Crawford Pioneer Tales

By

LULITA CRAWFORD PRITCHETT

James H. Crawford in front of his office on Lincoln Avenue, Steamboat Springs

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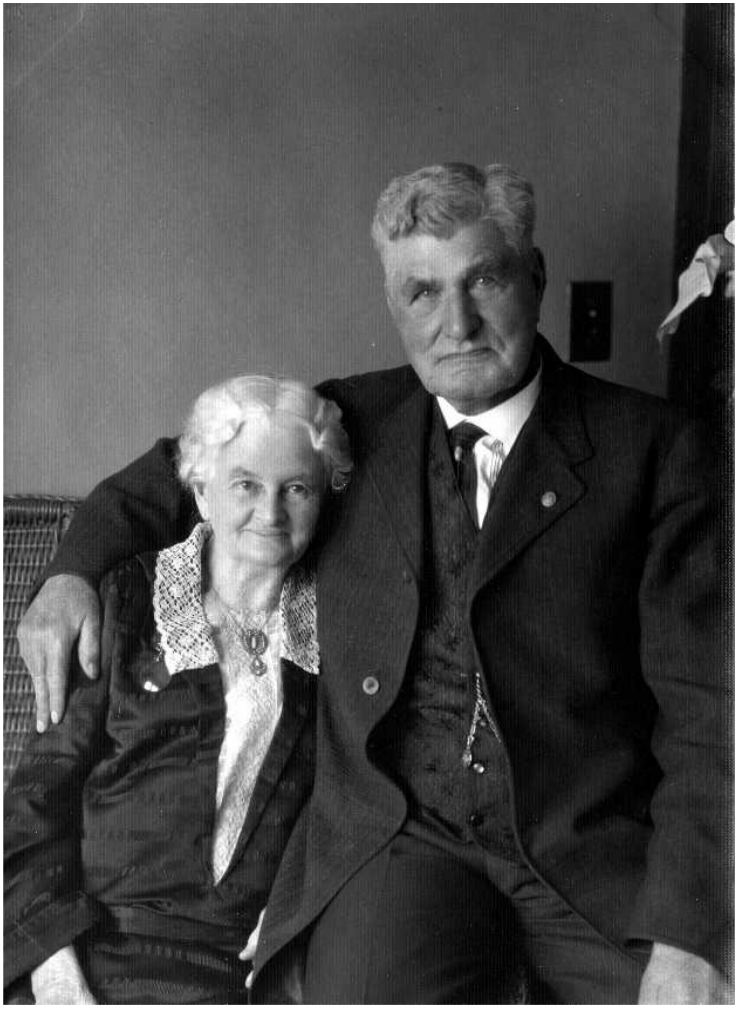

Margaret and James H. Crawford

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FOREWORD

Lulita wrote this book on a typewriter back in 1977, copied it four or five times, added some real photographs glued onto pages, put them in 2-hole binders, and mailed them off to her five Crawford cousins as Christmas presents. The following three Christmases she sent us similar works, also in 2-hole binders. In 1983, she took the 1978 Christmas present and published it as *The Great Good Old Days.* In 1984, she took the 1979 and 1980 Christmas presents and published them as *Remember the Old Yampa Valley.* She never published the 1977 Christmas present. Perhaps she felt it covered too broad a topic, or perhaps she thought most of it was already published elsewhere, such as in *The Steamboat Pilot*. When I re-discovered it this past week, I found many interesting tidbits, and feel it is worth the effort to put in a more readable form. I have taken the liberty to format her work to be more consistent with her other two books, *Remember the Old Yampa Valley* and *The Great Good Old Days*. I have corrected obvious spelling and grammatical errors, but have tried to keep it as close to her original as I could, for better or for worse. Lulita herself would probably have made many changes, as she did when publishing the other binder books.

- James L. Crawford, May 2005

TO MY COUSINS

Here are a few pioneer tales which most of you never had a chance to hear first hand. They have furnished fun and entertainment at family gatherings ever since I can remember. As you read them, I hope you will feel part of a rich heritage.

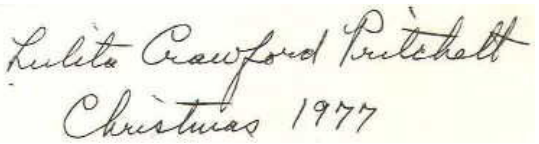
More than a hundred years have passed since our grandparents, James and Margaret Crawford, founded Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Today they sleep on a sunny hill where barbed wire cannot keep out sagebrush. Their four children sleep near them, and now two of their grandchildren.

In the edges of the cemetery grow scattering chokecherry and sarviceberry bushes, where in the fall noisy robins come to feast on the fruit. Occasionally, a deer leaves footprints on the dew of the grass. In springtime wild larkspur and yellow violets bloom stubbornly amid civilized plantings.

The old Yampa Valley has changed. The new Steamboat Springs is a city. But the same mountains the Crawford family knew and loved so well gather the quiet sleepers in their peace.

And we who visit that small cemetery hill today know that this is not really the end of the trail in spite of the words chiseled on the granite marker. You and I can look where the sun goes down, even as James and Margaret did long ago when they crossed the plains to Colorado, and we, too, can see mountains full of mystery and promise, and feel our pulses leap.

The magic is still there!



NOTE: Though James and Margaret Crawford were my grandparents, most of these tales were told to me from the viewpoint of Lulie, Logan, John, or Mary. It is easy, therefore, to call James "Pa" and Margaret "Ma", and so they shall be in these sketches.

LITTLE CABIN – on hill above Soda Creek – view looking east
Built 1875 – pictures taken about 1887

LITTLE CABIN – view looking south

Chapter I

ROOM ENOUGH

On that June day 1874 when Pa wrote his claim notice on a quaking aspen tree near the spring that chugged like a steamboat, he visualized a town there in the valley. Two years later in the summer of 1876, when the family came to live on Bear (or Yampa) river, the only town they saw was a collection of about a hundred tepees on the sagebrush mesa north of Soda Creek and twenty-five or thirty more south of the river about where the depot now stands.

Those tepees housed many of the same Ute Indians the Crawfords had known in Middle Park. Most of the Indians belonged to Yarmonite's friendly band, but among them were a few restless young braves, and the renegades Colorow and Piah and others. Almost before Jack and Jim, the mules, had brought the wagon to a stop, some of the squaws came calling, happy to renew their biscuit-and-sugar friendship with Ma.

The Crawfords had expected to occupy Pa's claim cabin, which he had started on his exploratory trip and roofed the next April with the help of Lute Carlton. (See *Maggie By My Side*.) But they found the cabin already occupied by a stranger named Caleb C. Clements. Caleb had a stock of goods to trade to the Utes and was doing such a good business that he did not want to move. He was abiding by unwritten frontier law which gave anyone the privilege of taking shelter in a vacant cabin and using what he needed as long as he filled the wood box when he left and washed the dishes, if there were any dishes.

Pa did not hurry Caleb. "There's room enough for us all," he said.

A short distance to the east of the claim cabin (where the deep cut is now on Oak Street between 11th and 12th streets) stood another cabin, hastily built by some men who had been helping Pa hold his claim. It had one room with bunk beds, a crude stone fireplace, and two holes for windows. This Little Cabin, as it came to be called, had never been meant for a permanent dwelling. Facing south on the brow of the hill above Soda Creek, it made a good vantage point from which to observe travelers up and down the valley.

For the time being, the Crawfords moved into the Little Cabin and Pa put up the stove outdoors in front where a tarpaulin over the extended roof logs made good protection. The family was outdoors

most of the time anyway — Pa busy with surveyors, Ma trying her hook on the trout in Soda Creek, and the children exploring hill and marsh. By now, Lulie was nine, Logan going on seven, and John three and a half.

For a little while Lulie had "mountain fever" and had to stay in bed. Tom, the big gray cat that had accompanied the family from Hot Sulphur Springs, often jumped through the low window onto the bunk and curled up beside her. One of the surveyors, thinking to tempt her appetite, shot several snipe. Ma broiled them delicately, but Lulie would not eat them. She considered the snipe and killdeer her playmates. She would not touch them even though Pa tried to explain that God had made some creatures to provide food for man. Pretty soon she was well again and running everywhere with her brothers. So much to do! So many things to discover!

One of the first things Logan discovered was a rusted butcher-knife on the bank of a small creek a short distance up the valley. That creek, ever afterward, was referred to as Butcherknife Creek. Pa said some trapper must have lost the knife — perhaps Gayton Kimball or Al Hanscomb, or a Swede named Erickson, who had trapped here during the winter and spring of 1873 and '74. Pa had become acquainted with these men in Middle Park. They had told him they had caught lots of fox and marten and had shot fourteen beaver one evening.

These men were interested only in trapping and hunting. Pa was interested in settlement. Indeed, he and four other friends had located a townsite here the preceding fall. Pa was the leader of the venture. The other men were William G. (Sandy) Mellen, frontiersman extraordinare, Joseph G. Coberly, cattleman with stock in Egeria Park and Middle Park, and two men from Bates County, Missouri — Perry A. Burgess, and William E. Walton. Burgess and Walton had met Pa on a trip to Colorado in 1874, had been fired by his enthusiasm and strongly attracted to the Yampa Valley, and had arranged to join his project. Both were interested in Missouri banks. Each of the five locators had taken up 160 acres under the preemption laws, but Pa was the only one currently residing in the valley.

The nearest settlement to Steamboat Springs was Bugtown, 25 miles north under the shadow of Hahn's Peak. In the summer of 1876 there were said to be 75 people placer mining for gold thereabouts. Though Bugtown had no post office, riders made frequent trips to the Union Pacific railway station at Rawlins, Wyoming for mail. On one of these trips a package was picked up for the Crawfords and duly delivered by some accommodating horseman.

The package was postmarked St. Louis, Missouri and contained a beautiful 8 x 14 foot bunting flag, a gift from Perry Burgess and William Walton. No doubt these men hoped that this American flag

might somehow be a protection to their partner in a remote corner of the West. Many were the tales of Indian depredations.

Even here on Bear River the Crawfords were never entirely free from fear of attack. Though Yarmonite had so far been able to control his braves, a few were openly hostile. With long fingers they scratched in the ground and threatened, "Utes' dirt. Big Jim go back!"

Caleb Clements had no uneasiness about the Indians. When trading slowed with Yarmonite's band, he packed his ponies and moved on down the river to find another bunch of Utes to trade with. The Crawfords then moved into their rightful claim cabin.

Pa could sympathize with the red men. He knew they had often been badly treated. He also knew that nothing could stem the westward tide of settlers and that fair arrangements must be made to accommodate both red men and white.

