

LEST WE FORGET

A short history of early Grand Valley,
Colorado, originally called Parachute, Colorado.

By

Erlene Durrant Murray

First Edition

Sketches by

Connie Ann Murray

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Dedicated to

The Parachute Pioneers

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Kind Regards,
 Erlene Surrant Murray

12/7/1973

Merry Christmas Dad,
 we hope you're enjoying
 this book as much as
 we enjoyed living in
 this lovely town

Mary Shuman
 Kathy * John
 12/25/73

PREFACE

This history is a project sponsored by and the product of the combined efforts of the members of the Home Culture Club of Grand Valley, organized in 1894, the oldest study and literary club in Garfield County. The members have generously contributed their time, memories, material and skills to this project; and I, a member of the club, have been privileged to do the research and assemble the facts and items I felt would be of general interest. I wish to thank the club for their confidence in me. It has been a wonderfully rewarding experience.

The Home Culture Club and I wish to thank the pioneers themselves and their sons and daughters as well as the many others who so graciously have shared with us their memories of experiences and events related to them over the years. We are also most grateful to those who have furnished us with documented informations and photographs concerning early events which have made this short history possible. Many of these kind, generous people--though but precious memories now--are not and never will be forgotten.

I wish to express my personal thanks and gratitude to all who have aided me in so many ways in arranging and getting this manuscript ready for publication--Roberta Ogden for proof-reading, which has been a time consuming and gratis effort on her part; Virginia Wells for typing all of the original manuscripts, which has also been a gratis and time consuming effort for her; Linda Dutton and Brenda Letson, who have so meticulously typed the final draft for publication after I have made so many changes, deletions and additions to the original document.

A very special "thank You" to our granddaughter, Connie Ann Murray for the delightful sketches which she graciously made especially for our history.

A special word of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crookston for their generous help and encouragement.

And last, but by no means least, my heartfelt thanks to my husband, Otis Murray, whose encouragement and help, and incredible memory of people, places and dates has made it possible for me to assemble this short history, and to our son Otis W. Murray and grandson Russel Murray, for their valuable help and constructive criticism.

Erlene Durrant Murray

"Housing Act of 1859"

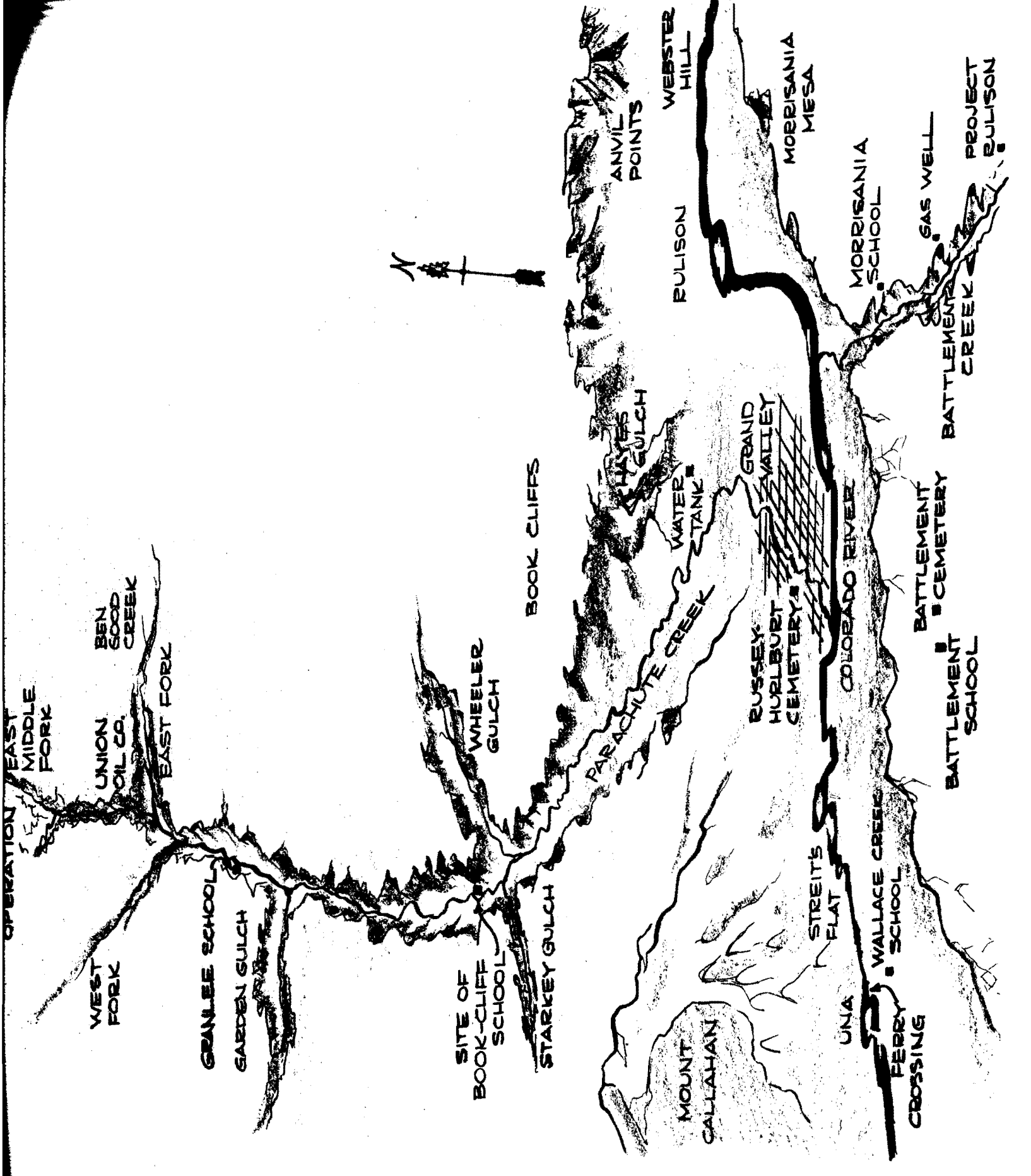
There wasn't any architect. No banker made a
loan
To solve their housing problem. They were strictly
on their own.
They didn't sign a mortgage and they didn't
own a lot;
Just stopped the covered wagon at a likely
looking spot.

No lumber yards were running. They cut
timber in the hills
And hewed it into beams and joists and
doors and window sills.
They had to hand-saw every plank and
quarry every stone,
But finally they got it done--a home
to call their own.

No mansion, but a sturdy house, their
own strong hands had made,
It stood on fertile acres that had
never been surveyed.
No warranty. No abstract fee, no
red tape legal fuss.
They just came out and built the west
and left all that to us.

By--Gene Lindberg

By gracious permission of Mr. Lindberg and the Denver Post.



OPERATION

EAST
MIDDLE
FORK

WEST
FORK

UNION
OIL CO.
BEN
SOOD
CREEK

EAST FORK

GRANLEE SCHOOL

GARDEN GULCH

SITE OF
BOOK-CLIFF
SCHOOL

STARKEY GULCH

WHEELER
GULCH

BOOK CLIFFS

PARACHUTE CREEK

HAYES
GULCH

WATER
TANK

RULISON

WEBSTER
HILL

MOUNT
CALLAHAN

RUSSEY
HURLBURT
CEMETERY

GRAND
VALLEY

STREIT'S
FLAT

UNA

FERRY
CROSSING

WALLACE CREEK
SCHOOL

CROSSING

BATTLEMENT
SCHOOL

BATTLEMENT
CEMETERY

COLORADO RIVER

MORRISANIA
SCHOOL

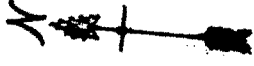
GAS WELL

BATTLEMENT
CREEK

PROJECT
RULISON

MORRISANIA
MESA

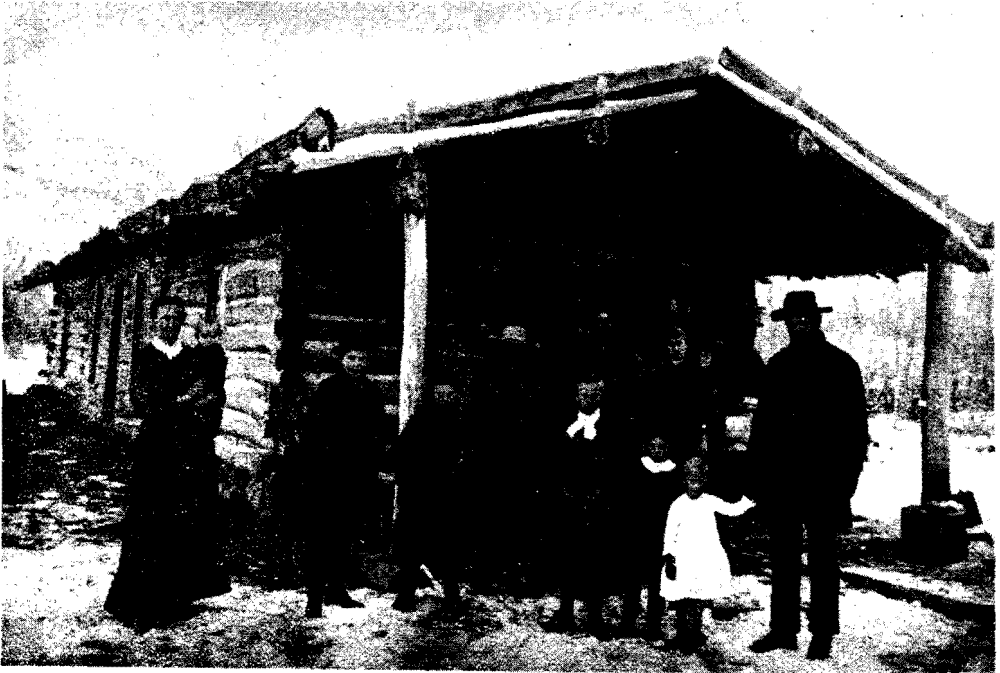
ANVIL
POINTS





CHIEF COLOROW

Chief Colorow is symbolic of the period of transition in the Parachute area as he was the chief of the Ute Indians who first called the area their home and he also knew the first permanent settlers in this area. Drawing by Connie Murray from a Colorado Historical Society photo.



First family of Parachute and their first home they built here. From left to right -- Mrs. Hurlburt holding Lottie (Shehorn), next are Luther and Mark Hurlburt, Minnie (Clarke), Lou (Wayne), Mae (Burnside) and Mr. Hurlburt. In the back row -- Mr. Billiter, Joe Trimmer and his wife, Frances, also a daughter of the Hurlburts.

Courtesy of Daisy Shehorn Looney

INTRODUCTION TO PARACHUTE

The American poet and essayist Emerson once said, "There is properly no History, only Biography." Thus the history of the Grand Valley community is essentially a collection of stories remembered by the children, friends, and neighbors from the lives of the pioneers who settled, made homes, and developed in many ways the possibilities they saw in the woodlands, mesas, mountains and valleys of this virgin land.

A few hardy white men may have made futile attempts to establish homes here among the friendly Ute Indians, a nomadic people living off the natural bounty of this untamed region; but the earliest homesteader of whom we have any record was a Hungarian immigrant who made claim to approximately four sections of land in the area where Parachute Creek flows from the north into the Grand (now Colorado) River. In 1907 the name was changed by the State Legislature, and 1921 approved by the U.S. Congress.

Mr. Hayden, commissioned by the United States government to survey this region in 1879, had named the creek, "Parachute," probably because of the pattern made by the gulches and small streams on the Book-Cliffs at the head of the creek, which give the appearance of an open parachute. Mr. Hayden also estimated the elevation at the mouth of Parachute Creek to be 5150 feet, surveyed the Mesa-Garfield County line, and made many other land measurements which are still used.

Leaving his family behind to follow when he had discovered a suitable location, J.B. Hurlburt (who was to later found the town of Parachute) left the Fall River Valley in northern California on June 1, 1882 with a partner, Mr. Billiter, (trailing their combined flocks of 2000 head of yearling ewes). After they crossed the Sierra Nevadas, Mr. Benner and Mr. Lee joined them, each with 1000 head of sheep.

Mr. Benner and Mr. Lee both had small families with them, so they drove the camp wagons while the other two men trailed the sheep. They were all bound for Colorado, more specifically the White River country, where they had heard there was plenty of open range just for the taking.

When they reached the Green River, which they expected to cross by train, they found the bridge was washed out; but workmen were working frantically to repair the damage and, as soon as they felt it was safe to cross, placed planks between the rails, and the sheep-men drove their huge herd across the swollen stream on the make-shift bridge, which was no small feat in itself. Then, on October 1, 1882, just four months after leaving California, they finally reached Meeker on the White River in Colorado. In Meeker they met and talked with an Indian scout, L.S. Kelley from over on the Grand River, who advised Mr. Hurlburt and his

friends to go over on the Grand where "the grass was higher than the sage-brush" and the winters milder and more open. Chief Colorow of the Utes concurred in this advice, saying the snow on the White River often got "two Utes deep". Mr. Kelley drew a map for the men showing the best route to follow from Meeker to the Grand River; and, using this as a guide, they rode on over horseback, leaving their sheep and the two young families in Meeker. And, on October 4, 1882, Mr. Hurlburt's forty-third birthday, he first saw Parachute Creek, the Grand River and the land on which the town was to be built over the years to come. Here they also found "Hungry Mike," who was happy to sell his cabin and claims to Mr. Hurlburt for \$100, as he was getting anxious to move on, which he soon did and was never heard of again.

The men now all returned to Meeker, got their families and sheep, and brought them over the rugged trail to their new home, arriving just before winter set in. The Benner and Lee families stayed only until the river froze over, then they crossed on the ice with their sheep and, in the spring, went on to New Mexico.

Mr. Hurlburt and Mr. Billiter spent the winter of 1882-83 in the cabin Hungry Mike had built. It was constructed of peeled cottonwood logs laid so closely together no "chinking" was needed; two openings in the walls were covered with fawn skins and used as windows to admit light, and the roof was deer skins covered with a thick layer of dirt, and, incidentally, one that never did leak.

In the spring of '83, a young man, David Evans, nick-named "Doby", came walking into the valley, and Mr. Hurlburt hired him to help with the many things needed to be done in this new land. They cleared, broke-up and planted about an acre of ground, using all the garden seed they had, and then built a ditch from the creek to irrigate their vegetables. Later they sheared the sheep and sold them and the spring crop of lambs to a Mr. Alsebrook of Meeker; and Mr. Hurlburt returned to California to get his family, leaving "Doby" to look after the garden, cabin and whatever chores needed to be done at their new home site. Later Mr. Hurlburt bought some sheep back from Mr. Alsebrook and over the years bought other bands, gradually increasing his herd.

Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt had both gone to California from Iowa, he in 1854 across the Old Immigrant Trail, and she, Martha Ann Rock, in 1862 and '63. They met and were married, however, in California; and now with their five children--Frances (Trimmer), Luther, Mark, Minnie (Clarke), and Rebecca (Wayne)--were on their way from California to somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. They came by train to Rawlins, Wyoming; but, again when they reached the Green River, the bridge had been damaged by high water, and in the night the passengers all walked across on a foot bridge to where a train waited on the other side to take them to their destination. Rawlins was a real boom town at that time,

with hundreds of buffalo and deer hunters making up a great part of the population. Mark, who was six years old at the time later recalled seeing the huge freight wagons pulled by eight yoke (16 head) of oxen coming into and leaving Rawlins. They would take the freight that had come into town by train out to the surrounding territory and return with great loads of sage brush cut like cord wood and used as fuel on the treeless plains of Wyoming.

Mr. Hurlburt had left his team at a livery stable in Rawlins and, after waiting three days for their luggage to be brought across the raging Green River, the family commenced the eleven day journey to their new home on the Grand River in Colorado.

They had all their worldly possessions in a covered wagon, as well as the seven members of the family and the strong-box containing all their money, important papers and the Bible. On the back of the wagon in a wire coop rode twelve hens and a rooster, and on one side of the wagon was a box holding some essential tools such as an axe, planes, a saw and a level. A level was a must in a new country for surveying irrigation ditches. It was fastened with cleats or wire to the side of a board, usually 1" x 6" and 16 feet long with a leg at each end of different lengths according to the "fall" desired in the ditch, possibly one or two inches to the rod. This is called a level board and many are still in use even today on local ranches for charting laterals or ditches in newly planted fields. They really are a reliable tool for the non-professional surveyor unless, of course, one becomes confused and gets the wrong end of the ditch in the creek or other supply of water to be used for irrigation, and thus tries to run water uphill.

After the long tiring trip over the new Government road from the White River to the Grand River and the difficult crossing of Webster Hill, ten miles east of Parachute, which is even now somewhat of a barrier, the Hurlburt family arrived at their new location after dark one evening and spent the night in "Hungry Mike's" cabin. The Utes had strenuously objected to the construction of the so-called Government Road as it bisected their favorite hunting ground, and this objection had been one of the many reasons for the Indian trouble in 1879.

The morning after their arrival Doby Evans had a pleasant surprise for the Hurlburts, for, during Mr. Hurlburt's absence, he had built a snug dugout 26 feet square; and into this the family moved their cook-stove, table, etc., and from then on it was used for cooking, eating, and as a family room generally, and the cabin became the sleeping quarters. The garden had done well with Doby's care so they had plenty of vegetables and venison this first winter; and Mr. Hurlburt, Mr. Billiter and Mr. Evans cut and hewed logs to build a larger home. In May of 1884 another girl, Martha Mae Burnside, was born to the Hurlburt's, the first white child born in this area. Over the years five other Hurlburt children were

added, all of whom helped develop this new country--Lottie Bell (Shehorn), Fred Fisher, Jessie Evelyn (Baughman), Winifred Silvia (Christensen) and Daisy June (Green).

Other people looking for land in a new country and hearing of this fertile little valley began coming through here, and every few days one could see a group of covered wagons slowly making their way over the rutted wagon road from the east, their white canvas covers gleaming in the sun like patches of snow in the grayish-green sage brush. Usually several families traveled together for companionship and protection, and, too, they were often from the same area in the East or had met on the trail and expected to be neighbors wherever they settled. Many, liking what they saw here, stayed and filed on land, or established ranch homes or businesses in the little town they helped found in about 1885 or '86.

Some of these pioneers were expert woodsmen and helped others in the erection of new log buildings when and wherever needed. In the spring of 1884 about a dozen of these men, working like beavers, literally built in one day the house for which the Hurlburt's had the logs all hewed, seasoned and ready for use. This house, the first home built in what was to be the town of Parachute, is still standing.

Logs for these early structures were sometimes of cottonwood which grew in great numbers along the creeks and river, but were not always good and straight and not too lasting. These were used mainly for sheds, barns, chicken houses, etc. Quaking aspen or "Quakers," which grow on the higher mesas and usually make good straight logs which last well if not exposed to the weather too much, were often used where the eaves could project and give some protection from the elements. "Quakers" also made good fences and pole gates. But the best logs of all were those from the spruce which grow higher on the mountain slopes and are more solid, more durable, and are longer and straighter. They can be used in their original round shape or hewed so they are square, or hewed on just three sides with the rounded side placed to the exposed surface of a building giving it a more attractive appearance. Cedars or junipers which grow in great brakes on many mesas do not lend themselves well for building purposes as they grow so crookedly and gnarled, but they do make excellent fence posts and wonderfully aromatic fire wood which is easily ignited.

To augment their meager or often non-existent income, several of the homesteaders raised big gardens and then hauled their produce to Meeker or Glenwood Springs and sold door to door or to the stores.

Mark Hurlburt recalled that in the summer of 1885, his father took a load of vegetables to Meeker and sold the entire supply to one merchant, a Mr. Majors, in exchange for a sort of cracker made of beans and called "hard-tack".

After the trouble with the Utes in 1879, the fort had been moved away from Meeker and Mr. Majors, who had been in charge of the commissary, bought all the food and supplies belonging to the government and started his own mercantile business, and part of the store of food was literally tons of this hard-tack. This took the place of bread as flour was not available except in Grand Junction, and a trip there was not made often and then only on horseback. Several men would go together, taking pack-horses loaded with deer-hides to sell or exchange for supplies. The trail, before a stagecoach road was built in DeBeque Canyon, was through the Cedar Hills, up Kimball Creek (which flows into Roan Creek), down the "Saw-tooth" Range to Fruita and then back to Grand Junction. It took all of two weeks to make such a trip.

On one occasion, and once was enough, they tried going down the Grand River canyon in a wagon in the spring of the year when the river was high. Wiring the harness tugs to the single-trees, and wiring the wagon bed solidly to the wagon gears, and fastening their load of deer hide bales to the bed, Mr. Hurlburt and a Mr. Kellogg risked their own and their horses' lives as the poor beasts swam over half of the way pulling the heavy wagon over rocks, rapids and through water of uncertain depths and currents.

In 1887 a Mr. Alsebrook built a flour mill in Meeker, but the product was none too good as there was too much wild oats in the locally raised wheat, but even the bread made of this was a welcome change from "hard-tack" and a welcome addition to a diet of vegetables and venison. Then, too, a mill this close saved the men the long arduous trip to Grand Junction.

Mark, who is now 93 (1970), also relates how, on one of these trips to Meeker with his father, he saw and remembers Chief Colorow. Mr. Majors, the merchant, and Colorow were great friends; and though Colorow had been transferred to a reservation in Utah after 1879, he often returned to his beloved White River to hunt, as the Indians were still allowed that privilege. Colorow and Majors were both huge men. Majors always carried a tape-measure with him, with which to measure customers for clothing; and whenever he and Colorow met, they would measure each other's girth to see which had gained more since their last meeting. Chief Colorow had an enormous appetite and one time bought a 35-pound watermelon from a load of fresh vegetables, sat down flat on the ground in the yard by the store, and ate every bit of it himself, offering none to the other Indians standing around. Colorow had spread a red handkerchief which he always wore around his neck, on the ground; as he ate each slice of melon, he placed the rinds on the kerchief and when he was through eating tied them up carefully into a bundle to take home to the squaws, who would make them into preserves. So it is evident the Indians had some knowledge of preserving fruit aside from drying, probably using honey as the sweetner.

We might mention here a few of the other very early residents of the Parachute area, and a little farther on in our chronicle we will give a detailed account of the settlement of the rural communities surrounding the little town of Parachute, namely, Parachute Creek, Battlement Mesa, Morrisania Mesa, Wallace Creek and Rulison.

L.S. Kelley had built a cabin (four miles west of Grand Valley) near what is presently designated by a road sign on Highways 6 and 24 as "Kelley Gulch," and had filed a homestead there. Mr. Kelley, more familiarly known as "Yellowstone" because of having scouted much of the Wyoming and Montana territories for the U.S. Government, was one of the first white men to visit and later survey what was later designated as Yellowstone Park. He was a tall, dark, fine-looking man who wore his hair long, wore a big white felt hat and dressed in buckskin like the Indians with whom he had spent much of his life and of whom he had become quite fond. As a result of this association he understood the Indian ways and culture and had been called to Meeker by the U.S. Government during the misunderstandings with the Utes in 1879. From then on he spent much of his time in Meeker, and it was there he met and advised Mr. Hurlburt and his friends to proceed to the Grand River with their flocks, which they did, and started the settlement which later became Parachute.



A snap-shot of a "float" in a Grand Valley Days parade which illustrates the pride the Parachute Creek people take in having been a part of the "Old West".

PARACHUTE CREEK

Depending on the marvelous memory of Mark Hurlburt who in 1883 had come to this area as a boy with his family from California (the first family to settle here), we find the next homesteader in the valley was the C.W. Wilson family who homesteaded on Parachute Creek.

The Parachute Creek valley is approximately twelve miles long, and one-half to three miles wide, with ranches lying on both sides of the creek and hemmed in by the huge mountains of oil shale. It is a pretty place with the green fields of hay or grain, its orchards, its sparkling stream running the full length of the valley, and several small gulches like Garden Gulch coming in from the west, some still wooded areas, others in farmland and part left to native grass and sage brush. An auto ride "up the creek" is a most pleasant experience, especially so in the spring or fall when one may see herds of deer feeding in the fields, drinking from the refreshing stream, or possibly heading back to the comparative safety of the hills after eating their fill of hay or grass on the ranches.

A few years ago when an aerial survey was made of this part of the western slope, one of the surveyors remarked that Parachute Creek was the prettiest valley they had mapped. The road skirts the foothills on the east side of the valley with most of the farmland lying below the road to the west along the creek bed.

Mr. C.W. ("Doc") Wilson, whom we mentioned earlier, had come from the Piceance Creek area over the hill to Parachute Creek and was a foreman for the J.Q.S. Cattle Company. He also ran cattle of his own on the Parachute Range, owning one of the very early brands, the Seven-Bar-Four. Mr. Wilson told of being followed by a band of wolves on his trip over the mountain from Piceance Creek and of building a big campfire at night for protection from these animals. "Doc" Wilson's brother Frank settled in Rifle where he was a Justice of the Peace and Notary Public. His name appears on many of the early abstracts of land transfers in the area.

In 1884 Tom Glover located land farther down the creek and he, too, brought a herd of cattle into the valley with one of the earliest brands in the area, the TM -^TM. Mr. Dick Fogarty helped Mr. Glover on his ranch for years, so he, too, was an early comer to Parachute Creek. He later moved to a place south of Rifle but often visited friends back in this area.

Also in 1884 Mr. Hoffman, a G.A.R. veteran, located what has been known as the Tucker or Zediker place. Mr. Hoffman was originally from

Michigan but had come to Leadville in 1879 and on west to Parachute five years later. Mr. Hoffman also had a feed and second hand store in town (Parachute).

Enos F. Yeoman, a Civil War veteran from Ohio, had come west after the war and worked as a government scout in Arizona and Wyoming. He was with Thornburg at the Mill Creek massacre and had many other interesting experiences. After his marriage in Nebraska in 1880 he, too, came to Parachute Creek and located what is presently known as the Orland Lindauer property.

Also in the early '80s a Mr. Davenport filed on land and water near where East, West and Middle Forks of Parachute Creek converge. Mr. Davenport was interested in sheep-raising and later had a general store in town, which he bought from Mr. Douglas Armstrong. This was located near where the Grand Valley Lumber and Supply Company has been for so many years.

Also about this time M.T. Rowley and Joe Trimmer took up homesteads adjoining Mr. Davenport. Mr. Rowley was one of the first group of men to experiment with the extraction of oil from shale on Parachute Creek.

In 1884 the John Cline family, who had originally come from West Virginia to Leadville during the "silver boom", moved on farther west to the Parachute area, where they, too, homesteaded. The Cline's raised a family of three boys and a girl, all of whom are gone now. One son, Tom, and his wife Maude (Bailey) farmed on the creek for many years and Maude still lives in Glenwood Springs (1972). Coda and John, the other two boys, were both quite musically inclined; and Coda, with his banjo, and John with his violin, furnished the music for many community "get-togethers," played for local dances, often all night long, and practically everyone in the area can recall dancing to their rollicking tunes.

Mrs. Cline and a Mrs. Marx, another pioneer woman on Parachute Creek, were not only neighbors but close friends; and at one time, when they were each expecting new babies, they would get together and do their sewing on the baby clothes for the anticipated arrivals. The baby boys arrived about the same time and the young mothers chose the same name, "Frank," for their new sons. However, their happiness was short lived as in a few months a scarlet fever epidemic struck the community and both babies succumbed to the dread disease. No cemeteries had been platted by then, so the little fellows were buried on a high bank near the creek. But, Nature has a way of disrupting things and soon after, during the "run off" in the spring, the creek could not contain the unusual amount of water and the bank on which the graves were located gave way and the little bodies in their tiny caskets were washed away, possibly on into the Grand River, and no one ever knew where they finally came to rest.

In 1885 John, "Purdy", Crawford brought his family from the East by covered wagon to Parachute Creek where he filed on land near the creek. They arrived in February and, as spring had come early that year, their first impression of the area was very favorable when they saw the beautiful valley and surrounding hills covered with lush green grass. They had mule teams drawing their wagons and they turned them loose to graze and rest after their long, tiring trip.

When the Crawfords came here, the Ute Indians had been moved out just a short while before and several "teepees" were left standing, and Crawfords later built a corral where these little tents were located. A well-worn Indian trail led from this Ute encampment over the hill to the Piceance Creek country. This trail has been known since 1895 as the Crawford Trail.

Mrs. Crawford's brother, Paul Gardon, and Mr. Crawford's brother, Titus, also filed on land near the Crawfords; and in later years Mr. "Purdy" Crawford bought their homesteads, increasing his land holdings to over 600 acres. The Crawfords also built up a good herd of cattle carrying the L-+ brand. After the J.P. Crawfords retired, their only son, John, and his wife Doris Sutherland, who had been a teacher at the Book-Cliff School, took over the management of the ranch and cattle and added their own C- brand to the herd. After John Jr. and Doris retired, their son Jack and wife, Vesta Benedetti, managed the ranch until it was sold.

In 1889, Arcadeous Benson, a bachelor, filed on land several miles up Parachute Creek, a beautiful location with land lying on both sides of the creek. Mr. Benson later bought an adjoining ranch from "Bill" Hughes which he added to his earlier homestead. "Cade" married a neighbor girl, Bertha Gardner, and they raised their family on the creek. Later a son, Charlie, took over the ranch, cattle and range and married a school teacher, Ruth Funk; and they, too, raised their family on this lovely location. Thus the ranch remained in the family from 1889 until sold to an oil company in late years.

In 1896 Marcus Dee Freeland, a cousin to Tom Glover, came to Parachute Creek and helped Mr. Glover on the ranch and with the cattle.

A Mr. Roslyn Smith had filed on land earlier on the creek, and had been instrumental in getting the "Low-cost ditch" built and operating successfully. Mr. Smith sold his homestead to Mr. "Bob" Wallace and Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. Freeland later bought Mr. Wallace's part of the acreage. This has been the Freeland home since those early days. In 1904 Mr. Freeland married Miss Edna Perham and together they improved their ranch and built up a sizeable herd of cattle which they ranged on the Parachute grazing land on the nearby mountains. Mr. Freeland filed on land on the mountain in 1909 several years before the idea of mountain homesteads became popular in 1921. Finding it impossible to do justice.

to both, Mr. Freeland let the mountain homestead revert to the government.

