

ECHOES OF A PIONEER COWMAN


J. CHARLES TEMPLE

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*Service D. Pappen 3/28/1934*

On my saddle horse and with a pack horse I made my first trip into Northwestern Colo. in the fall of 1885. A young fellow of seventeen, I felt quite experienced as a cow man and really I had known little else than the saddle and the roundup.

My father, James Edward Temple, and my mother, Rebecca Bates Temple, came to America from Scotland. They were married in Philadelphia but had known each other before they left their native shore. The lure of the west brought my folks to St. Louis and later my father engaged in mining near Denver. I was born on a ranch on Ralston Creek near Utah Junction. From Colorado we went to New Mexico where we became interested in cattle raising. We settled on the Maxwell Grant but after making two moves we succeeded in getting off this grant and located about fifty miles from Cimmaron. I knew "Billy the Kid" and Pat Garrit and the portrayal of life in "Sagas of Billy the Kid" is not fictitious. There were six of us boys; Ed, Joe, Will, myself, Harry, and Frank. Harry, who is a rancher and stockman, on Snake River and myself are the only ones left.

My two brothers, Will and Joe early in the spring of 1885, had brought 1442 head of cattle with the brand, cross diamond  from New Mexico and also 125 head of stock and saddle horses into what is now Eastern Moffat county and known as the lower country and turned them loose on Little Bear. They left two fellows with them, Joe Martin, and Jim Temple, a second cousin of fathers. That fall I helped deliver one thousand head of cattle from New Mexico to Thornton and Briggs at Colorado Springs. There were about three hundred extra cattle and one hundred fifty saddle horses that we had brought

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north to winter on account of loco farther south so I shipped the whole bunch to Denver. Then I took them up to Ft. Collins to my brother Ed and he wintered them. The Santa Fe and D. & R. G. were new roads and were cutting freight rates on each other. As a result I got a rate of \$8.00 per car. Cheaper than I could drive them. The next trail to take was across the range over Berthoud Pass and the Gore Pass to the cattle in the lower country where I was to take charge of the outfit. November the 22nd found me at MacDonalds road house on Rock Creek about twelve miles from what is now Toponas. It had snowed about a foot and a half. Next morning Mac said, "Boy, you better stay over." I stayed and the next morning met Frank Bird and Bally Marsh, who had been hunting five or six oxen that had gotten away from an ox train a few days before. They found them and tried to put them into a corral and I remember one of them hooked one of my horses but not seriously. I went on with them that day. Five or six miles from what is now Toponas we came to a little rocky creek and Frank Bird said, "Right there was where old Joe Ward shot a man and if the snow did not cover it I could show you the rock with blood on it. His wife, old Hap and this fellow were sitting in the wagon and Joe was coming along behind on a mule. A short while before they had a disagreement so Ward rode up and shot him." This was when I first heard of the Wards, but not the last.

We came on down and the next night stayed with Frank Bird's father. The next day we caught up with the ox train. The outfit belonged to Tom Watson and consisted of thirty or forty wagons and one hundred forty oxen. Six or eight oxen were used on the wagons as each lead wagon had one or two trailers. They were moving a store from Coal Creek to Meeker. Zach Carver had turned over his load which consisted

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mostly of soap, into a creek. The boxes broke so they were trying to fish the bars out of the water and mud. I stayed with the outfit that night and went over to Hayden the next day and stayed with Sam Reids. They had the postoffice and store and also kept people over night. As I came through twenty mile park the Boettler brothers had just four logs laid where they were going to build on the land they had taken. The next summer they came back and finished their cabin. Young Sam Reid was building a blacksmith shop at Hayden for Mr. Scott. The next day, Nov. 26, was Thanksgiving Day. I reached what was known as Yampa about two miles east of what is now Craig where a Mrs. MacDonald had the road house. There was also a saloon, a store and the post-office. That meal at the road house I will never forget, yellow biscuits, potatoes with the jackets on, boiled deer meat, and coffee you could cut with a knife.

When I reached the Cold Springs ranch, a mile west of Maybelle, the outfit was ready to push the cattle west to their winter quarters, where there was open range all winter. Ora Haley, who had the two bar = outfit was running a big bunch of cattle in that section of the country, and had his headquarters near Lay. Frank Kelley, his wagon man, told me I might work with their wagon. (The wagon man had entire supervision of his outfit.) I began working with him the tenth of December. (We started to move the cattle west and stayed one night at Blue Gravel.) We moved two miles farther on the next day and by night there was about a foot of snow on the ground. We scraped away the snow and put up a tent for the bedding. Pat Dawson was our cook. The next morning when he was getting breakfast over a sage brush fire the icicles were hanging from his mustache and I said, "I'll bet you it's one hundred forty degrees below zero." Pat turned to me and answered, "Young man you wouldn't be here if it was."

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Frank Kelley was an excellent wagon man and understood cattle, but he could not read nor write. He depended on Frank Bailey to do all of this for him. Kelley and I got along splendidly but Ora Haley sent orders that I was not to work with the two bar wagon any more. Kelley said, "Don't worry, those steers of yours couldn't be kept back." My men and I packed up our bed and took our string of horses to Yampa where we had three or four hundred cattle. that we started to the lower country. One day as we were going through the sand hills the snow and wind made it impossible to see but a little way ahead. Suddenly we came upon what at first looked as if it were a train of wagons. When we got nearer we discovered it was a herd of two or three hundred elk headed for winter quarters. In the spring Kelley came to me and told me I could work with their wagon. April the tenth we started to shove the cattle to the east side of the Snake river before the water was high. May the tenth we were to start the roundup at Three Springs. Just about that time Kelley received a letter from Haley. Bailey was not there to read it for him so Shorty Doyle played the role of interpreter. According to his rendering of the letter Kelley was to order two cases of peaches, three cases of pears, and a number of other things that was never found on our bill of fare. Kelley immediately sent a man to Rawlins for the provisions. When Haley received the bill Kelley was fired. The provisions in our chuck wagon usually were bacon, fresh meat, dry beans, coffee, sugar, flour, tomatoes, dried apples or dried blackberries. Strange as it may seem now dried blackberries was about the cheapest fruit on the market. The bread was made of sour dough. Any dish which I suppose could be called desert was known as Slungullion. One of these that was served to us quite often was rice and dried blackberries.

One outfit I worked with in New Mexico did not have a regular cook.

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Everybody took a hand at it. For bread; water, salt, baking powder, and a little grease was stirred into the flour making a stiff dough. Then this was wrapped on sticks and baked before the open fire. The mixing bowl was the flour sack. This outfit branded as high as forty thousand calves in one season.

After Kelley was fired a new man by the name of Littlefield was put on the wagon. Nobody liked him. He told me "Kelley said you could work with this wagon. You'll have to find another place." I had made arrangements to get another man and send him to Green river and send Martin to White river. Without any doubt my steers would come along with the bunch, so sent Martin to Greene river and I went to White river. I started in at the mouth of Skull creek, then to Meeker, to Yellow creek, on the divide between the Grand river and the White river and then worked back up. There were twelve reps in the bunch. (A rep is a man that represents his outfit. Each outfit ranging in any section is supposed to send at least one man to help in the roundup.) By July the fourth we had the cattle back on the summer range. Several different years we ranged from three to four thousand cattle in this section of the country. One year we brought 2,200 head from Texas, mostly heifers and turned them loose in California park. We also brought in big bunches for the Gomez cattle company in Texas and ranged them through the summer and shared the profits equally. Often on the roundup we would brand about three hundred calves in the forenoon, and as many in the after noon.

"You ask me, 'How did you care for the cattle at night?'" Two of us at a time took our shift which was not more than two or three hours. The cattle were bunched up toward evening and usually most of them would lie down. One herder started a round the herd in one direction and the other one in the opposite direction. This is what

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was known as night herding and the fellows were quite often dubbed "night hawks" while on duty.

We drove most of our cattle to Denver to market. Sometimes we shipped from there to Kansas City or Chicago. (I remember well one time when we shipped one thousand two hundred head of cattle, thirty two carloads, over the Rock Island from Denver to Chicago. The Burlington and Rock Island were competing with each other as to which could make Chicago in the shortest length of time. A division superintendent was on the train all of the time. In Kansas something went wrong with the engine, at Goodland. An engine was taken from a passenger train and we proceeded on our way. The superintendent gave the orders to the engineer, "Do your best. If you put any in the ditch, put them all in the ditch." The Rock Island rolled into Chicago thirty minutes ahead of the Burlington.

In those days cattle rustling and range difficulties often caused no little trouble. I knew Mr. and Mrs. Bassett. Mr. Bassett was a real gentleman. Mrs. Bassett was what you would call a little wild. She usually had a case in court and made Hahn's Peak whenever court was in session. One night in 1889 Ed Miles was staying with us at our headquarters where we had a cabin 16 by 18 feet. Who should drop in to stay overnight but Mrs. Bassett and two witnesses. They had their bedding with them on pack horses.

Mat Rach was another notorious character in that section of the country. Tom Horn surely double crossed him. Under an assumed name Tom Horn had been working around for different outfits getting acquainted with the situation. Finally Mat Rach told him if he wanted to stay around there he could help him break some horses. He stayed there quite a while that winter but early in the spring he left. I knew both of them and without a doubt Rach got his brand on some

calves that didn't belong to him. Mat Rach had just returned from Rock Springs, where he had spent the Fourth. He had butchered a calf and was putting a steak on for supper when Tom Horn came to the door. Mat asked him to come in for supper telling him he would cut another steak for him. Tom Horn answered by saying, "I have come to kill you." He shot him and Mat fell over on the bed and Horn shot him again. With a last effort Mat had taken a pencil and paper from his pocket but didn't get anything written. As most everyone knows, later Tom Horn was arrested for killing the Nickells boy. It was during the time he was awaiting trial that he made confession to many of the details of this story.

The year I came into this country Joe Wards had moved to the government Rawlins-Meeker bridge and started a roadhouse. He had killed a man in Missouri and had moved on to Coloradd City. At Colorado City he killed a man and then located near what is now Yampa Colo. He stayed there a short time but after the incident to which I referred at the first of my story he was asked to move on. The place they run at the government bridge was as tough as you make them. Beside his wife Happy there was a son Cloverl sixteen years old and a daughter Et, seventeen years old.

Rawlins was always the scene of a lively Fourth of July celebration, so Joe started out on his mule to be there for the gala time. He stayed all night at Timberlake where two fellows lived that were known as Dummy Wilson and Crane. Dummy Wilson was deaf and dumb and Crane was slim and over six foot tall. The next morning five men, who had been following him, rode to a bend in the road and left their horses in a wash close by. About daylight the men saw Ward and his mule approaching. As he drew nearer they all fired at once, as it was dangerous not to make a sure aim. One of these men has his six shooter. When they took it from him he had with his last remaining

strength, cocked it ready to shoot.

