

Bernice D. Pappen

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1/11/1934

Horace Suttle

Horace Suttle was born in Clark County Ohio, April 13, 1838.

When a small boy he moved with his parents to Neosho County Kansas. Later he made a trip ^{to} Iowa where he met Ibibanda Anne Jaquis, and they were married September 1, 1859. Mrs. Suttle was born April 13, 1842, in Clinton County New York. He took his bride back to Kansas where they made their home. Mr. Suttle served under General Lyons in the Civil War. He was wounded in the battle of Wilson Creek, Missouri; and his General was killed.

There were three children; Orissa, born in 1860; John, born in 1865; and Lucretia, born in 1870. Orissa Suttle Hoover and John Suttle now reside in California. Lucretia Suttle Groesbeck still lives in Steamboat Springs, Colo.

In 1872, Mr. Suttle and family moved to Georgetown, Colo. where he engaged in mining. In 1883 they moved to Steamboat Springs. Orissa did not come with them, as she had married J. B. Hoover and lived at Bald Mountain near Central City. Mr. Suttle had met Mr. James Crawford, who with his family was spending the winter at Boulder, and he had given such a glowing description of the country around Steamboat Springs that Mr. Suttle decided to come over the following spring. The Crawfords were all coming back, so they could all come together.

In June they left Empire. Mr. Crawford had a four-horse freight wagon and a new spring wagon with a surrey top, the first of its kind in Steamboat Springs. The Suttles had four two-horse freight wagons and one four-horse freight wagon beside a light one-horse buggy. Three cows and a calf, driven by one of the boys, brought up the rear. The four-horse freight wagon and one

of the other wagons came only as far as "The Hermitage" and Mr. Suttle, later in the summer, got the rest of his belongings.

("The Hermitage" derived its name from the fact that a lone sheepherder took care of a great number of sheep in that part of the country. A cabin, some barns, and sheds were there but no store or postoffice. Later a village sprung up and was the beginning of what is now Kremmling.)

In April, before the streams were swollen, Mr. Suttle sent S. M. French, Charlie Lombard, Henry Lanning, and Billy St. John with a wagon of freight. The most important thing being a boat, which Mr. Suttle had made, but had not put together. It was to be used by Mr. Suttle to ferry the belongings across the Yampa river when he arrived later that summer.

Here is the story of their trip as told by Mrs. Lucretia Groesbeck.

"We started from Empire, Colo. on June 19, with Mr. James Crawford and family as our guides. Berthoud Pass and the Gore Range were to be crossed. Some exciting times were in store for us fighting our way through mud holes and fording swollen streams. Going around some of the mountains it was necessary to shovel a place for the upper wheels so the wagons would not upset. There were no bridges after we left Hot Sulphur Springs. However, we got along beautifully as Mr. Crawford, who was always ahead, would write notes and fasten them to a stick telling us how to drive around the mud hole and where to cross the stream. Occasionally he would mention how many fish Mrs. Crawford had caught for dinner.

Papa had been seriously injured in the Empire City mine the previous winter and was just able to ride, so we brought a

light buggy. He drove a small pony we called Dolly. You can imagine driving a single horse over what was not much more than a trail.

On several occasions one of our men, Billy St. John, who had returned from his trip in April, would unhook our pony from the buggy, get on her back and ford the stream. Once when we were to cross the Roaring Fork, he and the pony simply dropped out of sight. We thought him gone, but as they were both good swimmers they reappeared and came out all right. Afterward the crossing was found.

Mamma and I would change off riding with papa as we would get tired riding in the heavy freight wagon. I remember we each carried a bird cage.

One time when I was riding with Billy he insisted that I should drive and that he would carry the bird cage. Now I was only a young girl thirteen years of age. Although I had handled horses considerably, I had never driven a team over a road with such a heavy load. With the exception of a small amount of household goods and twelve hens and a rooster most of this load was machinery for the sawmill. By declaring I was most the smartest girl he ever saw he persuaded me to drive. Things went all right for a little way but the first thing I knew I had driven into a mud hole and sunk down to the hubs. He laughed, I cried. He suggested that we wait and see how Johnnie, my brother, got along. So we waited and he too sank in. We kept waiting until there were four teams sunk in this mud hole. This was soon after noon. Most of the afternoon was spent unloading, reloading, doubling teams, shoveling, carrying logs and rocks until we were on solid ground. It was a much

different road than the highway that is over Berthoud now. We were still waiting at five o'clock for the last team to get out. Of course, everyone kept his temper. We camped together that night and sang the old songs around the camp fire..

1983 After traveling for two weeks we reached Henry Crawford's ranch, a brother to James Crawford, near Egeria, known now as Yampa. We made our camp near the river on the evening of July the third. The next morning we celebrated the Fourth of July by firing three shots. Louis Wilson, at the Crawford home, answered our salute by firing his gun.

We journeyed on until we came to the Yampa river near the Dever ranch, three miles above Steamboat Springs. Then we were obliged to leave the wagons and get into a boat to cross the river which was brimming full. We sent word to Steamboat by the mail carrier that we were at the river and Mr. Dever, Mr. Harvey Woolery, Mr. Milton Woolery, Mr. Lombard, Mr. Lanning, and Mr. French, who were also moving to Steamboat, and whom papa had sent earlier in the spring to put in our garden, met us at the crossing with a team and wagon. By the way, this garden consisted of potatoes, beets, turnips and onions. The men chose a spot where there was very little sage brush, as a result the turnips grew to be very large and the potatoes were not larger than a hen egg. Just the same, we were glad to have them during the following winter. We learned afterward that the sage brush land was much better soil. We all crossed the river in the boat safely, after which they moved everything possible. We left the sawmill, wagons, and everything that could not be carried in the boat.

In about two weeks when the streams had gone down papa went after the things we had left on the other side of the river.

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Our three cows and calf had strayed almost back to Yampa and would have gone all the way back to Empire had not Louie Garborino stopped them. He knew them and sent us word by the mail carrier that he had put them in the corral.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when we reached Fish Creek. It was so high that we knew we could not cross that night, so made our camp and spent the rest of the afternoon gathering flowers and visiting the men we had not seen for so long. While we were enjoying ourselves, we were interrupted by a dreadful smell that nearly made us sick. Mr. Crawford said, "Oh, where is Johnnie?" a youngster of twelve. But the barking of old Ligge and Bummer, Mr. Crawford's hounds, soon told us where Johnnie was. He had thought it a fine time to tree a skunk and had succeeded in doing so. By the time Mr. Crawford reached him he had a bunch of willows on fire. It was some time before they were able to put the fire out. It seemed we never would get away from that smell. I think I can smell it yet.

The next morning was Saturday, July the seventh. We were up earlier than usual so as to cross the stream before it began to rise. We took our four horses, Mr. Woolery's wagon, and Mr. Crawford's goods, and started to cross with Billy driving. The current was so swift and strong that it washed them below the ford. They could not get out. They took off the leaders, took our biggest horse, old Fred, came back for shovels and chains to help get them out. Henry Lanning rode across. When he started back Mr. Crawford jumped on behind him. The horse being blind in one eye and not used to carrying double, in his surprise, fell and all went down. It was a dreadful sight. I will never forget it. We were so frightened yet so helpless, but of course,

did all we could. As they washed to a big drift of wood in the middle of the stream, Mr. Crawford gave a jump and landed safely. Henry and the horse went on and on, over and over. Sometimes Henry would be under the horse and we feared he would be killed. Billy, of course, plunged in after them and immediately disappeared too. After they had been carried about a quarter of a mile they succeeded in getting Henry out. He was unconscious and nearly frozen. They took him back to the road where they found Mr. Crawford had built a fire and made a bed. Henry was soon made comfortable and went to sleep. Later they helped Billy to get out with the horse and all were relieved. We still had Fish Creek to cross. Everyone carried bushes and poles and made a foot bridge across the stream and carried everything over by hand.

We moved into a two room log cabin that had been built by Mr. Crawford three or four years before. Charlie Lombard and his family lived there too. Oh yes, we were crowded, but it was summer and we put up some tents and got along just fine. This cabin was just about one block east of what is now the City Park. Grass and willows were every where. Papa started to work on the sawmill right away. Just as soon as any sawing could be done we started a new house in the little cañon south and east of what is now Rheulands. Papa homesteaded three forties adjoining each other. The house was on the middle forty so he said he would build his house in the same proportion, 14 feet wide and 42 feet long. In the fall we moved into our new home where papa and mamma lived until 1894, when they moved to California.

The sawmill was located where Mr. Light now has a fox farm. By the next winter papa was hauling logs from father up on Soda Creek and also floated some down in the spring. The lumber from

this mill was used to build the first bath house. It was a frame building sixteen feet by twenty feet; built over the spring. One end of the building was a dressing room. Near one corner of the building was a tree which served as a hat rack. If the hat rack was in use the bath house was occupied. We were never molested. There was a pool dug out about four feet deep with a gravel bottom. A little gate could be raised and lowered to regulate the depth of the water and to completely empty the pool.

The lumber that was used in the flour mill, papa built in the summer of 1892 came from this sawmill."

(In 1886, a young fellow by the name of J. Q. Groesbeck came over to Steamboat with a hunting party. All of the party went back but Mr. Groesbeck. He staid and helped Mr. Crawford develop a coal mine that summer.) Before they started on this trip Mr. Crawford sent Jake to Suttles to get some onions to take with them. This was when he first saw Miss Lucretia. He went out to Denver in the fall with Mr. Crawford, but returned the next spring. One Sunday when church was held at the Suttle home, Jake went with the Crawfords and this time met Miss Lucretia. In 1888 Mr. Groesbeck homesteaded just north of the village of Steamboat Springs, but it is just outside the north limits of the town now.

On February 21, 1889, Mr. Groesbeck and Miss Lucretia were united in marriage. Their first home was in the little cabin on the homestead. With the exception of a year or two away they have made Steamboat their home. Mrs. Groesbeck can stand in her front door and look up a gentle rolling mountain and see the grove of trees in which the little cabin stood where she went to live as a bride.

Mrs Lucretia Suttle Groesbeck

Bessie D. Poppew. Saw 11, 1934

Bernice D. Paper

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Threshing Machine at County Fair Grounds.

1/4/1934

On the Fair Grounds at Hayden, Colo. stands a threshing machine. It is worn and old and has very little resemblance to the modern threshing machine that is run by gasoline engine.

When in Hayden a few days ago, I asked Mr. B. T. Shelton if he knew anything about the history of that threshing machine. He answered, "I can tell you all about that threshing machine."

The Ute Indians occupied the country down around Meeker in early day. The government sent out several agents with the idea of making the Indians self-supporting, but all had failed. They went back to Washington discouraged and gave the opinion that it was an impossibility. Mr. Meeker told the authorities at Washington that he thought if the government would supply him with implements and teams as well as some white men who could demonstrate the use of these tools, the Indians could be taught. He especially asked for plows to make ditches for irrigation as well as to till the soil.

The government purchased the tools and machinery for cultivation and also bought a threshing machine. Men were sent to help Mr. Meeker. A ditch was built taking the water out of White River, near the town of Meeker.

It happened that the Indians had a race track near Meeker that they prized very highly. In September, 1879, Mr. Meeker, in plowing up the land, started to plow up their race track. As tradition has it, one of the squaws said to the Indians, "Are you going to stand there and see this race track destroyed?" The Indians, who were already aroused by the actions of Meeker, put on their war paint, danced their war dance, and massacred Meeker and his men.

They carried off Meeker's wife and daughter. Chief Ouray, who was a friend of the white people, rescued Mrs. Meeker and her daughter later.

Two days after the massacre of Meeker these same Indians heard that Major Thornburg and twenty-two soldiers were on their way to Meeker with more machinery. The Indians lay in ambush and surprised Major Thornburg in a dry gulch near what is now known as Morapos. The siege lasted three days. One of the men, Joe Rankin, escaped at night. After the Indians had murdered the men and horses, they set fire to everything. The threshing machine burned.

In the year 1881, Abe Fiske and his son located a ranch four miles above Hayden. They went to the battlefield with team and wagon, loaded up all the steel and iron parts of the threshing machine and brought them to his ranch. During the winter of 1882 and 1883 they restored all the woodwork that was necessary to make a successful threshing machine. It was used for six years to thresh the grain around Hayden. Then Mr. Yoast near Dunckley bought this machine and used it for a number of years to thresh for himself and neighbors. Later he discarded it for a better machine. The Routt Co. Fair Association asked for it and it stands on the Fair Grounds, a memorial to the work of the early pioneers.

