The Pritchett Ranch

Steamboat Springs, Colorado

By

James Logan Crawford

Bringing the work horses back to the barn at the Pritchett Ranch. Woodchuck Mt. in the background.

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Second edition 2010

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The old photographs in this book come from the private collection of the Crawford family and the Tread Of Pioneers Museum, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. The recent photographs were taken by the author.

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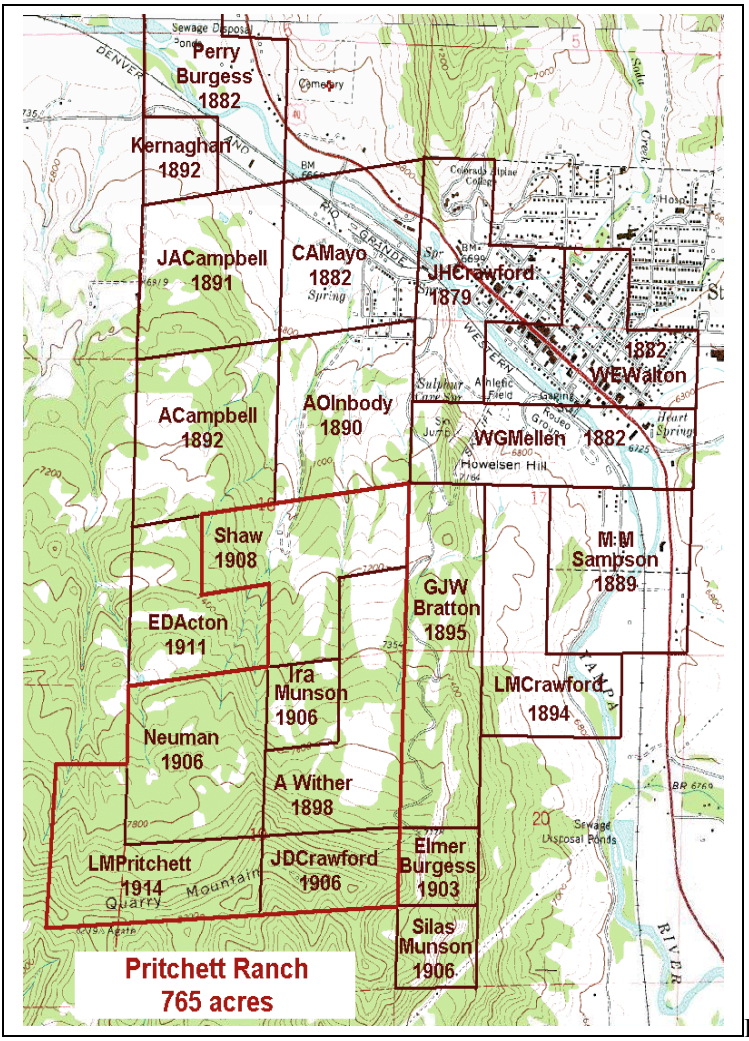
FOREWARD

I first wrote about the Pritchett Ranch in 2006 in preparation for a Brown Bag luncheon program at the Tread Of Pioneers Museum in Steamboat Springs. I purposely kept the content small to make it easier to print and distribute to the people who came to the program. In the years since then, I have found several old Pritchett letters talking about the ranch, many more old photographs taken on the ranch, a painting by Lulie Crawford Pritchett of the ranch, and a wonderful unpublished short story that Lulie's daughter Lulita wrote based on her father's experience on the ranch. The story was decidedly different from her other stories, with a harshness about it that was sobering to read, if not a little overly dramatic and exaggerated in it's portrayal of a crisis in the life of a rancher. Months later, when reading old letters of the Pritchetts, I found a letter written by Carr to Lulie that I realized was the real-life occurrence behind Lulita's story. Lulita had fictionalized the event, but what I had thought was exaggeration was in fact the hard reality of Carr's life on the Pritchett Ranch. I think Lulita's story is one of her better short stories, and deserves to be in print. I have included it in Chapter 4, with Carr's letter reproduced after it.

With all of this new material, I felt it was time to revise the book. And this time, I have removed my arbitrary page number restriction, so I included all of the material I felt was interesting.

Jim Crawford
September 2010



Land Patents granted for north slope of Emerald Mountain

Chapter 1. Early History of Emerald Mountain

Steamboat Springs is located on the Yampa River at the bend where the river changes its course from flowing north to flowing northwest and finally west. Tucked into the bend is an elevated land mass now commonly known as Emerald Mountain, but in the past was called Quarry Mountain or Onyx Mountain. This mountain is actually a ridge extending a couple of miles east to west with half a dozen high points including Quarry Peak in the east at 8252′ and Agate Peak in the middle at 8239′. North of this high ridge the land slopes gradually down to the river over a distance of two to three miles. To the east the drop is much more rapid, falling 1400′ over the distance of a mile to where it reaches the river a mile south of Steamboat. This precipitous drop to the east occurs all along the north slope to where it culminates at the steep slopes of Howelsen Hill across the river from downtown Steamboat Springs.

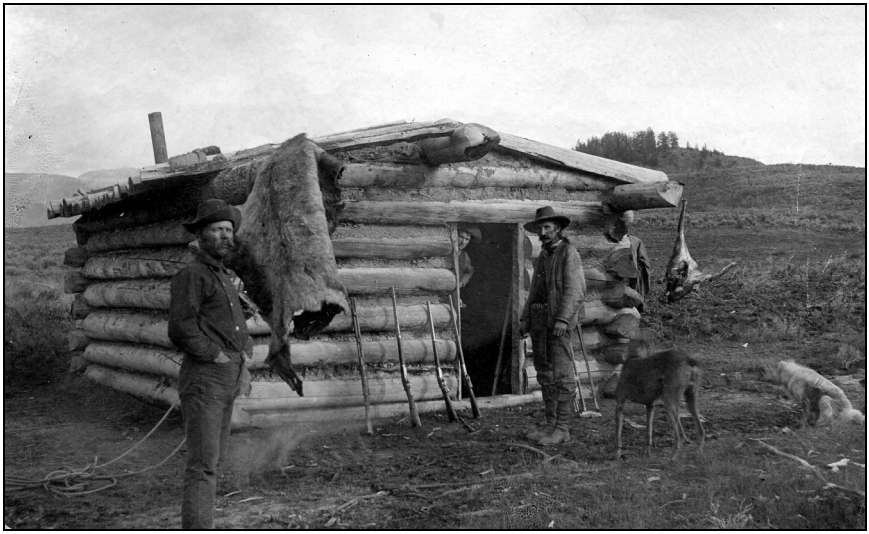
The early pioneers of Steamboat Springs staked their claims along the Yampa River at the bend. The first land patent was granted in 1879 to James H. Crawford, the founder of Steamboat Springs, for 160 acres. His land spanned the Yampa River from approximately where modern day 11th St. meets the river to just past the train depot. In 1882 the next four land patents of 160 acres each were issued to Perry A. Burgess, William E. Walton, William G. Mellen, and Charles A. Mayo. Burgess and Walton were friends from Butler, Missouri, who met Crawford at Hot Sulphur Springs in 1874. Mellen was a mining and hunting partner of Jim Bourn, Mrs. Crawford's brother, and spent the winter of 1874-1875 with the Crawfords in Hot Sulphur Springs. Mayo was originally from Vermont, and likewise met Crawford in Hot Sulphur Springs. All four men took land along the Yampa River adjacent to the Crawford claim: Mellen and Walton to the southeast, Mayo and Burgess to the northwest.

Land patents were issued under the Land Act of 1820 or the Homestead Act of 1862. Settlers were allowed to own 160 acres of public land if they lived on the land for five years and farmed the land or made improvements to it. The land was free, but they paid

a filing fee of $200.00. A special provision was made for Civil War veterans: the five year period was reduced by the number of years served in the war. Thus Crawford received his land patent in 1879, three years before the other four pioneers received their patents, because Crawford served for three years in the Civil War. Also note that there was a couple year delay in actually receiving the land patents. Crawford first filed for his land in 1875, and was eligible for the patent in 1877, but the paperwork took two years before it was finally issued on May 6, 1879.

The second round of pioneers in the Steamboat Springs area claimed most of the remaining flat lands along the river including the lowest parts of the north and east slopes of Emerald Mountain. The earliest of these settlers (with patent dates in parenthesis) were Malissa M. Sampson (1889), Aaron O. Inbody (1890), John A. Campbell (1891), Alexander Campbell (1892), William Kernaghan (1892), Lulie M. Crawford (1894), and George J. W. Bratton (1895). Included in this group were three properties prominent in Crawford family history: the lands of Aaron Inbody, Lulie Crawford, and George Bratton.

Inbody was hired by John D. Crawford, James' older brother, to obtain the title to the land and sell it to John. John lived in Sedalia, Missouri, but visited Steamboat Springs nearly every summer from 1875 until his death in 1908. After Inbody built and lived in a claim cabin on the land, he sold it to John in 1887 for $500, making a good profit since the government charged only $200 for the land. In 1901, John sold the northeast 40 acres for $3,000 to F. A. Metcalf, who platted the land with other land to the north as the Fairview Addition to Steamboat. The remaining 120 acres passed at John's death to his widow Annie. She sold the northwest 40 acres for $6,000 to her nephew, John D. Crawford, Jr., in 1910. He immediately platted the land as the West Side Addition to Steamboat, as speculation in case a rumored sanitorium was ever built at the milk or lithia spring nearby. In 1929, shortly before her death, Annie gave the remaining 80 acres to John. The sanitorium was never built, and John's speculation was a failure. In 1942, John rescinded the West Side Addition, and sold all 120 acres to G. Stephen Jackson, ending the Crawford presence on Emerald Mt.



Aaron Inbody's claim cabin on the north slope of Emerald Mt. The photo is looking southeast, with Howelsen Hill in view to the right of the cabin roof. Left to right: Aaron Inbody, John D. Crawford Jr., and Ute Bill Thompson - Photo 1886.

Looking southwest at the north slope of Emerald Mt. The eastern corners of the Inbody land are indicated with the black lines at the left. The western corners are off the right edge. The buildings in the bottom half are in the Fairview Addition. The fields and forest in the top left quarter are the Pritchett Ranch - photo 2007.

Looking southeast at Lulie Crawford's claim cabin on the east side of Emerald Mt. - photo ca. 1890.