The Freeland's son, Dee Jr., still lives on the home place and runs cattle under his father's first brand which he secured around the turn of the century: ZB the Z B bar.

The James Wheeler family came into the valley in a covered wagon in 1891. They had come from Missouri to Routt County, Colorado, before coming on to Parachute. One daughter, Cora Wheeler Bumgardner, was born at Clark, Colorado in Routt County and was just two years old when the family moved here. Mrs. Bumgardner recalls hearing her father tell his reason for coming to the valley. A Mr. Pat Burke came to Parachute by train in 1890 and, after seeing the new Hurlburt orchard which was beginning to bear, he was enthusiastic about the possibilities of raising all kinds of fruit in the area. He took some of the apples back to Routt County, and, when Mr. Wheeler saw them, he wondered, "What are we doing up here in the snow when we could be raising fruit like this?" So they came over here and filed on land in what was known then as Swanson Gulch (but is presently known as Wheeler Gulch), on September 17, 1891. Mrs. Bumgardner also recalls the family spent their first night in Parachute at the Hurlburt home, and then went on up the creek where they stayed awhile in the Cline home, where as Mrs. Cline said, "The mother and children could sleep in the house, making more room for the boys and their father in the wagon." Cora was quite impressed as the Cline's had a board floor in their home while most of the floors in early cabins were of just hard packed dirt, swept clean of dust and kept smooth and level. The Clines also had a cupboard made of redwood which was also something unusual; and years after, when Mr. Cline was left a widow and Mrs. Wheeler had died, Mr. Wheeler and Mrs. Cline were married and Mrs. Cline took this cupboard to her new home as Mrs. Wheeler and Cora still has this piece of early furniture. Other families on Parachute Creek have various items made of redwood which was surplus lumber or parts of old flumes of the abandoned irrigation project planned and partially completed in the 1880' by W.H. Hallett.

Mr. Wheeler worked with Mr. Hurlburt for about six months before going to Wheeler Gulch to make their home in 1892. Several years later when Mr. and Mrs. Roslyn Smith, who owned 160 acres near the road, wanted to sell and move farther up the creek near where Mrs. Smith's brother "Cade" Benson lived, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. "Bob" Wallace each bought 80 acres for \$10 an acre. It was a good buy for Mr. Wheeler who with his family was then living on what was later known as the Sig Cox place, as he wanted to be nearer to town where he had started a prospering blacksmith shop. Mr. Wheeler and his boys built a nice log house which was a landmark for many years until it burned several years ago.

The D. & R.G. Railroad was extended from New Castle westward beginning in 1889, reaching Parachute in 1890 and bringing many new temporary residents and several permanent ones. One man who became a permanent home

owner in the area was Peter "Pete" Lindauer, who, as a carpenter employed by the D. & R.G., was designing and building trestles for the new railroad. He also had several teams of horses being used in building the rail bed. Mr. Lindauer went on to Salt Lake City until the railroad was completed that far, but he had "liked what he saw" in the Parachute area; so, when he finished his work with the railroad, he returned to Parachute and built a store building on what is now the northeast corner of Parachute Avenue and First Street. He and his brother Ferdinand owned and managed a general merchandise store here until 1901 when they sold to a Mr. Thompson. Ferdinand returned to their home back east, but Pete bought out the three homesteaders, Joe Trimmer, M.T. Rowley and Mr. Davenport whom we mentioned earlier and who had filed on land and water about twelve miles up Parachute Creek. There he raised his family of five boys and one girl. Mr. Lindauer built up a good herd of cattle, turning them on the Parachute range under the TLD and Z brands. The latter brand is still in the family handed down from Pete's son Felix to Mr. Lindauer's grandson Orland.

The Sig Cox family came with a wagon train from Missouri in 1895. They lived for awhile on Battlement Mesa then filed a pre-emption on an abandoned claim up Parachute where they lived for years. A hill, known as Cox Hill, is still part of the road up the creek. Many remember Mrs. Cox (Alice) as a wonderful neighbor, a happy person who spent her life cheering the sick or depressed and doing anything she could to make life more pleasant for all with whom she came in contact. Mrs. Cox lived past her 100th birthday.

Another early family in the valley was the George Gardner family, who helped greatly in the development of the area.

The Granlee family also came to Parachute Creek in 1895 and settled on upper Parachute Creek. They were quite active in educational and cultural activities in the Parachute community and a decided asset to the Methodist Church. They gave land for a school for the convenience of the people of upper Parachute Creek and a building was erected a short time later.

Mr. Hilliker, who was the first depot agent in Parachute in 1890 took up land on Parachute Creek, a place still known as the Hilliker place.

Sometime in the 1890's the Philip Dere family came to Parachute from Crested Butte, Colorado. Mrs. Dere was a native of Austria and Mr. Dere of Germany, but they had immigrated to the U.S.A. while quite young people, lured by the prospect of a good living to be made in the mining towns here.

After coming to Parachute, they built a nice stone house a short distance from town up Parachute Creek. This picturesque home was enjoyed by all who saw it until it was destroyed by fire in 1972. Mr. Dere also built the rock building at the corner of First and Parachute Streets, hauling the rock from the Rupp and Murray places. Mr. Dere was also a shoe-maker for many years in Grand Valley and, in his late years was the mail messenger, carrying the mail from the depot to the Post Office in a little hand cart. He was injured when struck by a car while hauling the mail--injuries from which he died shortly after. Mr. and Mrs. Dere raised a large family, some of whom lived, farmed and raised stock in the area for years, and some of their grand-children are progressive citizens of the area.

There were many, many other families who came to Parachute Creek around the turn of the century who improved land, built homes and were in many ways assets to the whole area. A few of these were the DeWitts (James and Elmer), the Marian K. Walls family, who in early days owned the place owned by the Bonis family later, James Killian and Bob Wallace.

Trapping was a profitable business for some of the very early people who spent some time here but did not make permanent homes. Two such men were the Kimball brothers (for whom Kimball Creek was named), who trapped beaver on Roan and Parachute Creeks the winter of 1882-'83 and in the spring reportedly sold \$3500 worth of pelts.

Parachute Creek is often swollen by heavy rains or cloud-bursts in the summer time and, depending on the snow fall in the hills in winter, may get quite high during the spring run-off. In the spring of 1884 the creek was the highest in the memory of any one in the area. To cross the creek one had to go horse-back and "swim" their horses, and the creek remained high and could not be crossed safely that year until early in July.

Life here was primitive and rugged but essentially happy as the homesteaders had found a place they liked and were busy creating a future for themselves and their families. Everything was new and unspoiled and the people free to plan and build a community. Very few came with wealth and as everyone was "in the same boat" financially they were all neighbors and acted accordingly. They were soon able to raise much of their food and wild meat was plentiful; but cash was at times necessary, so men would often go away to work someplace, especially through the winter, or in the summer the men would stay home and clear the land of sage brush, build ditches for irrigation, raise live-stock or do the million other things necessary to do in a new land and the women would work away, earning money for seed, fruit trees, or other necessities. Some of these women found employment in Aspen, a boom town at that time, where

they did sewing, washing and ironing, waited tables, did house work or were otherwise employed. And, the beautiful hay or grain fields and orchards and gardens were their reward for the months spent away from home.

Aspen was also an excellent market for all kinds of fruit and garden produce, and two boys who took advantage of this opportunity to increase their farm income were "Chris" Dere and Adolph Wheeler.

Before 1890, when the railroad was finally extended on west to Parachute, most people coming into this area by train came as far as New Castle and on down here by stage or some sort of hired "rig." But most came in covered wagons and, as near as we can find out, the only person still living here (1972) who came in a covered wagon is Cora Wheeler Bumgardner.

By 1890 the greater part of the land on the creek had been filed on and the water adjudicated. Most ranchers now had their land in cultivation and were growing herds of sheep or cattle. Because of their proximity to the acres and acres of open range and the ease with which stock could be driven to the range (most ranches had their own gulches leading to the hills), the raising of livestock soon became and has continued to be the chief agricultural pursuit.

Life sometimes became too hard for a few of these pioneers and, as no formal cemeteries were planned until years later, burials were usually made in a peaceful, secluded spot on the home ranch or some favorite location which would probably never be molested. One such grave, that of a pioneer mother, remains today on a little bluff just to the east of the road, high above and overlooking the valley. This grave remained unmarked for many years but was cared for by kind friends and neighbors, until sometime during the 1930's a son of the deceased returned to the valley and, after contacting the "Bob" Bumgardner family (who had so faithfully cared for the little plot of earth) erected a stone with the following inscription

Jane Brooks
Wife of
F. Steele
Died June 8, 1891
Age 62

Two school districts were organized on Parachute Creek to accommodate the upper and lower half of the valley and the Book-Cliff (lower) and Granlee (upper) school houses were built. The Book Cliff school was built in 1895, District No. 11 and some of the first pupils enrolled were Mary and George Gardner; Nellie Good; Gertrude and Bert Hilliker; Victor Marx; Lou and Queenie Glover; Steve and Cleveland Barnett; Birdie, Cora, Ike and Robert Wheeler. The first teacher was Sam Ash, and other early teachers were Mrs. Inez Good and Kate Barthell. The

children in the Granlee District walked to the Book Cliff school until their building was constructed.

For several years after 1900 more families came into the area and stayed to make their homes and became enterprising and energetic citizens.

One such family was the Marion O. Aplin family, who were originally from Ohio, but had come to Leadville during the silver boom when that town, known as "Cloud City," was the most famous silver camp in the West. In 1904 they came on down to Grand Valley. There were two sons Robert Harry and William T. (Dixie). The Aplin home is presently (1972) occupied by John and Lola Allen, who raise hay, grain, and livestock. Harry Aplin had one daughter, Alice, who married Ross Conner, and they lived on the old home place for years and raised their family there

In 1902 the Bumgardner family came to Carbondale from Kansas and in 1908 came on down here. They lived on several places in the area and Bob Bumgardner, a son, married Cora Wheeler and they farmed and raised cattle and sheep until they retired a few years ago to make their home in Grand Valley.

In 1899 David Baughman and family came to Parachute Creek from Pulaski, Iowa. They lived on what was early known as the Holmes place but of recent years has belonged to "Bud" (Carl, Jr.) Alber. Mr. Baughman built the first bridge across the creek near this place. Several years later one of the boys, "Yone" (Jonathan) married Jessie Hurlburt, who still lives in Grand Valley. They raised a family of whom Jessie is justly proud.

Another very early family was the David Cornell family who located what was later known as the Seamens' ranch. Mr. Cornell built a nice two-story rock home on this place, which is still standing. A ditch, which carries water to part of Grand Valley, was built from Parachute creek with the headgate located on this place and is still known as the Cornell Ditch.

W.W. Seamens, wife Julia and their two sons, Darrell and Kenneth, had come from Kansas in 1888, after the father had located land near what is now Rifle in 1886. They made their home here until sometime after 1900 they came on farther west, locating in Hayes Gulch above Parachute. They later bought the Cornell place from Mr. Willis, a retired railroad man, and lived here until Mr. and Mrs. Seamens and Kenneth died, then Darrell still kept the place for many years until he and his wife Myrtle moved into town.

Also settling on the creek, though nearer the head, were the Claytons. This place changed hands several times and among

the owners was the James Killian family. In 1941 "Bill" and Roberta Ogdan bought the place, which was near Roberta's sister and family, Charlie and Ruth Benson. A bit of interesting early history came to light when in the process of laying a new floor in the house they found a wedding ring with the initials J.G. The Ogdens later sold to Lloyd Zediker who in turn sold to an oil company.

The "Abe" (Abraham) Bainter family in early days bought land from Doc Wilson on which they too built a nice home. Mrs. Bainter was a wonderful musician and gave piano lessons to many young people in the area.

In 1908 Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and daughter Gladys came to Parachute Creek from Glenwood Springs, trading their property there for a ranch on the Creek owned by a Mrs. Vervig. Mr. Patterson was a fine farmer, raising good crops and wonderful apples. Their daughter, Gladys, married Albert Allen and raised three children. The Allens, a son, John, and family are all still residents of the area.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dickerson and two children, Watson and Viola, left New Hampshire the spring of 1912 and arrived in Grand Valley May 4th. C.W. (Doc) Wilson had bought the Hilliker place some time before and the Dickersons leased the ranch from him and farmed and raised livestock until 1919 when they moved into Grand Valley.

Watson is the only one of the family still living. Viola married Everett Tracy, a son of an early family and their one boy lives in Washington.

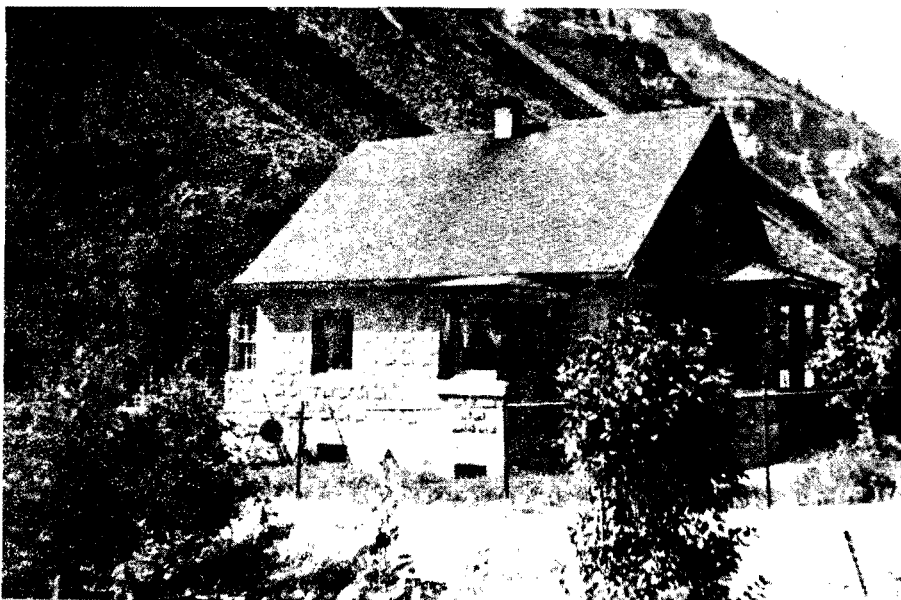
The spring after the Dickersons came here, in April 1913, the "Pete" Hansen family came into the valley from the eastern part of the state, and purchased one of what could really be called a "show place" of the area, the Grant Mills ranch on Parachute Creek, near the mouth of Wheeler Gulch. This was known as the "Mile-high Ranch" on which Mr. Frank DeWitt had earlier built a beautiful two-story house and big red barn and set out a large orchard, mostly Jonathan apples, from which literally tons of apples have been harvested over the years. After the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Hansen the ranch was divided between the two children, Harry and Carrie Hansen Gibbons. The Hansens, Harry and Thelma (Zediker) Hansen, built a new home and engaged in cattle raising for many profitable years until they sold and retired in Grand Valley.

In 1919 the T.J. Zediker family moved from Oklahoma to Parachute Creek, where they leased what is known as the Glover or Benton place. Mr. Zediker was a retired teacher. He had made the "run" for land in Oklahoma when the "Cherokee Strip" in western Oklahoma was opened for homesteading on September 16, 1893. Mr. Zediker and a Judge Garber made the run together and Mr. Garber later founded the town of Garber in Oklahoma.

The Zedikers raised enormous crops of apples on the Glover place. One son, Glenn (Beach), had a butcher shop in town for several years. he and his family lived in Grand Valley for several years, then sold out and bought what was originally known as the Hoffman place on Parachute Creek, where they lived for years.

A daughter of T.J. Zediker (Madge) and her husband, Arch Sherwood and family, also, came to the area a year or so after the Zedikers. The Zediker and Sherwood families all contributed much to the growth and improvement of the community.

Years after the creek was settled and prospering, in 1921 to be exact, a movement to settle the rich, arid land on the Book-Cliffs was started. The soil up there is rich and productive and several local



A Parachute Creek Home

people and many from the East had tried their luck at farming. Mainly because of the inaccessibility of the area (the trails up the mountain were long, narrow, and winding) and the lack of water for irrigation, most claims were gradually abandoned. Some of the potential "mountain ranchers" remained on their farms in the valley and others who stayed here found employment on ranches, in the schools, on the railroad or in various other occupations. They made homes here and helped to further develop the country in many ways, becoming real assets to the community.

Now, in 1972, many of the ranches on Parachute Creek have been sold to oil companies engaged in research, hopefully to find a feasible means of extracting oil from the mountains of shale in the region. The companies need the water from the creek for processing the shale so the water rights go with the land.

Range rights, which are surface rights, are also often bought by the oil companies or sold by the owners independently of the land sales. If the oil companies do not purchase the range rights they are usually bought by other ranchers in the area.

In some instances families continue to make their homes on their former ranches after selling them, and in other cases the oil companies have employed good ranch hands to keep the ranches productive and the range herds growing and improved.

The residents of Parachute Creek have always been proud of their places and enjoyed their lives there, believing it to be a really favored spot in the United States of America. I believe Mrs. Freeland expressed the feelings of all those living on Parachute Creek, when, on the occasion of their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1954 she remarked, "I have watched the moon come up over Parachute Creek for fifty years, now, and I know there is no more beautiful sight on earth."



The Underwood Family

The Underwood Family with the covered wagon in which they made the long trip from Missouri to Battlement Mesa.

Pictured from left to right are Hallie Underwood, Ward Underwood, Uncle Jimmie Underwood, Mrs. Underwood holding Myrtle Underwood (Chaffee), Nellie Underwood (Hefty), and Loretta Underwood (Briteman) in front of Mrs. Underwood, and John Underwood between the two horses.

Cal and Ida Underwood (Clark) not shown in the picture were later born on Battlement Mesa.

Mr. Underwood is holding a race horse named Fred.

--Picture by gracious permission
of the Underwood Family.

BATTELEMENT MESA

Across the Colorado (Grand) River from Grand Valley (Parachute) and rising abruptly from the south bank of the river lies Battlement Mesa, extending south to the mountain, east to Morrisania Mesa and west to Dry Creek. The foothills of the mountain are covered with cedar or juniper; and, as the elevation increases, pinion, pine, and aspen cover the slopes, making a beautiful background for the fields of alfalfa, grain or grasses on the ranches of the mesa. The soil here is of volcanic origin which, mixed over the years with the humus of decaying vegetation, makes it especially productive.

There are several theories as to how the name Battlement was given to this mesa and mountain, but the following seems the most plausible. Along the top face of the mountain overlooking the mesa is a rock formation which closely resembles the battlements of old which formed the upper walls of many castles or were the upper parapets of a defensive wall surrounding a city or fortress.

The early settlers started coming into this area about the same time as into the Parachute Creek area, in the early 1880's. While we don't have the exact date of the arrival of many of these pioneers, we are able to fix the time from some of the things they did here in the Parachute Community. Mr. George Sipprell, who came from Maine, was an expert woodsman and helped Mr. Hurlburt build the first house in Parachute the spring of 1884, a cabin of hand hewn logs. Mr. Sipprell's skill with the axe soon became known and his services were in constant demand in the valley as other new citizens built homes. Mrs. Sipprell's services as a mid-wife were much in demand, too, as very new arrivals made their appearance in the area, and many of those now considered our senior citizens owe their very lives to her skill, kindness and efficiency.

Two brothers, Ben and Nels Good, were also early arrivals from Maine. Ben Good did not remain long but while here Mr. Good built a cabin in a gulch along the east fork of Parachute Creek and this little valley is still known as Ben Good Gulch. The Nels Good family remained here and took an active interest in the affairs of the community.

In 1885, Dr. C.L. Hayward and his wife, Minnie, who was a sister of Ben and Nels Good, also came to the Mesa from Maine, and were cordially welcomed, not only by the people on Battlement Mesa but by the whole area, as now the community had a real doctor, whose services were sorely needed in this new land. Dr. Hayward was a nice, kind person as well as a good doctor; and his wife was an asset to him in many ways in his practice, especially in caring for new babies and the new mothers. The Haywards owned and improved several different places on Battlement Mesa and Wallace Creek and it has often been said "You can always tell where Dr. Hayward has lived as there are shade trees, roses, and an orchard growing there."

Mr. William Duplice, who was born and raised in Bangor, Maine, and had met and married a girl from Argyle, Wisconsin, decided to come west and in 1880 moved to New Castle, and eleven years later, 1891, came on down to Battlement Mesa where several other families from Maine had settled. The original name of the family was Duplisse but has always been spelled Duplice by the families here, except on the very early tombstones.

James Gardner, with his children Rollin O., James, and Harry came from Missouri in 1892, going first to the Collbran area, then over to this valley where he located what is known as the Dr. Hayward place near Pete and Bill Gulch, later settling on Battlement Mesa. Mr. Gardner's wife had died and he later married a Doby girl. The Doby family, too, had come from the East. The mother and father died early, but two boys, Joe and Jake, lived on the home place on Battlement Mesa until their deaths not many years ago.

R.O. Gardner married Belle Evens, who had come with her family from McCook, Nebraska in 1894. The railroad had come through here by 1894, but the Evans family came with a wagon train of folks who wanted to bring their livestock, trailing them through to Battlement Mesa. Along the way they met and joined another wagon train in which the Sig Cox family was traveling. The Cox family settled on Parachute Creek.

Thomas Clark from Baltimore and J. Foster Jenney from New York each developed good ranches on the western part of Battlement Mesa quite early, and secured one of the first water rights out of Battlement Creek. These ranches were later consolidated by a new owner but have ever since been known as the Clark and Jenney ranch, one of the best in the area.

Also in 1887, the O'Toole family came to the Mesa from Leadville and bought out two squatters, making one homestead of the two places into what has always been known as the O'Toole place on the northeast part of Battlement Mesa. Mr. O'Toole went to Leadville and worked in the mines part of the time using his wages to improve his new ranch.

Wesley Shutt and his wife, Mary, were also early settlers on Battlement Mesa and it was at their home that the Home Culture Club was organized in the spring of 1894 with most of the charter members residents of Battlement Mesa--Mary Shutt, Jerusha Sipprell, Elmira DeWitt, Lucy DeWitt, Elizabeth DeWitt Kennedy, Cordelia Shutt, Inez Good and Minnie Hayward. Mrs. Shutt was, also, one of the first teachers in the Battlement Mesa School.

Walter and Clara Vance came to Battlement Mesa in early days and lived for several years on part of what was known as the Clark and Jenney ranch, finally purchasing what in late years has been known as

the Mahaffey place. After a few years of farming, they moved into town where Mr. Vance owned the livery stable and draying business and Mrs. Vance and daughter, Jessie, managed a hotel. Many residents still recall the wonderful meals they served, which featured home-made bread, pies, doughnuts and other freshly baked pastries.

Along in the 1890's the Jess Kerlee family arrived from Missouri. Mr. Kerlee's first wife had died of tuberculosis, an uncontrolled disease in those early days, and he later married a Doby girl and came west to a healthier climate for his family. Mr. Kerlee was an expert woodsman and several early log homes in the area were a product of his time, patience and skill.

George Kerlee, one of the sons, recalled how as a child he admired and loved the wild horses in the Battlement Mesa Area. An in one of the terrible winters in the '90's when the snow was so deep it covered the fences so the children walked to school over the top of those barriers, the poor horses could not find food and many literally starved to death. The emaciated bodies of these beautiful, proud, free creatures dotting the mesa the next spring was a memory George could never quite erase from his mind.

Another early Battlement Mesa family was the DeWitt family, Frank and his wife, Lucy, his mother, and his sister, who came here from the East in the early 1890's. They were an asset to the growing community, taking an interest in all worthwhile projects and especially anything of an educational nature. Mrs. Lucy DeWitt was at one time Superintendent of Garfield County Schools.

The "Dick" McGuirk family, also, came to the mesa quite early and located on land across from the school house. A son, "Dick", later built what is now known as the Reuben Nordstrom house. He, like Mrs. DeWitt, was interested in politics and was Garfield County Assessor for many years.

In 1895, Alexander C. Gunn bought some sage brush land just north of the main mesa, south of the river. Mr. Gunn was a friendly, well-educated bachelor and excellent carpenter, and many buildings in the area are mute testimony to his skill. In 1905, after improving his place, he married Mrs. Vye Poe Denning, a widow. They then worked together and made their home one of the most attractive in the area. They were active in community affairs and the Methodist Church for many years. Mr. Gunn died in 1943 at the age of 93. Mrs. Gunn then moved in town and her home there was, also a show place of lovely flowers and shrubs.

The John D. Spencer family came to Battlement Mesa from the San Luis Valley and bought the Maling place at the extreme west end of the Mesa. They were interested in raising cattle and the early cow-men

marveled at Mr. Spencer's ability to build a quick, hot fire of sage brush and have a branding iron ready for use while they were still rustling wood to build a fire. Mr. Spencer had come from an area where wood was scarce and had learned through necessity to use any fuel available to a good advantage. The Spencers brought their "brand" here with them, the 222, not in use now, that we can find.

"Si" (Josiah) Herwick was also a name associated in many ways with the history of Battlement Mesa. Mr. Herwick had met Mr. Hayden, the surveyor, in Denver in 1879 when Mr. Hayden was buying his supplies (barrels of potatoes was one item) for his trip to this area to make the first government survey. Mr. Herwick had always wanted to come here and see for himself what this country was really like, so in 1888 he arrived on the Mesa. He left shortly after to help in the construction of the "State Bridge" across the Colorado River in 1889, at a little settlement of the same name. Mr. and Mrs. Herwick later returned and located on the Mesa where they raised their family. A son, Guy, was the first white child born on the Mesa. Jarvis Hayward, son of Dr. and Mrs. Hayward, was born a few weeks later, the second native son. Mr. Herwick was for years a United States Land Commissioner and several people in this area made final proof on their homesteads before him, a decided convenience as this saved them the long trip to Glenwood Springs.

In 1893 the Blasins Werhonig family consisting of the father, mother, and two sons, Rudy and Fred, left Mahrenberg, Germany, and came to the United States to find a new home. After mining in different places in Colorado (Leadville for one) they came to Battlement Mesa, where they made a permanent home. The father died after a few years here, and Rudy drowned in 1911.

Mrs. Werhonig and son, Fred, worked the ranch profitably for years, and, after his mother's death, Fred remained on the Mesa, ranching until he died, an immigrant boy born in Mahrengerg, Germany in 1888, who took advantage of the opportunities this new land had to offer.

Windsor Wells, a bachelor and another early resident of the Mesa, was not an educated man, but was quite interested in all kinds of live-stock, especially horses, and studied their diseases and ailments. He became a veterinarian of sorts and his services were much in demand throughout the area.

Another early name on Battlement Mesa was Jim Revelle, a bachelor recluse who owned the land next to the river below the O'Toole place. Instead of building his home on the Mesa he built a small cabin down over the bluff on the river bank.

The George Parmenter family were also early settlers and lived on various places on Battlement Mesa and helped improve and develop the places where they lived.

Some other very early names on Battlement Mesa were Albright, Huntley, Stillwell, Maling and Ward, but we have very little information available on these families as there are few people remaining here who knew them and, too, their families are gone from the area and their addresses are unknown.

There are probably others whom we have overlooked unintentionally, but a debt of gratitude is due all of them for their part in the development of this most desirable place to live.

In April, 1900, the Hunter, Conner and Wasson families came to Parachute and Sam Wasson and Mr. Hunter bought the place on Battlement Mesa below the O'Toole place and a year later, Mr. Wasson filed a desert claim on 160 acres, west of the O'Toole ranch, extending south to the Morrisania road, a ranch which in late years has been known as the Lee Tomlin place.

The Conner family lived on what is known as the Harry Underwood place until 1905 when they moved into Parachute.

When "city water" lines were installed in Grand Valley in 1910, the water supply was, and still is, from the clear, pure springs located on what were the Revelle and Wasson places.

In 1901, James Underwood and his wife, Adelia and their children arrived by covered wagon from Missouri. Mr. Underwood was a veteran of the war between the states and had lost an eye in the conflict, a constant reminder of his contribution to the preservation of a united country. Mrs. Underwood took a great interest in the school and for years served as a member of the school board.

In 1903, C.W. Vaughan came to the Mesa from New York. He was a refined, well-educated man who had been a professor in a boys' seminary in the East but had been forced to give up teaching on account of his health. He bought a piece of land across from what is now the Nordstrom place and set out a big orchard of what were supposed to be extra good cherry trees; but when they came into bearing, they were an ordinary sour fruit and he received no return from his investment. However, over the years the place has been known as "Cherry Park," although the trees have all died and no trace remains of a cherry orchard. Mr. Vaughan was the first mail-carrier out of Grand Valley.

Mr. Carl Green and family left Deer Creek, in eastern Colorado, and drove covered wagons through to Battlement Mesa in 1905. Mr. Green and son, "Bob", who was fourteen years old at the time, each drove a team and wagon over the narrow mountain roads over the Divide to the western slope. The Greens had known the Davidson family in Deer Creek and it was from them they purchased their new home on the mesa. The

house was a large, one-room log cabin that Mr. George Parmenter had built when he first homesteaded the place. Some of our senior citizens remember the good times they enjoyed in this cabin when the Greens were gracious hosts at neighborhood dances, moving the furniture back against the walls or outside, weather permitting. Mr. Green later built a comfortable two-story house on this ranch, which is presently owned by the Marvin Martin family.

After selling to the Green family, the Davidsons bought a place in what is known as Hayes Gulch, where they lived for years, a most desirable family in the growing Parachute community.

In 1906, Mr. and Mrs. John Nordstrom and their young, growing family came to Battlement Mesa to make their home and bought a place just north of the cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Nordstrom were both born in Sweden and had come with their families to Aspen in early days, where they met and were later married.