This interview with Mr. Shelton was Jan 4, 1934

Bernice D. Poppew.

*Mr. B. F. Shelton
Hayden, Colo.*

Bernice D. Pappas
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Church at Maybell

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The first church at Maybell was organized May 17, 1903, with the following charter members: H. L. Grinstead, Mrs. Minnie E. Grinstead, Frank Haynes, R. B. Overholt, Mrs. Lizzie Overholt, Fenton Stipes, Wm. P. Wagner, Mrs. Emma E. Wagner, Miss Grace Wagner, and Miss Lucy Ward. The first officers were; trustees: R. B. Overholt, H. L. Grinstead, and Wm. P. Wagner. The deacons and deaconesses were Frank Haynes, Mrs. Minnie E. Grinstead, and Mrs. Emma E. Wagner. Mrs. Emma E. Wagner was Sunday School superintendent and clerk of the church. The treasurer was Mrs. R. B. Overholt and the first pastor was Rev. Harold E. Anderson.

(The first organized Christian work in the Maybell valley occurred in the summer of 1901, when Rev. Mr. Groves, state Sunday School organizer for the Presbyterian church, came and organized a Sunday School at the "Ditch Camp", in Juniper Canyon.) Later the Sunday School was transferred to the Maybell school house, where it was continued until the organization of the Congregational church in the summer of 1903, when the Sunday School became Congregational.

In 1904, money was raised in the community to buy material to erect a church building. A small church was built, the ladies of Maybell laying the first floor, which was made with rough, wide boards. Later a better floor was laid, also the church was weather boarded and plastered.

For a long time there was no musical instrument, but we finally got a cheap organ. We later disposed of that, and we now have a very good piano.

We are still too poor to have a regular pastor, but have a student pastor during the summer months; and Mr. Bridges, of Craig, is very good to help out. Sunday School is held most of the time.

This history was written by Mrs. Frank Haynes.

Bernice D. Pappas

Bernice D. Capper
1/3/1934

Last Mail by Stage.

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Before the Moffat railroad had been built from Yampa to Steamboat Springs, the mail was brought in by stage. The night of October the fifteenth, nineteen hundred eight, three feet of snow had fallen. One of the heaviest snows that has ever been known in this section of the country at that time of the year.

The stage from Yampa, driven by Claude Draper; and owned by D. W. Whipple, got stuck. Mr. Whipple was anxious that some one take one of the lighter coaches and try to make it from Steamboat to Yampa. (These light stages would accomodate six or eight passengers, while the large stages could accomodate twenty passengers; and used from six to eight horses.) After talking to Fred Foster, a young fellow about twenty years of age, he finally persuaded him to try it. He rigged up one of the light coaches and four horses. About three o'clock in the afternoon Fred started out with seven passengers. Among them was Ed Manker, who now resides at Vernal, Utah; who was cashier in the First National Bank of Steamboat Springs. Most of the way the snow was to the hubs of the wheels. After battling with the snow until midnight they reached "Grouse Creek" Jones' home. Fred said, "If any of you want to go farther tonight you will have to walk. I am putting up for the night." The horses were tired as well as the driver. Needless to say, they spent the rest of the night at Mr. Jones'.

The next morning they left for Yampa and arrived there at two o'clock in the afternoon.

This was Fred Foster's first experience at driving the stage but not his last. Before this, Mr. Draper had been making the round trip in one day. From now on until January 19, 1909; at which time

the train began carrying the mail, a stage left Yampa and Steamboat each day; but instead of the regular stage coaches, sleds were used.

(On January 19, 1909, Fred ^{Foster} started from Yampa with the usual amount of mail, but most of the passengers waited to come on the train. He arrived in Steamboat about two o'clock in the afternoon with the mail, the last to come by stage over that route.)

Steamboat had a band of twenty pieces, and Fred took them up to Sidney to meet the train. Great excitement prevailed all along the line, and when the band boarded the train at Sidney they were hailed with lusty demonstration. The train pulled out for Steamboat; and the stage, with its driver, was left to come on alone.

The same winter Fred Foster worked for Mr. Whipple on the Hahns Peak stage line; and later for John Trull, who succeeded Mr. Whipple. He drove almost a year for Mr. Trull, and when Sam Willey and Fred Bergen took over the line he was employed by them. From 1918 to 1922 Mr. Foster was given the bid on this stage line, but trucks and automobiles were used instead of the buckboard. At present, 1934, Mr. Fred Foster is serving his third term as sheriff of Routt County.

*This interview with Mr. Fred Foster was Jan 3, 1934
Mrs. Bernice D. Cooper.*

Bernice D. Pappen.

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Yampa Valley Milling Company.

On July 1, 1889, Melissa Sampson received a patent for one hundred sixty acres of land near Steamboat Springs. Later she married Joseph M. Woolery, and at her death this land was bequeathed to her husband. Four acres of this tract were sold to F. E. Milner, John Suttle, and Horace Suttle October 19, 1892, for the purpose of building a flour mill. The mill ditch was located in August 1892, by Horace H. Suttle, P. F. Rheinhardt, and F. E. Milner. This ditch was taken from the Yampa river. This same ditch is being used at the present time, but has been made much larger. Mr. Horace Suttle used the lumber from his own sawmill to build the flour mill. The first water wheel was moved from the sawmill at Mad Creek. Mr. Milner's outfit, which consisted of six oxen and a wagon, was used to freight the machinery from Wolcott. Dave Dickey, one of the old time freighters, was the driver. (He died February 4, 1904, at the home of Mr. Milner, for whom he had worked for a number of years.) This mill had a twenty five barrel capacity. Rye flour was made as well as wheat flour, and two or three months was sufficient to do all the grinding. Golden Rod was the trade mark for the first flour.

John H. Suttle sold out March 30, 1893; and F. A. Metcalf bought a one third interest. On January 1, 1894, the Steamboat Milling Co. was incorporated by F. E. Milner, F. A. Metcalf, and Horace H. Suttle. The holdings of this corporation included the land, improvements, ditch, and waterways. Will Shaller, brother-in-law of F. E. Milner, was the miller for several years.

The Steamboat Milling Co. sold stock to John Stukey, Chris Stukey, Eleanore Warkins, F. E. Palmer, and H. B. Slaven in 1912. John Stukey was the miller. The wheat that was raised in this section of the country at that time was spring wheat and produced on irrigated land. It did not mature properly for good milling wheat. The Stukey brothers sent to Kansas for Turkey Red wheat, which was the first of that variety in this section of the country, and found that it did well here. They also found out that if planted on non-irrigated land a much better wheat was produced. At the present time, 1933, very little spring wheat is raised here.

An undivided two third interest in all stock and property of the company was sold to the Steamboat Milling and Power Co., July 14, 1914. This company was incorporated July 29, 1914, by John Stukey, E. H. Zimmerman, and Ora Haley. Mr. Zimmerman was selected as the manager. At this time twenty three acres were added to the original tract of land. In the same year the main elevator building was constructed. Besides milling flour, a breakfast cereal from wheat was made, which at the present time is known as Joe Dandy.

John Stukey sold his stock in 1918, to his brother Chris Stukey; and the same year Mr. Chris Stukey sold to Ora Haley. Mr. W. S. Fisher was employed as miller. The summer of 1919, a three story brick building was built, and all the machinery was replaced by a fifty barrel Midget Flour Mill. A new Sampson Turbine and a generator were put in, and the mill was operated by hydro-electric power. They also supplied the Steamboat Light plant with their night current. A straight grade flour known as Flavo was milled.

Late in December 1920, Mr. E. H. Zimmerman sold to Ora Haley; and C. M. Dinius became manager January 1, 1921, with Mr. W. S. Fisher continuing as miller. The mill was re-incorporated as the Yampa Valley Mill & Elevator Co. by the Haley Investment Co.

The Midget Mill was replaced by a seventy five barrel Modern Nordyke & Morman system in 1922. The flour was known as the Steamboat Special and Yampa Valley Best.

In 1925, W. S. Fisher became manager as well as miller. The business incorporated again under the name of Yampa Valley M. & E. Co.

On March 1, 1928, Mr. Fred Mertz was employed as head miller. With his knowledge and ability to blend wheat a much better grade of flour was produced than heretofore. This easily met all the competition of any high patent flour. This flour is known as the Rainbow and Yampa Valley Best.

August 20, 1932, the Yampa Valley M. & E. Co. made a contract with Mr. E. H. Zimmerman and Mr. Fred Mertz whereby Mr. E. H. Zimmerman became manager and Mr. Fred Mertz was retained as miller. After a year of successful operation the contract was renewed.

The history of this mill covers a period of over forty years. From a small mill, that supplied only local consumption, it has grown until it supplies, not only flour; but also breakfast cereal, chopped feed, laying mash, and grain to Routt, Grand, Jackson, Moffat, and Rio Blanco counties.

*I am indebted for this material to Mr. Ed. Zimmermann
Mr. Fred Mertz, and Mrs. J. D. Grosebeck (daughter of Horace Suttle)
all of Steamboat Springs Colo. Dec 29, 1933.*

Mrs. Bernice D. Johnson.

Bernice D. Pappan

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12/81/1934 Data of Hayden organizations

The woman's club of Hayden was organized October 18, 1927, with the following members: Mesdames B. M. Bailey, Howard Beehler, Ray Bent, S. R. Brock, F. R. Darpenier, S. F. Crozier, H. L. Dotson, John Dunckley, E. A. Erwin, Earl Flanagan, L. E. Fitzgerald, C. L. Fulton, Louis Gale, Edward Gillis, Alva Jones, H. B. Pleasant, B. T. Shelton, C.C. Stearns, J. C. Temple, Fred Videon, D. L. Whittaker, Chas. Wilkins, Norman Winder, and associate members: Bldish E. F. Carpenter, J. S. Elliott, Frank Temple, and Floyd Blake.

Hayden Lions club was organized June 6, 1926. Charter members were A. M. Seymour, Roy P. Hofstetter, Clint P. Bowman, W. R. Price, Elmer M. Birkett, Carl Fink, C. A. Stoddard, Earl B. Flanagan, Frank M. Patterson, H. A. Hofstetter, J. D. Wooding, L. C. Huguenin, John F. Clark, H. M. Pleasant, E. A. Marvin, Joe Cuber, G. R. Giboney, George W. Smith, W. H. Bashor, H. C. Hurd, M. G. Kinsey, J. B. Sibley, and J. I. Birkett.

The girl Scout organization was completed April 29, 1927, with 15 members. The Girl Bluebirds was organized by Mrs. Lottie Crozier in 1924. The Boy Scout organization was started in 1914 by F. R. Carpenter. The Parent-Teacher association started functioning in 1914 with Dr. L. Little as first president. F. R. Carpenter started the Boy Ranger in 1914.

Charter members of the masonic lodge No. 126, A. F. & A. M., organized September 17, 1907, were J. M. Whetstone, J. V. Solandt, George H. Kleckner, B. T. Shelton, M. M. Birch, D. L. Sellers G. H. Sellers, Fred Downs, T. F. Kay, A. G. Dawson, William Davis, G. W. Hite, Alva Jones, H. M. Kitchens, J. E. Miles, Duncan MacGregor, K. E. Norvel, H. B. Peck, Ernest Wagner, and J. E. Downs.

Hayden chapter No. 99, O. E. S., was organized in 1914 with the following charter members: Josephine Birch, Matty Cawfield, Maribelle Enochs, Florence Jones, Alva Jones, Minnie Kimsey, Lewlie Kimsey, Monda Kitchens, Eula Niles, Jean Norvell, Etta Wood, Emma Peck, Anna Mae Sellers, Bertha Sellers, D. L. Sellers, Anna Shelton, Mamie Smith, John Templeman, George Wagner, Clayton Whiteman, Allie Whiteman, and A. P. Wood.