As the Fourth of July approached, he thought how he could let the beautiful new flag speak for him of the good will he bore his dark-skinned neighbors. He decided to have a flag raising. Selecting a tall lodgepole pine, he chopped it down, trimmed and peeled it, and planted it solidly halfway between the Iron Spring and the claim cabin.

He invited the only other white people in the valley — three young men, Mike Farley, and Charles and Owen Harrison — who had recently staked claims a few miles up the river. And he invited the Utes.

On the morning of the Fourth the Indians were the first to arrive. As curious as children, they squatted about the pole and the cabin. When Mike Farley and the Harrison brothers had ridden in, they, together with Pa and Ma, Lulie, Logan, and John, marched down the gentle slope to the flag pole with considerable formality, Pa leading the way and carrying the large flag. There he and Ma unfolded the bunting so all could admire the red and white stripes and the blue field in one corner. In that field were 37 stars — one large one in the middle, two circles of smaller stars around it, and a star in each corner.

The Indians began to withdraw, muttering among themselves. No doubt they had observed flags waving at forts and agencies and were suspicious that new restraints were about to be put upon them.

Pa sought to assure them that here on Bear River the flag would watch over both red men and white. Having fought under that banner three years in the struggle to preserve the Union, his feeling for it was deep. His earnestness spoke better than his attempted use of sign language or the few Indian words he knew, and soon the Utes gathered close again.

Now it was time to run the flag up the pole. But the halyards refused to work, and the rope, being new, kinked in the wooden pulleys Pa had made, and strenuous efforts only seemed to make things worse. The flag stood at less than half mast and would go neither up nor down. The pine pole, being peeled, was so smooth that it was thought impossible to climb up and adjust the knotted ropes. Pa's grand celebration seemed in danger of collapsing.

With great dignity Yarmonite stepped forward. "Injun fix um," he announced. He called his nephew, Pahwinta, a fine lad about fifteen years old, who "cooned it" up the slick pole and removed the knots and kinks so that the flag was sent to the top, spreading to the breeze, to the great delight of all, even the Indians, who, having assisted in the raising, lost all reserve and danced and shouted.

When Ma walked back to the cabin, the squaws with their papooses trailed after her, sure of a sweet treat.

It was a good thing that neither the Indians nor the Crawfords could see ahead a few years to the Meeker tragedy. Now, looking back nearly a century later, we can only be saddened by that chapter in Colorado's history, and by the larger tragedy across the land — the broken faith, the misunderstanding, the mismanagement that separated red men from white. But in that summer of 1876 and in the three summers following, the old Yampa Valley was mother to both, and there was room enough for all.

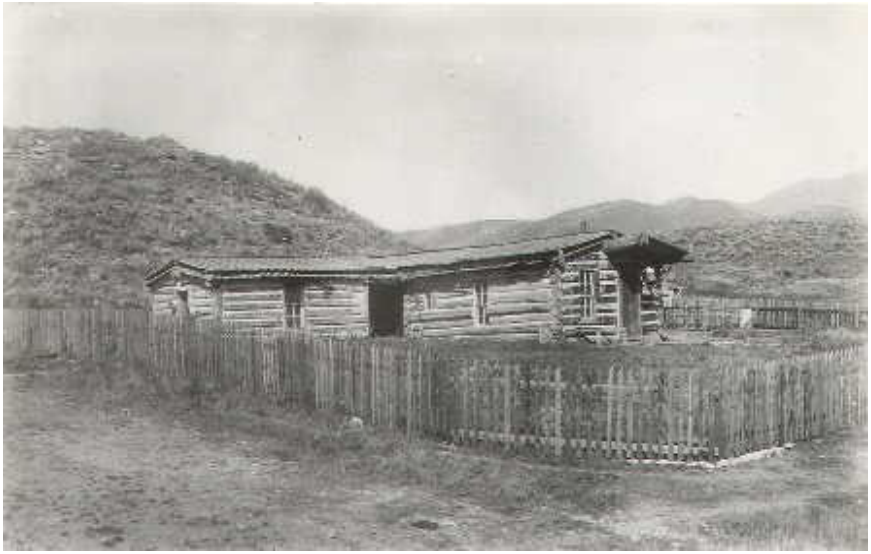
The flag flew its welcome there for many a year till it wore out. It was the first thing a traveler from any direction could see, and many were the joyous shouts up and down the trails as roving prospectors, trappers, or home seekers sighted it. When at last it had to be retired like an honored soldier, the colors were still bright though some of the threads had broken.

There was good feeling at Steamboat Springs after the flag raising. The Ute braves sometimes helped Pa bring in his horses. The squaws gave Ma wild raspberries on big, clean thimbleberry leaves, and showed her how to dig Yampa roots and pound them into meal to thicken soup or gravy. Charlie Yarmonite, the chief's son, and Logan hunted chipmunks together, with bows the chief made for them, using sharpened sticks for arrows.

When the surveyors could spare Pa, he worked at enlarging his home. He had cut the logs for the claim cabin near Soda Creek, but he went south of the river to what was later the Pritchett ranch to get timber for the additions he planned. To haul the logs down, he needed to use the running gear of his new red wagon, and so he took off the wagon box and left it on the side hill near the busily chugging Steamboat Spring.

Next morning when he looked across the river the red wagon box was gone and there was a gray one in its place. "Maggie," he

snorted, "somebody's stolen our wagon!" Ma and the children had never seen him so excited. He did not wait to catch a horse, but leaped into the river and went splashing to the far bank. Pretty soon he waded back. He wore a sheepish grin. "It's our wagon, all right," he said, "but it has changed color. I must have left it too close to the springs. The only thing I can figure is that the mineral in the air made the red paint turn lead color."



BIG CABIN – under hill – view looking north
Begun as claim cabin June 1874, completed in 1876

Red or gray, the wagon was just as useful. Pa's building now took shape. He erected three more cabins in a cluster, each facing a different direction, so that with the claim cabin they formed a cross with a court in the middle, which he roofed over to make an extra room. For more than a decade this was to be the Crawford home, where many a weary traveler rested and ate Ma's good cooking. Hospitality was freely given and freely accepted.

Pa explored the country in all directions. Sometimes he rode horseback; oftener he walked. The Utes, who never walked unless they had to, nicknamed him *Sahwahwaretz* — Heap Walk. On one trip his long legs carried him far up Elk River and down the mountain range where he could look over the whole world. He saw no fish in any of the high lakes or creeks. Once he thought he had come upon a lake with fish in it, but discovered that the rippling of the surface was made by mud dogs or salamanders. When he told his family about them, he jokingly called them "eighteen-toed trout."

* * * * *

Fortunately, the first winter the family stayed at the Springs was light, as mountain winters go. When the cold season approached, the Utes warned of big snow and migrated with the deer to lower sand and cedar country to the west. Pa hardly knew what to expect, but he laid in provisions and drove most of his stock to Burns' Hole, a sheltered valley some fifty miles south of Steamboat Springs and known to Indians and mountain men. He kept one milk cow, a white one named Lil, and a couple of horses, depending for feed on a small stack of native hay he had cut by hand.

At Bugtown, when freezing weather put an end to placering for the season, most of the population left. Among those who remained were Mr. and Mrs. Sidney N. Bennett. Mr. Bennett, who had been in charge of some of the mining operations, came to Pa and said he had been unable to keep up his end of the venture, had been frozen out of the company, had no money and no provisions, and did not know what he and his wife were going to do. Pa made him a proposition: If he and Mrs. Bennett would come to Steamboat Springs and his wife would hold school for Lulie and Logan, Pa would furnish the Bennetts' winter wood and provisions. The proposition was accepted.

The day the Bennetts arrived Ma had worked hard, ironing and baking bread, and had even gone down to Soda Creek and caught a mess of fish. When Mr. Bennett came into the cabin, she was mending the week's washing. Mr. Bennett said, "Mrs. Crawford, don't you know this is Sunday?" Ma jumped up, letting her sewing fall to the floor. She was dismayed that she had forgotten the day of the week. All her life she had tried to keep the Sabbath, had made it a point to have a Scripture lesson and read the Bible to the children. But here there was little to distinguish one day from another.

After the Bennetts moved into the Little Cabin on the hill and Mrs. Bennett began teaching Lulie and Logan five days a week, it was easier to keep track of time. Days took on distinguishing features. Monday through Friday the children went to school in the Little Cabin, where their teacher kept them all morning. Every Saturday night Ma would send the Bennetts trout for their Sunday breakfast. (Last fall she and the children had salted down two ten-pound kegs of fish.) Sunday evenings, and many pleasant evenings in between, the Bennetts would come down and Mr. Bennett would play his violin while they all sat around the little cookstove. Mrs. Bennett could not tell one tune from another. She insisted "Pop Goes the Weasel" was her favorite.

But she was well read and did her best with Lulie and Logan. One thing she taught them (which Lulie remembered as long as she lived): "Always use good quality writing paper, and when you fold it, crease it neatly with your thumbnail."

Pa divided provisions with his new neighbors and filled their yard full of wood, which Mrs. Bennett declared looked like old gold. She was so frugal she made a single box of matches last all winter.

Outside Big Cabin, southwest corner, between kitchen on left and front room on right. Probably 1884. Right to left: Lulie (age 17), Mary (age 2), Margaret (Mrs. James H.), and her husband James, who is pointing at deer carcass. Board roof has been added over original logs. Note saddle on ground with cartridge belt draped over horn and pistol in holster. Note also willow fishing pole cached in roof.

Ma may have lost track of one Sunday, but she did not lose track of Christmas. She and Mrs. Bennett worked hard getting ready. Pa cut a small, shapely spruce tree back in the woods where it would not be missed and set it up in a pail keg. He made a trip to Hahn's Peak for the mail and brought back a few small gifts from kinfolks in Missouri, including popcorn, which the children popped, strung, and looped upon the tree. Mrs. Bennett made cornucopias of fool's cap paper, and Ma filled them with sugar candy. These were tied on the branches with pink ribbon. The two women dug out of their sparse possessions every bit of brightness they could find and managed to contrive some small gift for everyone.

Eleven people celebrated the first Christmas at Steamboat Springs: five Crawfords, two Bennetts, the three young men from up the river, and a middle-aged Swiss bachelor named Jacob Bongerter, who had appeared in the valley late in the summer and staked a claim about three miles down the river on the south side (later the Harvey Woolery ranch). Though Jacob had trouble speaking Eng-

lish, he had no trouble eating, and neither did any of the others around Ma's well-laden table. No doubt, the grown folks thought of other Christmases and dear ones far away, but here in the snowy Yampa Valley on the far frontier they made a happy day together.