After the silver panic of 1893 when many of the mines around Aspen closed and miners moved away, there were many lovely homes abandoned and left for sale. The Nordstroms bought one of these and rebuilt it on their place on Battlement Mesa.

Along about this time the Thomas J. Milner family came to Battlement Mesa, also. They lived for many years on what has of late been known as the Jack Morrow place.

Maurice E. Morrow, who had spent his early life in Indiana and Illinois and who had been on his own since he was thirteen years of age, came to Colorado in 1884, locating near Glenwood Springs.

Mr. Morrow had always been interested in music and had worked his way through school and was an accomplished musician and an excellent elementary school teacher. In 1882, Mr. Morrow married Cora M. Guyer, who, too, was a musician.

Mr. Morrow was interested in politics and in 1897 was elected County Commissioner for Garfield County from his district.

In 1906, the Morrows came to Battlement Mesa and bought a ranch from a Mr. Steinberg, a place earlier owned by a Mr. Fitzsimmons, and for many years raised hay and cattle, with sons Clyde and Harold (Jack) continuing in the cattle business until their deaths a few years ago.

In 1908, Ed Mahaffey and family left the little town of Ivanhoe, Oklahoma, and started on their way to Battlement Mesa, a place they had been told so much about by relatives, the Vances, who had been here several years and who thought this one of the finest locations to be found in the

west. They drove through from Oklahoma in a "spring wagon," coming through New Mexico, on west over Wolf Creek Pass, through Durango and Cortez, then north to Grand Valley, enjoying some of the most beautiful, unspoiled scenery in the world. They located on Battlement Mesa, building up a large flock of sheep and taking a great interest in the affairs of the community for many years.



BATTLEMENT MESA SEWING CLUB
(Courtesy of Julia Morrow)

The Grand Valley News of March 7, 1914 carries an item in the "Society Notes" telling of the organization of the Battlement Mesa Sewing Club, on February 20th, at the home of Mrs. Mahaffey, organized "for the sole purpose of promoting sociability."

Early in 1910, the Charles Studt family left South Dakota by covered wagon on their way west to California.

When they reached Pueblo, Colorado, they were all quite weary from the trip, so Mr. Studt went on to California by train, leaving his family to rest while he looked for a location in the coastal state. He liked

what he could see of Colorado west, as he went through, so when he returned to Pueblo, he told this to his family but wanted them to help in deciding where they should make their future home. They then continued their trip over the Rockies, and down the Grand (Colorado) River valley to Parachute where, they all agreed, there could be no nicer place to live. They purchased a ranch near the river on Battlement Mesa from Mr. Hurlburt on which they built an attractive home, planted an orchard and fields of hay and grain, and in many ways made this an attractive home where they lived for about forty years.

In March, 1918, T.C. Bailey with his young wife and daughter, came to Battlement Mesa from Walsenberg, Colorado and bought from Boyd and Vaughan what is better known as the Clark and Jenney ranch. They lived here a few months, then purchased the Ische place where they made their home for many years and where their daughter Beatrice and husband, Cal Underwood later made their home, but which is now owned by "Rollie" Gardner. Mr. Bailey also bought "Jack's Pocket," a gulch just over the hill from the Ische place. He bought the high mesa just south of Battlement Mesa from Mr. Ische, too, a mesa still known as Bailey Mesa. Mr. Bailey and Otis Tidwell bought the Doll Bros. and Smith Store in Grand Valley which they later sold to Philip Waterman. After his wife's death, Mr. Bailey married Mrs. Mary Allison and they purchased the Studt place when Mr. and Mrs. Studt retired and moved to Rifle.

The early 1920's saw more families coming to Battlement Mesa, many of whom still live in the area. The Kerr family in 1921 and the William Williams family in March 1922, all from Monroe County in Tennessee, purchased the land across from the school-house, which had been known as the McQuirk place.

The Grand (Colorado) River was somewhat of a barrier between the new little town of Parachute and the rural communities of Battlement Mesa, Morrisania, and Wallace Creek until 1891 when a wooden bridge was constructed across the river just at the foot of Battlement Mesa near where an old Ute Indian ford had been used by the pioneers during the years preceding the building of the bridge. In 1918, a sturdy steel structure replaced the wooden bridge and has been in use continually since then.

However, in early days before dams were built farther up the river, the run-off in the spring from the heavy snows in the mountains the preceding winter would so swell the normal flow of the river that water often made a lake in the low land near the bridge, covering the floor of the structure so that it was impassable. This made it imperative to find some other way to "get to town" and as "necessity is the mother of invention", various ideas for crossing the temporary lake were born. One such idea was probably borrowed from the Indians when Dr. Hayward cut one side from a log and patiently hollowed it out with an axe and by

burning, made some oars and had a really sea-worthy craft with which he transported his family and any others who cared to risk crossing the high water.

The first school house on Battlement Mesa, District 18, was a small log building built in 1889 and located on the northeast corner of land belonging to the Dobys and later to the Gardners. R.O. Gardner and family lived in the building for awhile after a new school was built; and for years after, R.O. Gardner's son, Fred, used it for a barn. The first school board members were Mrs. John McGuirk, William K. Tanney and Nels M. Goode.



BATTLEMENT MESA SCHOOL
(Courtesy of Julia Morrow)

In 1895, George Sipprell gave land especially for a school site, and a two-room stone building was constructed in 1897. This was used until 1907, when a very nice and roomy addition, also of stone, was built. The first teacher was Mrs. Mary Shutt. For years there were two teachers with as many as seventy pupils enrolled in the eight grades of the school.

The school closed in 1947 when they were consolidated with District 16 in Grand Valley.

A short anecdote of interest concerning the early school was written by Mrs. Adelia Underwood for a scrap book the Morrisania school pupils were compiling in 1940 of the early history of the area. This is a well told graphic description of the trials and tribulations of a school-teacher in the wild, wild West. Mrs. Underwood's story follows:

TENDERFOOT

-- by Mrs. Adelia Underwood

In 1904, when Grand Valley was still Parachute, the breeze blew us something from Maine, fresh out of law school, and crowned with something like a stovepipe. Don't call it a tenderfoot, please, because it was a school-puncher.

Poor Mr. Carey, teacher at Battlement Mesa, was too ill to perform his regular duties, and the college graduate from Maine, being a merciful creature, took the school master's place.

But alas, the West was wild. The young men in the school were wild and wooly. They organized something which appears to have been Vigilantes. Finding one of their comrades to be guilty of something, they signed a petition to have him hanged. The hangman had been chosen. A rope was brought forth. Then it occurred to the Westerners that the teacher had not signed the petition. Approaching with due respect for his Eastern personality, they produced the paper which he was to sign.

The wary lawyer believed in reading documents before attaching his signature. He gave it a second reading to be sure of the meaning. Then he went into action. He destroyed the petition. He also destroyed the rope. Since no hanging could occur without the rope, the young lawyer had saved a man from the gallows.

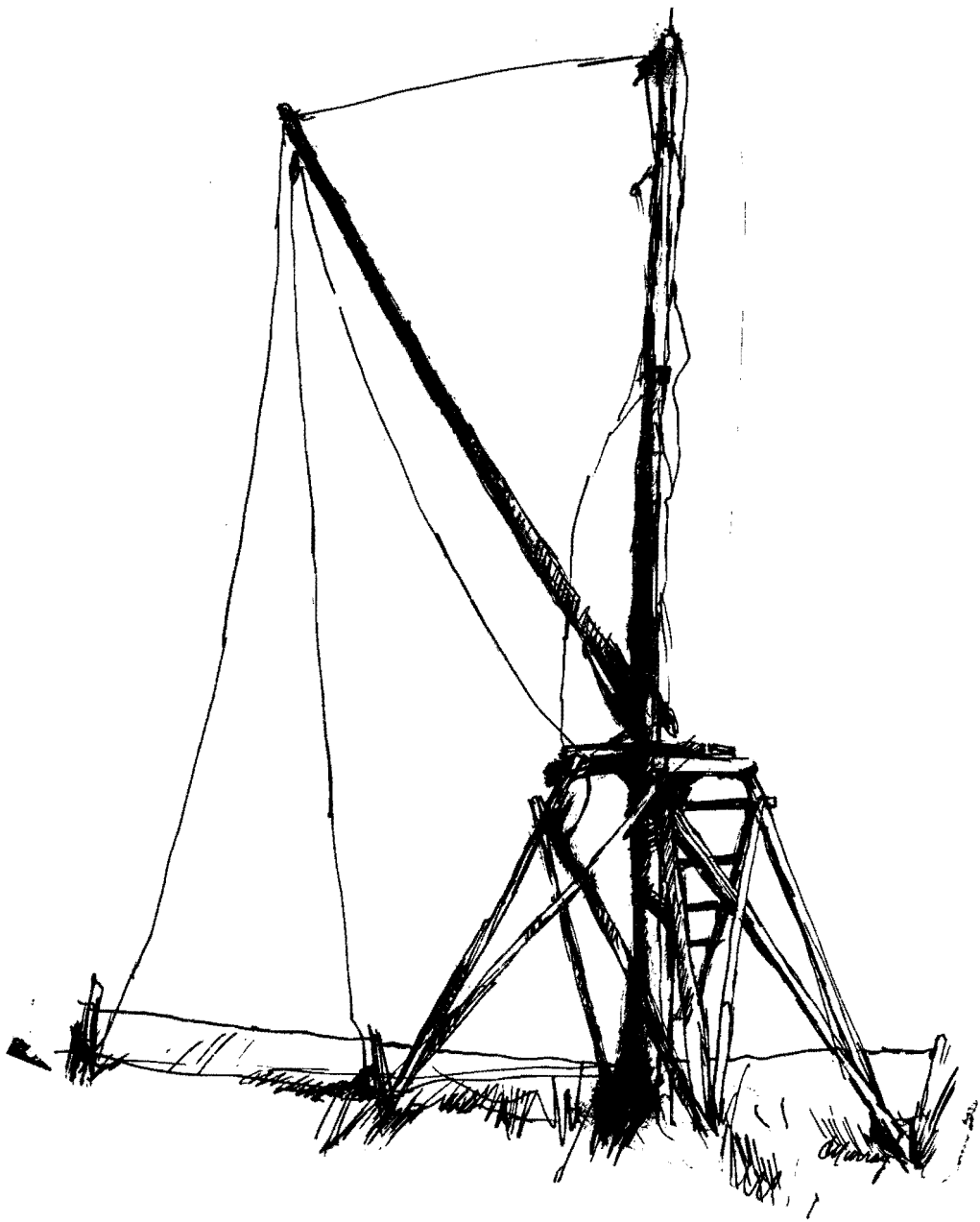
The lawyer still remains with us. He goes by the name of Judge J.E. Sipprelle.

He says his experience at Battlement Mesa has been a wonderful help to him as postmaster, banker, and lawyer.

Over the years there have been many other residents of Battlement Mesa, some remaining only a short while but all remembered by someone

because of their contribution to the growth of the community. Of the very early families, Danny Duplice and Albert Gardner are two really native "sons of pioneers" living on the Mesa today, both engaged profitably in stock raising. Danny can see from his present home the house in which he and his brother, Hawley, were born, now owned and occupied by "Scotty" (Arthur) and Susan (Herwick) McLane.

Much of the Mesa has been sold to oil companies and rented by them to local ranchers. Smaller ranches have been bought and consolidated into bigger places, as has been done in so many of the rural areas all over the nation. However, Battlement Mesa is still home to the children of the pioneers who raised their families here, children, many of whom after they grew up, sought and found employment elsewhere, successfully achieving the satisfaction they had hoped for in various fields of their choice.



A Hay-Stacker or Derrick

This, or similar types of stackers were used on many ranches, until hay-balers became popular in the 1940's and '50's. An explanation of how this stacker "worked" is on the last few pages of this chapter.

WALLACE CREEK

South and west of Parachute across the Grand (or Colorado) River at Una lies the Wallace Creek community. As in the other areas, early settlements here were made near streams or springs. To the east of main Wallace Creek lie the Spring Creek mesas and several smaller mesas drained by Pete and Bill Gulch. In the 1880's, two men, Bill Tanney and Pete Carney, filed on the land on the river at the mouth of these two drainage basins. Coming from the east where the river bottom land was always at a premium, they were more than happy to find so large an area unclaimed. They were fortunate for this was good, rich, sage brush land, whereas much of the Grand River bank land is not so productive. Bill Tanney located what has been known since as the Latham, Michaels, or Wyatt place at the mouth of Spring Creek-- so called because of the great number of living springs which feed it. And Pete Carney took up the land on farther east. Pete and Bill Gulch was named for these two bachelor pioneers, as are two peaks in the Battlement range.

A little later Tom Wallace filed on land on the mesa near the head of Wallace Creek. He planned a stock ranch, specializing in good horses and the mountain at the head of the Creek on which Mr. Wallace ranged his horses is still known as Horse Mountain. About 1900 Mr. Wallace sold his ranch to W.O. Rawlings and around 1906 Mr. Rawlings sold to a Mr. Smith from Grand Junction for the munificent sum of \$125,000. Mr. Smith envisioned a nursery and making great plans for such a project sold stock in the enterprise and really did do a tremendous lot of work, employing a great number of men for building irrigation ditches, and planting hundreds of trees, berry bushes, and all kinds of shrubs and seedlings found in a nursery. Some of these men who came here as share-holders or employees established homes, raised families and helped build the Wallace Creek community. Among them were Herman Harrison, Travis Miller, W.O. Good, Jim Parker, Ot and P.A. Shadows and Dave Hargis who later brought his father and brothers, Fred and Lou, here from Missouri. Mr. Smith was not familiar with mountain soil, irrigation of sloping land and all the climatic conditions of the high country, and the nursery just didn't pay, so that by 1912 it became necessary for him to return the ranch to Mr. Rawlings. Some of the shrubs and trees are still to be found growing on this place and for years and years, as late as the 1940's, many of the neighbors took advantage of the generosity of the Kennons, the present owners, and helped themselves to apricots and berries.

A few months after Mr. Wallace settled here, in 1885 to be exact, Ed Kennon, from Virginia, took up land a little below the Rawlings holdings, and in 1893 his brother, Will, joined him. Today the

Rawlings place, the Herman and Hampton places, as well as a great part of Horse Mountain, are a part of the Kennon ranch, operated by Will's one son, Ned, with the early day Six-shooter brand for the beautiful Hereford cattle raised there. The Kennon brothers were men of inflexible ideas and ideals, true Southerners, who felt all women should conduct themselves as ladies and men as gentlemen. But as cow-men they could hold their own with the best of them and had the respect of all. Uncle Ed, as he was affectionately known, could not tolerate the idea of anyone growing up without an education of some sort, and one son of a pioneer neighbor remembers that over 70 years ago, when it seemed a school for the community was a very remote possibility, Uncle Ed brought the boy a Primer from DeBeque and asked the boy's mother to teach her son to read. This she did and this little Primer served as the introduction to learning for the other children of the family until more formal instruction became available. Incidentally, the Kennon ranch has been operated continuously by the same family since the early days.

Also, in the 1880's, Mr. and Mrs. John Baker and son, Milton, originally from Iowa, but then from Aspen, took up land to the west but near the mouth of Wallace Creek bordering the south bank of the river. The Bakers were getting along in years and didn't stay here long, but sold to a Mr. Hinman. Several others have owned the place since, including Chas. Johnson, Hickman, and presently Dean Knox, who also owns the Egbert, Mike Keogh and several small places near there.

Ida, the Baker's daughter, and her new husband, Charles Sawyer, came to Wallace Creek from Aspen and purchased the ranch land just west of the Bakers from Mr. Sawyer's father who had filed on the land but had found it too much for him to handle because of his age.

Charles Sawyer and Ida Baker met in Aspen in early days when Mr. Sawyer had come to Aspen with a group of touring entertainers for one of Aspen's big celebrations which they often held on July 4th. Mr. Sawyer was a tight-rope walker and on this Independence Day, (though we don't have the year, it must have been in the 1880's), he walked from what was known then as the Roaring Fork Dormitory Building across the street to the Brown Building which in late years has been known as the Molly Gibson Building. Miss Louise Berg, who worked in the court-house in Aspen for many years, remembers seeing the man in the red tights perform this daring feat.

Most everyone knew Mrs. Sawyer as Aunt Ida and always enjoyed hearing her tell of her early days in Iowa where she was raised and in Aspen where she was employed by a Mrs. DeLong as a seamstress. With part of her earnings she had purchased trees to be planted on the Baker place and this orchard was beautiful and productive until

the last few years. Her stories of early day struggles on the ranch which she and Uncle Charlie carved from the sage brush mesa were most entertaining, and both humorous and sad, ranging from their struggle to pay their first debt, (the purchase of a cook-stove, the only thing they ever bought for which they didn't pay cash,) to the time when their barn and sheds burned while they were in town and they lost their most prized possession - a purebred white saddle horse stabled in the barn. They later bought other land near them until they owned several hundred acres. The Sawyers lived here the rest of their lives and the ranch was then sold and is now the William C. Hammerich place.

Below the Kennon ranch, James Murray, who had come from P.E.I. with E.F. Campbell in 1888 filed on a quarter section of unclaimed land lying on either side of Wallace Creek. In 1906, he sold to Walter Egbert who had come from Missouri where he had known W.O. Rawlings, who wrote him of the wonderful new country.

Henry Gibson, a bachelor and real southern gentlemen from Baltimore, came west and built a small log cabin on a claim below the Egbert place in the early 80's. He never farmed except to raise a garden. He was a Civil War Veteran who loved to relate how, when the war ended, he was home on furlough waiting for reassignment, and though General Lee may have surrendered everything at Appomattox, he himself never had and was as strong a rebel as ever and remained so until his death years later.

About the turn of the century the arid Spring Creek Mesas farther east were located by people who considered the soil there too productive and too easily cultivated to remain idle. These early enterprising settlers surveyed and built the Old Trusty Ditch the headgate of which is in Wallace Creek supplying high water to these ranches as the 5th right from the creek. The canal is 3 miles long -- approximately one mile of which is a natural ditch following a gulch. Beginning at the upper end of the Creek, we now find the following ranches: The Norman Dutton place, which includes land homesteaded by Chas. Gardner, Elmer Reed (An enterprising bee man), C.M. Sheets, C.W. Vaughan and Jim Parker and later purchased by N.N. Dutton, Norman's father.

Then farther on down the Creek are the Otis Murray places, two desert claims one filed on by C.W. Vaughan and purchased by Otis in 1916, the second filed on by Dr. W.H. Rader and purchased by Otis in 1943.

Dr. Rader had sold his claim to his son, W.H. Rader, shortly after filing. W.H. Rader had been a book-keeper at Alma and later time-keeper when the Shoshone Dam was built. He and his wife, Dr. Lottie Rosedahl Rader, had everything on their little place a ranch

should have -- horses, cows, hogs, chickens, and even bees and enjoyed their way of life, but were inexperienced in farming and eventually went back to the profession in which they excelled. The L.R. Marling ranch which he homesteaded in about 1905 and farmed for years with his wife, Angie Ellithorpe, a daughter of another local pioneer family, lies below the Rader place. Marling had been a cowboy in Montana and told many interesting stories of that country, one of which was all about the blizzard of '88. He had known Yellowstone Kelley and Charlie Russell, the artist, quite well in Montana and often talked interestingly about them.

Some other early settlers were Frank Armstrong, Ben Ellithorpe, sons-in-law of Cyrus Latham, Pat and Doc Kett and Jim Watson. Dr. Hayward later bought the place from Frank Armstrong and planted a wonderful peach orchard which supplied fruit to every family in the community for years. Some of the Hayward sons have lived in this area ever since. Jarvis, who homesteaded near his father, Claude, who lived on the home place for years and Vinal, or Bud, and his wife, Nellie, who built up a herd of fine cattle on their productive hay ranch which they got together from several smaller places. These Hayward brothers are all gone now (1973), a sad loss to the area.

To the west of Main Wallace Creek, extending toward DeBeque, Several enterprising people who wished to live in a rural area left Aspen and took up homesteads. A group of 4 brothers--all bachelors-- Joe, Clarence, Frank and Scott Sawyer (no relation of Chas. and Ida Sawyer) and Joe Eaken and family were some of these early settlers. They built a ditch all of the way from Wallace Creek, to their places and for a few years they had some high water; but the good water years proved to be too few for profitable cultivation of the otherwise productive soil, and these places were given up long ago.

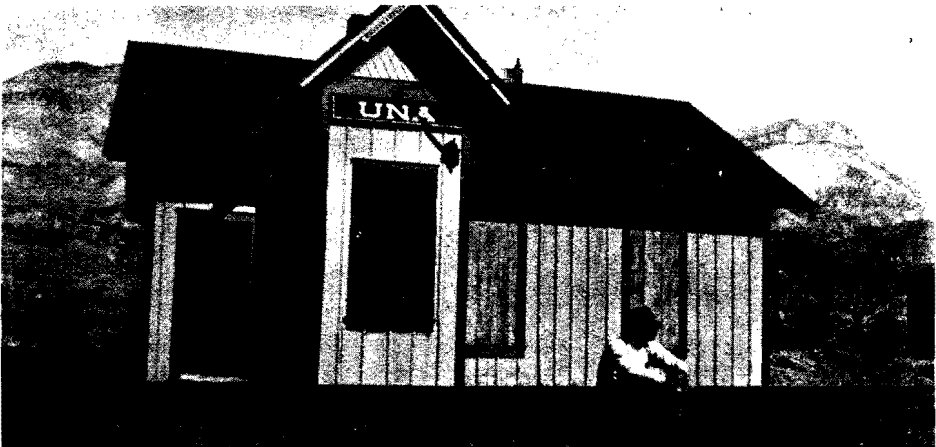
On the north side of the river were the Walter and Charlie Johnson places located by E.S. Kelley in the early 80's. These places are watered from the river through a ditch built years ago and which has required hours and days of hard labor to keep it in good repair as the summer cloudbursts down Kelly Gulch and the high river water in the spring have repeatedly filled the canal bank deep with silt, rocks and debris.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Tracy, young son, Everett and Mrs. Tracy's two sons by a previous marriage, Irving and Hollie Parkhurst came into this area in 1893. They located on land at Una between the railroad and the river just west of the E.S. Kelley homesteads. They did not remain here long as this proved to be unproductive soil. They then moved to Parachute

Creek and as the boys grew up and married they went into the sheep raising business and built up profitable flocks, Hollie on Parachtue Creek and Irving on Battlement Mesa. Everett farmed and engaged in various other occupations until in the 20's they went to Vancouver, Washington to make their home.

All of the places south of the river are watered by high water from Wallace Creek. The spring run-off usually starts early in May and may continue as late as July. The first rights have water later as the creek is fed by springs which supply an ample amount for domestic use and some irrigation.

Transportation, a problem in every new community, was solved much the same way as in every other new community--roads being built when and where needed. One road was built up Wallace Creek and one up Spring Creek, the two meeting at the foot of the mesas and forming one road on the south side of the river and continuing to the bridge at Grand Valley. This road is a county road and still used for the mail route, which is an extension of the original route and in use only since 1953 for the school bus route. When the Wallace Creek people made a trip into Grand Valley in early days they either drove to Battlement Mesa bridge or forded the river at Una a little way below the present bridge. Cattle and hay were the chief money crops of the area, and while cattle posed no problem for marketing as they could be driven to either Grand Valley or DeBeque where there was a bridge over the river, marketing hay, even when it was baled, was not easily done.



The depot at Una, west of Grand Valley. The picture taken from the south side of the tracks. The man in the picture is thought to be Roy Marling.

Courtesy of Georgia Marling Lindauer

The D. & R.G. also built a switch at Una where cars could be loaded but fording the river was the only way of reaching the R.R. Many ranchers did just that risking the loss of a load or part of it in the swift current of the Grand. When the railroad had been built on from Rifle to Grand Junction a nice little depot was built at Una and for awhile they even had an agent there. The depot later burned and for many years a box car was used as a shelter for local passengers who made frequent use of the two daily passenger trains at this whistle-stop.

Incidentally, the baler used at that time was similar to, though much more combersome than the ones used today. The first one, horse powered, was owned by Chas. Sawyer and then later a Mr. Herman bought a gasoline powered one and did custom baling.

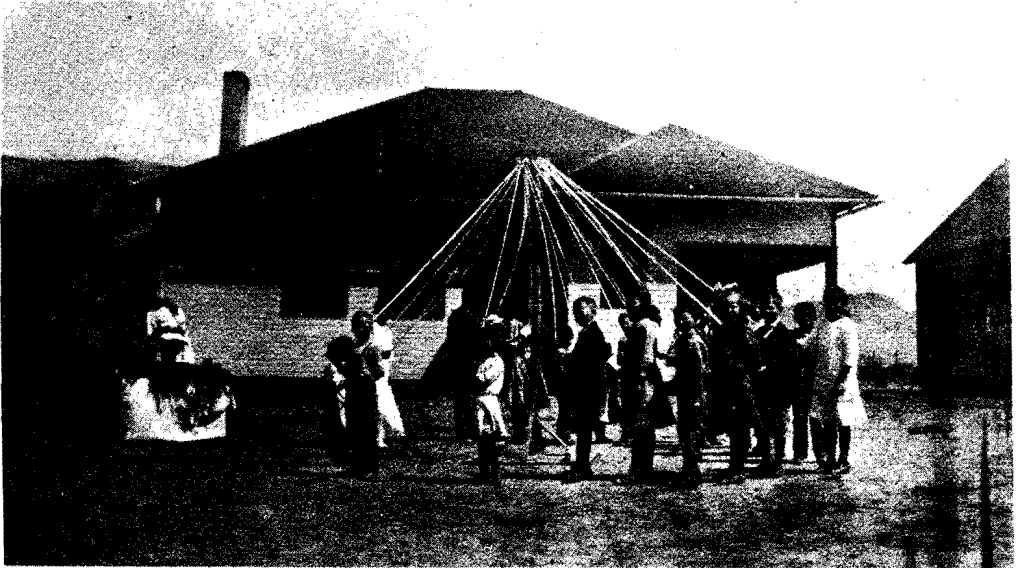
In 1905, a ferry was installed about 300 yards below the present bridge and powered by the river current. This was a tremendous boon to transportation in those days, even though it was a temperamental contraption that might leave one stranded in mid-stream should the flow of the river vary in the least.

This ferry was used, however, until 1910 when it was dismantled and replaced by a bridge. A few years ago the road grader, while working the county road near the Wallace Creek bridge, caught the old ferry cable and uncovered it, after it had lain buried there all these years. This incident brought back many memories to those still living in the area, and was the basis for much interesting reminiscing.

In 1910 the county commissioners, realizing the need for a bridge at Una purchased a R.R. bridge and installed it at the present crossing. The Wallace Creek people now felt they had everything they could ever want, then in the spring of 1912, the same year that the Havemeyer headgate went out, the highwater caused the Wallace Creek bridge piers to sink, lowering the bridge with them but it did not wash away. And though it has been damaged or endangered by high water and floating debris many times since it has withstood all onslaughts and is still used constantly.

The number of children of school age in the area increased rapidly and the need for a school building was becoming more apparent every year. Wallace Creek and Battlement Mesa were District No. 18 and remained so until in the 1920's when Battlement pulled away and became No. 45. The location for a building on Wallace Creek was the biggest problem to be solved, some wanting it on the Mesa and some nearer the river. Logs were cut and hued by Jess Kerlee and Jim Revelle and purchased by the district for a building as early as 1900 but owing to

the dissention over a location the logs were never used and were finally purchased by Jim Cox who built a house known as the Crawford house on Russey Avenue in Grand Valley.



The Wallace Creek school, a picture taken at a May Day celebration put on by the pupils. The building at the extreme right is the first school house, used as a barn for the many horses ridden by the children in the district.

Courtesy of Georgia Marling Lindauer

In 1904 Mr. Baker gave land to be used for a school site near the river and a small frame school house was finally built. Ten years later a larger building was needed and a very nice frame structure about 40 feet square was built--one of the most convenient and pleasant rural schools imaginable for the times. It has a large room with a built-in stage at one end. A library at one side and cloak room at the other side of the stage were used for dressing-rooms for the many school and local entertainments as the school house was the center of social life

for the whole community, Sunday school and church were held here regularly for many years. In the 20's when the old organ and phonograph which had furnished the music for all occasions for so many years, just simply wore out, almost everyone in the area helped form a group with the exalted name of Wallace Creek Glee Club and this little organization then gave dances on Friday or Saturday nights and raised funds for a new piano. A group of musicians-- Winifred Gardner, Wes Van Horn, Ray Eaken, Harry Morrow and John and Code Cline often comprised a much appreciated orchestra.

There was a small room as well as the large class room. And many years when two teachers were needed this room was used for classes even though it might also be used as a teacherage, or kitchen for serving dance suppers. When hot lunches became popular in the schools some of the teachers made hot cocoa or soup for the pupils through the winter months. In later years when the school population grew smaller and consequently state aid less, the district was annexed to District 16 in G.V. in 1953, although it had always been part of the High School district. And the little deserted school house, as so many other rural schools all over the country, can best be described in the words of the poet Whittier, "Still sits the school house by the road, A ragged beggar sunning."

Many dry years of short crops, the depression of the 30's and increased cost of operation discouraged the young people as well as the older ones, so many farms were abandoned or sold so that now only a few families remain. Alfalfa does not flourish as in the early years so much of the land has been planted to grass for pasture. Good roads, telephones and the R.E.A. have made living on Wallace Creek as in other rural areas more convenient but probably no more pleasant and the residents are no happier, I'm sure, than those old timers were who developed this virgin soil, built the irrigation ditches, the road, the school, planted the crops and orchards, raised the herds of beef cattle and built the homes in this new land, and worked, planned and made it possible for those living in the area, now, to enjoy telephones, good roads, electricity and modern conveniences plus the clean air and freedom of country living.

"How a Hay Stacker Works."