Hayden Business and Professional Women's club was organized September 5, 1929. The charter members were Aileen Bradley, Ione Brock, Jennie Brock, Ruby Clark, Ruth Fulton, Stella Nuginin, Alice Short, Margaret Stearns, Margaret Voetzell, Stella Wright, Katie Bergen, Nellie Colburn, Minnie Davenport, Mary Dryden, Hazel Elkins, Frances Fredrich, Flora Huguenin, Marj Marr, Florence Stearns, Ethel Temple, Merle Whittaker, and Isa Smith.

The organization of the woodmen of the world occurred September, 21, 1925. The members then were Don Alley, George Annand, Elmer Birkett, Thomas Clayton, Willis Cook, Edwin Frink, Carroll Grounds, Henry A. Hofstetter, Melvin J. Hofstetter, Herbert Stearns, Lowell Little, Clarence Howe, Bain Hunsaker, Frank Maunard, Onno Maunard, Earl Parfrey, Glenn Paterson, Jesse H. Pullman, Joseph M. Pulliam, John C. Purcell, Ralph M. Reece, W. P. Ruckman, Edgar O. Shafer, Wilbur B. Shelton, C. A. Stoddard, Vernon T. Shelton, Richard J. Toole, and J. M. Kennedy.

March 10, 1896, the L. O. O. F. lodge was organized. Members were Charles Temple, George Carley, B. T. Shelton, J. J. Jones, W. R. Holderness, B. Shelton, James Wadge, G. J. Waterman, William Erwin, W. S. Holderness, Henry Money, Dave Sellers, L. Banks, James Million, B. Donnelson, William Aleckner, G. M. Haughey,

Lee Waldrop, B. L. Jefferson, Homer Walker, E. D. Smith, William Shelton, J. M. Ellis, William Carlin, William Dryer, Charles Borrell, and Roy Brenton.

Charter members of the Rebekah lodge, organized in 1924, were Frances Friederich, Dorothy Bashor, Delphine Delhausen, Clara Purcell, Ethel Quinn, Ella M. Eno, J. R. Scott, and A. G. Kimball.

Benjamin J. Hofstetter post No. 89, American Legion was organized August 1, 1920. The first members were Lowell Lettle, Henry Hofstetter, Roy Hofstetter, Frank Richardson, Robert Cary, Harry Kiser, Ray Goree, Thomas Murie, A. W. Friederich, George Giboney, Ed. Hughes, Si Michaelis, F. R. Carpenter, Charles Birkett, Charles Hansen, James Kennedy, Jack Holderness, Glenn Frentress, Earl Dunckley, Everett Adair, Earl Erwin, Sam Shelton, Ray Lyons, Harry Hanson, Floyd Blake, Harry Armstrong, Howard Bailey, Paul Hein, Jay Lamp, Don Alley, Ed Shafer, John Cathy, Arthur Shafer, Harold ~~None~~ Jones, Palmer Dewitt, Bill Starr, Albert Horner, William Horner, Sidney Wnetstone, and George Allen.

The Hayden Legion Auxiliary was organized March 19, 1930. Charter members were Marthe Megenity, Ruth Bailey, Irene Kiser, Frances Friederich, Wilda Lyons, Del Shelton, Orissa Brunt, Viola Kiser, George Clark, Ursula Fitzgerald, Minnie Blake, Myrtle Frentress, Ethyl Alley, Lorna Erwin, Vada Horton, Lynn Prevo, Flora Hein, Ellen McCullum, Louise Kiser, Margaret Stearns, Alberta Stream, Cora Miller, and Ethyl Giboney.

The Congregational Church in Hayden was organized August 27, 1899. The charter members were Byron Shelton, Anna Shelton, Ezekial Shelton, Mary Shelton, Anna M. Bowman, Frank Harrison, Mary Harrison, William Frichard, Allie Cary, Effie M. Fletcher, Laura Walker, Jemina Hutchinson, Sarah Turner, Nora Turner, John V. Solandt, Lillie Maughey, Agnes Covert, Marie Elmer, Jean C. Ralston, Emma Peck, Lizzie Forkner, Tom Forkner, J. H. Singleton, Cary M. Singleton, and Cline Singleton.

The Hayden woman's association was organized in February, 1914. Charter members were Mesdames Nellis R. Graves, Clayton whiteman, T. C. Cain, G. H. Shiteman, G. B. Miles, R. J. Enochs, G. W. Smith, S. M. Dawson, W. S. Price, K. J. Bressler, J. C. Timple, R. E. Norvell, T. Sherry, L. Kimsey, C. N. Mason, H. W. Honnold, C. H. Schaefermeyer, J. H. Templeman, George H. Watson, M. T. Hofstetter, Herbert Shaw, C. F. Bowman, D. L. Sellers, Matt Elmer, Alva Jones, C. Roberds, W. D. Jeffcott, M. M. Birch, A. P. Wood, B. T. Shelton, Lighthizer, Emma Peck, L. Emrich, Kitchens, C. Fulton, John Kitchens, George Aleckner, F. D. Norvell, McConnell, Roberts, Whittaker, Cary, Stanley Brock, M. Q. Starr, Cook Bruce, Norvell, Dewitt, Chapman, Will Green, Shaw, Prevo, Curtis, Thomas Dunstan, Waterhouse, Breckenridge, Beal, Chapman, Brown, Harry wood, McLaughlin, and Edington.

This was compiled by Mrs. L. E. Fitzgerald and Mrs. B. T. Shelton of Hayden.

Mrs. Bernice D. Poppew.

Dec 21, 1933.

SNAKE RIVER PIONEER TELLS INCIDENTS OF

Bernice D. Capper EARLY DAYS

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During the winter of '81 and '82 a man by the name of Callicott, who was principal of the Leadville schools, came back to our little town in Iowa, where he had at one time taught our school and formed a company to work some placer ground on Fortification creek, that some Leadville parties had located. He sold ten shares to different parties and of the ten myself and four others were selected to come out, and with the same number that were to meet us from Leadville, prospect and develop the ground.

We landed in Rawlins April, 29, 1882, and purchasing our outfit there secured transportation on a freight outfit loaded for Meeker, Colo. The freighters were to bring our supplies as far as Snake River, charging us five cents a pound, and we had the privilege of walking behind. It was snowing every day and mud was hub deep. They had two-ten horse and one eight horse outfits, and made five miles a day, pulling their lead wagons the five miles and then going back and pulling up the trail wagons. We stayed with them until we reached Separation creek, and there got a Frenchman that was living there with a squaw to bring us on to Fortification.)

We landed and camped on the south bank of Little Bear on the seventh of May. The party consisted of Charlie Daniels, Billy Cole, Sam McClean, a man we called Windy Henderson, and myself. The Leadville party was camped about five miles below us.

A man by the name of Grave Nock had whipsawed out some two inch plank, and told us if we would raft it down the creek he would give us half of it. Daniels and myself volunteered to bring it down. While doing this we saw our first bear. We had nothing but an axe

with us and Daniels took after the bear with that, but when the bear stopped and sat upon his hind legs Charlie thought he did not want a boxing match and let it go. After prospecting our placer ground it was the unanimous opinion of all that the gold was too scattering and the water proposition too expensive for us, so we disbanded. The Leadville parties returned and two of our party quit us.

Daniels, Cole, and myself entered into a contract with a man by the name of Allen to take out a ditch from Cottonwood to cover some ground he and Colonel Trotter, who was stationed at Snake River, where Baggs is now situated, had located. They had 1,500 acres located and were to give us a half interest to build the ditch. We worked the balance of the summer, building the ditch all by hand with pick and shovel.)

During the summer of 1881 several parties, among them being men by the name of John Madden and Bill Ike, had started a townsite at the mouth of Cottonwood and built several cabins. They named the town Fortification, and put in an application for a postoffice. They did not return the summer of 1882, Bill Ike having been killed by Charlie Perkins that winter at Dixon. The government established a postoffice the spring of 1882 with Judge Walbridge of Hayden as postmaster. He came up and opened the office and appointed me as deputy. We were camped up Cottonwood near the head of our ditch and I kept the office there, as there were three of us on the creek to receive mail.)

(Perkins had the contract to carry the mail and it was delivered to us once a week. Walbridge never came back to the office and as I came over to Snake river during the winter and worked for John Irons in his store, the office was abandoned and discontinued.)

The fall of 1882 there was an election held in Routt county

my

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and an election district having been established at Fortification, we held an election there. We did not have enough to make a full election board and I acted as the only clerk. Allen was sick that winter and stayed at Rawlins.

The spring of 1883 I returned to Fortification with a grub stake and Daniels and myself (Cole having returned to Iowa in the fall) proceeded to test out our ditch and ground. We had shipped in a hose and washed the ground with pressure. After a month we came to the conclusion we would not get rich very fast that way, so abandoned the mining proposition and concluded to locate a ranch. In the meantime Allen died in one of the cabins and as all the lumber we had was in sluice boxes we buried him in one of those.

A trapper by the name of Jimmie Kindred was camped in one of the cabins near where Allen was sick and died, but having fallen out with Allen, would not go near him. We were camped about two miles down the creek and would go up every day to see what he needed. He died during the night and we found him the next morning. Kindred helped to bury him, and put in a bill to the county for burial expenses and got it. We thought that a pretty mean trick. Kindred afterwards died on Snake river and had to be buried by the county.

(I came back to Snake river and went to work for Irons again. The fall of 1883 I returned to Fortification and Daniels and I wintered on what is known as the Daniels ranch.) There was a twice-a-week mail service from Dixon to Yampah postoffice about two miles above where Craig now is. One of the McCaslin boys carried the mail. We were the only ones on the creek from Davidson to Bear River.

During the spring of 1883 a man by the name of Fisk, who had a ranch at the mouth of the canon above Hayden, came on the creek to do some mining. He had one son, two daughters, and a hired man. He

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worked about a month, and started to return home. In crossing Little Bear, it being bank full, he drowned his four horses and one of his girls.

Charley Baker came in the summer of 1883 and located the ranch known as the Baker ranch. He had walked in from Snake river. That winter he went to Steamboat and taught school.

The summer of 1884 I spent alone on the creek, with the exception of a few months when a man by the name of Brown came in and camped on Bluegravel a while and prospected. Brown claimed that sleeping with the moon shining in his face had made him "moom blind" and he could not see after sundown, but I noticed he got around pretty well.

During that summer the judge of the district court told those living at Yampah if they would furnish a suitable place to hold court he would hold that term of court at Yampah, so the settlers went to work and hewed out cottonwood logs and built a court room. I went down and assisted one day, and they held court there all right.)

The Republican convention was held there also that fall. I attended and my name was mentioned for county clerk, but I did not have pull enough and a man by the name of Herwig was nominated.) Ike Voice was the incumbent at that time and was nominated again by the Democrats. There was some dissatisfaction in the Republican ranks, so a few, among them Ora Haley, and N. B. Kinnear, held an independent convention at Dixon and nominated Tom Morgan for sheriff and myself for clerk, leaving the balance as it was. I did not try for election, not being in sympathy with that kind of work. They succeeded in electing Morgan and defeating Herwig.) I was one of the clerks at that election, and I recollect that Yank Robinson and Clark Tilton were on the board, but have forgotten the others. (E. Shelton was elected county surveyor.) Billie Rose tried for the nomination, but being a

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new man in the county, and Shelton having held the office the term before, was defeated. (One of the Breeze boys was elected county treasurer.)

During the summer of 1884 I also attended a Fourth of July celebration at Hayden. I went down and stayed the night of the third with Jim Norvell. Jim had a race horse he was going to run the next day and he got me to ride it that evening to try it out. I had never ridden in a race and, not being a very expert horseman, did not know whether I was going to stay on to the end or not. They had quite a celebration. A man by the name of Williams, living above Hayden, seemed to be the main sportsman. They held a dance at night and as I played the violin, some of the Ranney boys had me assist them with the music.

(After the election I was selected to carry the ballot box to the county seat at Hahns Peak. I put it in a sack and strapped it over my shoulders and took it up on horseback. I stopped the first night at Clarks. The next morning it was snowing quite hard. I started out and got up Elk river a few miles and it was snowing so hard I could hardly see. Coming to a farm house, I stopped until afternoon. Starting out again, I got off the road and got into the hills, but I eventually spied a cabin on the river bottom and headed for it. When I got there I found three small children, the oldest being, I should judge about 12 years old. Their parents had gone to the outside for the winter supplies. However, they kept me over night. Being scarce of bedding, the boy and I slept with one quilt under and one over us.