* * * * *

After Christmas the snow piled so deep that travel by horse became difficult. The best way to get around was by homemade snowshoes, now called skis.

Spring seemed a long time coming. As late as April the wild meadows were still covered with snow — but a different kind of snow that could now bear a man's weight early in the morning or late in the evening. The midday sun was warm enough to melt the surface that quickly froze to a hard crust as soon as temperatures dropped.

On this crust Jacob Bongerter trudged to Crawford's one dawn to get Pa to come help him tramp a trail for his white mare, Nellie. Nellie was out of feed, and her owner hoped she might find a sprig or two of green on a nearby hill that showed a bare spot. Pa went with him after telling Ma he would be back that evening when the crust formed again.

By 10:00 P. M. he had not come, though the crust appeared hard enough to hold even a horse. Ma sat up waiting, and nine-year-old Lulie sat up with her. All night they waited and worried. Near morning Ma went to the Little Cabin and roused Mr. Bennett, who started out to look for Pa.

While Mr. Bennett was going down one side of the river, Pa was coming up the other. They finally both got back to Steamboat. Pa said the snow three miles down the river had been mushy till about 4:00 A. M. when he had started home.

Summer arrived at last, and with it three of Jacob's Swiss friends — Mr. and Mrs. Shaddeger and Mr. Radeker, brother to Mrs. Shaddeger. They built a cabin about where Crawford Avenue and 9th Street intersect in modern Steamboat and soon laid claim to part of a lovely little valley to the north, known today as Strawberry Park, but still called Shaddeger's Park by old timers.

Like Jacob, these people could speak little English, but they managed to communicate with the Crawfords. One wash day Mrs. Shaddeger, plump and pink cheeked, came to the Crawford cabin, wanting something. Unable to find words, she pointed to Mats blue sunbonnet hanging on a nail, and Ma understood she needed to borrow the bottle of blueing.

The Swiss were jolly and laughed at their own attempts at English. Sturdy and hard working, they began to clear land and plant a garden. They had brought a cow or two and a few chickens. When

those chickens began to disappear, Mr. Shaddeger discovered the thief was something that "looked like a mouse about that long and it ran under the chicken stable." The marauder turned out to be a mink.

Mr. Shaddeger also had problems with foxes stealing the meat that hung outside the cabin. In those early days there seemed to be no coyotes in the valley — just foxes everywhere, jumping over the sagebrush.

Jacob Bongerter was always going hunting. One day Pa asked him if he had killed anything. "Yas!" exclaimed Jacob. "I did see some tracks!" A few days later he came in much excited, shouting, "I does kill a deer! I does kill a deer!"

"Buck or doe?"

"No. No buck or doe. It vas a deer."

Pa showed him some antlers and his face brightened. "Yas, it vas a cow."

In winter the Swiss men carved small crooked pipes for tobacco smoking. They also made saddletrees of cottonwood covered with elk hide. The big load Pa hauled "outside" for them in the spring sold for several hundred dollars.

After a year or two, because settlement seemed too slow and winters were too hard, the Swiss left Yampa Valley. Where they went is not recorded. The Crawfords were sorry to see them go.

Lulie and Logan always remembered Mrs. Shaddeger because of the grasshoppers. The children had gone up Soda Creek a short distance to fish, but could not get the lid off their grasshopper can. And so they went to Mrs. Shaddeger, who was big and strong. Not knowing what was in the can, the frau left her cooking and wrenched off the lid. Two or three dozen grasshoppers exploded in her face and allover her spotless kitchen. Lulie and Logan were too busy trying to recapture their fish bait to try to figure out what Mrs. Shaddeger was screeching.

They remembered Mr. Shaddeger because of his homemade elk hide pants. When those pants got rained on, they stretched to his shoes and he tripped on them, and when they were dry, they were permanently bent at the knee.

Logan had good cause to remember Mr. Radeker, with whom he went one spring day to pick wild strawberries in Shaddeger's Park. The sandhill cranes, nesting among the grass hummocks, took after the small boy with sharp bills and beating wings, and it was a good thing Mr. Radeker was near to help fight them off.

Jacob Bongerter stayed longer than the other Swiss people. He was in Steamboat Springs during the total eclipse of the sun in mid afternoon of July 29, 1878. Everyone was out in the Crawford front yard gazing at the sun through heavily smoked bits of glass. Jacob

happened to step on a hornet's nest in a hole in the ground. He began to dance furiously, and for once did not lack words. "Dem t'ings," he yelled, "dey bite like hell!"

He was in Steamboat after the post office was established that same year of 1878. He had been doing some trapping, with results not quite as planned. One day he appeared in the Crawford doorway.

"Come in, Mr. Bongerter," Ma greeted him with her usual hospitality.

"No, I vill not come in."

Fearing he had taken offense at something, Ma set a chair by the stove and urged, "Do come in and rest a while. I think there is a letter for you."

Jacob backed away. "1 vill not come in!" he shouted. "Today in my trap I does catch a skunk. I stink like hell!"

By 1879 Jacob, too, had left the country.

The Harrisons and Mike Farley had also apparently moved on. It is presumed that the isolation and the long winters made them restless. The Harrisons left their name on a small creek that drains off the Rabbit Ear range, but there is not even a creek to perpetuate the name of Mike Farley.

In 1877 a young man named Tom Livingston hauled in a load of supplies for the Crawfords and remained in the country. He did freighting and trapping and at Hahn's Peak he helped dig the big ditch that carried water from Elk River for placer operations. Many years later, at the age of 90 from his home in Rawlins, Wyoming, Tom wrote a few reminiscences to his old friend, Charlie Leckenby. I quote from *The Steamboat Pilot* of July 11, 1946:

"One amusing incident that comes to my mind concerns an Indian named Yahmonite.... Yahmonite was quite a fellow to come around the different homes and mooch meals. I was working at Crawford's at this time and one day when Yahmonite had made one of his visits...he said to me: 'Tomorrow you come to my tepee. Big feed!'

"The next day I came in about 1:00 o'clock, tired and hungry. I had been riding all morning over the range looking after some horses. I stopped at Yahmonite's camp and his squaw was busy preparing the meal. She had a large kettle cooking there. Near the kettle she had a sort of cover or tablecloth fixed out of many small willow sticks. She lifted the meat that was cooking out of the kettle and I observed that it was a dog, tail and all. I said, 'Yahmonite, I'm not a bit hungry. I just had a big dinner....'

"Yes, it has been a long time.... I like to think of the old days around Steamboat that hold so much of my youth."

Also to arrive in Yampa Valley this summer of 1877 was Dave, the black boy, who practiced writing his name on any smooth space of house log or fence: *David H. White, Esc*. He had come adventuring from Missouri across the plains with one of Ma's brothers, had found prospecting less rewarding than he had expected, and had finally landed at Crawford's in Steamboat, where he was glad to find a home. Young, strong, willing, and good natured, he was a great help, not only to the Crawford family but to all in Routt County. After a post office was established, Dave carried the mail many a time.

Once Dave and Tom Livingston rowed a raft across Bear River at high water time to look at something on the south shore. While they were on the bank, the raft got away from them. Tom took off his clothes and swam back. He jumped in the warm sulphur spring and when he climbed out, the boys ran and got a quilt and wrapped around him. Yarmonite plunged his pony through the swift current, and Dave and he rode it back and brought Tom's clothes. That was nice of Yarmonite.

The Crawford boys remembered their pa and Yarmonite and Tom Livingston trying out their guns one day in the fall of the year. Shooting across their knees, they aimed at little red bunches of poison oak 600 or 800 yards away across the river. The bullets would kick up the gray rock. Most Indians had little .44 Henry guns. Yarmonite had a Remington .45/120, which is what Pa had.

In the summer of 1879 when Ellis Clark arrived in the valley and took a contract to carry mail from Rock Creek to Hayden, he found no one between Coberly's cattle camp in an aspen grove about a mile southeast of present-day Toponas and Steamboat Springs. In Hayden vicinity were the Bert Smarts, Major James B. Thompson and wife, and the Marshalls, parents of Thompson's wife. On lower Elk River he noted Mr. and Mrs. Lem Farnsworth and Len Potwin, Mrs. Farnsworth's brother. On upper Elk River were the Samuel Reid family and Mr. and Mrs. Bennett (the same who had wintered in Steamboat 1876-77). Both Reids and Bennetts were raising vegetables for the miners at Hahn's Peak.

Years have a way of melting into each other. Sometimes even the people who witnessed an event cannot be sure exactly when it took place and they may differ as to just what took place. But there are certain indisputable pillars of remembrance.

One of these for the Crawfords was the first preaching in Steamboat Springs. The preacher was a Dr. Crary, who at that time was a presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal church in Colorado. Early in the summer of 1876 he had accompanied John V. Farwell into the Hahn's Peak region where presumably he had been holding services for the placer miners. He then came to Steamboat

for a few days and was invited to preach at the Crawford home. Every resident within a radius of 20 miles attended the services — nine persons, all told — five Crawfords, Mike Farley, Charles and Owen Harrison, and Jacob Bongerter. Although there were so few, Dr. Crary seemed to think they needed, or were entitled to the very best and preached as earnestly as though he had an audience of thousands.

After this powerful sermon the good doctor was taken on a tour of the springs, most of which he sampled, until he said he felt as though he had an apothecary shop inside him. That night he went to bed "full of gratitude and elk."

One sad remembrance was the first burying in Steamboat Springs. "Uncle" Johnny Tow (pronounced to rhyme with *now*) was a tall, slender man with grayish eyes who lived anywhere and everywhere. How long he had been prospecting and trapping in northwestern Colorado or where he had originally come from is not now known. The Crawfords made his acquaintance in the latter '70's. He told them about a spring twelve miles below Steamboat that had oil floating on top of the water. Pa went down and got a jugful of that oil with which to lubricate his wagons. Today, derricks dot the Tow Creek field and many barrels of oil have been recovered.

Uncle John Tow roamed widely. One day he and a companion were traveling through the Snake River country when they happened on a settler's cabin. The man was out hunting, but his wife was there and a bunch of drunken Utes were there also. They had grabbed the poor woman by her hair and were going through the motions of scalping her without actually doing so. Loaded with whiskey, no telling what they might have done had not the two white men come along. Johnny Tow inquired where they had obtained the whiskey, and the Indians named a homesteader 25 miles down Bear River from Steamboat. The prospectors went there, knocked the head out of the barrel of whiskey, and dumped the contents on the ground. They warned the homesteader, "If you bring any more whiskey into this country, you'll be found with a rope around your neck hanging from a tree."

Recounting this to Ma afterward, Uncle Johnny said, "Mrs. Crawford, we may have saved your life."