The sketch shown at the beginning of this chapter is of an early day hay stacker used by many ranchers. The style of construction might vary, some having the "arm" set at a different angle or shorter, and very early stackers were four posts set in the ground with the pulleys and cables used essentially the same (though strung differently) for raising the load of hay for stacking. The hay in the field was cut, raked in windrows and then shocked by hand with pitchforks and after it

cured was ready for stacking. The hay, usually alfalfa, which for years before drought and weevil took their toll, often reached a height of five or six feet, produced as much as five tons per acre and yielded two or three cuttings through the summer.

The hay was brought to the stack yard on wooden slips, a kind of sled seven or eight feet wide by sixteen feet long, made of lumber, usually one inch in thickness, with two runners most often made of "quaker" poles. A sling was made of one and one-half inch rope and constructed with a sort of lock in the center with a "catch" that could be opened by a slight jerk on an attached rope held by a person standing on the ground, thus opening the sling to allow the hay to fall in any place where the person stacking the hay desired.

This sling was placed on the slip which was drawn by a team, or in late years a tractor, and taken to the field and loaded with the hay shocks and returned to the stack yard. There the load of hay was raised by blocks fastened to the rings on each end of the sling, the cable going over the load of hay to be lifted to the stack. The cable ran through the pulley at the end of the arm of the stacker, then through the one on the top of the stacker frame and down the frame to another pulley near the bottom of the frame and thence on out to a single or double tree (according to whether a single horse or team was used to raise the load). The horse or horses, with usually a boy or even a girl driving, slowly pulled the cable which tightened the cable and raised the slings with their load of hay to the stack and the arm of the stacker swung around (with a slight push with a pitchfork by the man doing the stacking) to wherever the load of hay was needed to make a good hay stack. When it was placed where he wanted it, the man on the stack would call out, "Trip it," and whoever had the rope that was attached to the catch in the sling did just that, "tripped it" and the hay fell in a pile on the stack and the man stacking then did his best to build a stack which looked good, would shed the most water, and wouldn't "slip" or tumble over.

Building a really good hay stack or load of hay was an art to be proud of, as Robert Frost explained so beautifully in his poem, "The Death of the Hired Man."



In the yard of the Peter H. Morris ranch on Morrisania in 1909. The man at the extreme right is Mr. C. E. Shull, father of Golda Baum. Mr. Shull bought the first tract of land after the Morrisania ranch was divided into small acreages in 1909. Other men not identified in the picture are officials of The Morrisania Fruit and Land Company.

Courtesy of Golda Shull Baum



PHOTOGRAPHED
IN SEPTEMBER 1910

ROME BEAUTY APPLES AT MORRISANIA

Courtesy of Alice Eames

MORRISANIA MESA

Beautiful Morrisania Mesa lies to the east of Battlement Mesa and rises abruptly to a height of three hundred feet from the south bank of the Colorado River. The elevation gradually increases as one travels from Grand Valley to Morrisania from 5089 feet to between 4350 feet and 6000 feet on the Mesa, as Morrisania lies just at the foot of the range of mountains to the south from which both Battlement and Morrisania Mesas receive their pure, sweet and usually adequate supply of water from the melting snows and living springs.

Settlement on Morrisania Mesa may have been a trifle later than in Parachute or on Battlement Mesa and Parachute Creek but did begin in the 1880's.

Some names appearing on early abstracts were E.F. Campbell, John B. Cary, George H. Derbyshire, E.M. Kisse, Ada Lackler, P.R. Morris, George J. Parmenter, J.S. Swan, Edward D. Upham, Ernest Valderin, and William H. Wilkinson. Most of these men, it seems, filed on land but later sold to someone else. The two men in whom we are especially interested are Peter R. Morris and Edmund F. Campbell who, through the purchase of early homesteads and by filing on land themselves, acquired most of the 880 acres which was to be known as the Morrisania Ranch and is still fondly referred to as the "Ranch" by current residents and even by many who formerly called the Mesa "home".

We do not have much information concerning Mr. Morris, but it is known he was a very gentlemanly person from a well-to-do English family. He was also an enterprising man and was instrumental in obtaining a rural mail route for Parachute in about 1903, one of the first in the U.S.A. He was a man accustomed to gracious living and entertained lavishly and often in the beautiful home he built on his ranch where the Schwab home is now located. In fact, he improved his ranch until it was a real show place, with a big barn, corrals, white, wooden yard fence and up-to-date out-buildings. He was rather more interested in raising fine horses and pure-bred cattle than in farming. Mr. Morris' land lay mostly above, or south of the road on Morrisania, while Mr. Campbell owned that below the road. "Morrisania" was named for Anna Morris, a sister of P.R. Morris, who chose to show his regard and love for her in this lasting way.

Edmund Campbell was born on Prince Edward Island, Canada, in 1847. His parents had been born and raised in Scotland and, as they had been interested in seeing a new country when they came to Canada, he was interested in seeing what the United States was like when he grew up. Accordingly, when he was thirty two, he came to Central City, Colorado, where he tried his hand at mining for about six months, then went on

to Redcliff where he engaged in mining for the next five years. He also tried politics and became the first clerk of Eagle County, was a Justice of the Peace in Garfield County for eight years, and Superintendent of the State Fish Hatchery for two years. In 1902 he was appointed horticultural inspector.

Both Campbell and Morris had come to the mesa in the mid-eighties between 1884 and 1887; and while Mr. Morris took up stock farming, Mr. Campbell chose fruit-raising, and planted an apple orchard on his ranch, which was so productive he was encouraged to go into the fruit business in a big way. Both Morris and Campbell entered into contracts with nurseries. In 1891 Younger & Co. furnished 2200 pear trees to Morris to care for, for three years and to purchase as represented for \$687.50. In 1894 Campbell contracted with Stark Bros. to purchase 500 fruit trees for \$103, and neither of these men were disappointed in their venture into fruit raising. These two projects were probably the forerunners of the ideas which eventually made Morrisania the "fruit basket" of the western part of the country.

In 1884 a Mr. Derbyshire homesteaded 160 acres on what was to be known as Morrisania Mesa. This land is located above what is generally known as the "Ranch". In 1888 he sold to a Mr. E.M. Kisse who in turn sold to Jonathan Gast in 1897. In 1902 the Clem family of Fordland, Missouri, purchased the place from Mr. Gast. James V. Clem filed on another 80 acres in 1907; and in 1910 Henry C. Clem, father of James and John, located another quarter section. This ranch totaling 400 acres is still in the Clem family and efficiently managed by Collin Clem, a son of John Clem. Colin is the only native son still making his home on the Mesa.

Mrs. Cora Clem, wife of John, furnished two interesting stories for a scrap-book compiled by the students of the Morrisania school in 1940. One story Mrs. Clem tells follows just as she wrote it in about 1940:

HAND -SAWED

by Cora Clem

Above the Morrisania Ranch, in the valley of the mountain stream stands an old house. Presumably it is nearly seventy years old. It was built by one of the first settlers. The name, the correct spelling of which is not available, sounded like Durbirsher.

The old house, which is being used by one of the present owners of the land, Mr. Hal Clem, for a residence is of logs. Apparently they are cottonwood. The finishing lumber, such as casings, was brought from Grand Junction.

It does not seem unusual to bring timber from Grand Junction, but the method of transportation would be striking, to the average citizen of today.

There was no bridge near the place where Grand Valley now is. The best thing provided for crossing was a ford used by the Indians. It was through the Indian ford, on the backs of donkeys, that the finishing lumber for Mr. Durbisher's house was carried. Grand Junction is about an hours drive from Morrisania by automobile, but it must have taken the patient donkeys a large part of a week to bring their burdens of precious hand-sawed lumber that distance.

Truly, the donkey is a pioneer.

The other short anecdote follows: Jim Clem had come to Colorado in the 1890's ahead of the rest of the family and was a barber in New Castle, then a booming coal mining town. In his spare time "Jim" broke a team of deer to drive and drove them around New Castle, a novel sight for both residents and visitors.

Mr. John Clem had kept a detailed diary of the happenings and growth on the Mesa, and also covering the family's years in the community from 1902 until July 1939. This valuable historical document was destroyed when Colin and Winifred Clem's home burned, a tragic loss for the whole community.

Incidentally, this was not the Derbyshire house that burned.

Water, essential for the growth of any community, reached Morrisania Mesa by way of several different ditches, and an early abstract names most of these. The Battlement Creek Ditch and water right claimed by George H. Derbyshire, George J. Parmenter and William H. Wilkinson and right to enlarge the ditch was recorded November 7, 1884. This was for 1000 inches of water from Battlement Creek.

E.F. Campbell and J.S. Swan also claimed 500 inches of water from Battlement Creek for the Campbell-Swan Ditch, recorded January 8, 1885. There was also the Battlement Ditch constructed by George H.

Derbyshire, John B. Carey, P.R. Morris and J.S. Swan who filed for "30 cubic feet per second" of water and had the claim recorded July 26, 1887. The Cedar Grove Ditch was claimed by Ada Lockler, "sole owner," who filed for a right on November 22, 1887.

These were some of the rights which were later incorporated into one by "The Morrisania Water Supply Company" on June 20, 1910 for "The Morrisania Fruit and Land Company." E.F. Campbell, reserving "a sufficient quantity of water to irrigate 90 acres of land at the ratio of 60 cubic feet of water per minute to the 50 acres, "had, on June 10, 1902, deeded to the Morrisania Fruit and Land Company, the remainder of his right. Also, on June 11, 1902, James V. Clem "conveyed 65 cubic feet of water per minute of time," reserving "the right to draw out of said ditch his 35 cubic feet of water."

The Clem ranch and water right were not then and are not now part of what is known as the Morrisania Ranch.

All of the ditches on the Mesa had and still have their source of water supply from Battlement Creek.

In 1887 a committee was appointed by the county commissioners naming three men--John O'Brien, John B. Carey and Ernest A. Martin--to view a proposed county road across Morrisania Mesa. The viewers presented their report to the county commissioners on October 13, 1887, with the commissioners taking action as follows: "Report read and adopted and road ordered opened when ready for travel," signed "Jo Reynolds, Chm." This road was essentially the same as the old one and the present one, also, crossing the ranches owned by Campbell and Morris: "E.F. Campbell, 60 feet, 76/100 acres; P.R. Morris, 60 feet, 5 and 26/100 acres, all on unsurveyed lands."

To reach the Morrisania Mesa road, one crosses the river bridge at Grand Valley (the same bridge used by all persons from the south side of the river) and then taking the road to the left, gradually one climbs approximately four miles to the main Morrisania road.

East of Morrisania Mesa lies Holmes Mesa and the Rulison area with a good road leading to Rifle where a bridge also crosses the Colorado River.

In 1898, Mr. Morris decided to form a company, with his ranch as the nucleus, for the sale of small parcels of land especially for fruit raising; and on April 28 of that year, "Articles of Incorporation" were filed by Lewis B. Johnson, Daniel B. Ellis and P. Randolph Morris who were also the directors for the first year. The objectives of the association were, to name a few, "To grow fruit; to acquire, purchase,

lease and cultivate lands; to acquire by purchase or lease water rights, shares of stock in ditch companies;...to buy and sell lands, livestock and farm product; to borrow money,...to secure loans, etc., etc." Capital stock was \$50,000 sold at \$100 per share.

Later, on March 26, 1902, the Certificate of Incorporation was amended and the capital stock increased to \$100,000, divided into 1000 shares of \$100 each, to consist of \$50,000 preferred stock and 50,000 common stock, etc., etc." The Board of Directors were now to be P.R. Morris, Lucius N. Cuthbert, Daniel B. Ellis, John H. Potter and Lewis B. Johnson with their principal office in Denver.

After the death of Edmund F. Campbell in June 1906, his ranch below the Morrisania Road went into an estate. On June 20, 1907, records were filed stating that Mary McLeod as Administratrix of the estate had sold to The Morrisania Fruit and Land Company the real estate and water rights held by Mr. Campbell for the sum of \$10,000 on March 30, 1907.

Thus, all of Morrisania Mesa except the Clem ranch now belonged to The Morrisania Fruit and Land Company. Their holdings now were 880 acres and the water rights one share to the acre. Advertising of plots of land for sale appeared in different papers and brochures, and in a few years new people started coming to the Mesa.

The first tracts of land were sold to Mr. Chas. E. Shull of Horton, Kansas in 1909. The Detweiler Brothers also bought in 1909. H.E. Butler, A.T. Cooley and W.B. Eames bought in 1910 and Prescott Eames in 1912. We have much more information about these and other early fruit farmers, which will follow.

In March of 1910, Mr. Shull and his son Frank arrived in Grand Valley by train from Horton, Kansas, with all the family possessions, including farm machinery, furniture and a team of dapple-gray horses in a freight or what was known as an immigrant car. Later, when school closed, Mrs. Shull and the other children came west by passenger train. When they arrived in Grand Valley, weary from the long trip, Mr. Shull met them at the station with a wagon filled with lumber, and riding on top of this uncomfortable load in the sweltering heat over a dry, dusty road, they were not too impressed with their new location. But, when they arrived at the Ranch, they received such a warm welcome at the H.E. Butler home, where Mr. Shull had been boarding before the arrival of his family, their first impressions of the area soon disappeared as they feasted on the lovely dinner Mrs. Butler had prepared for them. Mrs. Golda Shull Baum, a daughter, wrote later, "that chicken dinner was the most memorable one I ever had."



Frank Shull and team of beautiful gray horses. Picture taken at the ranch on Morrisania in 1910.

Courtesy of Golda Shull Baum

Mr. Shull was an expert carpenter as well as fruit farmer, and several homes and the Morrisania school house are proof of his conscientious and meticulous work.

Golda and her husband, Dr. P.B. Baum, still have a ranch and home on Morrisania and spend their summers here and take an active part in all worthwhile community affairs and in the Methodist Church. Dr. Baum came to Grand Valley in the early 20's. He had studied for the ministry and, though never ordained, has adequately served the Grand Valley Church in that capacity on several occasions. Dr. Baum was superintendent of the Grand Valley and the New Castle schools for several years, resigning at Grand Valley in 1936 to take the presidency of Colorado Woman's College, presently known as Temple Buell College in Denver. He spent several years as an instructor at LaVerne College in LaVerne, California, returning to Grand Valley in 1968 where he was again Superintendent of Schools until his retirement in 1970.

According to a pamphlet entitled, "Morrisania, the Home of Better Fruit," the directors of the "Morrisania Fruit and Land Company," when most of these early people bought tracts of land on the Mesa, were "James Irvine, R.W. Carpenter of the Carpenter Paper Company, W.R. McLucas and J.W. Wallace, the superintendent."

People from all parts of the country and from all walks of life purchased these tracts of land where the soil, composed of volcanic ash and decayed humus, is especially adapted to fruit growing, where there is a close shipping point just four miles away at Grand Valley on the D.&R.G.R.R., and a through highway which makes trucking profitable.

Accordingly, in 1922, when the "Frederick R. Ross Investment Company" of Denver, Colorado, issued a brochure which carried the title, "The Banker, the Butcher, the Baker, the Bungalow-Maker -- Everybody and His Brother is Helping Each Other to Build -- MORRISANIA" Many of these early men who had bought fruit tracts about 1909 to 1915, wrote excellent letters about their successful ventures in the growing of fruit, vegetables and other crops.

H.E. Butler, who had come here from St. Joseph, Missouri, in the spring of 1910, wrote that he had bought a ten-acre tract. He had been in the small fruit business in Missouri so naturally thought of raising fruit here and, in a few years, paid for the land with profits from dewberries, raspberries and strawberries, averaged \$2,250 to \$3500 a year.

Carl Hedrick also stated that though he had but recently bought on Morrisania, he felt there was "no question about a person's making good if he is ambitious to succeed." He had lived in Garfield County twenty-five years and had seen much of the growth and development of Morrisania.

A.J. Miller, who had been a miner in the Cripple Creek area for thirty years, had come to the Ranch in 1919 and, in three years, had made his payments on his ten acres, built a home, made other improvements, all from profits from raising berries.

Mrs. J.A. Detweiler, whose husband and his brother (since deceased) had purchased a ten-acre tract as early as 1909, writes that they first raised beans and potatoes profitably but later also went to small fruits, specializing in black raspberries, from which crop she grossed \$17,000 in 1921. In 1919 she had bought another ten acres, and tells in her letter how any fruit or vegetable can be grown on the Ranch. Miss Grace Staley, Mrs. Detweiler's sister, made her home with Mrs. Detweiler, and years later married W.B. Eames after the death of his first wife.

Mr. James Watson Sr., a baker from Kansas City, Mo. who bought in 1912, writes of raising cherries as his main crop and that the "Royal Ann" cherries were especially productive as were "Dukes", and of the finest quality. Mr. Watson also began raising other tree fruits-- apples, peaches and plums, and even raised alfalfa hay. Mr. James Watson, Jr., also a baker who came to the Mesa in 1912 writes of the wonderful opportunities here. He was secretary and manager of the Mount Battlement Fruit Company.

One of the greatest tributes to the Mesa in the brochure was written by A.T. Cooley who, in 1922, was President of the Garfield County State Bank at Grand Valley: He and his wife had come here in 1910 from Artesia, New Mexico, where he had gone from Kansas, expecting to find a good fruit-raising area but was disappointed. Here on the Ranch he experimented with all kinds of fruits and vegetables, soon paying for his thirteen acres many times over. Some of his income might be of interest here. Mr. Cooley states that in 1914 he raised 400 bushels of potatoes on one acre, which netted him \$400, and on the same acre in 1918 he raised 400 bushels which grossed \$900. In 1921 he sold 3000 pounds of beans off of one acre at 6¢ per pound, realizing \$180. Corn he also found to be a productive crop, realizing from 72 to 93 bushels to the acre. Mr. Cooley raised all kinds of berries, every variety of apples, apricots and grapes, and he gives his wife the credit for raising the lovely flowers for which their yard was famous. Mr. and Mrs. Cooley did most of the work themselves on their tract of land so that what they sold was practically all profit. Mr. Cooley wrote "I have always contended that a family could live on one acre and pay for it and that they could save money on two acres through the right kind of management. Morrisania, with its 880 acres, ought to support at least 880 people."

We might mention here that Mr. Cooley retired from the ranch in the early 1920's, giving his full time to the bank, and bought a new home in Grand Valley from John Connell, a place which soon became a show place under Mr. and Mrs. Cooley's gardening skill. Mrs. Libby Gardner tells of the beautiful home and grounds in a short story in the 1940 Morrisania school scrap-book. Her story follows:

A FLOWER MAN

A story told by Mrs. Libby Gardner

Mr. A.T. Cooley liked flowers. He could make them grow, too. The place he lived on at Morrisania still has lilacs and iris and peonies growing out in the orchard. There are many flowers in the yard, also, though it is some years since Mr. Cooley lived there.

The place Mr. Cooley owned in Grand Valley was owned previously by Mrs. Gardner's brother, who, after some effort to make the soil produce declared that it wasn't good soil.

Perhaps Mr. Cooley was a soil wizard. Not long after he bought the place, it began blossoming. It grew to be such a beautiful abode of flowers that trains passing through slowed up to give the passengers a chance to enjoy the beauty.

The flower man is still remembered pleasantly by many.

Mr. W.B. Eames, who bought a 13 acre tract of Morrisania land in 1910, writes he "would not take \$1000 an acre" for it now (1922). Mr. Eames had planned to leave their home in Delphos, Kansas, for the Northwest, but after reading about Morrisania in a "Fruit Growers" magazine had come here instead. Since buying his land Mr. Eames had made many improvements besides making his payments. He, too, had "found the growing of berries and fruit to be profitable," especially dewberries.

On the fourth of June, 1911, Mrs. Eames and a son, Willard, arrived in Grand Valley where they were met by Mr. Eames and taken to their new home on the Ranch, "one little room and a tent set down in the sagebrush and you may know I was homesick--but it wore off, as such things will," is a quote from a letter Mrs. Eames wrote twenty-five years later. And, in a short while Mrs. Eames, as well as the rest of the family,

shared Mr. Eames' feelings when he wrote, "I like to live on the Morrisania better than any place I have ever been."

In 1912, the older of the Eames' sons, Prescott, visited his folks and was, as he stated, "not impressed with the possibilities of the place" but when he made another trip here in 1914 and saw the "marked improvement," he bought three acres and by 1922 had bought 38 acres more, specializing with his father in dewberries which ripened during his summer vacation from his work in Kansas City. Then in 1920 Prescott Eames moved his family to the Ranch and over the years purchased more land and changed over from raising dewberries to cherries, mostly "Bings" until now (1972) the Eames cherry orchards of over 4000 trees are known for their superior fruit all over the U.S.A. The ranch is presently being purchased by Lawrence W. St. John, a Morrisania man who had come here with his family as a boy. He was superintendent of the Grand Valley schools for several years after earning his degree from Western State College and is presently Curriculum Coordinator for School District R.E. 2, which includes the Rifle, Silt and New Castle schools.

The Glen St. John family came to the Mesa in 1924 from Oklahoma. The father has since died, but the mother, Mrs. Vera St. John, still lives alone on the Mesa, an energetic, independent, pleasant little woman admired by all who know her.

Another son, Glen W., after a long, successful career in the Navy, has retired and come back to Morrisania to make his home.

In 1911 or 1912 several other families besides the Eames family came to the Mesa, among them the Ericsons and the Seeleys, the McConnels, the Richardsons, who were from St. Louis, Missouri, and the Gordon Borins from Beloit, Kansas. The Borins built the big house later owned by the Gillard family.

The "Seeleys and Ericksons were of Cedar Rapids, Iowa" and "owned fifty-four acres at the ranch in orchard, corn, and alfalfa" capably managed by Harold Jacobs.

Mr. F.J. Zipse, from Jewell County, Kansas stated in a letter, "Many times I have observed in catalogs, pictures of the finest sort of farm products and fruits. I always wanted to be on a spot where I could raise products that would compare...and I found it on the Morrisania Ranch."

J.J. Connell, President of the Garfield County State Bank in Grand Valley, "having been a resident of Grand Valley for seventeen years" (in 1922), wrote a glowing account of the "fine class of people,

the water supply, the productivity of the soil, the climatic conditions," and the services rendered to the Morrisania Community by the "mutual telephone system, the rural free delivery, and a well established gravel road."

The Harry Allison family came from Pennsylvania in 1912; Allison was a real farmer in every sense of the word, raising excellent fruit and vegetables, knowing exactly when to plant, water, prune, or spray, and always having the earliest potatoes in the whole area. Even after they moved into town they still worked their Morrisania acreage for years until they went to Boulder to live near their widowed daughter, Marie Huls and family.

In 1915, Mr. and Mrs. W.F. Lovely came to Morrisania Mesa to make their home. Mr. Lovely had been a mining engineer and Mrs. Lovely (Clara Hurst) a Latin and English teacher in New Orleans and Kansas City. After their marriage in Kansas City they lived there for awhile then came to Cripple Creek before deciding to come to the western slope. They built a beautiful home on Morrisania (now owned by Lee Hayward) and developed an outstanding orchard. They were both much interested in the cultural advancement of the community and greatly missed since their deaths in the 1960's.

The letters reviewed above in our history were all written and published in brochures put out by the Morrisania Fruit and Land Company fifty years ago (1922) but they convinced many fine people of the good future to be found on Morrisania Mesa. Many families now came, saw, and remained to make homes here.

In November 1922 the Oliver Woods left their homestead near Craig, Colorado, and traveled to Morrisania where they bought a small acreage. And though they are among our senior citizens today, they still maintain their well-kept cherry and apple orchards and comfortable home.

The W.P. Smith family arrived on the Mesa from Arkansas in 1924, and bought property from Mr. and Mrs. James S. Mules, who had come originally from England to the Mesa in 1913 and had built a lovely home on the place. Mr. and Mrs. Smith lived here until their deaths, improving and beautifying their new home located near the main Morrisania road. This place is now owned by Clarence and Ruby Smith Miltenberger, a daughter of the Smiths who came here to make their home from Nebraska in April, 1930. They have kept the place the same lovely spot the Smiths made it, and added a gorgeous garden of flowers to delight all passers-by.

Also, in the early 1920's the Carl Freemans chose Morrisania for their home, bought an orchard, built a nice home, and became a valuable

addition to the community. Mr. Freeman had been the D. & R.G. agent in Grand Valley for many years before retiring to the Mesa. The Freemans raised three daughters, one of whom, Betty, and her husband, Everett Baldwin and their two sons have a home on the mesa. Mrs. Freeman, now widowed, spends most of her time with her sisters in Kansas, but returns every year to visit her daughters and their families, and her many friends locally.

M.E. Barrick and family came from Craig to Morrisania in 1926, bought a place near the school house and remained here many years. One son, Floyd, who accompanied them here, and his wife, Ethel Murray, daughter of another family who came here about that time, still live on the Barrick home place. Another son, Buford L., and wife, Mary Butler Barrick, came to the Mesa a few years later in 1930 and have made their home here continually since that time, contributing greatly to the growth of the community and working faithfully over the years in the Methodist Church in Grand Valley.

The spring of 1926 brought another family to the Mesa, the E.E. Gillards from Naponee, Nebraska. They purchased the Borin place, and one son, Gwynne, with his wife, Aloha Barrick Gillard, a daughter of the B.L. Barricks, presently live on the home place, keeping in repair and remodeling from time to time the lovely old house Mr. Shull built for the Borins so many years ago.

In April of 1930 Walter and Ethel Davis arrived from Kansas. (Mrs. Davis was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W.B. EAMES.) They had bought land on the mesa as early as 1911. The original ranch home of P.R. Morris was on their property and they remodeled the house, making it over into a small though lovely comfortable home, and using the surplus material they salvaged to build another cozy home on their property. The Davises retired several years ago; he has since died and Mrs. Davis lives near their only daughter in Weslaco, Texas. The Walter Schwab family bought the place, and after the tragic death of both Mr. and Mrs. Schwab in an auto accident a few years ago, the orchard has been capably managed by some of their children.

Some other early names on the Mesa were Newman, Kindade, Coons and the Jarbeans, who were employed by the Company as foreman and cook and lived in the Company house. Mr. and Mrs. Tholman later held these positions, and later yet, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Stowell. Mr. Stowell was also an expert stone mason and cement worker, and not a few structures in the Grand Valley area show his skill.

Over the years many other people have come to the Mesa; some have stayed and established homes here, others have moved on. In the

early 1940's the Earl Moore family came here from Kansas, bought an orchard and remained and have taken an active part in the affairs of the community. Since Mr. Moore's death their children have helped with the orchard work. A son, Don, and family are establishing a home on the Mesa and a business in town.



Morrisania school house, presently used as a Community Building.

The first school on Morrisania was in a small building near the packing shed below the Buford Barrick place. Then in 1916 or '17, the lovely, roomy structure which is presently the Community Building was started and school opened there in November 1917. The work on the new building was done by the men in the community, with Mr. Shull the



First Morrisania School, 1911-12. Girls: Mary Butler (Barrick), Unknown, Catherine Butler, Golda Shull (Baum). Boys: Willard Eames, Clarence Shull, Unknown, Wiley Butler.

Courtesy of Mary Barrick



Picture taken in 1888 or '90 on the E. F. Campbell Ranch, probably the first orchard on Morrisania.

foreman for the project, as he was a professional carpenter. There is a full basement with kitchen and heating facilities, and the ground or main floor has one large room with folding doors to convert the area into two good sized rooms. The building has also been used over the years for Church and Sunday School, with a minister coming from other churches in the area or a layman filling the pulpit.

Since annexing to Grand Valley District No. 16, the building has not been used for school; and the very active and efficient Morrisania Community Club has kept the building in repair, and nicely painted so that it is frequently used for neighborhood social functions, chief of which is the annual Morrisania Day dinner, where all residents of the Mesa and invited guest enjoy a sumptuous banquet and a delightful day visiting.

The site of "Project Rulison" which received nationwide news coverage when the 40-kiloton underground nuclear explosion was detonated there the afternoon of September 10, 1969, is about two and one-half miles up the side of the mountain from the south edge of Morrisania Mesa, situated in a narrow valley through which Battlement Creek flows. This project created a great deal of excitement and meant much traffic over the Mesa through the summer and fall of '69 when big trucks loaded with equipment and tanks of water from the river needed for drilling the 8,442 feet deep well for the blast kept the road busy. Farther down the mountain is a producing gas well which furnishes fuel to the area and DeBeque.

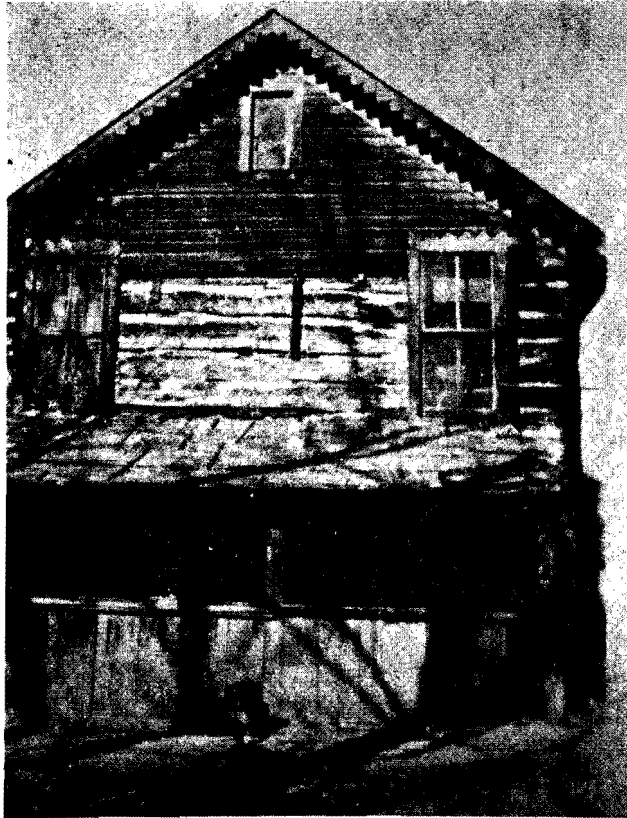
Everything pertaining to the shot has been removed now, with just a small house built over the well and a small area around it tightly fenced (1972).