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Hap run the boarding house for several years. She was a good cook and in many ways very kind. Two or three years after Joe was gone a young fellow rode up to the place on a bicycle. This was a new means of travel for anyone in that part of the country. He left the bicycle by the house which stood on the bank by the river. Clover got on the bicycle and run right down the bank on to the bridge and into the river. The body was afterward found near Cross Mountain. The girl committed suicide at a resort in Glenwood Springs where she had been working. The old lady continued to run the road house alone. One morning someone saw quite a smoke but before they could reach the building the road house was burned to the ground with old Hap in it.

I forget to tell you about the old fellow I met at the top of the Gore range as I was coming into the country. About a mile from Bill Ganson, known as Windy Bill, lived Brigham, a strange peculiar character. I met him with a buck on his back that weighed at least two hundred pounds. Although he was a large powerful man that was an unusual large load to carry. I stopped and chatted with him awhile. Two years later I saw him again as he was working on his homestead that he had taken up near Hayden. He had a burro, a cow, and a horse hitched up to a walking plow. I noticed he wore a peculiar looking head gear so went over and talked with him. I could hardly imagine what it all meant, as there was smoke coming out of the top of it. As I drew nearer I figured out that it was a powder can. He had it lined around the edge with a beaver skin and had a partition dividing the can into two compartments. In the top of it he had placed some rotten wood and was burning it. I asked him the meaning of the fire. He said it was to keep off the bad spirits. He lived very much to himself and had very little todo with anyone. When at his cabin one time he asked me not to pick up anything as it would cause evil spirits



to be in the articles I would touch. The next time I saw old Brigham was in 1889 when I was taking out four or five hundred head of cattle to Denver. I had made my camp for the night up above what is now Tabernash on Ranch creek where there is quite a little park. Soon after I was nicely settled in camp who should pull in about five hundred feet above me but old Brigham. He had a box built on the hind wheels of a wagon and was driving two horses. After I had gotten the cattle taken care of for the night I went over to his wagon. The excuse I made was that I wanted to borrow a needle and thread to sew a button on my coat. He said, "Yes, I have one and you can have it but do not give it back as there would be bad spirits in it." He had owned his team of horses only a short while. One of them, he said, was alright but the other one was getting bad spirits in it and he might have to get rid of it. In the course of the conversation he made the remark, "I am what you would call an insane man. I was in love with a girl in Kansas and she was untrue to me. That is what has caused all of this." The weather was getting quite chilly but all he had on was a blue jumper, a pair of overalls, and two-buckle plow shoes. This time he was wearing a cap instead of the powder can. This trip was being made to Central City in order to get his provisions for the winter. "It is a bad omen to go out of the state to do trading," he said. "Last year I went to Rawlins to buy my provisions and was robbed." Some friends or relatives in Kansas provided him with a little money. The next morning he pulled out ahead of me. About the middle of the afternoon I caught up with him and offered him his hatchet that he had lost. "No," he said, "I cannot take it. It has bad spirits in it." He died at Hayden several years later.

I bought this place and one on the river from Sam Reid in 1891.

In 1907 I started to improve this place and have lived here most of the time since. My two sons Reed and Frank are both married but Milton is still at home. Laura, who is now Mrs. Brown lives in Oklahoma and Dora, my other daughter is teaching in Fallon, Nevada. The cattle business is about a thing of the past but I still keep a few hundred head.

J. C. Temple

Hayden, Colo.

March 28, 1934

Bernice D. Pappen

EARLY EXPERIENCES OF THE BIRDS

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3/21/1934

IN EGERIA PARK

My mother, who was Mary Ellen Wilson, was born in Ohio, and her family moved to Kingspoint, Dade county, Missouri when she was two years old. My father, William Bird, and his family came from Kentucky and the two families were neighbors. There were <sup>ten</sup> ~~nine~~ of us children: Albert, Tom, Samantha, Lou, Frank, <sup>Ulysses</sup> Rob, Loren, Della, and Viola. Viola was the only one born in Colorado.

In 1874 we moved to Colorado. We had two covered wagons and two mule teams and about fifteen or twenty head of milk cows. We came over the old Santa Fe trail to Colorado Springs. On the way father traded the smaller mule team for an ox team. In Kansas we joined in with others who were going west until there was quite a wagon train. Some drove horses, some mules, and some oxen. Among them were prospectors, farmers, and business men; all seeking their fortune in Colorado. Because of the fear of the Indians, at night the wagons were coralled in a circle and we made our camp inside. Two or three would stand guard during the night. One time father was out after some of the cattle that had strayed across the Arkansas river and saw some cowboys who had just been chased by the Indians. That is the nearest we came to seeing any Indians. At Colorado Springs the train scattered into different parts of Colorado. We came to Florissant. (Here we boys and father did a great deal of freighting from Colo. Springs to Leadville. When I was freighting to Leadville there were 800 teams on the road.)

(In 1779 I did freighting from Rawlins to Meeker for the government. We had ninety five mules and put from 6 to 10 on a wagon. At night the mules were turned out and herder watched them. One night

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it snowed so hard that the snow came up to the wagon boxes. The next morning two of the mules were missing. They had gone up a little steep place and slid down and both of them had gotten a front and hind leg under a heavy log and could not get out. We were short of feed for the mules as we depended on the grass and it was covered with snow. We sent one of the men with one of the best teams to Rock Creek for grain and provisions. While he was gone the sun came out and we decided to try to go on for a little way at least. To our surprise, when we had gone about twelve miles there was no snow. We met our man about half way to Rock Creek. Right there we stopped and fed the mules and cooked a meal, as we had run short of provisions. Later I did some freighting in the southern part of the state around Alamosa.

In the spring of 1881 father had a team stolen. A prospector, who had come through Egeria park saw them and told father about it. It had been about two months since they had been stolen, but father, John Phillips, and S. D. Wilson started out to find them. When they reached Egeria Park they found them tied to some trees in what is now VanCamp's grove at Yampa. Father untied them and told the fellow that was working in the timber that they were his horses. This man told him that Mr. Smith, the man for whom he was working, had traded for them several weeks before. Mr. Smith lived on what is known now as the Iron Spring Jones's ranch. (There is a spring on this ranch that has a great deal of iron in the water.) When my father brought the horses home he said he thought he would like to go back and make his home there as there was such fine water and grass.

The next summer my father, my brother Tom, R. L. Wilson, myself and two other fellows went to Egeria park and took up land. Father brought a wagon, a mowing machine, and rake; also a few tools so we

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could build some log cabins. We also had plenty of ammunition and provisions. Each of us had brought our saddle horses which almost seemed indispensable in those early days. That summer we put up some hay where the grass was so luxuriant along the river bottom.

On the morning of August 4, 1882, when we returned to our cabin, my brother missed his pipe that he had layed on the grindstone when he was sharpening a sickle at noon. We went into the cabin and saw that it had been entered through one of the windows. Tobacco, guns, ammunition, and two pair of boots were gone. We had all been excited a few minutes before because Mr. Phillips and I had brought in our first bear that evening, but now our excitement was of a different nature. We mounted our horses and rode to Ed Watsons, where we found out that three wagons had passed his place that afternoon. Ed Watson and the deputy sheriff from Leadville who was there, joined us and we started after the wagons. When we caught up with them, Ed Watson knew them and, of course, the thieving was not done by them. They told us that the evening before two fellows with a jack for a pack animal had camped just below them ~~the night before~~ and kept shooting all night. Hurriedly we started on down the road and when we got to where Oak Hills is now we saw the two men and the jack. We spurred up our horses and they ran around a rocky point for protection. The deputy sheriff and I were bringing up the rear and by the time we reached the place they opened fire on our party and my brother, Tom Bird, fell from his horse as we rode up. I didn't fire a shot but the others did and the two strangers soon ceased shooting. Ed Watson was powder burned. There was nothing in their possession that would identify them. A few foreign copper coins were in their pockets. Beside the guns they had taken from us, they had two guns and a rifle that was afterward identified by the ferryman at the Grand river. These same fellows had been around there for a few days. We left the bodies of the two

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fellows and took my brother back to the ranch and buried him. A few days later Mr. James Crawford and Mr. W. H. Dever came up from Steamboat and buried the two strangers.

During the summer <sup>before</sup> I ~~went back to Lake City~~ and sold my freighting outfit of four teams and two new wagons for \$1200 to Preston Nutter, <sup>of Lake City</sup> who now is a wealthy rancher in the ~~Utah~~ Basin. I bought some cattle and a yoke of oxen. The calves cost me \$10 per head and the older stuff \$20. I broke out two more yoke of oxen and brought them over to Egeria Park but later took them back to Breckenridge and traded them for some horses. That fall and winter I worked for Mr. Nutter freighting ore with the outfit I had sold him.

I went to Dade Co., Missouri, in the spring and was married to Alice Brown <sup>and</sup> March 18, 1883. We came back to Florissant <sup>and</sup> in a covered wagon and with my folks came over to Egeria Park and began work on our newly acquired ranches. I put a plank floor in our cabin that first summer. As fast as I could, I cleared the sage brush and put in grass. Had about ten acres I put into grain. My wife went back to Missouri in the fall and Ida Virginia was born in February. She is now Mrs. Bowman and lives at Boone, Colorado.

Later in the fall I was at Breckenridge and brought back a sack of potatoes for seed the next spring. I put them in a badger hole and covered them up. Later in the winter I thought I better dig them out for fear they would freeze. I cooked a few for my dinner, and say, they tasted better than any pie. I kept them in the cabin and covered them with blankets to keep them from freezing, but did not eat any more of them. We did not now how to choose good potato ground, so our yield the next fall was not as large as it should have been. The next year they did much better. We also raised turnips, rutabagas and carrots.

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The spring of 1883 we brought in a hundred head of cattle owned jointly by us boys and my father. As we were camped on the Blue we met Mr. James Crawford and Mr. E. A. Brooks as they were taking a bunch of cattle to Denver. In the fall we took our cattle to Burns Hole so they would have open range all winter. It was a very bad winter, the snow did not go off until the tenth of May but the cattle came through in fine shape. I made ten trips on snowshoes to Burns Hole, a distance of 25 miles, during that winter. On May the seventh I walked on the crust of the snow part of the way. There was no wagon road into that section of the country and few people living there. We made our camps at the Sanders ranch. John Bailey and Charlie Roberds had also taken up land there. We <sup>always</sup> ~~also~~ kept our herd of cattle down to about one hundred head; sufficient to eat the hay we produced. In the fall we usually sold from fifty to sixty to some one who was shipping.

I had a saw mill for two years and sawed most of the lumber that was used in building Yampa.

The first threshing machine in this section of the country was a J. I. Case, eight horse power, purchased by Mr. Hernage, Mr. Powell and my father. Later father became the sole owner. When we brought the machine from Wolcott we stopped on the way and threshed for Mr. Murphy at McCoy. We threshed for our whole neighborhood and during the earlier years went as far as Craig, a distance of seventy five miles. One year we threshed 7000 bushels at the Cary ranch which is between Hayden and Craig. We also did some threshing on Elk River valley. My brother Lou always went with the machine. Some places where the road was very sidling, ropes would be tied to the machine and the men would go on the upper side and steady it so it would not tip over. The charge for soft grain was three cents a bushel and for the hard grain four cents a bushel.