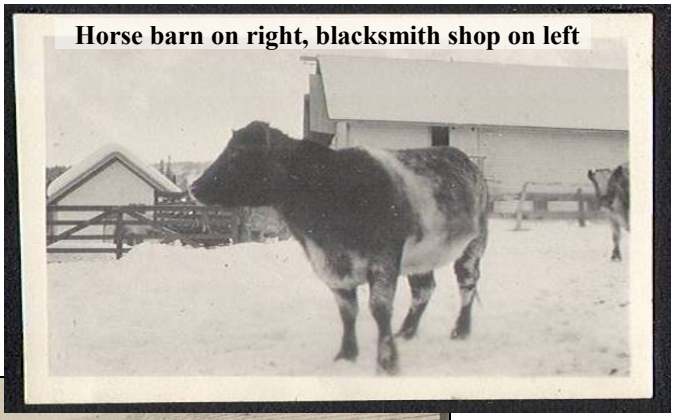
Looking north from stone quarry. Hahn's Peak at left edge; Crystal Peak on skyline above Woodchuck Mt.; brown fields are in Strawberry Park – photo 2005.

Stone quarry with Yampa River Valley to the south – photo 2006.

Lulie Crawford, oldest daughter of James H. Crawford, built her claim cabin on the eastern slope of Emerald Mountain overlooking the river in the late 1880s. She obtained her land patent in 1894 and sold it three years later for $10,000 to the Colorado Onyx Company, which was owned by James D. Husted of Denver, but managed by her father. Onyx was mined from a quarry in the northeast corner of the property, and provided enough onyx to form the entrance to the Colorado mineral exhibit at the 1904 Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis. Today this land is owned by the City of Steamboat Springs and is criss-crossed by winter Nordic ski trails and summer mountain bike trails. Lulie Crawford would later return to Emerald Mountain, as we shall see in the next chapter.

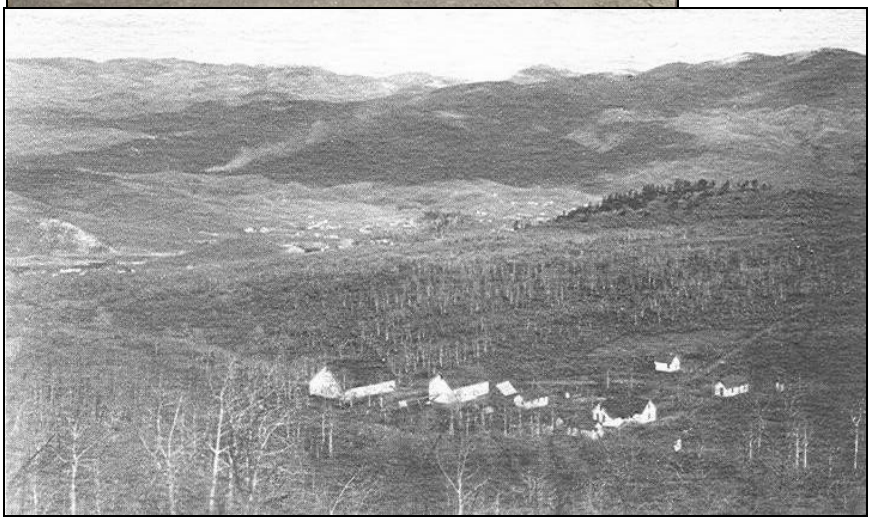
George Bratton claimed the land to the west of Lulie Crawford's homestead and was issued a patent for it in 1895. This land was acquired by the Steamboat Springs Town Company and a stone quarry was developed at the southern end of the land. A road, which is now called Blackmere Drive, was built north from the quarry through the Bratton land and along the west side of Howelsen Hill. The road twists and turns down the mountain to provide a gradual descent for the stone-laden wagons. The earliest known building that used stone from this quarry was the Crawford House, built in 1893-1894. The quarry supplied stone for many buildings in Steamboat up through the 1920s. Today, the quarry provides a very picturesque view of Steamboat and the Yampa Valley, and is a frequent destination of hikers, joggers, bikers, and skiers.

The upper parts of Emerald Mountain were first homesteaded by Archie Wither, who in 1898 obtained a land patent for 160 acres of what is now called the upper Orton Meadows. Sometime after 1898 he sold the land to Elmer Burgess and Silas Munson, who both already owned land nearby. Others soon joined in the land: Ira Munson (1906), Stephen Neuman (1906), John D. Crawford Jr. (1906), William C. Shaw (1908), and Erman D. Acton (1911). We do not know which of these settlers actually lived on Emerald Mt. (John D. Crawford, for one, never did). But we do know that by the end of the first decade of the 20th century, the Wither land and the Shaw land were both working farms with buildings on them.



Horse barn on right, blacksmith shop on left

Margaret feeding turkeys by horse barn and blacksmith shop



Looking northeast over lower ranch. Left to right: cow barn, horse barn, log barn, carpenter shop, and bunkhouse – date unknown

Chapter 2. The Pritchett Ranch

On October 18, 1892 Lulie M. Crawford married Carr Waller Pritchett, Jr., a mining engineer who first came to Routt County in 1887 to work on the Gilpin Mine near Mt. Zirkel. They moved to Old Mexico, where he worked for eight years for the Guggenheim brothers. He became quite successful in his work, and the family moved to Denver in 1900 while he traveled to many parts of the west and Alaska to consult with various mining projects. The family returned often to Steamboat Springs for summer vacations, and soon had the money to buy land for a summer home on Emerald Mountain.

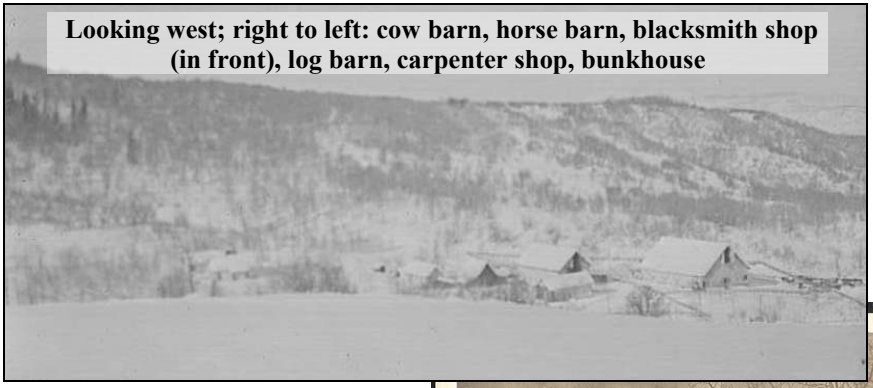
Lulie and Carr bought the 120 acre Wither homestead from Elmer Burgess and Silas Munson on October 25, 1905 for $1,800, and six months later added the 40 acre Ira Munson homestead for $440. A half dozen years later, the Pritchetts acquired more: the 162.97 acre Stephen Neuman homestead from K. L. Mills and Henry Howard for $3,000 and the 160 acre William C. Shaw homestead for $3,500. Lulie was granted another land patent in 1914 for 160 acres, and she added another 80 acres by buying the land her younger brother John D. Crawford had obtained by a land patent in 1906.

The land was unquestionably beautiful, as it still is today. There are panoramic views to the east and north showing Sand Mt, Hahn's Peak, Crystal Peak, Soda Mt, Woodchuck Hill, and Mt. Werner, with Steamboat Springs peeking around Howelsen Hill. Lulita wrote often about the lovely wild flowers and groves of aspen or pine that are everywhere. The ranch with a total of 765 acres covered most of the upper north slope of Emerald Mountain west of Blackmere Drive and north of Quarry and Agate peaks. It was approximately 1¼ miles square with a chunk cut out from the northwest corner by the Acton homestead, referred to by Lulita as Acton Hill. There were two distinct parts of the ranch, called the upper ranch, or Wild Rose Ranch (including the upper meadow on the old Wither homestead) and the lower ranch (including the lower meadow and the heart meadow, so named for its shape as seen from across the river). The upper ranch had three buildings: a one-room frame cottage, a tool shed, and a small log stable. The

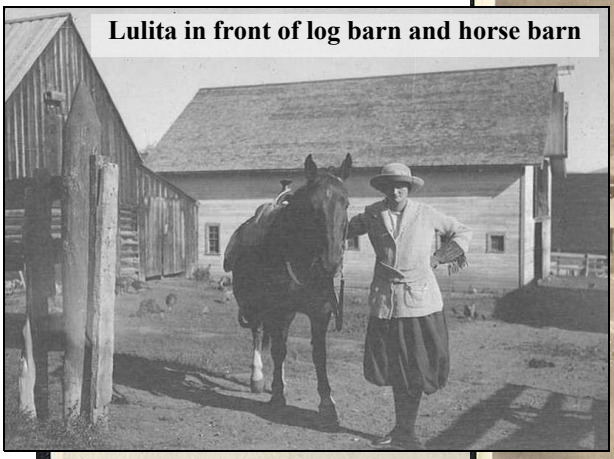
main buildings of the ranch were located on the lower ranch at the northern edge of the property in the corner of the heart meadow. They were one mile south of the train depot at the end of a private dirt road now called Old Dairy Lane, which passed through John D. Crawford's land.

The largest building was a 50′ x 80′ cattle barn with stanchions for 52 head, 4 large box stalls, 3 calf pens, bins for 40 tons of grain, a loft that could hold 135 tons of hay, and equipped with a litter carrier. There were corrals surrounding the barn and a large cement drinking vat heated by a “Cowboy Tank Heater”. There was also a smaller 30′ x 50′ horse barn with 9 stalls, 2 box stalls, 2 grain rooms, a harness room, and a loft for 80 tons of hay. Near the barns were a bunkhouse, power house and granary (also called the old log barn), machine sheds, blacksmith shop and carpenter shop. A well pumped spring water to the cottage, bunkhouse, and barns. A private phone line was strung from town to both the lower and upper ranches.

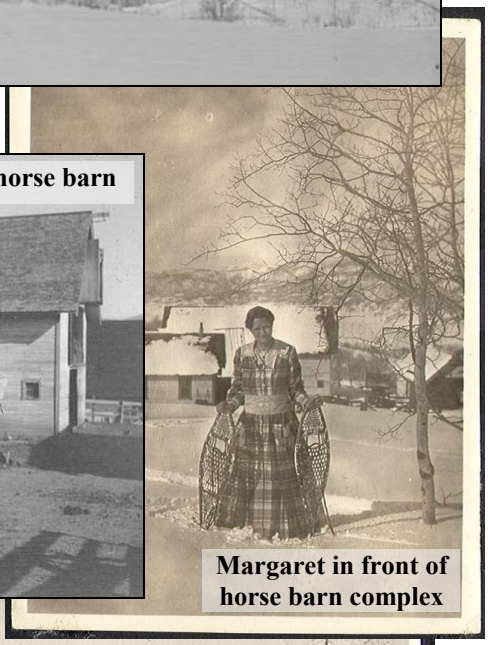
After buying the Shaw land, Carr and his ranch forman Sylvester Lee spent 1912 and 1913 improving the ranch by clearing 75 additional acres of land. He then had a total of 100 acres cleared, planted mainly with alfalfa but some with timothy and oats, and a total of 33 shorthorn cows and 2 bulls. He also built what the newspaper called a “handsome cottage” on the former Shaw ranch. The Pritchett family, which now included daughters Margaret and Lulita, lived on the ranch during the summers, but remained in Denver during the winter for the girls educations. Margaret in particular probably could not get the music education that she needed in Steamboat. She graduated from the prestigious Wolcott School for Girls in 1914. Carr spent additional time on the ranch without his family, including at least the winter of 1914-1915. In later years, he had the help of his brother Oswald and ranch manager O. H. Krueger. For three years, from 1919 to 1922, the family lived on the ranch year around, enabling Lulita to graduate from the Steamboat Springs High School, class of 1922.



