

Diary of
Lulie Margie Crawford



A Little Girl's View of Life
In The Old West
1880-1881

Edited by: Lulita Crawford Pritchett





POPULATION OF STATES AND TERRITORIES—1790 AND 1870.

STATES.	1790.	1870.	STATES.	1790.	1870.
Alabama.....	996,999	1,071,361	N. Carolina.....	393,751	1,071,361
Arkansas.....	484,471	2,665,260	Ohio.....	99,923	99,923
California.....	337,454	474,373	Oregon.....	337,454	337,454
Connecticut.....	238,143	337,454	Pennsylvania.....	243,098	705,606
Delaware.....	59,096	125,015	R. Island.....	243,098	705,606
Florida.....	187,748	1,184,109	S. Carolina.....	1,298,520	818,579
Georgia.....	82,548	2,530,891	Tennessee.....	330,551	1,225,169
Illinois.....	1,194,734	743,368	Texas.....	1,225,169	449,014
Indiana.....	1,680,537	1,054,670	Virginia.....	9,662	30,864
Iowa.....	1,194,734	1,457,351	W. Virginia.....	134,900	14,981
Kansas.....	384,339	1,484,059	D. Columbia.....	14,981	14,981
Kentucky.....	1,334,011	1,334,011	Idaho.....	14,981	14,981
Louisiana.....	396,915	1,334,011	Montana.....	14,981	14,981
Maine.....	666,915	1,334,011	New Mexico.....	14,981	14,981
Maryland.....	319,728	780,924	Utah.....	86,786	23,955
Massachusetts.....	378,747	1,457,351	Washington.....	23,955	9,128
Michigan.....	1,457,351	1,457,351	Wyoming.....	9,128	9,128
Minnesota.....	439,709	1,334,011			
Mississippi.....	1,721,925	1,721,925			
Missouri.....	1,721,925	1,721,925			
Nebraska.....	122,093	122,093			
Nevada.....	42,491	42,491			
N. Hampshire.....	141,899	318,300			
New Jersey.....	184,139	906,696			
New York.....	340,120	4,384,759			
			Total.....	3,821,059	18,555,083

GROWTH OF POPULATION IN U. S.

Population in 1870.	Per cent. Increase	CITIES.	1800.	1850.	1870.
1800, 5,395,937.....	35.02	New York.....	60,489	515,547	695,341
1850, 7,599,811.....	39.45	Philadelphia.....	70,487	406,762	674,022
1870, 9,658,191.....	33.73	Brooklyn.....	3,258	130,757	398,300
1800, 12,066,020.....	33.49	Boston.....	24,017	136,481	259,556
1850, 17,066,153.....	32.67	Baltimore.....	26,514	169,054	267,354
1870, 23,191,876.....	35.87	Chicago.....	0	28,269	298,983
1800, 31,445,080.....	35.58	Cincinnati.....	430	115,430	210,239
1850, 36,555,983.....	35.00	St. Louis.....	1,300	77,800	310,800
		New Orleans.....	8,000	110,461	191,421

PRINCIPAL CITIES.

THEIR DISTANCE FROM NEW YORK, WITH THE DIFFERENCE IN TIME AND POPULATION.

CITIES.	MILES.	TIME WHEN IS O'CLK AT NEW YORK.	POP. LAT'N.
Albany, N. Y.....	144	12 1 6 P. M.	76,285
Baltimore, Md.....	186	11 49 38 A. M.	267,354
Boston, Mass.....	231	11 50 0 "	253,225
Brooklyn, N. Y.....	231	11 50 0 "	366,300
Buffalo, N. Y.....	423	11 40 24 A. M.	117,715
Burlington, Iowa.....	1118	10 51 0 "	14,620
Charleston, S. C.....	815	11 39 22 "	48,095
Chicago, Ill.....	898	11 6 3 "	208,013
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	744	11 18 16 "	210,239
Cleveland, Ohio.....	381	11 30 0 "	92,829
Detroit, Mich.....	664	11 23 54 "	79,577
Galveston, Texas.....	1622	10 19 58 "	13,818
Indianapolis, Ind.....	812	11 11 54 "	48,244
Louisville, Ky.....	892	11 14 4 "	203,754
La Crosse, Wis.....	1214	10 10 0 "	7,785
Memphis, Tenn.....	1029	10 56 0 "	40,036
Milwaukee, Wis.....	958	11 4 15 "	77,440
Mobile, Ala.....	1028	10 11 0 "	35,034
Montreal, Can.....	336	12 1 44 P. M.	267,225
New Orleans, La.....	1483	10 56 4 A. M.	267,225
New York, N. Y.....			2,665,260
Omaha, Neb.....	1420	10 30 0 A. M.	16,083
Philadelphia, Pa.....	86	11 55 25 "	674,022
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	437	11 36 0 "	85,076
Portland, Me.....	349	13 15 0 P. M.	37,414
Quincy, Ill.....	1169	10 40 0 A. M.	24,039
Richmond, Va.....	336	11 46 15 "	51,038
Salt Lake City, Utah Ter.....	2464	9 28 0 "	12,854
San Francisco, Cal.....	3369	8 46 19 "	169,471
St. Joseph, Mo.....	1391	10 37 0 "	10,395
St. Louis, Mo.....	1089	10 55 4 "	310,800
St. Paul, Minn.....	1347	10 43 45 "	20,021
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.....	181	12 10 1 P. M.	7,501
Washington, D. C.....	225	11 47 53 A. M.	109,199
White Mountains, N. H.....	323	12 20 30 P. M.	

TABLE OF WAGES BY THE WEEK.

This Table is based upon the usual calculation of 16 hours to a day.

Wages.	Half hour	One hour	Two hours	Five hours	Six h'rs	Nine h'rs	One day	Two days	Three days	Four days	Five days	Six days
\$3	.02½	.05	.10	.25	.30	.45	.50	1.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	3
4	.03½	.06½	.13½	.33½	.40	.60	.66½	1.33½	2.00	2.66½	3.33½	4
5	.04½	.08½	.16½	.41½	.50	.75	.83½	1.66½	2.50	3.33½	4.16½	5
6	.05	.10	.20	.50	.60	.90	1.00	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6
7	.05½	.11½	.23½	.58½	.70	1.05	1.16½	2.33½	3.50	4.66½	5.83½	7
8	.06½	.13½	.26½	.66½	.80	1.20	1.33½	2.66½	4.00	5.33½	6.66½	8
9	.07½	.15	.30	.75	.90	1.35	1.50	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50	9
10	.08½	.16½	.33½	.83½	1.00	1.50	1.66½	3.33½	5.00	6.66½	8.33½	10
11	.09½	.18½	.36½	.91½	1.10	1.65	1.83½	3.66½	5.50	7.33½	9.16½	11
12	.10	.20	.40	1.00	1.20	1.80	2.00	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12
14	.11½	.23½	.46½	1.16½	1.40	2.10	2.33½	4.66½	7.00	9.33½	11.66½	14
15	.12½	.25	.50	1.25	1.50	2.25	2.50	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.50	15
16	.13½	.26½	.53½	1.33½	1.60	2.40	2.66½	5.33½	8.00	10.66½	13.33½	16
18	.15	.30	.60	1.50	1.80	2.70	3.00	6.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	18
20	.16½	.33½	.66½	1.66½	2.00	3.00	3.33½	6.66½	10.00	13.33½	16.66½	20
24	.20	.40	.80	2.00	2.40	3.60	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	24

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Little Girl Lulie

FOREWARD

This book is compiled of selections from two diaries kept by Lulie M. Crawford, oldest child of James and Margaret Crawford, founders of Steamboat Springs, Colorado. She was an eager, lively, sometimes lonesome twelve-year-old when her father gave her the first diary, a three-by-five-inch, brown leather book, for Christmas 1879. Faithfully every day through 1880 she filled twelve lines and continued in a new book in 1881. It is safe to say that she was the only person to record a day-by-day, eye-witness account of what was going on in Routt County during those early years.

Now, more than a century later, I hope she will forgive me, her daughter, for taking her diaries from the wooden box marked PRIVATE—KEEP OUT where they have rested so long in company with other keepsakes and a packet of love letters. The label was aimed at two inquisitive little brothers and not at me. (At the start of 1880 Logan was ten years old and John almost seven.)

To consign books so full of life to dusty silence in a museum or library basement is unthinkable. So here they are, drastically shortened but, I hope, without loss of fact or flavor. Many explanations seemed necessary. Please bear with me. Some of my critics say that nobody in this high-speed, computer age will bother to read a little girl's scribbblings of a day long past. I trust they are mistaken.

I am offering this bit of Americana to all who love Yampa Valley. I hope it will be read not as required history but as an adventure to be enjoyed. If you are a descendant of old-timers, I think you will chuckle over experiences common to all early settlers. If you are a newcomer, I believe you will discover kinship with those first comers, who also had sought a good place to live—and found it.

Of course, a diary can be dull. In the 1880's, as now, most of life was commonplace. The Crawford scribe found some days hardly worth recording:

"Ma and I finished the ironing. I thought we never would get through but we did."

or

"Nothing happened today except I went after the cows."

Nonetheless, there was considerable history being made in this period. The Indian era had just closed, and the homesteaders' era had begun. Land seekers were penetrating the remote mountain country. Some worked their way from Wyoming to take up homesteads along the Little Snake River. Others trekked through Middle Park and down the game and Indian trails bordering Bear River. Most of the latter must have stopped at the Crawford cabin on the west bank of Soda Creek to seek information from the tall, friendly settler who had preceded them by six or seven years. Lulie noted all travelers. If your roots are in northwestern Colorado, you may recognize the names of your own forebears in her records.

Presidential election on November 2, 1880 was an event to cheer about. Ten men voted in the Crawford cabin. Hurrah! Ma and Lulie got dinner for them all. A couple of weeks later, rounding up the stock and getting them started for winter range furnished plenty of excitement. When the herds were driven home the following spring, the cows were all wild and had to be broken to milk. Nothing dull about that!

Sledding down Woodchuck Hill on moonlit winter nights was great. Come join the fun. Or if, in these modern days, you customarily hop off by plane for a quick winter break to Hawaii, Mexico, or any place in the world, you might like to vary your schedule by hopping off for Boulder in a wagon with the Crawfords late in October. That trip could be an eye opener.

And when you have read the last page of Lulie's diary and laid the book aside, your task will begin. It will be your turn to write the next great chapter in the continuing story of Yampa Valley. Your valley now!



Miss Lulie Crawford.

Miss Lulie Crawford

INTRODUCTION

Though womenfolks on the frontier generally did not go so far afield as menfolks, they had their own adventures.

Lulie was only nine the first summer the family lived in Steamboat Springs. Pa sent her to bring in the milk cows, and when she did not come back, and the sunset had faded, and dusk was deepening, he went to look for her. (Relating the incident many years later, he had to steady his voice.) He said he could hear her panting before he saw her. She and Spy, the black and white shepherd dog, were trying to scare away a wolf. The cows were backed in a circle herding their calves, looking at the predator. When Pa appeared, the wolf faded into the brush. It was well in the night before the frightened herd was finally in the corral and the milking done.

As soon as his sons were old enough, Pa sent them into the mountains or down into the sagebrush country to explore, prospect, hunt, and blaze trails. Ma took Lulie in hand. Ma was hardly more than a girl herself, only eighteen years older than her daughter.

“Maggie” Crawford had not wanted to come to Colorado in the first place. She would have followed her husband to the ends of the earth if necessary, but she had seen no sense in leaving the good comfortable farm in Missouri which was near church, kinfolks, and friends. Finally persuaded, she had stipulated that she would never live under a dirt roof or eat wild meat. So much for words!

By the time Lulie was starting this diary, Maggie had lived under one dirt roof in Hot Sulphur Springs and was enduring her second dirt roof in Yampa Valley, and wild meat was her staple food. Such matters were no longer of concern. She had become an enthusiastic convert to her husband’s dream of a wonderful town to be called Steamboat Springs. In helping to fulfill that dream, she gave to this raw new land what was most needed—her skill as a cook, her talents as a home maker. Lulie was an apt pupil. As soon as Lulie was tall enough to reach the dish pan, she was helping cook, churn, scrub, wash, look after her brothers, and do whatever was needed to keep the family going.

Hungry wayfarers who shoved their feet under the Crawford dining table lingered as long as they could over their meal, and then perhaps lingered some more in the front room to write in Lulie’s autograph album and look at her photograph album (accepted etiquette in the 1880’s). Some of the visitors later sent Lulie their own



Pa (James H. Crawford)



Ma (Margaret E. Crawford, "Maggie")

pictures. In a mountain wilderness where women and girls were scarce Maggie, over the years, became affectionately known as the "Mother of Routt County." Her daughter might well have been called the "Sweetheart of Routt County."

Ma and Lulie did not stay in the cabin all the time. Nearly every day they went fishing, escorted by a dog or two and whatever wild pets they had—perhaps a calf elk and a sandhill crane. In season they picked wild fruit. If there was anyone to visit, they went visiting. They learned never to wait dinner and to stretch a meal to feed however many unexpected guests appeared.

The mail carriers had their own cabin and haystack a short distance up the river. When a postal route was established from Hot Sulphur Springs to Bear River in 1878, a young adventurer from Detroit, Michigan named Charlie Beck began carrying the mail. He was still carrying it the next summer. On August 14, 1879 he laid over at the cabin and wrote a letter to his homefolks. Half a century later this letter was obtained, along with others, by Mary Lyons Cairns, historian of Grand Lake, and incorporated in her book **GRAND LAKE, THE PIONEERS**, published in 1946. By permission of Mrs. Cairns' daughter, Patience Cairns Kemp, the letter is here reprinted in part:

"I saw two of the prettiest girls today you ever laid eyes upon.

One of them, Lulu (Lulie) Crawford, brought me up your letter and paper. She is tall and graceful, has bright rosy cheeks, and looks 18 but is not yet 14. The other is Miss Matthews. I was just introduced to her. She is older but not so imposing as Lulu. They are the only nice girls we have seen since last March. . . .”