I have always lived here on this ranch. My mother passed away Nov. 3, 1927, at the age of 89 years. At the time of father's death in 1918, they had been married 64 years. My daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Trantham, have lived with me for more than fifteen years. We added on to the one room log cabin until we had four rooms. This house was built about <sup>17</sup>~~twelve~~ years ago. (It is a large eight room frame house.)

Albert J Bird  
Yampa, Colo.

By  
Mrs Levi Trantham

March 21-1934

Mr Albert Bird is now seventy nine years old and is in a wheel chair suffering from a paralytic stroke. He gave this story but his hands were too stiff to sign it.

Bernice D. Poppew.



Leslie J. Paull  
3/29/1934

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NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE W. LECHNER OF FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.  
1859

- Mon. Jan. 10. -- Weather clear and cold; wind from the west. Made our arrangements with G. W. Reynolds of Rockford. Paid him two hundred and twenty-five dollars towards payment for the mules.
- Tues. Jan. 11. -- Weather clear and cold; wind from the west. Went to the Farmers' Bank to make some arrangements towards paying the balance on our mules. Made a loan of one hundred and seventy-five dollars, and paid the balance on our mules.
- Wed. Jan. 12. -- Weather quite mild and pleasant. Dad Stoner and myself hitched up a couple of our mules on a buggy and drove around town in the afternoon, giving them some exercise. Had quite a long talk about Company arrangements.
- Thurs. Jan. 13. -- Weather mild and pleasant. Spoke with Bailey about joining our Company, proposing to fit out for Pike's Peak. Bailey wrote a letter east. Sat down in the afternoon and wrote a letter to B. C. Taylor. Quite encouraging news in the C. P. & Tribune, concerning P(ike's) Peak.
- Wed. Jan. 19. -- Got a letter from Bro. Richard. Weather milder and roads very muddy. Hitched up our mules in the afternoon and took a ride out of town.
- Thurs. Jan. 20. -- Weather growing cold again. G. W. Schoeffield made his arrangements today. Went down to the Brewster House and had some music in Wm. Schaeffer's room.
- Sat. Jan. 22. -- Weather exceedingly cold, - one of the coldest nights this winter. Dad Stoner got his money from the East. Went down to the Brewster House in the evening and had some music up in Wm. Schaeffer's room.
- Mon. Jan. 24. -- Weather clear and warm. Went down to the harness shop and engaged our harness. Had the mules down there. Made some other preparations for Pike's Peak.
- Tues. Jan. 25. -- Weather clear and warmer. Hitched up our mules in the afternoon and drove out to Cedarville and engaged our flour. Had some music down in the Brewster House in Wm. Schaeffer's.
- Wed. Jan. 26. -- Weather clear and very warm for the season of the year. Kyle Stephenson and myself exercised the mules in the afternoon. Had a concert in the evening in Stephenson's room.
- Thurs. Jan. 27. -- Weather cloudy and raining, most all day. Some six inches of snow fell during the night; weather cold. G. W. Scheffield went to Chicago today for some of our traps. Ball at the Brewster House in the evening.

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NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE W. LECHNER OF FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.  
1859.

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- Tues. Feb. 1. -- Weather cloudy and rainy. Streets very muddy. Made some arrangements for Pike's Peak. Went down to Shulte and got our harness, all ready. Been down in the wagon shop.
- Wed. Feb. 2. -- Weather cloudy and cold. Wheeler came home from Chicago in the morning. Bought some of our company traps. (Seven-word sentence does not make sense). Wm.(?) Fishburn(?) been in from Cedarville.
- Thurs. Feb. 3. -- Weather clear and cold. Wind from the West. Wrote a long letter home to Bro. Richard, and informed him for the first time about my going to Pike's Peak. Also wrote one to W. Salisbury.
- Fri. Feb. 4. -- Weather clear and cold. Dad Stoner and myself went down to Schaeffer and Lettler and bought drilling for a wagon cover. Sowing at it all day. Had a little music in Kyle Stephenson's room in the evening. Commenced to snow at 9 o'clock in the evening.
- Sat. Feb. 5. -- Weather cloudy and cold. Still snowing. Some five inches of snow fell. Finished the wagon cover today, and fixed it on the wagon. Had some music in the evening again.
- Sun. Feb. 6. -- Weather clear and cold. Got up at about 9 o'clock in the morning. Staid in the house all day. Took a nap in the afternoon. Went down to the Bulletin office in the evening and examined Collins' map (or Colten's maps).
- Mon. Feb. 7. -- Weather clear and cold. Wind from S. East. Were employed in fixing wagon cover all forenoon. Went to the Temperance meeting in the evening. Heard Mr. Stoughton and several others lecture.
- Wed. Feb. 9. -- Weather clear and very cold. Thermometer about 10 degrees below zero. Been out practising with my rifle and made a centre shot forty rods. Played baggemon in the evening with Bailey. Got our big mules shot. (~~or~~ shod).
- Thurs. Feb. 10. -- Weather clear in the morning, but growing colder toward evening, and clouding up. Been out in the afternoon practising with my rifle. Had our mules all hitched up today. K. Stephenson bought two more mules. Had some music in the evening in K. S. room.
- Fri. Feb. 11. -- Weather cloudy and snowing most all day. Some 12 inches of snow fell today. Still snowing in the evening. Got a letter from E. C. Taylor last evening. Went down town. Kyle had his mules shot.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE W. LECHNER OF FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.  
1859

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- Sat. Feb. 12. -- Weather clear and cold. Assisted Kyle S. in hitching up two of the mules in his wagon, the mules running away from him. Had some music in the evening in K. S. room. Sleighting going on considerably.
- Sun. Feb. 13. -- Sunday clear and cold. Wind from the East. Staid at home in the forenoon. Hitched up our four mules in the afternoon in the omnibus sleigh and had a drive. Listened to a lecture on Spiritualism.
- Mon. Feb. 14. -- Weather quite warm and rainey a little. Had a drive out to Mill Grove in company with G. W. Schoeffield. Dad Stoner painted our wagon cover. Went to Plymouth Hall in the evening, and listened to a lecture delivered by Fred Douglass.
- Tues. Feb. 15. -- Weather cloudy and rainey a little. Wind from the West. Fixing(?) at the wagon cover. Went to Plymouth Hall in the evening to hear a lecture from ? Douglass on Self Made Men.
- Wed. Feb. 16. -- Weather cloudy and raining a little. Bailey went to Lena today to make arrangements for Pike's Peak. Had some music in the evening in K. Stephenson's room. Got a letter from Bro. Richard. Also a paper from Wm. Schaeffer.
- Thurs. Feb. 17. -- Weather still cloudy and raining a little. Finished our wagon cover today, and hauled up the wagon to the blacksmith's shop. Had some music in the evening again in K. Stephenson's room.
- Fri. Feb. 18. -- Weather clear and pleasant. Roads breaking up now fast. Wm. Black left for Mt. Carroll today on his way to Pike's Peak. Staid at home in the evening.
- Sun. Feb. 20. -- Weather clear and cold. Roads freezing up again. Staid at home all day. Bailey came home in the evening from Lena. Things looking rather gloomy. Wind from the West.
- Mon. Feb. 21. -- Weather clear and pleasant. Wind from the South. Wasburne party started out today for Pike's Peak. Also I. Thomas. Reported that Wasburne party got stuck in the mud. Temperance lecture this evening.
- Tues. Feb. 22. -- Weather clear and pleasant. Davis started out this morning on his way to Pike's Peak. Hitched up our mules and drove around town. (Four-word sentence unintelligible). Had some music in the evening.
- Wed. Feb. 23. Weather cloudy and raining a little. Went out with my rifle in the forenoon and practised a little. Kyle Stephenson had his mules hitched up. He went to Chicago tonight. Dance at the Brewster House. Dispatch of the State Fair to be held in Freeport.

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- Sat. Feb. 26. -- Weather clear and quite warm again. Mack making preparations to go with us to Pike's Peak. Attended the lecture in the evening at Plymouth Hall, subject Spiritualism.
- Mon. Feb. 28. -- Weather clear and cold. Bought most of our traps today. Drove out to Cedarville and brought in our flour. Went over to the Keystone (rest of sentence unintelligible).
- Tues. Mar. 1. -- Weather boisterous and cold. Wind from the east. Collected all our traps together today, and took them down to the warehouse and packed there. A lecture in the evening by Saxe, the poet. Pike's Peak train arrived from Wisconsin.
- Wed. Mar. 2. -- Weather clouding up and wind from the East. Making arrangements to start tomorrow on our journey. Loaded up the wagon today. Raining in the evening. Been down to Kyle's room.
- Thurs. Mar. 3. -- Weather cloudy and still raining. Wind from the South. Intended to start today for Pike's Peak. Concluded to stay till Monday. Sent a paper home. Roads very muddy. Seen the Tiger in the evening, Dad Stoner's room, 15 dollars.
- Fri. Mar. 4. -- Weather cloudy and cold. Wind from the West. Chi. & B. R.R. proposes to take us through to St. Louis for 102.50. Played baggammon in the evening. Bailey got sick today.
- Sat. Mar. 5. -- Weather clear and pleasant. Wind from the South. Saddled some of our mules and took a ride in the afternoon in company with Dad Stoner. Roads very bad. Played the guitar in the evening in Lizzie's room. Bad toothache.
- Sun. Mar. 6. -- Weather mild and pleasant. Wind from the South. Took a walk in the forenoon in company with D. S. & K. S. Had a tooth pulled in the evening. Two more Pike's Peak trains arrived from Janesville. Stopped at the City Hotel.  
(or teams)
- Tues. Mar. 8. -- Weather clear and fine. Wind from the South. Fine and pleasant day. Party from Janesville started out this morning, but only made about two miles.
- Thurs. Mar. 10. -- Weather cloudy, but warm and pleasant. Joe Quest and party started out today for Pike's Peak. Also two teams from Milwaukee, passed through town.
- Mon. Mar. 14. -- Weather cloudy in the morning and raining, but changed to snow. Snowing most all day. DeKyle Stephenson went up to Galena. Had a little music in the evening. Went down to the Keystone.
- Tues. Mar. 15. -- Weather clear and quite boisterous and cold. Wind from the West. A marriage took place in the evening. Had no news from Galena yet. Played the fiddle in the afternoon some. Nothing going on the evening.

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Wed. Mar. 16. -- Weather clear and very pleasant. Wind from the East. Went down to the depot in the forenoon. Getting cloudy in the evening. Sale at Farmers f. Assn. Located the State Fair at the State Fair Grounds.

Sat. Mar. 19. -- Weather clear and pleasant. Ground froze quite hard in the morning. DeKyle Stephenson came home by the morning train. Went to the Lyceum in the evening, subject Communism. Been down to the Keystone.

Mon. Mar. 21. -- Weather clear again and quite pleasant. Had a P(ike's) Peak consultation. Wheeler Schoeffield went up to Galena to make arrangements with a boat. Had some music in the evening in Kyle's room.

