting was declared a great success.

During that year (1898) a high school was established at Steamboat Springs, the first one in the county. Many new school districts were formed and several school houses were built. It was no small task to visit all these scattered schools in so expensive a territory as the county was then. During the first

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year of her term, Mrs. Peck drove 1700 miles in sleigh and buckboard visiting schools and during the second year over 2000 miles were covered.

(In the fall of 1898, Mrs. Peck moved back to Hayden and taught the winter school there, a term of seven months. There were forty-eight pupils enrolled. Then the new two-story school house was erected and the Hayden school, with its new equipment and textbooks was indeed a modern one.)

When the winter term closed at Hayden, Mrs. Peck took a summer school at Yampa on the road to Trappers Lake. She had her two youngest children with her and spent a delightful summer there. She taught another term there the following summer and then retired for a time from active teaching. At that time, the Hayden paper said, "Mrs. H. B. Peck's decision not to teach this winter will be heard with regret by her many friends and patrons of the school. Mrs. Peck has an excellent reputation as a teacher and has pleased both parents and teachers in the work she has accomplished. However, Mrs. Peck's interest and aid will not be lacking in furthering Routt county's educational work."

During those years of active participation in the educational work of the county, when needs were many and people were few, the settlers did all kinds of things that they would never have been called upon to do in a less rugged country. When busiest with her school activities, Mrs. Peck was often the first called, perhaps this time to aid at childbirth; now to close the eyes of the dead and comfort the sorrowing. Once she conducted a funeral service. It was the last request of a woman who was dying that Mrs. Peck

should speak at her funeral, for she declared that Mrs. Peck was the only one who had ever really known her. And so she conducted a brief but feeling service for one who had been too little appreciated by many who were too engrossed in their own affairs to care to understand.

When the Order of the Eastern Star was established in Hayden, Mrs. Peck was elected the first Worthy Matron.

Harry Peck passed away in February of 1912, mourned by everyone who had known and loved him. He had been at all times a most efficient public official, a man whose friendship was prized by everyone, and one whom all trusted and relied upon in times of need.

In the fall of 1912 Mrs. Peck was again elected County Superintendent of Schools--an office which she held continuously through four terms till 1920. Those years were marked by a great growth in the educational system of Routt County.

In 1914, Mrs. Peck secured the State Institute for Teachers to be held at Steamboat Springs, the first time the Institute was ever held in Routt County. Professor Miller of the Steamboat Springs schools and Professor George Norvell, at that time County Superintendent of Moffatt County were enthusiastic helpers in the Institute and the people of Steamboat Springs entertained the teachers and attended many of the sessions. The enrollment was good and valuable help was given to the teachers, particularly those in the rural districts. At the close of the successful session, the Steamboat Pilot said, "Too much praise and credit cannot be given to the county superintendent, Mrs. Peck. With ceaseless, untiring effort she has labored. By personal calls and letters she urged each teach-

er of Routt county to be present".

Then G. O. Thompson was at the head of the Steamboat Schools when Mrs. Peck arranged for the term of summer schools for the teachers. She secured an excellent faculty for the term, which included Professor D. E. Phillips of Denver as psychology teacher and Miss Anna Laura Force, also of Denver.

At this time the old log school houses of the pioneer days were disappearing one by one. Forty-three new school houses were built, new districts were formed and better facilities were secured for the children's schooling all over the county. Yampa added a large two-story school house, with a complete high school course. Oak Creek followed suit. As the coal mining towns began to grow, many new names were added to the school census. The towns demanded schools and were ready to bond the district and build. But unfortunately in many places where large school houses were built, the mines closed down eventually and the towns were practically deserted. One school district dropped from a school of thirty-four children to six. Yet the bonds for building the school house had to be paid, and usually by the taxes on ranch property. In the permanent towns, however, one could see better equipment, better paid teachers, and advancement in every branch of learning.

Mrs. Peck was instrumental in the establishment of the Consolidated School at Hayden. She went personally into every district, consulting with the boards of Mt. Harris, the Mesa schools and others. She presided at the organization meeting at which all the adjoining districts decided to come in.

In the campaign of 1918, the Republicans endorsed Mrs. Peck for superintendent and she was given the office with no opposition

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and with the good wishes of both parties. "For the office of superintendent of schools," said the Steamboat Pilot, "Mrs. Emma H. Peck is unopposed for reelection. Both parties showed judgment in deciding to continue her in this office, in which she has worked unceasingly to advance the best educational interests of the county."

In 1920, Mrs. Peck was given a diploma of eminent service in recognition of her long and faithful service along educational lines. This was awarded her by the state board of education and was equivalent to a life certificate in the state.

At the close of her fourth term, Mrs. Peck retired from educational work in Routt County. All over the county there were expressions of regret that she would no longer be the interested visitor at the schools. She had visited every school in her widely scattered area, with about 2090 children enrolled on the registers. "When," observed the Pilot, "out of that number, there are two-thirds that Mrs. Peck can call by name, are we at all surprised that our superintendent is beloved by all of them? Do we wonder that she is termed by the teachers, 'Routt County children's second mother'?"

When Mrs. Peck decided to leave Routt County and go to California to make her home, the Craig Empire said, "Any hard struggles, whether of nations or of man with nature, develops unusual characters. Pioneering is one of these struggles. In the early history of Northwestern Colorado, Mrs. Peck holds a prominent place. In years to come there will be an Emma Peck 'myth' for myths always cluster about the memories of heroes and heroines.

"The Pecks came to Routt County in 1883 and settled on a ranch west of Hayden. It was in the new log schoolhouse at Hayden that

Mrs. Peck taught her first school in Routt County and started her wonderful educational work in northwestern Colorado. From that time to the present, she has been identified with the upbuilding of this great territory. How she helped to organize a famous literary society; the many communities she has stimulated as a teacher; her great work during the many years she served as county superintendent--these things are a part of the history of this part of the state.