The site is, however, an attraction for tourists as well as local people, who also like to visit this valley which is beautiful any time of the year and is accessible by a good graveled road.

It is such a quiet, peaceful place to visit now, with a little cabin on a ranch nearby owned by the late Claude Hayward, who, over the years, has raised the finest vegetables to be found anywhere, and which he has graciously shared with friends and neighbors over the entire Grand Valley community.

The Rulison project is also in the forest reserve, and cattle can usually be seen grazing or lying in the shade of the "quakies" or pine trees, totally unaware of and unconcerned about the potential underground wealth over which they roam.

It is quite a steep climb to this site; but as one drives slowly back down from it through the oak brush, pine and aspen trees where he feels so close to the wonders of nature, and views the Book Cliffs to the north of the Colorado River, and Morrisania Mesa with its well-kept ranches with their fields of hay or pastures, the fruitful orchards, and vineyards, and the attractive homes, one feels that Morrisania Mesa is truly a most favored spot on this earth.



The Rulison House

Courtesy of Flora Van Pelt Dere

RULISON AND HOLMES MESA

Approximately seven miles east of Grand Valley is Rulison. The major part of the Rulison settlement lies south of the Colorado River, a short distance from Highway 6-24. The county road leading to the area immediately crosses the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad tracks as one leaves the highway and a few hundred feet on farther south, crosses the Colorado River bridge. This bridge which is known now as the Rulison bridge was in early days known as the Balzac bridge, and is still so designated on some maps. This bridge was built around 1900, one of the best engineered and built bridges over the Colorado on the western slope and thought to be the only bridge that has never been loosened nor ever gone out. It is built at a rather narrow place on the river, also high above danger from flooding and with the south end resting on a solid rock natural pier, where very little extra construction was necessary.

In 1887, J.M. Dyer located a homestead in the area just to the east of the county road after one crosses the bridge. He built a large log house, one room of which he used as the Post Office for the little community which he had started and had christened Balzac. It is thought Mr. Dyer chose this name because he was an admirer of the French novelist, Honore de Balzac (1799-1850). The D.&R.G. built a small depot near the crossing for the convenience of the people using this "whistle-stop" and the name Balzac appeared on railroad maps of this area for several years.

In 1918, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth H. Beckett purchased part of this place and the walls of the living room, which had been used as the Balzac Post Office, were still papered with newspapers of that early era, and cracks around the windows and in the logs were chinked with old envelopes. Mrs. Beckett, who still lives alone in the big, interesting, old house, says they covered up a world of history when they redecorated the place. The log house has also been covered with siding and painted white, an attractive home, spanning close to ninety years of western history.

Mr. Dyer had two daughters and left each of them half of the home place, one half is presently the Potter place and the other belongs to Mrs. Anna Eshe, widow of an early Grand Valley business man. Mr. and Mrs. Eshe built up a herd of excellent Hereford cattle here.

Mr. Samuel B. Potter is gone now but the family still owns the ranch with the attractive home. Mr. Potter was Garfield County Superintendent of Schools in the early 1920's. Bert, a son of S.B. Potter, and who later became Dr. Bert Potter, rode horseback to the school in Grand Valley in the early days.

This Dyer ranch is what was known as Balzac. The name Rulison was gradually given to the whole community a few years later.

Some other very early names in this area were: James Nelson, Evans, Gus Wetsell, Brown, Mock, Gillam, Charles Austin, McDonald, W.J. Coke, Otto Black, a carpenter, John Reeves, Carlisle, Gib Scott, Sam Hickman and Linus Graves to name a few. Some of our senior citizens remember attending fourth of July Picnics at "Graves Grove" near the river, as early as 1910.

In the early 1890's C.M. Rulison filed on a 160 acre homestead, most of which lay north of the river, in the general area of what is presently known as Rulison. Mr. Rulison later sold to a Mr. Methard and in 1919, Mr. R.D. Van Pelt bought from Mr. Methard. This place is still in the Van Pelt family, with two brothers, Henry and J.E. and a sister, Flora (Van Pelt) Dere having their homes on the ranch.

Mr. Rulison built a log house on his homestead in about '93 or '95, and this unusual and attractive two story house with its six gables is still standing, though unoccupied. This interesting old structure catches the eye of tourists as well as local people as they travel on Highway 6-24, as it is truly, "a house by the side of the road." There is a big cottonwood tree still growing by this house which one of the Rulison boys planted there in the early 1890's, and it is presently at least six feet in diameter.



The Rulison House, built in 1893 or '95

Courtesy of Flora Van Pelt Dere

This place is just across the river from the Edward Forshee-- productive and well managed little ranch, which in early years was owned by William White. Lou (White) O'Toole recalled in later years, having known the Rulison family. The Rulisons had a small boat for crossing the river, and, too, the White family often crossed on horseback.

Mr. Rulison was an enterprising man, and interested in anything new, especially that calculated to improve living conditions for those in his community, as a story related by an early resident illustrates. This man remembers when he was only a lad of around nine or ten, that they were to have their annual Christmas program at the school, and lighting a schoolhouse at that time posed a problem. Mr. Rulison had just taken over the agency for the Aladdin lamps and solved the dilemma by furnishing all the lights needed for the evening entertainment, a most welcome change from the smoky lanterns used heretofore and a most ingenious way of advertising by Mr. Rulison.

On west of the Forshee farm, down the river a mile or so, is what was known as the "Rivers" place in early days and while really not considered a part of the Rulison community, we will mention it here. It is located on river bottom land and not on a mesa but partly on the side of the mesa. It is presently the property of Grant and Harriett Knight and with the lovely home they have built there, the green fields of hay and grasses they have planted, it is a most attractive view from the highway.

As we stated earlier in our account of the Rulison "community" the greater part of the settlement is south of the river, and beginning at what is presently the McDaniel farm, south of the Eshe and Potter places we find what was originally the Seventh-Day Adventist Community known simply as the Village. These people were and still are mainly interested in agriculture and their places, though not usually large acreages were most productive as they make use of every bit of land available, raising fruit, (mostly small fruits) and vegetables and poultry. Many of us, over the years have depended on these excellent farmers for produce, the Hubert Winns for the best tomatoes to be found anywhere and Cassius Butler, for the freshest eggs and plump "friers."

An Adventist Academy, with pupils from near and far was a most attractive building on the hillside, to the south of the settlement. Mr. Noah Johnson had homesteaded this place, which now belongs to the Gonzales', and built the first academy around 1916. At first, classes were held in a tar-paper roofed shack and any other place available. The first principal was a Mr. Baldwin and the first class graduated in 1917. Several dormitories were added, as needed, to the building.

A school for grade school children was built farther down the hill from the academy and this school has been used constantly, except for one year, since that time, though at one time there were only two pupils. This year (1972-73) there are twenty pupils enrolled and a bus gathers up the children who attend, both from the Rifle and Grand Valley area. The first teacher in the school was a Mr. Pruitt and the present teacher, a Mr. Molton. Mr. Alway was the first Adventist minister in the Adventist community.

The Academy closed in 1932. The building was sold, changing hands several times, the final purchaser razing the building and selling the material salvaged to various purchasers.

For many years, there was a General Store located between the railroad and the river, a decided convenience for the whole area between Rifle and Grand Valley. Some owners and operators of the store were: Harry Smith, a Mr. Ebb, Mrs. Evans, (whose son, Robert Horn, managed the store for her), Fred Munro, who had a store in Rifle and hired Mr. Glen Helm to manage the Rulison store. Mr. Munro, when he owned the store, built an attractive home for Mr. Helm near the store building. Others interested in or running the business were: Orville Hutchings, a Mr. Gambriel, a Mr. Shorts and Mrs. Anna Eshe, the last owner.

There were wagon scales near the store, which, too, were used frequently in early day buying and selling, and for weighing produce and merchandise received or shipped out, such as beets, by rail.

The store, house and scales are all gone now, marking the end of an era--a story repeated so many times in little local communities all over the country.

Rulison, which must have been named for Mr. Rulison, is essentially just that land south of the railroad, (where the store was located), and north of the track where the Eshes moved the store to its last location, on land owned by them. Thus the name Rulison probably should be applied only to the land which spans the highway and railroad to the river, near the crossing. However, the area south of the river is usually referred to as the Rulison area.

Several people have bought or built homes south of the river, planning to retire here, and no more peaceful, attractive home site could be found. The view is lovely, the beautiful Colorado River flows nearby, the Book Cliffs are always a colorful sight, and while it may be a secluded location, one may watch the "world go by" on the highway or by rail, without having to "put up" with all the noise and confusion.

Some property has also been purchased in the area with a view for future recreation development.

The mesa just south of the Rulison area, rising abruptly in places and on a gentle slope in others is what was known in early days as "Spring Park" but has become over the years, Holmes Mesa.

We have not done a lot of research on the recorded history in documents either related to Balzac, Rulison or Holmes Mesa, but have depended on the memories of the fine people who have lived in the different areas (as we have done in instances in other parts of our history), however, we do feel the information given is essentially correct and we are indeed grateful to all these people for their cooperation and especially pleased that they should share their memories with us.

We have the names of some of the early settlers or homesteaders of the ranches on the mesa and the present owners.

Axel Anderson came to the area in the early 1900's and purchased a few unimproved (aside from a cabin) homesteads and later filed on 160 acres of pasture land. He and his wife and son, Frank, lived here for many years improving the place by constructing a nice home and other buildings. The Mr. Black, a carpenter, associated also with the Rulison area, built the Anderson house. The Felix Sefcovic family now own the place.

A Mr. Chas. Curry homesteaded quite early in this area, the place later bought by Mr. Kirkpatrick, whose son, Buryl, lived on the ranch for years. There were other owners, all of whom kept improving the place, some of whom were: a Mr. Swanson, Martin Paulson and Tony Long.

The ranch is presently owned by James A. Rogers.

Two brothers, Allen and Jeff Conley, a Mr. Wurtz and John Conger were early owners of what is presently the Lemon ranch with the two attractive log homes, one of the beautiful weathered logs, the other of a later date of varnished logs. This place has been in the Lemon family for many years. Mr. and Mrs. "Ben" Lemon took over the ranch after the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Conger, Mrs. Lemon's parents. The Lemons' son, Walter, worked the ranch with his father, "Ben," later taking over the management as his parents were unable to continue. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lemon are gone now and Walter and his son, James Robert, continue the operation of the place. Thus, three generations of the Lemon family have successfully run this prospering cattle spread, with the brand

~LX

Another very early homesteader, in the 1880's, was Jacob Evans. After his death the place was run efficiently by a son, Chas. J., and his wife, Mary E. Evans, who raised their nice family there. This ranch too, is now part of the Lemon property. Another son of Jacob Evans, Sylvester, also owned a ranch near the Chas. Evans place.

Peter Horn early owned what is known as the Swigert place and Otto Hahnewald owned the place below it on the river. These are both large, well-improved ranches, and these men may not be the original owners, but we mention them both here, because both the places are presently the property of Dale L. Trahern and their history probably also covered by the history of Cache Creek. However, the people of Rulison and Holmes Mesa remember the Swigert and Hahnewald families as kind and gracious neighbors. Mr. Hahnewald was a county commissioner for his district for many years, filling that position efficiently and fairly, taking a personal interest in each of his constituents.

We might mention here the names of some of the irrigation ditches which carry water to this fertile mesa. These canals bear the names of the old-timers who built them, and the dates of construction show the period in which Holmes Mesa was being settled. The names and dates of a few of these ditches are as follows:

Camp Bird Ditch - Mar. 15, 1883
Harding and Simerl - Nov. 20, 1884
Holmes Ditch - Aug. 2, 1885
Mocking-bird Ditch - June 2, 1886
R. and A.G. Anderson - July 15, 1887
Martin and Kennedy - July 27, 1887
O'Brien and Baumgartner - July 31, 1887

These ditches all receive their supply of good, life-giving water from the melting snows on the hills just south of the mesa. This "run-off" feeds Cache Creek, the source of all of the above named ditches.

This mountain to the south of the mesa is part of the Battlement National Forest Reserve and provides range for the hundreds of cattle raised by the ranchers on Holmes Mesa, Battlement Mesa, Wallace Creek, all of the communities south of the river. Raising the live stock was the logical pursuit of most of the ranchers on Holmes Mesa as they are so near to the summer range in the hills, and need only to "open the gate" for their stock to be on the Reserve.

An afternoon ride over Holmes Mesa and through the charming Rulison community is a real pleasure. In the spring the fields on the Mesa are filled with the beautiful cattle, mostly Herefords, and new little

calves and the Rulison gardens and orchards are just beginning their new life. In the summer the hay fields and pastures are green and lush with feed for the live stock for the coming winter, and the gardens and orchards bearing heavily. In the fall the cattle are back in the fields, sleek and ready for market, and vegetables and fruit being harvested, with baskets of the colorful produce for sale in every yard. In winter when the fields are a brilliant marble white, broken only by circles of cattle around numerous "feed grounds," and the orchards are all shiny, snow-covered Christmas trees, the Holmes Mesa and Rulison areas are an unforgettable picture. Much of all of these scenes can be viewed and enjoyed from Highway 6-24, giving the tourist an idea of this beautiful country.

We have received more of what we consider interesting information concerning Holmes Mesa which we will add here as a sort of postscript.

A Mr. J.O. Fuller, an early homesteader, conceived a most ingenious way of clearing his sage brush land. Riding his saddle horse he "roped" the clumps of brush and pulled them up by the roots. Mr. Fuller was studying law and decided in favor of a career in that field so he gave up farming and sold his place, forty acres of which is now part of the Sefcovic ranch.

Windsor or "Captain" Wells, who we mentioned in an earlier chapter also, lived in this area. He built a cabin, nothing unusual about that as all homesteaders were doing the same thing, but he built his around a big rock, and some of the senior citizens of the area remember when they were boys, visiting at his home and sitting on this rock listening to the marvelous stories he told.

Mr. C.M. Rulison, who had homesteaded north of the river as we earlier stated, bought another smaller acreage south of the river from "Jeff" Fry. Mr. Rulison homesteaded on Webster Hill after selling his place north of the river, later returning to Denver where he died. He and his son, Ewart W., helped develop one of the early ditches from Cache Creek while he lived south of the river.

We might also mention here how Cache Creek got its name. The Wilkinson brothers, William H. and John C., had come into the area in the early 1880's riding burros all the way from Denver. They were trapping beaver on this creek but as this was supposed to be reserved for the Indians, who resented their intrusion, the Wilkinson brothers became frightened and decided to return to Denver. They cached their supply of fresh venison in the snow along the creek and left, though they later returned, and the creek has ever since been known as Cache Creek.

The Wilkinson brothers made pre-emption filings on land which was later sold to Jefferson Corley. This place is more familiarly known as the Swigert Ranch.

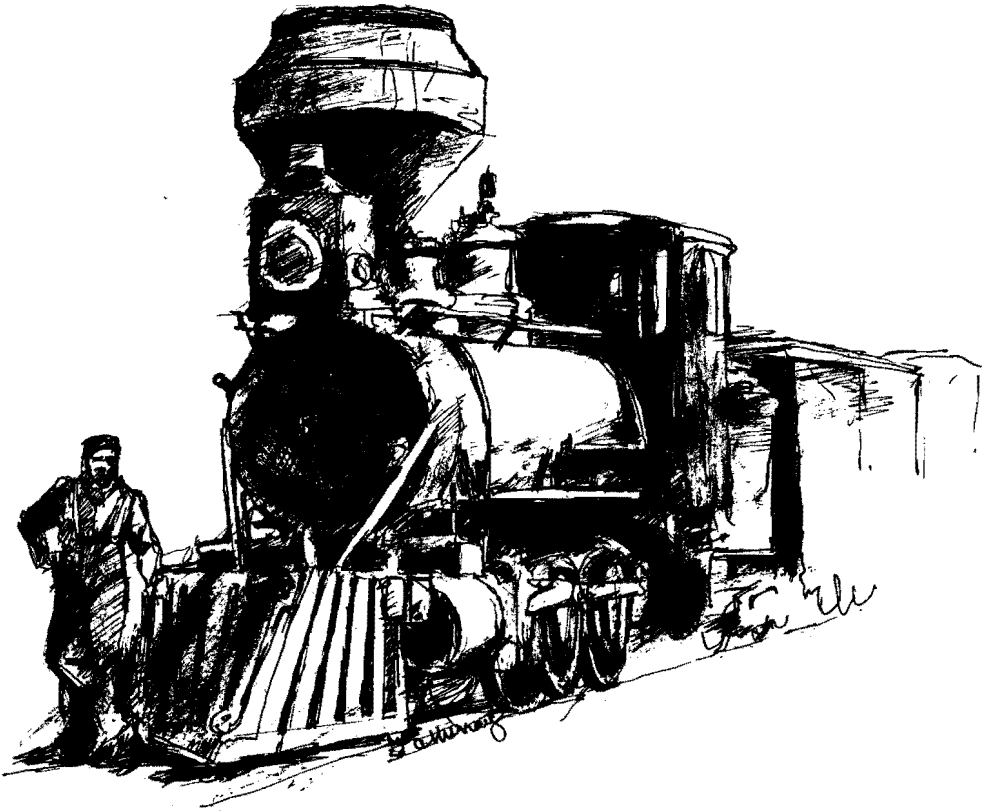
The Wilkinson brothers continued trapping when they returned to the Mesa from Denver and many of the animals--mountain lions, bear, coyotes, swifts (fox) and bobcats are displayed in a Denver museum.

Some other early names on Holmes Mesa were: Charles and Dempsey Harding, Silas Simerl, Ferdinand Reiner, Peter Churchfield, Bert Evans, Joseph, Robert and A.H. Holmes, Thomas Cassidy, Rudolph Anderson, Carl W. Scott, Ernest Martin, Wm. Kennedy and many others.

The Hardings took up what was later the Hahnwald ranch. Mr. Churchfield was the first water commissioner. Mrs. Churchfield, Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Rulison were sisters.

As we mentioned, Holmes Mesa was originally called Spring Park. The school house, as in most rural communities was used for all local entertainments. In later years, this Spring Park school was sold and moved to a location near the airport on the Mamm Creek road southeast of Rifle and converted into an attractive, comfortable home by Bill Latham and presently owned by Harvey Dean.

This short account is very incomplete, we know, and we do hope someone will write a detailed, documented history of Balzac, Rulison and Holmes Mesa, as the pioneers of this area should be remembered and given credit for the development of a wonderful part of our country.



An early railroad engine.

THE RAILROAD

The railroad, which was possibly the greatest factor in the development of the West, while maybe not so colorful or romantic as the stage coach and wagon train, soon replaced them in speed and convenience.

In 1882 the narrow gauge Denver and Rio Grand Railroad had reached Grand Junction by way of Marshall Pass and the Black Canyon of the Gunnison River, but there was little inducement for building a line down the Grand River valley. However, silver had been discovered in the Leadville area, and in 1880 the D.&R.G. rushed a line north from Salida to Malta and Leadville. Then, in 1887, to serve the growing mining industry at Aspen, the road was extended over Tennessee Pass by way of Glenwood Springs and up the Roaring Fork River valley to Aspen. (The Colorado Midland also built a line to the Western Slope by way of Hagerman Pass, and reached Glenwood Springs in 1888.)

The railroads at this time were all narrow gauge, (three feet wide) as using less material they were cheaper to build, more economical to repair, the narrow tracks were much more practical in the rugged terrain and "rolling stock" could be made lighter weight, thus easier to "pull" over the mountains. By 1881 some railroad lines were installing a "third rail" making the track standard gauge, four feet, eight and one-half inches wide, to be used when needed by larger passenger and freight cars used on the plains.

A Mr. James John Hagerman, an iron developer from Michigan, however, felt a standard gauge track could be built successfully over the mountains. With this idea in mind, the Colorado Midland was built, the first completely wide track road in Colorado. When the road reached Leadville from Colorado Springs the test of his theory really began.

Starting near Turquoise Lake near Leadville, a route was surveyed through the Sawatch Range, and Hagerman Tunnel was begun in 1886 about 550 feet below Hagerman Pass and the 2000 feet tunnel bored through in June of 1887. This tunnel was 11,530 feet above sea level, the highest standard gauge railroad in North America.

Because of the heavy snows which often blocked the tracks at this elevation, another tunnel was built in the 1890's, 580 feet farther down the mountain side. This was the Busk-Ivanhoe Tunnel named for a Mr. J.R. Busk (there was also a little town named Busk at the east portal of the tunnel) and for Lake Ivanhoe near the west end of the tunnel. (The Midland came on west, building on the south side of the Grand River to New Castle, where they built a bridge across to the north side and used the D.&R.G. tracks on westward.)

The D.&R.G. had been building a track on west from Glenwood Springs since 1887 and reached New Castle in 1888, and for several months this was the end of the line. They kept inching forward, and on July 20, 1889 they reached Rifle. They now began construction in earnest to the west as the Grand River Valley was really beginning to grow and seemed promising as another source of revenue; and, too, this seemed the best possible route between Grand Junction and "all points east."

Most of the foregoing documented information concerning the Midland is from the most interesting and informative book, "Colorado Midland" by Morris W. Cafky, a few items from the book, "Basalt," which contains so much good local history, by Clarence and Ralph Danielson, while much of the information is generally known locally.

The winter of 1889-90 was an open winter; the ground did not freeze badly, so men could work building the road beds with their horse or mule teams and scrapers almost every day. And, too, many local men found employment cutting and hewing ties for the railroad from the pinion trees in what is known as Starkey Gulch on Parachute Creek. These men were called "tie-hacks;" and while the wages weren't great by today's standard, they helped greatly in the expense of improving new ranches or town property.

Work continued on through the spring and summer and into the fall of 1890, then one autumn day that year, the clanging of engine bells, the screeching of brakes, and a long, shrill whistle announced the arrival of the first train scheduled to stop in Parachute. Mr. Hilliker was the first agent in the new depot which housed the passenger waiting room, ticket and telegraph office, freight-room and living-quarters for the agent and his family. Smaller depots for passenger convenience while waiting for trains were built at many of the little "whistle stops" in the area; Una to the west and Morris to the east of Parachute, to name a couple.

Loading platforms for cream and other produce were also provided at most stops. Platform "drive-on" scales were located at most town and rural stations, but these were usually bought and installed by the local residents. The railroad line was divided into "sections" for the purpose of maintenance, and in early days there were two crews working out of Parachute, one going east and one west four or five miles. These men would spend their days raising and lining track, changing worn ties for new, and doing any other work required to maintain a safe road-bed and track.

The first section foreman was Charlie Brown, who lived in the pleasant new section house built especially for him and his family and all future foremen. This home was west of the depot about a city block, and between it and the depot was a smaller "bunk house" for some of the section men who were not local men. Mrs. Brown and her daughters cooked and served the meals for these men.

Passenger service, enjoyed by the residents of Grand Valley for many years, is best illustrated by the following railroad time table published in the GRAND VALLEY NEWS of March 7, 1914:

R. R. Time Table

| Eastbound | | Westbound | |
|-----------|------------|-----------|------------|
| No. 2 | 4:47 a.m. | No. 1 | 11:45 p.m. |
| No. 4 | 2:38 a.m. | No. 3 | 9:55 a.m. |
| No. 104 | 5:27 a.m. | No. 103 | 9:45 a.m. |
| No. 6 | 9:10 p.m. | No. 5 | 1:15 a.m. |
| No. 106 | 5:31 p.m. | No. 105 | 1:05 a.m. |
| No. 96 | 11:35 a.m. | No. 95 | 11:35 a.m. |
| No. 142 | 7:56 a.m. | No. 141 | 7:56 a.m. |

Nos. 1 and 4 do not stop
 Nos. 96, 142, 95, and 141 are local freights
 They take passengers
 Nos. 105 and 5, flag stop



The D.&R.G. depot at Grand Valley, built sometime in the 1890's.

Courtesy of Daisy Green

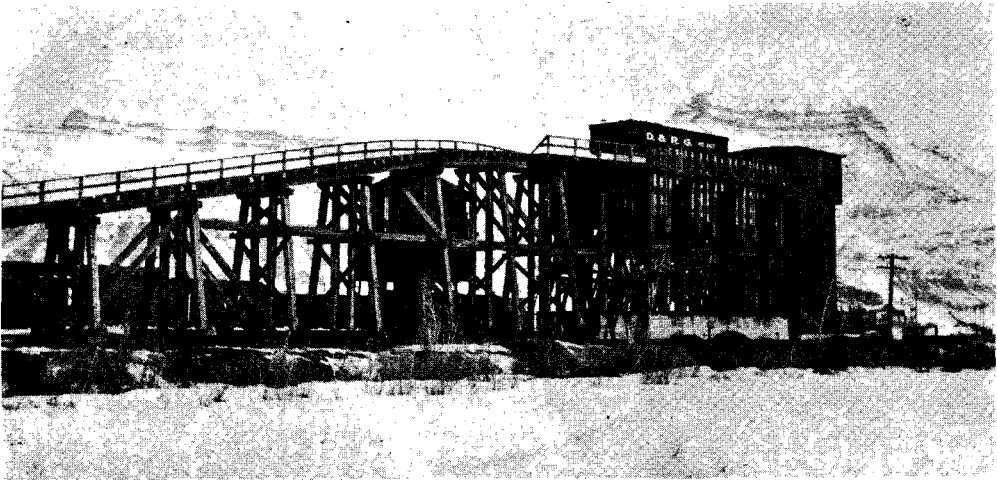
As an added service some of these passenger trains carried the mail and express for the towns along the line. Outgoing sacks of mail were suspended from a small crane at the side of the track and were "hooked off" on the fly by through trains, or were loaded onto the mail cars at the station when the trains made regular stops. A mail messenger was responsible for the mail between the depot and Post Office. This mail messenger was hired by the Government to transport the mail in a little two-wheeled cart which he pushed by hand.

One of the first and most valuable freight conveniences and advantages the railroad brought to Parachute was that now livestock could be shipped directly to markets in Pueblo or Denver. Stockyards and loading chutes were built east of the depot about two blocks immediately after the main line tracks were laid.

The bleating of sheep, bawling of cattle, along with the noise of "switch engines" as they set out stock cars may have annoyed the residents of Parachute during shipping time, but they didn't complain as the live stock industry was profitable either directly or indirectly for most everyone in the area--ranchers, merchants, bankers, schools and all public services.

The steam engines used to pull these early trains had to have water and coal to survive and keep going, so a water well was dug just east of the depot and the water pumped into a water tank constructed on a high trestle close to the track and later run through a lowered trough into the thirsty engines. This arrangement worked well for several years but was finally abandoned; and for awhile, if engines were getting low on water when they got here and none was available, the engine would be uncoupled, leaving the train on the siding, and go to Rifle or DeBeque to "fill up". Then in 1910 the town of Grand Valley (the name had been changed from Parachute and the town incorporated by then) approved a bond issue of \$29,000 to buy springs just across the river on Battlement Mesa, pipe the water and install a complete water system for the town. Water was now again available for the railroad so the tank was rebuilt, and the revenue of \$1800 yearly for this service paid by the D.&R.G. paid the interest on the bonds.

As added cargo from increased agricultural production necessitated longer freight trains, it became more difficult for the small engines to pull these heavier load up steep grades, so big "3600" engines were put in service and this made it necessary to have coal available at all times at more stations. A coal-chute was then built in Grand Valley between the water tank and the depot. This was a huge bin supported by a strong framework constructed on heavy 12" x 12" timbers. To reach this enormous hopper which held a gondola car load of coal, a short



The coal-chute and the water tank, just east of the depot. These structures, the stock yards, and the depot have all been torn down.

Courtesy of Daisy Green

spur was built from the railroad siding up a short incline to the top of the bin. One end of a cable was fastened to the end of the car load of coal to be "dumped" into the bin, with the other end of the cable around a big steel drum; and, as a small stationary engine wound the cable around the drum, the car of coal was slowly pulled up the inclined track and emptied into the bin. As locomotives needing coal moved in on the main line, a small chute or trough was lowered from the hopper by the man in charge of the facility and the engine "tender" was easily loaded with coal.

In addition to those already mentioned, some of the other men who spent many years in the employ of the D.&R.G. were: Mr. Buckholtz, Bruce Jackson, Carl Freeman, Lyman Van Horn, Chas. Williams, George Shiolas, Otis and Conrad (Connie) Tidwell, and "Monty" Redman.

Both freight and passenger service on the D.&R.G. and Midland were all that any community could desire. For years there was an agent and two telegraph operators, each working 8-hour shifts or "tricks," Providing twenty-four hour service seven days a week.

Special passenger trains were frequently run at reduced rates for special occasions as Strawberry Day in Glenwood Springs, Peach Day in Palisade, and Circus Day in Grand Junction. In 1906, when the Home Culture Club of Grand Valley was host to the Tri-County Federation of Women's Clubs, this service was made available to all women wishing to attend from Eagle, Pitkin and Garfield Counties at a small charge for the round trip.

The Colorado Midland was plagued with financial difficulties and the final "straw" came in 1917 when the government awarded all contracts for hauling war materials for World War I. to other roads. Albert E. Carlton bought the Colorado Midland in April 1917 for \$1,425,000 and vainly attempted to save it from bankruptcy. On August 4, 1918 the last passenger train went through Grand Valley eastbound to Colorado Springs and all freight trains stopped soon after. The Colorado Midland had served the area well for thirty-one years.

After the rails were removed in 1921, the tunnel was used for highway traffic and known as the Carlton Tunnel for a few years. It has also been used for water diversion from the western to eastern slope.

All of this which was the ultimate in progress at the turn of the century has, within a period of 75 years (in the memory of many of our senior citizens) become practically obsolete today. First to go were the water tank and coal-chute when the steam engines were replaced by the more efficient and economical diesels. Many of these little passenger steam engines and the huge 3600's have been scrapped, exhibited in parks, left standing idle on a sidetrack someplace, or, along with other railroad memorabilia, become objects of interest in a museum as in the Colorado Railroad Museum on 44th Avenue in Golden, Colorado.