Probably in the fall of 1878 Pa was hunting on the mountain by Fish Creek one morning when he saw a small tent down in the valley and no sign of fire or activity. Investigating, he found Uncle Johnny Tow alone, wrapped in a blanket, cold and sick and too weak even to get himself a drink of water. Pa stayed with him that night, made a fire, heated rocks and warmed and fed him, and the next day managed to get him to the Crawford cabin. Though the old fellow was

tenderly cared for, he lived only three weeks. He was laid to rest on the "Island" at the western end of town — the first white person to be buried in Steamboat Springs.

He had given Ma his horses — twelve or fourteen Indian ponies, tough, wiry mares and colts. One was a blue mare; the rest were smoky or buckskin colored. One had a black stripe down its back. A dun mare called Puss several years later foaled Logan's wonder horse, Croppy — but that is a story for another time.

The memory that loomed largest in the Crawford family began on September 29, 1879 when up the river trail clattered a lathered horse whipped by a courier named Ed Mansfield. *Utes on the warpath....Meeker and men massacred....women taken captive...* That story has been told in detail in my book *The Cabin at Medicine Springs*.

After the Utes were forever removed from Yampa Valley and confined to their reservation, a few white settlers trickled into Routt County. In October 1881 Harvey and Milton Woolery and their families arrived to take up ranches below town.

Probably in the spring of 1882 S. M. French moved his family from Denver and built a cabin east of Soda Creek down toward the river, where he lived with his wife and three children, Nellie, Mamie, and Bertie. In one room of this cabin he opened the first store in Steamboat Springs with a slab of bacon, some flour and sugar, a little canned goods, and a pail of stick candy. Just why he left an apparently good business and came to the Yampa Valley is not known. Perhaps he foresaw rapid development and prosperity for the region, or he may have sought health in the mineral baths for his small son Bertie, who had fallen out of his high chair and been permanently crippled. A letterhead on which Mr. French later penned an original poem for the literary society read

FRENCH, DIMICK & SON, ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS
235 SEVENTEENTH STREET

FINE OFFICE WORK, STORE FITTINGS AND SCROLL SAWINGS A SPECIALTY
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED AT USUAL RATES

The date printed on the letterhead was _____1881. The poem was on the evils of whiskey.

There has been some discussion as to whether the Frenches came with the Suttles in 1883. Lulie Crawford's diary settles this question. Suttles joined the Crawfords in Empire. (The Crawfords had wintered in Boulder.) Together they traveled to Steamboat, reaching there July 7. Lulie's day-by-day record makes no mention

of the French family. It is presumed the Frenches were already in Steamboat.

Horace Suttle brought the first sawmill to the Yampa Valley and set it up on Soda Creek at the northern edge of town. The Suttle family took root and became important and beloved members of the community.

The French family, however, left after a year or two. Settlement was slow, the store did not pay, and Bertie was sickly in the long winters. During their stay they furnished three children to the first public school in Steamboat, which opened in October, 1883 and was taught by Lulie Crawford. They were also strong supporters of the Sunday school, there being as yet no church. On July 15, 1883 Mr. French was elected superintendent. In the spring of 1884 he made a worthy, if not wise attempt to participate in the State Sunday-school convention in Denver. (See Supplement.)

When the French family left, they did not try to haul away all the things they had brought over the ranges. The Crawfords bought a large gold framed picture of a mansion in winter with ladies, fashionably garbed and carrying muffs, walking through the snow in front of it. The Harvey Woolerys bought two pictures — one, a boat on a tempest tossed ocean, and the other, a framed Lord's Prayer.

The town Pa had visualized ten or more years ago was still only half a dozen cabins in a wide expanse of sagebrush and willows.

FRAME HOUSE, built 1886 on hill short distance north of Big Cabin James H. Crawford in yard – Jackrabbit hill in background

CATTLE ON A THOUSAND HILLS

"We have our cattle on a thousand hills," Pa was fond of saying, in the words of the psalmist.

Actually, the Crawford cows preferred the thousand valleys and green pockets. With a world of fine feed close home they did not need to roam as far as they did.

For several days a red and white cow named Old Pied had been missing. Pa suspected she was hiding out to have her calf. After looking for her in all the accustomed places, he crossed Bear River and struck some tracks that led him west. Several miles down the valley from Steamboat he followed up a small creek and found Pied with her new calf and eleven or twelve other cows. He was glad to see them, and he thought Old Pied, at least, was glad to see him. He reckoned she did not know how to get home with her wobbly youngster. Pa lifted the calf across his saddle. Old Pied followed him and so did the others. From then on, that stream was called Cow Creek.

Pa's herd of cattle never numbered more than two or three hundred. Frank Hinman, Ed Cody, Joe Morin and other miners at Hahn's Peak bought beef, which they complained was too fat. They paid fifty cents a pound for butter. The Crawfords sometimes churned as much as eighty pounds a week. Pa made special wooden boxes in which to carry the butter on a pack horse to the Peak. Once Frank Hinman gave him two or three nuggets to take home to Ma.

Since Pa had pulled a tendon in one hand roping a calf, he found it hard to milk a cow. For this reason, he hired a little Englishman named Tommy Milsom to do the milking. When Tommy left after a few months, Ma and Dave, the black boy, took over the chore, and as soon as the children were big enough, each had several cows to milk.

The warm white foam was strained into large shiny pans to be placed on shelves in the north cabin. Sacks of flour, kegs of syrup, jars of chokecherry jam, and other provisions were also stored in this cabin. The floor was hard-packed dirt. The walls and ceiling had white cheesecloth tacked over them.

When yellow cream formed on the milk, it was folded back with a cedar skimmer and emptied into the big square churn that usually sat outside. The cream was so heavy Lulie and Logan could hardly

start the crank on the churn. Pa contrived a lever on a table to make working the butter easier. After the butter was salted, it was pressed into a mold which left the imprint of a rose, and was then wrapped in cheesecloth. Any clabber that was not needed for table use or cottage cheese was carried down to Soda Creek where the trout waited for it, or it was fed to the chickens.

View from front yard of Big Cabin showing picket fence, and open gate with pet sandhill crane's head and neck just visible. Beyond is footbridge over Soda Creek, corral toward Bear River, and white mineral formation across river.

Late in the fall, before the cattle were driven to winter range, Ma always "put down" in brine as much butter as she could and packed cottage cheese in kegs to last part way through the lean season.

During the first winter in Middle Park (1874-75) Pa had kept his cattle on Muddy Creek near the present site of Kremmling, but since then he had driven them to Burns' Hole at the eastern end of the Flat Tops. This sheltered pocket in cedar country not far from Grand River was known to be a wintering place for deer and sagechickens. Indians and mountain men were well acquainted with the place, and from some of them, no doubt, Pa had heard of it.

By now a number of other cattlemen were ranging stock in Middle and Egeria parks. The Coberlys — William D. and Joseph G. — were perhaps the largest owners. In protected coves along river and stream and in the cedar brakes, grass was plentiful. The western varieties of grass were not broken down by frost like the moisture-laden grasses of the East, but stood straight stemmed and erect, and although yellow and dry, were as nutritious as cured hay in the stack. In later years stockmen learned that cattle left to forage during

the snowy season sometimes increased their weight. Cattle could always rustle their own feed and come through the winter in good shape along Grand River — or so it was believed until the hard winter of 1879-80.

This was the winter following the Meeker Massacre, and most homesteaders had temporarily left the Yampa Valley. The Crawfords had gone to Boulder, mainly because the settlers who had fortified at their cabin had eaten almost all the provisions that had been stored for winter use. The Crawford cattle and horses were in Burns Hole as usual in care of Pa's brother, Henry Crawford, his brother-in-law, Jim Ferguson, and Dave.

In January word reached Boulder of severe storms west of the range. Snow was reported to be so deep that many cattle were dying. On January 15 Pa left Boulder on horseback for the cow camp to see what he could do. He penciled a day by day record in extra pages of an old bank book.

The first night he spent at Jones' ranch, three miles south of Central City. The second night he stayed at Cozens' ranch at the head of Middle Park, and the third at Kinney House in Hot Sulphur Springs, where he found Henry, who had come for the mail.

Henry and he started for the cow camp. On succeeding nights they stopped at the Tyler ranch and the "Doc" Harris ranch. At the Harris ranch they left their horses and made snowshoes, on which they traveled through Gore Canyon (which Pa called Grand Canyon) to Utter's cabin. (Utter was an old mountaineer, trapper, and scout.)

On January 21 in a storm they reached Hiden's camp on Sheep Creek. (Hiden — unidentified. Probably a herder.)

On January 23 they got to Rock Creek cabin and rested two days because Henry was lame.

On January 26 Henry was still too lame to travel, and Pa went on by himself. He wrote: *"I left Rock Creek at 7:00 A.M. on foot for our camp.... Found some of our cattle on the river and followed the river to mouth of Derby Cr. Snowed hard. Could not cross the big flat. Went to Ranch Cr. Found cow trails. Blowing furiously. Got to camp about 7 o'ck. Found all well and very glad to see me. Very tired....*

Jan. 28th Aimed to go to see cattle today but snowed. Saw colts and got cedar and made snow shoes. The snow is deep, but if we can have an early spring I think will save the stock....

Jany 29 Still snowing.... Saw all the horses. Poor little Monte is but a shadow of his former self. I think that he may with all the others pull through.

Jany 30th I took J.J.F. and Dave and ponies and went up the river to look for cattle. Did not find all. Found 4 dead ones and saw others that will die....

Jany 31st Henry came in at night with Puss (a buckskin mare)....

Feby 1st Sunday and no church bell. The wolves and coyotes howl at the rising sun each morning. Set up a yell in all directions and such a concert.

Feby 6th The best day we have had.... Concluded to tear down and rebuild the chimney as it smoked badly. The job is done and we are entirely free from smoke. The signs are favorable for good weather now... May the Lord let us have a warm week at least.

Feby 10th I was out to see the stock that are on the creek. Found all right but little Monte. I can't find him and I fear he is dead....

Feby 11th Looked for Monte today but could not find him. I fear he is dead, but will look in cedars tomorrow. Jim caught a lynx. I skinned a calf to make a whip. This has been the most spring-like day we have had. Snowed a little but everything looks like spring is near. I am waiting to hear a robin sing though. As soon as the weather is settled us will go after mail. All but me are lame now. Jim and Dave with frosted feet and Henry a sprained ankle.

Thursday, Feby 12 The morning was cloudy and cool. I looked all day for Monte but could not find him....

Feby 13th I went over to Dry Creek and crossed over through the cedars to the top of hill at the pines then across the ridges to Cedar Creek down the cr. to cabin. Was out 5 hours and did not see any signs of Monte. Stormed in the afternoon and turned cold in the night.