Tues. Mar. 22. -- Weather clear and pleasant. Saddled up our mules and rode out in the country. Met several P(ike's) Peak trains, <sup>(or teams)</sup> on the way out. Fishing in the afternoon. G. W. Schoeffield came home in the evening. DeKyle Stephenson came about 7 (Last one or two words unintelligible).

Wed. Mar. 23. -- Weather clear and very pleasant. Wind from the South. Making preparations to start out in the morning, overland. Sam B. Mack and myself saddled up the mules and took a ride. Met a couple of Pike's Peak trains on the road.

Thurs. Mar. 24. -- Weather cloudy and quite cold. Wind from the West. Did not get away today. Propose starting next Monday. Ball in the evening at the Brewster House. I saw the Tiger.

Fri. Mar. 25. -- Weather changeable and quite cold. Wind from the Northwest. DeKyle Stephenson still using(?) money like the Devil. Went down to the Keystone the evening. <sup>(Pinning?)</sup>

Mon. Mar. 28. -- Weather cloudy and still raining. Wind from the East. Roads getting bad again. Been at work all day getting ready for the Peak. Settled up my debts. Went down to see the Tiger in the evening. DeKyle Stephenson lost some.

Tues. Mar. 29. -- Weather clear and cold. Wind from the West, blowing cold. Left Freeport this morning en route for the Peak at about 11 o'clock, and drove as far as Garner, arriving at about sunset, where we put up for the night. Distance 18 miles. Roads in a bad condition in several places. Kyle's team broke their tongue, and camped at Ellis Ranch. Good accommodations.

Wed. Mar. 30. -- Weather clear and quite cold. Wind from the west. Dad and Wheeler slept in the wagons last night. Started out at about 9 o'clock, myself and Wheeler going to Mt. Carroll, staying there about three hours, team getting ahead of us. Left Mt. Carroll at 3 o'clock and rode to Savannah, arriving at about 6 o'clock, distance 18 miles. Raining in the evening. Kyle's team taking dinner at Garner's.

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Thurs. Mar. 31. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Wind from the West. Packing our traps and getting ready for the boat. Went across the river after ducks. Killed several. Kyle's team came along in the afternoon at about 3 o'clock, all right, Chris Stoner helping him along. Had some music in the evening. Went up to Dubuque and Galena on the Kate Cassel.

Fri. Apr. 1. -- Weather clear and quite cold. Came up to Galena on the Kate Cassell. Took the cars for Galena in the morning. Had a great time all day with some of the Galena boys. Went away in the War Eagle. Around to Dubuque again in the (word omitted), and from there down the river. Started away at 12 o'clock.

Sat. Apr. 2. -- Weather cloudy and stormy. Raining in the morning. Got to Savanna at about daylight. Shipped our traps on board all safe and sound and proceeded down the river. Got to Rock Island at 2 o'clock and pushed through the bridge with ease. Laid to at Davenport. Weather too rough to push on. Doctor sick in the evening. Fine music on board.

Sun. Apr. 3. -- Weather changeable and remarkably cold. Started from Davenport in the morning. Quite stormy and waves rolling. Wrote a letter to Isaac Miller. Passed the Ben Campbell run ashore - Tried to get her off, but could not do so. Snowing in the evening. Laid to at night. Had some music in the evening. Passed Burlington at 10 o'clock. Went to bed at 2.

Mon. Apr. 4. -- Weather clear and still cold, but getting milder. Passed Keokuk this morning, Quincy at 10 o'clock and Hannibal at 3 o'clock. Passed several steamboats throughout the day. Weather still cold and stormy. Wind from the west. Had some music in the evening. (Last sentence of seven words unintelligible).

Tues. Apr. 5. -- Weather clear and cold. Arrived at St. Louis at about 6 o'clock in the morning. Reshipped our stuff on board the Duncan S. Carter. Had a good deal of trouble getting our mules on board. Went to the Dutch Theatre in the evening. Had a remarkable good time. Filley(?) elected Mayor of the City.

Wed. Apr. 6. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Slept till 12 o'clock. Went up town in the afternoon and took a bath. The Duncan S. Carter still busily engaged in taking in freight. Went up to see the Tiger in the evening. All the boys out. Came down to the boat in good time.

Thurs. Apr. 7. -- Weather clear and quite pleasant. Took in the rest of our freight in the morning, and shoved out at 10 o'clock. The Minnehaw(?) going out ahead of us, got grounded in the evening and had a great time in getting off. Raining quite fast.

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Fri. Apr. 8. -- Weather still cloudy and raining in the morning, but cleared off cold in the afternoon. Grounded again about 4 o'clock. The (name of steamboat cannot be deciphered) passed us toward evening. Passed another boat coming down. Passed Washington at 3 o'clock. Been very sick today.

Sat. Apr. 9. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Wind from southeast. Passed Jefferson City today and some other places of lesser note. Had some music from the B. Band. A beautiful evening. Felt rather sick today yet.

Sun. Apr. 10. -- Weather clear in the forenoon, and very warm and pleasant. Cloudy up in the afternoon and had a heavy thunder-storm, rain pouring down. Passed three steamboats on their way down the river. Passed Glasgow and Brunswick. Reading Shakespeare. Hay run short for stock. Music from the band.

Mon. Apr. 11. -- Weather clear and quite cold. Got to Waverley's Landing and discharged a good deal of our freight. Went ashore and bought about 100 pounds of hay for our stock. Came to Lexington at about 5 o'clock. Had a race with the I. Warner. Had a dance on board in the evening.

Tues. Apr. 12. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Travelled up the river quite lively. Got to Kansas City at 3 o'clock. Seen Wm. Schaeffer at Kansas City, in good spirits, and had a fine time. Got away at about sundown. Had a cotillion in the evening.

Wed. Apr. 13. -- Weather cloudy and extremely cold. Got up to Leavenworth at 11 o'clock. Laid over there some three or four hours. Meet with some acquaintances there. Leavenworth a brisk little place. Lots of Pike's Peak teams scattered around town. Commencing to snow in the evening. Kept running almost all night. Steamboated a fellow in the evening.

Thurs. Apr. 14. -- Camp No. 1, St. Joe. Weather clear and cold. Arrived at St. Joseph about 11 o'clock. Wind blowing very hard. Commenced getting of (f) our traps and packed them in the wagon. Drove about one mile out of town and encamped on a nice piece of ground east of town. Served up our first meal this evening.

Fri. Apr. 15. -- Weather cloudy and very cold. Wind from the West. Were in camp most all day, fixing our traps. Went to town in the afternoon with our two little mules, trying to sell them. Could not get a bid on them. The Duncan S. Carter here yet. Lost a man overboard and drowned.

Sat. Apr. 16. -- Weather still very cold. Wind from the Northwest. Went to town in the forenoon and sold our mules for one hundred and thirty dollars and a gold watch. Dad Stoner and myself took a ride in the country in the afternoon. Boys all went up to town in the evening. I stayed in camp and wrote a letter to Wm. S. Allen.

Sun. Apr. 17. -- Weather clear in the morning, and somewhat milder. Wind from the west. Wrote a letter to William Giles and Geo. P. Griffith. Had a visit from Geo. Dixon. Some of the boys went to church. A lot of Pikes Peakers pulled across the river this morning.

Mon. Apr. 18. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Dad Stoner and myself went to town in the morning and bought a lot of things besides hay and corn for the mules. Went out practising with my rifle with Geo. Dixon. Had a visit from Doc Mease in the evening. Staid around the camp fire.

Tues. Apr. 19. -- Weather somewhat colder and wind from the east. A little sprinkling of rain in the morning. Went to cooking beans during the day. Practised with the rifle a while. Went to town in the evening and attended the theater. Seen the play of Lucretia Borgia. Heavy thunder storm in the evening.

Wed. Apr. 20. -- Camp No. 2. 7 miles by Belmont. Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Wind from the west. Pack up our traps, hitched up the mules and proceeded on our journey. Took the ferry up to Belmont and drove about seven miles, pitched our tents and camped with Mease and Co. Had some music in the evening. Clouding up in the evening.

Thurs. Apr. 21. -- Weather clouding up last evening. Heavy thunder storm during the night, very cold in the morning. Commenced to snow. Snow fell about 2 inches during the day. G. W. Schoefield and Sam B. Mack went to St. Joseph today after a stove. Brought it to camp in the evening. Had quite a fracas at night with Mease. (Last word unintelligible).

Fri. Apr. 22. -- Highland. 14 mi. Weather clear and very cold. Packed up and proceeded on our journey. Got to Wolf Creek and took dinner and fed the mules. Went as far as Highland in the afternoon. Road very hilly, got stuck several times. Weather growing milder. Struck our tent, took supper and went to bed. Distance 14 miles.

Sat. Apr. 23. -- Weather clear and somewhat milder. Got on the road at 8 o'clock. Passed through Highland. Went through some bad sloughs and arrived on this side of Hiawatha at 4 o'clock. Met a lot of Pikes Peak teams on the road. Did 16 miles.

Sun. Apr. 24. -- Weather clear and pleasant. Laid over today and give the mules rest. Done a heap of washing today while Wheeler attended to the kitchen department. Dad and Sam went a-fishing in the afternoon. Caught a mess of fish. Played a game of chess in the evening with Dr. Mease.



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- Mon. Apr. 25. -- Camp No. 5. Sebatha (= Sabetha). Weather a little cloudy and wind from the south. Started out in the morning at 7 o'clock. Passed through some bad slough today. Got to Walnut Creek at dinner time, and nooned there. Met a lot of teams on the road. Passed Spring Creek at 4 o'clock, and arrived at Sebatha at 6 O.;. Thunder storm toward evening and weather mild. Distance 15 miles.
- Tues. Apr. 26. Camp No. 6. Nemaha. Weather cloudy and quite cold. Wind from the north. Started away from the camp in the morning at seven o'clock in company with about one dozen teams. Passed over a long stretch of prairie and arrived at Nemaha at 2 o'clock P. M. Dist. 15 miles. Dad Stoner caught a string of fish. Had some music in the evening. Lots of hay and corn.
- Wed. Apr. 27. -- Weather clear, warm and delightful. S(t)aid over today on account of the lameness of Kate. Over one hundred Pikes Peakers stopping. Sam B. Mack and Doc Mease went fishing in the morning, Wheeler in the afternoon. Caught a nice string of fish. Stood guard in the evening. Doct. and myself had several games of chess. Had a concert in camp.
- Thurs. Apr. 28. -- Camp No. 7. Bennets Sta. Dist. 20 mi. Weather cloudy but quite warm and pleasant. Had a rather fatiguing(?) drive of about 20 miles, arriving at Bennets Station at about 5 o'clock. Some 26 teams left Nemaha in the morning and traveled with us. Passed several bad sloughs. Struck the military road 1/2 mile above Bennets. Raining a little.
- Fri. Apr. 29. -- Camp No. 8. Blue River. Dist. 21 mi. Started at about 7 in the morning and had excellent roads today. Went ahead of the teams and walk to Marysville till 12 o'clock. A large number of emigrants camped here. Teams arrived at 3 o'clock. G. W. Schoeffield stood watch tonight. Dist. 21 miles.
- Sat. Apr. 30. -- Camp No. 9. Mail Station. 17 miles. Weather clear and pleasant, a beautiful day. Intending at one time to lay over but finally concluded to push on. Passed over a beautiful prairie. Roads excellent. Started away at 9 o'clock. Got stuck in the river, and engaged the oxen to pull us out. Arrived at 6 o'clock. A good camping spot.
- Sun. May 1. -- Weather cloudy and raining quite hard. Wind from the south. Laid over today to give our stock rest, as well as ourselves. Raining all day and thunder storm at night. A disagreeable day. Slept in the forenoon. Done some baking in the afternoon. Doct. somewhat inebriated(?) Stood wash (probably watch) from 12 o'clock till 5 in the morning. Some music in the evening.