The next morning there was about a foot of snow on the ground. I made another start, and when I got to the top of the divide going into the peak I met one of the Read boys coming out. He had gone in the day before and I had his tracks to help me or I do not know

whether I would have found the way or not, as there was about 18 inches of snow and the country all looked alike. I have never been to Hahns Peak since.

We had plenty of wild game then. I have sees as high as 500 elk feed for half a day on the flat bench southwest of the Daniels ranch.

The fall of 1884 I sold my interest to Daniels, and came over to Snake river and with the exception of a year or two, have been there ever since.

*This data was taken from a July 1927 edition
of the Craig Empire and written by H. F. Burch.*

Gerrice D. Popham.

The First Christmas in Routt County

(Steamboat Springs) / 01

Bernice D. Pappay

3/2/1934

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Dec. 25, 1877, witnessed the first Christmas gathering in Steamboat Springs. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. James H. Crawford, their children, Lulie, Logan, and John, and Mr. and Mrs. S. D. N. Bennett, these seven people constituting the entire population of the neighborhood at that time. Mr. Crawford had located in Steamboat in June, 1874, but owing to the absence of roads, the difficulty in hauling sufficient provisions, and the various frontier dangers, Indians, etc., the family did not remain here for Christmas until the winter of 1877.

On this occasion there was a small tree hung with ropes of popcorn, and some paper cornucopias which Mrs. Bennett had made, decorating them with embossed pictures and narrow pink ribbons. The cornucopias were filled with Mrs. Crawford's homemade candies and raisins, for in those days large wooden boxes of fine layer raisins were always among the winter supplies. Mrs. Bennett found two pieces of ribbon in her trunk, and put them on the tree for Lulie, making a fine big bow of the red piece. She made Mrs. Crawford a pretty apron, trimming it with tatting. Some booklets, also the popcorn, were received from Sedalia, Missouri, the old family home of the Crawford family. Mrs. Crawford knitted her husband a pair of double mittens--brown with red trimmings, and red mittens and wristlets for the boys.

The Bennetts came in the morning to share in the joy of the tree and remained to dinner. Among other good things there were trout, fine venison roast, mince pie and cottage cheese. "Lill," the first cow to be kept over winter in Steamboat, supplied the fine cream.

Only one room of the cabin was completed at this time, but it was papered with newspapers, carefully arranged so as to show the pictures on them to good advantage.

Mail was then received only about once a month, and the one brought in on snowshoes from Hahn's Peak a few days before Christmas had contained the booklets and popcorn mentioned. No snow had fallen for some time and the ground was bare until Christmas morning, when a little fell, but vanished before ten o'clock.

The second Christmas the Crawford family was in Steamboat was that of 1880. Between this and the first, Mr. Crawford had served in the Legislature in Denver,--and because of the Indian trouble in the fall of 1879 it had been deemed unsafe to remain in Steamboat during that winter.

Christmas, 1880, the mail carrier, Ed. Coburn, came from Hayden to eat dinner with the Crawford family. Mr. Crawford's brother, Henry, his wife and two children were there also. Mr. Coburn then started for a cabin on Morrison creek, where he usually exchanged mail with the carrier from Hot Sulphur Springs, but a very hard snow storm bewildered him and for five days he was lost in the mountains. This was his first experience on the frontier, and the matches, loose in his pockets, were all lost but one. With this one he got a fire and cooked the porcupine which he had killed. This, along with the recollections of the bounteous dinner on Christmas day, sustained him. A wolverine had followed him for many hours, evidently hoping to eat him when he became exhausted; but Mr. Coburn finally found the cabin. There a rescuing party soon found him and later trailsledged him back to the Crawford home, where he remained until spring. He was badly frozen and lost most of his toes.

In the Christmas edition of "The Pilot" in 1885, the editor, Mr. James Hoyle, published the following menu--the Christmas Dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Crawford to all their friends within thirty miles or so:

Menu

Soup: Beaver Tail, St. Julien, Oyster.

Fish: Baked Speckled Trout, Fried Yampa River Grayling.

Boiled: Sugar Cured Ham, Chicken, Red Currant Jelly; Elk Tongue with Horseradish.

Roast: Loin of Elk, Chili Sauce; Leg of Venison, Jelly; Mallard Duck, Oyster Dressing.

Entrees: Rocky Mountain Elk Steaks, Hunter's Style; Elk Brains on Toast; Strawberry Flumery, Cream Sauce; Green Apple Tartlets, Mayonaise, Salmon Salad, Cold Slaw, Pickled Beets,

Relishes: Hartford Sauce, Salad Dressing, Home Made Catsup, French Mustard.

Vegetables: Baked Sweet Potatoes, Mashed Potatoes, Scalloped Tomatoes, Sugar Corn, Mexican Beans.

Pastry: English Plum Pudding, Mince Pie, Pumpkin Pie, Apricot Pie, Fruit Cake, White Cake, Gold Cake, Chocolate Cake, Cocoanut Cake, California Freestone Peaches, Cream; Raspberry Jam, Strawberry Jam, Cream Cheese, Crackers, Nuts, Raisins, Apples, Chocolate, Tea, Coffee, Milk.

It was thus that the pioneers always strove to give of their home life to the few others who were here, also far from their old homes.

There was much work to be done in those early days, each doing his share. Mrs. Crawford made from sixty to eight pounds of butter a week, and Mr. Crawford took it to Hahn's Peak to their customers. It was several years before they found they could raise potatoes.

In going through some diaries kept during those early times, I noted that the entries were usually made at night, and that a very frequent entry was "and Mema is patching." In the springtime, along

about March, would be "Papa shot the first wild goose today, it was as fat as could be!" And another time, "Papa killed three wild geese at one shot today, which we think was fine."

Mr. Crawford gave John a diary in his boyhood days, and John kept it faithfully, although there was little variety to record. In fact, every entry contained the following: "I chopped wood today, and Logan cleaned out the stable!" The condition of the weather being perhaps the only news item.

Mary Crawford King
Steamboat Springs,
Colorado.
March 2, 1934

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Bernice Poppen,
Interviewer

Pam. 358, No. 23, missing from Box.
Index does not show what this number covers -
probably never sent in.

Bernice D. Pappan

EARLY DAY EXPERIENCES

Mrs. Lobb.

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During the Civil War we were living in Missouri and experienced the hardships of the border warfare. Our home was burned and we were left with practically nothing. Father traded three milk cows for a team of horses and we gathered a few things together and went to Texas. After we had been there a short time my father, D. C. Williams, decided he would join the Confederate army, although he had been refused on account of a bad leg. My stepmother wanted to go back to her folks in Missouri and stay so we started back. As we were coming through Arkansas we camped one night in a little log cabin. The next morning every thing looked so beautiful that we were anticipating a fine trip for that day. The folks were eating breakfast, but I was a curious ten year old girl and was looking out the window to see what might be around our camping grounds. Suddenly I said, "Look out the whole army is coming." It was Gen. Price's army retreating and it took them all day to pass. We were held up by the Confederate army for three weeks. Then my father, stepmother, brother, sister, and myself were captured by the Union army and held prisoners for nine days at Elk Horn Tavern in Arkansas. The building is still standing and is of historic interest. We were given a permit to go to Springfield, Mo., and from there to Kansas City. A little way out of Springfield my sister, who had been sick several weeks, died. We had to bury her by the roadside and go on.

Two days out of Springfield, near the little town of Humansville, we were stopped by two soldiers and searched. There were several wagons in our train. Father was the last one searched, although he had the lead wagon. The soldier told him he wanted his horses and for him to unharness them. Father did, but said, "Would you let me have

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them until I can reach my brother-in-law who lives near here?" The soldier said, "Who is your brother-in-law?" My father answered, "Bill Ernest." The soldier answered, "He is my uncle." "My mother is his sister." We were allowed to take the horses and proceed on our way.

I am telling you this part of my life so you will understand that the hardships that I experienced years afterward were not to be compared with those border warfare days.

We made our home near Independence, Jackson county, Mo. Mr. Lobb and family were our neighbors and on Nov. 12, 1868 Mr. R. H. Lobb and I were married. Nov. 3 was my eighteenth birthday. In 1874 we moved to Texas and lived there nine years. We were trying to find a place where Mr. Lobb would be relieved of asthma, but he did not get any better in Texas. Then we came to Kansas and lived there five years but Mr. Lobb did not get much relief and the crops were so uncertain. Only two crops during the five years.

During the Civil War Mr. Lobb and his father and brothers had freighted from Fort Leavenworth to Wyoming, Colo. and New Mexico. When in this drier, higher climate Mr. Lobb had been free of asthma so we decided to go to Colo. We had also heard from Jim Garten, an old friend, who was at Steamboat Springs. He said there was plenty of fine water and wood, and that there could be no saloons in Steamboat Springs.

The old proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss", was very applicable to us. We gathered up what little we had and with my father and mother, my brother and family started out with three covered wagons, the boys' saddle horses and some loose horses. We had seven children then, Neil, George, Neva, Will, Etta, Mary, and Tull. Joe was born in Steamboat in the year 1895.

We left Lake City, Kansas May 27, 1889, and reached Steamboat July 5, 1889. We followed the old trail up the Arkansas River that Mr. Lobb had traveled when he was freighting. After we reached Colorado Springs we came over the Ute Pass, into South Park over Hoosier Pass to Breckenridge, down the Blue to Kremmling and over Gore Pass. It wasn't an automobile road those days but we got along very well and had no serious trouble.

Our first winter in Steamboat we lived in a log cabin, with a dirt roof and a dirt floor. That first winter I did not have many idle moments as I made mittens, socks, and wristlets for Mrs. Jim Adams six children; forty nine pairs in all. I charged fifty cents a pair for knitting sox, and twenty five cents a pair for mittens. I also crocheted yards and yards of lace for Mrs. Adams, but never charged her for it because she was always doing something for our family. A few times she gave me five dollars for some of my work and it surely came in good that first winter. We mortgaged our team for a thousand pounds of flour. By spring we were out and there wasn't any to be bought. Some of the neighbors divided with us and by using corn meal we got along until a freight wagon could go out in the spring and bring back some provisions. Neil and Lou Myers brought in one load.

Lincoln Avenue didn't look very much like it does now. There was a little building at the bath springs, then sage brush for two blocks, on the present site of the courthouse Mr. Harding had a little law office; in the next block was the Franz building, then about two blocks and a half of sage brush; Mr. Milner's store came next, then the Sheridan hotel which consisted of a sawed-log house, Crawl's house, Jim Adam's residence, and the five Crawford cabins on Soda creek.

In one of these Miss Snyder had a milliner store. Across Soda creek was the McKinley cottage where they held church. On the south side of the street beginning at Soda creek was the Town Co. office, a blacksmith shop, Pilot office, Jeff Clark's carpenter shop, Metcalf's drug store, Miss Bennet's novelty store, two blocks of sage brush, the Calder building but not occupied, two more blocks of sage brush, and a block this side of the bath house, Tom Morgan's livery stable. There were not quite a hundred people living here. The street was unimproved and no bridges over the three creeks that run through town.

We took up a homestead in 1900. I took the two little boys, Tull and Joe, and stayed at the ranch. Mr. Lobb was janitor for the school for a number of years. Etta was working in the store, so Mary kept house. One night a storm came up about sundown. It got so dark I had to light the lamp very early. Suddenly we heard a sound as if some one was in distress. I opened a crack in the door and set the lamp down so if any one was lost they could see the light. Tull kept answering the call but no one came. We finally went to bed but the next morning we found tracks of a lion near the cabin.

O yes, I must tell you about how I got started in the dress-making business. In 1892 Miss Scott, on the mesa, found out that I had made some waists for Mrs. Reinhardt's two little boys. After I made her three house dresses, she wanted me to make her a silk dress. Then Mrs. Reinhardt had me make her a wool dress. She ripped up a perfectly good dress so I could get a pattern. From that time until about twenty years ago I always had something to sew on. I ordered my patterns from the Delineator. I also did a great deal of mending and cleaning for the young men about town. With my own house work and the work I did for others, I never had time to get lonesome.

Mr. Gunn was the pastor of the Congregational church. I was always interested in the work of the Sunday School and church. The W. C. T. U. has honored me with a life certificate.