Feby 14th I reloaded my shells this morning and cleaned my gun. Cold today. Not thawing. Been 30 days since I left Boulder.... We expect to get mail by Coberly's folks.

Feby 15th Went to Buttercup Basin and found 20 cattle there. Some looking A No.1 and two looking very shaky. Pink dead.

Wednesday, Feby 18 Took Dave and the dogs and Puss and John (horses) and some grub and made camp on Rye Grass Bar and brought about 70 head of cattle from Buttercup Basin and vicinity to camp....

Feby 19th Found 9 more cattle and moved all down on the ice to mouth of Derby Cr.... We have camped under big spruce trees on Derby Cr. and the cattle find pretty good feed along the banks. In the morning I will continue down the river in search of a bunch or two of grass. And we will move the cattle up Derby Cr. and try to get back to cabin tomorrow night.

Feby 20th I went early down the river for 7 miles but found no feed for stock so I killed a deer (the fattest one I have seen) and packed all I could up to camp. We moved the cattle up Derby Cr. The canyon is very rough and it is with great difficulty that the poor brutes get along. We find some feed however....the warmest day of the season... We want many more such days...

Saturday 21st Feby We moved the cattle up the cr. and had a very hard time and finally got where we could move them no further on account of rough canyon. So we turned them down and got them below our camp of last night.... Ferguson has not got in with grub and we have been all day on meat. The weather good, but this has been the hardest day's driving I ever experienced. We are hopeful that the morrow will be better.

Sunday the 22nd.... We find George the stallion has fallen in a deep ditch close to the cabin and he has laid so long I think best to kill him, which I did feeling like I had shot a man and friend.... No Monte yet.... This Sunday Washington's birthday anniversary has been spent by us all at the hardest of toil, but upon a mission of mercy to the poor dumb animals. How could we spend the sabbath better. May the Lord be with us.

Monday, Feby 23 Jim and I went down to the river and got the cattle that were there up on Ranch Cr. Found a two year old heifer fast in the rocks with her hind leg broken. She is fat so I kill her and will bring her up for beef....

Feby 27th Snowed in the night about 2 inches. Wind blowed all day and snow filled the air. One of the worst days I have seen....

Feby 28th Was clear in the forenoon. Jim went down gulch to look at stock. Reports them looking very bad after storm. Had to lift up F's gray mare.

Sunday, the last day of February 1880 This has been a windy stormy day. Not snowing here but up on the mts. Hard time on stock. I was up this creek today but saw nothing.

Mar 1st Cloudy in the morning but sun came out and snow melted more than any day yet. I started up s. fork of Ranch Creek on snowshoes. Snow stuck so I could not travel. Left the shoes and wallowed across the n. fork. Took bluff above canyon and went up....

Thursday 4th Snowing this morning. Snow and sunshine at intervals all day. Found Monte dead."

The following week Pa went up Beaver Creek and up on "the big mesa" looking for cattle. He went to Rock Creek and through Yarmonite Park to talk with other cattlemen in their camps, returning to his own camp on the 12th "in a violent snow and wind storm." On March 15 he started home and reached Boulder on March 21.

On the last page of the old bank book is a smudgy list of dead cattle:

Crooked Nose	*Big Jaw*
Bossy	*Star's calf*
Buttercup	*Big Red Bull*
Bally	*Big Red Bull's mother*
Bobtail	*Speck's 2-year old*
Big Roan	*Droopy*

...

Twenty five in this list. The final count doubtless showed many more.

The Crawfords mourned especially for Monte. The dark brown, peg-legged Indian pony had been a real part of the family. He had been packed with provisions at the time of the scare when Ma and the children had gone up Soda Creek to hide.

Previous to that, he had given Logan his first bucking lesson. Monte was not to blame. The horse ahead, with Pa on him, had stirred up a hornet's nest. When the hornets lit on Monte, of course he plunged about and did everything he could to get rid of them. Logan hung on and mashed a few hornets himself. As long as Logan lived, he remembered "little Monte" with affection.

* * * * *

The Crawford family had been fortunate to winter in Boulder. A hundred and seventy five miles from Boulder, across the range in Routt County, Mr. and Mrs. Lem Farnsworth and Mr. Len Potwin, Mrs. Farnsworth's brother, had managed to survive on lower Elk River. They had been among the few to remain after the Meeker trouble. Towards spring their small herd of cattle and half a dozen horses ran out of hay. Snow was still six feet deep on the meadows.

Five miles above Steamboat Springs was a stack of native grass that had been put up for the mail carriers' horses but never used because mail had been discontinued for the winter. Farnsworth and Potwin headed the stock for that hay. They shoveled a trail from their corral to Elk River and drove the cattle on the river ice to where Elk River joined the Bear. At the slate bluffs they made camp that night after hauling a little hay on hand sleds for the hungry herd. The next night they drove the stock to Fish Creek, and the next night to the hay stack.

On the way the men dug down through the snow and found a little "grub" in the Crawford cabin.

After that hard winter of 1879-80 some of the cattlemen left the Middle Park area, but the Coberlys, who were reported to have lost almost their entire herd of 2000, were able to refinance and were

back on Rock Creek and Grand River next year. The Crawford stock were also back in Burns Hole the Winter of 1880-81.

A likely young fellow from Michigan named Elmer Brooks was now working for Pa. Elmer had come to Colorado for his health. He and a companion, Hahns Matzen, who had just settled in the Sidney Valley and had stock of his own, stayed in the Hole from mid November to early May to look after the horses and cattle.

By summer the Crawford herd was in good enough shape that Pa decided to make a beef drive to Leadville, 125 miles away. He had never been there, but the *Rocky Mountain News* said the discovery of rich carbonates of lead and silver had built the population to close to 30,000. Obviously, Leadville would be a fine market for beef.

Pa had 60 head he wanted to sell, and Samuel Reid had 25. With Elmer Brooks to help, the men drove the herd up Morrison Creek, over Gore Range, and down into Middle Park, intending to cross Grand River about a mile or so above the Troublesome on what was called the Long Riffle near Barney Day's ranch. The water was so high and the current so swift the cattle could not follow the riffle diagonally upstream, and began to mill when the men tried to push them straight across. Soon cattle and horses were all swimming in deep water. Mr. Reid pulled back and finally made the bank some distance below the spot from which he had started. Pa and Elmer were swept down stream. In the strong, icy current the horses quickly tired.

Elmer slipped out of the saddle over his horse's tail, held onto the saddle strings, and he and the horse finally got out on the same side they had come in on. Pa, endeavoring to stick with his mount, went down stream, rolling and pitching, first one on top and then the other. When at last the horse floundered to the near bank, Pa was still on him. Both man and horse toppled onto the grass and lay there a long time.

By then the cattle had swum clear across Grand River and started back, and were standing on an island a short distance down stream.

After an hour or more, when men and horses had rested, they had to enter that treacherous river again, swim after the cattle, and haze them back to the near shore, where camp was made for the night.

The following morning the river was lower and the cattle crossed the Long Riffle with no trouble. The route lay up the south side of Blue River to Dillon, up Ten Mile Creek, and over a pass to Leadville. The beef was sold, dressed out, at 10 cents a pound.

* * * * *

Late one fall when Pa rounded up his herd he found 30 long, lean Texas steers with his cattle. These steers bore the Hatchet brand, unfamiliar to Pa. He drove them to Leadville and sold them with his stock. Next time he went "Outside" he learned the name and address of the owner of the Hatchet brand — a Mr. Church (initials not remembered) — and sent the money from sale of the Texas steers to him.

Church wrote and thanked Pa. He said that he had bought 3,000 head of Texas cattle intending to graze them in the Wet Mountain Valley but a severe drought had burned off the forage by July and he had to seek pasture elsewhere. Hearing there was good feed in North Park, he had six of his cowboys drive the herd there. All might have been well if an early October storm had not blown in, the start of one of the worst winters in the memory of the West. In the blizzard the cattle drifted. The cowboys did not have a chance to control or even find them. Some of the critters must have crossed into the Yampa drainage. Church said the money Pa sent to him was all he ever got out of his 3,000 head of Texas cattle.

Over on Morrison Creek a buckskin steer was discovered by the mail carrier near the half-way cabin. By now the snow was so deep the mail carrier had had to quit his horse and travel on snowshoes. He thought he had better shoot the poor old steer to keep him from starving to death, but he kept putting it off. Every trip he would watch for the longhorn and would see where the hungry fellow had pawed out a bunch or two of grass or gnawed quaker bark. The mail carrier became more and more interested in seeing if the buckskin could tough it out. By spring the steer's ribs were protruding and he was eating willows as big around as a man's arm. But he was alive and still had fight in him.

That winter, down in the Lower Country, thousands of cattle died, and for years afterwards the plains of Wyoming were covered with bleached bones, but on Morrison Creek one old buckskin steer survived to graze another summer.

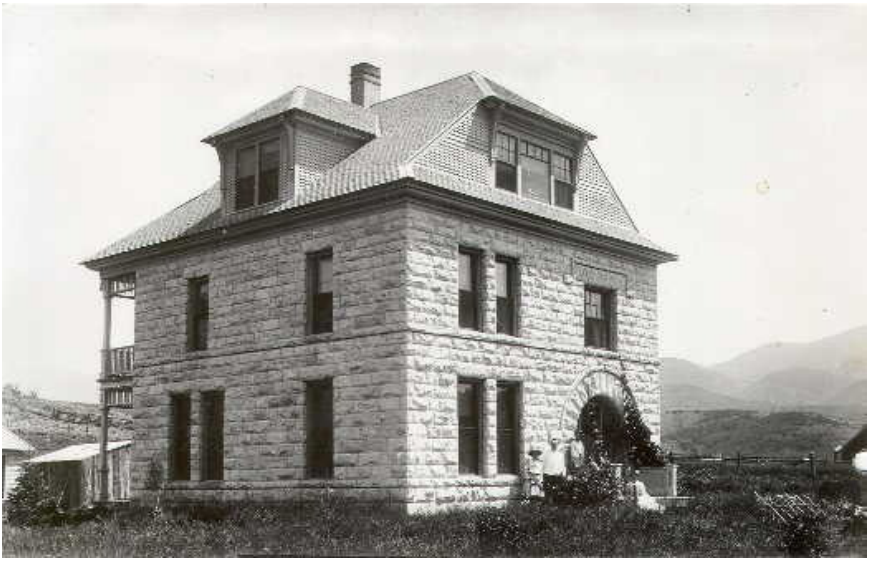
For several years Pa kept his herd of cattle. He branded them with a left-hand 7 on the left hip and the horse with a smaller regular 7 on the shoulder, and let them roam widely in the summer. In the fall he gathered them and, instead of driving them to market himself, he now sold them to Tom Watson, the cattle buyer, who for a quarter of a century periodically rode through northwestern Colorado. Tom was known and respected by every rancher in Routt County, which at that time was as big as several eastern states put together.