The "diesels," which are not heavy and are thus easier on the tracks, and also the installation in later years of heavier rails and heavier ballast have made the employment of section crews from each little part of the line unnecessary; and consequently, work crews out of Grand Junction repair and keep the tracks in good condition. The "section house" and "bunk house" have both been moved from the track side and converted into two very attractive homes here in Grand Valley.

With the construction of surfaced highways and improvement of rural roads it has become possible for the sheep and cattle buyers to go to most ranches in the area, making it more convenient for all concerned to ship by truck directly from "farm to market." As a result for years the stock yards stood empty and deserted except for corralling stray horses, cattle, or sheep, or for holding rodeo stock on Grand Valley Days. Then in the early 1960's the stock yards and loading chutes were sold and hauled away--another land mark gone.

The depot, which over the years had been enlarged, modernized and painted, and was still a very attractive building, was the last to go. It was sold to a rancher in the area who tore it down and hauled it away to his ranch where it will eventually become parts of different structures, meeting the same destiny as the old school house.

The D.&R.G. tracks still go through Grand Valley, and the siding is often used to set out cars for the use of oil-shale or other industry, and an ever-increasing number of freight cars and trains pass through here daily; but there is no passenger service available closer than Rifle or Grand Junction, and then only six times each week, three trains each way on alternate days (except Wednesday), reminding one of the stage coach schedule in the 1880's.

The advent of the automobile and its "portal to portal" convenience has had much to do with the decline of passenger service; and for long trips, plane service to anywhere in the world is available from Grand Junction.

With bus lines providing as many as three or four buses each direction daily, as well as specials, local express service, and daily mail pick up and delivery at the Post Office, Grand Valley is definitely not an isolated community but we do miss the romance of the hustle and bustle so much a part of the arrival and departure of the passenger trains, freight and express loadings and unloadings, the shipping of live-stock in the fall, wool and lambs in the spring, and the fruit through the summer. We miss the cranes by the side of the track that hooked the outgoing mail sacks on the fly, the panting engines at the water tank, the rattle of the coal sliding down the chute, the short visits we had with neighbors and the depot agent in the waiting-room and the click-click of the telegraph keys as we wondered what message was going across the wires and to whom.

All this, so well written by Thomas E. Eller in his poem "The Afternoon Train," expresses our nostalgic feeling about our wonderful railroads:

It's diesel powered now;

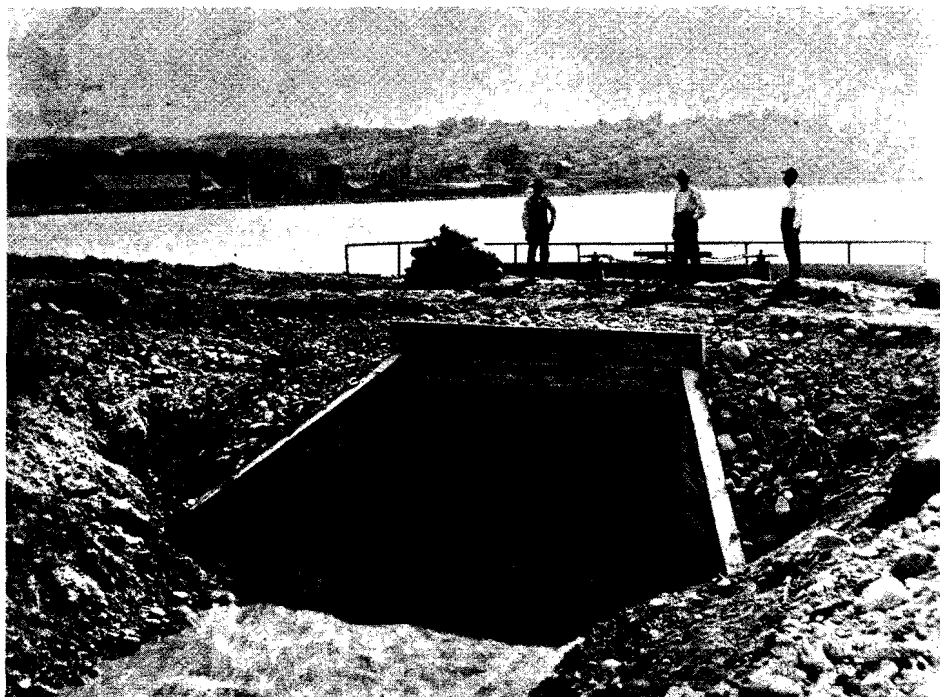
gone is the tapering succession of
steam clouds to mark its path;. . . but
facsimiles of little boys
still hang on the fences, to watch
the wheels flatten their pennies on
the rails.

. . . and duplicates of old men

sit on benches at deserted stations
waiting for vibrations
when the ground underneath will reach up
and shake them in their bones.

and it goes on and on like that all
the way through town.

(by permission of the Grand Junction
Daily Sentinel.)



Head-gate of the Wilcox Canal or Havemeyer Canal, 1912.

Courtesy of Marjorie Sippelle

LAND, WATER and RANGE RIGHTS

Land

The westward migration was primarily a search for homes in a new land, the desire of these pioneers to have a spot on earth to call their very own where they could make a good living for their families and enjoy a free and happy life. Consequently good productive soil was what they were searching for, with water for irrigation and range for livestock two other needs to be considered.

Treaties with the Indians in 1861 and 1868 whereby they gave up their titles to land in Colorado, coupled with the Homestead Act of 1861-62 made it possible for the new would-be settlers to acquire a quarter section (160 acres) of land by simply "filing on" this amount of land, building a cabin thereon and living there a certain length of time, tilling the soil and in various other ways showing their intentions of making a home; and then, for a "small fee," making final proof of meeting these requirements, and the land was theirs.

There were also "desert claims" to be had after 1891 whereby a citizen could purchase from the government as much as 640 acres for \$1.25 (one dollar and twenty-five cents) per acre, with the provision, "he reclaim the land for irrigation within three years; and within four years spend at least three dollars per acre clearing and plowing the land, building ditches and have at least one-eighth under cultivation before he could receive a title to the land."

"Preemption" filings were also frequently made whereby a person might occupy government land in order to establish a prior right to buy ahead of someone else. "Squatters' rights" were similar to pre-emptions but predated them and were usually claimed by People who settled on land even before it was surveyed by the government.

Claim jumping was sometimes practiced here as in practically all early settlements. A homesteader might leave his claim to work away for awhile or become ill and have to be gone and not return when he should to legally hold his claim; then some unscrupulous soul, who had been watching and checking, would take advantage of this homesteader's absence, move in and "jump" his claim. And, as possession was "nine points of the law" the original claimant was often the loser, even in a court trial.

United States Land Offices where the homesteader must go to "prove-up" on his land were located in the county seats, but when it proved a

hardship to reach the town because of poor or non-existent roads, branch offices were set up in local towns. Government appointed land commissioners heard problems, settled controversies and accepted applications for titles from the homesteaders. These applications were then sent to Washington, D.C., and the titles to the land sent from there to the homesteader. A land office in these early times was indeed a busy place and led to the colloquial expression, "doing a land-office business" when referring to someone who was especially busy or successful in his chosen enterprise.

A bit of early history of Garfield County and the county seat might be of interest here. In 1876, when Colorado became a state, our "western slope" was divided into seven counties; and by 1885 these were redistricted so there were eighteen counties.

In 1878, two prospectors had discovered deposits of carbonate, lead and silver in the Flat Tops about twelve air-miles north of Glenwood Springs. By 1880 other prospectors, hearing of these over-rated discoveries, staged quite a rush to the region. In 1883 the Carbonate Town Company was formed so, when Garfield County was established after the reorganization of the counties, Carbonate Camp or Carbonate City became the first county seat. However, when no really rich strikes were made "Carbonate" deteriorated rapidly so that, within four months after it had been designated as the county seat all records and so forth were moved to Glenwood Springs which has since remained the Garfield County seat and could only be changed by the vote of the people.

The homesteaders in the Parachute area made the long journey to Glenwood Springs on horseback or in wagons or (after 1890) by train to "prove-up" on their land; and many of our senior citizens remember the old land office there, where they went with their parents to claim the precious documents that gave them a new home in this promising new land.

Water

As the average rainfall in Colorado is only seventeen inches per year, the need for irrigation is readily apparent; and in the Parachute area, where transportation at a distance posed a problem, it was necessary to raise crops which could be handled locally. Hay and grain which could be fed to livestock on ranches at home were the first choice of the early settlers. Later, as canning factories were built near by, fruit and vegetable raising was preferred by some, and beets also became a popular crop as sugar refineries were constructed (one in Grand Junction in 1899).

In 1866, Congress established what was known as the "doctrine of appropriation," which in simple terms gave the party who first used

water from a stream the right to that water, "whether for mining, agriculture, or manufacturing," and in most instances these rights have been upheld. In 1879 Colorado was the first state to provide for the distribution of water by dividing the state into irrigation districts, each under a water commissioner; and by 1923, there were seventy such districts. In 1881 water divisions (headed by a division engineer) were created in the state and by 1938, there were seven of these. In the Parachute community, the area south of the Colorado River which includes Morrisania, Battlement Mesa and Wallace Creek is in Water District No. 45, which extends from the Garfield Creek country near New Castle westward to the Garfield-Mesa County line. North of the River, which is mainly Parachute Creek drainage, is Water District No. 49 and both districts are part of Division No. 5. Colin Clem is presently (1971) the commissioner for District No. 45 and Melvin Hawkins for District No. 49.

With the interest in reclaiming this arid land in this area, the soil of which was known to be very productive as proven by the huge sage brush and nutritious wild grass, by 1899, Colorado led all the states, "in the amount of land under irrigation." Most of the water in the district had been filed on and adjudicated by 1899, or even before as most of the Parachute Creek water had been claimed for irrigation before 1890.

The first filings on water were usually for homesteads located near the mouth of the various creeks as this land was more accessible and more desirable. In District No. 49 north of the River the first right out of Parachute Creek went to J.B. Hurlburt who built the Daisy Ditch. The next filing was an enlargement on the same ditch made by S.B. Streit. These two men owned the greater part of what is now the town of Grand Valley, so that the Number One right provides water for the town (for irrigation by ditches) and what was formerly the Brennan place, now the Dick Looney place, and the Connell place owned presently by Tell Ertl, all of which were parts of the original Hurlburt holdings.

In District No. 45 south of the River, the first recorded water right was No. 21, The Battlement Ditch claimed by George H. Derbyshire, John B. Cary, Peter Randolph Morris and Edmund F. Campbell, one-fourth interest belonging to each. This right was out of Battlement Creek and was for the Morrisania Mesa. The decree was dated June 12, 1884.

The second right was No. 23, dated March 1, 1885, and was known as the Huntley Ditch and the water claimed by Thomas J. Clark and J. Foster Jenney, one-half interest each. James Gane, George M. Siprell and Peter Kearney filed an enlargement on this ditch, each with one-third interest in the enlargement but all rights dated the same--March 1, 1885.

Several enlargements and domestic and reservoir filings out of Battlement Creek soon followed.

The Nos. 21 and 23 on these first rights are the order in which the rights are numbered in District No. 45 though they are the first and second rights out of Battlement Creek.

The first priority out of Dry Creek, which is to the west of Battlement Creek and also drains into the Colorado River, went to Peter Kearney who had commenced work on a 1600-foot ditch from the creek on April 23, 1885. This was known as the Dry Creek Ditch and the right to the water was awarded to Mr. Kearney by the court on July 11, 1902.

The second right out of Dry Creek dates back to May 25, 1892, when construction was started on the Randle Ditch, and "water used exclusively therefrom" by Peter Kearney until April 18, 1905, when an enlargement on the ditch was filed by Cyrus Latham, J.H. Gardner, John E. Armstrong, Mary A. Ellithorpe, and John G. Michaels. Other enlargements were filed through the years and the ditch known thereafter as the Gardner Ditch.

A little farther west of Dry Creek is Spring Gulch, or Spring Creek, fed by a number of living springs and waste water, and the first right to this water went to "Bill" Tanney.

The farthest creek to the west in Garfield County in District No. 45 is Wallace Creek, which heads in Mesa County but flows through parts of both counties into the Colorado River. The first two rights from this stream are owned by the Kennon Ranch, right No. 1 having been established by Tom Wallace and No. 2 by the Kennon Brothers, Edward and George in the early 1880's. Homestake Ditch right No. 3, dating from October 8, 1885, when it was claimed by James L. McCully and Joseph G. Brava, is more familiarly known as the Sawyer Ditch.

The water supply for all of these creeks is dependent on the winter snow fall in the high country; and except where fed by living springs, the run off is usually limited to a few months in the spring and early summer.

Creeks and ditches received their names from their source of supply, as "Spring Creek;" or from an early settler in the region, for example "Wallace Creek," "Randle or Gardner Ditches"; or from the region where they headed as "Battlement and Parachute Creeks". One ditch with the picturesque name "Wandering Jew" heads in Dry Creek high in the hills and then literally falls down to Battlement Mesa and "wanders" in and out among the ranches of the mesa, bringing some water to nearly every one of them. The name probably came from a house-plant of early days,

an attractive vine which brightened most pioneer homes, but which in late years has been eclipsed by the hardy, more sophisticated philodendron.

In addition to the water for irrigation taken from creeks and springs, the idea for dams to be constructed to impound some of the early high water to be used after the spring "run-off" was depleted, was explored. And, in May 1894, the Battlement Reservoir Company was organized. The proposed project was to consist of a series of seven reservoirs which could be constructed in natural basins of volcanic origin which were strategically located at the head of Battlement Creek. Some work was done in 1894 and continued in the spring of 1895. Men with teams of horses or mules hitched to plows and scrapers built earthen dams to hold the water in the lava rock depressions, work which took several summers to complete. Water to irrigate all of the tillable land on Battlement Mesa was the goal of the Battlement Reservoir Company, a goal which was realized and for awhile helped greatly through what otherwise would have been dry summers after the early flood water was gone. But, as so often happens, several things contributed to the failure of what should have been the salvation of the Battlement Mesa ranches: the dams would break, the porous lava rock would leak the water, the ditch from the reservoirs was so long much of the water was lost through evaporation and seepage, all of which brought about misunderstandings among water users until the Division Engineer, seeking help from the State Board in Denver, was advised to close the project for awhile. This was done and the reservoirs have never been used extensively since for irrigation purposes.

In a short, interesting, and informative article about the reservoirs in THE PARACHUTE INDEX of Tuesday, October 22, 1895, Mrs. Lucy DeWitt hoped and predicted that some day these reservoirs would also be a pleasure resort with "trout fishing, with a hotel and an equipment of pleasure boats, tents, etc., the company will realize an income sufficient to make the enterprise at least self-sustaining."

While all of these hopes and dreams have not been realized, the fishing at the reservoirs is excellent and draws many visitors, if they care to make the rugged trip, as the reservoirs are comparatively inaccessible except by foot, horse-back or in four-wheel-drive vehicles.

The most ambitious water project of this area was envisioned by W.H. Hallett, president of the J.Q.S. Cattle Company in the 1880's. His idea was for the construction of a ditch from the Grand River with the head-gate near Rifle. This ditch was to carry water to the valley north of the river westward to the big hill just east of the Garfield-Mesa County line. With this idea in mind he bought most of the land that should be under this ditch and built part of the canal, but was unable to raise funds to complete the project. This land was known to be good soil (because of the rank sage brush growth), comparing favorably with

that part of the ditch that had been completed. These were quite productive fields and orchards and remnants of the orchards were to be seen along the road until just the last few years. Some of our senior citizens remember when they were boys in about 1906 or 1907 wrapping the young fruit trees to protect them from rabbits through the winter.

Our information is rather sketchy about the project for a few years, but it seems Mr. Poppel had either taken over the Hallett project by 1904 or '05 or was looking after the maintenance for someone else. This necessitated a lot of work as cloud-bursts down the many gulches which the ditch had to cross would take out the dams or flumes and these would have to be rebuilt. Then in about 1908 or '09, Mr. Poppel interested other men of means in the planned irrigation system and the Wilcox Canal Company was organized. Work now began in earnest on the completion of the project, and until 1912 gave employment to many men in the area as all labor was "pick and shovel" or by men with teams using plows and scrapers.

It was not an easy undertaking as the ground did not hold a ditch too well on the hill sides, and a tunnel one-half mile long had to be dug through Webster Hill and a pumping plant constructed near Anvil Points. This was to raise the water to irrigate the big acreage above the ditch between Anvil Points and Webster Hill, known then as Sharard Park. A good-sized pump house was built with one large room where public dances were held and enjoyed by many in the area.

Arthur and Raymond Havemeyer of New York who had invested heavily in the project came to Grand Valley and lived here part of the time in what was known as the Poppel place about three-fourths of a mile up the Parachute Road. This place has been referred to over the years as "Yellow Dale" or the place with the big yellow barn.

"Jim" Matthews was one engineer for the 27-mile-long ditch which should eventually bring water to an estimated 8000 acres. Many remember Mr. Matthews as a fine looking, pleasant, well-dressed young man who enjoyed the country dances and mixed well socially with the local people.

Finally, in 1912 the whole project was completed--head gate, tunnel, pumping plant and twenty-seven miles of ditch at a cost of \$425,000, an enormous amount of money at that time. Then, on May 4, 1912, though it was a cold, miserable day, colorful and impressive dedication ceremonies were held at the head gate west of Rifle, and the canal was officially opened.

Round trip tickets by rail between Grand Valley and Rifle carried the following information:

This card when properly signed
by you will be honored by
Conductor of Special Train
May 4th., 1912
For one Round-Trip
Between
Rifle and Grand Valley
or vice versa

Signed _____

Bishop Brewster of the Episcopal Church opened the formalities with a prayer, after which Governor Shafroth addressed the several hundred happy people gathered for this very auspicious dedication--the realization of a thirty-year dream. State Engineer Charles Comstock, Attorney James H. Pershing of Denver, R.E. Havemeyer, and the mayors of both Rifle and Grand Valley and several others also gave talks, all predicting in glowing eloquence a wonderful future for the Grand Valley area, while little girls dressed in their Sunday best cast flowers on the waters of the Grand River which was unusually high that spring.

In the evening a banquet was held at the W.O.W. Hall in Grand Valley at which Theo. Von Rosenberg delivered an impressive address concerning the long history of the project and the promising future. Mr. Rosenberg was engineer of this fifth water division at that time and served for several years thereafter. Mr. Rosenberg titled his speech, "Irrigation" and introduced his talk by graphically defining irrigation as a process of "artificial watering" "regardless of how implemented--from sprinkling with water to the use of huge canals or reservoirs." He then dramatically traced the interesting history of irrigation from Biblical times to the present time (1912). He told how Joseph (Viceroy of Egypt) built the "bar Jussuff," "a canal in use to this day" which in its new shape as the waterway aided by the "Assouran Dam," constructed in recent years, irrigates hundreds of thousands of acres of the Nile Valley. He told of irrigation in Babylon, and how Cortez and Pizarro "found well devised and constructed means of irrigation in Central and South America" in their conquests of the New World. He then ventured his opinion bolstered by statistics that without irrigation Colorado would probably be of no more political or economic importance than it was in 1860, as the agricultural production in 1910 was far ahead of all manufacturing, mining, smelting and power generating, etc., combined.

He paid tribute to Mr. Hallet who first envisioned an irrigation project for the area and in 1891 organized "The Riverside and Orchard Home Association," the forerunner of the now completed canal. Mr. Rosenberg then spoke of the cooperation which had been necessary and forthcoming for the creation of this project, and the satisfaction everyone should feel in "that the new Irrigation District is the first and foremost in this valley."

In concluding his remarks he paid tribute to the Havemeyers, Mr. Willcox, the Engineers--Field, Fellows, and Hinderlider and all their assistants.

Everyone now made plans for the future and dreamed of a valley with 8000 acres of orchards and fields and new homes, making this a rancher's paradise. But during all the festivities and happy planning the already swollen Grand River was growing more and more wild as the snow in the high country continued to thaw in the warm spring sunshine; and just a few days after the joyous dedication, the head-gate of the long 27-mile ditch succumbed to the pressure of the raging waters, toppled and rolled several yards down the stream as the released muddy water swirled around it. There the steel and concrete structure lay for years, a grotesque monument to the shattered dreams, hopes and plans that perished that awful day in the angry waters of the Grand.

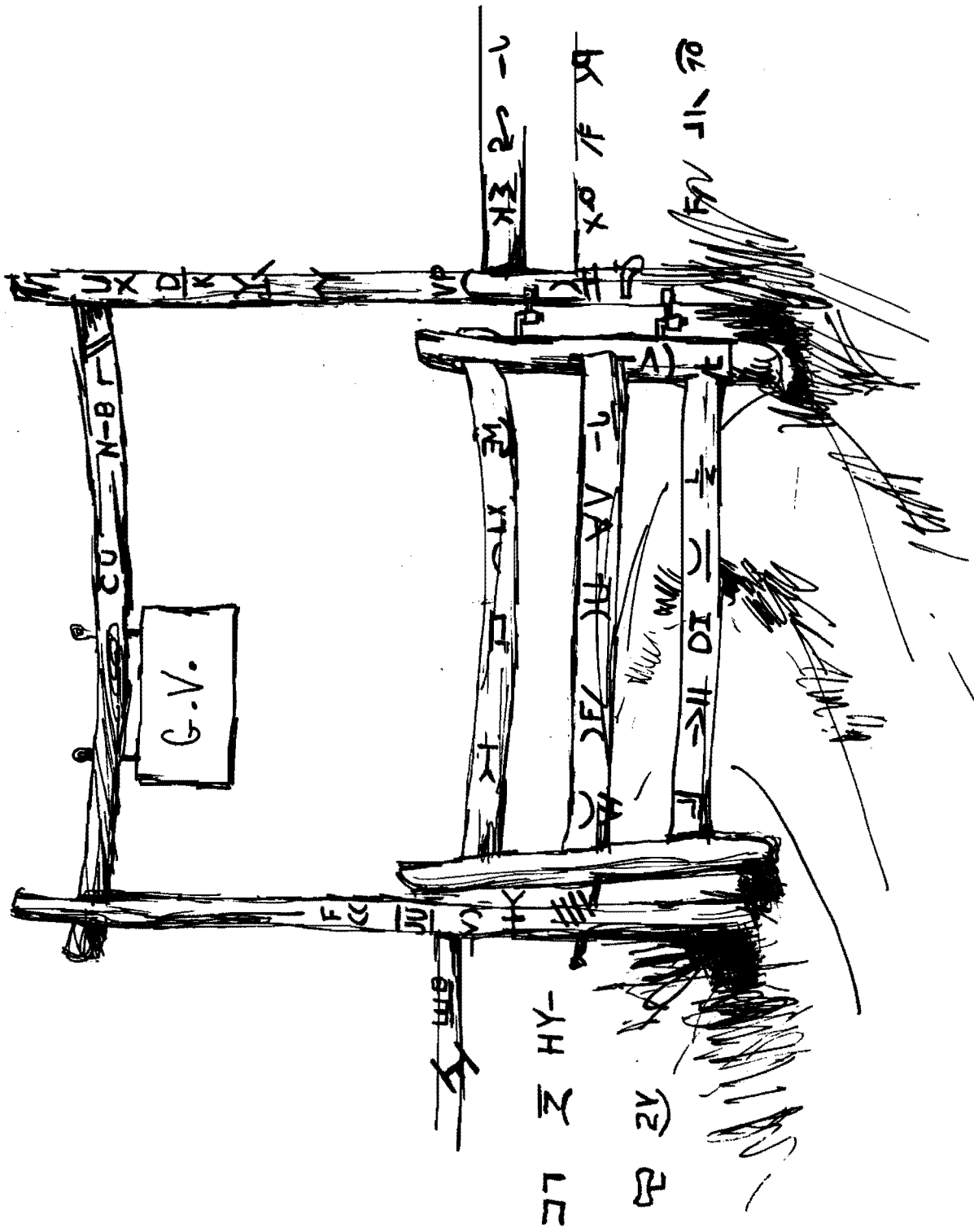
There seemed to be no money available any where now to rebuild the structure. The Havemeyers had spent their fortune and returned to New York, the pumping equipment rusted down or was hauled away, the Webster Hill tunnel and parts of the ditch gradually filled with soil, until now about all that remains to remind one of this ill-fated venture is a 27-mile long scar north of the highway along the foot of the colorful Book-Cliffs.

The hardy citizens of the area literally picked themselves up by their bootstraps and agriculture continued as the chief industry; and, aided by employment on the railroad, road construction, and oil shale, Grand Valley remains on the Colorado map, its people still believing in a great future.

Range

After the wanton slaughter of the buffalo on the plains and plateaus of the West, "where the native grass grew higher than the sagebrush," the pioneers realized the opportunity they had for stock raising here where the thousands of acres of feed was free and the supply practically unlimited and unclaimed. Along the Santa Fe trail most Mexican settlers had herds of cattle and sheep; the Mormons, U.S. Army and pioneers themselves had grazed their stock as they moved westward.

For several years cattle were raised to supply local needs, then the herds of "long-horns" being trailed from Texas to Abilene and Dodge City in Kansas and other markets farther east began to look like profitable investments and, between 1876 and 1881, the cattle business really "boomed." All of this grass land was considered "open range," free to any and all, and so many brought huge herds from Texas and grazed them on the nutritious grass which, even when it had dried in winter, had



great food value, then sold later when the market was considered good. But, after a few years, several things happened gradually, but of such great import that the open range became a thing of the past, legally at least.

First, the Homestead Act of 1861 allowed settlers to divide the land into small farms or ranches, usually of 160 acres each.

Secondly, in 1874 a machine was invented to make barbed wire, which had previously been hand-made, but now could be manufactured so much cheaper that a mile of wire, enough to fence a quarter section of land, could be bought for around \$100; and, if the cost could be shared by a neighbor (on a line fence), the outlay would be even less. And this encouraged homesteading.

Stockmen now fenced streams, controlling water supply for stock, and even fenced huge areas of land whether they owned it or not. Too, irrigation ditches were often as effective as fences in controlling livestock herds as cattle couldn't cross the deep canals of water, and they were also a hazard when empty in winter because stock gathering in them for shelter would be smothered when covered with deep snow.

Quarantine laws controlling the droves of cattle and horses brought from Texas into Colorado were passed in an attempt to lessen the spread of disease, and these controls cut heavily into the cattle business.

And finally, with the improvement of their cattle through better breeding and the building of the railroads so livestock could be shipped and not trailed to market, a smaller rancher could make more profit from a small herd of good beef cattle than he could from the poorer grade he had been running.

In 1928 the Moffat tunnel was completed a short time later the Dotsero cut-off constructed, further facilitating marketing by rail as this cut over one hundred fifty miles from the long trip to Denver from western Colorado. Heretofore trains had to go to Denver via Pueblo where cattle had to be unloaded, fed and watered to prevent the more than ordinary shrinkage.


In most instances, now, trucks carry livestock to market; buyers come to the ranches, deal for the stock they want and then send trucks to haul their purchases directly from "farm to market". These buyers are, for the most part, feeders who take the cattle or sheep to their own ranches and fatten them for slaughter on grain they have raised or bought. These feeders may be as near as Grand Junction, or as far away as farms near Omaha, Nebraska; Kansas City or St. Louis, Missouri. The Chicago stock yards, which for years were considered the largest in the world when most marketing was done by rail, are closing this year (1971), and packing houses are moving closer to feed lot areas.

All of these changes over the years have benefited the smaller ranchers so that most of the big cattle companies have gradually dissolved. The last really large company to cease operations was the Prairie Cattle Company in southeastern Colorado near LaJunta, in 1915.




To identify one's own stock and to aid in proving ownership, branding was introduced into Colorado from Mexico over one hundred years ago. The Spanish Dons had marked their cattle on the sides with their coats of arms. In an effort to put a stop to cattle-rustling, the Colorado Cattle-men's Association instituted a brand registration system; and in 1879 the state created the Board of Inspection Commissioners which appointed brand inspectors to be present at all transfers of cattle. Records of all laws pertaining to brands and branding have been kept since 1884. Between 1885 and 1888 there were 13,228 brands recorded in Colorado, and a few years ago these had increased to 33,329. Horses were also branded by the owners with the same brand as their other stock but with a smaller iron. However, horses are presently banned from the range.

Sheep are also branded, but usually by painting the brand on the wool of the animal every year. In 1879 there were approximately 1,000,000 sheep ranging in Colorado compared with 800,000 cattle. Sheep raising had been introduced into Colorado from New Mexico where it was the oldest industry in that state. Sheep were only worth about twenty-five cents (\$.25) per head in 1846; but after they were bred up by the introduction of Merino sheep and other better breeds, they were worth about \$1.50 per head, and the wool clip had increased from two to seven pounds by 1880. The sheep industry over the state had grown so that by 1920 Colorado led the rest of the nation in the feeding out of sheep and lambs.

In our area in early days Mr. Hurlburt had the largest band of sheep, and other sheep owners were Mr. Billiter, Mr. Watson, John Davenport, Mr. Starkey, and Charlie Brown. These sheep were grazed on the north side of the river up Parachute Creek on what was then open range. Hundreds of cattle also ranged in this area which took in what is known as West Fork, East Fork and Old Mountain. This open range, as the name implies, was free and available to any and all but was used mostly by the ranchers of the Parachute Creek community. Some of these men did, however, "run" what were known as commission cattle, ranging them for outsiders for a percentage of the profits. The Taylor Grazing Act of 1934 brought an end to this free range. Six grazing districts were now formed by the United States government under the authority of the Department of Interior, and an advisory board and system of licenses and fees was established. Rights and permits were then granted similar to water rights, which were based on "prior use." Thus, the rancher with the "firstest and the mostest" was favored.