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Mon. May 2. -- Camp No. 10. Mail Station. Dist 15. Weather still a little cloudy and wind from the south. Started out this morning at 7 o'clock, and arrived at the Mail Station at (a "3" was first written and then a "4" over it, but half a line above is a "2"). All the other teams left their camping place. Roads very muddy and bad travelling. A good many camping here at Rock Creek. Heard that DeKyle Stephenson was at Blue River today.

Tues. May 3. -- Camp No. 11. Patterson's Ranch. 18 miles. Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Wind from the southwest. Started out at 7 o'clock, and drove as far as Patterson's Ranch. (Word here unintelligible). Situated on Big Sandy, it being at one time an old Barrack(?) Station. Distance 18 miles. Took a cut off across the prairie and seen 3 elk only fifty yds dist. Roads rather bad yet. Met an emigrant train from P(ikes) Peak. Things favorable(?).

Wed. May 4. -- Camp No. 12. Little Blue River. 23. Weather clear, warm and pleasant. High wind from the southeast. Got along very well today. Distance 23 miles. Camp on the Little Blue River some 3 miles above ranch. Walked barefooted today some fifteen miles. Met some four or five wagons on their way back from the Peak who report things rather unfavorably. Wages 40 cts. per day.

Thurs. May 5. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Camp No. 13. Little Blue River. Distance 27 miles. Moved along quite pleasantly. Arrived in camp at 6 o'clock. Prepared supper and laid our hooks for fish. Did not catch any. Felt tired and went to bed.

Fri. May 6. -- Camp No. 14. Elm Creek. Weather cloudy and indications of rain. Met hundreds of teams on the back track, being satisfied that Pikes Peak is a humbug. Lots of foot travellers on their way back. Distance made today some 29 miles.

Sat. May 7. Camp No. 15. Platte River. Weather cloudy and misty in the morning. Made a good drive today. Distance made 28 miles. Teams still coming back while a few are going on. Some intending to go through to California. Seen a drove of antelopes. Had a shot at them.

Sun. May 8. -- Weather clear in the morning, and quite cold. Attended to cooking and washing, and laid over today where we are. Lots of teams going back on both routes. Cleared up fine. Had a slight rain. Henry Hicks, who has been direct from the Peak, took dinner with us today and give discouraging news.

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- Mon. May 9. Camp No. 16. Frt. Kearney. Weather clear and very Pleasant. Drove up to Ft. Kearney. Dist. 12 miles. Teams still returning back. Arrived at 11 o'clock. DeKyle Stephenson came on in the evening with the rest of the boys. Went to the Fort and seen them out on parade in the evening.
- Tues. May 10. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant during the day. Wind from the west. Went to the fort and seen the (word unintelligible) on parade. Had a very heavy thunder shower in the evening and hail stones. Received a good ducking. Still on qui vive which way to go. Storm
- Wed. May 11. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant & wind from the west. Came to the conclusion to seperate. Wheeler Schoeffield & myself going west while Dad Stoner and Sam B. Mack going back. Made arrangements to go with Bill Lumbach (?) to go as far as the Peak. Divided some of our things. Thunder storm.
- Thurs. May 12. -- Weather clear and cold. A heavy thunder shower in the evening again. (A line has been drawn through this sentence except "a heavy thun-" and it may belong under the 11th) Sold some of our provisions at the Fort. Dad Stoner and Mack left in the afternoon for home in company with Doct. Mease, Lumbach (a few words unintelligible). Stood watch tonight till one o'clock. Wrote a letter to Griffith. Wheeler still very sore(?).
- Fri. May 13. -- Camp No. 17. Dist. 17 miles. Platte River. Weather cloudy and very cold. Wind from the east. Started early in the morning on our westward journey. Roads quite bad. Drove as far as the 17 mile point. Raining in the evening. Lots of men returning from the Peak, giving discouraging news. A heavy load for our horse(?).
- Sat. May 14. -- Weather cloudy and raining almost all day. Wind from the east. Waded through the slough most all day after some wood to build a camp fire. Done some baking today. Stood watch tonight from 1 o'clock till four.
- Sun. May 15. -- Weather still cloudy and raining. Laid over today again. Went out hunting in the forenoon beyond the bluffs. Did not meet with any game. Seen a lot of teams directly from Pikes Peak bringing discouraging news. Thunder in the evening.
- Mon. May 16. -- Camp No. 18. 17 mile point from F. Kearney. Weather clear and quite warm again. Wind from the southwest. Started out in the morning, and drove as far as Plus Creek. Did 17 miles. Met Wash Salisbury today directly from Cherry Creek. Advised us not to go there. Concluded to go back. A fine camping place. Stood watch from 9 till 1 o'clock.

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Tues. May 17.-- Weather clear and very warm. Caught a lot of fish today. Attended to our laundry manipulations and cooking department. A good many teams going west today, also a few going east from Cherry Creek. Took a good wash. Day rather pleasant. Still in camp.

Wed. May 18. -- Weather colder again, and wind from the north. Done some trading today with Pikes Peakers. Caught a mess of fish again. Clearing off finely. A good many teams going westward(?) yet. Seen a few Cheyennes Indians in the evening.

Thurs. May 19. -- Camp No. 18. On the return. 8 miles from Ft. Kearney. Weather clear and pleasant. Wind from the west. Left in the morning at 8 o'clock and done some 22 miles. Met with Doct. Hale and the Manny (or Maury) boys directly from Pikes Peak. Reports unfavorable. Camped within 10 miles from Ft. Kearney. Heavy thunder shower in the evening.

Fri. May 20. -- Camp No. 19. Platte River. Weather clear and a little cooler. Wind from the west. Arrived at Ft. Kearney at 11 o'clock and took dinner. Wheeler sold his rifle. Drove down the river some fifteen miles and camped in Co. with Doct. Hale. Dist. (word unintelligible) 25 miles.

Sat. May 21. -- Camp No. 20. Weather clear and pleasant. Left in the morning at 7 o'clock and drove some twenty four miles. Done some baking in the evening. Had some music on the violin. Plenty of timber and willows. Doct. Hale & Co. camped with us.

Sun. May 22. -- Camp No. 20. Platte River. Weather clear and very warm and pleasant. Roads along the river quite bluffy. Good timber and fine camping place. Stood watch from 1 o'clock till 4. Cooked some beans and apples and browned some coffee. Distan. made about 24 miles.

Mon. May 23. -- Camp No. 21. Platte River. Weather clear and pleasant. Done some 25 miles and camped near the Platte. Met Halce (?) Crane from Freeport on his way to California in Co. with two others. Met about 30 teams today going west.

Tues. May 24. -- Camp No. 22. On Clear Creek. Weather clear and somewhat cooler. Drove some 20 odd miles and camp on Clear Creek, a beautiful stream of water. Met about 120 teams today going west. Camp ground dotted with (cannot decipher last four or five words).

Wed. May 25. -- Camp No. 23. Island on the Platte. Weather cloudy and commenced raining about 8 o'clock and poured down like the Devil for a while. Nooned on Elm Creek and drove to Shins (?) Ferry in the afternoon, camping on an island in the Platte. Dist. 14 miles.

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- Thurs. May 26. -- Weather cloudy and raining last night and today. all  
Stood watch last night. Laid over today, the wind being  
to(o) high to ferry the river. Wheeler and myself went fish-  
ing today. Sauntered out with my rifle and shot a few black-  
birds. Cast bullets in the afternoon.
- Fri. May 27. -- Camp No. 24. North side of the Platte. Weather clear  
warm and pleasant. Wind from the west. Shot a mess of black-  
birds for DeKyle Stephen(son). Doct. Hale & Co. came up with  
us today. Crossed the river in the evening on the Ferry, and  
camped on the north side of the Platte, while Doct. Hale & Co.  
were left on the opposite side.
- Sat. May 28. -- Camp No. 25. On the prairie. Weather clear, warm  
and pleasant. Started at about 7 o'clock in the morning and  
proceeded on our journey down the north side of the Platte.  
Done about 25 miles today, and camped on the open prairie.  
Mosquitoes worse than ever seen them, it being almost imposs-  
ible for me to watch tonight. Mules strayed away in the  
morning about a mile. Very warm night and no breeze.
- Sun. May 29. -- Camp No. 26. Elk Horn river. Weather clear and  
exceedingly hot today. Started out early and done quite live-  
ly for a while. Drove some 25 miles and camped on Elk Horn  
River. Elk Horn City situated on the bluffs, place of some  
150 inhabitants. A good many Pawnee Indians in camp tonight.  
A heavy thunder shower in the evening. Fished a little and  
had some music.
- Mon. May 30. -- Camp No. 27. Omaha. Weather clear, warm and pleas-  
ant. Started out at 7 o'clock and drove to Omaha City today.  
Distance 22 miles. Passed through a bad slough. Arrived at  
Omaha at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Met lots of teams going  
west on their way to California. Boys went to town tonight and  
got quite lively.
- Tue. May 31. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Sold out some of  
our traps today. Wheeler and myself went to town today a  
while. Doct. Hale & Co. left for Council Bluffs. Jno.  
Grubb(?) dangerously ill for a shot received some few days ago.  
Went to town in the evening and had a regular good time. Bill  
Black & Co., Frank Thomas & Co. came to Omaha from the west  
today having been out as far as Ft. (cannot decipher the name).
- Wed. June 1. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant, a very fair day.  
Lots of teams going west. Staid about camp all day while some  
of the boys went over to Council Bluffs. Jno. Grubb died in  
the morning of the shot he received. Went fishing in the af-  
ternoon and caught a nice string of fish. Boys returned in  
the evening and requesting me to go over to Council Bluffs.
- Thurs. June 2. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Wind from the  
west. Went over to Council Bluffs in the forenoon and attend-  
ed to Jno. Grubb's funeral. The Masonic Order turned out in  
full regalia and buried him with Masonic orders. Got acquaint-  
ed with many Masons. Came back in the evening. DeKyle sick  
today.

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Fri. June 3. -- Weather clear and quite warm. Emigrations still going westward. Staid in camp in the forenoon and took the horse in the afternoon and rode into town and tried to trade for a buggy. Al Mitchell took the boat in the evening and went down the river. Been in town in the evening a (word unintelligible) billiards.