"Yet more notable than any of her achievements is the personality of the woman herself. An unusual combination of indomitable courage, irrepressible energy, self sacrifice, bubbling enthusiasm and good humor have given her an exalted place in the affection of her many friends. How many hundreds of school children she has fired with ambition and hope and how many teachers she has encouraged and helped! How she fought their battles. Always on the firing line--always ready to beard the knocker or the unwilling taxpayer in his lair! And Mrs. Peck could be depended on to win!

"The memory of her love and loyalty to her work will be proudly cherished by her host of friends. Yes, there will be an Emma Peck myth. May she find that 'the best is yet to be' as she goes to the Pacific coast to enjoy the rest and recreation which she has earned a hundred times over."

The school children of the county raised a fund to furnish a room in the Solandt Memorial hospital at Hayden in Mrs. Peck's honor as a mark of their esteem for her.

Mrs. Peck did go to the Pacific coast to make her home, but her identification with Routt and Moffatt county's schools was not yet ended. In 1924, she returned to Colorado for a visit and was pre-

vailed upon to finish a term of school on Lay creek where an amazingly active student body of ten had driven their teacher to distraction--and eventually home. Mrs. Peck took over the school and not only tamed the boys but made them like it. She completed the term successfully and the students, who like March, had come in like lions, went out like lambs.

In May of that year, she took the Rock Springs school north of Hayden for the completion of the term and returned the following summer to teach it again. In '26 she taught the Mystic school.

In commenting upon her work as an educator in Routt County, Mrs. Peck often says that the teachers in the county could never have accomplished all they did had it not been for the splendid cooperation of the people. "Everywhere," she declares, "we met people who were determined to do as much for their children as they could; everywhere was the desire that their children have better advantages than they themselves had had. Those Routt county people I encountered in my miles of travel visiting schools were in truth the salt of the earth."

Mrs. Peck now lives in Los Angeles with her daughter and granddaughter, Grace and Helen Dewey. She is busy, for rest and retirement do not come easily for a heart and mind so long active. She has made a hobby of "nature pictures"--seascapes and landscapes against a tinted sky. Jagged cliffs, breaking billows, virgin forests and tumbling cataracts. At first look, the pictures seem to be unusually vivid oil paintings, but close scrutiny discloses a unique process. Each scene has been deftly formed by an intricate patchwork of bark, moss, shale, and thistle-down, cut in layers and invisibly matched into place. All the richness of soil and verdure, in color and texture are present, as indeed they would have

to be since the materials have undergone no change from their natural state.

These pictures, by their unique method, have attracted a great deal of attention in Los Angeles art circles and have proved financially remunerative. But most of all, they express the artist in one who says of herself, "I have lived the lives of three women-- a domestic life, a public life and an inner life of thwarted hopes and ambitions. I've always wanted to study painting or music or writing. I love the arts, but my life has been ordered along more prosaic lines. I have been happy in doing what I have done, but now comes a new happiness in creating little bits of artistic beauty."

So important have Mrs. Peck's pictures become that the Los Angeles Times recently ran an excellent article in their art section on the "nature pictures" along with a sketch of Mrs. Peck's life.

But when one looks at those pictures arranged in a well-ordered Los Angeles home and observes the predominance of crags and high mountains and rushing streams among them, one can have little doubt where really lies that artist's heart.

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Mrs. Emma H. Peck, Feb. 8, 1934
1336 W. 95th Place
Los Angeles, Calif.

E. E. Helmer
Bernice D. Pappen
1/24/1934
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(Freighting from Wolcott to Steamboat)

The distance from Wolcott to Steamboat Springs was eighty-five miles. The road was just a wagon trail. The largest freight outfit on the roads at that time was four horses and two wagons. That was all that could get over the crooked wagon trail and it took a good four horse team to get over the road with a load of four thousand pounds.) It was always necessary to take the horse feed, bedding, camping outfit and last but not least the grub box and grub. The trail wagon was dropped off at a lot of the steep places. Grand River hill was one of the hard pulls coming this way. Coming off of Eagle River Divide down to State Bridge was a very dangerous piece of road in winter time when it was frozen. Many outfits have gone over that grade when driver and teams were killed. Mr. Buckingham, of Yampa lost his life there. In later years when the road was much improved Herb Moore of Yampa slid his outfit over the hill breaking up his load of furniture and killing one horse. I was the next man down the hill after that occurred. I was heavy loaded with freight for Steamboat Springs. On the worst part of the hill my rough lock broke and turned me wide loose. I did not want to land up the way Herb Moore did so I dropped the silk on my lead team and picked up my wheeler out of the breeching. I ran the hill shoving the hub through my left hind wheel. Then I borrowed one of Herb Moore's wagon wheels to come on through with.

It took about eight days to make the round trip from Steamboat and return. There were plenty of deer and antelope to be had in the cedar brakes around the McCoy country. When delayed by breakdowns or bad weather we could easily get plenty of wild meat to

eat. We never figured on roadhouses all the time as very often we would fall short many miles.

(My first experience of driving freight team was shortly after the state bridge was put in over the Grand River. Before this was done the teams were swum across and the loaded wagons were taken across on a boat held in place by a cable overhead.)

Some of the old time freighters were old man Dickey, the ox team freighter; H. C. Monson, with his good tried and true horse teams; Albert Bird of Yampa, with horse teams; and many others did freighting just for themselves. That was in 1892, but as the roads were fixed better bigger outfits came on to the freight hauling.)