As Pa became more involved in the business of the Steamboat Springs Town Company, he gradually disposed of his livestock, though he always had a milk cow and a team and a good riding horse. He kept the horse herd longer than the cattle.

When he built the big stone house, he paid for most of the labor with horses. His original claim in 1874 had been a preemption. Parallel to it, he filed on a homestead and was granted Homestead Certificate #42, "The eighth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and fifteenth.

By the President: Benjamin Harrison"

The time Pa had spent in the Civil War was taken off the time required to prove up. On May 20, 1893 he drew up ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT with Charles Briggs, who was then a resident of Steamboat. Charles Briggs, party of the second part, contracted to do "all the stone work upon a house for said party of the first part, upon a plot of ground known and designated as 'North Highlands' adjoining the town of Steamboat Springs, Colorado." The agreement stipulated certain sums of cash to be paid by the party of the first part, James H. Crawford, plus a bill of sale of certain horses... said horses to be valued at Ten Hundred Fifty Dollars....



STONE HOUSE on mesa east of Frame House
started 1893, completed 1894
Left to right: Margaret Pritchett, Margaret Crawford, Lulie, Mary

Chapter III

TOWN IN THE SAGEBRUSH

From the depths of winter in 1884 a Steamboat Springs correspondent signing himself "Prophet" wrote to the editor of *The Colorado Miner* at Georgetown:

"Routt County is still in the United States, although in a manner snowed under. The snow has now settled down to about three feet...." In 1884 snow was not a tourist attraction. It was a thing to be endured. But the correspondent to *The Colorado Miner* overcame temporary gloom in his next words and ended up with a rosy report:

"In the absence of winds our winters are more pleasant than yours, where the same amount of snow falls.... The snows fall before the ground freezes and melt gradually, saturating the ground thoroughly. All fall crops, such as wheat, rye, etc. will thoroughly mature before this moisture is exhausted, thereby saving the expense of irrigation. So you will see, our cross is a blessing in disguise.

"We are a new county with but a single town platted within its ample boundary, and this town, from where I write, is at no distant day destined to make her mark as one that has no equal among the legion of health resorts... I will say that the man who invests his means in this now sagebrush flat will make an investment that will, at no great length of time, yield him rich returns.

"To persons wishing ranches — come on. We welcome all of the right stripe, be your religious or political belief what it may; but if you have a love for your neighbors' goods and a hankering to possess them without giving value received, stay away, as lariats are plenty and officers scarce in such cases. If, on the contrary, you mean business and are willing to do your share in building up the country, you will be received with open arms.

"I will further say that the present inhabitants of Routt County do believe there is a God and are trying to bring up the youth in the straight and narrow path. During the last year a Sunday school has been regularly attended at the residence of Mr. Crawford, of the Springs, and has received the hearty support of the ranchmen and miners for miles around.

"A public school has been carried on for several months, under the charge of Miss Lulie Crawford, late of the Boulder university. So

you see that your children will not necessarily be deprived of school privileges if you should come.

"We have a good steam saw, shingle and lath mill at the Springs, and I learn that a planer is now on the road, snowed in somewhere near the Gore Range, and will be moved in and ready for business as early as the weather will permit in the spring."

To fit the dreams of its founders, Steamboat Springs was platted on a large scale, lots being fifty feet to the front and one hundred and forty feet deep. All streets were eighty feet in width except the main thoroughfare, Lincoln Avenue, which was one hundred feet wide.

James Crawford's original plan was to build a health resort around the mineral springs that had been put here by the Creator for the use of humanity. The Town Company hired experts at the Colorado School of Mines to make analyses of the most important springs and published their reports, along with findings of the medical profession. One "well-known physician" who had made a special study of mineral springs and had investigated some of the most famous of the country was quoted in an early advertising brochure:

"Mineral springs are magical in their charm for the layman. All people have an abiding faith in Nature and the mysterious workings that are constantly taking place in her unseen laboratories deep down in the formations of the earth, for they feel that she is dispensing chemical combinations far beyond the possibility of man to do. It is this that causes thousands of people to visit resorts each year... Carlsbad, New Mexico; Hot Springs, Arkansas; Saratoga, New York; French Lick, Indiana; Mount Clemens, Michigan.... Could all the above mentioned springs be assembled in one group, what a mecca it would become for the invalid. For such an asset, cities would give thousands of dollars; yet, strange to relate, not five per cent of the people in Colorado are aware that we have that very asset in our midst...

"For we can offer the sick who are suffering from diabetes, gout and kidney afflictions the great sodium sulphur remedy of Carlsbad... the same thermal waters of Hot Springs, Arkansas. For the crippled and afflicted with rheumatism and other uric acid disorders, the same lithium waters of Saratoga, New York. For those having intestinal and stomach troubles the same sodium and magnesium water of Mount Clemens, Michigan and French Lick, Indiana. For those suffering from bladder diseases the same calcium waters of Baden-Baden, Germany. For those suffering from nasal and throat catarrh our waters are in a class by themselves."

The *Pilot* in its Special Spring Edition, 1899, boasted, "The largest group of mineral springs in the world is at Steamboat Springs. One hundred and fifty natural fountains giving forth their curative

waters are found here. Their constituents vary as greatly as their temperature. The latter ranges from ice cold to 1500 F. The combined discharge of the group is 2,000 gallons per minute."

Of all the springs, perhaps the bath spring was the one most enjoyed. This spring was not discovered for more than a year after Pa had preempted his claim. The family was still living at Hot Sulphur Springs, but in late summer of 1875 made a camping trip to Bear River to see where their new home would be. They were accompanied by John and Annie Crawford, Pa's brother and sister-in-law, from Sedalia, Missouri.

While Pa was hunting deer on the sagebrush slopes at the foot of Storm Mountain on August 1, he followed a game trail down a hill to a small creek and blundered into a bubbling spring in the middle of the stream. The water was hot but not hot enough to scald his horse. Pa thought it would be just right for bathing. Hurrying to camp, he hitched up the team and brought Maggie and the children and John and Annie to take a bath.

The two men scrabbled a hole among the creek boulders, and when the water cleared, the children had the first bath. Then they ran away to play in the willows, and Ma and Annie knew the pleasure of unlimited hot, soothing, mineral water. Last of all the men had their turn at a luxury seldom afforded on the frontier.

The only other spring that had heretofore been used for bathing was the bubbling sulphur spring at the opposite end of the valley. When Pa had discovered that spring the previous summer, it had already been hollowed out and rocks laid around it, an indication that Indians or mountain men had used it. It was only tepid. The spring at the east end of the valley was 103° F, and the flow later proved to be 225 gallons per minute.

Pa turned the channel of the creek away from his new find and built a small log house over it. This was replaced by a frame structure after Horace Suttle made a sawmill available. In the first issue of the *Pilot*, July 31, 1885, appeared an announcement: "A new bath house, with splendid plunge bath, dressing rooms, etc. has just been completed at the Hot Spring, and until further notice is open for the free use of all who may come. The pioneers of Bear River and all citizens of Routt County are especially invited to come early and often, and move the waters of this Bethesda and go forth cleansed and rejoicing. — J. H. Crawford, for Steamboat Springs Company"

The key hung on a nail outside. A bather took the key, and when he left, put it back on the nail.

FRAME BATH HOUSE 1885 – replaced original log cabin

IRON SPRING (Soda Spring) – discovered by Lulie 1875 when she accidentally stepped in it. In background, outcropping of light gray Dakota sandstone quarried to build Stone House.
Aunt Annie Crawford (Mrs. John D. Crawford, Sr.),
John with Legs, the greyhound, and Mary

The same issue of the *Pilot* also announced, "A beautiful pagoda is being built at the Crawford Spring (original name Iron Spring; modern name Soda Spring) and will be appreciated by the drinkers of that most valuable and popular seltzer water." As more people came to live in Steamboat, Sunday afternoons saw family groups strolling down to the springs at the west end of town. Some crossed the footbridge and followed the trail to the cave, or walked over to the Milk Spring or Navajo Spring to satisfy varying tastes. Children hunted garnets in the edge of the river.

Routt County was not a one-resource county. The *Pilot* endeavored *"as briefly as possible, with no attempt at elaboration, no flight of fancy or subtle word painting, to present a few facts regarding a section of country which is little known beyond the mighty ramparts which nature has thrown around it.... Here are such varied treasures as no other section of similar size in the world can show; the veins of precious metals; the lead and copper deposits; thousands of acres of coal; crude petroleum; iron, timber, building stone and water power unlimited; mineral springs more varied and of greater efficacy than are elsewhere grouped together; onyx of great richness and beauty; marble; game and fish; a cool, healthful and life giving climate; agriculture and stock raising under the most favorable natural conditions, pure water, and a scenic beauty unrivaled and unexcelled...*

"W. G. Jones of Grouse Creek raised 75 bushels of bald barley per acre, harvested 933 bushels of oats from 8 acres of ground, and raised a turnip weighing 26 pounds.

"An Egeria ranchman sowed 2-1/2 pounds of rye which grew to a height of 6 feet.

"Joseph Hitchens of Elk River, Trull post office, has a ranch which for the past seven years has yielded an average of 2-1/4 tons of hay per acre. From 1/2 pound of beet seed he gathered last year 400 pounds of beets.

"Much of the mesa land yields enormous crops without irrigation. Potatoes are grown without being cultivated during the year, as no weeds grow and the soil is always mellow.

"Routt County is the ideal place for the tourist and sportsman.... Besides the healthfulness of the cool, delicious mountain breezes, fresh from the regions of never melting snow and the pleasures of roaming among the deep canyons, the grassy mountain parks or the verdure clad mountains, there is no section of the continent which offers large game in such variety and abundance."

The *Pilot* editor did feel constrained to point out: "So astonishing are some of the facts and figures that they may tax the credulity of some people to believe, yet only that is presented which is susceptible of proof. In dealing with a territory the size of this

county, equal to several eastern states, it necessarily requires immense figures and large statements."

In another edition the editor also offered the following bit of wisdom: "Another inducement to a portion of the crowded East to immigrate to Routt County is the preponderance of 400 bachelors in the county over the gentler sex and they all have ranches and want to marry. It is not necessary that all should be school-ma'ams to find situations as assistant heads of families there."