Mr. Lobb passed away Feb. 15, 1920. Neil and Mary live with me in Steamboat Springs. George is a cowboy and has run cattle for some of the largest outfits in this part of the country. At present he is employed by the Bolton cattle and sheep outfit. Will was a printer and passed away in 1918 during the Flu epidemic. Etta is Mrs. Sam Walker and lives in Denver. Neva passed away in 1895. Tull saw service in the World War and he and his wife are living at Ft. Baird, New Mexico where he landscapes for the government. Joe also saw service in the World War and with his wife lives in Denver, where he is a street car conductor.

Matilda To William Lobb

Mar. 15th 1934

In the edition of the Routt County Sentinel June 16, 1922 Mrs. Lobb has an article on "Early Day Reminiscences of the Congregational Church"

Bernice D. Poppen.

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Mattie

Eva



Frankie

Mrs. Brooks

Effie Elmer, Jr.

Jessie

Mr. B. G. Brooks



Mrs. B. G. Brooks - 1937



Mrs. B. G. Brooks - 1937

Bernice D. Pappen Doc 358
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If the following sketch of early life in North-western Colorado should prove of interest to those who read it, I shall consider myself well repaid for having written it.

I was born in Missouri. At six months of age I was taken by my parents back near Detroit, Michigan, their former home, where I grew up and received a limited education. When in my twenty-first year my health broke, I was advised by my physicians to try the Colorado climate. My ailment was lung trouble; my father had died when I was nine years old of tuberculosis, contracted from exposure in the army during the Civil War.

With the thought of my father's untimely death and my own condition in mind, in September, 1879, I left my widowed mother, three sisters, and a brother and came first to Boulder, Colorado, where resided a physician, Dr. Charles Ambrook by name, a classmate of the Michigan doctors who so advised me. I found this Dr. Ambrook to be a kind, courteous gentleman, who proved to be a very valuable friend. He told me that all I needed was to remain in Colorado atmosphere, to remain out of doors, and to rough it as much as possible. Time proved that he was right.

I remained in Boulder that following winter, and while there, I formed the acquaintance of Captain James H. Crawford and family. Captain Crawford had located four years prior to this time at Steamboat Springs in Northwestern Colorado and had lived there continuously with his family until that time. Previous to his arrival there were no bona fide settlers in the Yampa valley. This family were the first white settlers, and Mrs. Crawford, who still lives, is often spoken of as the Mother of Northwestern Colorado. But during the time between 1876 and 1880, a few settlers came in, enough so that they, together with the few that by this time had settled on the Little Snake River (that part which is in Colorado) and a few miners in the Hahns Peak Placer Mining Camp, which had been established about that time, succeeded in organizing a county which they named Routt, after Governor Routt, under whose administration it was organized.

(1875)

The area contained in this county consisted of all the territory west of the Gore Range to the Utah line, and north of the Flat Tops and the divide between Yampa River and White River, to the Wyoming line on the north. The county seat was located at Hayden, so named after the geological engineer, who had previously made a trip over the country. Just a handful of settlers lived there in one-room log cabins, with dirt roofs. The county clerk had an office so constructed, and I believe this was the

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only county building there.

The Government had established a Reservation on the White River for the Ute tribe of Indians and had sent in a Mr. Meeker as agent. While this Reservation was limited to the White River Valley, the Indians were allowed to roam over the country at will--they were friendly to the whites, especially the Crawford family. These Utes would spend their summers on the heads of the streams, hunting and fishing, and when the snows began to come in the fall, they would return to their winter quarters in the Reservation, where the snow was not too deep for their ponies to live without being fed and where the game always wintered for the same reason.

From information I have gathered from men who were in the country at and prior to the Ute uprising in September, 1879, such men as Captain Crawford and particularly a Mr. Joseph Collum, who worked at the Agency for Mr. Meeker before the trouble, (Mr. Collum still lives in San Diego, California and is still one of my best friends) I learned that Agent Meeker must have been a little over zealous in his determination to civilize these Indians, for they formed a great dislike to him, and when he commanded them to do certain things they did not want to do, they rebelled and began threatening him. At this Meeker became alarmed and requested the Government to send in troops for his protection. Accordingly,

Major Thornburg, with a company of cavalry was dispatched, I believe, from Fort Steel, Wyoming.

When the Utes learned that troops were on the way, they were furious, and immediately massacred all the men at the Agency, including Agent Meeker, and took the women prisoners. Then after this slaughter at the Agency, they went out to meet Thornburg and his troops, who by this time had arrived on Milk Creek, north just over the divide from the Agency. They planned to ambush the troops in the Milk Creek Canyon, but Major Thornburg and some of his scouts were riding ahead of the wagons, and when, as they entered the canyon, a warrior rose up out of the brush and shot the officer dead, the scouts rushed back to the wagons which were still on open ground and had them formed into a stockade. The soldiers dug rifle pits inside the stockade, and here they remained for three days with the Utes shooting at them from the hills around, which fortunately were too far away for all of the shots to be effective; nevertheless sixteen of the troops and all of the troop horses were killed. The remaining soldiers were finally rescued by a troop of Negro cavalry, that had been stationed in Middle Park. One of the scouts had slipped out of the rifle pits under cover of night and made a record ride for help. These Negro cavalymen made the ride through without sleep, and when they arrived at the battle ground, tired as they were they rode directly through the ambuscade and joined their

white comrades in the pits. Of course there was great rejoicing among the Thornburg men, for they had about given up, hungry, thirsty, tired, and sick from the stench of the dead.

When the Indians saw these reenforcements, they withdrew from the fight into the hills. The women from the Agency were held captive for many weeks before they were finally located and rescued by the soldiers. None of the Indians were ever punished, except that they were not allowed to leave their Reservation until years later, when they were removed to the Uintah Basin in eastern Utah, where the remnant of the tribe now reside. I say they were not allowed to leave their Reservation again, but a few years later when the Government relaxed its vigilance, small bands of them did steal away over into the lower Yampa valley to hunt, and it was on one of these occasions that about twenty-five of them rode into my noon camp. This was the first I had seen of them. They stayed in my camp only a short time--just long enough to know that they were not going to be invited to eat. A white learned by experience never to ask an Indian to eat, for he seldom left much in camp. I tried to be sociable by attempting to engage them in conversation, incidentally to learn where they had been, where they were going, and what their business was, but they pretended they could not understand. When they left, the leader, however, pointing to one of my

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horses, asked in very good English, "Want trade horse?"

A few months later another of these parties was reported in the lower part of the Valley, slaughtering deer. The game warden (this was about the beginning of the game warden's reign) took deputies and went down to arrest them. A fight ensued in which six of the Indians were killed, including one squaw. This was the last I ever knew of their being in the Yampa Valley. They never were at Steamboat Springs after the Thornburg battle.

The Government soon afterwards erected a small square granite shaft on the Thornburg ground with the names of those killed there, but they have never secured the ground to preserve as a memorial. This, I believe, they should do.

When I first visited the place a few months after the battle in the company of men who were in the country at the time it took place, the evidence was still there and quite fresh. The pits were not caved in; the ground was still littered with equipment; and the bones of the horses were still there in heaps just as they had fallen where they had been tied under the bank of Milk Creek, as a partial protection.

I noticed recently that a move had been made to have the Government secure and set aside the grounds where Agent Meeker and his men fell. This should be done also. The spot is on the flats four miles down the White

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River from where the town of Meeker now stands.

When the few settlers in the vicinity of Steamboat Springs, and in the Hayden Valley heard of the outbreak, they immediately gathered at the Crawford home in Steamboat Springs, where they fortified themselves for an attack; for, while they had all been friendly with the Utes, now that the Indians were angry, the settlers felt they were not to be trusted. No Indians appeared, but the settlers decided the only safe thing to do was to move "outside" for a time until all was quiet again. This they did--all but one family, a Mr. Lem Farnsworth, with his wife, and a brother-in-law, Mr. Lem Potwin, who had settled on Elk River seven miles west of the Springs. This family remained to look after their little herd of cattle and horses through the winter. Captain Crawford moved his family to Boulder, where his children might have the advantage of good schools. In Boulder then at that time I met the Crawford people. From this on I shall write only of that which from my own personal observations I know occurred after my arrival in Northwestern Colorado.

In the Spring of 1880, when Mr. Crawford prepared to return to Steamboat Springs to look after his interests there, he invited me to accompany him, and I gladly accepted the invitation. About June first we left Boulder with a four-horse team and wagon. Accompanying us, was a Mr. P. A. Burgess and four men whom Crawford and Burgess had employed

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to go along to do some prospecting for mineral. Mr. Burgess was one of the three men who, with Mr. Crawford, located the ground and founded the town of Steamboat Springs. None of these men took their families. It had been decided best to leave them and go ahead to see if it was safe first. We drove from Boulder to Georgetown, at the foot of the Berthoud Pass. Here we loaded with all the provisions and camp outfit that our team could handle and started over the Pass on a very poor toll road. This was on June third. The Pass had just been opened, and we drove through snow cuts just wide enough for the team and wagon to pass and several feet higher than the wagon bows. We made it over and camped on the west side four miles down from the top at what was afterwards known as Spruce Lodge.

About midnight we were awakened by someone's shouting, and on investigation found it was a horseman whom the Governor had sent over to investigate a report he had just received to the effect that the Indians were in North Park killing and burning. The envoy asked for a man to accompany him. All of our men were willing, but it was decided that a Mr. Starke should go. They were to ride ahead to North Park. We were to follow as far as Hot Sulphur Springs and remain there until they came back to us. This was done, and in due time our couriers came back and said that there was no truth in the report, and that before they left North Park they had posted notices to the effect that anyone con-

victed of starting any more such reports would be treated to a "necktie social". The Governor's envoy returned to the Capital, and our party began its trek on westward to Routt County.

From Hot Sulphur Springs west there were neither roads nor bridges--just wagon trails. It was high water time, and the streams were full, but by waiting until the lowest water time of the day, we succeeded in fording all the streams until we reached the Yampa River. Over this we had to raft our wagon and load, and swim the stock. Ours was the first outfit over the Gore Range after the Indian outbreak the fall before, and it was slow traveling. Many times we were fast in the mud and had to carry our load out on our backs. Many times, when on the side hills, it took the whole force to hang on to the upper side of the wagon, often with long poles as levers, to keep our load from upsetting. It was a marvelous experience for me. The mountains were full of deer, elk, and antelope, and the wild geese and ducks on the streams were plentiful. At night, as I lay on the ground in my blankets, I could hear the deep baying of the grey wolves, and then the chiming in of the coyotes.

From the Muddy Creek in Middle Park to the Farnsworth home on Elk River, a distance of approximately seventy-five miles, we found not a single settler. There never had been any east of Steamboat Springs, and those who had been

at the Springs and near there had not yet returned since the Indian scare. We arrived in Steamboat on the seventeenth of June. Mr. Crawford immediately got Old Glory out from among his effects which he had left in his cabin and raised it on a pole already erected in his door yard. Here we remained for a day or two and then moved over on Elk River, where we made camp and spent several days prospecting for both quartz and placer mines. It was while in this camp that I discovered and located at the mouth of Elk River the ranch which I still hold and which is now known as Brookston--a station on the Moffat Railroad.

ghost

After several days of work from this camp, and with nothing remunerative having developed, our leaders decided to move on west as far as Green River. We left the wagon and all the provisions and camp outfit we did not need on the trip with a man to look after them at the Springs and proceeded with saddle and pack horses. From the Farnsworth home, west to Green River above the Ladore Canyon, a distance of over one hundred miles, we found two cattle camps but no real settlers. We were well armed, for we were expecting Indians; however, we saw none. We stopped and prospected the streams for placer gold, and from Cross Mountain to Green River we worked the hills for quartz. (At Douglass Wells, between the Snake and Green Rivers, we found very good copper and located claims, expecting to return and develop them, but this we never did.)

We returned to the Springs, and there the prospectors were discharged. Our leaders now decided to bring in their families. This task occupied the rest of the summer and until winter.

(Captain Crawford and his brother Henry were interested together in the cattle and horse business, ranging their stock in the summer on the hills around the Springs and in winter in what is now known as Burns Hole, at the eastern end of the Flat Tops along the Colorado River. Here stock could winter very well without being fed.) I engaged to go with the stock that year and look after them till spring. I had for a companion a Mr. Hahns Matzen, who had just settled in what is now the Sidney Valley. He put a part of his herd in with the Crawford cattle, and, leaving the balance of his stock with his partners, Mr. George Stafford and Mr. Frank Ramsay, on their ranch, went along with me.