Sat. June 4. -- Weather clear and warm. Quite pleasant. DeKyle Stephenson went over to Council Bluffs in the forenoon. Practised with my rifle today. Sold my revolver today, also a pr. of boots. Went to town in the evening in Co. w. W. Sch. & Doct. V.V.

Sun. June 5. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Hen<sup>(?)</sup> Ohler, Smith Provost and Pete been over from Council Bluffs. Had a grand dinner in camp. Left at 3 o'clock. Had a visit from Doct. Plumer(?) or Plinner(?) and Geo. Milton, in the evening. Slept till about 1 o'clock today. Felt quite bad.

Mon. June 6. -- Weather clear warm and pleasant. Wind from the west. Been sick and in bed all day. DeKyle Stephenson sold his two mules today for One hundred and fifty Dollars. Eat nothing today. Bill left with the horse & <sup>cart</sup> today. Raining a little today.

Tues. June 7. -- Weather clear warm and pleasant. Broke up camp today and packed our traps in boxes and shipped them home to Freeport. Went to the Hamilton House in the morning. Kyle been over to the Bluff(s). Felt better today. Lodged at the Hamilton House tonight, the first bed slept in for (word unintelligible) weeks.

Wed. June 8. -- Weather very fine, clear and pleasant. Quite well this morning. Left on the steamer A. B. Chambers for St. Joseph. Passage 5 dollars. Had a very pleasant time on board. Played the violin on board for a dance. Quite a gay party. Passed Plattsmouth in the afternoon. Splendid fare on board. Stopped at every little pt. on the river.

Thurs. June 9. -- Weather clear warm and delightfull. One of the finest days of the season. Scenery along the river picturesqued (sic) and grand. A fine cool breeze stirring all day. Passed Nebraska City. Had a dance in the evening again. Doct. (Van or von) Valzah(?) awfull sick. Staid up till 1 o'clock.

Fri. June 10. -- Weather clear and comfortably. Arrived at St. Joe at about 8 o'clock in the morning. Put up at Allens Hotel and staid all day. Seen Geo. V. Dixon. Took a nap in the afternoon. Went to Allens Theatre in the evening and seen the play of the "Maid of Milan" (?) and "The Little Devil."

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NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE W. LECHNER OF FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.  
1859.

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Sat. June 11. -- Weather clear, warm and pleasant. Left St. Joseph at 6 o'clock in the morning in the cars for Hannibal. Some splendid scenery along the route. Reached Hannibal at 7 o'clock. Took the boat Fred Lorenz for Galena. Fare 6 dollars. DeKyle left for St. Louis & Wheeler for Quincy.

Sun. June 12 -- Weather cloudy in the morning and raining a little. Passed Keokuk at 6 o'clock in the morning. Boat crowded with Pike's Peakers. Passed Burlington at noon and arrived at Muscatine at 7 o'clock in the evening. Took Stirm's(?) Brass Band on board and had some music. River very high.

Mon. June 13. -- Weather a little cloudy. Cool and pleasant. Wind from the N.W. Passed Davenport & Rock Island in the morning. Brass Band left here in the morning. Arrived at Galena at about 11 o'clock in the evening. Left the boat. Stopped at the Tyler House. River very high.

Tues. June 14. -- Weather clear and very warm. Wind from the west. Staid in Galena all day. Played some billiards in the afternoon. Concluded to stay in Galena tonight. Doct. (Van or Von) Valzah and Al Mitchell left for Freeport in the evening train. Attended the Galena Chapter in the evening.

Wed. June 15. -- Weather clear warm and pleasant. Left Galena in the morning train for Freeport. Stopped at the DeSota House last night. Arrived at Freeport in the forenoon. Met old acquaintances and friends. Stayed about town visiting, etc.

Mon. June 20. -- Weather clear, cool and pleasant. Wind from the west. Wrote a long letter to my Bro. Richard, stating something about our trip to the gold mines. Seen Miss Manda Fishburn in town with her brother. Got an interview with her.

EXPENSE RECORDS. ETC. FROM THE LATTER PAGES OF THE DIARY.

( 1858 )  
Dec. 20

| Expenses to Pike's Peak. |                       |         |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|---------|
| 1                        | Mule                  | 121.00  |
| 1                        | Halter Chain          | .35     |
| 1                        | Bridle & Halter       | 1.50    |
| 1                        | Pr. Gum Boots         | 4.50    |
| 1                        | Pr. Double Calf Boots | 6.50    |
| 1                        | Otter Cap             | 6.50    |
| 1                        | Mule                  | 80.00   |
| 1/2                      | doz. Hose             | 2.25    |
| 1                        | Green (?) Coat        | 7.00    |
| 1                        | Bowie Knife           | 2.50    |
| 1                        | Genie(?) Cup          | .25     |
| 2                        | Pr. Blankets          | 5.00    |
|                          | Undershirts & Drawers | 4.50    |
| 4                        | Over Shirts 1.33      | 5.32    |
| 1                        | Fiddle Bow            | 1.50    |
| 1                        | Bow Hair(?)           | .33     |
| 1                        | Negro Songster        | .25     |
|                          | Fiddle Strings        | 3.35    |
| 1                        | Rifle                 | 11.25   |
| 2                        | Shirts                | 5.00    |
| 1                        | Pr. Boots             | 6.00    |
| 1                        | Violin Box            | 2.50    |
|                          |                       | <hr/>   |
|                          |                       | 277.35. |

(second page)

Private Expenses to Pike's Peak.

|                            |        |
|----------------------------|--------|
| To Amt Bro. over           | 277.35 |
| Cash paid for Mule feed    | 10.00  |
| 1/2 doz. pr. W. Hose       | 2.25   |
| 1 Pocket Knife             | 1.25   |
|                            | <hr/>  |
|                            | 290.85 |
| Mules & C. transfer to Co. | 212.85 |
|                            | <hr/>  |
|                            | 78.00  |
| 2 pr. overalls             | 1.00   |
| Rod (?) for Rifle & Flask  | 1.50   |

(third page)

|                                  |        |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| Note due Apr. 15                 | 300.00 |
| Notes due Apr. 23                | 166.66 |
| Note due Apr. 23                 | 166.66 |
| Note due Apr. 23                 | 41.66  |
| Note due Apr. 25                 | 125.00 |
| Note of M.M. Mayn(?) due Apr. 17 | 100.00 |



( fourth page )

|                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| Dad Stoner      |               |
| G.W.Lechner     | 417.36        |
| S.B.Mack        | 369.40        |
| G.W.Schoeffield | 255.67        |
|                 | <u>274.31</u> |
|                 | 4)1316.74     |
|                 | <u>329.18</u> |

|                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| May 11 th 59    |                |
| G.W.Lechner     |                |
| G.W.Schoeffield | 329.18         |
| Bill Mack       | 256.31         |
| Dad Stoner      | 255.61         |
|                 | <u>424.22</u>  |
|                 | <u>1265.38</u> |

( fifth page )

Furnished for Company

|                         |               |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| Cash paid out for mules | 100.00        |
| Expenses to Rockford    | 4.00          |
| Cash for mules          | 99.00         |
| 1 mule                  | 121.00        |
| 1 Halter Chain          | .35           |
| 1 Bridle & Halter       | 1.50          |
| 1 Mule                  | 80.00         |
| Cash paid for mule feed | 10.00         |
| Bill at Garners         | 5.20          |
| Bale of Hay at Galena   | <u>3.00</u>   |
|                         | 424.05        |
| Cash for mules          | <u>55.00</u>  |
|                         | <u>369.05</u> |

( same page )

|                          |             |               |
|--------------------------|-------------|---------------|
| To amt. Bro.Down         |             | 369.05        |
| Paid for Lard at Sebatha |             | 75.35         |
| 1 Colt's Revolver        | 10.00       |               |
| Provisions               | <u>8.00</u> |               |
|                          | 18.00       | 18.00         |
| Received from Co.        |             | 351.40        |
|                          |             | <u>22.22</u>  |
|                          |             | <u>329.18</u> |

DEATH NOTICE OF GEORGE W. LECHNER.

The following is an extract from an obituary notice that appeared in the Rocky Mountain News of Nov. 29, 1912. It is both very incomplete and very inaccurate. It tells nothing of his early education, which was rather extensive for his day. It says nothing of his early adventures in the California Gold Rush; nothing of his important work for the U.S. Government in the Territory of Arizona; nothing of his activities in Teller; and nothing of his exalted rank in the Masonic Lodge.

By his own testimony he did not get to Colorado in 1859. The story of the first six months is told in the accompanying article; the remainder of the year he spent in installing wells in Illinois. His residence for some time had been Freeport, Ill. instead of Pennsylvania.

GEO. W. LECHNER,  
PIONEER, IS DEAD  
&&&&&&

George W. Lechner, a resident of Colorado for more than fifty years, died at 3:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the home of his son, George R. Lechner, 2701 Littleton Road. He was 80 years old.

The death of Mr. Lechner is the fifth within the ranks of the pioneers in Denver since last Saturday. Wolfe Londoner, whose funeral took place today, was a close personal friend, as were Andrew D. Wilson, Thomas H. Simonton and Frank C. White, all of whom passed away within the past week.

Mr. Lechner came to Colorado in 1859, from Sheridan, Pa., first settling in Gilpin County. He moved to Park County, where he became the first county clerk, later serving three terms in the legislature as representative from Park County and one term as senator.

He was admitted to the bar in 1865. When Henry M. Teller, with whom he had been associated in Gilpin County, became Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lechner was appointed Inspector of Surveys for Colorado.

During the Leadville excitement he was associated with David H. Moffat in mining operations, and also with H. A. W. Tabor, with the latter both in Colorado and Arizona.

In 1879 Mr. Lechner came to Denver and practiced law for a number of years. He was active in the ranks of the Society of Colorado Pioneers, and in 1911 was president of that organization.

Copied from a clipping by Leslie F. Paul, Mar. 29, 1934.

Leslie J. Paull

Doc  $\frac{358}{29}$

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My father, John C. Bert~~M~~ollet, was born in Berks County, Pa., in 1853. He drove eight mules through from Leavenworth, Kansas in 1859 for the purpose of establishing a stage line for Stuart and Butler. He came into Denver by way of CherryCreek and Bijou Basin. Shortly afterwards he went to placer mining, by which means he acquired a little money and went back to Pennsylvania. When the Civil War broke out he desired to enlist in the Union Army. His parents did not approve of this, so he returned to Denver. Shortly afterwards he enlisted as Bugler in the Second Colorado Cavalry. This regiment employed part of its time in Indian Warfare, and part in fighting "Bushwhackers" in the neighborhood of Kansas City. After his discharge from the service, he married Mary F. Smiley of Independence, Missouri. He then bought a farm in what is now a thickly settled part of Kansas City. His life there being in constant danger from surviving Bushwhackers,\* he sold out and returned to Colorado. By homestead and purchase he acquired 1040 acres on Deer Creek in what is now Jefferson County, but not very far from Littleton. There one of my two sisters and I were born. In 1877 he leased this property and moved into Littleton, when I was four years old. At that time all of Littleton clustered about the old Rough and Ready Flouring Mill, established by Richard S. Little and John G. Lilly in 1867. We lived in a small house nearly across from the Episcopal Church on what is now Rapp St. On the corner was the General Store, where we did our trading. On the other side of the street was the Episcopal Church. Both of these buildings are now residences. We lived there a year; then went back to the Ranch, and remained until 1895. I was married in 1891. Soon thereafter my wife and I left Littleton and Colorado, and did not return until 1905. My father died in 1918, and is buried in Littleton Cemetery.