Looking west; right to left: cow barn, horse barn, blacksmith shop (in front), log barn, carpenter shop, bunkhouse



Lulita in front of log barn and horse barn

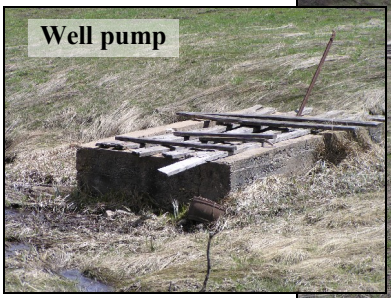


Margaret in front of horse barn complex

Lulie and Carr with carpenter and blacksmith shops.

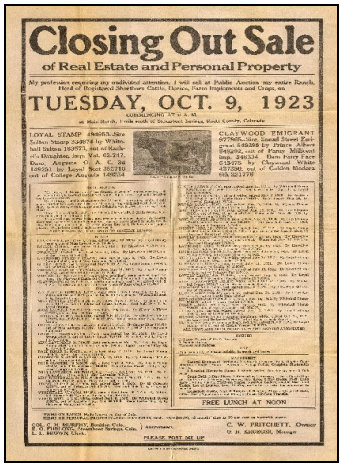
Looking north over the ruins of the lower ranch; horse barn, water trough, and cow barn to left of author; blacksmith ruin to right.

Looking north at Nancy Rosi sitting on the water trough with cow barn behind.



Well pump

The author standing by the cottage foundation.



Closing Out Sale

of Real Estate and Personal Property

My profession requiring my undivided attention, I will sell at Public Auction my entire Ranch, Herd of Registered Shorthorn Cattle, Horses, Farm Implements and Crops, on

TUESDAY, OCT. 9, 1923

SALE BEGINS AT 10 A. M.

at Mile North, 1 mile west of Steamboat, Springs, Routt County, Colorado

LOYAL STAMP 484083, Sire Selkirk Stamp 528874 by White, half Selkirk 190971, out of Rachel of Elizabeth, imp. Vol. 65-212, Dam Augusta O. A. C. 38 189251 by Lord Sort 352710 out of Calliope Augusta 148254

CLAYWOOD TIMIGANT 497865, Sire Lomal Dawn Fair, grand champion 1st prize Denver Stock Show 1921, by Millward Imp. 348134 Dam Fairy Face 613975 by Chopwood White 457266, out of Golden Rindora 6th 521776

FREE LUNCH AT NOON

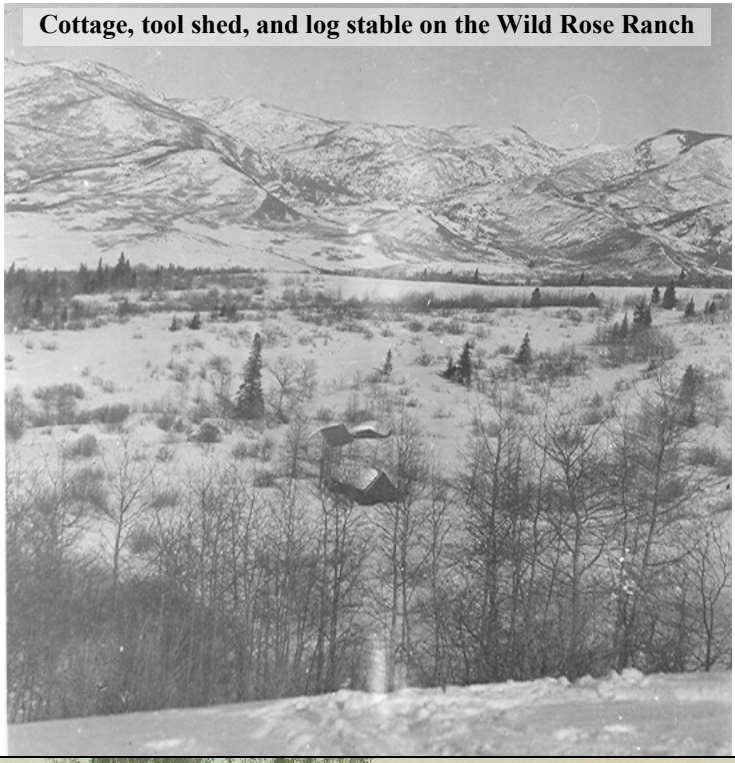
C. W. PRITCHETT, Owner

O. H. ANDERSON, Manager

PLEASE MAKE NOT ME UP

Carr gave the ranch a good effort, but unlike Lulie and their daughters, who all adored the ranch, Carr's heart was never in it. As early as 1914, Carr was willing to sell the ranch, as evidenced by a letter he wrote to F.M. Richie offering to sell the entire ranch for $60,000 (see Appendix 1). Once Lulita finished high school, it made sense for the family to return to Denver so she could attend college, and Carr readily returned to his profession of mining engineer. He considered the ranch a financial failure, and sold it at auction to the Colorado Farms Company. The auction was held on the property on October 9, 1923. E.O. Furlong, who established one of the first hardware stores in Steamboat Springs, was the auctioneer along with Col. C. H. Murphy of Boulder, Colorado. In addition to the land and buildings, they sold 46 head of registered cattle, 2 large teams of draft horses, 1 saddle horse, harness and saddles, 100 tons of alfalfa in stacks and barns, and miscellaneous machinery (see the photo for the complete auction advertisement).

The ranch has had several owners over the years, but remarkably the land has stayed intact and is currently owned by the Orton family and is now commonly referred to as the Orton Meadows. Today, all of the buildings of the ranch are gone. The remains of the three buildings on the upper ranch have not been found. On the lower ranch, there are still several foundations and collapsed siding to show where the principal buildings were located. The foundations for the two barns, the cottage, the well, and the drinking vat are all visible. In addition there are two cavities in the ground that were clearly man-made, and there are two large cement blocks placed about 12 feet apart. The blackened earth between the blocks suggests they were part of the blacksmith shop. Finally, in the woods to the south are two more cement foundations: one about 8’ x 20’ and over 5’ deep with two water pipes, and the other about 20’ x 30’ and up to 3’ deep.



Wild Rose Cottage: Aunt Mary, Lulie, Lulita, Margaret, Grandpa and Grandma in photograph colorized by Lulie – about 1913.

Chapter 3. The Wild Rose Ranch

There is no question that the Pritchett's called the upper part of their ranch the “Wild Rose Ranch”. Carr, in a letter written April 26, 1913, wrote “I went up to the Wild Rose ranch several weeks ago on my Alaskan snow shows. I went up for a ladder and everything was alright up there.” Margaret wrote “We moved up to the Wild Rose ranch...” and Lulita wrote “Margaret had to go to town today... but Mama and I went up to the Wild Rose Ranch....” It is also clear that the Wild Rose Ranch was distinct from the Neuman land. Margaret wrote about her birthday spent at the Wild Rose Ranch, and said they “went out to see the roses & walked over to the Neuman Place.” Lulita said “We went near the Wild Rose Ranch and followed the Newman road...”.

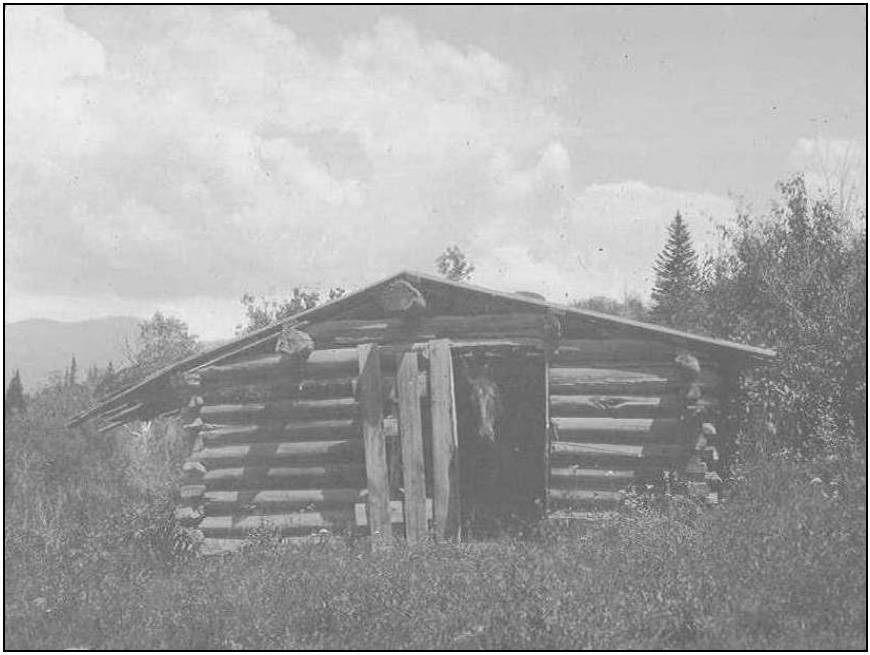
There is a question of where exactly were the three buildings of the Wild Rose Ranch? These buildings appear in panoramic photos that give us some idea of where they were located. A notation with the negatives says “panoramic views from Newman Road”. The three buildings are clearly west of the upper meadow, but east of a ridge where the cameraman took the photographs. Based on the need for fresh water, they were probably by a natural spring, and both Lulita and Margaret mention a cold spring near, but not at, the buildings.

There is one obvious spot for the buildings, just off a dirt road (the Neuman Road?) proceeding west a quarter mile from the upper Orton meadow. The spot is flat, with a recent man-made pond there fed by a natural spring 20 yards away. But there are no ruins anywhere in sight. Perhaps somebody bull-dozed the area to make a slight dam for the pond, and obliterated any trace of the buildings. There may not have been any stone or cement foundation or chimney, and the buildings could have burned or been moved.