Matzen was a German--a great reader but not much of a hunter; so it was that he stayed in camp and did the cooking, reading over and over the small stock of reading matter we took with us. I would ride out and look after the stock and do the hunting. The timber lands were alive with deer and elk. Here I killed my first elk. I had run him into a corner on the ledge over the river with my saddle horse, and when I had him where he could not get away, I began in my excitement to pump lead into him; finally he toppled off the rock into the canyon below. Imagine my

disappointment when I got to him to find him a mangy old brute, not fit for any use--not even for dog feed. I think he must have been the one Noah turned out of the Ark. My German friend said I must have found him dead and just filled him with lead to fool Hahns. I redeemed myself a few days later by killing a very fine cow elk.

The winter was light, but I had tramped around so much, hunting, trapping, and exploring that I had worn all my shoes out and had to make moccasins out of green elk skin, which were comfortable when dry but stretched almost out of control when wet. My German friend, who sat by the fire and read most of the winter, remained well shod. We also ran out of provisions before the snow was gone; so that in early April we had to walk to Steamboat Springs over several feet of frozen snow to where we could get more supplies. In May the snow was gone, and we returned the stock to their summer range.

For fear that I may have given the impression so far that Hahns was a "hang-around-camp" sort of fellow, I must say here that he was always ready to go out and help whenever circumstances called for it. By no means did he lack courage, as the following incident will testify. The grey wolves were plentiful, roaming the hills in packs, they would come in near our cabin at night and howl, and our dogs--we had three dogs, two shepherd dogs and a large greyhound--would belch out, barking so loudly that they would keep us awake. One morning we found the larger of the two

shepherds badly torn up by the wolves, but still living. We nursed him back to life again and were relieved to find that he was forever cured of running out to bark at the wolves. One night our greyhound was missing, and on going outside to find him, I heard him barking loudly, as if in distress. I seized my rifle and went to him. I found him about a quarter of a mile away fast in a steel trap which I had set for wolves. When I tried to release him, the big brute fought me. I was forced to call to Hahns for help. I succeeded in making Hahns hear me, but with the mingled howling of the hound, he could not understand what I wanted. Thinking that the dog and I were both beleaguered by the wolves, he seized his gun, which I never had known of his using, put a hunting belt on with hunting knives and a hatchet in it, and ran all the way to me.

He was so much out of breath when he arrived that he could hardly speak. Certainly he was relieved when he learned the circumstances. Faithful Hahas! Many an argument did we have evenings as we sat around our pitch pine fire, particularly over Germany's military strength. "Chermany can lick the World", he would declare. I do not know if he lived to learn of his mistake; there was too much snow in Routt County to suit him, and he and his partner, Frank Ramsay, left the next summer. I never have heard of him since. The other partner, George Stafford,

stayed. Later Stafford settled in Egeria Park where he became prominent. He was finally killed in a stage team run-away.

The two Crawford families at the Springs; the Matzen, Stafford, and Ramsay boys near Sidney; and the Farnsworth people on Lower Elk River were all the settlers that wintered in the whole Yampa Valley that winter.

In the following June an incident occurred which may be of interest to the reader. Mr. Crawford and I were on the way to Leadville with a bunch of beef cattle for the market. We had to cross the Colorado--then called the Grand River--at what was known as the Barney Day ford in Middle Park. This ford is about two miles above the Troublesome Creek on a long riffle which ran diagonally up the stream. One could cross here on a strong horse even in high water, but the stream was overflowing its banks, and it was impossible to cross the cattle on this riffle; so there was nothing to do but head straight across. We had some trouble keeping them from milling on us, and by the time they were out on the opposite bank, we found ourselves in the middle of the stream, our horses swimming and too far down stream to get out on the opposite bank because the river's course was the wrong way for us; thereupon we were obliged to hunt for a place to get out on the same side on which we went in. The banks were high, and our horses were becoming fatigued

in the icy cold water. I saw that my animal would be unable to carry me out; so to lighten him up, I slipped out of the saddle behind, took hold of the saddle strings, and let him trail me. He immediately straightened up, and after I gave him the rein, swam out to the bank in good order.

While in the middle of the stream, our small cattle dog, Ponto, who had been on the upstream side of me drifted down against me, climbed up, and took up a "squatters" claim on my back. I told him in no uncertain terms that John, (the horse), and I had all we could do to take care of our selves, and that he must do likewise. With that I rolled him off on the lower side. That settled it; he could not get back and struck out for the bank. Ponto, John, and I all got out in good shape, but not so Mr. Crawford. Crawford, whose judgment up to this time had to me always seemed faultless, in this case persisted in staying on his horse's back. Although the horse was a powerful animal, Mr. Crawford was also a ~~large~~ man, and so it was that they went down stream, rolling and pitching, first one on top and then the other. It seemed to me for a time, as I watched them from the bank, that they would not make it out. When at last they did, the horse lay down on the ground and would not rise for some time. After sufficient rest we persuaded him to get on his feet, and again we went in, this time making it across ~~to~~^{on} the riffle. The cattle had been concealed from us by the brush at the river's bend, and when we gained the bank, we found that our

cattle had all started back across the stream and were then standing on an island a short distance down the river, preparing to take the last half of the stream. This meant another swim to the island and another swim back with the cattle. By this time we needed rest; so we drove them out into the hills and made camp until the next day.

I have spoken of this ford as the Barney Day ford, so named after one of the first settlers in Middle Park, who had located a ranch at this point and was engaged in the cattle business. He was killed later (he was county commissioner then) together with the other two commissioners and the county clerk in a fight over moving the county seat from Hot Sulphur Springs to Grand Lake. The parties supposed to be responsible for the killing were Charlie Royer, then sheriff of Grand County, and the Redmond brothers.) Royer committed suicide two days later in his room at one of the hotels in Georgetown. The Redmond boys were never apprehended because the law was easy in those days. I had a slight acquaintance with all of these men.

Other interesting incidents may be related in connection with the institution of the mail service. A tri-weekly mail had been established from Hot Sulphur Springs to Steamboat Springs (Hot Sulphur Springs was served by stage from Georgetown), just prior to the Ute

outbreak but was discontinued for the time. Afterwards it was resumed, the mail being carried on horse back except when the snow was too deep, and then on skis or web snowshoes.

Going back to my experiences in Burns Hole, I had arranged to have my mail forwarded to me from Steamboat at Christmas time. Snowshoes were being used at that time that year. I was to meet the carrier at the half-way station on Rock Creek just at the foot of the Gore Pass on the west side. This was about twenty miles from Burns Hole. At the appointed time I rode out there. There was about one and one half feet of snow on the ground, and a heavy snow was falling. The mailman had not yet arrived; so I tied my horse at the haystack and made myself at home in the cabin where I found plenty to eat. Next morning the mail had not yet arrived; there was an additional foot of snow on the ground; so I became alarmed with the fear that if I stayed longer (It was still snowing), I might not be able to get my horse back to my cow camp. Thereupon I started back, hoping to meet the mail carrier as my course followed his for two miles. I did not meet him and was compelled to continue without my mail. As I started across the open country in Egeria Park, the fury of the storm increased so much that I was afraid to go on and turned back to an old deserted cow camp, where I remained until the storm abated a few days later. I had only a little lunch

to start on and was somewhat hungry when I got home. I was a tenderfoot then and could not afford to take the chances of losing my way in the storm.

It turned out that the mail carrier was a new man on his first trip. He had lost his way in the storm and drifted down into the hills and canon on lower Rock Creek. Here he spent the time of the storm and then by a kind intervention of Providence was led back to the mail cabin, where a rescue party found him later, delirious, with his hands and feet frozen. He was taken out on a hand sled and cared for at the Crawford home.

Another incident occurred during the winter of 1882 and 83, when I had a contract to carry the mail from Rock Creek to Steamboat. The regular contractor had failed financially and was unable to go on with the job. The sheriff ^{Johnson} of Jefferson County came in and closed him out in behalf of the creditors, who, of course, were obliged to keep the mail going. I took the contract from them to carry it through the winter to June first. I carried it alone as long as I could ride the whole forty miles--as I have said, it was a tri-weekly mail; up one day and back the next. When snowshoeing began, I hired two men to take turn about carrying it from Rock Creek to the middle cabin on Morrison Creek, a distance of eighteen miles. The balance of the trip, twentytwo miles, I undertook alone.

All went well until a heavy storm, similar to the one I have mentioned, came on. I plodded along through it and reached my destination at the middle cabin, expecting to meet Charlie (he was a Mexican) whose day it was to carry the mail. But Charlie was not there. I rested till night; still he did not come. Then I began to worry about him, fearing that he had given out on the trip, for he was perfectly familiar with the route and could not be lost. I got on my skis and, taking the mail, started out to meet him. I did not meet him, however, though I covered the entire distance, arriving at the Rock Creek station at daylight the next morning. There I found both my men taking it easy by a comfortable fire, waiting for the storm to clear.

It will be no trouble for the reader to imagine my feelings; I was tired and in just the right frame of mind to tell Charlie what I thought of him. Charlie resented this and began talking back. It so happened that Sheriff Johnson was at the cabin on an inspection trip, and when the Mexican began to reply, he immediately interfered by commanding Charlie to "shut up". I could not understand at the time why the sheriff did this, for it was my affair, but he no doubt was a better character reader than I and saw trouble ahead if he did not. I gave Charlie his money and told him to clear out. The sheriff saw to it that my orders were obeyed, for he took

the Mexican with him to Hot Sulphur. I never saw the sheriff again, but I am told that one of his descendants is now sheriff of Jefferson County. After resting a few hours, I made the trip all the way back to Steamboat, thereby saving the mail from missing a trip.

Charlie became known as "Texas Charlie" at Hot Sulphur Springs. When he got to where he could get all the liquor he wanted, he soon proved himself to be a tough hombre. He would entertain himself by shooting at the boot heels of those he wanted to see dance--and they usually danced. He would shoot the lights out, and, in fact, shoot up the town generally. One day when he was parading the street on one of his "celebrations", about a dozen rifles spoke out from different points in the town, and "Texas Charlie" went to the "Happy Hunting Grounds". I have always remembered plucky little Sheriff Johnson with gratitude, for, but for him, I probably would have finished my career then.

I finished my mail contract June first, as per agreement, carrying it alone through the month of May by riding the first half of the way, and by snowshoeing the balance. On the last few trips I could ride all the way, but I had to contend with the high waters, swimming the Yampa River each time. I believe I am the only one of those early mail carriers now living, who can boast of having carried on my back all the mail at one time for the whole Yampa valley. The mails averaged from twenty-

five to thirty pounds; sometimes they seemed very heavy, but as a rule the settlers were very considerate and saved the carriers all they could.

So ends ^{in part} the story of my first two years' experience in Northwestern Colorado. For the next three years my time was spent mostly in the employ of my friends, Crawford and Burgess. The work consisted mostly of caring for stock and hauling supplies from the nearest railroad point, which then was Georgetown, Colorado.

I had filed on my claim, built a cabin, and done a little work on it--enough to hold it. I had become pretty well acquainted with the country and the ways of the settlers and decided I was pretty well prepared for the big event that was to take place in my life in December, 1885--my marriage with Sarah Weaver, a young lady back in my old Michigan home, and a schoolmate of mine.

I had entered into a partnership with a friend, a Mr. William Denison. Mr. Denison was to furnish the cattle, and I was to care for them for a term of years. I had secured the cattle and taken them down west of what is known now as Axial Basin, in what was known as Maudlin and Hodges Canon. Maudlin and Hodges were friends of mine, who had located claims in this canon and were engaged in the cattle business. Cattle could range there all winter except for a very short feeding season. They had both hay and range more than they needed; so they gave me permission to come down there and use their surplus. In this way I escaped the long winter near Steamboat Springs.