I remember a fellow by the name of Pete Garborina who was going to show the old freighters how to get over the trail with six mules and a trail wagon. Well he got along fine until he came to what was known as the Horse Shoe Bend and then it happened. He upset both wagons loaded with canned goods on his lead wagon and a few barrels of whiskey on his trail wagon. The barrels bursted and spilt all of the contents. Well we all took a long smell of the ground where the whiskey was spilt. Then wiped the tears out of our eyes and went to carrying up the cans of canned goods. We loaded them on to the freight box on the wagon without the cases. When they reached Judge Dunfield's store in Steamboat they were shy their wrappers. So Mr. Dunfield put them on a grab sale shelf and you took whatever you got. When you got home maybe you had what you thought you had or maybe you didn't.

(In that same year ¹⁸⁹⁴ Bob Cushman was a mail carrier from Wolcott to Steamboat Springs. Later on they had mail stations and it took three drivers to get the mail through in one day. From Wolcott to McCoy from McCoy to Yampa and from Yampa to Steamboat)

I freighted the first telephone switch-board that was used in Steamboat Springs, from Wolcott. Mr. H. C. Monson freighted in the first piano that was used in Pleasant Valley, which was his own property. In many sideling places he had to chain a pole across the top of his load and ride out on the end of this pole to keep his wagon right-side up.

(I built the first sawed-log and shingle-roofed house in Pleasant Valley. My father, W. W. Helm, came to Routt County in the year of 1889 and then later brought his family in and located on Mr. H. C. Monson's homestead in Pleasant Valley. We went into the horse and cattle business. At that time, we had no telephones, no railroads, and no regular mail route. A three month school was very much appreciated.)

(I have come in with the mail in the winter time at two o'clock in the morning to Steamboat Springs delayed on account of drifted trails. Mr. Niesz would still be waiting at the postoffice and Mr. Shaw would also be waiting at the stage barn with his old familiar smile)

*This interview was made
Jan 24, 1934
Bernice Coffey.*

*E. E. Helm
Steamboat Springs*

Bernice D. Pappen

Harvey Woolery

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Harvey Woolery was the son of Enoch Francis Woolery and Frances Woolery. He was born October 31, 1847, at Booneville, Missouri. His wife, who was Sarah C. Murphy, was born August 7, 1850, at Lebanon, Missouri. They were married at Bunceton, Missouri, November 3, 1870, and resided on a farm until 1879, when they moved to Colorado Springs. On account of poor health Mr. Woolery was advised to make an overland trip in a covered wagon. His parents and sister, as well as his wife and children, accompanied him. It took several weeks to make this trip and by the time they reached Colorado Springs Mr. Woolery was feeling much better. In a short time he was able to do some light work. His brother, Milton Woolery, had already located in Leadville and was interested in mining. A Mr. Yankee, who was interested in mining and knew the Crawfords, told Mr. Milton Woolery about the wonderful country around Steamboat Springs. He sent for his brother Harvey Woolery and together they made the trip to Steamboat early in the summer of 1881. They were delighted by the valleys of luxuriant grass and clear sparkling mountain streams, so decided to make their home in this new country. On October 1, 1881, with their families they camped at the Bath Springs in Steamboat Springs. They made the trip with mule teams and wagons. There were five children in the Harvey Woolery family at that time: Ida Belle, born in 1871; Wyan Everett, born in 1873; Oscar Alexander, born in 1875; Alma Lee, born in 1878; and Aubrey Pope, born May 12, 1881. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Woolery had but one child, Clara, born May 16, 1881. Both mothers were tired and worn after the long hard journey. They were very happy to have Mrs. James Crawford, with her two red headed boys, John and Logan, come to their camp to visit

them.

Mr. Harvey Woolery and family moved in to ~~two~~ cabins facing the Yampa river. Mr. Milton Woolerys moved to their homestead about three miles west of town. During the winter and following summer Mr. Harvey Woolery teamed for Mr. Burgess. His work took him down the river near his brother's ranch. There were no bridges then, so the following spring, when the water was high he would tie a stone to a message and throw it across the river to his brother and his brother would do likewise. On the morning of May 16, 1882, the message from his brother was a sad one. Mrs. Milton Woolery had passed away suddenly during the night. Her baby, Clara, was just one year old. Mr. Harvey Woolery immediately went after his wife and Mrs. Burgess. The horses had to swim to take the wagon across but they forded safely. There was no undertaker so they took care of the *body* and made a rude casket from the side boards of one of the freight wagons. They laid her away on what is known as the island just at the edge of town. Previously Pony Whitmore had been placed there and has never been removed, the site being lost. Six years later Mrs. Woolery's body was removed to the present cemetery of Steamboat Springs.

That first winter was a hard cold winter. They lost part of their mules as the feed was poor and the mules had been used to corn. The snow was so deep around the cabins that you could scarcely see out of the cabin windows. In the spring the dirt roofs leaked badly. Mrs. Woolery put up a tent inside the house and put the beds under it so they would not get wet. Regardless of all the hardships Mrs. Woolery was a home maker. She papered her walls with newspapers; used flour sacks sewed together to stretch across the ceiling and also made curtains from them. I asked Mrs. Baer

if she remembered if they had any pictures. "Oh yes", she said, "One was a picture of ship at sea. Perhaps that is the reason I have always loved the ocean. Another was "The Lord's Prayer" , framed. I learned the Lord's Prayer from it."


The winter of 1882 they moved in to Crawford's house while the Crawfords were in Boulder. When Crawfords came back the next spring they moved in to the log school house while they built a new five room house. Several year later Mr. Woolery bought this little log school house and moved the logs to his ranch to build a granary. Their new house had the first shingle roof in Steamboat Springs. The shingles and logs came from the Suttle sawmill. Mr. Woolery had the postoffice in his home.