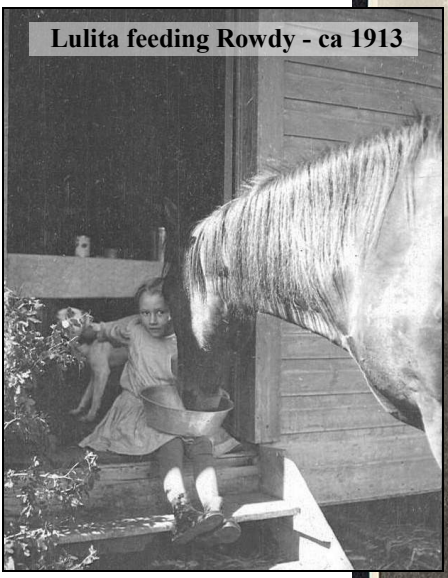
Another mystery is whether the cottage in the colorized photograph on the previous page was the cottage at the Wild Rose Ranch. Originally, I thought it was located down on the lower ranch, across the stream to the west of the barns where there is a foundation in the woods that is about the right size. The xxx issue of the Steamboat Pilot mentions Carr building a new cottage on the

Shaw land, and the cottage in the photograph looks like it could have been newly built. However I recently found the negative for another view of the cottage, and the notes for the negative say "Wild Rose Cottage". And with the undeniable abundance of wild roses around this cottage, I now think this was the dwelling at the Wild Rose Ranch. The photo of Lulita feeding Rowdy on the next page could also be this cottage. Note what looks like a can on a table inside the house, and the lack of a foundation. The only three buildings on the ranch that were dwellings (and would have a can on a table) were the bunkhouse (which had a wooden walk out front), the cottage at the lower ranch (which had a foundation) and the Wild Rose cottage.

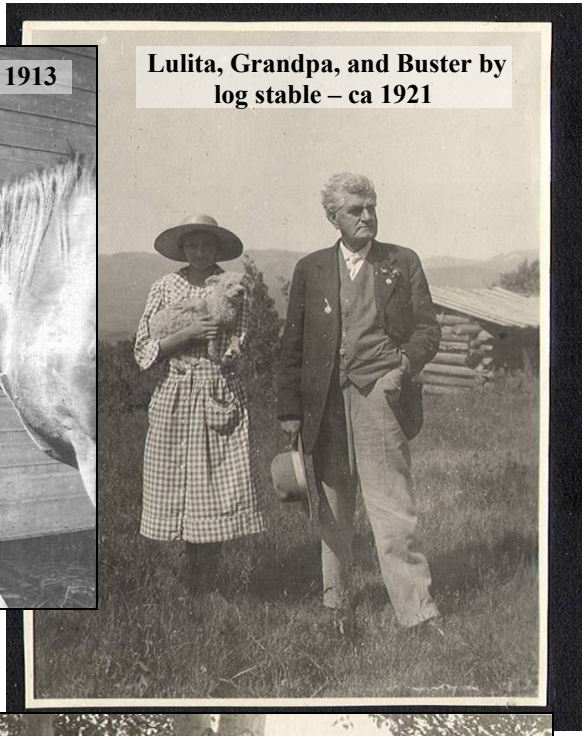
We can definitely say the log stable in the photograph shown below was on the Wild Rose ranch. The mountain skyline and the stable roof matches the panorama skyline, whereas the only log structure on the lower ranch was the log barn that is considerably bigger.



Rowdy in log barn at Wild Rose Ranch

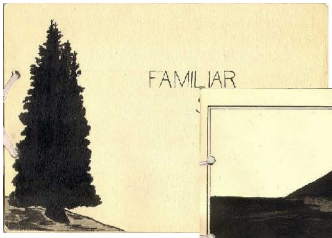


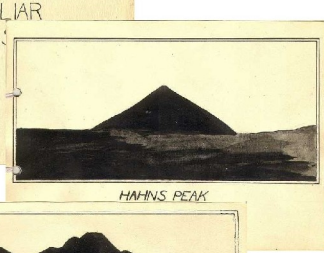
Lulita feeding Rowdy - ca 1913

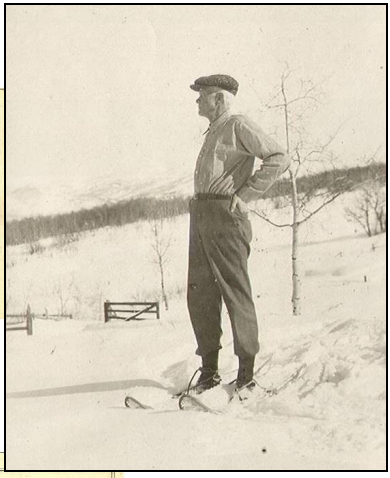


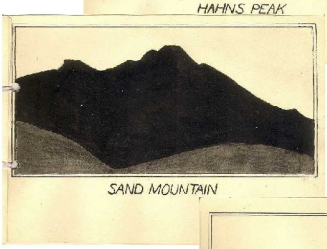
Lulita, Grandpa, and Buster by log stable – ca 1921

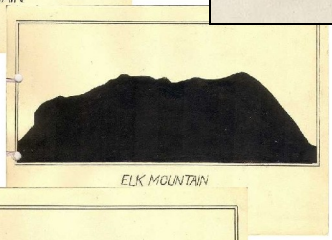
Family gathering at Wild Rose Cottage; Margaret kneeling at left; Lulita sitting by tree; Lulie sitting 2nd row at right – ca 1921

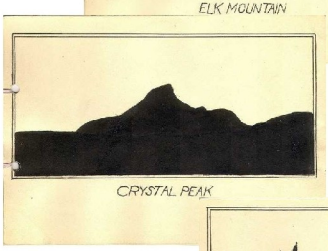

FAMILIAR

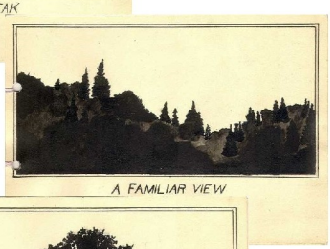

HAHNS PEAK

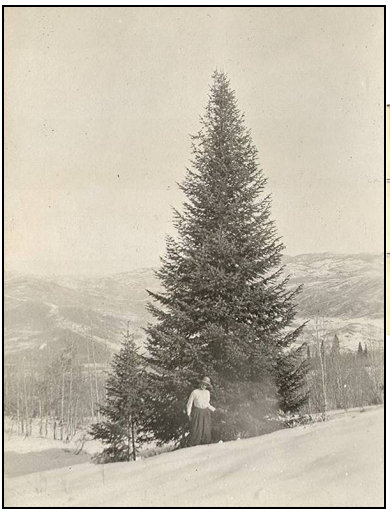


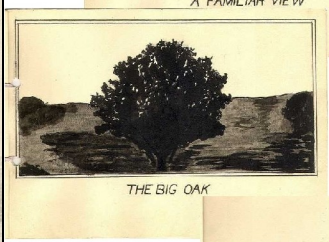

SAND MOUNTAIN

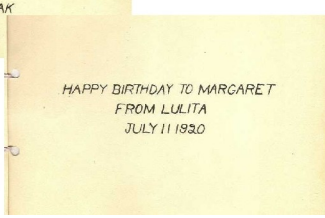

ELK MOUNTAIN


CRYSTAL PEAK


A FAMILIAR VIEW



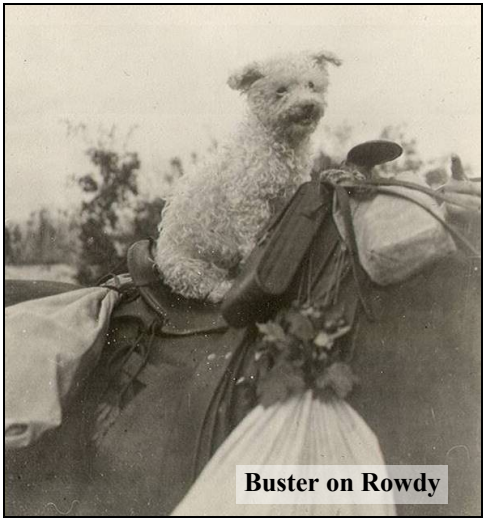

THE BIG OAK


HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MARGARET
FROM LULITA
JULY 11 1920

Chapter 4. Life on the Ranch

We know about life on the Pritchett Ranch from old photographs, letters, and diaries. The letters are principally from Carr at the ranch back to his family in Denver. Both Margaret and Lulita wrote diaries at the ranch that are still preserved and published on www.LulitaCrawfordPritchett.com. Margaret's diary was for just one summer month in 1917 but had entries every day. Lulita's diary was for the nine months in 1921 year but has many gaps. Excerpts from the diaries appear on the following pages.

Two of the family pets appear often in the photos, letters, and diaries: their horse Rowdy and dog Buster. Rowdy was on the ranch at least by 1914, when we learn from Carr that he was stolen. The thief rode Rowdy to Laramie, Wyoming, and then to Loveland, Colorado, where he sold Rowdy and was caught stealing a saddle, for which he spent a year in the Wyoming state prison. Rowdy worked pulling a delivery wagon until somebody saw a reward advertisement Carr had put out. Carr spent $26 for the reward, and another $39 to ship Rowdy on the train from Ft. Collins to Steamboat. Rowdy got to ride by himself in a brand new box car. Rowdy was constantly mentioned in both diaries as taking people and belongings up and down the mountain including Grandma when she came to the ranch. There is also mention of Uncle Os hitching Rowdy to the carriage for trips to town, and even trips with Rowdy to Aunt Mary's cabin on the North Fork of Soda Creek.


Buster on Rowdy

Buster was a small white lapdog and went everywhere with them. One day when Lulita took Buster to town after Margaret had given him a haircut, a little boy mistook Buster for a lamb.

Excerpts from Margaret's 1917 diary:

Wed. the 20th: *This morning we walked to the ranch while the folks went down the river to gather mushrooms and Grandmother to fish. We saw Cyclamen and Blue Violets and Bear's Cabbage along the way, also several small Woodchucks. We found Papa busy dipping oats in bluestone water to kill the smut on them. We visited with him then proceeded up the mountain to the cottage. We found things in good condition but scarcely no Rose buds showing yet for the season is very late. Snow may be seen along the ridge above the cottage and the Oaks are only commencing to leaf out. But Spring Beauties and Yellow Violets are so pretty along the path. We ate our lunch outside of the cottage and during the afternoon walked down, stopping to visit with Papa again and reaching Grandfather's in time for supper.*

Tues. the 26th: *We moved up to the Wild Rose ranch with Papa's team & straightened & cleaned things in the cottage. Mrs. "Tom Thumb" & Buster! The Ice cold spring is as good as ever with lots more water in it than usual. The Cherry & Service Berry flowers are so large & perfect as also are the strawberry and yellow daisies. It is such a pleasure to see them. So many delicate blue violets grow here and there & the air is perfumed with the sweetness of flowers and the freshness of the woods. The woodchucks saluted us on our arrival & a few chipmunks & Blue-Jays greeted us as usual. There seems to be a great scarcity of chipmunks, I suppose on account of the long hard winter just past. We hoped to still find some snow above the cottage but damp ground was all the remains of what was a good sized drift a week ago. We slept like logs that night & were so thankful to have all members of the family under one roof once more.*

Wed. the 27th: *Biscuit & bacon, eggs, Service berry sauce and coffee pounded up by hand formed the main items in one of Mama's delicious breakfasts. Lulita had a splendid ride on Rowdy who remembered us & came right up to the door for sugar. Mother & Buster & I joined Lulita & went up the Neuman Road to the Spring in search of early spring flowers. We found large violets, Bears cabbage, & Rowdy enjoyed a nibble or two from the basket of "greens" while Lulita was mounting. Some beautiful new orchids,*

Calipso Borealis were the chief interest of the trip. We found them first in the Lodge Pole timber & in the afternoon in the Pine Woods above the field. We wished for grandma especially to see these curiosities. Sister found some white & orange varieties also and we had a most interesting & pleasant tramp through the "wilds". The wild clematis, the large lavender flowers on a delicate vine are rare in this vicinity & we are very fortunate to find several vines of them along the upper road. There were deer tracks in the moist ground of the upper field & it was there we found another bird's nest in a low bush.