The letter and paper must have come the alternate route via Union Pacific to Rawlins, Wyoming and thence by horseback to Hahn’s Peak and Steamboat. When Lulie was nearing eighty, she read Mrs. Cairns’ book with a great deal of pleasure and made these comments: “I was only 12 but large for my age. Janey Matthews from Snake River was with me. She married Will Reader.”

In a previous letter dated July 20 Charlie Beck had noted, “The Utes have been making fires all over this country and have been ordered back on the reservation. I saw 12 or 15 lodges yesterday; that means about 100 Indians, and one or two thousand ponies. . . .”

By September the whole country was smoky. Only winter snows could extinguish those fires, and winter was fast coming. Pa Crawford had already hauled in one load of provisions from Georgetown, the nearest supply point, and had sent two men back with the wagon for more. The wagon had been piled with elk quarters (called saddles) to be traded to stores and restaurants for money to buy bacon, flour, meal, sugar, salt, molasses, and coffee. In six or seven days, when Pa thought his helpers had had time to reach their destination he rode a mare called Kit to Hot Sulphur Springs, left her at the livery stable, and took the stage to Georgetown. There he bought most of his supplies from Spruance and Hutchinson, merchants, except flour from Allen and McClelland.

On the return trip he and the two men crossed the range with their heavy load and camped near the head of Middle Park, twenty-two miles from Hot Sulphur Springs. They figured it would take them three or four more days to get to Steamboat Springs.

The load never did get to Steamboat Springs.

A young fellow named Arie Cantonwine had lately taken over the job of carrying the mail, Charlie Beck having quit the route to guide a party of English hunters. This is the way Pa later told what happened:

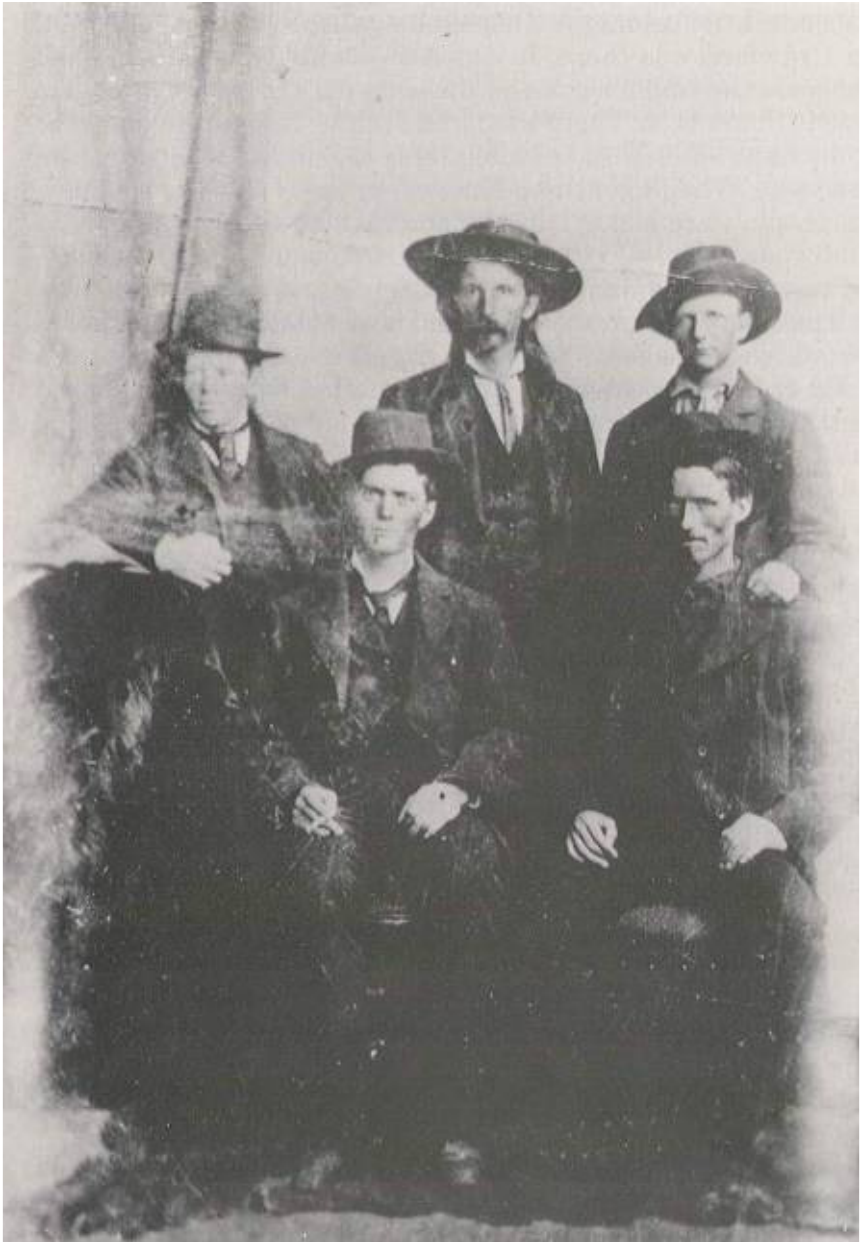
“Some after midnight a horseman galloped up and hollered if Mr. Crawford was there. It was Arie Cantonwine. Maggie had sent word the Indians were on the warpath and were expected to come to Steamboat. There was a ranch close. I woke up a man who let me have a horse and saddle to ride to Sulphur where my own horse was. When I got there I knew everybody. It was about day, and people were just getting up and making fires. Word got out and 5 young

men—Fred Perry, Toot Himebaugh, Aaron Kinsey, and two others—volunteered to take guns and go to fight Indians with me. They had to get horses, and it was about sunup before we started. We had about 78 miles to go. . . .”

Pa and the men from Hot Sulphur Springs rode into Steamboat a little after dark and found about twenty men, women, and children from Hayden and Elk River who had fled their homes and come to the Crawford cabin.

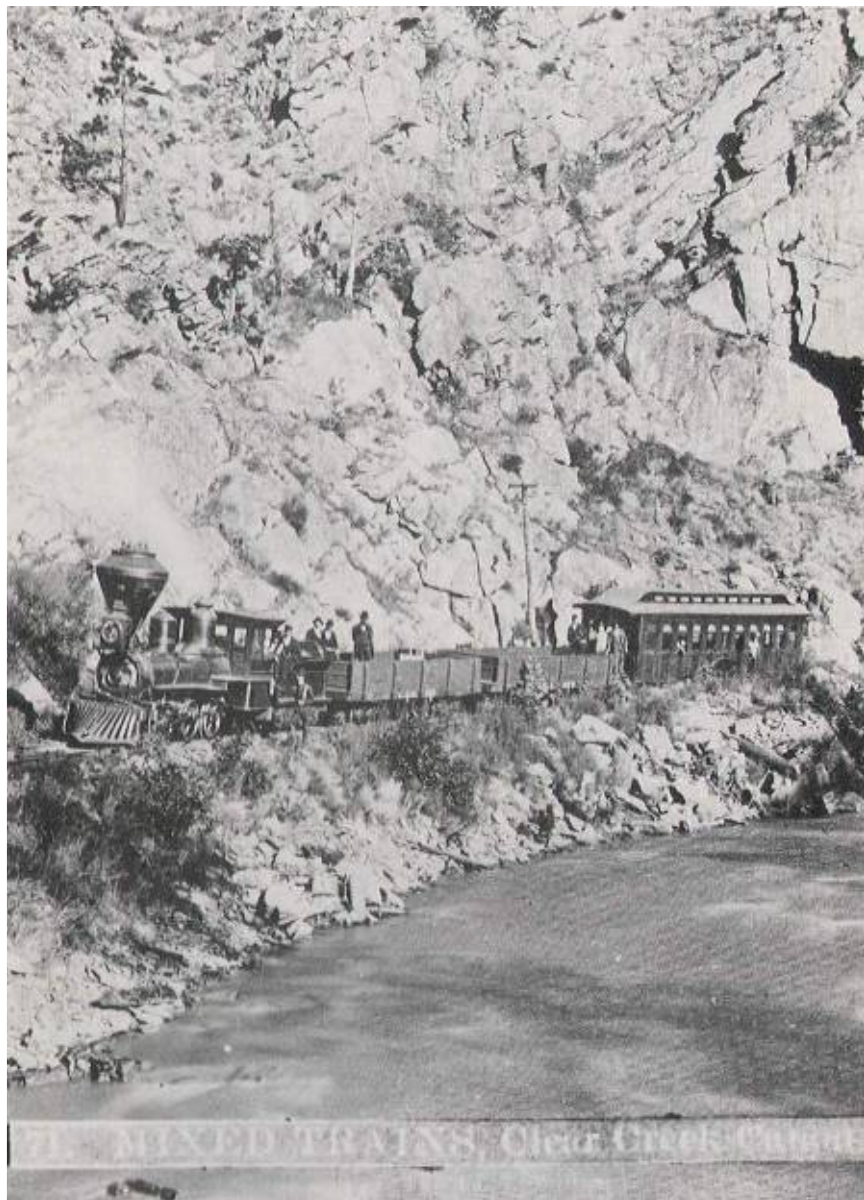
The story of the Meeker Massacre and its repercussions up and down Bear River has been told many times. All that need be said here is that the people who fortified at Steamboat were not attacked by the Indians but remained under great anxiety for several weeks. When finally they dared go home, there was very little left of the provisions Pa had started to lay in for winter and there was no time to replace essentials before snow would make travel impossible. Pa had no choice but to take his family Outside. He sold the load that he had brought as far as Middle Park to people at Hot Sulphur.

Lulie had to make the first entry in her diary at Boulder, Colorado on January 1, 1880.



**Copied from a tintype made in 1878 and reproduced here courtesy of
Patience Cairns Kemp, Grand Lake, Colorado.**

**Left to right, standing: Frank S. Byers of the first white family to settle at
Hot Sulphur Springs; William J. "Ute Bill" Thompson;
Charlie Beck, mail carrier 1878 and 1879.
Seated: Dick Warner and William J. Warren "Antelope Jack"**



Colorado & Central train in Clear Creek Canyon (Denver Public Library, Western History Dept.)



Georgetown, terminus of mountain division of C&C railway and capital of Clear Creek County. Principal mining town of Colorado, 50 miles from Denver, 8500 ft. altitude, population 5000 in 1880. (Denver Public Library, Western History Dept.)



CHAPTER ONE

DESTINATION STEAMBOAT SPRINGS

Boulder, with a population of 3000, was about 30 miles northwest of Denver at the base of the foothills called Flatirons. The Crawford children went to school (sometimes), made friends, and quickly adapted to city living. Here is a sample of their activities as recorded by Lulie:

Jan. 17 *The music teacher, Miss Beardsly, came and gave me a 1880 (piano) lesson today. I like it very much.*

Jan.18 *We went to church this morning. Logan ran off and went with the Pierce boys to the mountains.*

Feb. 1 *Went to the Methodist church in the morning and went from there to the Baptist Sunday school. We went in the evening to the Christian church.*

Feb. 6 *I was examined and stood 100 in reading and 80 in spelling. Logan played hooky and played on the ice with Eddie Johnson.*

Feb. 7 *Hattie Buck came over and we had a nice horseback ride up to the graveyard and then went out and skated on the brewery pond.*

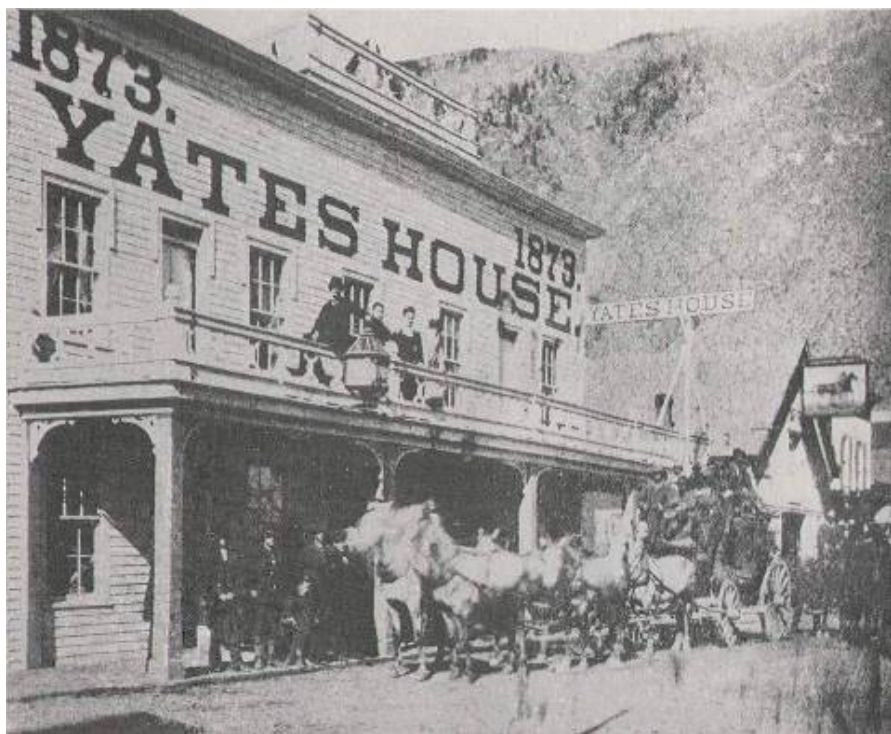
Feb. 14 *I did get a valentine.*

Feb. 23 *Pleasant day. I went to school. Miss Ellingham is as cross as ever.*

* * * *

Pa felt lucky to have his family out of the mountains during that severe winter. In January he went back across the range to see about his livestock in Burns' Hole, a sheltered valley at the eastern end of the Flat Tops, approximately 45 miles from Steamboat. There was not much he could do to help them. Some of the horses and cattle would die but most would survive.

Under ordinary circumstances Pa would have taken his family back to Bear River as soon as travel was possible in the spring. This



Yates House, C. J. Yates, Proprietor, corner of Argentine and Alpine Streets, Georgetown, Colo. (Denver Public Library, Western History Dept.)