(On November 4, 1883, the first white child, Eugene Tyler Woolery, was born in Steamboat Springs. He now resides at Riverton Wyo.) Two more children came to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Woolery, Edna Myrtle in 1886, and Emery Francis in 1889.

In the spring of 1886 Mr. Woolery moved to the homestead two miles west of Steamboat Springs. Besides the homestead he took a preemption and a timber claim. While residing in town he had built his barns and a seven room log house. By hard work and careful management Mr. Woolery added to his original ranch until he owned seven hundred and twenty acres at the time of his death, which occurred at San Diego, California, November 3, 1927. The Ute Indian trail went through the homestead.

The Woolerys like all other pioneer families were always keeping a watch for anything that looked like an Indian. One spring soon after they had moved to the ranch the men in the neighborhood had gone to Georgetown to get provisions. Mrs. Beer said, "One day in the late afternoon mother saw flames of fire shooting up, on the hill about two miles south of our place.

She kept watching it and it did not go out. She thought then that it must be a signal fire of the Indians. What to do she didn't know. Finally she decided to send word to the Stees and Sampson/ families, the only families on that side of the river, and suggested that they all go down to a deserted cabin near the river to spend the night. The women gathered their children together and with some provisions and bedding went to the cabin. I soon went to sleep as did the other children. Our mothers kept a constant vigil. By morning the fire had gone out and no Indians. Mother and some of the children decided to investigate a little. On arriving at the spot they found some trees partly burned but still standing. They decided that the fire was caused from lightning."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Woolery were desirous of building up a big stock ranch. Soon after they moved to the ranch they borrowed \$800 from Crippen and Lawrence Loan Co. to buy cows and a few more horses and some necessary machinery. This proved to be a very good business venture. Mr. Woolery was a conservative stockman, never having over three or four hundred cattle. That number he could range on land adjoining and he had enough hay on his own meadows to feed them through the winter. His brand was reverse four quarter circles  placed on the left side of the cattle. A smaller branding iron but the same brand was used on the left shoulder of the horses. The children were taught to always keep a lookout for any of their cattle as they were riding about the country. Mrs. Baer said, "I well remember when my sister Edna was born. Mrs. Horace Suttle took care of mother and the baby. Money was scarce in those days so father told Mrs. Suttle she might take the pick of the heifer calves. I almost

held my breath as I claimed one of the calves for mine. Of course, I thought it the best. Luckily Mrs. Suttle did not choose it." They milked from eighteen to twenty cows. Mrs. Woolery found ready sale for the cheese and butter at Hahn's Peak which was a flourishing mining camp at that time.

The lowland was the first to be cleared of sagebrush, because water could be put on it and it was considered better soil. Mr. Woolery sowed wheat but it was a poor yield as it was frosted before it matured. Later he cleared the mesas and raised good wheat without irrigation. Here is how Mr. Woolery threshed his seed wheat as related by Mrs. Alma Baer. "There was no threshing machine in the country so father put down some canvass on the ground and threw the sheaves upon it. Then some of us children rode horses over it. Father would turn the straw over and flail it shaking the grain down next to the canvass. The straw was thrown out and on a windy day father would put the wheat through a sieve that would take out the remaining straw while the wind would blow out the chaff as the wheat fell down." She also said, "We used to have such good times when we burned the large piles of sagebrush. The young folks were invited and had a gala time singing songs around the huge fires." When I asked her what other amusements they had she said, "In the winter time we had sleighing, skiing, and coasting parties. Often we gathered at some one's home for a dance. The crowd was not large nor the accomodations fine but we surely had a good time. The whole family used to drive fifteen or twenty miles to a neighbor and spend a day or two. I remember distinctly of father and mother and three or four of us younger children making such visits at the H. C. Monson home in Pleasant Valley. They had a family of six children. I would look forward to these visits because there

were no little girls in our home near my age. Trix, who is now Mrs. Kernaghan, and I had so much fun. During the day the older folks would go out and visit some of the neighbors in that community."

Mrs. Woolery was very anxious that her children should have an education. While in town the children who were old enough attended the little log school house. (Mrs. ^{LULIE} (Lula) Crawford Pritchett was one of their first teachers. After they moved to the ranch, they drove in as the school was a summer term and for a long time on ly three months. Later when the school was held in the winter Mr. Woolery took advantage of an offer that anyone who would build in the east end of town would be given a lot. He built a two room log house where the children kept house and went to school. Mrs. Woolery was always interested in their school work. During the vacation periods she would have little spelling bees with her children as she worked about her kitchen or sat down to do some sewing or knitting. Some times it would be an arithmetic drill or some new rule in grammar. There was no high school but Miss Alma had determined that she would get an education. Mr. Stockton, one of her teachers, gave some private lessons to the advanced pupils and came to their homes and helped them. In the spring of 1892 when Miss Alma was fourteen years old she took the teacher's examination and while not old enough to get a certificate she made all the necessary credit. The next winter she taught in her own home three of the neighbor's children and the three younger ones in her own family. When she was sixteen she went to Otterville, Missouri to attend a private college that gave a normal training course. Her parents sent her there as they had decided to sell the ranch and return "home" to Missouri. They visited her during the winter but when they returned to Colorado they decided they would rather live

in the west. Miss Alma spent two winters and one summer in Missouri finishing a three year course in two years.

When she came home she taught a two months summer school at Hahn's Peak. The next winter she was employed to teach the intermediate grades in Steamboat Springs. It was the first time that a former pupil had been employed as a teacher. Mr. B. F. Niesz was the principal and started the first work in high school subjects. Miss Alma taught four years in Steamboat Springs and during the summer taught in the country.

After the summer of 1889 the Woolerys spent ^{year} one near Kansas City and then moved to Boulder. Later they made their home in San Diego, California where Mrs. Woolery passed away September 13, 1933.