Louis Bertollet

\* The two owners of the same farm next preceding him had also been Union soldiers. Both in turn had been shot from ambush by Bushwhackers.

Leslie J. Paull

Doc 358  
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Paull #2

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I came from Missouri to El Paso County in ~~1888~~ 1888 on account of my wife's health. I was a telegraph operator. I first secured employment on the Colorado Midland Ry. and remained with them for 12 1/2 years. I then went to the Cripple Creek Short Line for 9 years and thereafter ~~for~~ for four years with the Midland Terminal. While located at Divide we were intimate with the Costigans. Their son, now U.S. Senator, was away at school in Salt Lake City. I did not arrive in Arapahoe county until 1919, having meanwhile served as Assessor of Teller County ( 1913-1919 ). When I came here I purchased part of the Stark Brothers Experimental Orchard, including the building which had been built for the resident manager, which is now my home. This had been school land (Section 16). I believe 80 acres of this remains unappropriated although it lies at the very edge of Littleton.

J. L. Howell  
Littleton, Broadway



THE COZENS FAMILY IN LITTLETON.

Doc 358 192  
31

I was born in Peru, Indiana in 1851. My father's name was James Purcells, a clergyman. We moved to Illinois in 1863.

I came to Colorado to stay with my brother's family. That was in 1880. He had come to Silver Cliff, Custer County some time previous in the attempt to recover his health.

In Silver Cliff I met Clark Z. Cozens, and in 1882 we were married. In May, 1883 we came to Littleton. Mr. Cozens was a carpenter by trade, and during the five weeks we spent there, he built a dwelling house on Main St. It is now a store, Henri's Jewelry Store.

About this time my husband caught the mining fever. He had a brother, William, who owned a hotel and health resort at Fraser. From there, with another brother, Nelson, we went to Williams Fork to try a hand at mining. My husband was sick some of the time, and the mine did not prove very successful, so at the end of summer we moved to Denver, where he resumed his trade of carpentry.

In 1885 we returned to the neighborhood of Littleton, where we bought 20 acres on Dutch Creek, where the Lathrop Turkey Farm is now. We lived there for 15 years. Mr. Cozens continued to work at his trade and built or helped to build many Littleton houses.

We did not really make a business of farming. Rather, the ranch contributed to our support. About half was kept in alfalfa. We had an orchard and a garden, including strawberries and currants. At one time or another we had from one to five cows, together with chickens, turkeys and a few ducks. I think the highest price we received for our butter was 25¢ a pound, and the same for a dozen eggs.

Most of our activities centered in Littleton. We did our trading there, a large part at J.D. Hills Store. We went to church there. My two older children were born in Denver; the two younger on the ranch. As they began to go to school I took them to the Littleton School in the morning and went after them in the afternoon.

In 1900 Mr. Cozens built the house which I now occupy. In 1906 he was appointed Postmaster of Littleton. He died in 1908, and my daughter, Jessie, served out his term and was reappointed for another term.

Mrs Julia E. Cozens

Interviewed by Leslie F. Paull, Mar. 14, 1934.

In the summer of 1883 my husband and his brother, Nelson, determined to do some mining in Grand County. Some time earlier and before we had met each other, Mr. Cozens had been there and built a log cabin. He said that even while he was building it, he had a feeling that he would bring a bride there.

We were in Littleton when the decision was reached. We proceeded to Fraser by way of Denver, Idaho Springs and over Berthoud Pass. We went from Fraser, up St. Louis Creek and over to Williams Fork on horseback. My husband insisted on my riding side-saddle, which, over these rough trails I found most uncomfortable.

The cabin had but one room, but by means of a curtain of blankets I secured some privacy.

All of the cooking I did in an open fireplace. The chimney was made of stone, but the floor of the fireplace was of earth.

Equipment was very limited: a tin bucket, a Dutch Oven, a long-handled fry-pan, tin plates and tin pans constituted the major part. I was laughed at a few tea cups and some silverware.

Supplies <sup>for sleeping in</sup> were also limited in variety. We had flour, ham and bacon, coffee, canned milk and a few other canned goods, white sugar, salt and dried apples. Very rarely we had potatoes. These supplies came from Georgetown by way of Fraser. Of course the boys secured an ample supply of venison and trout, one or both of which we had daily. We were at too high an altitude for wild fruit, although there was considerable farther down. I do not recall having other game than venison. I was not very fond of it but could eat it. It was always fried as was the fish. As a rule the meat course was: bacon or ham for breakfast, venison for dinner and fish for supper.

The men chopped the wood and built big fires in the fireplace, so that by the time I was ready to prepare a meal there was a large supply of hot coals. There was some sort of hook in the chimney-place on which to hang the bucket in which we made the coffee. We put the coffee in cold water from the creek, and when it boiled up the second time we considered it done.

Every meal we had hot biscuits baked in the Dutch Oven. Flour, water, bacon-fat and salt make excellent biscuits: we saved the milk for the coffee. The Dutch Oven was excellently adapted for baking in a fireplace. It was made of heavy cast iron, with a heavy lid, and stood on three short legs. A handle on the lid enabled me to remove it when hot by means of an iron hook which was kept for the purpose. The oven was placed on a bed of hot coals and hot coals were placed on the lid. When I baked biscuits or dried -apple pie in it, the pan fitted so snugly, that I often burned myself trying to pry it out with a knife.

There were brown bears about, and they were not pleasant animals to meet. My brother-in-law went out one morning to trail the horses that had been turned out at night to graze. He had no weapons with him and a bear treed him and held him there for some time. He got down when the bear wandered away. He ran all the way to the cabin, arriving there in an almost breathless state.

Mrs Julia E. Cozens.

Interviewed by Leslie F. Paull, March 14, 1934.

AN EARLY STOCKMAN AND FARMER IN LITTLETON.

Doc 358 194  
30

I was born in Spencer, Mass, in 1862. I came to Littleton in 1883, and cast my first ballot there.

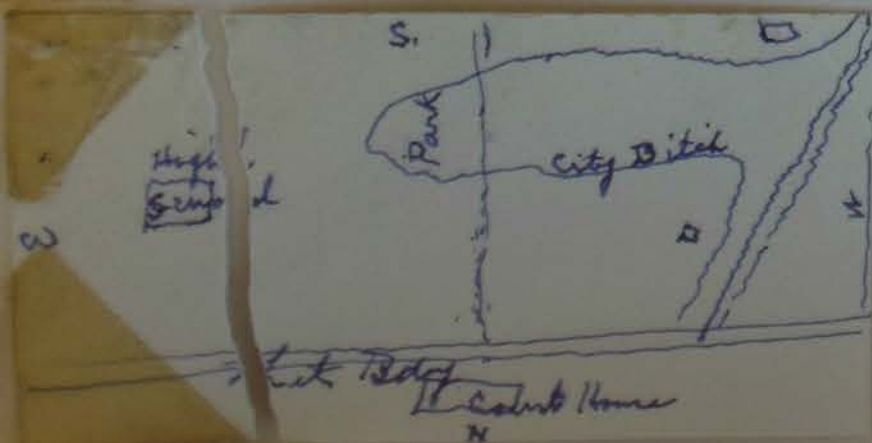
I bought forty acres of school land and leased forty more in 1885. The north edge of these two forties is now at Main and Littleton-Broadway. The High School now sits at about the center of the leased 40, and the other extended across the railroad tracks to what is now Prince St. On the latter I built the house in which I still live. I plotted and sold that part west of the tracks, now in the business heart of Littleton. The City Ditch, established in the 60's, watered part of the land on these two forties.

I bought and sold horses and cattle. In 1885 I purchased a carload of pure-bred Jersey Cattle in Spencer, Mass. and had them shipped here. In 1887 I made a trip back there and brought back two carloads more. About 1886, Luther Hill, who also came from Mass., established a creamery, which was operated by I.S. Morse and J.D. Hill. It became one of the most important industries of Littleton. I did some dairying and sold the milk to this creamery. The separator had not arrived then. Cream was "raised" in large cans of standard dimensions, with a strip of glass set in the side. Milk was purchased by "guage". Two inches of cream in a standard can was assumed to represent a pound of butter, so the two inches represented one "guage".

The actual prices paid at the Denver Stock Yards for cattle at that time was even less than it is now, but the net return to the producer was greater. For example in 1906 I hired a boy to help me drive 103 head to the Stock Yards. The cost of delivering that herd was about \$5.00, including wages and meals for both of us and feed for the horses. It would not now be at all feasible to drive them, and the freight on a carload there would be about \$18. Even then it would have been \$12.

*Fred A. Bennie*

Interviewed by Leslie F. Paull, Mar. 12, 1934.



DAUGHTER OF A MINER.

Doc 358 195  
34

I was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1869. My father's name was John C. Johnston. He was then engaged in buying and shipping horses and mules. Most of these went to Chicago, which was then a very rapidly growing city. But then came the great Chicago fire in October, 1871. After that the demand for horses and mules became so small that he abandoned it.

In 1873 he brought his family to Denver by way of Cheyenne. Having no other occupation he began washing gold in the Platte River. All the rest of his life he followed the occupation of mining.

From Denver every day he worked a little farther up stream and a little farther away from home, and finally was so far away that in July, 1874 he brought us to Littleton. We lived in the house which still stands at #255 North Curtis.

Soon after we came to Littleton he turned to prospecting in the mountains. He was too restless to stay long in one place. He located and established many claims, but never did much in the way of development. Instead, he sold out for what he could get, which was often a very small sum in proportion to the value.

He joined the Gripple Creek Boom in 1889 and was for some time in partnership with J. C. Mitchell there.

The opening of the Klondike took him to Alaska in 1899. He came back with more than \$3000 worth of gold mostly in nuggets. I still have the leather pouch in which he transported a part of this gold.

During his long periods of absence his family remained in Littleton. There were nine of us children. I began to go to school when I was five years old. My first teacher was Miss Clorinda Cornell, who afterwards became Mrs. Cole.

In 1886 I was married to Chas. W. Sittser of New York. In 1902 Mr. Sittser became the first County Clerk of the present Arapahoe County.

Ada B. Sittser

Interviewed by Leslie F. Paull, March 12, 1934.



Leslie J. Paul 3/15/1934

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Doe 35

I was born in Stark County, Ohio, in 1851 of Scotch parentage. My Mother died in 1863 when I was but twelve years old. My Father died in 1874 and left me his business. Having had a little success in this business, I decided to take a little trip to Colorado in 1877 to visit my uncles, Solomon Fox and Jonas Ruff, who were mining near Alma.