Fri. the 29th: *Grandma & Aunt Mary stole the march on us & walked a good ways past the gate before we met them with Rowdy saddled for Grandma to ride. We went straight to the Pine Grove above the upper field to find the orchids & we did find some beauties & Grandma took some of the bulbs. G. wore a white & pink middy which was very becoming & a pretty hat with pink geraniums on it. On our arrival at the cottage we all did fancy work. A splendid cold lunch & a cool pleasant afternoon spent in resting and visiting with Papa to supper made a delightful day. Fish which Jamie brought were particularly nice baked in cream. We had clabber for G. In the cool of the evening the folks started back, Mama & Lulita going with them as far as the gate to bring Rowdy back.*

Lulie, Margaret, Grandma, Grandpa, Lulita, & Aunt Mary – ca 1913

Thurs July 5th: *Early this morning the Pritchett's departed for the Pritchett Ranch loaded as usual with various bundles, a fiddle among them. Helped with dinner. Walked up the mt. to the cottage to see about bedding & a mattress for one more bed at the lower ranch. Some eatables were also left when we went to town the preceding Sat. Papa took the bedding on Rowdy & we walked back by the short way.*

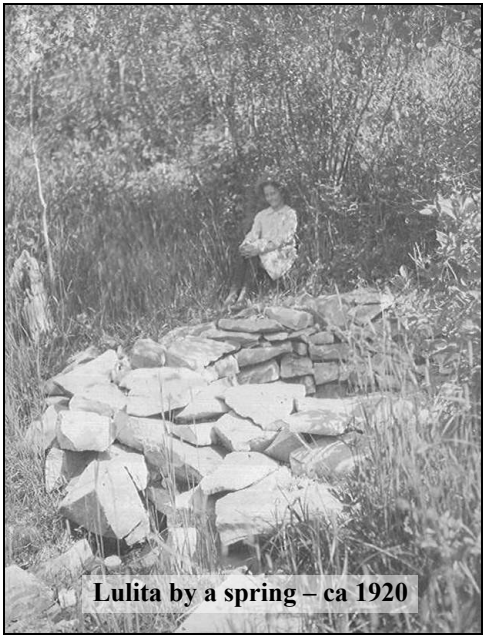
Sat. July 7th: *Papa & Mama & Lulita rode horseback up the Neuman ranch this morning, Papa to look after the cattle & the others for pleasure. In a Quaking Asp grove by the spring they saw a beautiful sight, a doe & two fawns. The doe disappeared down the glen but the fawns confused at the horses & people commenced to jump toward them bleating as they came. They were spotted red & white & must have looked very pretty….*

Mon July 9th: *We washed & scrubbed & cleaned & cooked & sewed & rested & worked some more through the day, mother planning what we could do on my Birthday....*

Tues the 10th: *We churned and ironed this morning & Papa went to town to get fresh tomatoes & head lettuce, etc. for the Piano Party we planned to have at the Wild Rose cottage the next day. The men were clearing ground in the upper field & took a lunch, so there was just our family once more at the table. In the afternoon, after it was decided we should celebrate by having the dinner at the upper ranch we started with baskets full of provisions, etc. and cleaned & decorated there all afternoon. Mother & Lulita gathered large arm-fulls of roses, some of the white roses & buds & filled most of the vases with them. They were so sweet & it was so much pleasure to fix them for the next day. ...*

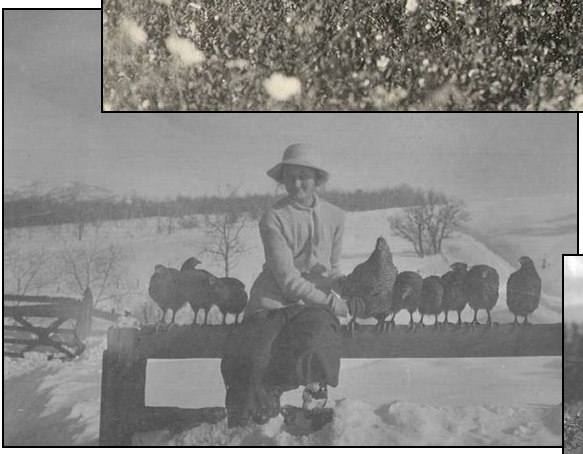
Wed. July 11, 1917: *After a "Happy Birthday" dear, and a sweet kiss from Mother I got up to celebrate a lovely Birthday, indeed. ... We finished the morning housework & filed up the mountain with baskets in our hands & reached there sure enough only a short time before Papa came with the folks. ... We all went out to see the roses & walked over to the Neuman Place. Grandma enjoyed every rose she saw ever so much. We went by the Pine Grove where the orchids are & showed some to Grandpa. I took what I*

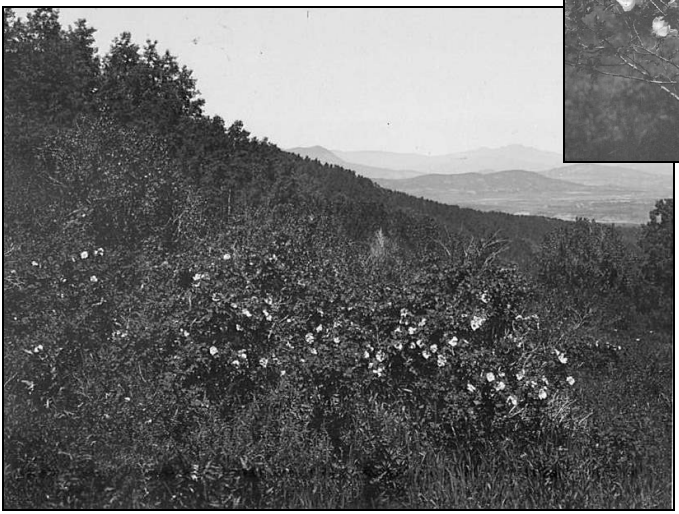
hope will be some fine pictures that morning. The Birthday dinner was extra nice & we served it from the small table passing things to each one where he happened to be seated....


Lulita by a spring – ca 1920

Thurs July 12th: *... I think we walked up to the Acton Place & back & I practiced some. We saw beautiful climbing roses on our walk. (This was another time; for the day after the Party we had to attend to the "left overs" at the cottage & spent the morning & part of the afternoon there. Brother chipmunk was very glad to get some scraps. We heard some young woodpeckers in a tree on the way back & were fortunate enough to see the old one feed the squawking babies. Papa drove the team up in the morning early & we were able to see a grouse & little ones but large enough to fly in the second field. It seems to me there are more King Butterflies the big yellow & blue & black ones this year than common. Taking advantage of our early arrival on the place we soon started out in quest of the deer & fawns to try to get a snapshot of her & incidently look for some Pipsyssewah & orchids in the Pines. We found the latter, but no deer; however we enjoyed our stay in "Indian Park" and Grove very much. On the path near the ridge Mama found an Indian grinder we suppose.*

Fri. July 20th: *...We took a hike to the cottage & enjoyed a few minutes spent in reading "Just David" when the dancing camp of girls appeared on horseback & Mother showed them where the ice cold spring was & invited some of them up to the house. They intended to go on the Rock Quarry Road. ...*





Excerpts from Lulita's 1921 diary:

April 16: …*But such a storm! The "folks" say it is the worst one they have ever seen and that's saying a good deal….Mama and I went up to the Wild Rose Ranch to see what harm had been done there. Well the buildings were alright but when we got home we had counted 32 big spruce trees that had been blown down! It is a sorry sight, indeed, to see trees that have lived for perhaps half a century torn down in an instant never to stand again but to mold away in the earth. Hundreds of Aspens are down and broken limbs are scattered all over every place. The folks phoned up that the hay shed in the field had been blown down and sure enough it is a veritable wreck. Papa can manage to get the hay out though I think and save some of the building material. Pieces of the roofing were scattered all over the field.*

June 5: …*It is very hard to keep from getting lonesome and heart-sick when I think that I will have to leave this lovely place someday - it is indeed terrible. I know Mother thinks about it a great deal and today especially she looked tired and worried I thought. I love her so I wish I could do something to ease her. I don't believe Papa has any sentiment for places at all.*

July 22: *Margaret, G.R. & I walked up to the rock quarry & to top of our mt. before noon. Hard trip but pretty even though very warm.*

July 27: *This morning Mama & I took time to climb the Acton hill and see if we could find a white clematis I was positive was there. We found it but it had blue clematis seed pods on it. Ironed, tended to chickens, found a hen's nest with 17 eggs in it and old hen set-ting and watched lovely sunset.*

July 28: *Mama, Margaret & I went down the gulch below the road to town and picked up what Gooseberries we could find. We got enough to make 2 large glasses of lovely red jelly. We had a good time, but ran on to 5 or 6 yellow jacket nests and lots of nettles. Buster got lost from us away down the road and cried till I came after him. Papa is having the cow barn roof painted black to help keep off the heavy snow. Costs $140!!!!! Terrible.*

Aug 1: …*Tonight I thought I heard voices down the road and went down to the horse barn to listen. They didn't come any nearer so I went and sat on the fence and watched the 6 little calves play in the barn lot. There is one cute white one, several roan ones, one red and white spotted and one almost all red but with white on its forehead. They romped and played and kicked up their heels and nearly tumbled head over heels in their play. They had just found out they could scratch their necks on an old leaning "Quaker,"…*

Aug. 5: *After we did up all the usual work this morning we 3 went for a tramp. We took a lunch and left one here for the 2 men and set off up the mt. We went near the Wild Rose Ranch and followed the Newman road beyond that steep rocky hill to the little open park just on the other side then up that to the pines. We followed them along the hill side hunting for Pipsissewah…*