On January 1, 1879 the Second General Assembly of the State Legislature convened in Denver. James H. Crawford was the elected representative from Grand and Routt counties, and James P. Maxwell was a senator from Boulder county. Mr. Maxwell had previously been a member of the First General Assembly, as well as the Territorial Legislature for two terms. The two men became lifelong friends.

In 1884 James Crawford enlisted Mr. Maxwell and four other Boulder men to help him form a town company under the name of the Steamboat Springs Company. Mr. Maxwell was named president of the corporation, Andrew J. Macky, secretary-treasurer, and James Crawford, manager at Steamboat Springs. Other members were A. E. Lean, C. H. Tyler, and Lewis Cheney. Mr. Maxwell, as surveyor, laid out the town.

In 1887 the counties of Grand and Routt again sent James Crawford to the legislature, this time the Sixth General Assembly, convening January 5 and dissolving April 4. Perhaps his best contribution was House Bill #158, which he introduced and which was approved March 14, 1887: *"An Act to prevent the killing or trapping of beaver in the State of Colorado for a period of 6 years and to prescribe a penalty for violations thereof...."*

To most settlers in the 1880's, this western land must have seemed a place of boundless natural wealth that could never wear out. Since the earliest days of the fur trade, when fashion had decreed beaver hats for men, beaver had been unmercifully trapped and were headed for extinction. Mindful of how they saved water by damming mountain meadows, James Crawford felt they had their place in the grand scheme of things. Long before most people knew what ECOLOGY meant, he foresaw the need to conserve resources and maintain the balance of nature.

James Crawford ran for a third term of the legislature but was narrowly defeated by Henderson H. Eddy. Political manipulation was believed responsible for one ballot box being sent to Rawlins, Wyoming instead of Hahn's Peak. The ballots in that box would have elected Crawford. (See *The Tread of Pioneers* by Charles Leckenby.)

OFFICE OF STEAMBOAT SPRINGS COMPANY, facing north on south side of Lincoln Avenue, west end of town. Left to right: John D. Crawford, Sr., older brother of James H., visiting from Sedalia, Missouri, James H. Crawford, and unknown person.

Perhaps it was just as well that the manager of the Steamboat Springs Company now could devote all his efforts to town business. During the year 1888 prospects of a railroad brought an influx of land seekers from the East. Within a few months, a hundred town lots had been deeded to as many settlers, including those lots that were given away to any persons who would build thereon in a stated time.

That the company did not realize more financially, was due in large part to the liberal policy of its manager, whose letters to his associates in Boulder disclose the following:

Deed made to Dr. L. D. Campbell as remuneration for publication of articles in medical journals endorsing the mineral waters.

Donation to bridge fund.

Lot donated for church purposes on ground not yet platted: *"The Congregational Church Society here has selected ground upon which to build a church house, purchasing one lot at $150 and we donating an adjoining lot. Their missionary society in the*

east now offers to send them $800 to aid them in erecting their house if they will raise a like amount and get a deed to the ground. They do not feel that they can now raise the full amount here and make full payment on lot but in order to secure the $800 they agree to pay $75 to us and give their note for balance... In order to encourage the building and also to accommodate a good many persons here who belong to that church I have agreed that we will make the deed....

"Mrs. Sampson began her building, but on account of financial trouble was unable to complete it according to agreement.... In view of all the circumstances, she being a widow, etc. I have to request that you make her a deed for the lot.

"That a flouring mill built and running here would be of great value goes without question. The people here have just held a meeting in my office at which a subscription of over $1300 was pledged to Mr. Baker as a gift if he would begin operations by the last of September next.... Of the above amount I subscribed $200 individually.... I have no doubt that a liberal offer of lots by the company would have weight with him."

Expenditures were necessarily heavy. Report of manager for l889 included:

Building new bath house
Building new office
Grading Lincoln Ave.
Bridging streams sw section
Clearing and grading Oak St.
Clearing and grading 12th St. from Pine to river
Walling up springs
Opening wagon road to the group of hot springs in Township 7
Etc., etc., etc.

Revenue that had been expected from the bath house amounted to only $187.00 because of "failure of the walls to hold water during the best part of the season." This was just the beginning of problems. Steam and minerals were hard on cement and wood. Workmen had to replace materials not only at the bath spring but at other springs. It seemed almost as though the waters fought against being tamed.

Since the beginning of settlement, residents had looked forward to the coming of the railroad. The *Pilot* had published hopeful signs:

April 6, 1887 *"The Burlington has a line surveyed into Middle Park which strikes Hot Sulphur Springs... It can be a question of only a few years until the needed railways will be built... These*

springs are a great source of wealth to the State. The Legislature will act very foolishly if it does not make a liberal appropriation to scatter throughout the East information in regard to the resources and attractions of the State. But even the foolishness of the Legislature cannot permanently check the growing popularity of these mountain resorts."

June 20, 1888 *"The Union Pacific has a preliminary survey from the Breckenridge line down Blue River, across the Grand, over the Gore into Egeria Park, and down Bear River to Steamboat Springs. The Union Pacific also contemplates a line south from Rawlins, Wyoming."*

January 2, 1889 *"The B&M and the D&RG companies are both pointing this way."*

On February 11, 1890 James Crawford penned an urgent letter to the Boulder members of the Steamboat Springs Company: "I will be pleased if you will lose no time in posting me on the proposed railway. You can scarcely realize the eagerness with which we look forward to the coming of a road, and the least intimation of it will put life into all our people."

By 1898 James Hoyle, founder of the *Pilot* had died, and a young man named Charles H. Leckenby had become editor of the newspaper. In the SPRING EDITION, 1898 he published encouraging news: "The Colorado and Northwestern Railroad has just been completed from Boulder to Ward. Reports state that it is the intention of this company to continue the road into Middle Park and over the range in to Routt County."

However, it was not till 1902 that David H. Moffat let a contract to start the building of the Denver Northwestern & Pacific Railroad. Great was the rejoicing in Steamboat Springs. The town's problems, however, were not over. Several years later, as the road finally approached the Oak Hills, the builders threatened to bypass Steamboat Springs and thereby save ten and three quarters miles by going down Trout Creek.

The *Pilot* of February 28, 1906 recounted how the citizens of Steamboat secured rights of way covering nearly fifteen miles and raised a cash bonus of $15,075. The Steamboat Springs Company gave one hundred acres plus $1,000 to help build a fine brick depot. On December 13, 1908, the railroad reached Steamboat Springs.

Though that railroad was a great boon to northwestern Colorado, the citizens of Steamboat found it a mixed blessing. Blasting of the cut through the hill east of the depot site had destroyed several fine springs, and the chug-chug of the historic Steamboat Spring, which had already been diminished by "bad boys" choking the narrow throat with rocks, was forever muffled.

As far back as 1890 the Steamboat Springs Company had realized that it had not the financial strength to carry forward the enterprise and hoped to bond and sell to a stronger company. During the years that followed this decision, a number of individuals and groups "bought" Steamboat Springs, published flowery brochures and fizzled out. Time and again the original owners had to take back the responsibility. James Crawford found himself perpetual manager, and as such, continued his liberal policy, as evidenced by the following:

"Mrs. Mary _____ desired a better home for her family. Though her husband was a good man, he was generally out hunting or fishing and could never hold on to a dollar. And so, on August 31, 1904 James H. Crawford, party of the first part, and Mrs. Mary _____, party of the second part, signed an agreement: WITNESSETH, That the said first party does hereby sell to said second party, Lots No. 10 & 11 in Block 1 in Crawford Addition for the full sum of _____ to be paid from time to time at her convenience within three (3) years from date."

Paragraphs relating to interest and forfeiture were X'd out with red ink. On the back of the agreement, party of the first part credited party of the second part with payments:

7 days work	14.00
5 days sewing	10.00
Making one skirt	1.00
Bonnet	.50
1 Bathing suit	3.50
Etc., etc.	

At the end of three years Mary's credits amounted to only $149.50. At the end of five years she was still short $48.00. Notation by J. H. C. indicates: "Deed made Nov. 5, 1909. Gift — $48 (for Christmas)."

Now that the railroad was a fact, several men from "Outside" became interested in the town property. Their PROPOSED PLAN OF THE STEAMBOAT SPRINGS TOWN IMPROVEMENT CO., expensively printed and bound in pale blue, stated what Steamboat citizens had already learned by heart: "The mineralized springs in and around Steamboat compare favorably with the various waters of Germany, France and the United States; indeed, from many standpoints surpass them."

The eye opener was the list of projects:

Build first-class modern hotel (about 100 bed rooms)
Build handsome and modern bathhouse to replace old one

Build bottling works to bottle, ship, and sell the carbonated waters.
Set up precipitating tanks to save sulphur from the sulphur spring
Make streets, boulevards, parking; and plant trees
Open up stone quarry and sell building stone
Erect a few stores and office buildings
Pipe hot water from the springs for heating purposes

In connection with the last item, it was pointed out that "several civil engineers of high standing, who have visited the Hot Springs state that the flow of water is sufficient to heat a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and that it is a feasible and commercial proposition to pipe the water to the town and sell heat to business blocks, residences, etc." Estimated annual income from sale of real estate, etc. was figured at $58,600.

Meanwhile, an independent company based in Kansas City had bought Lulie Crawford's preemption directly across the river from town and was mining the onyx found there. The onyx was of superb quality, said to be equal to the finest Mexican onyx. Several carloads were shipped out. Samples, cut and polished, were furnished to the National Museum at Washington, the Field Columbian Museum at Chicago, and the Bureau of Mines at Denver and "elicited most favorable comment." The lovely stone, in varying patterns of cream, tan, and gray, was awarded the Silver Medal at the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha, and it formed the entire front of Colorado's exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. Stock holders were certain that Routt County onyx soon would be in demand in all the cities of the country for decorative purposes. Unfortunately, the veins dipped too deeply under the hill to make large scale recovery feasible with available means.

Of all the projects listed by the Steamboat Springs Town Improvement Company the only one to be fulfilled was the bath house. The commodious building with private pools, warm indoor swimming pool, upstairs dressing rooms and lounge, and large outdoor swimming pool was opened to the public early in November, 1909. Its walls were of the beautiful light gray Dakota sandstone from which James Crawford had built his house on the hill fifteen years earlier.

The hundred room Cabin Hotel at the west end of town was eventually built by a stock company of local men. No sanitarium with accommodations for health seekers ever graced the valley. No bottling works sent mineral water to the markets of the world.

When the modern highway disturbed ancient underground passageways, the boisterous flow of the Iron Spring was reduced to a few lethargic bubbles. Other springs, trampled by herds of sheep or cattle or bulldozed under to make way for building and industry, disappeared. Well meaning people with little knowledge of, or concern for, the natural ecology filled native marshlands with tons of rock.