 C lazy S Charles Sawyer Wm. and Bernice Hammerich

On the B.L.M. north of the river, on what was early open range when these brands were first used:

| <u>Brand</u> | <u>First Owner</u> | <u>Present Owner</u> |
|--|---|---|
| 7H5 Seven H Seven | J.B. Hurlburt | Dick & Daisy Looney (grand-daughter) |
| TLD T L D | Peter Lindauer | Not in use |
| L+ L Bar Cross | John Purdy Crawford | Jack Crawford, grandson |
|  Hook K Quarter circle | Felix Lindauer | Gerald Lindauer, grandson |
| T M | Tom Glover | Unknown |
| O3 O three, quarter circle | James Wheeler | Cora Bumgardner, daughter |
| J Q S | JQS Cattle Co. W.W. Hallett, president | Not in use |
| 7-4 Seven bar four | C.W. "Doc" Wilson | Not in use |
| CVT C V T Acorn | Milton Granlee | Purchased by Peter Lindauer (not in use now) |
|  Down K with hook | Peter Lindauer | Orland Lindauer |
|  Diamond quarter circle | Paul and Bessie Lindauer | Same |

WHO WILL REMEMBER?

Who will remember
the homesteader?

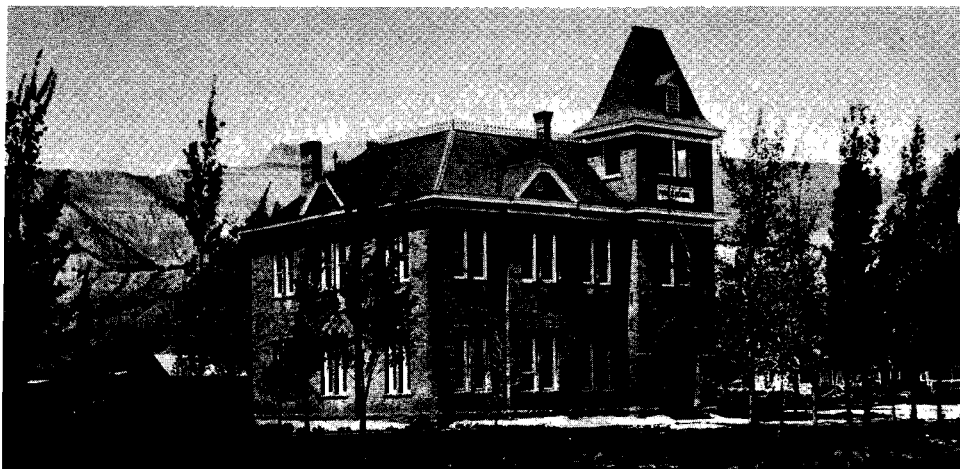
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Land-hungry,
he stood, at last,
on his hundred-and-sixty
hugging every acre,
every foot,
every inch of it
to his heart....

his brimming eyes filled
with the future.

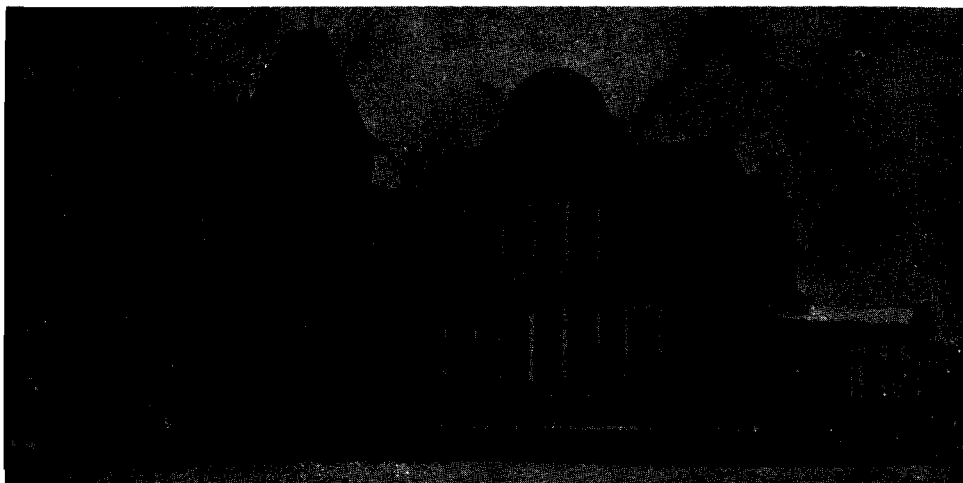
Jack Appleby.

(Used by permission of the Grand Junction
Daily Sentinel)



The first school house built in Parachute after the voters approved a bond issue of \$5300 in 1890.

Courtesy of Colin and Winifred Clem



The same school building after an addition was built in 1911 and a high school now provided for the area.

Courtesy of Daisy Green

SCHOOLS

About the same time Parachute received its first Post Office, 1885, the first school bell rang, calling from their freedom to roam over and explore this new land the twelve youngsters living here. A Mrs. Eldridge, a sister of Doc Wilson, a man who had a lot to do with the development of this area, was the first teacher and was paid for her services for this first six-weeks term by popular subscription. These first classes were held in "Hungry Mike's" little cabin which had already served so many varied uses in the founding of Parachute. In 1887 a little log school house was built near where the Highway 6-24 bridge over Parachute Creek is now located. This building accommodated twenty pupils and one teacher; but as the school population increased and the long delayed railroad seemed soon to become a reality, a new school structure was planned, as rail service would mean more new citizens for Parachute and more tax revenue from new homes and the railroad.

Incidentlaly, this first little log school house was razed in 1895 and the logs used to build a building for District No. 11 on Parachute Creek.

In 1890 the new two-story building, which had been in the planning stage for two or three years, was started after a bond issue of \$5300 was approved. This new brick school house was built near where the present school is located and was completed in 1891. The one room on the ground floor was for grades one through four and the upper room for grades five through eight, with just two teachers ably teaching and disciplining the entire school. Later these big rooms were partitioned and more teachers employed. Some of these early instructors who are still fondly remembered with gratitude and respect by their former pupils were Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. Sackett, Mrs. Marvin, Helen (Matthews) Sipprelle, Mrs. Needham and Mr. Fleming.

After a few years a high school district was organized, including all the little rural schools from Webster Hill to the Mesa-Garfield County line. This required still more school room; and by agreement of all districts concerned, a building was to be constructed in District 16, Grand Valley, with all districts sharing in the cost of maintaining this new institution. A stucco building was added to the brick grade school and completed in 1911. The first graduates from the Grand Valley High School were Gladys Patterson (Allen) and Olive Bailey (Shultz); and every year since, there has been a class varying in size from two to as many as thirty-five. Many of these young people have gone on and attended institutions of higher learning to prepare themselves for a career; others have chosen different kinds of occupations, but without exception they have shown themselves to be a credit to the school and the community.

In 1937, during the depression years when the government was helping so many communities relieve their unemployment situations, the old school building erected in 1890-91 was torn down and a new, one-story brick structure was erected in its place by W.P.A. labor.

The windows, door, and brick and all other parts of the old landmark which could be salvaged were purchased and put to use by people all over the area and cherished as souvenirs of the early days of Grand Valley.

The new building was an attractive, well designed, symmetrical structure with the gymnasium and superintendent's offices in the center and wings extending on each side, one housing class rooms for the high school and the other a lunchroom, kitchen, shop and grade school rooms.



The Grand Valley School built in 1937 and three new classrooms (at the right of the picture) added in 1965.

Courtesy of Floyd McDaniel

In later years a "Quonset Hut" was built at the rear of the main building for a bus garage and shop. A bond issue in 1965 provided funds for the addition of three new class rooms on the grade school side to the east, complete revamping of the interior of the rest of the building to provide more high-school class rooms, and the erection of a metal "pre-fab" gymnasium at the west end of the brick building.

Over the years the school grounds have been attractively landscaped, with a nice big lawn, lots of shade trees, and shrubbery, part of which have been gifts of the Young Women's Progressive Club and Home Culture Club and, as an added attraction picnic tables were provided by Union Oil Company.

The class of 1967, with a nostalgic desire to preserve something of the past as their parting gift to the school, gave the money they had saved for that purpose toward the building of a lovely and much needed out-door fountain on which the old 1891 school bell is proudly displayed. Also in 1968 a flag pole was erected and paid for by gifts of the local people as a grateful memorial to the late Winifred S. Gardner, a pianist who had given unstintingly of her time and talent to school and community affairs of all kinds. All of these things have made the school yard a pleasant park enjoyed on so many occasions by the local citizens as well as by a great number of tourists who have enjoyed resting in such pleasant surroundings.

The school and any and all of its activities have and always will be of the greatest concern to everyone in the high school district, for our young people and their good are the real center of our universe.

"Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no crime can destroy, no enemy can alienate, no despotism can enslave. At home a friend, abroad an introduction; in solitude a solace and in society an ornament. It chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once, grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage."

--Joseph Addison



The Catholic Church, the first church built in Grand Valley.

CHURCHES

About the time the early settlers felt the need for schools, they also realized their need for spiritual guidance; and with the building of the railroad down the Grand River valley, the population in Parachute increased, making the construction of churches economically possible. There were a great number of Catholics employed in the construction and maintenance of the new D. & R.G. Railroad, and in 1889 they helped finance and build the first church building in Parachute on land which was a "free and voluntary gift from Mr. M.H. Streit." Constructed mainly by the O'Toole, Rupp and Werhonig families it was a nice little house of worship located on the corner of First and Fisher Streets where the ice-skating pond is now (1971). The membership of the Catholic Church grew and flourished for several years, but as many parishioners left the area for work elsewhere, services were held sporadically until finally it was not considered feasible to continue the upkeep on the unused building and, along in the '30s, it was sold. The new owners razed the fifty-year old structure and used what material they could salvage. Those members of the Catholic faith in the Grand Valley area have been holding services in other churches or buildings rented for the purpose, with the priests conducting the masses coming in from Rifle, Glenwood Springs or other western slope towns. They have hopes of building another church of their own some day if their membership continues to increase as it has recently (1970).

The first Protestant worship held in Grand Valley was a Sunday-school with twelve children in attendance, conducted in "Hungry Mike's" cabin in 1886. This was the little cabin Mr. Hurlburt had bought when he came into the valley in 1882. A Mr. Henry W. Hallett, an earnest layman from Rifle, helped organize Sunday schools at several different places up and down the Grand River valley, and the one in Parachute was one of these. Then, in April 1888, the Rev. Hiller preached occasionally at New Castle, and regularly at Ferguson (now Silt), Rifle, Coal-Banks, Parachute, DeBeque, and upper Roan Creek (Highmore), faithfully covering his circuit every ten to fourteen days. And, in March of 1889, the first Methodist Church was formally organized in Parachute by the Rev. Hiller. The little group of eight persons interested in this project met at the Fisher home and consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. J.B. Hurlburt, Mrs. George Spittle, Mrs. Harris and two Barthell girls. Mrs. Fisher was a daughter of Mr. Hallett, the man who had helped organize the first Sunday-school. Father John Dyer, one of the leading Methodist itinerant ministers of this early period, vividly recalls his travels in the valley in his autobiography, "Snowshoe Itinerant."



The early Methodist Church built in 1896.

Courtesy of Katie Spittler

By 1896, the Methodist congregation in Parachute felt they could take on the responsibility of a church building of their own, as up to now they had been holding services in homes and various other available buildings. So, Mr. Streit, one of the active members, donated the land at the intersection of Parachute Avenue and Second Street, and construction soon got underway. A Mr. Mullins, a stone mason from Rifle, and his family of boys laid the foundation and rock walls, assisted by Doby Evans and Mr. Passmore, who was the minister at that time. Mr. Glover and Mr. Granlee financed the work for the inside finishing of the building. Mr. Passmore said he had a premonition he would never preach in the church he was helping to build, and his forebodings proved correct as he was expelled from the ministry before the building was completed because of his differences with the Bishop and Conference leaders, and it was not until 1902, after a court battle and many conferences, that the disgrace of the Passmore regime was resolved. In the midst of this turmoil the new church was finished; and instead of Mr. Passmore, the presiding elder, Rev. Kirkbride, gave the dedicatory address.

An organ was soon brought for the new church, and Mrs. M.E. Morrow was the first organist and never once missed a service or choir practice in the seventeen years she served in that capacity.

In 1908 a parsonage was built; and a great part of the expense of construction was assumed by the Ladies' Aid, known as the Woman's Society for Christian Service (W.S.C.S.) since September 1940, when Rev. Norman Jensen, who, with his wife Edith, was a great asset to the whole community in so many ways, helped the local organization make the changes.



The new Methodist Church, dedicated February 7, 1965.
Courtesy of Floyd McDaniel

In 1910, the Rifle Methodist Church was damaged by fire, and the directors gave the pews salvaged from the fire to the Grand Valley Church, and these replaced the chairs which the congregation had been using for so many years. In 1923, the church purchased a piano; and Nora Matthews, who later married Wes Van Horn, was the pianist for many years. There have been several others since who have served the church at the piano, including Mrs. Morrow's daughters, Ethel Lewis and Pearl Hargis. Winifred Gardner, Mrs. Doris Crawford, and Mrs. Marjorie Sipprelle, have also served as pianists.

There have been many wonderful ministers giving of their time and themselves to the church and community for the past three-quarters of a century; and these Mrs. Myrtle Seamans, herself a tireless worker in the local church, has remembered in her most interesting history of the church which she prepared and delivered on the occasion of the ground breaking ceremonies for the present lovely building on March 22, 1964. A building fund had been growing for several years, nourished with gifts from many sources, the local congregation, former members, former ministers, memorials to departed members or some of their families, and from other friends.

Most of the labor of razing the old building and construction of the new, modern edifice was donated by loyal members of the church; and on February 7, 1965 the attractive Grand Valley Methodist Church was dedicated.

In 1898, Mr. Hurlburt gave the land for the First Christian Church in Parachute, and a modest frame structure was built by the several members in the area at that time. In making this gift of land, Mr. Hurlburt made only one stipulation, that no liquor ever be served on the premises.

This church in Grand Valley is the oldest Christian Church in Colorado in continuous service as its doors have never been closed to its members for any legitimate use. There have been times when there was no regular minister, but a local layman, college student or teacher from the Intermountain Bible College in Grand Junction has led the congregation in worship service. Many of these student ministers have been excellent speakers and after their practice preaching here, have gone on to serve in larger communities where they became quite successful ministers, while other have taken up missionary work in foreign or home fields.

The Intermountain Bible College, located in Grand Junction, is the culmination of a life-long dream of Rev. Erskine E. Scates, a Christian minister who is president of the college which he established in 1946. I.B.C. is primarily a college for the training of young men and women for Christian service, but is open to anyone wishing to learn more of

the Bible and its Christian interpretation and the history of Christianity. Also, the Greek language and histories of all other religions are available. Many relative subjects may be studied at Mesa College just across the street from I.B.C. The Grand Valley Christian Church is indeed blessed in having available instructors from I.B.C. such as Rev. E.E. Scates, Rev. Earl Heald, Rev. Wesley Paddock, and all the dedicated young students--Phil Hallenbeak, Skip Pennybaker, Harry, David and Erskine Scates, Jr., to name a few who have so graciously given, and are still giving, of their time and talent in word and music to the people of this small community.



The First Christian Church built in 1898 and still in use.
Courtesy of Floyd McDaniel.

Members and friends of the church have kept the building in repair and also, in 1958 built and paid for a small annex for Sunday-school classes and a kitchen.

The Willing Workers, an organization comparable to the Ladies Aid in some other churches, was organized February 9, 1921, at the home of (Julia) Mrs. Otis C. Tidwell with the following charter members: Winifred Christensen, Daisy Green, Martha Hurlburt, Margaret Miller, Lucia Wheatley, Florence McKee and Julia Tidwell. This has been a most active group with a dues-paying membership varying from over sixty in 1923 to twelve in 1969.

Gifts to the Church by families of departed members as memorials have been made through the years, providing stained glass windows, a very attractive new pulpit, song books, the sanctuary completely re-decorated, and the church seats, a gracious gift of Jacob Lawson when he closed the theater, which are presently being reupholstered.

Neither the membership nor the attendance of the Grand Valley Christian Church are very large, but it is quite gratifying to know that percentage-wise, we have the best attendance of any Christian Church in Western Colorado.

Any and all residents, visitors, or strangers in the valley will receive a warm and gracious welcome at any of the places of worship in Grand Valley, and are urged to attend Sunday School or worship services which are held regularly every Sunday morning.

For where two or three are gathered together
in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

--Matthew 18:20



Doll Bros. and Smith Store built in Parachute in 1904 on the corner of Front Street and Parachute Avenue. There has been a General Store in this building continually since it was built, under a number of different owners and managers.

Courtesy of Sadie Rees Boulton

FIRSTS

In about 1885 Parachute became a tiny dot on the map of Colorado when a U.S. Post Office was officially provided for the area. This new accommodation was located in one corner of the Hurlburt's new log home, with Mr. Hurlburt as postmaster and Mrs. Hurlburt his assistant.

The mail was carried on Horseback between Glenwood Springs and Grand Junction by a Mr. Weller. He made the one way trip of a hundred miles each day and back the next, changing horses every ten or twelve miles. Later in the 80's when a road was built through DeBeque Canyon, the mail was carried by stage coach and Mr. Weller drove the stage quite awhile. The Hurlburt home was used as a "pony-express" stop and later as the stage stop, so Parachute mail was delivered every day from one direction or the other. A short time later in 1886 a Mr. Fisher built some cabins near what is now the east edge of town and took over the Post Office and stage-stop. Through the years the Post Office has been housed in various buildings in town and there have been many different postmasters changing with national political administrations until the office came under "civil service." A few of the postmasters have been colorful characters as the one who wore his "chaps," spurs and a six-gun to maintain the spirit of the true West, and another who reputedly embezzled funds to buy fireworks for a Fourth of July celebration.

The different families who maintained the stage stop through these early years were hosts to people from all walks of life and from every part of the country. There were people looking for a place to locate, ministers, lawyers, and also those of dubious reputations and occupations, as quite often the stage stop family learned afterwards they had even entertained people fleeing from the law. But, it was still an exciting and rewarding experience to have come in contact with and to have known such a varied cross-section of humanity.

One time Harvey Nucholls, who was just sixteen years old at the time, and who was driving a herd of long-horn cattle from Texas, stopped overnight at the stage stop. He was on his way to Aspen or Leadville, where the Nucholls family maintained slaughter houses where they processed meat for the West. Stockmen would graze their cattle or sheep from all parts of western Colorado to this Aspen or Leadville market in the years before rail service was available to Pueblo or Denver. The round trip from Parachute usually required about thirty days. When the railroad did finally come to the Western Slope and the Nucholls family had established their packing company in Pueblo, many of the early settlers would often ship and sell their stock to them there.

The first rural mail delivery out of Parachute was instituted around the turn of the century when P.R. Morris on Morrisania Mesa hired a couple of boys to carry his mail to and from Parachute and his home. Charlie Brown, whose father was the section foreman, was the first boy to tackle the job, but he didn't stay with it too long. Jarvis Hayward then took over and for quite awhile made the daily trips riding a little burro and, while the service was slow, it was practically safe and sure. Jarvis carried the mail in a small locked pouch and carried the key in his pocket. He tells how at one time he left the key at the post office and had to make the slow trip back to town after it. After that another key was kept at the ranch, and "Jarv" was relieved of the responsibility of the key and was responsible only for delivery of mail.

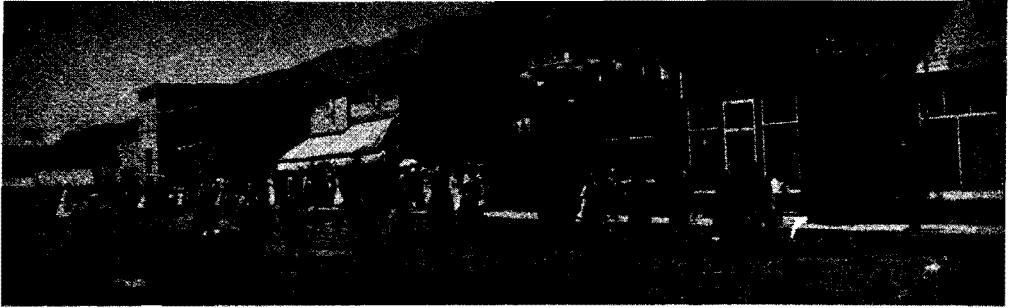
Then, in 1903, Mr. Morris used his influence in Washington, D.C. to get the first Federally financed Rural Free Delivery for Parachute, one of the first in the nation. C.W. Vaughan, a professor from New York, who had come west for his health, was the first government appointed carrier. Mr. Vaughan, as well as the succeeding carriers, hauled the mail with a team and buggy until 1925 when R.E. (Bob) Green bought a car and, through the summer and when the roads were passable, delivered the mail in his Chevrolet, but still used a team and buggy in "winter snow" or "summer rain" and even in "dark of night" when delayed by impassable roads. As cars became more numerous, roads were of necessity improved until now cars of some sort are used exclusively on the R.F.D. No. 1.

While looking through some documents at the Post Office in 1972, Nola (Van Horn) Miller, the rural carrier, discovered a letter from the "Post Office Department," "Fourth Assistant Postmaster General," "Division of Rural Free Delivery," Washington and dated February 10, 1904. This letter was addressed to "The Postmaster," Parachute, Colorado and gave a detailed description of route No. 1 at that time, after one road had been abandoned, totaling twenty-five and one-fourth miles.

There have been a few changes over the years with other portions being abandoned, and Parachute Creek and Wallace Creek, presently being serviced on alternate days, three days per week each, as well as the original, Battlement Mesa, Morrisania and part of the Rulison area. So that presently the one and only mail route receiving service from Grand Valley is approximately 38.4 miles in length.

In 1886, when Mr. Fred Fisher had taken over the Post Office from Mr. Hurlburt, he also started the first general store in Parachute in one on the little cabins he had built at the east edge of town. A short time later a Mr. Douglas Armstrong opened another general store on what is now Front Street, just across from the stock yards, near where the Grand Valley Lumber and Supply lumber yard was later located. Armstrong later

sold to John Davenport who in turn sold to Bill Tanney. Tanney later sold the stock and rented the building to T.E. Bailey. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Bailey and two children had come to Colorado from Iowa by covered wagon in 1887, living for short periods in Cripple Creek, Meeker, Aspen, New Castle, on Piceance Creek and, in 1888, finally in Parachute, where he bought the Tanney Mercantile stock, maintaining the Front Street portion for several years. He then built a new stone building on the corner of



First Street (Highway 6-24) in Grand Valley probably taken on an early Grand Valley Day with the band on parade. From left to right -- some dwellings, the W.O.W. hall, the Drug Store, then crossing Parachute Avenue on east, Thompson's Store, a dwelling, the "European" Hotel, another Drug Store and the Post Office on the corner.

Courtesy of Daisy Green

First Street and Parachute Avenue to which he moved the stock and where he managed the store for a number of years. The Baileys raised eight children, all of whom attended the Grand Valley schools; and several of whom later made their home here. In 1903, Mr. Bailey filed a homestead claim on Hanging Lake above Glenwood Springs, retaining this claim until 1910. Those Bailey children who are still living recall today the delightful times they enjoyed as youngsters in this beautiful mountain retreat.

Another very early general store was that operated by the Lindauer Brothers (Pete and Ferdinand) located on the corner of First and Parachute opposite the T.E. Bailey store. These enterprising men, realizing the merit of advertising even at this early date, ran a large "box" ad in the very first editions of the PARACHUTE INDEX with the following items listed at lowest cash prices: Groceries, Provisions, Dry Goods, Tinware, Hardware, Powder, Ammunition, Boots, Shoes, Crockery and Drugs. Added inducement to purchasers was "Ranch butter and eggs always on hand." This



A view of Grand Valley in about 1910.

Courtesy of the Grand Valley News

store was later known as Thompson's store for several years after the Lindauer Brothers sold until it was destroyed by fire in 1913.

The Doll brothers, who were merchants in Glenwood Springs, also had a small store on Front Street which seems to have been the Main Street in Parachute in the early days. They had a good business in all kinds of general merchandise so, in about 1903 or 1904, they decided to build a larger store; and a son-in-law, Mr. Smith, having joined the firm, they built the building located on the corner of Parachute and Front where Alber's Mercantile is now (1970). The names "Doll Bros. and Smith" are still to be seen in the sidewalk in front of the store.

While Doll Bros. and Smith were in the process of building their new store, someone robbed the old one of a great quantity of merchandise and then set fire to the building. This so discouraged them that they felt like abandoning the project, but finally they went ahead and finished the large frame structure. They did a thriving business for many years with Mr. Ellion as a capable manager. Much in demand was a delivery service for the town, a small wagon pulled by one horse. The mystery of the robbery and fire at the Doll Bros. and Smith store was eventually solved when some of the people in the community became suspicious of a laborer who made many unexplained walks up the railroad tracks to Hayes Grove, east of town. Several persons followed him one evening and found him visiting his cache of articles taken from the store. He was tried and convicted on charges of both theft and arson and spent time in the county jail.

This new building which Doll Bros. and Smith built has housed a general store through the years since 1903. Others who have owned the business since were O.C. Tidwell, Thad. C. Bailey, Philip Waterman, Ray Eaken and presently Carl and Edna Alber.

When the Havemeyers were building the long canal west from Rifle, which had been started in the early 1890's by the Hallett Ditch Company, they were using lots of lumber for flumes and forms for concrete structures. They suggested to Mr. Harry Koch of Aspen, who was in the lumber-

ing business in that area, that he put in a lumber yard in Parachute, as they would be buying lumber and this new country would also be an excellent market. Consequently, in 1903, the Grand Valley Lumber and Supply Company was established here with lumber the chief commodity, and harness, machinery and related items making up the rest of the stock. Pictures of early Parachute show this to be an enormous stock of lumber. The office for the store and some supplies were housed in the small building now located at the rear of the lot (but which in 1903 faced on First Street). In 1913, when a fire ravaged much of the block where the Post Office building is located, destroying the Thompson Store, Kock's built the big modern brick building which now faces First Street and added groceries, dry goods, gasoline and most anything a person would want. Under the capable management of H.T. Sukeforth for the next forty years or so, the business flourished and everyone knew they could depend on merchandise from the G.V.L. & S. Co. for quality and unmatched fair prices anywhere on the western slope. When Mr. Sukeforth retired, Anna (Rupp) Nolte, who had been an efficient clerk for years in the store, and her husband, Paul, took over the management, giving the public the same excellent service. Anna died a short time after taking over the business and Paul, whose health was also failing, later sold to Marvin and Roberta Wambolt. Because of the decline in population and economic conditions in the area, the Wambolts finally closed the doors and the store has not reopened, though it is the hope of everyone that the board-covered windows and doors will some day soon be uncovered and business in the big brick building flourish again as it did for so long.

As near as we can find out, Dr. McKinney had the first honest-to-goodness drug store located on the southwest corner of First Street and Billiter Avenue in what is presently a residence. Later the building Mr. Tom Bailey had built for a general store on the corner of First and Parachute housed the drug store under several different owners, including Mr. Underwood in 1904, who ran a drug store in the building with Mr. Bailey. Others who followed were Mr. Richardson, Bob Gebhart, Glen Gilbert, Borden Coulter and lastly Mrs. Hulslander. The doors were finally closed in 1966 when Mrs. Hulslander found it impossible to maintain a profitable business. This building presently (1970) houses a convenient, well-managed washateria.

Grand Valley also had a jewelry store at one time, located across the street west from the Grand Valley Lumber and Supply Company owned by a Mr. Sherman who later had such a store in Grand Junction.

A meat market, independent of a general store, flourished in Parachute and later Grand Valley for many years. Pete Brown, one of the very first butchers, was shot and killed during a robbery of his shop. Jerry Crawford was another early proprietor, and others have been Mr. Sherwood, Dick McQuirk, Glen Zediker and Henry Alber, Sr.

Parachute had its own livery stables, too, with teams for hire and accommodations for teams or saddle horses for the traveler who wished care for his horse or horses for a night or longer. One of the very first

operators of such a service was Mr. Streit, who later turned the business over to Walter Vance. This livery barn was located where the Texaco station now stands. In 1910 or 12, Bob Watson also built a big red livery stable with corrals extending west and north on Front Street about where the Chet Spittler home is now (1970). This new enterprise had lasted only a short while when it was completely destroyed by fire.

There was a well of good water located near the livery barn owned by Mr. Streit from which the school pupils carried water to supply the school. They made several trips each day, taking turns carrying buckets of the precious liquid from which every student and teacher dipped their own drink with a long-handled dipper provided by the district for that purpose. Later, to comply with more sanitary rules, each child had his own cup which he dipped in the bucket. But sanitary regulations reached their peak when a covered earthenware jar with a faucet was purchased and the water supply kept in this container. Also, many families used the well to supply their water needs, so many of these youngsters who carried water for school spent their mornings and evenings doing the same chore for their homes. Barrels or other large containers located in the yards of many homes were filled with water by a commercial carrier. A tank placed on the running gears of a wagon drawn by a trusty old team driven by a local man who filled the tank with good clear water which he dipped from springs, located south of the river was used. He would make daily rounds, filling customers' barrels from the tank by means of a hose at the rate of twenty-five cents per barrel. One such man engaged in this valuable service was a Mr. Ford, whose home was located about where the Connell house was later built. The Connell property was purchased in later years by George and Helen Shiolas, who are both dead now and who are greatly missed as they were a great asset to the community. Their son, Thomas E. Shiolas, presently owns the lovely home.

Another thriving business was the blacksmith shop, where one could have plow-shares sharpened and wagon tires shrunk and tightened; where welding was available, horses were shod and many such services available. The blacksmith, wearing his leather apron and firing his forge with the best of a special kind of coal to heat and render malleable the iron for working, could, with his heavy hammer and anvil, fix most anything. Several different men were "smiths" and served the community for years, among them, James Wheeler, John Helm, George Davidson and William Ulrey. The last blacksmith in Grand Valley was Harry Hoag; and when he died in 1960, not only Grand Valley, but the whole state of Colorado, lost one of the very few remaining old-time blacksmiths.