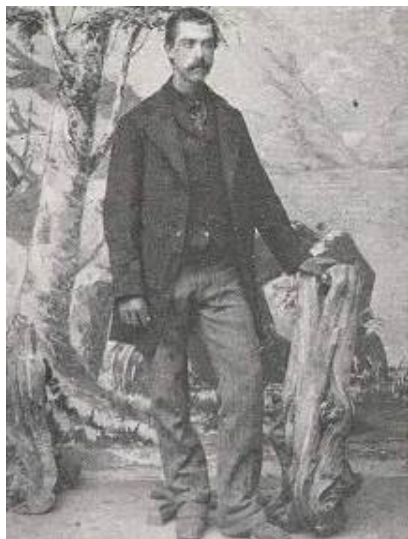
year it seemed wise to wait a while and make sure the Indian situation was well in hand. The last of May he and Perry Burgess, who with his family had also wintered in Boulder, went to Routt County to look things over and do some prospecting. They took a four-horse team, provisions, camp outfit, and several men hired to help, among them Elmer Brooks, a young fellow from Michigan.

The prospecting was still not finished in August when Pa brought his family home. To save time, he left his teams in Hot Sulphur Springs and rode the stagecoach and train to Boulder. He returned his family to Middle Park by the same “improved” means of transportation. No doubt he thought his wife and children would enjoy riding in comfort and style for a change. The trip did not turn out quite as he had planned. Here is Lulie’s report:

DIARY

Thur., Aug. 12 *Pa telegraphed (to Georgetown) for the coach.*

Sat., Aug. 14 *We are busy packing up for to start Monday. We are going to start at 9 o’clock on the train.*



TOM LIVINGSTON

This picture by Elliott's Art Gallery, Alpine Street, Georgetown, Colorado is inscribed on the back in delicate handwriting:

*T. D. Livingston
—a present to his friend
Lulie M. Crawford*

- Mon., Aug. 16** *I packed my diary in the trunks and they didn't come on here so I have to write back. Had a dreadful time coming. A car broke down and delayed us in Louisville a long time and our baggage won't come until tomorrow noon and we are going on (to Hot Sulphur) and let them bring it on the next coach. (NOTE: Louisville was a coal mining Community only 8 miles from Boulder!)*
- Tues., Aug. 17** *The stagecoach was so crowded that we didn't go today and have to wait until Thurs. Pa got me a pair of boy's shoes. Won't I have fine times fishing! Our trunks came. Mr. Yates has decided to go with us. (NOTE: Mr. Yates was proprietor of The Yates House, a hotel where the Crawfords always stayed. He rode his own horse, as did Mr. Cross, a tourist, who went along.)*
- Thur., Aug. 19** *We started from Georgetown at half past 7 and got here (Hot Sulphur) at 15 min. after 12. The coach broke down twice and we came in to town in a lumber wagon. Shoot Hook & Royer's stageline! It rained today.*
- Fri., Aug. 20** *We are boarding at the Kinney Hotel. Awful cold.*
- Sat., Aug. 21** *We got started from Hot S. Spgs. at last and are camped on Muddy Creek. We camped for noon on Troublesome Creek. It seems good to camp out once again.*

Sun., Aug. 22 *Camped for noon at the Crazy Man's cabin and crossed Gore Range in the afternoon and camped in Rock Creek valley. We are over the worst part of our road now. Mr. Cross went the road to North Park and Mr. Yates went after him and they caught up with us this noon. Lots of beautiful flowers.*

Mon., Aug. 23 *Camped for noon on Toponas Creek and caught 62 fish, eating them all. I caught more than anyone else, 20, and Pa killed 3 sagehens and we ate them, too, and tonight we are camped on Roaring Fork quite a ways from water. Our faces and hands are real sore.*

Tues., Aug. 24 *We thought we would get home tonight but we didn't. We camped at the Hay Ranch 6 miles from there. Saw three or four deer today.*

Wed., Aug. 25 *We got in about 10 o'clock this morning. Found all well.*

* * * *

Lulie was referring to Pa's younger brother, Henry, and his family, who were at present occupying the Big Cabin at Steamboat. Henry had been with James on the exploratory trip to Colorado Territory in 1872. He had been in and out of Colorado ever since and had lately filed on land in Egeria Park, where he intended to make his home as soon as he could build comfortable quarters for his family.

Last summer he and Nannie, in partnership with Tom Livingston, had run a boarding house at Hahn's Peak till they had had to leave during the Indian scare. Nannie and children (John Samuel about three years old, and Minnie one and a half) had spent the winter in Kentucky at Nannie's girlhood home, while Henry had divided his time between his claim in Egeria Park and Burns' Hole where Crawford cattle and horses were struggling to survive.

Now, in August, both Crawford families were in Steamboat Springs and glad to be there!

* * * *

NOTE: The Crazy Man's cabin belonged to a man who had become queer after hunting for a lost mine. He drove a horse and cow together hitched to a cart, wore odd clothes, and kept a kettle of smoking pitch to scare away evil spirits. He once said that Maggie had good spirits around her. Evidently he was not at home when the Crawfords stopped by this August.



CHAPTER TWO

CRAWFORD “ROADHOUSE”

The summers of 1880 and 1881 could have been called Steamboat’s first tourist seasons. In August 1880 the town consisted of the Little Crawford Cabin, the Big Crawford Cabin, a barn and corral, plus a crude shelter somewhere near, built by a man named Baker Long. Not much is remembered about Baker Long. He worked for a time for James Crawford, had a family, including a boy named Mordecai about Logan’s age, but soon moved on. Other travelers were glad to use his abandoned cabin.

There were never accommodations enough for the visitors who were now churning the old trail along Bear River into a thoroughfare. The Big Crawford Cabin welcomed all who could squeeze into corners not occupied by the ten regular residents—five James Crawfords, four Henry Crawfords, and David White (“Dave”), who carried mail part of the time. The Little Crawford Cabin was in



Little Crawford Cabin



Big Crawford Cabin

constant use. A cottonwood grove offered pretty good lodging with earth for a pillow and sky for a roof.

Few of the people who ate at the Crawford table ever proffered payment for a meal. Here on the frontier that would have been considered a discourtesy. Hospitality was as freely accepted as it was offered. Occasionally someone brought in a deer or a grouse, or chopped a little wood.

Some of the travelers whose names appear in Lulie's diary became well known in Colorado history. William D. and Joseph G. Coberly were cattlemen of considerable means who were experimenting in Middle Park. Joseph was one of four men who, with James Crawford, took up the land since known as the township of Steamboat Springs. The Lovelands (William A. H. and Francis W.) were capitalists. William built the Colorado & Central Railroad. A town and a mountain pass bear the Loveland name.

DIARY

Fri., Aug. 27 *Mr. Coberly's men are camped in Mr. Long's cabin. The Mr. Lovelands came to stay over tomorrow. So you'd better put up another bedstead!*

Sat., Aug. 28 *Ma and Mr. Cross have caught lots of fish today. I wanted to go, too, but I had to stay home and wash my dress and iron it.*

Sun., Aug. 29 *I spent most of today reading poetry. I must confess I am rather lonesome. I didn't hear any church or Sunday school bells ringing.*

Mon., Aug. 30 *Some men came and stayed for dinner. I baked a cake and went for sarviceberries a little while.*

Tues., Aug. 31 *Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth and Mr. Potwin came up today to make hay tomorrow. (The hay was native redtop grass.)*

* * * *

The Farnsworths were the Crawfords' nearest neighbors. They were settlers on lower Elk River seven miles from Steamboat, later the Will Hitchens place. Mr. Potwin was Mrs. Farnsworth's brother.

During September Lulie listed seventeen more guests, most of them neighbors, who came to spend a night or a week. There were no boundaries to this neighborhood. Ed Hodges and Zene Maudlin



Uncle Henry Crawford



Aunt Nanie, his wife

were from the vicinity of Hayden, Charlie McQueary from Hot Sulphur Springs, and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Reid and four children from upper Elk River. (The Reids would soon move to Hayden.) Martha Reid was the only other girl in the whole country near Lulie's age except Janey Matthews. The last of September Mr. Burgess brought his wife and four-year-old son, Bruce, from Boulder for a short visit.

By October 8 Henry Crawford, with all available help, had built himself a temporary cabin east of Soda Creek near the river, and he and his family moved into it. The post office, a wooden box which had once held 50 pounds of dried peaches and which had been partitioned into pigeonholes labeled LETTERS RECEIVED, LETTERS TO GO, PAPERS, STAMPS, was carried over from the James Crawford house and nailed on the wall just inside the door of Henry's house. Henry was the newly appointed postmaster.

DIARY

Mon., Oct. 11 *Mr. Bennett and Frank Jones came from Hahn's Peak, the latter rather late. We have had to get four suppers tonight.*

Tues., Oct. 12 *The boys and Pa and Dave have been hunting the horses all day and just found them at dark. Uncle Henry has gone to Elk River (probably the Reid ranch) after potatoes. Snowing this evening.*



John Samuel and Minnie Crawford, children of Henry and Nannie.
**Picture taken when children were several years older than at the time of
this diary.**

- Wed., Oct. 13** *Uncle Henry came in late. He had to leave part of the potatoes buried up this side of Mr. Bennett's. Snowing and real cold today. Elmer Brooks started for Georgetown.*
- Thur., Oct. 14** *The mail came. No letters for me though. Still snowing.*
- Sat., Oct. 16** *Very unpleasant weather. Pa killed some ducks. Had roasted duck for dinner.*
- Sun., Oct. 17** *The wolves howled last night.*
- Mon., Oct. 18** *It has been clear today and very pleasant in the house. We moved our beds next to the stove. Legs (the greyhound) got after a wolf this morning.*

NOTE: After the Burgess-Crawford prospecting expedition was considered finished and the other men who had been hired had been discharged, Elmer Brooks stayed on in Routt County to help James Crawford.



CHAPTER THREE

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, STOCK ROUNDUP, AND MANY A VERY PLEASANT DAY

In the autumn of 1880 a man named Milton Woolery rode horseback from Leadville to Yampa Valley and picked out a ranch five miles below Steamboat south of the river (later the Clarence Hadley place). He returned to Leadville and the next year brought his wife and infant daughter, Clara. His brother Harvey and family accompanied him in 1881 and also took up land. The Woolerys were important early residents who did much to build the community and remained in Routt County over many years. Clara Woolery married Logan Crawford.

Before winter 1880 closed in, the settlers made the most of late fall sunshine. Lulie noted:

“Mama and I went fishing down to the bluffs. Had good luck. . . Pa hauled wood. . . Pa and Mr. Burgess went hunting. Pa killed an elk. They all went after the elk and stayed until dark. . . Mrs. Farnsworth came up and I went horseback riding with her and Mr. Wood (a young prospector). We went about 5 miles to where we could see Hahn’s Peak. Had a nice time, yes, splendid. Cooked dinner for Ma. Baked some vinegar pies. . . Uncle Henry and Joe Creamer got back from getting the potatoes. . . .”

MORE DIARY:

Fri., Oct. 22 *Uncle Henry is going to start for Georgetown tomorrow. Also Mr. and Mrs. Burgess and Bruce. I went horseback riding.*

Sat., Oct. 23 *The mail came. There is a new mail carrier. We got a fashion paper.*



Perry A. Burgess



Annie C. Burgess
(Portrait in later years)

- Thur., Oct. 28** *Very pleasant day. Mrs. Farnsworth and I went over to get the mail. Mr. Wood helped Mrs. Farnsworth across the log over Soda Creek, and then we went down to the Iron Spring (Soda Spring). The teams came. (Elmer Brooks bringing provisions. He had left for Georgetown Oct. 13.)*
- Fri., Oct. 29** *Frank Jones came in on foot from Hahn's Peak and laid over waiting for the tickets (election ballots).*
- Sat., Oct. 30** *Tickets received. No letters for me. We washed today and ironed some of the things tonight.*
- Sun., Oct. 31** *Mr. Jones started for Hahn's Peak (with the ballots for that precinct).*
- Mon., Nov. 1** *We finished ironing and putting up the curtains. I went up to the spring and had a bath. Tomorrow is election day. Hurrah!*
- Tues., Nov. 2** *Election is over. Ten men voted. We gave a dinner for them all. Real busy all day. Uncle Henry didn't get home. The mail came and brought a letter from Miss Ogilvie (a Boulder acquaintance).*

She is teaching out at Valmont and can't come to teach us. Who's going to be president?

- Fri., Nov. 5** *The mail carrier didn't come until 3 o'clock A.M. It has been pretty cold today and a little snow. Uncle Henry hasn't come yet. Logan and I went after the cows. Elmer and Dave hauled wood.*
- Sat., Nov. 6** *The mail came. James A. Garfield in the White House and Smart in the House of Representatives as far as we can hear. Hurrah! It is snowing now. The men have been gathering up the cattle. Ma went with them.*
- Sun., Nov. 7** *Had roast duck for dinner. Pa and Elmer went after the rest of the cattle but didn't get any. We sang some tonight.*
- Mon., Nov. 8** *About 6 inches of snow on ground. Uncle Henry came in from Georgetown today. Pa looked for cattle. Ma and I commenced a bed quilt for Dave.*
- Tues., Nov. 9** *I received a nice present of Moore's poems from Uncle Grant. He sent some apples also which we made into preserves. Pa, Elmer, and Dave went looking for cattle.*
- Wed., Nov. 10** *It has been snowing and blowing all day. Pa killed two beef and we were most froze when we got in from cleaning the meat. The men got the cattle up almost to George's. Pa is going to stay with us tonight and go on with the herd in the morning. Awful cold.*
- Thur., Nov. 11** *We rendered out the tallow and made some candles.*
- Fri., Nov. 12** *We washed and scoured up today. It is dreadful cold out. Uncle Henry moved Red and her calf over to the stable and hauled some hay. (Red would furnish milk during the winter.)*
- Sat., Nov. 13** *Been cleaning tripe all afternoon.*
- Tues., Nov. 16** *Papa and the men came back today and brought four deer.*
- Wed., Nov. 17** *Papa found the rest of the cattle. Dave and Elmer brought a load of hay from the hay ranch. Logan*

cut his foot with the axe.