Miss Alma was married to Charles Baer in January 1902, at Boulder, Colorado. They have always resided in Steamboat Springs and have lived in the home they had ready at the time they were married.

*Mrs. Chas. E. Baer
Steamboat Springs, Colo.*

is all wrong

2/1/1934

Benice J. [unclear] Doe

Probably '65

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John E. Love.

John E. Love was born August 20, 1885, in Kentucky. His family moved to Illinois when he was a small boy. Later they moved to Colorado Springs and were there during the big mining boom in Colorado. His father brought with them some fine Hambletonians he had in Kentucky and Illinois. He also run a shoe store in Colorado Springs for a while.

John Love and his brothers were always interested in mining. They did a great deal of prospecting around Cripple Creek.

Miss Letitia Moore came to Colorado Springs from Texas with some cousins and met Mr. Love, where they were married in 1874. Mrs. Love was born August 28, 1869. They lived on a ranch near Cripple Creek engaging principally in raising cattle and horses but always doing some prospecting.)

prob. 1854

In the year 1887 Mr. Love sold his cattle and drove some horses into what is now Moffat County. The next year he and Mrs. Love went there to sell the horses and to see if they wanted to locate there. They had all kinds of inducements given them by promoters. As they passed through, the sage brush was being cleared and burned where the town of Craig was to be located. They were offered lots if they would stay and one promoter said the Denver and Rio Grande would be through there before two years.

Later they moved to Delta and in 1897 they moved to Steamboat Springs. Mr. Love had come over early in the summer and established some mining claims at Hahn's Peak. Beside Mr. and Mrs. Love and the four children, Eleanor, Clara, Alice, and Harry, Mother Love came with them. They had one freight wagon and a buckboard. The second day out one of the wheels on the buckboard broke. Mr. Love unloaded the freight wagon and went back to Delta to get a new wheel. One night while he

was gone there was a cloud burst up the canon and their camping ground was flooded. Mr. Love had made ditches around the tent but one shoe was found floating in one of the rivulets. The bed clothing was damp and the next morning was put on the bushes to dry. "Oh mother", said Mrs. Clara Love Campbell, "don't you remember the flour sack full of cookies you had baked to take with us? They got wet. Some of them we put out to dry but most of them were too messy to do anything with." After a few days Mr. Love came back with repairs and they started on.

At DeBeque Clara took sick with gastric fever but they went on to Meeker. By that time Clara was too sick to travel so they staid there two weeks. At Axial Basin Mrs. Emma Peck, Co. Supt. of Schools of Routt County, heard that there was a sick child in the camp. She came down and told them that they could get a doctor at Craig. Cheered up by her visit they went on to Craig and found that Dr. Downs was expecting them. They got some medicine and Clara began to mend. "Mrs. Peck ran for Co. Supt. several years," said Mrs. Love, "and she always got our vote."

On Oct. 5 they arrived in Steamboat Springs. They camped in a grove where the Cabin hotel now stands. They couldn't find anything but a little one room house and Mr. Metcalf, the real estate agent, said it was for sale so they bought it. Mr. Metcalf had some lumber stored seasoning it to build a house for himself. They bought it from him and built an addition to their new home that same winter. This house was across the street from the Crawford's. As usual Mrs. Crawford was right there to cheer and welcome them. Mrs. John Love said she would never forget what Mother Love said, "we came here looking like ragtag and bobtail but she took us in." Clara was still not well. One day she insisted she wanted some pretzels. Her mother was so abhamed and said, "why Clara, they will think all we want is beer." Right here

it might be said that Mrs. Love has always been a staunch prohibitionist. Nevertheless Clara had some pretzels as they found some at Judge Dunfield's store.

The next spring they went to Hahn's Peak, taking enough with them to camp for the summer. Mr. Love began opening up his mining claims. They came back in the fall and on Dec. 21, 1898, Miss Margaret was born. The next summer they went back to the mining claims and also homesteaded on upper Snake River. Here they built a log house and would spend the summers there but would always come back to Steamboat to put the children in school. Mother Love had gone back to Colorado Springs after the first summer they spent here.

Mrs. Clara Campbell gives a very interesting account of some of their trips. "Mother bustled about in the kitchen frying delicious doughnuts, and baking fluffy loaves of bread, and pots of fragrant beans. We were to travel a distance of at least twenty seven miles, and perhaps more. If the fancy struck us we would penetrate farther over the Columbine divide into the Snake River country. Here there was homestead land to be filed upon. The Snake River valley was a distance of fifty miles from Steamboat which must be traveled in a cumbersome wagon drawn by cumbersome gray horses. This trip would take from one to three days. Mother worked late that night getting together the necessities for the trip. I remember my father eyeing a pair of sad irons with much disfavor as mother tucked them into a box containing kitchen utensils.

Early the next morning we were awakened by my father building a fire in the kitchen stove. Though we were still half asleep we arose and dressed shivering with cold and excitement. By the time the robins began their morning song we were on our way.

We plodded slowly around Wood Chuck hill. Taking a last look at Soda Spring we turned our faces forward to enjoy what lay before us. Dew lay on the grass and flowers. The side of the mountain was ablaze with color, the red of the Indian pinks, the blue of the Larkspur and Canterbury Bells, the yellow of the Resin weed, and the delicate pink and white of the primroses. On and on we went up the Elk river valley past farms where horses and cattle fed in deep, rich grass and where flocks of chickens were out catching the early worm. By noon we had covered a distance of fourteen miles and it was with great joy that we clambered down off the wagon and gathered dry sticks to make a fire for the coffee which we children were not allowed to drink. The fragrance served to increase our appetite. After eating heartily, and resting for an hour we journeyed on finally reaching Glen Eden. Then began the long climb up Willow creek divide. Up and up we climbed for many long weary miles stopping on the steep grades to rest the horses. Mother and we older children got out to walk in order to lighten the load while the two youngest staid on the wagon; my sister clutching frantically at my brother's dress in the fear that he would be thrown from the wagon by the jerks and jolts.