I came to Denver on the Southern route of the Kansas Pacific Ry., and proceeded to Morrison by the Denver, South Park and Pacific Ry., which then ended at Morrison. They were then starting to build the continuation which later went through to Breckenridge and Leadville. However, it was necessary for me at this time to take the overland mail, run by Spottswood and McClellan, out of Morrison to Fairplay. Thence I proceeded the remaining twelve miles to Alma by way of Park City.

I only remained in Colorado five months at that time, and then returned to Ohio. I had been married in 1873, and we now had three children. After my return, my oldest son died, and my own health was not too good. I had been crippled from a fall on an anvil since I was seven months old, and suffered from the effects of a broken spinal vertebra. So, in 1879, I sold out my store and brought my wife and two children to Colorado.

On my previous visit I had met a young man in the assay office in Alma named William F. Kendrick, whose father, James Kendrick, was running a hotel at Morrison. I now engaged to run a ranch for Mr. James Kendrick. This ranch was in Jefferson County down Turkey Creek from Morrison.

In the spring of 1880, however, I rented the Daniel Witter ranch for five hundred dollars (\$500.00) cash rent, and the next year again for four hundred fifty dollars (\$450.00). There were one hundred sixty acres in this ranch which I seeded mostly to wheat, barley, oats and a little corn. At that time there was no variety of corn very well suited to Colorado conditions. Mr. Witter had brought five pounds of alfalfa seed from California, where he had been much impressed with its value as a forage crop. In the spring of 1881, I sowed this seed on the ranch and made two cuttings from it that same year. I knew of no other field of alfalfa in this part of the country at that time.

During my second year on the Witter ranch, I lost another boy, who was drowned in the irrigation ditch, and for that reason did not feel like remaining there. Furthermore, I could no longer afford to pay cash rent. For the succeeding four years I rented the Coy place near Turkey Creek on shares. I had rather good luck with my crops on this place; although either in 1883 or 1884 wheat brought only forty-five cents a bushel. But in one of these years my total production of oats, barley and wheat was twenty-one hundred and sixty bushels. If grain was low, however, a team of horses was high. A good team cost two or three hundred dollars (\$200 or \$300); and even an ordinary one a hundred and fifty dollars (\$150.00).

In the spring of 1885 I rented the Marcy Ranch in Douglas County. This ranch lay just across the county line from the Jesse Eslack Ranch. On the Marcy Ranch I put in fifty or sixty acres of grain on shares, and at the same time reserved right to a four-acre garden tract. We lived in an old stone house close to the present location of the Coffee Pot Inn. The interior of this house was very damp and unhealthy, and I lost a daughter there. So I sold out my grain seeding for two hundred seventy-five dollars (\$275.00), although I kept on with the gardening.

In the spring of 1886 I moved into Littleton to the place which I had bought in 1883 and where I still live. It then comprised about one and one-half acres, upon which, a few years before, Isaac Chatfield had built the house. In company with Isaac P. Sanger, I now started a little store on the Myers place on Melinda St. (now Alma St.) east and south of Hills Store. There we sold groceries and gents' furnishings. Some prices were: men's cotton socks, 3 prs. for 25¢; denim overalls, 30¢ for small sizes, up to 50¢ and 60¢ for larger ones; shoes \$1.50 to \$2.50 a pr. There was no longer much demand for boots, and I had hard work to get rid of the small stock that I had put in. Instead of the ready-made shirts of today, we sold shirting, usually two and one-half yards for a shirt. The materials were gingham and striped hickory, which sold for from 45¢ to 60¢ a yard., the hickory being higher.

During some of the time when I was store-keeping (1887-1889), I also ran a transfer between Littleton and Denver, hauling goods for R.S. Little and for myself and others. Like so many others, I went broke in the panic of 1893. It broke J. D. Hill and his rich friend, Jesse Eslack, who had home-steaded the rich lands out of which Woolhurst was later carved.

In 1893 I had purchased one hundred sixty acres of pre-empted land five miles west and near Turkey Creek for the sum of forty dollars (\$40.00). I held it for thirty-three months, but could not pay up; so in 1896 my Uncle, William Misner, took it over on his soldier's right, he having served four years and nine months in the United States Army. Unfortunately, he had lost his discharge papers, and for a long time could get no title to the land. I began farming again in 1894 on this pre-empted land. In the course of time conditions got better. Wheat went to more than a dollar a bushel. My Uncle was taken sick and I was able to help him as he had helped me, so that eventually I was able to buy back the one hundred sixty acres. I did not quit farming until after my wife died in 1917.

*Albert M. Bair.*

Interviewed by Leslie F. Paull, Mar. 15, 1934.

ERNEST QUICK - MINER AND FARMER.

Doc 358  
36 198

I was born in North Yorkshire, England in 1862, and there learned the trade of blacksmithing. When I came to Colorado in 1883 this trade opened the way to mining.

In 1884 I went as a blacksmith to the Madonna mine at Monarch in Chaffee County. I spent one terrible winter there when the snow accumulated to the depth of 21 feet. Along in late May and early June this accumulation of snow became very porous. It required the work of about a hundred men who were employed in or about the mine to clear the roads so that the wagons could start hauling ore again.

It was while I was at Monarch I witnessed an example of the swift justice of such times and places. A gambler, known to me only as "Pegleg", came in from some other place and sat in at a poker game. George Davis, a saloonkeeper, very well liked and popularly known as "Bluegrass" was also in the game. "Bluegrass" caught "Pegleg" cheating and balled him out, whereupon "Pegleg" shot and killed Davis. Excitement ran so high that within an hour the murderer was hanging on a nearby tree.

In 1886 I took up a homestead, seven miles south and two miles west of Watkins. There I brought my parents. To my original 320 acres I added from time to time by purchase up to about 2700 acres.

In 1891 I went back to mine-blacksmithing at Rico. Snow was deep there in the winter too. One winter our supplies ran so low that we had to send ten or twelve men on snowshoes to Montrose to replenish our larder.

In 1893 I took a lease on the old Caribou Mine at Ophir, near Telluride. We made an upraise from the original tunnel and went through 600 feet of pay ore. The mine is still in operation.

At Ophir I had a very narrow escape. It had been snowing heavily and I was not feeling very well. I was supposed to go up on the relief shift at three o'clock in the afternoon. The people with whom I lived persuaded me not to go. At about the time I would have arrived at the entrance to the mine, a snow-slide swept everything clean on the surface.

In 1896 Charles Frye of Victor and I took a lease on the Bluebird Mine, between Victor and Bull Hill. There we sank a shaft from "grassroots" and struck it rich at 40 feet. In three months we took out \$30,000 worth of ore.

In 1900 I came away from the Cripple Creek District, and returned to cattle growing on my ranch.

From 1918 to 1922 I was County Commissioner of Arapahoe County. I continued to live on my ranch until seven years ago, when I moved into Littleton.

*Ernest Quick*

Interviewed by Leslie F. Paull, Mar. 19, 1934.

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Poppen, Bernice D.,  
Interviewer

Reference  
Christian Science Monitor  
in Early '80s.  
(Guy Short)

201 NW. 19th Ave.,  
Miami, Fla.  
3-15-34

LeRoy R. Hafen, Esq.,  
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Sir:

A little story in the Christian Science Monitor of some early days in Colorado interested me as I lived there during the early eighties, and as historian and curator for the State Historical Society of Colorado, I thought this bit of state political history may be of interest.

As I remember, it was the fall of 1885. I was on the Laurel Leaf horse ranch, located on the Bear River about seven miles below Craig, called Yampa then, in Routt County, Colorado. Routt County then was most as big as the State of Massachusetts. I rode up to Yampa early in the morning for the mail and found there was an election in progress and the order called for another clerk, so I was sworn in. It was a double election, the regular state and county election and a special election on the question of changing the county seat from Hahn's Peak to Yampa.

There was one member of the board, they called him Judge, he seemed to know all about it, and all questions were referred to and answered by him. I was a youngster and knew

nothing about it. Anyway, I gave them the names of six or seven men at the ranch and they were voted, and when the day was over and the votes counted and everybody voted we could think of, there were, as I remember, forty-two votes cast, all of course, to change the county seat to Yampa.

The Judge told me I had to deliver one of the ballot boxes to the County Clerk at Hahn's Peak about eighty miles away. I protested, but the Judge said I had sworn that I would, and that was all there was to it. A man named Farnham was to carry one box. We stayed at his ranch that night and left early the next morning for Hahn's Peak. We reached there about noon the third day, delivered our boxes, got our "Scrip" for \$27.00, went to the boarding house, had dinner, and I put in the afternoon with the County Clerk, who was an invalid, and his charming sister, who was taking care of him. I also visited the placer mine with Mr. Cody, the manager, then back to the boarding house for supper and then up to the saloon where Farnham had spent most of his time and most of his money.

The saloon was a long narrow log house like all saloons at that time in that country except it was clean and neat, the decorations were in good taste, and it was presided over by a young Italian, Tony, they called him, he fairly sparkled with good cheer. He was everybody's friend, he was doctor, nurse, librarian, an all round good fellow, his place was the club house for the settlement. Someone asked Tony to play. He brought out an old battered concertina and played one tune after the other,

as the men called for them, jigs, waltzes, etc. Some of the men jigged, and some waltzed, or tried to, and a good time was had by all. About ten o'clock, the party was over and the men left for their cabins. I don't know what became of Farnham, but I stayed on with Tony and his concertina. I had told him that I had been call boy at the Coates Opera House at Kansas City and that I had heard many operas, The Emma Abbott Grand English Opera Company and a number of other companies. Tony was especially interested in grand opera and I told him I had heard the world's finest Italian Grand Opera Company only a few months before, Col. Mapleson's Company, with Mme. Patti, I named the operas. Tony was wild with excitement and played bits from the operas on the old battered concertina, he played like mad. He had found someone who understood in a way something of what music meant to him.

I stayed with him until very late, then went to the boarding house, found an empty bed, crawled over next to the wall and went to sleep. Pretty soon, a miner roused me as he got in the front side of the bed and soon we were asleep, but later on in came Farnham. He was good and drunk and poked me in the back with his six-shooter and wanted to know who this old whiskered so and so was in bed with me, and was I all right.

Of course, I did not know who was in bed with me, and didn't care. He had done the right thing and so had I. I was first in bed and went over to the back side, then when he came, he got in as quietly as he could. There were certain codes in those days, like washing the dishes, and men lived up to them.

The next morning I started for home without Farnham, I don't know whether he has reached his home yet or not, I never heard. I went up to the saloon and bid Tony good-bye. I bid the County Clerk and his sister good-bye, and Mr. Cody walked over to the corral where my horse had had a good rest and a plenty to eat. I asked him about Tony, and all he said was that Tony was an opera singer and had come to this country with Col. Mapleson's Grand Italian Opera Company, that Tony had gotten into some trouble with one of the men in the company and the man died, and Tony is here with us now, he's a great boy, isn't he, we couldn't get along without Tony. So long.

The county seat of Routt County was changed from Hahn's Peak to Yampa at that election and I have often wondered how the returns that went into Denver compared with what really happened at Yampa.

Yours very truly,

Guy Short.