Aug. 6: …*Jim called up and said he was coming up… We couldn't find much to do this A.M. He brought up two cry baby balloons but we broke them both inside of half an hour. Watched Papa & Uncle Os hoist up the hay - ate peanuts and chewed gum which he brought. The men finished putting up all the hay that was down today. While Jim & I were sitting in the loft kind of drowsy and looking out the big doors we saw a lot of sheep running across the alfalfa field - of course they weren't really sheep but they looked almost exactly like it running all the same way etc. but it was only the wind blowing the alfalfa leaves and turning them the wrong way making them all silvery and wavy. This PM we waded in two tubs of water which we had filled in hopes the ducks would come in them and bathe. We soon decided it would be much more fun to go down to the big watering trough & splash around so we did. It didn't take us long to get enthusiastic and thoroughly wet. After we had stirred up the moss in the bottom we spied a lot of little boards just right for a raft. Well we piled about 5 on top of each other so they wouldn't sink with us and then tried to balance on them. We fell off several times & got pretty wet but had more fun than a little! Pretty soon we heard the hay wagon coming and decided we had better put back the boards and be quick about it and skip to the house.*

Sept. 5: *Well this has been an exciting day of it all right! To begin with I slept pretty late because it was the last day before school begins. We cleaned up, Mama made cauliflower pickles and we fixed beans and peas out to dry. Uncle Os went to town after groceries then he and Papa raked and shocked in the little field. About 10:15 A.M. we started up to the pines above the field to eat our lunch. When we arrived at the fence around the Wild Rose enclosure we were undecided whether to go by the spring and get a drink or go straight to the field. Just at that crucial moment I glanced towards the house and behold! smoke was rising from its chimney. Then had we wild thoughts! Perhaps a gang of murderers or convicts were there or some dangerous outlaws! We thought perhaps it would be best to come back and tell Papa but then decided to go ahead ourselves. When we walked up the little path there was a man sitting in our nice rocking-chair with his back to us calmly reading a magazine of ours.*

"Good morning!" said Mother.

"What are you doing here?" We must have surprised him a good deal for he arose in a startled manner!

"Just taking a little outing" said he. He had a nice little 22 standing against the house also.

"You've been killing grouse too, I see," accused Mother severely.

"Oh no! I just shoot at Blue Jays." Which anybody would know was a down right lie. Shooting at Blue Jays - the idea! We didn't believe him of course!

He wasn't so very bad looking - about 25 or so I should judge and he spoke with a foreign accent - German he said later. We didn't lose much time in telling him he was on private property and trespassing in the highest degree. He said he came in by the gate and didn't see any sign up! Its probably still there. Finally Mother told him to go down by the field and see Papa then we decided we had better escort him so we ran nearly all the way to catch up with him and I doubt whether he would have gone by or not if we hadn't. They let him go. Said his name was Roam, was a section hand on the R.R. & lived in S.S. without a family. We were pretty tired too but went back to eat lunch. We looked around and

found he had pulled the screen off the window, raised it, climbed in and unscrewed the lock so he could open the door. He had taken some of our knives and unscrewed the lock to the chest and probably helped himself to the bedding altho we haven't missed any of that yet. He had been using our dishes freely and had eaten all but a spoonful of a jar of jam. He had the stove full of coal and in the oven was a can with a Grouse cooking in it! He had slept in my bed for there was a box with a candle on it right there etc! The canvas was gone off of it too and we suppose he had put his grouse in it and either hidden it out or taken it home. In the flour chest he had a 10 lb. bucket of graham biscuits and a cake that he had most surely baked in our pan. Used our flour, sugar salt & everything no doubt! He had been there on a scouting expedition because he had brought a glass of lard and a little baking powder. Had probably been there Sat. Sun., & Mon.! We hunted for the canvas but didn't find it. He told us that when he got there this morning at 6 A.M. the stove was warm & somebody had been there before him. We didn't & don't believe it! Either somebody has picked what few Sarvice Berries and Choke-Cherries were there or the birds have eaten them. If it is the birds I don't mind but if it is people it is intolerable!!! We walked down through the bush below the field and came out between the 2 lower fields. We got some pretty bright leaves, rose apples asters and Spanish-needles.

Sept. 25: *It is very pleasant up here in the door to the hay loft; I have run away from the house and tiresome conversations that don't interest me a bit. I have fled to my haven of refuge - the stair steps on the horse barn. I have come to think out problems of life and to consol my spirits as best as I can. Mr. and Mrs. Krueger and her father are here looking over the place thinking to lease it this winter while Papa goes to N.Y. to hunt work and goodness knows what will become of us all. It makes my heart ache to think that in a short time perhaps strangers - in feeling unsympathetic and uncaring may treat this as theirs when it really isn't and never will be in my heart and soul. What can they know of our sweet wanderings thru the pines to gather orchids, hunt Pipsissewah or pull pine gum! They couldn't love it all as we do - they couldn't. They might not even notice the sunset pictures or the purple hills*

and valleys and they wouldn't love the Wild Rose Ranch as we would.

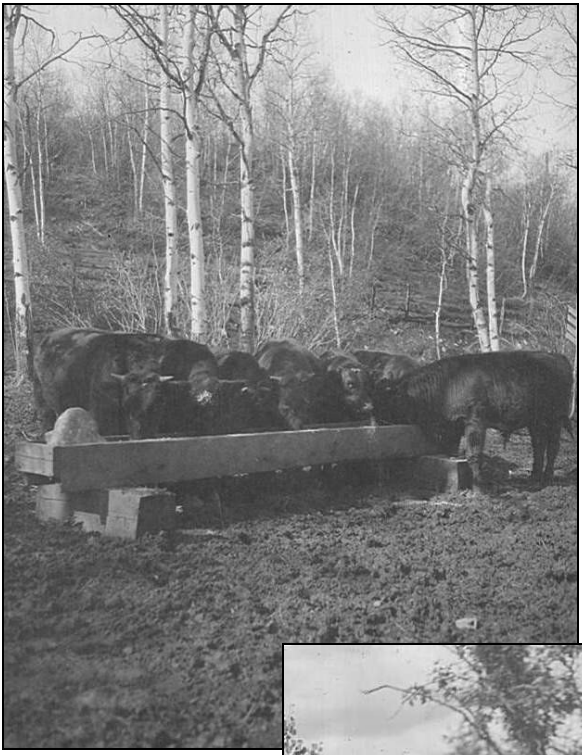
Lulita never forgot her years on the Pritchett Ranch. 25 years after the family left, she was still dreaming about it:

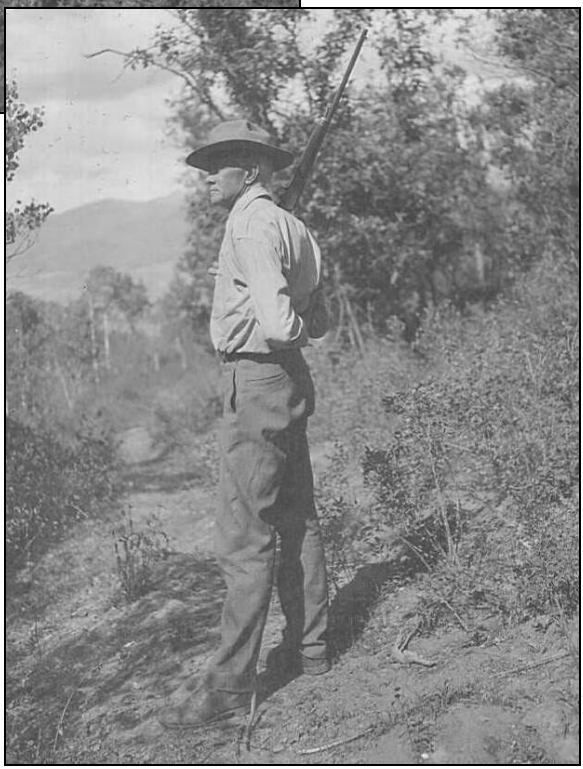
Deserted Ranch

Somebody lived here once –
Watched sunrise from that window;
Felt the soft dusk
Enfold the chimney warmth;
Heard rain and brown wrens
Scamper on the roof.

The house stands empty now –
Wind looted....but spring dawn
Still beckons meadowlarks
To the bleached fence, and evening
Scatters blackbird jargon
Through the weeds.

And where the garden was
Rhubarb lives on,
Stunted and gnarled,
Waiting someone to water it again –
Stubbornly rooted
As a woman's dream.





Appendix 1. His Thanksgiving

By

Lulita Crawford Pritchett

[Unpublished, untitled manuscript; date written is unknown.]

Gray dawn looked down upon the shivering vallies and bare, huddled hills, and shed a ghostly light upon the snow-capped peaks, but the man who plodded up the hard, frozen trail seemed unaware of the morning for on his arm still hung a feebly burning lantern. In one hand he carried a milk pail, not with the free, easy swing of one who sees before him a comfortable day's work but with the tired heaviness of him whose labors have already been great. He was tall, but care had laid a heavy hand on his shoulders, had bowed his head, and weighted his steps; he was handsome, but trouble had creased his forehead, silvered his hair, and saddened his eyes. And now he plodded up the trail and into the small, frame house. No fire burned in the stove and stacks of soiled dishes littered the table from last night's supper. Mechanically he found a pan in which to strain the milk, shook down the ashes, kindled a fire, and then retired to his room to "clean up".

In the kitchen once more he uncovered his stock of "sour dough" - some of which served as the basis for mysteriously concocted pancakes. These were brown and coffee steamed on the stove when another step sounded on the porch.

"All ready, Lee," he called, flinging open the door to let out some of the smoke.

"Right here, boss" was the prompt reply of the older man who entered. To be sure his hair was still streaked with brown, but his eyes were clouded and one knotted hand found an easy resting place at the small of his back. Without ceremony he drew up his chair to the table and fell to eating.

"Some cold out, boss," he ventured, sipping the coffee thru his mustash.

"Yeah, it's awful cold, the thermometer registers 15 below."

"I'll tell you, its lucky we drove them cattle in afore this cold spell or we'd a froze in our saddle!"

"You bet," was the soul reply.

Conversation lagged. There was nothing special to talk about. The cattle had been discussed so often that each could anticipate the other's speech on this subject. Of course there was the war. In those days, every American scanned the newspapers with throbbing heart and clenched hands and spent hours talking with his friends about "the front". These two men were every inch Americans and yet they found little to say. In the evenings sometimes when they were not too tired they would read the last paper -- always a week old -- and discuss operations over there with some spirit, guessing what the next moves might be. The news was always telegraphed to town every day, but that was 5 miles away and the boss considered himself fortunate to be able to go there even once a week for his mail.