Thur., Nov. 18 *Pa started the last of the cattle and one little calf off today. I had a bad time getting the dogs over to where he was. It is a little warmer tonight.*

Sat., Nov. 20 *Papa and George S. came down from George's ranch this morning before breakfast. Hahns Matzen is going over to the Hole with Mr. Brooks to take care of the stock. It has snowed all day. They are going off with the horses tomorrow. Made mincemeat. Had some pies for dinner. No mail yet.*

Sun., Nov. 21 *Pa, George, and Elmer started the horses.*

NOTE: The stock were being driven to Burns' Hole where it was hoped they would fare better than they had the previous winter. George Stafford, Frank Ramsay, and Hahns Matzen had brought a herd of cattle into the Sidney valley during the summer, had built a cabin, and put up a stack of hay. Pa tried to persuade them to drive their cattle to Burns' Hole, warning that snows fell deeper in Yampa Valley. Finally, they did send some of their herd, and lucky for them they did!



Cover and first page of autograph album, a gift to Lulie from the Farnsworths on Christmas 1880



CHAPTER FOUR

CHRISTMAS SEASON

- Tues., Nov. 23** *Ma sent for some Christmas. It has commenced snowing again. Johnnie slept with Mama.*
- Wed., Nov. 24** *It has hardly stopped snowing today. I have been making some pin cushions in the shape of a boot for to put on the tree. I am sitting up alone. All the rest have gone to bed.*
- Thurs., Nov. 25** *It snowed this morning but has cleared off and stars are shining brightly. It is just one month from now till Christmas, and four months until I'll be fourteen.*
- Fri., Nov. 26** *The mail hasn't come. We think that it has been cut off. We put the carpet down and turned the stove around. Oh dear, I am sleepy. The kitty came down this PM.*
- NOTE: The kitty's name was Tobe. Every summer he went up on Wood-chuck hill and lived by himself on a little mound of mineral rocks and shrubs, which the children named Tobe's Hill, and which was still there not far below the CMC buildings when last checked. For a time he would be wild and would hide behind the stove, allowing no one to touch him, but soon would grow tame again.
- Sat., Nov. 27** *The mail carrier came at about noon. There was trouble on the other range. We tacked a comforter today.*
- Mon., Nov. 29** *We got some yarn from Aunt Orie in the mail. I made my first batch of light bread.*
- Tues., Nov. 30** *Papa came back from winter range this morning. George came down with him.*

- Sun., Dec. 5** *It has snowed and blowed again all day. No one came and we haven't seen anyone. Have done nothing hardly except read and must confess I have been lonesome. It is clear now and stars are shining.*
- Mon., Dec. 6** *Mr. Wood came about 4 o'clock on snowshoes. I commenced to knit me a stocking this evening. No mail yet.*
- Wed., Dec. 8** *I went over to Aunt Nannie's. Minnie is going to stay here all night and is crying now like sixty. I read "That Husband of Mine" today.*
- Thurs., Dec. 9** *Mama fell down the hill and hurt herself real badly. Mail came, and George Stafford, too. Made hominy (by soaking corn in lye water obtained from wood ashes.)*
- Tues., Dec. 14** *The mail came. Lots of papers and some bundle for Christmas but no letters for me.*
- Wed., Dec. 15** *We went up to Spring Creek on the ice and took a bath.*
- Thurs., Dec. 16** *Snowing and blowing like everything. Ma, Johnnie and I went over to Aunt Nannie's. Uncle Henry played on the mouth organ. I am knitting a wristlet.*
- Fri., Dec. 17** *Some packages came from Aunt Orie. Mr. Maudlin brought me a letter from Martha. Her brother got his feet frozen but not so bad only three toes. We washed today and are awful tired. Real cold.*
- Mon., Dec. 20** *Finished my wristlets. Joe Creamer saw the tracks of about 50 elk up this side of the hay. It is 9 o'clock and Pa's in bed.*
- Tues., Dec. 21** *Ma is knitting some tobacco sacks. We made candy for Christmas today.*
- Wed., Dec. 22** *We made two fruit cakes. Papa got our Christmas tree. Made some Jacob's ladders for it. (Paper decorations.)*
- Thurs., Dec. 23** *Been awful busy today. The popcorn came and I popped some of it. Made a cake. Went over to Aunt Nannie's. Snowing. Dave gone with the mail. Scrubbed the floor and ironed. Fried doughnuts*

and did a thousand and one things besides, and am so tired I can hardly sit up.

Fri., Dec. 24

Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth came on horseback. Mail came and I got two letters. We have been fixing things up a little for Christmas. Snowed some this morning but is most clear now.

**Sat., Dec. 25,
1880**

We had a jolly time tonight and I got lots of presents. We had a tree in this bedroom. There were 17 folks here. I got 3 white neckties, 1 blue ribbon, a diary for 1881, 1 color, 1 box of pictures, a handkerchief, a song book, a perfume bottle holder, and a pair of garters.

Sun., Dec. 26

Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth and all the rest that were here started home this morning.

Mon., Dec. 27

Snowing real fast. Pa and Ma were in bed when Dave came. I got some specimen copies of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. Uncle Henry met with an accident today. He was trying to make a cartridge go in his gun and it wouldn't, so he pounded on it and the powder flew in his eyes and the shell cut his hand real badly.

Tues., Dec. 28

It has been snowing and blowing all day. Uncle Henry is better. I fixed my side of the bedroom up with evergreen. Made a wreath around all my pictures. Aunt Nannie sent us over some candy.

Wed., Dec. 29

Dave started off this morning with the mail. The boys had a small Christmas tree today. I worked a while on the bolster sham. Stopped snowing but is awful cold. I have been painting flowers in my autograph album.

Thur., Dec. 30

No mail yet. Don't know what to think of it. Uncle Henry is a little better. Oh, it is bitter cold! I worked at a puzzle a little while.

**Fri., Dec. 31,
1880**

The last day of the old year. Dave hasn't appeared yet with the mail. Ma took her sewing and went over to Aunt Nannie's and stayed most all day. I got dinner. This will be the last time that I shall write on these pages. Tomorrow I will write in my new diary.



CHAPTER FIVE

MAIL CARRIER LOST

LULIE CRAWFORD'S DIARY — 1881

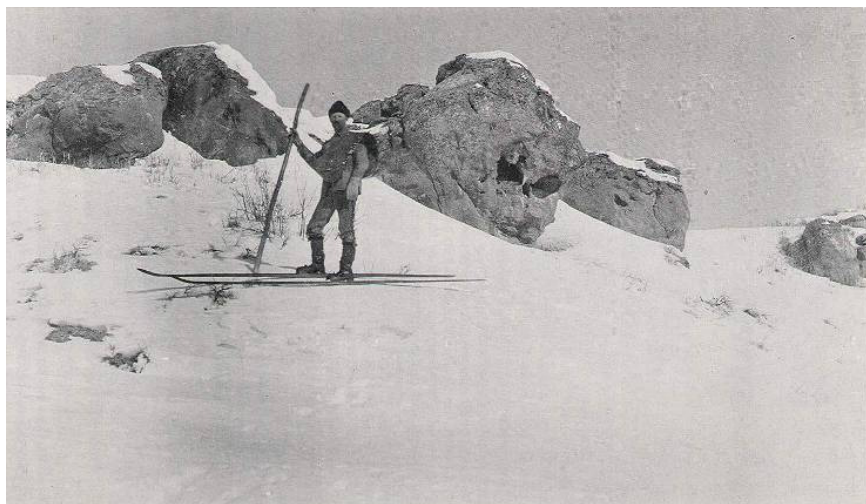
- Sat., Jan. 1** *Another New Year and this time we are at Steamboat Springs — home. It has been snowing all day, but now the stars are shining. Dave came in with the mail. He brought bad news. One of the mail carriers is lost and hasn't been seen or heard of since last Tuesday. Was lost in that dreadful hard storm. Poor fellow! Pa received a letter from Elmer saying the cattle and horses are doing well.*
- Tues., Jan. 4** *Good news, yes, just splendid. The mail carrier is found (or rather found himself) and came in to Rock Creek cabin but is now at the Middle Station (on Morrison Creek). His feet are badly frozen, so Dave says, who has come from there with the mail today and got in here real early, too. I am so glad that man is found. They are going to try to bring him down to George's or here.*
- Mon., Jan. 10** *George Stafford came down and is staying tonight. He played us some music on the harmonica. Oh, I haven't got but one comforter and I know most I'll freeze!*
- Tues., Jan. 11** *Snowed hard all day. George still here. He made him a pair of snowshoes.*
- Fri., Jan. 14** *George started home and got as far as Fish Creek but snowshoeing was so bad he came back.*
- Mon., Jan. 17** *Mr. Snook brought the mail down. Aunt Nannie and I went up to the bath house on snowshoes. Had about 50 falls off in the snow more or less. Had a good time though.*



"Dave" (David White)

In the late seventies Dave, a black boy in his teens, one of a family of blacks living on the Bourn farm, had come adventuring from Missouri to Colorado with Jim Bourn, Maggie's twin brother, who was a prospector. Both Dave and Jim soon learned that it was expensive to live in the mining camps and not everybody got rich. Dave was glad to land at Steamboat with "home folks," the James Crawfords. He stayed with them a number of years. Young, strong, and willing, he was a big help. At the time of the Meeker Massacre he accompanied Maggie and the children up Soda Creek to hide from the Indians. He often carried mail. Eventually, he went to Chicago and sent back this picture.

- Tues., Jan. 18** *Mama's 32nd birthday. Mr. Snook started off with the mail early this morning. It is very cold and for the first time this year it has not snowed. Papa made Logan a pair of snowshoes and Johnnie is to have Logan's old ones.*
- Wed., Jan. 19** *It has been a very fine day. Papa put some more straw in the tick on the bed in the front room.*
- Fri., Jan. 21** *Ahem! Mr. Wood came up. He is all shaved and fixed up fit to kill. . . . We looked at two books together. Ma commenced a mat, crocheting it with a needle made out of a deer's horn.*
- Mon., Jan. 24** *Dave brought a package from Grandma. She sent both boys and Dave a pair of mittens and a pencil a piece and me one, too, and some thread and pins.*



“Reddy” Tharp carrying mail on snowshoes in Twenty-Mile Park

- Tues., Jan. 25** *Mr. Maudlin brought a pair of candle molds and a letter from Mrs. Reid. Uncle Henry broke one of Pa's snowshoes today and had to make another. Had roast potatoes in the stove in here.*
- Thur., Jan. 27** *A magnificent day, bright and clear. I tried to make some tatting but didn't succeed. Mama raked out the hay to keep it from spoiling. (NOTE: If hay gets wet it will start to smolder.)*
- Sat., Jan. 29** *We wound the alarm on the clock for to wake Dave up at 3 o'clock in the morning so he could start with the mail while the snow was hard enough to travel on.*
- Mon., Jan. 31** *Messrs. Maudlin and Hodges came from Mike Leduc's since this morning and are here now. The house has been leaking. We shoveled off the roof. Mama and the boys went down around the Iron Spring and found some green moss and leaves.*
- Tues., Feb. 1** *Messrs. Maudlin and Hodges made a sled to bring down the mail carrier who was lost.*
- Wed., Feb. 2** *Mr. Hodges, Mr. Maudlin, and Joe Creamer started to the Middle Station with the sled. Ma and I washed a great big washing. We have got clothes in this room and in the kitchen and on the wire clothesline outside and on the rope line, and besides all of that, we scrubbed the floor. The clothesline outside came down tonight and the clothes went on the snow. Ma got a letter from Aunt Orie. They are afraid maybe the smallpox will get in Sedalia (Missouri).*
- Fri., Feb. 4** *The men brought Mr. Coburn, the mail carrier who was lost, from the Middle Station. He is at Aunt Nannie's. Mama went to Aunt Nannie's this evening after some salt.*
- Sat., Feb. 5** *All the folks stayed at Steamboat today on account of the snow sticking.*
- Tues., Feb. 8** *Brother Johnnie is 8 years old today. Poor fellow, never got a single present. Bear River is a poor place for presents, I'm afraid.*

* * * *

Three old timers had their own tales to tell about the lost mail carrier.

ELMER BROOKS, who was in Burns' Hole that winter looking after the Crawford stock, wrote in his Memoirs dated January 22, 1934:

"I had arranged to get my mail at Christmas time. I was to meet the mail carrier at the half-way station on Rock Creek just at the foot of the Gore pass on the west side. This was about 20 miles from Burns' Hole (40 miles from Steamboat Springs). The mail carriers were using snowshoes, but I was on horseback. I rode out there at the appointed time. There was about one and a half feet of snow on the ground, and a heavy snow was falling. The mailman had not yet arrived; so I tied my horse at the haystake and made myself at home in the cabin, where I found plenty to eat. Next morning the mail had not yet come and there was an additional foot of snow on the ground. I became alarmed that if I stayed longer (it was still snowing) I might not be able to return to my cow camp. Thereupon, I started back, hoping to meet the mail carrier as my course followed his for two miles.

"When I reached the place where the trails parted, I saw that the mail carrier had crossed the trail and gone on down the creek toward the McCoy country. Then I saw him down there, plodding along. I could have called to him, but I thought he was all played out and I wouldn't bother him. I thought he would get to the Gates place and spend the night. I went over the divide into Egeria Park, where the blizzard got so bad in my face that I could not see a thing. I knew of Coberly's abandoned cow camp in the gulch a little way and I pulled into that. There was a crude cabin and a log barn with the roof partly caved in. I put the mare in the barn. The roof had been covered with heavy grass bunches, and that was all she had to eat. I had only two or three biscuits. I burned up the bunks and whatever else I could to keep warm. I stayed there three days and 4 nights.

"Providentially, the mail carrier finally did get back to the mail cabin. He was delirious when found there. He said he thought he saw someone beckoning to him through the storm, and that is how he made it to the cabin.