Tired but happy we pulled into the bustling mining town of Hahn's Peak about dark. We selected a spot to camp about one-half mile the other side of the town; a spot two hundred feet from the road, situated in a grove of fragrant pines, where a little spring gushed out of the rocks to provide us with water. We camped there a few months while father staked out riches around the foot of the Peak. After working his assessments, the lure of the land got him, and leaving mother, grandmother, and us children at the camp he journeyed on to the Snake River valley. Here he found, away up on the east fork, a pretty little spot among the mountains. It was a natural meadow

dotted here and there with pines and quakers. Here, too, was a rushing little stream where we were to catch many a delicious meal of trout.

We enjoyed blissful days in our pine grove camp. Mother and grandmother were somewhat timid at being left alone at night, and spent many wakeful nights; one of which I particularly remember. Mother went out one evening to cut some wood for the camp stove. Looking down the road toward the town she saw a man making his uncertain way up the hill. He was staggering from side to side occasionally falling in the dust of the road. Mother watched him until he drew nearer and then she realized that the man was drunk. When the man got about a hundred yards away from mother he stopped and shouted something which she was unable to understand. She thought from his wild gesticulations, he meant to hurt us. Mother dropped the axe and fled into the tent and we swarmed in after her. She seized the tent flaps and tied them securely and drew boxes and chairs up in front of it. During this time she was telling grandmother of the drunken man and his evident threats of harm. We sat huddled in the tent for about an hour. Nothing happened and since we were getting hungry mother ventured forth to finish cutting the wood. She searched frantically about for the axe but it could not be found. She and grandmother decided that the man had taken the axe to return later that night and murder all of us. Mother put some of father's clothing in a conspicuous place outside the tent. She tied a cowbell to the tent flap so we should be warned of the man's approach. Mother and grandmother were too frightened to eat, but gave us children a lunch and put us to bed. None of us except the two younger children slept very much. The very blood froze in our veins when there came a sigh

through the branches of the pines and the bell at the door tinkled faintly. The hours dragged on until finally we heard the "Cheer-up" of the feathered messengers of the dawn, the robin. Mother arose with a wan smile and took the things away from the tent door. She crept out pale and weary to gather a few chips for the fire. Taking heart she began to prepare breakfast. She reached for a box which was under one of the beds. Putting her hand on the edge of the box she drew back with a surprised look on her face. There lay the axe. In her fright of the evening before she had carried the axe into the tent. Sometime afterward father returned from the Snake River country and we set our faces homeward in order to be there for the fall term of school.

I could go on and on telling of adventures which beset us each year when we journeyed to the homestead. Each of the five years was full of joy and care and privation. The following spring when we reached the middle fork of Snake River there was no bridge and we were on our way to the homestead. Father told mother and us children to get out of the wagon and to go across over a foot log not far away. We started to the foot log but stopped on a knoll to watch father go across. We had come around a little bend so could not see him until he would get to the river. We waited what seemed a long time and father finally started through the overflow, then over a space that had not been covered by the water, then into the angry surging river. Mother watched with a prayer on her lips. She screamed with horror when she saw father disappear into the rushing torrent while the wagon and horses were carried down the stream rolling over and over. Within a few seconds father emerged from the icy water on the opposite bank leading the big grays behind him. Father had taken off all of his clothing except his underwear before starting across and had his jackknife ready to cut the team loose if it were necessary. How he ever performed the

task of cutting the horses loose I will never be able to understand. I was stricken dumb by the horror of it and the first thing I realized with any clear conception was hearing my mother utter a prayer of thanks when father emerged safely. We walked across the foot log to the Gardener ranch where father had gone with the horses. Father's head had been lacerated by the rocks in the stream and when mother saw his bleeding wounds the sight was too much for her overwrought nerves and she immediately went into hysterics. The kind lady at the ranch took us in and gave mother hot coffee and other restoratives in an effort to quiet her nerves, but all to no avail. We were all in despair not knowing what to do next when suddenly an awful scream rent the air, then loud laughter, then sobs and cries to be repeated again and again, finally ending with the plea, "Lord, help us." Mother stopped in the midst of tears and laughter with a look as blank as a sheet of paper. Then anger arose to her face for she thought some one was heartless enough to make fun of her. The lady of the house stepped to a nearby door and opened it. There sat a big green parrot blinking at us with solemn eyes. What a blessing that parrot proved to be. Mother couldn't stand to hear herself mimicked every time she cried or laughed so she ceased to cry and set herself to face the situation which the loss of all our provisions and clothes caused."

"Let me tell you," said Mrs. Love, "of something that happened at the homestead. One morning as I was outside scraping out the remains of our breakfast a man slipped around the corner of the house. He had a gun in his hand and he was the awfulest looking person I think I ever looked upon. His clothing was ragged and hanging like bags on him. His face looked as if he were starved. I asked him to come in and gave him a cup of hot coffee to warm him. I said, "let me have your gun." He said, "no, I will keep this old gun. Didn't you hear

me shooting last night? I was so sick and cold I thought I was going to die so I fired some shots thinking some one might hear me." We hadn't heard the shots. He had been in the hills several weeks and had escaped from a penitentiary but said he was not guilty of the crime for which he was accused. There had been a labor riot and a murder had been committed. He said he was in the mob but did not do the killing. It was rainy and cold all day.. I had given him some hot ginger tea and he seemed to be feeling a little better. We kept hoping he would go. In the afternoon papa got me to one side and said, "tell him some of the neighbors are coming." Later I said, "I wonder if Mrs. Demming will be over today?" She lived about two and one-half miles away, but was our nearest neighbor. "Lady", the stranger said, "she'll not be out this bad afternoon." How relieved we were when about five o'clock he asked papa to show him out of the country. I fixed him some food and some ginger and sugar. We were all so happy when papa returned for it seemed he was gone a long time. Several weeks afterward we read in the paper of a man who came to a home in Boulder and gave himself up to the authorities. From the description we thought it was the same man."