It was in this canon I took my bride to begin life with me. I almost blush with shame when I think of how I took her from her father's home on a well-equipped farm near Detroit, where she had been used to about the best that a young lady would desire, and brought her to a place so lonesome and desolate as that canon must have seemed to her. I had had five years' experience on the frontier, and had become accustomed to the ways of this new country; she had had none. I often wonder how many of the young women of today in these times when divorce is so common would have stayed. We lived in a dirt-roofed cabin with a dirt floor and only two half windows. We saw only one woman during that winter, and we had to drive ten miles to see her. There were no automobiles then, and the trip had to be made in a lumber wagon. Well, Mrs. Brooks stayed, and when spring came and the roads were open to the railroad, she still remained, and she is with me today. If she has ever had any thought of divorce, she has very adroitly concealed it from me.

After all, the winter passed quickly. My wife was with me nearly everywhere I went. One day I took her to see a bunch of about five hundred elk. We rode along the bare hillside up the canon to a place opposite to where I knew the elk were. As the bottom of the canon was drifted in with snow several feet deep, I left her at the

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edge of the snow with the horses while I went on foot to start the elk, knowing that they would be sure to pass by her. I killed one of them, and this started the herd running. As I expected, they passed her, breaking a trail across the canon a few yards away from her. I called to her then from the top of the canon to ride over with the horses so that I could use mine to take the carcass home. Instead of going to the trail made by the elk, she undertook to ride through the snow; the horses had to "buck" through it, and, not being a "bronc" rider, she found herself, after the first few jumps, on her head in several feet of snow. From this predicament I rescued her as soon as I could reach her. This was only one of the amusing incidents in our happy lives that winter. Every morning and evening we could look out of our cabin door and watch the mountain sheep playing on the ledges in front of our cabin. Deer and elk were plentiful, and so were the grey wolves and coyotes--all interesting to us.

In the spring we took the stock back to the home range near Steamboat Springs. On the way up my wife drove the team with all of our household belongings loaded in the wagon, and my men and I drove the stock. Through the canon above Hayden there was no road except a wagon trail that crossed and recrossed the river several times. It was now high water time, and this trail could not be followed. The only thing to do was to drive over the horse

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trail that went on top along the cliff and then down over the ledge back of where the town of Bear River is now located. This dangerous piece of work was accomplished by rough-locking the wheels and by each of the cowboys' tying on to the rear of the wagon with his lariat in order to use his horse in holding back with the rope, the other end of which was secured around the saddle horn.

After five days of such traveling we arrived at our destination and took up our residence on our claim. Here we lived during forty-five long, yet short years. Here we reared our six children, five girls and one boy. Only recently did we rent the place and begin spending our winters in California with our children, all of whom are living and within fifteen minutes drive of each other.

Until about the years of the 1890's the country was slow in settling up, but there were a few settlers in all parts of the valleys of the Yampa and Elk Rivers and their tributaries. At the beginning of 1881 there was only one settler in the Hayden Valley. This was Mr. Jack Marshall. He had located a claim just at the mouth of the Hayden Canon before the Indian outbreak but left the country with the rest; he was the only one of them that returned. (This ranch was later absorbed in what is now known as the Dawson property.)

Perhaps I should have said before now that the

county records were taken at the time of the scare, on horse back, from the county seat at Hayden to Hahns Peak. I was told that they were all easily contained in an ordinary flour sack. They were left at Hahns Peak with the miners until they could be returned to Hayden--the miners at the Peak did not run out that winter. When the original settlers from the county seat did not return, and as there was certain county business that the later settlers had to attend to, they began transacting it at Hahns Peak. All knew this was not the county seat, but no one seemed concerned about the legal phase in the matter. Strange as it may seem, there was no move to return the records to Hayden for some years; people seemed content to continue going to the Peak with the small amount of business until such a time as it was convenient to move the records back to Hayden, but when the move was finally attempted, the court decided that the people had rested on their rights too long; that if moved then, it would invalidate all business done at the Peak, and therefore Hahns Peak was declared the lawful county seat.

Now began a struggle to move it by ballot. Several elections were held but always failed to reach the necessary two-thirds majority because the settlers could never agree on a place to put it. (Steamboat Springs, Hayden, Craig, and even Lay Creek were always candidates; so it was not until after the county had been divided that Steamboat

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Springs was elected the county seat of Routt County, and Craig was appointed the county seat of Moffat, the new county.)

As the settlers began drifting in slowly and settling in Egeria Park, the Sidney and Pleasant Valleys east of Steamboat, the Elk River Valley and the Yampa Valley below Steamboat Springs, in the Hayden and Craig vicinities and all the tributaries to these two rivers, the only industry was stock raising. The settlers all located claims and began putting them in shape to raise plenty of hay. Not much attention was paid at first to production of grain and vegetables because there was no demand for it except local, and with every-one raising his own, there was no cash market to speak of. The first thing was to get fences and ditches out on the meadows. Everyone in the earlier years lived in log cabins with dirt roofs. All seemed to think the great thing was to raise an abundance of hay for the stock in the winter. No attention was paid to providing pastures, for all that was necessary in the spring was to open the gate and let the stock go to the hills. What luxuriant pasture these hills contained for them, and what splendid growth these animals made! Old Routt County had the reputation of producing the best cattle that went to the market off the grass. But this condition did not last; time came when it was all overdone, as everyone knows today, much

to the sorrow of the old settlers. Then they were all content to let well enough alone and just wait for their little bands of stock to grow into money. They were not in debt. Taxes had not yet become burdensome. Nature had placed about everything they needed for life sustenance within their grasp without money. Why should they not be contented and happy?

One of the greatest boons to the early settlers was the abundance of wild game. All these settlers had cattle, but they nearly all preferred the excellent venison and elk meat in its season. The deer and elk always went to their winter ranges in the fall. The deer would go in September and October, too early for the settlers to lay in a winter's supply, but the elk would come down off the mountains in September and October for the breeding season, and then return to the higher hills again and remain until the winter snows would drive them down again; this time they would work on down to their winter range as the snows would deepen. It was then that the settlers laid in their winter supplies of meat. The hunter element of the different communities would go out in companies with four-horse teams and kill and take home meat enough for the neighborhood; and it was not the bull meat either, which you are only allowed these days (if you are fortunate enough to find elk), but the choicest, fat, barren cows and young elk. I have seen bands amounting to thousands trailing out through the snow;

they would tramp out a trail two or three rods wide in some cases and as solid as a floor. It was out of these bands that the hunters would slaughter. I remember going out alone once to kill elk. As I crept up on a band of several hundred near the Hot Spring on Spring Creek, my rifle cracked, and the elk started to run up the hill. Other parties began shooting above them, this confused the elk, and they bunched up and began milling around till we killed thirteen. These other parties were my neighbors, and we had met there by chance. Needless to say, the neighborhood had plenty of meat then.

There were game laws, yes, but we were not paying much attention to game laws in those days; and the game wardens did not bother the settlers much. I remember when I first met our first game warden. I met him in the road. He introduced himself as Mr. -----, told me his business in the country, and asked me if I knew of anyone killing deer or elk to please let him know. "Of course," he added, "I hope I will not have to bother the settlers. I don't want to if I can help it, but if they are so foolish as to let me know about it and parade the highways with their kills, I shall be compelled to arrest them." I thanked him for telling me who he was, and, of course, I promised to let him know. He appointed deputies in all the different communities to guard the game interests. Not long after this I went out early in the morning to kill a deer, and whom should I run onto but our deputy game warden, dressing

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a deer he had just killed. Perhaps I am not wise in disclosing these things lest our present much respected game warden, Sam Stephens, should arrest me yet. I will just add that this Mr. -----, the first game warden, was the same that led the fight with the Utes when the six Utes were killed.

But the country was not destined to remain in this delightful state of wildness. Soon began our responsibility of helping to create new roads, bridges, churches, and schools. Most of the settlers east of Hayden handled their supplies from Georgetown. Those in the Hayden vicinity and west went to Rawlins, Wyoming. The location of roads, then, was the first move. Many thousands of dollars have been wasted in this territory, as no doubt is the case in all new settlements because the first locations were not made with thought enough to permanency. It is true that many roads were built temporarily because money was not available to build them where they should have been built. This could not have been avoided, but there were many cases where they should have been laid out at the first through valuable ranch lands, and no doubt would have been but for the fact that the ranchers refused rights of way, and the authorities, not being wise enough nor firm enough to condemn and go on through, instead went around over the hills. Later, after much money had been spent, these roads were abandoned, and

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others were forced through where they should have gone at the first, and at a much greater cost than would have been necessary at the first.

Before the streams on the main highways were bridged, there were many serious accidents to the settlers in crossing them during high water time, and a number of deaths occurred from drowning. I recall the Abe Fiske case. (Abe Fiske was the original locator of what is now known as the Dawson Ranch above Hayden.) In the instance of which I speak this old settler was on his way in from Rawlins with a four-horse load of supplies. He drove into Little Bear, a tributary of Fortification Creek, at the regular ford during high water time of the day; his load was capsized, and his daughter, Gertrude, a young lady, was drowned.

Another instance was that of the Borghi family, who located just below the mouth of Elk River. On their first trip into the country they drove into Fish Creek, near Steamboat Springs, at the high water time of the day. The horses were not able to handle the heavy load over the big boulders through the increasing torrent, and they went down and drowned in the harness. The whole family of six people, no doubt, would have been drowned, but for a kind intervention of Providence. Mr. Borghi, thinking to save the horses, jumped into the water to unhitch them but was immediately swept down the stream nearly to its junction with the river. Fortunately he was washed into the bank where he pulled himself out and went back opposite

the wagon, where they cast a rope to him. This he tied to a tree upstream--the other end had been made fast to the top of the load. This kept the wagon from turning over and thus saved the family until they could be rescued by two horsemen who happened to come along. The writer was one of the two. Angelina Borghi, an eleven year old daughter, was drowned later in Elk River while attempting with her father to ford on horseback. At this writing, however, we can boast of as fine a system of roads as any country that has been settled no longer. We are very proud of our ocean-to-ocean Victory Highway (U.S. 40), which is now nearly completed through Northwestern Colorado--that is, all but the oiling. This highway leads through the main street of Steamboat Springs and also through Brookston. (ghost)

The next important thing was the development of schools. There were children, of course. What kind of community would it be without children? The first school in the Yampa Valley was held at Steamboat Springs with Miss Lulie Crawford--now Mrs. C. W. Pritchett of Denver--as teacher. But the first organized school district, I believe, was at Hayden. In the outlying districts there was usually trouble locating the school houses, and some of them needed almost to be built on wheels; they were moved around so much. But now, as with the roads, we are well pleased with our school system. We have elementary

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schools everywhere needed, and up to date we have accredited high schools at Yampa, Steamboat Springs, Hayden, Craig, and Oak Creek. From the Steamboat Springs high school my own children were entered in college without entrance examinations.

Among the first of the school superintendents was J. Heath Cheney then of Craig; John Whyte, Harry Peck, and also Mrs. Peck of Hayden; and Dr. John Campbell, Mrs. ^{Miss Barbara Monson,} Barnard, and Miss Verna Bartz of Steamboat Springs. The present incumbent is Mrs. Pearl Funk of Steamboat Springs. Of all these people none has done more for the schools than did Mrs. Harry Peck of Hayden, first as teacher and in later years, after the death of her husband, as county superintendent in which capacity she served several terms.

There was the religious work also. Most of the early settlers were Christian people, and long before the coming of ordained ministers and the organization of churches, Sunday schools had been established. Here the settlers gathered each Sunday for spiritual gain, and for the training of their children for Christian lives.

Dr. John Campbell was the first ordained minister to settle in Steamboat Springs. He organized no church, although he belonged to the Christian Church. He was a physician as well as a minister and led a very useful life by visiting the sick and rendering them all the aid he could; by preaching the gospel; by officiating at weddings and funerals; and, as I have said, by acting as county

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superintendent of schools. All old timers remember this dear old man with tenderness and love.

The first church built in Routt County was at the Springs. Because it was non-denominational, it was known as the Steamboat Springs Union Church. Here Doctor Campbell occupied the pulpit for years--and that without a fixed salary, I believe, always giving way to ministers who chanced to visit the community. Here, too, was held the Steamboat Springs Union Sunday School, which had been organized even before the building of the church. This Sunday School was maintained until finally supplanted by the present M. E. Church and Sunday School.

Most prominent among those who helped to institute this religious work were the James H. Crawford family, the Horace and George Suttle families, the Harvey and Milton Woolery families, the H. C. Monson family, the Kellar family, Dr. Campbell and family, of course, and, may I add, the Brooks family.