"I didn't get my mail till spring."

* * * *

WILLIAM T. SNOOK had the contract that winter for delivering mail to Steamboat Springs, Rock Creek, and Laramie City. He was a young fellow from Syracuse, New York who had left home in 1873 to see the “wild and woolly West.” He saw it, from Canada on down into Colorado and Utah. He was a trapper, mountain guide, and cowpuncher, and at one time worked for Bill and Joe Coberly in Middle Park. In 1941 Mr. Snook, then 89 years old, was interviewed by Merle M. McClintock of the DAILY SENTINEL, Grand Junction, Colorado and had this to say:

“A tubercular tailor was out here from Ohio for his health. When he grew strong, he got a job helping carry mail on snowshoes in the winter. I offered to go with him the first time, but he said “No” and I went on my own route. He didn’t come back, and I told Cap Crawford and others at Steamboat Springs they had better come out to hunt for him. When I got back through, he was there at camp. His feet were frozen. I had to cut off his boots with a jackknife. I put his feet in snow and ice, covering him with a blanket. It hurt terribly, of course, but the doctor said it was the best thing I could have done. The flesh dropped off the soles of his feet, and wherever the points of his toes rotted, I cut them off. I covered his legs and feet with syrup and flour, and the doctor said that was a good thing, too. . . .”

* * * *

ZENE B. MAUDLIN, pioneer cattleman of Axial Basin, in an interview with PILOT editor, Charles H. Leckenby (date not noted) said this:

“I reached Routt County Sept. 12, 1879. . . . For a while I was mail carrier. . . . I’ve bucked the wind with 60 or 70 pounds of mail on my back when the thermometer was 35 degrees below zero. What do you suppose Uncle Sam paid me? Forty dollars a month and I boarded myself. One carrier between Rock Creek and Steamboat failed to come in on schedule. A searching party found him half buried in the snow. (Here Zene is in error. The man found himself.)

“We hauled him on a sled 22 miles into Steamboat Springs. The snow was deep, we couldn’t control the sled, and he rolled off a dozen times or more. When we got him there, his feet were frozen and he lost all his toes except one, and was laid up for the remainder of the winter.”



CHAPTER SIX

WINTER FUN — WINTER BOREDOM

DIARY:

- Thur., Feb. 10** *The boys and I went up on the hill and coasted until after moonlight. The boys found where there had been two otters near the river.*
- Sun., Feb. 13** *Ma went to look for Logan this morning. She thought that he was drowned maybe but he was over to Auntie's house.*
- Wed., Feb. 16** *Aunt Nannie and Mr. Coburn are making Uncle Henry a pair of pants.*
- Fri., Feb. 18** *Logan saw a robin today, so I guess spring is coming sure enough.*
- Mon., Feb. 21** *Ma and Pa started down the river to Mr. Farnsworth's but only got to the "Big Hole," and turned back. Pa thought they couldn't make it, but Ma wanted to go.*
- Tues., Feb. 22** *Ma and Pa started again to Farnsworth's and I guess they got there for they never came back. Mr. Coburn walked over here and went to the Iron Spring. I milked the cow. We had some toast and milk in this room for supper on the little table. Johnnie says he wants to sleep with me. We went down to the Iron Spring this eve. I have read to the boys.*
- Wed., Feb 23** *Ma and Pa didn't come today. I got up this morning and made both fires and got breakfast and washed and wiped the dishes and swept all the rooms. I made the beds, got dinner, and then knit and read a while and milked.*
- Thur., Feb 24** *Ma and Pa came home today. Ma is real tired. Papa brought 12 pounds of sugar from Farnsworth's.*
- Fri., Feb. 25** *Uncle Henry was over this morning. He had on his new clothes. They looked nice. I guess the new railroads are coming sure. The papers seem to think so. Aunt Nannie sent over some ink.*

- Mon., Feb. 28** *We got some dirt and planted a lot of flower seeds and radishes and lettuce, etc. in the house, and Pa dug a bed in a bare spot above the garden and planted something there.*
- Tues., Mar. 1** *One of our hens laid an egg yesterday and one today, and one of Aunt Nannie's laid an egg today, so we have 3.*
- Fri., Mar. 4** *We saw a blackbird today. Uncle Henry and Aunt Nannie snowshoed up to where their horses are at the mail carriers' haystack.*
- Sun., Mar. 6** *Ma and the boys and I took the big sled and slid down the hill this evening. Had baked trout for dinner.*
- Thur., Mar. 10** *Our seed in the boxes are coming up. Studied some. So did the boys.*
- Fri., Mar. 11** *"Snow, the beautiful white snow" still continues to fall. Most of the hay for the cow is gone. Mail has not got in from either direction. We have taken turns reading. All the family have retired but me and I still have to fix Dave's supper in case he comes in late.*
- Sun., Mar. 13** *After I had written in this last night and we were all undressed (no doubt, the best place to undress was near the stove) we heard someone holler and just then came a knock. In came Mr. Snook just as Ma and I went in the bedroom and before Pa got on his pants, and then Mr. Moon and Mr. Stafford and Uncle Henry, but they all went over to Aunt Nannie's for supper. It has been awful lonesome today. The wind is blowing hard tonight. Mr. Moon's dog, Nick, pulled 80 pounds from Moon's ranch yesterday. He is a large, strong, black dog. Jud Snook has sold out his mail contract to Mr. Moon. Wish spring would come.*

* * * *

NOTE: Mr. Moon was generally referred to as "Old Man Moon." Moon Hill, where he had a shanty, is named for him. He was described as not very big, bald, dark complected, stooped, and with a squeaky voice. "Jack Robinson" was his byword. More about him later.



CHAPTER SEVEN

“I GUESS SPRING HAS COME!”

DIARY

- Mon., Mar. 14** *Pa cut the boys' hair. . . . He made two brands, one for the horses and one for the cows. The boys have been having a concert on some tin pan.*
- Wed., Mar. 23** *We are burning grease lights now. (A braided or twisted rag in a cup of grease.) I guess spring has come sure enough for the boys found some turkey pea flowers in bloom and some buttercups almost in bloom.*
- Thur., Mar. 24** *Pa saw a woodchuck and chipmunk out today. Saw lots of geese flying.*
- Fri., Mar. 25** *I am 14 years old today. I had a nice time. Ma, Logan, Johnnie, and I went up on the crust to bathe. Uncle Henry's folks all came over to our house, and Mr. Coburn and Mr. Moon were here, too, making 11 to dinner. Uncle Henry and I snowballed each other. We saw some bluebirds. This time last year I was in Boulder playing "Ruth and Jacob" with Frank Robbins. Wonder where I will be next year and what will happen. Good night. X (kiss)*
- Sat., Mar. 26** *Splendid weather. Pa and Uncle Henry went up to try to get Uncle's horses down but they can't without first breaking a trail. Pa and Ma and the boys have gone to bed, and Pa says, "Lulie, you had better go to bed and not burn out the grease!"*
- Sun., Mar. 27** *It has been dripping off the house all day. Ma and I and Pa went over on the hill to see the bare ground and the grass starting up, and down to the Iron Spring where the buttercups and turkey peas are just thick. The boys and I went below the bluff and saw two geese and 12 ducks.*

- Mon., Mar. 28** *Uncle Henry and Papa got Uncle Henry's horses down to Spring Creek. Our cow is about out of hay. She eats meal mostly.*
- Tues., Mar. 29** *Mama went fishing this morning but didn't get a bite. I commenced to sew a cardboard motto, "Home Sweet Home." We had supper of graham mush and milk.*
- Wed., Mar. 30** *Uncle Henry put his horses on the bare spots. To-day is Papa's 36th birthday. We roasted a goose and had cake, etc. Had flowers on the table. Mr. Coburn is cutting patterns for Ma.*
- Fri., Apr. 1** *Mr. Coburn started to Laramie.*
- Tues., Apr. 5** *Mr. Will Adair, Mr. Reid's nephew, came this morning. Mr. Adair is a school teacher from Tennessee. Dave went with the mail instead of Moon, who is going to stay and help put in a footbridge. Creek and river rising. Cow runs out on the hill.*
- Wed., Apr. 6** *Pa, Uncle, and Moon went up the creek to cut out a canoe. It rained, then snowed about an inch. Mr. Adair showed me how to work an example. The cow hasn't come up yet. Pa bought 9 pounds of bacon from Mr. Moon.*
- Thur., Apr. 7** *Pa looked for Red, the cow, everywhere but can't find her.*
- Fri., Apr. 8** *A letter from Mrs. Reid. Mr. Reid thinks we will have trouble with the Utes in the spring. They say they are going to fight. Oh, I hope they won't.*
- Sat., Apr. 9** *Pa found the cow up Soda Creek. As soon as she was milked, she struck off down the river.*
- Wed., Apr. 13** *The men went up and finished the canoe but it was so heavy they couldn't bring it down. Mr. Adair went to Hahn's Peak this morning.*
- Sat., Apr. 16** *Elmer Brooks came in from the cow camp early this morning. He brought Ponto and Legs (the dogs), and he says the stock are all right. He has broken 3 horses. Dave went to Farnsworth's looking for Red and to get some things.*
- Sun., Apr. 17** *This is Easter, the day Jesus Christ arose. Dave brought some kerosene from Farnsworth's but they didn't have any sugar. Snook went up to Stafford's and did not pay Dave.*

- Mon., Apr. 18** *Ma, the boys, and I went down on the Island fishing and waded through the snow and mud and didn't catch any after all. Snow melted all night and day, and Soda Creek is muddy and away up.*
- Wed., Apr. 20** *Uncle Henry, Hahns Matzen, and Elmer went up after the canoe. They got it nearly down here. Then Elmer got in it and came down and crossed Bear River and back again. All of them were wet. I went up on Lookout Mountain (Woodchuck) and read "The Cricket on the Hearth."*
- Fri., Apr. 22** *Elmer and Papa started for the winter range this morning just after sunup.*



Elmer A. Brooks at the age of 21 came to Colorado from Detroit, Michigan. Threatened with tuberculosis, he sought a rugged outdoor life, which he was able to live to the full in early-day Routt County. He became acquainted with the Crawfords in Boulder in September 1879. He carried mail, hauled supplies, rode after cattle, worked on the Farwell ditch at Hahn's Peak, and took up a ranch at the mouth of Elk River, where he raised a family. He was one of the most highly regarded and beloved members of the pioneer community.

ELMER BROOKS TELLS HIS OWN STORY:

“We got out of provisions at the cow camp (Burns’ Hole). As long as I had ammunition I was all right. Hahns Matzen would stay around and do the cooking. I would look after the cattle. I wore out my shoes and had to make moccasins from green elk hide. When the moccasins were dry they were pretty good, but when they got wet, they stretched and it was hard to walk in them. We got out of ammunition. There were a couple of fellows about 12 miles above us who let us have a box of cartridges and a sack of flour. When we used up the cartridges and the flour, there was nothing to do but head for Steamboat.

“Four feet of snow on the divide made it impossible for us to ride out on horses. Along about moonlight Halms and I walked out on the crust, carrying our snowshoes. The creeks were full. We had to take everything we came to. Maybe you think those elkhide moccasins didn’t feel comfortable! About where Yampa is was all water. We finally got into the oaks in late afternoon. I was so plumb all in I couldn’t even gather wood. I lay there while Hahns got a fire. There was lots of snow on Yellow Jacket Pass, and we had to use the snowshoes, but soon cached them.

“We went on down to where Sidney is now. We waded the river, which was up to our waists. Fortunately, at Crawford’s there were some shoes I could wear. A couple of weeks later Mr. Crawford (James) and I started back to Burns’ Hole. We got the snowshoes Hahns and I had cached near Yellow Jacket Pass.”

* * * *

“The canoe was a big spruce log, hewed out with axe and adz. It was a green log so it would not be full of cracks. I had to paddle fast enough to keep the hind end from swinging around.

“The summer before, I had ridden another great big spruce log down Soda Creek. I guess it turned over with me half a dozen times. We anchored it and used it for a footbridge across Soda Creek.” (NOTE: Elmer, from the lake country of Michigan, was used to water and boats.)



CHAPTER EIGHT

SPRING BREAKUP

Spring breakup in Routt County was a worrisome time. Though south hillsides were bare and grass was coming fast, the lowlands were soggy, and travel by any means—foot, snowshoes, or horseback—was almost impossible. Bear River was “swimming a horse.” Settlers were running out of food, soap, and kerosene.