With only two men to do all the work on a large stock ranch, he had no time for pleasure. People in the cities were outdoing themselves on liberty loans, were sacrificing sugar and flour that the "boys" might have it, were giving up their business positions to enter the Y.M.C.A. or some form of service -- and the papers screamed this aloud and spurred them on. But these two men, and hundreds like them over the country districts were doing the work of four men and fighting as hard a battle as the soldiers in France -- but no one suggested it and not even they themselves thought of such a thing.

For awhile each man was occupied with his own thot and then the boss began speaking slowly as tho he were talking to himself.

"Yes, it's going to be mighty hard, Lee, those sixty head of thorobred cattle will need lots of attention, and then there's the hay to haul down when the snow gets deep enuf, and the road to keep open so we can make it to town when necessary. Yes, it's tough, but we'll have to manage somehow."

He pushed back his chair and arose.

"You can turn the horses into the little pasture for awhile I guess, all but Duke, his foot's still pretty lame where he got it cut on the barbed wire. Soon's you finish that I'll need you down at the cow barn."

Altho the sun was now bright there seemed not enuf heat in its rays to penetrate the cold and the boss' old red mackinaw felt thin against the frost. However, he pulled his cap over his ears, drew on his gloves -- stiff and cracked from being wet -- lighted his pipe and strode off down the trail. Half way to the gate a big brown shepherd dog bounded to meet him and caught at his hand and barked into his face.

"Good old Bill Dog! You've been hunting rabbits haven't you? Now now -- I haven't time to play -- You'll have to come and help me work won't you?"

The dog barked his assent and trotted proudly on ahead.

Somehow, last night the boss had neglected to fill the big cement watering trough, as was his custom, so it was almost empty. Every cold morning part of his routine was to thaw out the section of pipe above ground by pouring hot water over it and this morning he emptied the entire teakettle before even a shallow gurgling sound was emitted. But no water came. He kicked the pipe thinking to loosen the ice and went to the house for more hot water, but there too the pipe had frozen. Hastily he melted some snow of which there was a light covering on the north hill slope and among the trees and tried again -- but it was of no use -- evidently the trouble came at the other end -- at the spring.

Just then the horses trotted out from their barn and around to the trough -- at first pretending they were afraid of the cement structure and then thrusting their noses deep into it. How disappointing! Not enuf water to smell and it was covered with ice -- In disgust they tossed their heads, kicked up their hoofs and dashed for the pasture.

Lee followed to close the gate, but stopped when the boss called to him.

"How's that?" he ejaculated. "She can't be froze up -- maybe the spring's stopped up somewhere, you go on boss and see an' I'll feed the stock."

So the boss took a shovel and started for the spring half a mile up the hill. He might have saved his trouble for the water there was clear and deep and the opening to the pipe unobstructed. This meant but one thing -- that somewhere in that half mile of underground pipe -- perhaps all the way -- the water had frozen! It did

not seem so serious to him until he considered the possible consequences. What if the pipe should burst somewhere? What if the snow should not come for weeks and the ground should stay frozen? The cattle could go without water for 3 days or 4 -- how long could they endure anyway? -- and then, ... he shuddered ... but there was still the river 5 miles away, where they could go if things came to the worst.

Suddenly he realized that he was wasting time -- he must do something right away -- perhaps Lee would know -- all the weariness seemed to have fallen from him -- he hurried down the hill with great strides and within 10 minutes was back at the barn. Such a change as had come over him since morning -- the wistful sad look had gone out of his eyes -- they were bold and commanding. He was a different man. He found Lee wielding a pitch fork in the loft and breathlessly explained matters to him.

"Here," he cried, "give me that other pitch fork -- we must get thru here and see what can be done." Such was his energy that clouds of dust and alfalfa leaves soon filled the air -- but he paid no heed altho his companion coughed painfully.

"That's done!" he ejaculated at last. "Just let the other work go and come with me up to the pipe line. Better harness the gray team I guess and bring the hay rope. I'll take a saw and ax and meet you at the fence.

Such a change as had come over the boss since morning. The sad, wistful look had gone out of his eyes and left them bold and commanding -- he was master of the situation with a definite purpose and goal. By the time Lee arrived at the fence with the horses he had dragged logs and kindling into the barren strip of trail that marked the place where the pipe had been put the previous spring and was chopping into a dead tree. For a brief moment he leaned on his axe and gave directions.

"Let the horses drag in the heavy stuff -- tie the rope onto the harness -- yeah that's it. Here's a saw if you need it. Lord man, we've got to work to get this done!"

He fell to once more and Lee, catching something of his spirit, worked with a will while the big grays did their best.

Noon was long past, 3, 4 o'clock came and went and still they toiled though sweat stood on their brows and their hands cramped and pained.

Lee winced as he strightened his back.

"I've gotta rest, boss -- all tuckered out, I am" he panted at last.

"Eh - - -? Yes -- So'm I -- Lee, reckon we've gotta quit -- didn't get very far -- 's all right."

They stumbled to the house and sank into chairs -- exhausted for the moment.

The boss was the first to pull himself together.

"This won't do" he murmured. "We need food -- that's what -- something hot." With this he arose and deliberately started a fire in the stove. Bread he found -- and a can of something or other -- and coffee -- he hardly thot of what he was getting. In his mind was the big question. Would he be able to do it?

The chores that night were poorly done -- though only the most necessary things received attention, as soon as they were finished the 2 men went to bed and in 5 minutes were asleep. Toward morning when the mercury dropped to 20 below 0. Bill dog pushed a cold nose against his master's face and was allowed to share the cover. At five o'clock the little alarm clock buzzed and a new day of work began.

The cattle were restless. Calves balled continuously -- the mild cows kicked and shook their horns, the herd sire stomped about his stall and bellowed low in his throat. They were not satisfied with hay and some refused to eat. They wanted water, but the boss had none to give and he turned away with tight lips.

The work of piling fire wood along the pipe line continued all day -- but this time they stopped for lunch and again at 5 o'clock. By great striving they had managed to complete the line and now the fires were ready to light.

They permitted themselves to rest until midnight but when the alarm buzzed they got up heroically (stoically), put on the warmest clothes they had and went to the pipeline there to start a blaze that could be seen for many miles. But they knew what they were doing and that they ran little risk of starting a forest fire because the trail was wide -- on one side stretched a barren field and on the other -- oh well they could watch the other. How the flames licked up the

dry wood and crackled in the air! They kept the men busy replenishing fuel of which they had gathered none too big a store. The burning wood, pine, aspen, and oak gave off pungent odors into the clear frosty air. Not a sound stirred the forest beyond that line of flame and the men tramping up and down the trail seemed very much alone in that wide expanse of country. They did not notice the shadows that flickered among the trees or the stars that blinked down disapprovingly or the moon -- turned on its side to stare at their strange proceedings. Ah no -- they looked only at the fire to see if it needed more wood -- and spread their hands to the glaze and stamped their feet to keep warm.

When morning peeped over the eastern mountains two drooping figures accompanied by a tired dog left a string of ashes and burned out coals and limped to the house.

This was the beginning of the third day without water. The men scarcely bothered to melt snow for themselves -- so anxious were they about the stock. At the watering trough the boss put his hand upon the hydrant and turned the knob -- but no welcome stream of water rewarded him. Well, he had hardly expected it. There was still the barnyard end of the pipe to be thawed out -- when that was done they would see.

Before he reached the cowbarn dismal bawlings sounded in his ears and he flinched as he was forced to go among these dumb suffereing animals without means to quench their thirst. He feared almost to look among them -- and well he might -- for tragedy had stalked there -- the end cow lay on the floor -- her head hung unnaturally in the stanchion -- and beside her stretched her week old calf. The boss touched the small inert body -- unbelievingly -- but it did not stir. He raised a gray face to the other cattle and then bolted out of the door. It was too much -- he had no right to rest while they suffered so -- there was yet much to do. There was time! it was not too late!

Dully he tramped back and forth bringing fuel to the line -- there was only a short distance left, but it seemed an eternity before he filled it. Then he lighted it and sat on the barn steps and regarded his work -- and rested -- he was so tired -- and cold -- he did not realize how tired and cold and numb he was until somebody shook him -- shook him hard and called his name. Was it

Lee? No, it was a stranger -- no -- he knew the face -- it was John -- John Farrell - from town.

"Wake up, man, you're frozen -- don't you know you oughtn't to sit here like this?" The voice drummed persistently in his ears. "What are all these fires for anyway? I noticed them from town early this morning and thot you might be in trouble."

The boss rose unsteadily to his feet.

"The fires? Oh yes. John, the water pipes froze up and the cattle are dying from thirst. We've been trying to thaw it out -- working all the time -- but -- I -- guess -- it won't work. The river's five miles away - don't believe I could stick in my saddle to drive them down."

He smiled warmly.

"Cheer up, old man, you're tired that's all. Where's Lee?"

The boss jerked his thumb toward the house.

"Plum tuckered out."

"You say the cattle are dying?"

"Two gone already."

"Gee, that's tough! Look here, I'm fresh and rested. I'll drive the cattle down to the river for you. Why I'd be glad to!"

"If -- if you would - - - -" the bosses face became anxious again but John Farrell had already opened the barn doors and was busy about the stanchions. He was not a cowardly man but it took courage to go in among that mass of rolling eyes and hoarse bellows -- and he was a stranger to them besides, but he had nerve and was loyal to his friend in time of need -- the only two essentials in this case.

Out of the barn catapulted the herd -- trampling upon each other -- carrying the weak along with them -- straight for the cement trough. But there was no water -- they pushed and struggled and wailed -- and then were driven out the gate and toward the road, by John Farrell. They moved with slowness -- some dropped out by the way and stood dejected, some stumbled along -- but altogether they made headway.

The boss leaned on the fence and watched them with a dull pity, then his eyes roved back to his unsuccessful fires -- along the pipe line to the trough and halted -- what was that rushing gurgling

noise? Water! Water at last! -- water from the pipe splashing in steady stream into the tank.

He gave a great shout that turned John Farrell about in his steps. He waved his arms and cried for him to come back. He acted like a maniac because there was water. And John came back -- driving the frenzied animals with no trouble to the trough and he rejoiced with their master.

Long and deep the thirsty cattle drank -- unwilling to leave the trough even when they were satisfied, and the two men stood and watched them, marvelling at the change which took place over them.

"I never expected to see a shortage of water in this country" remarked John.

The boss passed a hand over his eyes. "No -- I never thot of it -- Just look at them drink, man! I didn't realize just how much water meant to me before, but its a great thing man -- and we can't do without it."

Slowly they walked to the house. The boss was finding out how tired he was and his steps lagged but the light did not go out of his eyes (and he talked cheerfully).

They found Lee in a chair by the stove -- dozing comfortably but disturbed by voices he roused with a rasping cough and straightened up -- only to clasp his back with an expression of pain.