FIRST FLAG to fly in Steamboat Springs July 1876
Thirty seven stars – Colorado became the 38th star in August 1876
Displayed half a century later one Fourth of July on porch of Stone House

Old timers still went regularly to the bath pools to soak their tired bones and came away refreshed; then stopped at what was left of the Iron Spring for a jug of water. Uncounted, unsung pilgrims

visited Steamboat Springs and went away renewed. Mike Broderick, one of the brakemen on the Moffat train, always walked across the bridge to fill up on Iron Water while his engine was filling up at the big red water tank.

The several business men who had tried and failed to make a success of the various town companies found their way back to Bear River year after year with their families, to camp, fish, hunt, and to renew friendships. Though they had not garnered financial success, the personal returns on their investment were beyond measure.

Up in the Crawford house on the hill Steamboat's first settler sat on the wide porch where he could look out over "his" valley. The sturdy legs that had carried him across the Rocky Mountains for half a century would now carry him no farther than the front gate. As he puffed at his after-breakfast pipe, he could see the thin smoke rising from numerous stove pipes in the comfortable community on either side of Lincoln Avenue where once he had seen Ute campfires.

Moving his chair to keep in the strip of sunshine, he noted how the swallows were gathering on the electric wires — sign of another winter coming. The early scarlet of autumn sharpened the hill above the Steamboat Spring — that hill from which he had long ago dreamed a dream.

The vision was still afar off.

But the sun was warm across his knees. And he could reach a hand to his Maggie, who was never far off, and remind her, "Mother, we made the town!"

Chapter IV

NO MEAN CITY

Reverend J. Wallace Gunn was the first regular minister in Steamboat Springs and filled the pulpit of the Union Church, built in 1884. For his first Thanksgiving sermon he chose a text from Acts 21-39: "But Paul said, I am a Jew, of Tarsus in Celicia, a citizen of no mean city."

UNION CHURCH at Steamboat Springs, built 1884
Lulie was married here October 18, 1892

Expounding on his text, the minister said, *"The future will place our city in the forefront among the cities of our land. I believe this because of the wise and benevolent plan which lies back of the founding of this town.... When strangers throng our streets and the thriving city comes to the place of our quiet town, may it still be our boast that we are citizens of no mean city, because there is still*

found here a place where all that is holiest and best in our American life has freedom to flourish and find a home.

"In every place where mankind comes together in communities vice also comes in the forms of the saloon, the gambling den, and the brothel. It comes to destroy the family... to rob us of all that makes life worth living. The saloon is forever excluded here, and God grant that those other forms of vice may be. To that person who will not sell his soul for a price there is offered here the best opportunity of building his life..."

The Reverend Gunn may not have been aware that certain of the citizenry felt their best opportunity lay in providing a booming liquor business for Steamboat Springs.

The only deterrent was the liquor clause in every property deed, which read:

> *"It is hereby stipulated and agreed that no intoxicating liquors shall be manufactured, sold, or otherwise disposed of on this said lot and a violation of this clause shall work a forfeiture of all right or claims to said lot."*

The Steamboat Springs Town Company advertised

NO SALOONS

> A fact which is high proof of the moral tone of the town and of the social refinement of the people. The town is modeled after Colorado Springs and Greeley as a temperance town, and a healthful public sentiment is maintaining for it this distinctive character.

The Steamboat Pilot for January 2, 1939 observed: "So far this clause has deadened the liquor traffic in Steamboat and been the means of keeping out a score of groggeries that are almost certain to infest a new Western town... It is the hope and sentiment of all moral and respectable people that the temperance rule will forever triumph at Steamboat Springs. The town may lose for a time the acquisition of a floating and improvident population, but in the end the solidity of legitimate business and moral practices will be much better suited to a health and pleasure resort than the boisterous confusion of the concomitants of intemperance and licentiousness."

W. H. Lunfield, a shrewd business man, was one of the first to try to get around that clause. A letter written by James Crawford to J. P. Maxwell, one of his partners in Boulder March 21, 1892 noted: "W. H. Dunfield is erecting a house on the lot he bought and it is

said by the carpenter in charge that Dunfield will move a saloon into the building as soon as it is enclosed. We should meet this without any hesitation and combat it by the very strongest and quickest legal means."

Mr. Dunfield's solution to the Town Company's objections was to build a family dwelling just inside the town line on the west, and a saloon just outside the town limits. (At that time the edge of town was approximately the western end of the Island. Today it extends farther west.)

This was most vexing to the moral inhabitants of Steamboat, some of whom had come to this temperance town to escape temptations with the avowed purpose of starting their lives anew. Such were S. R. Mayberry, tinsmith, and Dr. L. E. Bamber, dentist (who also advertised to repair watches, clocks, and jewelry, and in addition possessed a good singing voice and took part in community sociables.) Louis Garborino, a strapping Italian boy who freighted for the Crawfords and took up a ranch near present Phippsburg, had been sent here by his parents who owned a saloon in Georgetown but wanted to get their son away from it.

When Dr. Bamber, in a moment of weakness, visited Dunfield's saloon one cold evening and on the way home fell in the slough and froze to death, the community was shocked. Reverend Gunn blasted the evils of drink from his pulpit, and the *Pilot* printed the whole sermon.

Feeling ran so high that Dunfield gave up the saloon and went into the mercantile business on Lincoln Avenue. Later, other people tried to open saloons in Steamboat. The court upheld the Town Company, and at least one man forfeited his property.

There continued to be a belief among a few people that no western town had proper credentials unless it could offer saloons and a red-light district. The Town Company stood firm. They made no apology. The majority of town folk liked Steamboat the way it was, uncluttered by liquor signs. And so Brooklyn, with no inhibitions, came into being on Woolery's Addition across the river from town at the eastern end. The necessary credentials were there provided, though somewhat shabbily. Anyone with a real thirst could ride a few miles farther to Yampa where, at the time the railroad was being built, were seven saloons. Or they could go on to Kremmling, which boasted even more saloons. Or in the other direction, they could quench their thirst at Hayden or Hahn's Peak.

The mothers in Steamboat with young sons growing up knew all the shoddy details of certain incidents: Pony Whitmore, old-time prospector, got drunk at Hahn's Peak and lay out on a chip pile all night. Somebody brought him to Crawford's at Steamboat, where he

soon died and was buried on the Island next to "Uncle" Johnny Tow. The school was closed, and the town attended the funeral en masse.

Shep Hutchinson, also from Hahn's Peak, died alone in the weeds in Brooklyn after he had spent all he had and been evicted from the saloon there. He was found days later when the town was getting ready for a Fourth of July celebration.

Though whiskey could not be openly sold in Steamboat, it was dispensed in a back room here and there. When confronted with illegal possession, Dr. Neuman, proprietor of the drugstore, insisted that his product was not whiskey but a compound.

For more than half a century the liquor clause stayed in the deeds sold by the Steamboat Springs Town Company. In 1939, six years after the Eighteenth Amendment (prohibition) was repealed, Town Attorney Addison M. Gooding, upon instructions from the town board, conducted a suit against the Town Company to abrogate the liquor clause which had been "detrimental in securing government loans on local property." On May 26 Judge Charles E. Herrick entered a decree as follows: "It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed that the said clause appearing in the plaintiff's deed be and the same is hereby abrogated, set aside and held for naught..."

Control of the Steamboat Springs Company was purchased by the town as a municipal corporation. This new corporation filed with the county clerk and recorder a quitclaim deed and release against the liquor clause in deeds to town property, declaring, "The necessity for the operation of the condition no longer exists and it is for the best of all parties concerned that said real estate be discharged from the operation thereof."

The Steamboat Pilot of June 15, 1939 carried a headline on the front page: *"Getting Rid of the Liquor Clause Restriction."*

Perhaps it was a good thing that the founders of Steamboat Springs — a town which the Reverend Gunn had once described as "no mean city" — could not read that notice. The same *Steamboat Pilot* reported the death of *"Mrs. Crawford, beloved mother of northwestern Colorado."* James, her husband, had died nine years earlier.

The old order had changed.

SUPPLEMENT

Page 2 BUGTOWN Most people think Bugtown was named because the "big bugs" lived there. Bill Leahy, old-timer at the Peak told Uncle John Crawford that the town was named because of an infestation of small beetles.

Page 10 YARMONITE Variously spelled Yahmonite, Yarmony.

Page 11 THE REIDS later moved to Hayden. In 1883 Mrs. Bennett bought the first lot sold by the Steamboat Springs Town Co. For a few years she and her husband removed to Rawlins, Wyo., but in 1888 returned to Steamboat where they built a two-story log dwelling in which Mrs. Bennett kept a novelty store downstairs and rented rooms upstairs.

Page 11 CRARY appears to be the correct spelling, per early records of the M. E. church. Routt County people spelled it CREARY .

Page 11 J. V. FARWELL of Chicago spent $160,000 in constructing a 27-mile ditch from Elk River to Hahn's Peak. He cut a road from Laramie, Wyoming, brought in a saw mill, and established a large store.

Page 14 FRENCH When the Colorado Sunday School Association gathered statistics in 1882, S. M. French, superintendent of the Steamboat Springs Sunday School sent in the following report:

> *"Name of School — Steamboat Springs Union*
> *Town — Steamboat Springs, Colo.*
> *Population — 23*
> *Sunday School Enrollment — 23*
> *Average Attendance — 21*
> *Contribution to State Work — $l*
>
> *"Note: This settlement consists of 3 houses in which reside three families and their children (including three babies). The Sunday school sessions rotate from house to house. The winters are so long and the snows so heavy that for nine months in the year we attend Sunday school on snow shoes."*

The state convention for 1884 was held in Denver in May and Mr. French started out to attend it. Two weeks after its adjournment, a travel-worn mountaineer called on Dr. Clark, the general secretary. Introducing himself, he said, *"I am superintendent of the Steamboat Springs Sunday school. I started for the convention in good season and walked on snowshoes more than a hundred miles to reach the nearest railroad station; but when near Georgetown the soft snow*

was too much for me and I fell. Since then for two weeks I've been in the Georgetown hospital. I'd like to report to my school anyway." Then he enthusiastically told the story of the fine school at Steamboat Springs which meant so much to the neighborhood and which wanted a place on the Sunday school map.

Page 17 JIM FERGUSON was husband of James' sister Anne. The Fergusons did not settle in Colorado.

Page 17 For full account of cattle in Burns' Hole see Colorado State Historical Society Quarterly for Summer 1973.

Page 23 STONE HOUSE See *Gas Lights and Gingerbread* by Sandra Dallas, pub. By Sage Books, 1965.