DIARY:

Fri., Apr. 22 *Mr. Moon (carrying the mail on snowshoes) couldn't get across Bear River for an hour. Uncle Henry and Dave were afraid to try to take the canoe to him; so Uncle Henry had to go after the horses.*

Sat., Apr. 23 *Dave started to Hahn's Peak on snowshoes and Uncle Henry on horseback.*

SIX DAYS LATER

Fri., Apr. 29 *Dave came from Hahn's Peak with some bacon and rice. Uncle Henry is still up there. He came very nearly getting drowned in Elk River on the way up there and lost his gun and had to swim ashore.*

Mon., Apr. 25 *This morning Ma and Logan went hunting and came home with 4 grouse. I baked light bread and it ran all over the stove.*

Tues., Apr. 26 *Have just come in from covering up the plants on top of the house, and Ma from covering up the old fort. We all went fishing this morning and took our dinner (had eggs) and gathered wild onions and ate under a large tree. Ma fished some at the bluff but without any luck. Fine day.*

Thur., Apr. 28 *My sakes! We saw 3 elk across Bear River. They went up in the green timber. Pretty soon we saw 3 something else—Red and two steers. Guess she must have been over to the winter range.*

- Sat., Apr. 30** *George Stafford came and got 40 Lbs. of flour of us. I played croquet by myself.*
- Sun., May 1** *Pa and Elmer Brooks came (from winter range) with the horses. I am so glad they got home all safe. They brought some deer meat dried, and some hams that aren't.*
- Mon., May 2** *George Stafford and Mr. Snook came down this morning on their way up Elk River, but their horses got away this evening and George fell in Spring Creek, so they are going to stay all night. Pa planted some apple seeds.*
- Tues., May 3** *Elmer plowed and Pa planted potatoes. Ma and I went to the garden (a short distance up the gulch) and planted some seeds and found snowdrops and other flowers that have been there for two years.*
- Wed., May 4** *Cleaned the hen house. Elmer walked a long way after the horses and brought Bell up. She is real gentle. She ate a paper of squash seed that we were going to plant.*
- Thur., May 5** *Logan and John lost a broom in the creek.*
- Sat., May 7** *Elmer came back from Hahn's Peak. Only got 3 bars of soap for us.*
- Mon., May 9** *Whew! Mr. Wood, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Snook came in about two o'clock almost starved to death. Hadn't had anything since yesterday noon. Ma fried 3 skillets of meat. . . . Pa and Elmer started (to Burns' Hole) after the cattle this morning. Ma and I washed, and it rained and splashed mud all over the clothes. Mr. Wood and Mr. Clark are great talkers. Tell many stories — true? I doubt it. A dreadful, dreary day, raining and snowing.*
- Wed., May 11** *Papa and Elmer came with most of the cattle this evening. Ma, Mr. Wood, and I drove Peggy Ann up and milked her. Had some bear's-cabbage greens.*
- Thur., May 12** *Pa, Elmer, Uncle Henry, and Dave drove the other cattle down, and Ma had them put up a few cows to milk, but some were so wild the men couldn't do anything with them.*

- Sat., May 14** *Dave brought all the herd of horses up, and Pa and Elmer caught Kit, Bess, and Frank, and hauled some poles with the team. Logan rode Kit first, and then I rode her and went almost up to Spring Creek and back here and up Soda Creek a ways. (It had been five months since the children had had a horse to ride!)*
- Mon., May 16** *Pa, Elmer, Uncle Henry, and Dave branded the horses this evening.*
- Wed., May 18** *It snowed last night about 2 inches. Oh, I hope my shoes and dress (ordered from Montgomery Ward) will come soon for I need them awfully.*
- Thur., May 19** *Great goodness alive! Mr. Moon skipped the country. Mr. Goodson came with the mail. Our two pair of shoes came and Pa's overalls and John's, too. The men branded the cattle. Ma and I helped them. Had a terrible time. Uncle Henry was knocked down and kicked under the chin and got a tooth broken.*
- Fri., May 20** *Ma rode Coaly and Pa rode Bess and went hunting. They brought in a deer. Haven't seen or heard of that wretch Moon. Warm this eve.*
- Sat., May 21** *We saw 6 deer across Bear River. Pa set out cabbage and fixed the gate to the corral and made posts for the yard. No news from Moon.*

NOTE: Uncle Henry's fiddle and a horse had also disappeared with Mr. Moon.



CHAPTER NINE

SUMMER ON THE WAY — 1881

Now, the last of May, snow still capped Storm Mountain, but the white drifts on Woodchuck Hill were chokeberry and sarviceberry blooms. In a week or so the children were gathering wild strawberries, and the garden up the gulch was furnishing lettuce and radishes to the Crawford menu. The wild meadows contributed dock, yampas, and wild onions. Mosquitoes were plentiful.

Yampa Valley was still hemmed in. No visitors from the outside had yet been able to get over the high ranges. No wagon had gone out from Steamboat since last fall. There was not much news. Just for variety, Lulie wrote one entry in her diary upside down.

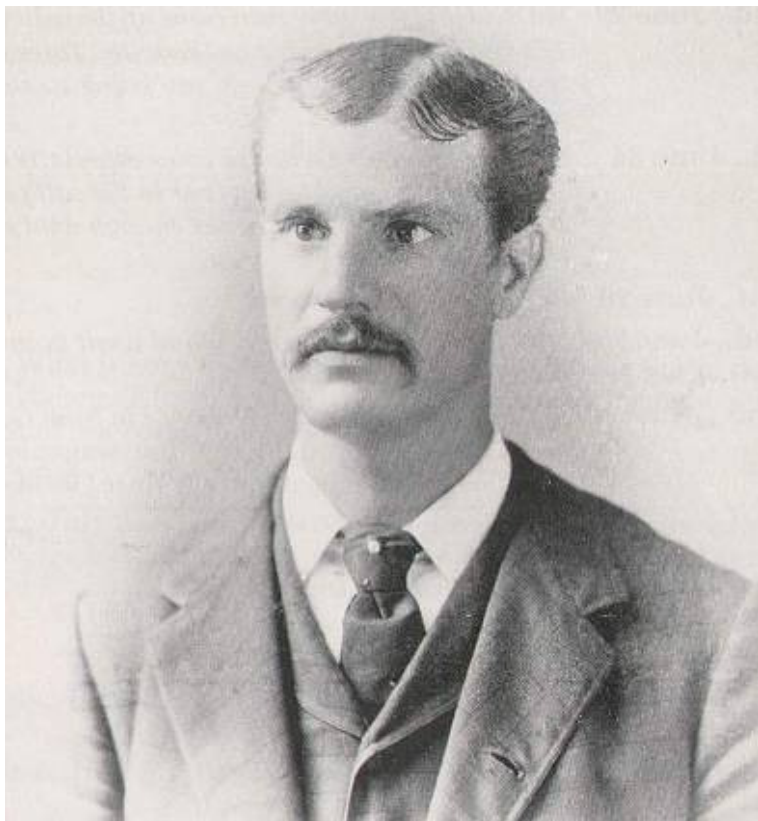
Both Pa and Mr. Reid wanted to sell some cattle. On May 24 with a combined herd of 84 and with Elmer Brooks helping, they started for Leadville, a booming mining town more than a hundred miles distant. This drive has been detailed elsewhere.

Meanwhile, at Steamboat, milking, churning, and butter making kept Ma and the children busy. The milk was strained into bright tin pans and kept on shelves in the storehouse till the yellow cream was ready to be rolled back with a cedar skimmer and put in the big square churn. That cream was so thick the children could hardly start the crank on the churn. To make working the butter easier, Pa had devised a lever attached to the table. Each pound of butter, wrapped in white cheesecloth, brought fifty cents at Hahn's Peak.

Mrs. Farnsworth finally screwed up enough courage to cross Elk River and come to Steamboat for a visit. With her was her brother, Len Potwin, and Dick, the Ute dog. Dick, a little yellow mongrel, lost or abandoned by the Utes, had originally worn bead earrings. Mrs. Farnsworth had not been away from her home since Christmas. She stayed three weeks, went horseback riding and fishing, and helped with chores.

DIARY

- Sun., May 29** *I went up in the cherry bushes and read a story. I got a gooseberry limb and tied some white flow-ers and violets to it and made a wreath for my head. Ma and the boys and I went to hunt Snip (a cow) but didn't find her.*
- Mon., May 30** *The boys drove the chickens up the creek and some of them flew across and old Lamey got in and I guess drowned. Ma gave the boys a good whipping. We have just been weighing the butter. There is 38 pounds. Ma, Dave, and the boys found Snip with a calf in Soda Park. Snip's calf has glass eyes. Dave made some milk stools.*
- Tues., May 31** *Joe Creamer and Uncle Henry went up to the mines and took the butter. I went over to Auntie's and brought home "Lucille," a poem by Owen Meredith. I milked eleven cows and Dave two.*
- Wed., June 1** *Dave daubed part of the house (with mud from the springs). Uncle Henry came back from Hahn's Peak with some sugar, turnips, potatoes, dried apples, etc. Brin got that old poison weed and is all swollen up. Uncle Henry bled her. Old Lamey came back today. Don't know where she has been. She was glad to get something to eat.*
- Fri., June 3** *Beautiful day. We washed the curtains. Ma got lots of ticks off her tonight. . . . "Many an evening did we watch the stately ships. . . ."—A. Tennyson*
- Mon., June 6** *Went fishing but the river is too high. Didn't get a bite. Mr. Goodson has turned over the mail con-tract to Stafford and Co.*
- Thur., June 9** *Pa and Co. came in (from Leadville) this after-noon at 1 o'clock. Pa has got a new pair of pants, and Elmer a new saddle and suit of overalls. . . . Pa told us about nearly getting drowned while crossing Grand River.*
- Fri., June 10** *Elmer, Mr. Potwin, Uncle Henry, and Dave went to work on the road.*
- Sun., June 12** *Rained. Leaked through the milk house and down the stovepipe in this room. We saw 6 elk across by the cave spring.*



Louis Garbarino from Georgetown. His parents operated a saloon, but wanted to get their son away from it. He worked for the Crawfords for several years, hauled freight, carried mail, and took up a claim on White Snake Creek where Phippsburg now is.

- Thur., June 16** *Aunt Nannie has decided to go to Kentucky for a visit the first time Uncle Henry goes out with a wagon.*
- Fri., June 17** *Elmer and Dave started to Georgetown.*
- Sat., June 18** *Uncle Henry got the horses and took us all to the bath house, but the house had tumbled in. He got a stick and propped it up so we could bathe. Aunt Nannie is here sewing, getting ready to go. I made some little underclothes for Minnie.*
- Sun., June 19** *Aunt Nannie, Uncle Henry, Louis Garbarino, John Samuel, and Minnie started for Outside this morning about 10 o'clock. Minnie said, "I want to go to Maggie's house," and cried, and so did I.*

- Wed., June 22** *Mr. Reid and five other men came up the valley with 175 head of cattle going to Leadville. Three of the men stayed for supper and are going to stay all night.*
- Fri., June 24** *Had a terrible time with the cows, especially Roan. . . . Logan, John, and I went over in the calf pasture across Soda Creek and picked enough wild strawberries for supper.*
- Sun., June 26** *Pa sent for us some shoes.*
- Wed., June 29** *Mrs. Farnsworth and Mr. Wood went home this morning.*
- Thur., June 30** *My, I'm glad! Elmer and Dave got in from Georgetown. . . . (They brought the first wagon load of supplies to Steamboat Springs since October 28.)*



CHAPTER TEN

SUMMER 1881

What luxury to have plenty of sugar and flour again! Besides provisions, Elmer and Dave had thoughtfully brought a small sack of fireworks.

DIARY

- Sat., July 2** *Ma and I baked three cakes. Logan gathered a lot of wild strawberries. I preserved them and put them between the layers of the cakes. Logan ate so many strawberries he was sick at his stomach. The boys fired off two Roman candles.*
- Mon., July 4** *The boys went to sleep before we fired off the rest of the Roman candles.*
- Tues., July 5** *We just fired off the Fourth of July "fixens." John was asleep but we saved him some.*
- Thur., July 7** *Sad, sad news. President Garfield was shot while at the depot, and he is not expected to live. Elmer and Pa fixed the bath house so we can bathe in it.*
- Mon., July 18** *Our shoes came from Montgomery Ward and are too little.*
- Tues., July 19** *Our new shoes are just a fit after all. I guess our feet were swollen last night. I put on my buff dress and new shoes and stockings, etc. and we all went down to the Iron Spring.*

* * * *

Now travelers were coming to Steamboat so thick and fast Lulie could hardly make note of them all:

DIARY — EXCERPTS

A Mr. Kinney and his partner came from Hot Sulphur Springs going to Ashley. Mr. Reid and Co. came in from Outside. It never rains but it pours. Three of them and two men from Hayden, by name Lebere, came and ate dinner and supper.



View from front yard of Big Cabin. Beyond open gate of picket fence there appears to be framework for a footbridge over Soda Creek. To the right toward Bear River, is the corral. Note head and neck of pet sandhill crane just visible in gateway.

There is a peddler here tonight with only one leg. He is going to sleep here. . . . We bought a few things from him.

Frank Jones and Charlie Wood came today from Hahn's Peak. Capt. Roland and Bill Ganson and a Mr. Blake of Boulder came from up the river. We have 14 people here for supper.

Three gentlemen from Denver came and are going to stay quite a while. . . . One of the swells killed a nice deer. . . . Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hulett came in. . . Several wagons came in today and several horsemen. One lady and three girls along. They came up after some milk. They are camped down by the river.

We have just come home from Mr. Maxwell's camp across the creek. We went to hear them sing. There are 3 ladies. We sang several pieces. Had a very nice time.

Mr. Dunn came up and ate supper here. . . . Crawford Beeler and Mr. Walker, Sr. came by this morning returning from Leadville.

Thirteen wagons passed here before breakfast. . . .

* * * *

Special guests invited by Pa and Ma were Mr. and Mrs. Yates and daughter, Tillie, of The Yates House in Georgetown. These friends arrived on July 22 and stayed till September 10.

It was a standing joke that the first thing the Crawfords always invited any guests to do was to take a bath. This invitation was readily accepted since to soak in a big, bubbling spring of comfortably hot mineral water was a rare treat in a country where the ordinary bath was a hurried scrub in a washtub in the kitchen.