The first denominational church was the Congregational Church of Steamboat Springs. It was organized by the Reverend Mr. Gunn, who was sent in by the Congregational Missionary Society. He was a young, single man of sterling Christian character, who became very popular, who was a friend to everyone, and who worked harmoniously with Dr. Campbell. I remember well the first public celebration we held after his arrival. It was the fourth of July; Dr. Campbell was chairman of the day; Mr. Gunn had

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been chosen orator. When the chairman introduced the young man, he proceeded to tell how the Reverend Gunn came to be in the country, and after mentioning all the good points he could think of, he humorously closed his remarks by saying, "and furthermore he is a son of a Gunn."

Soon afterwards churches were built at Hayden and Craig; later, at Yampa; and then, at Oak Creek and Mt. Harris. An outstanding pioneer in the Christian work of the county was Ezekiel Shelton of Hayden, in later years more familiarly known as "Grandpa" Shelton, who came into the valley in 1882. Grandpa Shelton immediately began his labors as a Christian leader and so continued until old age incapacitated him. Like Dr. Campbell he will be remembered for his loving, kindly, Christian deeds. At the last he published a small book containing a very complete history of the church work in Northwestern Colorado. Those who are interested would do well to secure a copy of this book. No doubt his son, Byron Shelton, now postmaster at Hayden, can tell one how to get it.

Another very prominent worker in the churches in the later years was J. L. Norvell. He was one of the earliest settlers in the valley, but at the first was one of the happy-go-lucky sort of cowmen, not giving much thought pertaining to things spiritual. When he was finally converted, he went to preaching; and to him, from that time on, must be given the credit of having made more con-

versions than any other one worker in Northwestern Colorado. He still preaches and also is still one of the most prominent cattlemen in this territory. The cattle business is second nature to Jim; he can't help being interested in it.

I might mention, as prominent among the early church workers in the Craig district, the Tucker and Breeze families. In the Yampa district the work was not started so early; it is likely that J. L. Norvell can as near claim the leadership as anyone.

After what I have said about our good citizens, I would not have the reader think that we had no bad characters. We had, and I will here make mention of three or four of the most prominent. I will first mention the Ward family who came in the early eighties from somewhere--I never knew--and settled on the river in Egeria Park, where the town of Yampa is now. At first they ran an eating house for travelers, until the people learned what they were. Then they were left to themselves. This family consisted of Jack Ward, the head; Mrs. Ward; a young lady daughter; and a son in his teens. Jack Ward turned out to be a killer. At one time while on his way in from the "Road" with his family and a man who was riding in with them, the two men got into an altercation over something, perhaps the women, who were said to be of very easy virtue; and without any hesitancy Jack shot and killed his man. Nothing was done about this except that the non-delectable outfit was given to understand that they must

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move on, and they soon did, moving down to the crossing of the old Meeker Rawlins Government road on the Yampa River. Here they established another resort similar to the one in Egeria. Jack made his gun plays here until finally one day on his way in from Rawlins he was riddled with bullets from ambush. The law never took the pains to look it up; as I have said elsewhere, the law was easy those days. The boy, while drunk, soon after rode off the bridge over the river in high water time on his bicycle and was drowned. The ladies lived on there for a while longer, then moved on; I have never heard where. So closed the career of the Ward family in Northwestern Colorado.

Another incident which happened in Egeria Park about this time is worth relating. In those days the settlers there were busy building their cabins and stables, fences, ~~and~~ etc. and would go to the timber together, helping each other cut and load the timbers needed for these improvements, and the women usually went along. No settler at that time ever locked his cabin; it was left unlocked with the "latch string hanging out" so that anyone passing through the country, who should want to stop and rest and eat of whatever there was in the house, could do so. On returning from one of these days' work, one family found that some thieves had been in their cabin, and had not only helped themselves to all they could eat, but had stolen about everything there was on hand. Tracks of pack jacks

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were plain to be seen. After the plundering, the thieves had started on west. These Egeria people were a kind, generous people, but this dastardly deed made them very angry. They gathered up their rifles, mounted their saddle horses, and started in pursuit, meaning to take the stolen goods away and kick the thieves on out of the country. They overtook them in the oak hills on the old wagon trail, just north of where the town of Oak Creek now is. As soon as the settlers spied the thieves, the leader shouted to them to halt and throw up their hands; instead they replied with a rifle shot that killed one of the settlers. Then the battle was on; the thieves were immediately riddled with bullets, and their bodies left unburied; the settlers, taking their dead comrade, and the goods that had been stolen from them, and returned to their homes. When I learned that these fellows had not been buried, I took a friend and started on the way to bury them, but met Mr. Crawford, and another old timer, a Mr. Deaver, who told us they had just buried them. The law passed this matter up also.

Speaking of Mr. Deaver, reminds me of a bear story. No pioneer history would be complete without a bear story. There were plenty of bear, as of all other kinds of wild game; one could scarcely go out to hunt without finding signs of them, and very frequently Mr. Bear himself. Mr. Deaver was a great hunter and an expert rifle man. One day he killed and dressed a fine elk, and next day when he returned with pack animals for his kill, he discovered that a

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monstrous silver-tip had gorged himself on the elk meat, and then covered the balance up with leaves and dirt and lay down on the top of it. As Mr. Dever approached, instead of running away, the bear began to growl angrily and held the fort. Dever was so confident he could plant a bullet where it would stop the bear instantly, that without hesitation he fired. He was mistaken this time, however, for when the shot struck the animal, the silver-tip let out a howl of pain, came down off his cache, and made straight for poor Dever. There was nothing for the old man to do but take to his heels, hoping the shot would yet stop the bear before he could reach him. It did not, however, and when the big brute was close enough for Dever to feel him snapping at the follow side of his anatomy, he poked the muzzle of his rifle back under his arm as he ran and fired again. The accidental aim miraculously had a deadly effect; the bear rolled over, brushing Dever's legs as he rolled. Mr. Dever did not stop to take care of his kill this time, but stumbled home where he was near collapse for several days. I had bear experiences of my own, but not like this one.

I wish to speak next of the advent of the railroad. I have said that the people east of Hayden nearly all hauled their supplies from Georgetown; some few went to Breckenridge and Dillon and even as far as Leadville.

The wagon roads were being improved slowly. By this time there were a number of general stores throughout

the valley, (the first store was established in Steamboat Springs by F. E. Milner who, by the way, also established the first bank), and freighting was a very helpful employment for the farmers. There were very few of them up to this time, but who would take their team between seasons and make a trip "to the road" for supplies. This helped them to pay for the things they were compelled to buy. The narrow-gauge railroad down the Blue River was changed to a wide-gauge, and then, too, afterwards a very good wagon road was built to Wolcott, by way of which most of the supplies came. The mail and stage line also was then routed from Wolcott. This was the nearest rail point, and most of the people from down the river hauled that way. In summer time when the ranges were open, just to help the freighters out, the merchants would let them haul direct from Denver, rather than pay their money to the railroads. This helped the farmers in more than the one way. Often they could load out with grain and vegetables and dispose of their loads to people in Middle and North Parks.

A railroad had for many years been talked of and longed for by everyone, even the freighters, who thought a railroad would enhance the value of their properties enough to more than make up for what they would lose in hauling, and of course those who did no hauling would be sitting pretty; so when the Moffat Road was an assured thing, there was great rejoicing. Now we should be able to ship all our surplus products to market; cattle could be gotten out

without the long jaunt to the old railroad points; it would bring us new settlers; our vast coal mines would be developed; we would be on a main trans-continental line; we would have an open market both ways; new towns would spring up--yes, our property would continue to advance in value until we should all be on Easy Street. What a delightful dream!

The railroad came; the new settlers also came by the hundreds in response to advertising done by the railroad companies. They settled about all the desirable lands, fencing and closing most of the open range outside the Forest Reserve, including water holes for stock. Very few of them brought in much wealth, and many nothing but large families of children to be educated. The loan sharks also came in, and a majority of the farmers went to borrowing money for improving their ranches with better buildings, for larger crop productions, and also in most cases for buying automobiles, tractors, etc. Dry farming was instituted, and soon there was an over production. True for a number of years, until after the world war, prices were good; but then began the depression--oh well, we should not talk about it more than is necessary. We find ourselves now, notwithstanding we have our railroad, all the improvements, new automobiles, etc.--well, not so independant as we were at the first. This is about as mildly as I can say it.

I feel it is time to close my story, but before I do so, I must mention the establishment of two institutions

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which have meant much in the cultural development of our country. The first is the Steamboat Pilot, our pioneer newspaper. This splendid paper was established in 1885 by James Hoyle, who came in from Boulder. It has always been a live, reliable newspaper, devoted sincerely to the interests of the section it represents. It still thrives. It is edited now by C. H. Leckenby, a pioneer who practically grew up with the Pilot. Mr. Leckenby needs no introduction to the people of Colorado. His services as state auditor, as member of the Moffat Tunnel Commission, and his leadership in many other matters of public interest have made him an outstanding character throughout the state.

The second is the Denison library. This public library, if my memory serves me right, was established in Steamboat Springs in 1887. It was called the William Denison Library in memory of William Denison, he whom I have mentioned as my partner in the cattle business. Mr. Denison was one of a large family of New Englanders who were highly cultured and with fine literary tastes. After the death of William Denison, the other members of the family established the library. They frequently sent in installments of books and so kept it growing. These good people--of that generation--are all gone now except one, my very good friend, the Honorable Judge John H. Denison of Denver, recently a member of the State Supreme Bench.

The books were at first kept in the Union Church

building. This building, as I have said before, was later abandoned as a church and became known as Library Hall. Then when the ground on which it stood was needed for school buildings, the books were removed to the school house. The Hall was disposed of to private parties and moved away. For several years then the Denison library formed the school library. Later a fire which destroyed the school building destroyed most of the books. Enough were recovered, together with those that were out in the hands of readers, to form the nucleus of the present library. A new association was formed, and the name was changed to the Steamboat Springs Library.

I have always regretted this change. I had hoped to see this historical institution some day neatly ensconced in an appropriate new building erected expressly for the purpose with the name Denison Library over the door. And had it been so, I believe that the Denison posterity would still be supporting it, either with books or with money. But we of that time must bear the brunt of the blame, for we allowed our interest in it to relax when it needed us most, and the good people of the new Steamboat Springs revived it and have kept it growing, though under a new name.

I should like to pay tribute to all of the old timers who played so prominent a part in the first settlement of Northwestern Colorado by mentioning all of their names, especially those with whom I was so well acquainted,

but there are most too many of them, and then I might miss some, and this would hurt. I will, however, mention two pioneers that took a very prominent part in the development of the country in the Little Snake River Valley--a territory I have said little about because only a little of it belongs in Colorado, and too, I was not so well acquainted there.

I presume that the famous old scout and Indian fighter, Jim Baker, could claim without fear of contradiction the distinction of being the first to settle in the Snake River Valley. I did not know this noted old character but have seen him and have met some of his posterity. Jim Baker has been gone many years. I can, however, claim the distinction of having furnished the blue marble memorial that now stands at the head of his grave in the Cooldy Cemetery on the Savory Creek in Wyoming. This was done while I was representing a Denver Marble and Granite Company. This memorial has a brief summary of his career inscribed upon it.

The second pioneer was Robert McIntosh. Mr. McIntosh, when I first knew him, was at the head of mine operations at the Peak, was postmaster, and owned and operated a store there. At the same time he had located and improved a fine ranch on the Snake and had stocked it with a fine herd of well-bred horses. Everyone knew and loved "old Mack"; he was a Scotchman with a big heart, always ready to help the needy. For many years the mines at the Peak have not operated, but the big ranch and store at Slater is still

operated by Miss Mildred McIntosh, daughter of Robert McIntosh. "Mack" passed on several years ago.

Can the reader blame an old timer for longing at times for a return of the old days, when all were so free and happy; when there was no need of an N.R.A. with its multiplicity of codes? We long ago learned to adapt ourselves to circumstances, and that is what we will do now. We are proud of the resources we have developed and of those still to be developed. All we would ask is a fair return for our labors. We are proud of the noble and enlightened people we have and especially of the young generation that is to follow us in the possession of this glorious Northwestern Colorado. May the God of Peace guide and keep them.

E A Brooks

Dated this 22nd day of January, 1934
Pasadena, California