About 1902 the Loves traded their house in town to George Vail for some horses and were going back to Colorado Springs. The horses did not prove very good investment so they decided to remain in Steamboat Springs. They run a boarding house for a while and later bought the Sheridan hotel from Henry Schaffnit. They leased it for a few years and then sold it to Mr. W. H. Kline whose widow still wons it. After spending part of a year in Craig they came back to Steamboat and bought their present home where they have resided for fourteen years.

Mr. Love worked on the Moffat tunnel for four years. He was very much interested in following the plans of construction and was glad to see one of the dreams of Northwestern Colorado come true. He passed away at his home Sept. 9, 1931. His wife and two daughters still reside in Steamboat Springs.

Clara Love Campbell.
Mrs J.E. Love
Feb 1st - 1934 closed up.

Hahn's Peak, County Seat of Routt County

Bernice Poppen - 1/12/1934

Doc 358 70
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In compliance with your request and my promise of a few weeks ago, I will give you here some facts concerning Hahn's Peak, the county seat of Routt County from the organization of the county until the removal of the county seat to Steamboat Springs, these facts and incidents occurring since my locating in this county in the year 1902.

As stated above, Hahn's Peak was the seat of the county government from the creation of the county in 1879, until the year 1912. Routt County derived its name from the name of the governor at the time of its creation, John L. Routt, who then designated Hahn's Peak as the temporary county seat, it being the largest settlement then in the county, by reason of placer mining industry then being carried on at that place. Later, by the vote of the people of Routt County, Hahn's Peak became the permanent seat, although there were some other places (Hayden and Craig) contending for the honor, and this election of Hahn's Peak as the permanent county seat occasioned some litigation, instituted, I believe, by the people at Hayden and Craig.

After the partial collapse of the mining industry at the Peak, and the increase of population in other parts of the county, several attempts were made to remove the county seat from the Peak, but owing to rivalry between the other towns of the county, no one of which could secure the requisite majority vote, the seat of the government remained at the Peak until in 1911, when the State Legislature created Moffat County, thus reducing the size of Routt County by over two-thirds of its former area, and in so doing removed Craig, ~~as~~ a strong competitor for the county seat honors, from its longer being a contender, so that in 1912, sufficient

tax payers having petitioned therefor, the Board of County Commissioners entered an order to submit the question of relocating the county seat at the general election in November, 1912, at which election Steamboat Springs won the election by a very large majority over all other contending towns, Oak Creek being, at that election, about the only other candidate.

At the December, 1912, regular meeting of the Board of County Commissioners, by resolution passed, the county seat was legally removed to Steamboat Springs, to take effect of December 15th, of that year.

Due to the resignation of County Judge Charles W. Burnham, I was appointed to take his place on November 15th, 1905, and I had the honor, by subsequent elections, to hold the position for 20 years. my term expiring on January 13, 1925.

When I went to Hahn's Peak as Judge of the County Court, I found the official family to be the following:

County Commissioners: W. P. Finley, J. B. Male, and Samuel Adait.

County Clerk--Grant M. Haughey.

County Treasurer-- Wm. A. McKinley.

Sheriff-- J. J. Jones.

Assessor-- Harry Peck.

Superintendent of Schools, Miss Verna Bartz.

County Surveyor, Preston King.

Clerk of the District Court-- R. M. Van Deusen.

County Judge-- Chas. A. Morning.

In addition to the court house, a two story frame building, there were a few other buildings in the place, among which was the Larson Hotel, effeciently conducted by Chas. Larson and his good wife; a small general store, owned and conducted by Chas. E.

Blackburn; and the Zimmerman Abstract Company's office in charge of W. M. Zimmerman and his brother E. H. Zimmerman; a saloon owned and operated by Elmer Brandon. There was also an quite commodius log jail, generally occupied.

Prior to my going to Hahn's Peak, there had been a great many interesting events that had taken place at that previously bustling mining camp, but as I was not present, what really occured is simply matters of tradition and hear-say, and I wish to confine this to my actual experiences and observations while a resident there.

While we were few in numbers, consisting in the main, of official residents, nevertheless we experienced more enjoyment~~s~~ that might be suspected by those living in more populous sections. We constituted, as it was often referred to, as one happy family. We had our social enjoyments both in winter and summer, during the former season skiing and sled-riding was indulged in nearly every night, and in summers, we were in close proximity to fine trout streams, and when fine strings of fish were caught, they were always divided among other families there. Seldom was there any bickering, quarrels, or jealousy manifested among the inhabitants.

During the first couple of years after my residence at the Peak, we had but one term of the District Court, which convendd on the first Monday in September; but later, the Legislature provided for two terms, in June and September of each year. "Court Week", as it was called, was always a stirring time at the Peak, when, by reason of the presence of jurors, court officials, witnesses, clients, and their attorneys, the population of the Peak was several times greater, in numbers than normally. Jurors and witnesses and the like, usually brought tents and camped out, generally eating their meals, however, at the Larson Hotel.

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And, Oh such meals. No one who had the privilege of eating one of Mrs. Larson's meals and the efficient service rendered the guest, will ever forget the pleasure of it.

In this connection, I wish to say that it was the usual practice of the resident County officials, as well as the other residents of the town, to take Sunday dinners at the Larson Hotel, sad to relate, the hotel was completely destroyed by fire in June 1910.