Tillie and Lulie, two lively teen-age girls, who had been reading the sentimental stories of the period, had much in common. Here is a partial report by Lulie:

DIARY

Fri., July 22 *Tillie and I have great fun. Mr. Wood came; also a friend of Mr. Reid's from Hahn's Peak. Haven't been introduced yet. Dying to, though. . . .*

Sun., July 24 *Mr. Bennett, Sr. and Mr. Bennett, Jr. came from Hahn's Peak. This evening Mr. Bennett, Jr. played the mouthharp and Tillie sang some accompanied by Uncle Henry. . . . Till is writing beside me. We have to do up our hair yet. . . .*



Maggie in the driver's seat up Elk River behind a good old team named Fox and Gen (General)

- Fri., July 29** *Ma and Mrs. Yates finished making my new gingham dress. I put it on and wore it all evening.*
- Sat., July 30** *Tillie and I walked up to the spring and had a good bath. Mr. Moore, the mailman, came very near the door, and didn't we scream! Tillie screamed, "Oh, Lulie, it's a man!"*
- Wed., Aug. 3** *Tillie and I went horseback riding up to Fish Creek and back to Spring Creek hill. Couldn't get her out of a walk. This evening about 10 o'clock we all ran down to the Iron Spring and sang all the way home.*
- Wed., Aug. 17** *We had a cucumber for dinner — the first one for Steamboat Springs!*
- Sat., Aug. 20** *The folks all went up to where the men are cutting hay. Tillie and I stayed here all day by ourselves and were so busy we didn't get time to change our dresses or take down our frizzies. Tillie churned while I baked a cake, made light bread, etc. Uncle John wants me to come back to Missouri to school. Mr. Stafford says, "The country can't spare her." Ha!*

Wed., Aug. 24 *Mr. and Mrs. Burgess and Bruce came in from Georgetown in a rain storm.*

Thur., Aug. 25 *We have just come home from the camp of some ladies and gentlemen who came in today from up the river. We all sang, and one of the ladies played on the "Organette." Had cabbage today.*

Tues., Aug. 30 **AT ELLIS CLARK'S RANCH**

I am sitting by the campfire, smoke flying in my face. We came from the Springs this afternoon. Ate an early lunch at home and got here about half past five. We are 12 miles from home (down the river). Came in Uncle Henry's care in our wagon and with his team. Tillie, Logan, John, Ma, Uncle Henry and I comprise the party. We came for currants (big steel-blue ones in the river bottom) and picked a few. Came through some very pretty country. Not very good roads. Zene Maudlin is here, and also Ellis Clark, but haven't seen him. They cut hay all night because the wind blows in the daytime. . . .

Wed., Aug. 31 *We came in the wagon two miles farther where there were lots of currants. Then Uncle and I left the others and rode horseback to Hayden. (NOTE: Henry held several county offices at various times, including treasurer and county judge and no doubt had business to attend to.)*

Went over some very rough country through the canyon where there was a great big rock for half a mile, I guess. It had Indian paintings on it. Reached the valley where the Fiskes live and gave them their mail. Then we rode 6 miles to Hayden. Ate dinner and came back, making about 23 miles. Started at 9 and arrived there before 2.

Folks got lots of berries — a tub and buckets full — and some ducks. Rather tired and most awful sleepy.

Thur., Sept. 1 *Started early and got home a little before 12.*

* * * *

MORE ABOUT AUG. 31 (Ma liked to tell this.)

After Lulie and Henry rode on to Hayden, Ma and the others picked currants all morning, and Logan shot some young ducks for dinner. But when Ma got ready to make a fire, she discovered she had no matches. Henry had the matches! And so she gathered fine twigs and dry grass and added a little tow (the course broken part of flax used to spin cloth and brought from Missouri for cleaning guns). Then she took the shot out of a cartridge and most of the powder, held the gun a short distance from the prepared pile, and pulled the trigger. She got a spark and fire at the first try.

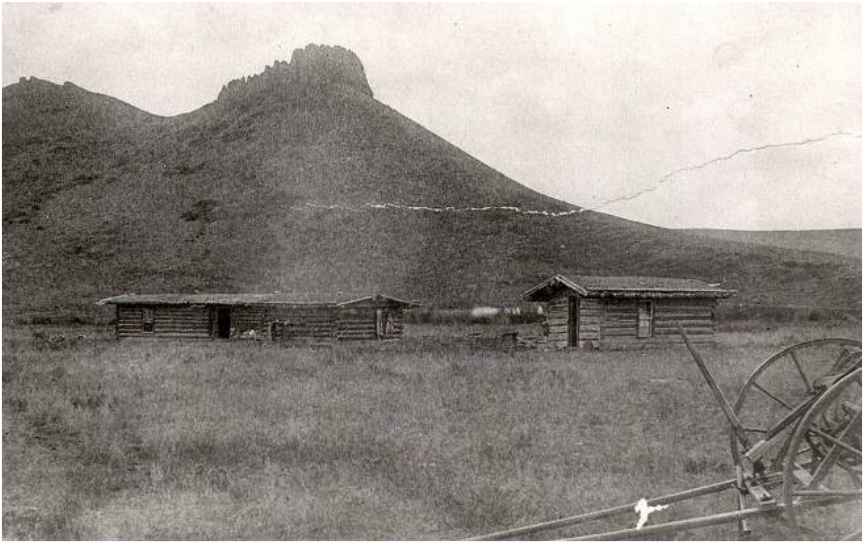


CHAPTER ELEVEN

AUTUMN 1881

DIARY

- Wed., Sept. 7** *Pa came home from putting up hay at the winter range.*
- Thur., Sept. 8** *Tillie and I went riding up the river to the crossing. We had on riding skirts and black basques.*
- Fri., Sept. 9** *We are crowded — 22 for supper. Cold and very, very windy. Bruce Burgess is 5 years old today.*
- Sat., Sept. 10** *Pa started for Georgetown, taking Mr. and Mrs. Yates and Tillie home. Mr. and Mrs. Burgess and Bruce started also.*
- Tues., Sept. 13** *Mr. Lebere dug the potatoes and thinks there are about 20 bushels.*
- Wed., Sept. 14** *Uncle Henry and Dave went to Uncle Henry's ranch in Egeria Park. Mr. Lebere put up the little stove in the milk house so the cream will rise better.*
- Thur., Sept. 22** *Very sad news. Pres. Garfield is dead.*
- Fri., Sept. 23** *Papa and the Burgesses got back. Joe Coberly is with them and two other men. They are camped over by Uncle Henry's. Johnnie Crane (the pet sandhill crane) got his leg broken. We fixed it up with splints. Mr. Lebere told me about Tillie saying that I was a good girl but was so uneducated I didn't know anything about society. Huh!*
- Sat., Sept. 24** *Crowded again. Seventeen for supper including 8 campers, one of them a Mr. Bigelow. Mrs. Burgess was down from the Little Cabin. She has got a new hat.*
- Wed., Sept. 28** *Hm, a pretty girl I am. Went fishing and fell in the river. Ma and I and the boys went with Mr. Lebere up the river. I had one foot on a bunch of willows*



Henry Crawford Cabins — Egeria Park

when my foot slipped and down I went. Got wet up to my arms. Ma stood on the other side laughing at me, and I laughed, too. Mr. Lebere was scared. I said, "Mr. Lebere, let me get ready before you try to pull me out." We walked to the wagon and went down to the mail cabin and made a fire. Mr. Lebere and Ma loaded a load of hay and home we came. But we didn't have any brake on the wagon and a great big load of hay, and it rained and hailed and blew like everything. . . .

Sun., Oct. 2

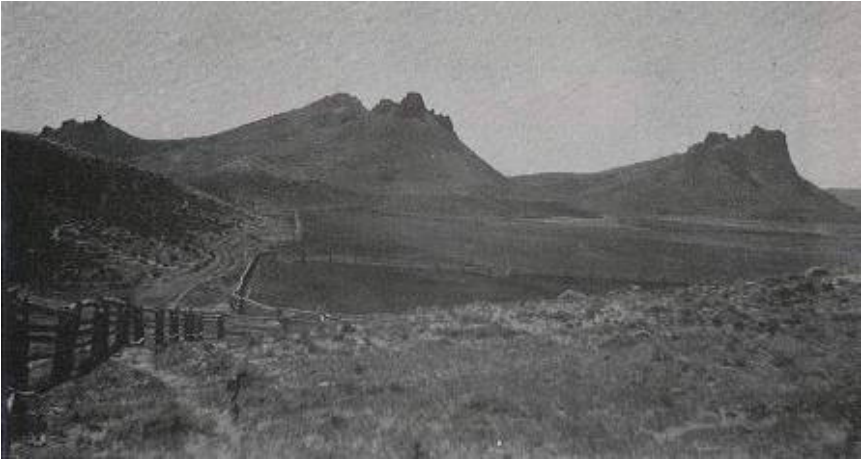
The Woolery folks came in (from Leadville). They camped up by the bath house last night, and this evening Ma and Pa and the boys went up to see them, and the men (Harvey and Milton) moved the wagons down to Uncle Henry's. The ladies have both got little babies — real cute little things. Nursed them considerable. The Woolerys ate supper here and are going to stay tonight.

Mon., Oct. 3

The Woolerys moved over to Aunt Nannie's. They all ate breakfast here and Ida, the oldest girl (10 years old) helped me with the dishes. They left the two little babies here until after 12, and the babies almost starved and cried a good deal but were real good considering. The men have gone down to their ranches today. We ate a lunch for dinner and Ma and I and Mr. Bigelow went fishing down below the crossing and up to the bluffs.



Lower Egeria Park looking west. Flat Top mountains in distance

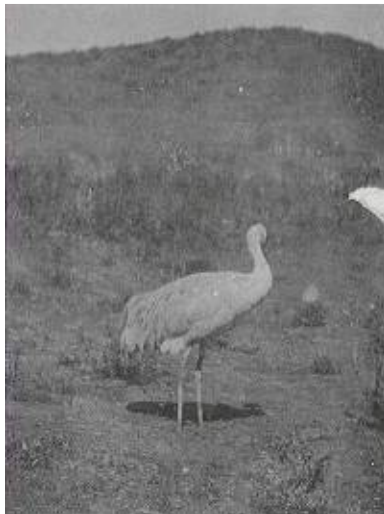


"The Buttes," Egeria Park

Fri., Oct. 7 *Mr. Bigelow ("Peaches and Cream") says, "With your permission I will be one of your correspondents when I go to Denver." There are two tents down by the river. They belong to surveyors of the U.P. (Union Pacific Railroad).*

Mon., Oct. 10 *Mr. Bigelow left this morning. He gave me his fishing rod, reel, and line.*

Wed., Oct. 12 *Pa sold Joe, the pet elk, for \$20 to one of the surveyors. . . . Ma told me that I would have a little*



"Johnnie" Crane

sister or brother in March some time.

- Fri., Oct. 14** *Mrs. Milt Woolery moved over to the shop and I have been keeping Clara all evening. (NOTE: The “shop” was Uncle Henry’s tool house or store house, just across Kitten Creek from his cabin. Kitten Creek is no more. It was a small overflow from Soda Creek into the river.)*
- Thur., Oct. 20** *We have decided to start to Boulder Monday. Ma and I washed. Mrs. Burgess and Ma went fishing but didn’t get a bite. Ellis Clark gave me some of his cards and his photo.*
- Sat., Oct. 22** *The men drove the cattle up and branded the calves. Snowed a little last night. Mr. Dever came. Been cooking all day.*
- Sun., Oct. 23** *Mr. Lebere left. Elmer and two of Mr. Dever’s men went off with the stock to winter range. Mr. Burgess kept a cow. Mrs. Burgess was down to help us today. Mr. Dever is going with us.*

NOTE: **Mr. W. H. Dever** was a very early timer, a partner of Pony Whitmore’s in locating the Gilpin Mine. Though mainly a prospector, he did a little ranching, had a cabin west of the river on what was later the “Billy” Williams ranch, and another cabin on Slate Creek.

* * * *

Burgess cabin

Alma Woolery Baer (Mrs. Charles E. Baer) told me that her father, Harvey, built the Burgess cabin. I think this must have been during the fall of 1881. Until it was built, the Burgesses lived in the Little Crawford Cabin. The Harvey Woolerys wintered in the Big Crawford Cabin.



Residence of Henry J. and Albina King at the mouth of Troublesome Creek. A post office was established here in 1878. When Henry died in 1879, his wife succeeded to his duties as postmaster. (This family is not to be confused with the Preston King family, pioneers of Upper Egeria Park.)



CHAPTER TWELVE

TRIP TO BOULDER, OCTOBER 1881

No travel agency could have booked this as a pleasure trip! Snow squall almost every day, wind with teeth in it, no tent.

Pa probably had at least two wagons and several extra horses. As soon as the expedition reached Egeria Park, he took off horseback to harvest venison which he would sell to Boulder stores and restaurants for enough money to support his family during the winter. He had helpers — the men who had just now come along from Steamboat, and others who, several days before had driven the stock to Burns' Hole, among them Elmer Brooks and Zene Maudlin. Elmer and Zene would accompany the Crawfords to Boulder, and the other men would return home. Here is Lulie's log of the trip:

DIARY

Mon., Oct. 24 *Well, here we are out on the road a mile and a half from sign board, in a first-rate camp and got along splendidly. Started at half after three. Mr. Farnsworth and Mr. Dever are with us. I was up and ran down to the Iron Spring before daylight. Mrs. Burgess and Mrs. Milt Woolery came over to tell us goodbye and to help us get off. I was sorry to go. We left Legs at home. It is a little cloudy. Mrs. Burgess gave me a pair of wristlets.*

Tues., Oct. 25 *We camped this noon on Oak or Terrible Creek and are camped this evening on Marshall Creek close to where Mr. Ed Watson has taken up his claim. He and his wife and several others are camped near. They were down a few minutes ago and spent some of the evening. We got across the Oak Hills all right. It snowed just a little last night but today it is clear. Fearful cold. I walked a long way and have a dull headache. We passed two cabins in the Oak Hills. Lots of rose apples.*

- Wed., Oct. 26** *Most awful cold and windy this morning. Didn't get to say goodbye to Mrs. Watson. Traveled till noon and camped at the Willow Camp. Pa and Mr. Dever went hunting. Pa killed two deer and Mr. Dever one. This evening it is snowing. I rode Kit around camp and jumped a jackrabbit. My hands and face are rough already. John caught two trout.*
- Thur., Oct. 27** *Oh, what a day! So monotonous and so dreary and so snowy and cold and altogether disagreeable. Pa and Mr. Dever went on over to where the stock are (Burns' Hole). They rode horseback on Kit and Frank. Pa came back and the others are coming tomorrow. They killed ten deer. My face and hands are just like nutmeg graters.*
- Fri., Oct. 28** *Pa went with Bess up after his deer and got back between 12 and 1:00 o'clock. and we expected Elmer and Mr. Dever in here in time to start off but they didn't come till almost night. It has snowed at intervals all day. I have been out bringing in sage brush for wood. Two four-horse teams passed going to Steamboat Springs and below. I do hope we will get started from here tomorrow. Got lots of venison. Cold!*
- Sat., Oct. 29** *Changed camp again but didn't go far. We are camped on Toponas Creek. We got up early intending to start right off, when behold! our horses were gone, at least most of them, and Elmer started right off for them before breakfast but didn't find them. Then Pa went with the same luck, and Elmer went again and found them, and by the time we left it was one or two o'clock. Got out a couple or 3 miles and met Uncle Henry and family returning to Bear River. Saw Aunt Nannie and children. Minnie didn't say a word. (Aunt Nannie, John Samuel, and Minnie had been visiting in Kentucky ever since June.) Snowed some but looks like clearing off now. Awful cold.*
- Sun., Oct. 30** *Hello! I see we are in Middle Park again. Came over Gore Pass this afternoon. It was terrible — snowy, icy, muddy, and steep up and down, and siddling. I walked all the way from where we camped at noon on Blacktail to the top of the range, and Ma*

rode Gypsy. Then I rode Gypsy down to camp. We passed 2 surveyors' camps and 3 or 4 wagons — Mr. Smart's among them. The wind is blowing hard.