"Lord," he groaned "rhematiz I reckon. Howdy John -- how come - - - ? Well we sure need help," he continued when they told him, "boss, I feel mighty lowdown mean to leave ya like that -- but I was tottering on my legs -- she's still froze up? No? Lord! I knew by your face it was allright -- it don't make no difference to me how it happened but Providence sure must'o had a hand!"

That evening, after John had gone, the boss went to the cowbarn and looked over his herd. Contented mooings in soft undertone accompanied by the crunch of hay and the rattle of the stanchions greeted him. A black kitten ran along the beam and climbed to his shoulder -- a curious little calf followed him about on his awkward legs and permitted his ears to be rubbed. Only one thing marred the beauty of it -- that was an empty stall on the left end -- It was not the loss in money ($500 at least) that the boss thot of

when he looked at this -- no, it was a deep humiliation that he had permitted such a thing to happen.

"Thank God no more of them died" he muttered "and next spring we'll dig that pipe line twice as deep and run no risks of this."

By now the short winter twilight had darkened into night. Lee was in bed, but the boss softly closed the door into his room, lighted a lamp and picked up the mail John Farrell had brot from town. Among it was a letter in his wife's familiar hand -- it was dated November 15, 1917 and began

"My dear husband:

I hope this letter will reach you before Thanksgiving Day. I am writing it a week ahead of time to be sure and to let you know that I have sent a box of good things for your Thanksgiving dinner."

The boss glanced at his calender -- a red number stared back at him from the column of Thursday. Thanksgiving day! He had lost track of the days of the week, sure enuf. Then followed directions as to how to prepare these "good things" and comments on how the children were doing in school.

The letter continued:

"I don't know, dear, whether we are doing right or not by staying here. I suppose the children's education must come first, but oh how I wish I might be with you to help you!"

The boss slowly folded the letter and slipped it back in its envelope. His heart was very full. The world had changed for him since morning -- he had accomplished his task, his cattle were cared for and contented, he had courage to "carry on" again.

He turned the lamp lower. One heavy boot hit the floor and then the other. Bill dog scratched at the door and the boss arose to let him in -- standing in the door a moment to peer into the night. Soft gray clouds covered the sky and flakes of snow fell into his outstretched hands. He need worry no more about the pipes freezing -- by morning a thick blanket of snow would cover the earth and all would be well.

He lifted up his face and his heart swelled with emotion, while deep in his soul he offered a great thanksgiving.

[The following letter from Carr to Lulie was the basis for the previous story.]

Steamboat Springs Colo Dec 3, 1914

My darling

I haven't had much time to write you in the past 2 weeks and I hope you have not felt angry at me or worried, but I have been having a pretty tough experience and it nearly layed me up.

You know there has been no snow this fall like there usually is before cow weather comes on and my whole water system froze up & we did not know it till the water was all out of the tank. The ground was frozen so hard we could not dig it. We managed to dam up a little spring near the barn so the cattle could get some water & for 2 weeks we worked like mad to get the water going - at one time we worked 36 hours - the 25th that night or the 26 - we had to drag dry wood and pile it along the pipe line, which took us 5 days & then burn it to thaw the ground & then mend 3 broken pipe & it getting colder all the time & the poor cattle following us around & begging for water. Last Saturday night we got the water coming into the tank again & the pipe partly covered - and had to quit at night from utter exhaustion and that night toward morning the Good Lord sent about 4 inches of snow and saved us. I think we have it pretty safe now unless it turns bitter cold before more snow comes. My miserable heart gave out on me one night & I had to sit up most of the night and to add to my troubles I fractured a small bone in my right wrist - which put that hand out of commission for several days. I got knocked senseless by a wagon box hitting me in the head. So you see I have been busy & unable to go to town to mail a letter to you. I didn't want to tell you about this trouble & bother you, but knew you would hear about it. I lost 2 cows & 1 calf & am not out of the woods yet as regards water. I tried to do too much this fall & supposed because the pipes didn't freeze last winter they would not do so this, but we did not get any snow to cover it & it was not deep enough & I am very tired &

worn out with the hard work & harder worry, but I had that little handkerchief in the pocket over my heart all the time & it helped.

It will be impossible for me to be with you Xmas. I wish very much that I could but I am beginning to think that such pleasures are not for me anymore.

I drew 1000.00 instead of 500 as I wrote you and also another check for 26.00 to pay the reward on Rowdy & a man to ride him to the ranch near Fort Collins. The man who stole him rode him to Laramie City & sold the saddle he stole here & stole another one there & rode to Loveland & was caught after selling the horse for 50.00. He has been working on a delivery wagon there ever since till he was recognized by a man who had one of my printed cards. He is in fine shape so I am told by Mr McEbravy, who is keeping him for me. I don't know yet how I am going to get him. Please don't blow anything on me for Xmas except a little box of candy. Money is too scarce to spend on me & besides there is nothing coming to such as I.

Must close now with all my love. I am very tired.

Your boy, C.

Appendix 2. Carr letter to F. M. Richie

Steamboat Springs Colorado
May 13, 1914

Mr. F. M. Richie
Denver Colo.

Dear Mr. Richie

Your form of the 6th inst. inquiring for a ranch of 500 to 600 acres suitable for crops & stock raising, has been received. As you know I have been engaged here for 2 years past in developing such a proposition & now have it fairly well on its way. My wife & I own 760 acres of land eminently suited for stock raising. By that I mean fine stock as the days of range cattle is passing very rapidly. I have never considered offering the place for sale before receiving your inquiry but I find that my health will not stand it much longer and will offer the ranch for sale. During the last 2 years I have improved the ranch by clearing & seeding 75 acres of ground making with land already cleaned previously 100 acres in cultivation. Of this 25 acres are in timothy - 22 acres in alfalfa & I am seeding the balance now to alfalfa with a nurse crop of oats.

Last year the oat crop yielded 50 bushels to the acre. I have 33 registered shorthorn brood cows - 2 registered shorthorn bulls & about 25 thoroughbred calves which I have raised myself from yearlings to sucking calves.

I have one cow barn 52 x 70 holding 53 cows in stanchions, with bull & calf pens & loft for 100 tons hay - fully equipped with hay loaders & litter carrier also a horse barn 50 x 30 equipped the same way & loft for 40 tons of hay. I have 3 teams of young heavy work horses & 2 riding horses - cow ponies - There is a 5 room dwelling - 1-2 room dwelling a bunk house - blacksmith shop etc.

This ranch adjoins the town site & is what is known as north slope land. It has taken me 10 years to get all the land together &

the soil is deep & fine. Being north slope no irrigation is needed & raise better crops than the irrigated land. There are numerous fine large springs on the place. There is lots of similar land joining me on the west but I do not know whether it is government land or belongs to private owners, but it can be had at reasonable prices if one should want more. The land I have is ample for a herd of 50 thoroughbred cows - selling the increase at 18 months old. It is the best location & one of the best propositions I know of in the country if one wants to go into registered stock raising & I could easily convince anyone informed on such matters if he will go over the place carefully with me. About 1/2 the 760 acres can be cultivated when cleared the balance is pasture.

The price I place on the property is $60,000 including everything - stock tools etc.

I would pay a commission of $1200 and no more. This all is of course subject entirely to my wife's consent and approval.

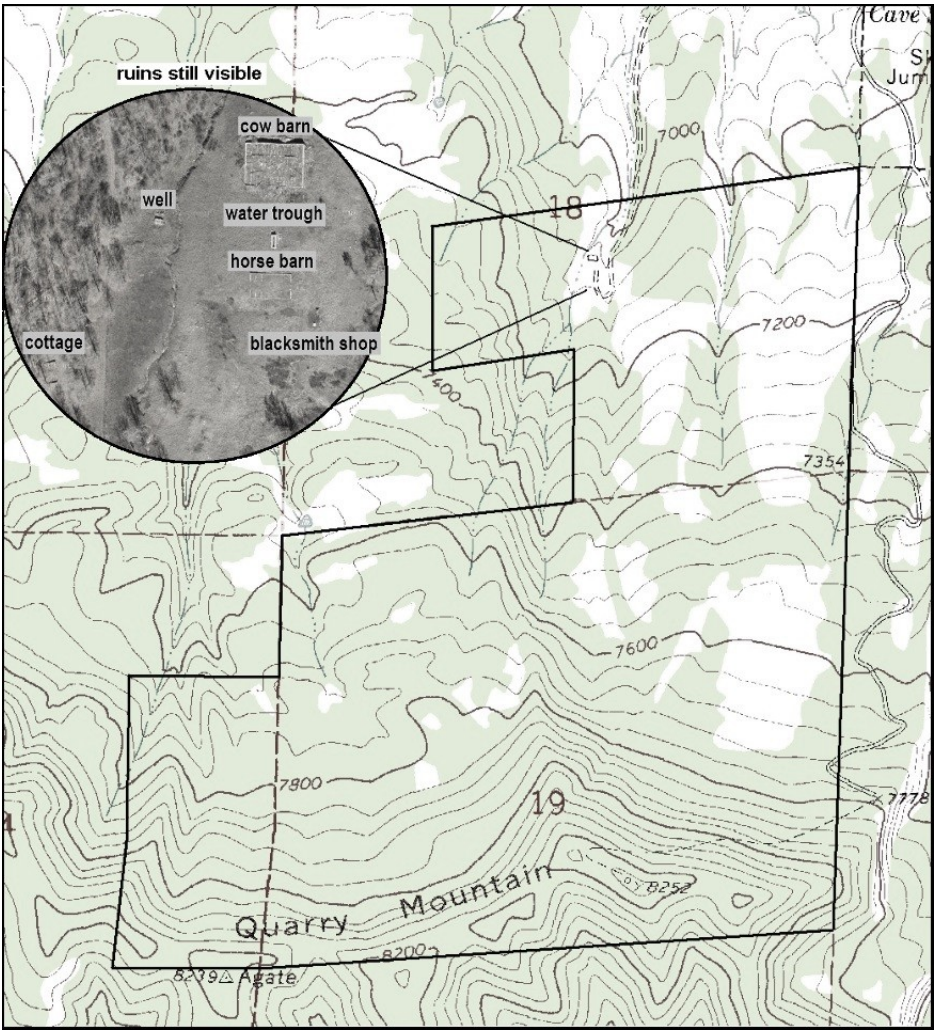
If your party means business & wants to look at what I have - I'll be glad to show him & can convince him of its worth.

With kindest regards

Yours truly

Carr W. Pritchett

Please call on my wife or talk it over with her if you are interested.



USGS map showing the approximate boundaries of the Pritchett Ranch. The ranch buildings near the northern edge are at the end of Old Dairy Lane, one mile from the Steamboat Springs Train Depot.