This sad event occurred during the June term of the District Court in that year. The afternoon session of the Court had just been called when Judge Shumate, sitting as District Judge, viewed from the north window of the county room a large volumn of smoke coming from the roof of the Larson Hotel, and quickly gave the alarm. It was a very warm day, and, fortunately, no wind was blowing. The large two-story log hotel was soon wrapped in flames and the fire was soon communicated to some other buildings, and the Court House roof was seen to be blazing, but owing to the skill and bravery of a couple of young men, who climbed on to the roof (just how they did it, I am unable to explain), the fire was extinguished, much to the surprise to all of those present. We county officers were kept busy putting the papers, furniture, and fixtures, of our respectable offices in places of safety, only to put these back in place when the danger of fire had passed.

In all, seven buildings were destroyed by this fire, and so disturbing had this incident been, that Judge Shumate wisely adjourned the court for the term.

This fire, no doubt, had much to do to crystallize the determination by the residents of the county to bring about the removal of the county seat, although the result of the fire did not materially damage the county, as the Court House was, as stated

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above, saved.

The removal, physically, of the offices from Hahn's Peak to their new home at Steamboat Springs was more of a job than was, at first, anticipated; and it required several days to finally get all the county equipment properly located in the various offices in the building rented from the J. W. Hugus & Co., afterwards purchased by the county.

It is probably proper here to state that the expense connected with the removal of the county offices from Hahn's Peak to Steamboat Springs were born by the citizens of Steamboat Springs, in accordance with the promise made prior to the election.

At the time of the location of the county seat at Steamboat Springs, that is; on the first of January following the removal, the occupants of the various offices were

County Commissioners: W. B. Cawlfeld, J. N. McWilliams, And S. C. Reed.

Sheriff: A. H. Chivington.

Treasurer: Fred S. Follett.

Clerk: Wm. Ellis.

County Judge: C. A. Morning.

Clerk of the District Court: Chas. H. Leckenby.

Superintendent of Schools: George W. Smith.

Assessor: Ed. Miles.

Surveyor: A. V. E. Wessels.

At the general election held in 1918, the tax payers voted authority for the County Commissioners to issue sufficient bonds for the erection of the present Court House, which was finished and occupied by the County Officers in January, 1922.

Bernice Poppert
Jan 12, 1934

Chas. A. Morning

Bernice D. Pappen

1/17/1934

First Drug Store.

Doe $\frac{358}{14}$

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In the summer of 1887 Dr. Lucien Campbell, a young fellow just out of college, bought a lot in Steamboat Springs and built a building eight feet by ten feet for the purpose of starting a drug store. Later in the summer J. Q. Groesbeck bought a half interest in the stock for thirty dollars. The next summer he moved this small building back and built a larger one fourteen feet by thirty feet. This gave him two rooms. The same summer Mr. Fred Metcalf bought a half interest in the stock. He also bought the building. It was known then as the Groesbeck and Metcalf Drug Store. Mr. Metcalf built a larger building twenty feet by forty feet and had a real store front on it. It was the talk of the town, for all the brackets and cornices had been carved out by hand. This building is still standing and is used as a restaurant. On May 5, 1889, Mr. Groesbeck received his commission to be postmaster. In July the Metcalf building was finished and they moved both the drug store and postoffice to this place. The postoffice was moved in 1894 when Mr. Parkinson became post master. Mr. Metcalf and Mr. Groesbeck sold the drug store to Mr. John Suttle. About 1903 Dr. Kernaghan and Chas. Baer bought the store. Mr. Baer had hoped to interest a brother in Kansas, but as this did not materialize both he and Dr. Kernaghan sold to James Killian. In the year 1907 Mr. Killian sold to Chamberlain Gray Drug Co., who still have a prosperous business in Steamboat Springs. They are located now in part of the large building owned by Chamberlain Gray Drug Co. at the corner of Lincoln Ave. and ninth St.

Bernice Pappen
Jan 17, 1934

J. Q. Groesbeck

Bernice D. Poppen

Doe $\frac{358}{15}$ 76

The Last Indian Scare in Steamboat Springs.

11/2/1934
The summer of 1897 the Ute Indians had gone from the White River Reservation to the Snake River Country on a hunting trip. They were killing so much game that game warden Wilcox~~son~~ with his deputies and sheriff Charlie Neiman with his deputies went down to drive the Indians back to the reservation. They had quite a skirmish with them and a few Indians were killed. The Indians set fire to "Longhorn" Thompson's home and burned several other small cabins. After a few days the Indians were driven back.) Game warden Wilcox~~son~~ and sheriff Neiman returned to Steamboat, but warned the people to be on the watch, for the Indians might plan an attack on Steamboat Springs. The whole town was rather excited and nervous about it.

One night after supper, John and Logan Crawford came down town and said, "The Indians are coming. See their signal fire on the hill." The hill referred to was what is known as Woodchuck Hill located back of the Crawford home. The news spread like wild fire. The men grabbed their guns and hurriedly got the women and children to-gether. The people in the east part of town rushed to a stone house on the hill and those in the west part of town rushed to the Crawford home, which was built of stone. The guns and ammunition ⁱⁿ Mr. Chas. Baer sporting store were much in demand. The children were crying and the women were almost hysterical. Some one grew just a little suspicious about that signal fire, as no other signs of Indians were in evidence. Upon a little careful inquiry the signal fire proved to have been lighted by John and Logan. The people were somewhat stirred up and thought the boys had carried their joke a little too far. The next day they had a meeting to determine what should be done with the boys. In walked the boys and said "Here we are. What are you going to do

with us?" The meeting broke up. That was the last Indian scare in Steamboat Springs.

Bernie Popper
Jan 13, 1934

W. Daugherty