Mon., Oct. 31 *Snowed a little last night and has been snowing ever since at intervals. We are at Mr. King's now. Mrs. King isn't at home, but her daughters, Minnie and Mrs. Becker, are here. Mrs. Becker has a little boy 5 weeks old. We camped at noon on the Muddy at Jack Rand's "Hermitage," now Mr. Preston's. Mr. Ives was here and we went in and got warm. I rode a little while on Gypsy late this afternoon. Got some papers at Hermitage. We cooked and ate our supper in the house. Been covered up under the wagon sheet most all day. Met Barney Day. Snowed quite a good deal.*

Tues., Nov. 1 *We left Troublesome rather early. Ma and I rode horseback up the long hill. We stopped for noon at the McQueary house in Hot Sulphur Springs. Saw Mr. and Mrs. McQueary and her two nieces. One of them is Mrs. Frank Byers. Mrs. Chamberlin (ranch on Eight-Mile Creek east of Cottonwood Divide) took us right into her parlor and looked at me and said, "You musn't grow a bit more. You are just pretty enough now. What nice hair you have." We had a first-class dinner and pretty good supper. It was very cold part of today and then it snowed. We were covered up in the wagon most of the day. My nose is real sore.*

Wed., Nov. 2 *Oh, what a place!!! We are about half way up to the top of the range at the Stage House. A part of it is a stable, and the other part a house. Still, it is more comfortable than camping outside. We got a good start this morning. Mrs. Chamberlin said she was afraid to let me go to Boulder for fear I won't come back. We camped at noon at Cozens'. Saw Mrs. Cozens. Had a middling good dinner. Snowed most of today and blew awful hard. Haven't got any place for the horses tonight. There are 3 men here who couldn't get up the mountain with their wagon, so they left it. Two Germans keep the place. They are very kind. Fixed a lunch for us, etc. A mouse is running around here.*



Covered wagon "compact" popular in the eighties. Picture taken near Toponas, Coberly Gulch in background. Note canvas rolled up on sides to let the breeze through. Also, note driver's foot on the brake.

Thur., Nov. 3 *We crossed the main range today and took noon dinner at the Atlantic House on the road. The worst meal yet. We met Frank Byers on his way to Hot Sulphur. Came on down through Empire to Lawson and here we are now. Had to wait a long time for supper. Real cold.*

Fri., Nov. 4 *We bade goodbye to Lawson and didn't take dinner until we got here at Mr. Meshler's ranch and had supper after dark. Mr. Meshler has been to the Springs, and Pa knew him. He had us come in the house and cook supper, and we are going to sleep in the loft of the barn. The wind blew last night like everything and has been blowing almost all day and is blowing now. We came over some of the awfulest roads. Ma and I got off going through Central City and walked right through the streets. It was very bad. We ran into two herds of cattle. Pet got scared while I was leading her.*

- Sat., Nov. 5** *Whew, but it did blow last night, and today the wind came very nearly blowing me away. We are stopping at the Mountain House, 10 miles from Boulder. We have had a hard day. So hard pulling. Great snow banks in the road. We only stopped a few moments for dinner. Didn't cook anything. Had a first class supper. Very nice lady here and a little baby girl. My lips are all swollen up and my nose, too. I have a severe cold. Johnnie isn't feeling very well.*
- Sun., Nov. 6** *In Boulder — at last! Got in about noon and drove through town to Mrs. Buck's. (Mrs. Buck was a friend — a widow with a daughter, Hattie, about Lulie's age.)*
- Mon., Nov. 7** *No house to be found in town. . . .*

* * * *

The Crawfords temporarily took rooms at Mrs. Buck's, bought some groceries, and "had something fit to eat." While Pa looked for some place to live, Elmer Brooks and Zene Maudlin found work using the Crawford teams. Ma and the children greeted old acquaintances and enjoyed the luxury of living in a community again.

DIARY EXCERPTS:

- "Ma went down town and got me some stockings, gloves, and a dress. She got her a dress, too. Mine is navy blue, and hers, gray. . . .*
- "Met Cora Sheldon and Gracie Moore and Georgie Roland — all glad to see me. . . . Passed by Charlie Robbins and Bertie Berkeley and they didn't know me. . . . Hattie and I went to the Missionary Society. . . . The minister was up to see us. . . .*
- "I got me a new bow and some lace, and a pin and veil. . . . Ma picked out her Dolman. . . .*
- "The boys started to school and went in A Class No. 1 and A Class No.2. I went up to the University with Pa and saw Dr. Sewell. I can't go into a regular class. Dr. Sewell gave me some questions to study in geography and arithmetic, and they are awful hard. . . ."*



Mary Beulah Crawford, age 2 years, 4 months

* * * *

Finally, Pa rented a house — “small and dirty but I guess it will do,” and on Nov. 16 the family moved in.

In this house four months later, on March 27, 1882, Lulie’s little sister was born. She had golden red hair, and she was named Mary Beulah Crawford.

* * * *

The Crawfords remained in Boulder till the spring of 1883. By June of that year they were more than ready to head **home**!

In after years, when the Crawford children were no longer children, and marriage and circumstance had taken some of them to distant places, they still knew without the shadow of a doubt where their real home was. Always and forever their fondest hopes and dreams would be *Destination Steamboat*!

SUPPLEMENT

(Introduction)

CHARLIE BECK, who carried the mail in 1878 and 1879 did not stay in Colorado but returned to Detroit, Michigan before the end of 1880. Mary Lyons Cairns, historian of Grand Lake, corresponded with him in 1929. He had raised a family and was in the tent and awning business.

FRED J. PERRY came to Middle Park in 1878 to survey for William N. Byers. He was connected with the first newspaper in Middle Park called "The Grand Lake Prospector," established in 1881.

(Chapter 1)

PERRY A. BURGESS of Bates County, Missouri, came to Colorado in 1874 with William A. Walton on an exploratory trip. Both these men joined James Crawford and two others in taking up the townsite of Steamboat Springs. Perry Burgess also homesteaded two miles west of town. At the time of this diary he apparently did not yet have a cabin of his own. Alma Woolery Baer (Mrs. Charles E. Baer) told me that her father, Harvey Woolery, built the Burgess home, which I believe was late in the fall of 1881. The Harvey Woolerys themselves occupied the Big Crawford cabin that winter.

THE COLORADO & CENTRAL RAILWAY had, a few years previously, built a standard gauge line from Julesburg to Golden, and a narrow gauge from Golden to Central City. (The line north from Julesburg connected with the Union Pacific 5 miles west of Cheyenne.) In 1877 a branch of the narrow gauge had been extended from the forks of Clear Creek to Georgetown, which was then the nearest supply point to Steamboat Springs. On its way south from Julesburg, the C&C picked up passengers and freight in Boulder and also at one or two coal mining camps. From Boulder to Georgetown the total distance was about 60 miles. (Ref: HISTORY OF COLORADO, Wilbur Fisk Stone)

HOOK AND ROYERS STAGELINE ran tri-weekly stages from Georgetown over Berthoud Pass to Hot Sulphur Springs, 50 miles away, as well as daily stages to Leadville, 56 miles distant.

TOM LIVINGSTON, a young man of 20, first met James Crawford by chance at a livery stable in Denver in July 1877. Tom had come across the plains from some place in the East, was the owner

of a team, and had no definite plans except to locate in the mountains. He accepted an offer to take a load of supplies and furniture to Yampa Valley. From that time on, he took an active part in the history of northwestern Colorado.

In 1878 after Tom Elliott was killed by the Indians at his ranch a few miles south of Kremmling, Tom Livingston was one of a party of men who followed the Utes clear to the reservation and recovered 11 stolen horses.

In the heyday of mining at Hahn's Peak he worked for all the big operators. In 1882 he brought in a herd of cattle and settled on Snake River. He was now married. When his wife died after 4 years, he sold out and went to California, but returned to end his days in Rawlins, Wyoming.

(Chapter 2)

COBERLY The parents of Joseph and William Coberly came to Colorado Territory in 1858 not as gold seekers but as ranchers. They ran a "half-way house" or tavern on the east branch of Plum Creek and raised vegetables for people at the "diggin's". Joseph, born in 1842, died in 1927. He was described as Indian fighter, Pony Express rider, and cattleman. (Ref: McGrath's PIONEERS, and Carroll H. Coberly's EARLY COLORADO — State Historical Library)

SIDNEY D. N. BENNETT was the first treasurer of Routt County, appointed by the governor when the county was formed. He conducted placer mining operations at Hahn's Peak and had a ranch about 6 miles below the Reid ranch on Upper Elk River.

(Chapter 3)

FRANK JONES, who was at International Camp (Bugtown) in 1876, was the first elected county clerk of Routt County, and served several terms. He had marvelous skill with a pen, and made his own ink. Anyone, including Lulie, who wanted beautiful name cards to give to friends got Frank to write them.

(Chapter 5)

CARRYING MAIL ON SNOWSHOES The leather mail bag was narrow in the middle to fit a man's shoulder and had pouches front and back. The picture of "Reddy" Tharp is not dated. It is stamped on the back *John A. Whetstone*, probably the photographer. John was an uncle of James Whetstone who had a ranch in the

Hayden valley in 1882 and at one time ran 1000 head of cattle in Twenty-Mile Park. The Tharps were homesteaders mentioned by Virginia Andrew in her chapter on the Sidney Valley and vicinity in Mr. Leckenby's **THE TREAD OF PIONEERS**. Samuel H. Tharp was elected county commissioner in 1885.

(Chapter 6)

ROOF GARDENS The first log cabins had a thick covering of dirt on their roofs, which made excellent insulation but leaked in wet weather. The roof was a convenient place to plant the earliest seeds. A good many settlers boasted of "roof gardens."

THE OLD FORT was a pit that had been dug between the cabin and Soda Creek in September 1879. It was circular with a dirt-covered roof just above the ground under which were portholes to shoot through, and was to be used as a last resort if the cabin was fired by burning arrows.

(Chapter 9)

CHARLIE WOOD, a prospector, frequent visitor to Steamboat Springs, was elected assessor in 1881.

(Chapter 10)

KINNEYS, GANSONS, and McQUEARYS were important in Middle Park. **MORGAN BROTHERS**, Charles, David, Joseph, Thomas, and William, were among the very earliest settlers in Yampa Valley. Joe and Dave organized the first mercantile establishment in what was later Routt County below the mouth of Elkhead, where they traded with the Indians. Perhaps it was Dave who called on the Crawfords this summer of 1881. Morgan Bottom near Hayden was named for him. He built a cabin and wintered there in 1873-74, but later homesteaded near Axial Basin.

HULETT and TORENCE brought a big herd of cattle to Lay Creek in 1879 and eventually developed a fine ranch near Axial. (Horace M. Hulett was appointed assessor by Gov. Routt in 1879.)

W. R. WALKER and sons Samuel J. and Martin P. came from North Carolina the fall of 1881 and entered land where Hayden now is. In 1894 W. R. Walker laid out part of his land for the townsite.

JIMMY DUNN settled near the mouth of Elkhead. At the time of the Indian scare, he volunteered to ride from Steamboat to Hahn's Peak to warn the people there.

MAXWELLS *James P. Maxwell*, one of Colorado's most prominent citizens, came in 1860 to Boulder, where he made his home. For many years he was deputy U.S. mineral and land surveyor. In 1875 he was elected to the territorial legislature and the state senate in 1876. He was president of the First National Bank in Boulder. For 15 years he was president of the Steamboat Springs Company and surveyed and platted the town of Steamboat.

His son, *Marc Maxell*, in June 1885 helped haul in the printing outfit for James Hoyle, founder of the PILOT newspaper.

CRAWFORD BEELER, his father Daniel, two brothers John and Mack, and sisters Cynthia and Isabell, came from Missouri and arrived at the mouth of Elk River Sept. 29, 1875, where they spent the winter. Though they had practically no food, all managed to survive, along with one ox team, one mule team, and five Missouri cows. In the summer of 1876 Crawford Beeler, a young man of 19, worked at the Peak for Cody, Hinman, and McIntosh. The Beelers took up ranches on Snake River.

(Chapter 12)

SIGN BOARD referred to under date of October 24 marked a trail that turned off to Twenty-Mile Park and Hayden.

WILLOW CAMP was on the leeward (east) side out of the wind in the aspens and willows just above present site of Yampa.

BARNEY DAY, rancher of Middle Park and commissioner of Grand County, was killed at Grand Lake in 1883 in a quarrel over the county seat. Five other men died in this tragedy.

* * * *

I wish I could identify all the people Lulie mentions. A few I was privileged to know. A few told their own stories in interviews with the far-sighted editor of THE PILOT, Charles H. Leckenby, himself a pioneer. Some earned an honored place in local history records. Some, at this late date, are only names. Joe Creamer is one of those.

Most of the young men in early Routt County carried mail at one time or another. In a county where population was very thin, almost all who could or would qualify and post bond, held various county offices.

The Farnsworths and many of the Hahn's Peakers were quite well educated and furnished reading material to the Crawfords.

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Lulita Crawford Pritchett