Another most important first in Grand Valley history was the first and only bank organized in 1908 by the following enterprising men: F.W. Poppell, M.H. Streit, Mr. Ellion, Ed. T. Taylor, James Brennan,

Mr. Scoggins, C.A. Swanson, John D. Evans, Ray Havemeyer, James Wheeler, Jim Wallace, Harry and Alex Aplin of Grand Valley, and a Mr. Clarkson of Rifle. The first cashier was "Bob" Caddington, and others who followed were John Connell and J.E. Sipprelle. Sometime in the '20s Mr. A.T. Cooley purchased the bank stock and Mr. Sipprelle continued as cashier, conducting the affairs of the bank in an efficient and friendly manner until 1937 when economic conditions in the area did not warrant their continuing in business.

Doctoring and nursing posed what could have been insurmountable problems had it not been for the neighborliness to be found in most early settlements, and the Parachute area was blessed with good neighbors.

It was several years before a bona fide doctor came to Parachute, but in the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt shared their knowledge gained through their pioneering with their parents in California and derived from their own experience in raising a large family. As their older daughters, Mae Burnside and Minnie Clarke, grew up, they often accompanied their parents on their errands of mercy. Also, Mr. and Mrs. George Sipprelle, who lived on Battlement Mesa, opened their home to many young pioneer mothers and cared for them and their new babies, with Mrs. Sipprelle acting as midwife and nurse until the new mother and the babe were able to return home. All of these pioneers brought and exchanged home remedies of their own concoction, some of which proved most effective. A poultice made of mouldy bread (forerunner of penicillin) and milk or a salve compounded of beeswax as a base and several other secret ingredients were two quite popular remedies for infections. A goose grease or lard and coal-oil poultice, mustard plaster, or a syrup made of onions cooked with sugar (taken internally) relieved many patients suffering with lung congestion. Whiskey was a remedy in every home, good for chills or fever, tooth-ache, relief from any sort of pain and effective either as a stimulant or tranquilizer. A cough syrup made of whiskey and hard candy was both soothing and tasty. Even children didn't object to this medicine when castor oil or calomel were the alternatives.

A dentist as such was unheard of; and when cloves, carbolic acid or a drop of laudanum (an opium derivative which could be purchased without a prescription at that time) did not relieve an aching tooth and it just had to be extracted, again a lay doctor was called in. The patient usually just sat in a chair, holding to the chair seat with both hands and without the aid of an anaesthetic except maybe a shot of whiskey, while the obliging neighbor removed the offending molar with pliers, pincers or any other tool that would do the trick. The resulting cavity was then washed with hot salt water to discourage infection and hot packs applied to the jaw to help ease the pain until the gum eventually healed. Daisy (Shehorn) Looney, a grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt, still has in her possession the forceps used by her grandfather when he so often acted as the dentist.

It was indeed a great day for Parachute and one of the greatest blessings yet to befall the community when in 1885 Dr. C.L. Hayward and his wife, Minnie, came to the valley. For years thereafter everyone in the area depended on the good doctor and his wife, who ministered to their needs and who would go when called to any home anywhere any time to relieve the suffering of the sick or injured.

In later years, when birth certificates became a necessity for most any kind of employment, all these kind people (who were still living) helped many of the younger citizens procure these essential documents. Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt and their children--Mark, Luther, Mae Burnside and Minnie Clarke--also Mrs. George Sipprelle and daughter, Margaret, and Dr. and Mrs. Hayward, to name a few, had been present at many "blessed events" in the valley so they gladly signed affidavits of the date of birth of these young folk, as vital statistics were not recorded in Colorado when many of them made their arrival.

Dr. McKinney, who had the drug store, was also an M.D. and served the community efficiently for several years as a kindly family doctor. He had come West for his health; and when he became too ill, had given up his practice. He had known a promising young intern in Barry, Illinois, where they were both raised; and in May 1905 this young doctor, Fred H. Miller, came to Parachute where for the next fifty-two years he made his home and took a very vital role in the affairs of the whole community. On January 18, 1908, he Married Margaret Warmbrodt of Rifle, who, as his wife accompanied this faithful doctor on so many of his calls and assisted in any way possible. Dr. Miller was the real family doctor, going anywhere he was needed in town or country day or night; and it would be impossible to estimate the number of lives saved and new lives launched by this faithful doctor and his loyal wife. In 1949, they moved to Grand Junction but every Sunday and Wednesday they drove back to Grand Valley to look after his patients here, as most of us just didn't trust any other doctor. Then, when his health failed and he underwent surgery in '57, he gave up his practice altogether and we have depended on the services of doctors from nearby towns. A few doctors have come to Grand Valley but haven't stayed for any length of time. And, in the passing of Dr. Miller on July 11, 1965, Grand Valley not only lost a never to be forgotten doctor but also a friend, a man interested in the people and in the healthy growth of the community.

One incident which illustrates the hazards of an early doctor's life was the small-pox epidemic of the winter of 1907 when Dr. Miller worked day and night tending the victims of the disease and vaccinating those who were still "up and about." A "pest-house" was established in Parachute, where the sick were isolated and cared for by volunteers and Dr. Miller himself. Then one day the doctor became ill and thinking he

had contracted the dreaded disease, moved in to the "pest-house" with his patients. It turned out he didn't have small-pox; he was probably just overly tired from the long hours he had put in and this little period of rest helped him to recuperate.

Some other early doctors were Dr. Helgison, who was here for awhile around 1900, and Dr. F.H. Staley, who came here in 1910 and enjoyed a very successful practice for several years, but later returned to his former home in Minnesota.

Grand Valley, almost, had its own hospital, too, when in 1911, Dr. and Mrs. Miller built an attractive two-story house on the corner of Fourth Street and Fisher Avenue, which since then has been a nice home for many different families. Their first, last, and only patient in what was to be a hospital was the wife of a young teacher who gave birth to a nice pair of twins there. The doctor decided he would rather make house calls than have his patients in his home so he immediately gave up the hospital idea altogether. A little side-light to the story occurred in 1965 shortly before the doctor's death when this mother called on Dr. and Mrs. Miller in Grand Junction and brought them up to date on the twins who were then past fifty years of age.

The first newspaper in Parachute, a weekly, was THE PARACHUTE INDEX, with the first edition carrying the dateline "Parachute, Garfield County, Colorado, Tuesday, October 15, 1895." Printed at one side of the title was the notation, "Devoted to the Advancement of the Grand Valley," and on the other side "Published in the Interest of Parachute and Vicinity."

The "box" explaining the ownership and management read as follows:

Published every Tuesday at Parachute, Garfield County, Colorado, by J.B. Hurlburt & Co.

Application made to the Post Office Department for second class rates.

and below this:

Subscription rates

| | |
|---|------------|
| One copy on year in advance | 1.00 |
| One copy six months in advance | .75 |
| Single copies | Five cents |
| Advertising rates made known on application | |

Address J.B. Hurlburt & Co.
Parachute, Colo.

This was a four page paper, with pages two and three being pre-printed material consisting of poetry, short stories, advice on etiquette and short anecdotes. On pages one and four was local news as well as area advertisements.

The second issue, dated October 22, 1895, contained a column "Kind Words From the Press" which was a series of short, complimentary letters to the editor congratulating him on his foresight and the quality of the first edition of this non-partisan paper and on the "new enterprise which means so much for that section of the country."

This second edition also carried a list of candidates on the Republican, Populist and Democratic tickets for the fall election of 1895. There were 112 registered voters that year in Parachute and it was estimated probably 75% or 76% would vote.

Some of the large "box ads" in this early paper were:

Lindauer Bros. "General Merchandise,
"Lowest cash prices on Groceries,
Provisions, Dry Goods, Tinware,
Hardware, Powder, Ammunition, Boots
and Shoes, Crockery and Drugs." And
the added item "Ranch Butter and Eggs
always on hand."

J.B. Hurlburt & Co.--Real Estate Agents
and Dealers, offering bargains in choice
lands on B. Mesa and in the valley, and
choice fruit lands on instalments.

Parachute Feed Stable, M.H. Streit Prop.
with saddle horses and teams for hire.

And from Rifle:

Rifle Livery Company--with McKay Russey
manager (a brother of H.C. Russey, the
editor of the P.I.)

City Drug Store--A. Glover Prop.

E. McLearn & Co. Gen. Mdse.

The news items were quite interesting giving an over-all view of candidates, births and illnesses, visits of friends, of hunting expeditions, along with a noteworthy item which follows: "Sisters Mary Belne and Mary Lee of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, were canvassing Parachute last week in the interest of the hospital at Grand Junction. They were well received." These solicitations were for St. Marys' Hospital.

A service to the general public was also in the news "ads" written in a facetious and an exaggerated way, as follows: "Squire Wilson will marry or hang you, as the conditions are most favorable. Judge Dollison can get you a divorce if the evidence is clear and correspondent not

dangerous. You may not be fixed to buy Fruit Lands, even on the installment plan from Hurlburt, but you are almost sure to want pills from Abe Glover."

And some of the anecdotes and little jokes in the PARACHUTE INDEX could have been written today (1970).

In 1904, through the efforts of Frank Poppel, the name of the town was changed from Parachute to Grand Valley, so the paper then became the Grand Valley News. There have been many different owners and editors over the years and consequently changes in policies and types of news carried, but the fact that we have had a local paper continuously for seventy-five years seems quite an accomplishment for this small town when most other little community papers have been discontinued.

There have been improvements and changes in the mechanical area of printing the paper also. The first presses were turned by hand and some of our senior citizens remember being employed to do this chore when they were boys.

H.C. Russey was the efficient and capable editor of the PARACHUTE INDEX for many of these early years.

When E.E. Wheatley and his wife, Lucia, who were owners and editors for so many years, bought the GRAND VALLEY NEWS, they installed a small gasoline engine to run the printing press. Other owners and editors have been Wesley Van Horn, Chester and Lyle Mariner, and, presently, Floyd McDaniel, to name just a few of the many.

The first hotel was built in Parachute in 1903 by Samuel B. Wasson. It was a two story frame building and in 1904 Mr. Wasson built an addition to this building. Dr. Fred Miller, who we mentioned earlier, leased part of the ground floor of this addition when he came here as a new doctor in 1905, and also had a drug store in part of the building. Dr. Miller's cousin, Earl Miller leased a room for a Barber shop, the first "tonsorial parlor" in the town.

Barbering had been a home project up until 1905, with the mother of the household usually "doing the honors," at least cutting the hair, as most men shaved themselves. However, not all "home" barbers attained the same degree of efficiency so home services were exchanged, barbering for baking, as an example.

In 1906 Ben Anderson and "Chris" Hinkey came west from Iowa to Grand Junction looking for a location in this new country. Mr. Hinkey stayed in Grand Junction but Ben came to Grand Valley where he rented and partitioned off space in a corner of Jake Eshe's saloon for his barber shop. This building fronted on Parachute Avenue up the street from the first hotel. Ben served the community, except for a few brief intervals, for

over fifty years, as a pleasant and capable barber. Over the years, Ben had shops in several other buildings and sometimes had a partner.

Some other early barbers were Joe Shehorn, Gus Pasquier and Philip Waterman. Mr. Waterman had his own shop for many years, and he and Ben would both "stay open" until as late as eleven o'clock at night and often on Sundays. After the town piped in water from across the river, baths were also available at the barber shops, an especial boon for the bachelor population.

At first hair cuts were twenty-five cents and a shave fifteen cents, finally hair cuts were raised to thirty-five cents where they remained for years. At present (1971) the town does not have a barber, and though hair cuts are \$2.00 or over no barber has been attracted to Grand Valley.

Returning to the subject of, "Hotels,"--the Wasson family managed the hotel they had built until 1905 when they leased it for several years. This hotel was located on Parchute Avenue between First and Front streets, north of the stone building near Alber's store. It was destroyed by fire in 1924.

Another family who managed this Hotel for quite awhile was the W.P. Cravens who came to Grand Valley from Illinois in 1905. Two daughters of the Cravens, who had married in Illinois, also came west with their



This building constructed in 1908 still stands on the corner of First Street and Railroad Avenue, looking very much as it did when this early picture was taken, as over the years it has been kept in good repair. This was first used as a sort of "Country Club" and over the more than sixty years as a hotel, but is presently an attractive home.

Courtesy of Daisy Green

husbands and growing families a few years later, arriving in Grand Valley in 1909. These were the Charlie Downens and the Thane Robertsons. All three of these families lived in Grand Valley or the surrounding communities for many years, taking an active interest in all worth while local affairs.

The second hotel to be built in Grand Valley and which is still standing was the Country Club Hotel at the corner of First Street and Railroad Avenue which was built by Dr. Miller and Mr. "Bob" Coddington in 1908. Several different people have managed the hotel but in 1927 Darrell and Myrtle Seamens purchased the building and business and have efficiently and pleasantly served the public with excellent meals and comfortable room until Mr. Seamens death. Mrs. Seamens, who is in her 90's still makes her home there. (1971)

About 1912 (I am not sure of the date) "Bob" Watson built a very nice two story hotel, on the corner of First Street and Billiter Avenue facing First Street. This was a favorite place for banquets and other various social gatherings. Mr. and Mrs. Etchison were proprietors of the hotel, which was also called, "The Country Club Hotel" for many years, until Mr. Etchison was killed in a delayed powder blast while working on an oil-shale claim. Mrs. Etchison continued in the hotel and several years later married Walter Kerlee and an issue of the Grand Valley News, dated February 21, 1920 carries an ad for this hotel with Mrs. K.V. (Walter) Kerlee-Propr. "The Only Modern Hotel In The Oil Shale Section."

There are several other items of interest concerning the early history of the Grand Valley area. The town, Parachute, had been platted by M.H. Streit in 1891, but not until 1908, four years after the name had been changed to Grand Valley, was the town incorporated; and Mr. Poppel, whom we mentioned earlier, was elected the first mayor.

The above information is taken from an abstract of early land transfers in Grand Valley (dated from 1886 to 1962) which states in part--

"Incorporation of the Town of Grand Valley, Colorado by S.B. Wasson and others,

Recites that a certified copy of proceedings was had before the County Court of Garfield County, Colo. certified to on March 30, 1908 by A.L. Beardsley, Judge of County Court. Petition signed by S.B. Wasson and 34 other qualified electors and land owners within the following described territory sought to be incorporated into said town, etc., etc."

"Order entered February 6, 1908 appointing F.W. Poppel and five others," (names not mentioned) "as commissioners."

This committee reported the election held concerning incorporation of the town resulted in a vote of 62 to 2 in favor of incorporation. F.W. Poppel was later the first mayor.

L.S. Kelley of Kelley Gulch below town was the first Justice of

the Peace. F.B. Wilson was also an early J.P. and Notary Public. Ed. T. Taylor, who later became representative of this fourth Congressional District, was a young lawyer in Glenwood Springs and often acted as an attorney at some of the little trials or hearings in Grand Valley, pleading the case eloquently for both the defense and the prosecution. It was then up to the local judge to decide which plea was the more convincing.

There was one voting precinct in Grand Valley until about 1910 to 1911 when the "wet and dry" issue became the big question of the day. The community was then divided into two precincts; and in an effort to make the division equal, a circle of sorts was drawn around a good part of the town with those of abstinence views inside the circle and the not-so-dry outside. The area in the circle was numbered "22", and the area outside the circle, which also included the rural communities, was No. 17. This division remained in effect until 1964, when all of Garfield County was reapportioned and Precincts No. 22, 17, and part of 16, which was to the east of Rulison, were all consolidated into one, Precinct No. 20, with Grand Valley still the polling place. The total registration at the present time (1970) is about 300, compared with the 112 in 1895, but with about the same percentage of voters casting their ballots.

The question of local option which had divided the town was placed on the ballot for the April 7, 1914 town election with the resulting decision, "the saloons must go." Poolhalls now took the place of the saloons and flourished as a place of entertainment for the male population for years after.

The very young and the very old, as well as many young mothers, who heretofore had led comparatively sheltered lives in the east, found it impossible to cope with the privations and rigors of pioneer life, and the resulting deaths of these as well as others who died of natural causes or accidents brought sorrow into many early homes. At first, burials were made in a quiet secluded spot on the home farms or ranches and graves carefully and thoughtfully cared for, but as property changed hands and no family member or friend was near to care for the beloved mounds of earth many became part of field or pasture and their location soon unknown to anyone. The community then realized their need for a formal cemetery so in about 1894 Mr. Russey and later Mr. Hurlburt gave plots of ground on the west bank of Parachute Creek for the first graveyard in the area. This is not is a church yard as so many were at that time, but is a peaceful quiet secluded spot much of it shaded by cottonwood trees, an ideal place to spend eternity. In late years, water for irrigation has been made available and many lots have been planted to grass and trees. Other graves have been covered with white or colored marble or granite aggregate, all of which has added to the "well-cared-

for" look of the cemetery. As near as we know the first two persons buried here were a baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt, and Mr. Billiter, who had accompanied Mr. Hurlburt on the long trip from California in 1882 when they had trailed their flocks of sheep to this valley.

Shortly after the turn of the century a group known as the Battlement Mesa Cemetery Association was organized for the purpose of acquiring land for another local cemetery in the rural area as many people felt they could more easily care for the graves of loved ones if the burial plots were not so far away. This group raised money and purchased a gently sloping piece of land on Battlement Mesa from Mr. Hurlburt, with him reserving a few lots for possible use by some of his family; a son, Luther, and his wife were buried there years later. This little rural cemetery, though bordered on two sides by a county road, still retains its pastoral setting as it is surrounded by sage brush, cedar trees and field and pasture land. There is as yet no irrigation water available but many families living near have planted trees or shrubs, keeping them alive with water carried from a nearby ditch. And, too, after every burial the late Mrs. R.O. (Belle) Gardner planted iris bulbs on the graves and in the spring (often on Memorial Day) these are in bloom, a living monument to a kind lady's thoughtfulness.

The first burial in the new cemetery was that of Mr. Blasin Werhonig, January 7, 1905, and a little later Dr. McKinney died July 7, 1905, and was buried here. Not until seven months later on February 10, 1906, was another grave opened, when a young mother, Elizabeth Yeo Murray, was laid to rest and from then on the silent city continued to grow until now (1970) it is about two-thirds filled. This grave yard, too, seems a pleasant spot for an eternal sleep.

As we lay loved ones away in either of these resting places and look over the valley which these early pioneers developed and to the eternal hills from which they drew strength and inspiration our loss is made more bearable when we think as the poet John Greenleaf Whittier noted in one of his poems, "That life is ever Lord of death, and love can never lose its own."



Scenes from Grand Valley Days Parades



EARLY RECREATION AND ENTERTAINMENT

For these early settlers recreation and entertainment was most often part of the work in building a new community. Helping a new neighbor build a cabin, which meant visiting and eating a meal away from home, could be an event talked of and remembered for days. A neighbor coming by with the mail or to borrow something meant a break in a long day of work. Children made up their own games, played house, enjoyed a rope swing in a cottonwood tree or even made play of work by competing in the amount of wood they could cut, garden they could hoe and the like. And a boy could dream his dreams and at the same time learn first hand of the wonders of the world around him as he herded sheep or rode after cattle, fished or hunted for meat for the family table. The rugged winters could be enjoyed with home-made sled, skis, snow-shoes or skates, of which there were a few cherished pairs in each neighborhood.

Possibly the first "get together" of invited guests was in 1883 when Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt and family were hosts at a bountiful Christmas dinner to the seven other residents in the area, all bachelors. This lovely meal, so much enjoyed by these men who had been doing their own cooking, consisted of venison hearts with dressing, vegetables the Hurlburts had stored for the winter from the garden Doby Evans had tended so well, hot rolls, fresh butter, squaw-berry jelly, and for dessert mince and pumpkin pie.

As more people came into the valley, an occasional visit with a new neighbor was a most enjoyable event; and, although transportation was slow and everyone of necessity quite busy, they seemed to find the time for a Sunday dinner, or supper on Saturday evening.

Children were piled in a wagon-bed or bob-sled filled with hay or sweet smelling straw, while the parents sat in the spring-seat and drove the team; and the entire family shared together the fun and pleasure of a day or evening out. Some of these youngsters, who are now great-grand-parents, recall riding home on a moonlit night counting the stars in the sky while the watchful moon seemed to follow and lighted the way for the faithful old horses. As the different little communities grew and formed school districts and built their own "little red school-houses," these buildings became the center of all rural social activities. There were Christmas programs with community trees and last day of school programs with young thespians "fretting and strutting their hour upon the stage" while parents and friends beamed with pride and joy. School picnics brought the whole community together, and there was Church and Sunday-school on Sunday when the "traveling preacher" or local layman led the assembly in worship with a sermon calculated to be lasting advice against all wrong doing and with a promise of eternal reward for righteous living.

The school-house was also used for dances when those sponsoring the event could convince the school directors that revenue thus raised would be used for a worthy cause, such as the purchase of an organ or, in later years, a piano to be used for school or church as well as dances. The local women prepared lunches of sandwiches, pie or cake, and coffee served, at first, free to all and sundry; but in later years for a small fee which was used to purchase coffee or sugar. Coffee was made in a big tin wash boiler and served in shiny tin cups which were kept at the school house and washed after each dance. A small clothes line was stretched behind the little cook-stove on which the coffee boiled, and on this line were hung the tea-towels and quite often diapers, as every family had a baby or toddler who usually went to sleep early in the evening and was bedded down on one of the desks which had been shoved near the stove to make room for the revelers. Diapers and tea-towels were sometimes used interchangeably; and if any mother found she had the wrong article when she arrived home, she simply laundered it and brought it back to the next dance and no one ever knew the difference.

Music for the dancers was furnished by local talent or a wandering troubador and might be just a mouth harp played by a young man who danced and played at the same time; and if you have never been the partner of such an artist, who never missed note or a step, you just haven't lived. After about 1910, more musicians were available; and a small orchestra, consisting of a piano, violin and banjo, was usually to be had for a small wage. Some of these talented neighbors to whom the several communities owe a debt of gratitude for many pleasant evenings were Winifred Staley Gardner, Coda Cline, John Cox, Harry Morrow and Wes Van Horn, to name a few.

Any good reason to celebrate could constitute an excuse for a get together of some sort. One such event took place the night of January 2, 1912. Charles and Ida Sawyer had worked hard since before the turn of the century on their Wallace Creek ranch and now a cherished dream had been realized. Their new log home was completed and they had asked their friends from far and near to share their happiness with them and enjoy a house warming.

The night of January 2nd was bitter cold; the Grand River, which is a short way below the Sawyer home, was covered with ice two feet thick; the roads were snow packed and the eerie musical screech of wagon wheels could be heard for miles. The young man who was to "fiddle" for the "ball" had done his celebrating early and was less than able to officiate, so other musicians were brought the five miles from Grand Valley by spring wagon, delaying the festivities only an hour or two. However, everyone was soon having a wonderful time square-dancing, with the changes called by local boys or men using old time-tested calls or improvising in time with the music, not chanting or singing as is done for modern square

dancing. The waltz, rye-waltz and the two-step were enjoyed as well as square dances. The children played their own games up and down the stairs, which were a novelty to most of them, until the sand-man won all games; then the youngsters were bedded down on beds, coats or comforters in the upstairs bedrooms.

The merriment continued throughout the night; and as the cold, winter morning dawned, the musicians laid aside their violins and the dancers limped to the dining-room where their spirits were renewed by a hearty breakfast which some of the women had been helping Mrs. Sawyer prepare. Though dreading the thought of going out in the cold and home to a colder house, parents roused their children, sorted and loaded them into wagons or sleds onto what hay remained as the horses had been tied to the wagon beds all night and eaten most of it. Then these kind neighbors finally left, thanking the Sawyers for their hospitality and wishing them many, many years of happiness and prosperity in their new home which, incidentally, they did enjoy for around forty more years.

Spectator sports have always been popular in the area; and shortly after the turn of the century, when baseball became the national sport favorite, Parachute organized their own team of young ball players, some of whom were the Hurlburt boys (Mark, Luther and Fred), Ross Connor, Charlie Davidson, Ben Anderson, Earl Bailey, Harry Wasson, John Duplice, Otis Murray, Joe Shehorn, Harry Smith and several others. While not participating in the games themselves, Dr. Fred Miller, Philip Waterman (the local barber) and Tom Thompson (a Merchant), backed the players financially and encouraged them in every way they possibly could. People of the community attended the games regularly to show their appreciation and interest in the boys' efforts and cheered them on to unnumbered victories. Boys from the rural areas rode to town horseback or even walked in for practice, so great was their loyalty to their team. Games were played with all town teams in the valley from Glenwood Springs to Palisade using the trains for transportation. At one time Grand Valley boasted two baseball teams, both good groups and much in demand as competitors.

Boxing and wrestling were also two spectator sports which appealed especially to the men and boys. Some local men who excelled as wrestlers were a Mr. Fisher who, in 1916, successfully "pinned" all opponents and later Mr. Frank Du Cray who defended his own championship title for years and Bert Potter was also a champion at this sport.

Art Johnson who lived in the area for years on Parachute Creek and Wallace Creek defeated all challengers and was boxing champion of the western slope for several years.

A short account of another sports figure who once visited Grand Valley when he was quite young was remembered and written by Winnie Gardner as follows:

Grand Valley once played host in a most informal manner to a personality destined to become a headline figure.

It was a cold rainy night and as a passenger train steamed into the local station, the "brakey" discovered the huddled figure of a young lad "stealing a ride." The brakeman exercised his authority in promptly evicting the young chap from his shelter between the cars.

So it was, that a shivering youngster, chilled through from exposure to the cold fall rain, made his appearance at the door of the Eshe and Waterman saloon. Minors were not to be admitted but the participants in an evening card game, which included the town marshal, John Helm, prevailed upon the management to admit the boy and let him enjoy the comfort of the big heating stove. Huddled in the welcome warmth, the youngster was still there when the midnight closing hour approached.

The kindly marshal then provided a bed in the local "Bastille" for the grateful chap who was none other than the future "Manassa Mauler" -- Jack Dempsey.

In 1891 Dr. Naismith and a Mr. Luther Gluck of Springfield, Massachusetts, invented a game to be played indoors, and the popularity of this sport slowly spread westward as buildings with floor space large enough to accommodate the sport became available. And now, basketball became the most popular of winter sports, and Grand Valley has been a basketball town ever since hearing of this new game. The school has had a team of which the whole community has been justly proud for many years. They were state champions in their class for several years. A town-team sponsored usually by the American Legion has received local support and encouragement since World Wars I and II. The first basketball court was in the Fruit Association Building on Front Street, later in the W.O.W. Hall on First Street, until a new school building with an excellent gymnasium was built in 1937-38 and in 1966 a larger and more modern structure was erected near the school building.

Another kind, or several kinds, of recreation in which every man, woman and child could and did take part was instituted in the fall of 1909 when the first Grand Valley Day was held. This was somewhat like a country fair, with the choice farm produce brought to town and proudly exhibited for ribbons awarded for good, better and best. A baseball game provided entertainment for the afternoon, with a dance in the evening the climax of a most enjoyable day. The music for the day and evening entertainments was furnished by the local town bands of which Grand Valley boasted two at this time and for several years thereafter. They were excellent bands, too, one of which was conducted by Darrell Seamens, who played the cornet; and when the band functioned as an orchestra, played the violin. This band had attractive blue uniforms and made a very striking picture when they appeared at various functions or marched in parades on Grand Valley Day, Apple-pie Day in Rifle, or Strawberry Day in Glenwood Springs. Incidentally, Darrell still had his uniform of sixty years ago when he died early this spring (1970).



Grand Valley Days

One of the two high-lights of the first Grand Valley Day (1909) recalled by old-timers was the "Most Beautiful Baby Contest," judged by Dr. Miller and won by Lee Crawford, as his mother, Mae Clift of New Castle, proudly recalls today. Mae was the wife of Jerry Crawford (now deceased) who owned the butcher shop in Grand Valley at that time. The other attraction that early Grand Valley Day was a ride in an automobile to be had for twenty-five cents, by anyone so daring as to risk life and limb while traveling fifteen miles per hour in this new conveyance which might eventually become safe enough to prove practical and useful for the average person. Two or three men from Glenwood Springs had brought their new cars to Grand Valley for the day and furnished these fantastic rides on the straightest piece of road in the area--the mile lane, beginning at the drug store and continuing up the Parachute Creek road to the Havemeyer place, a round trip of two miles.

Grand Valley Day flourished for several years, then gradually died out; but it was revived in 1940 on Saturday, September 21st by Dr. Fred Miller, who christened that year's show the "Widow's and Widower's Round-up." The day started with a parade at ten o'clock with floats entered by every little community, lodge, organization, school class, business house; and with prized saddle and work horses, clowns, etc., etc., all vying for prizes or ribbons, and led by the school band and color guard consisting of a Boy Scout carrying the flag flanked by two pretty girls as guards, all on horseback. A widow's and widower's ball game and street sports for all ages followed, and in the evening a covered dish supper at twenty-five cents per plate was served at the school-house. A home-talent program at 7:30 and a dance in the school auditorium rounded out the big day. There were two numbers on the program this particular evening which were long remembered. One was an exhibition of the use of the spinning wheel by Mrs. Werhonig, an early resident of Battlement Mesa. The spinning wheel was her very own, on which she had spun unnumbered yards of yarn and now, past eighty years old, she showed us just how it was done, while we were awed by her great skill and dexterity. The other outstanding feat of the evening was a tight-rope walk done without hesitation or a quiver by Charles Sawyer who was seventy years old at the time. He had been an artist on the tight-rope in his youth but had not practiced in years. A rope had been stretched across the auditorium stage; and Mr. Sawyer, in his red tights, which he had kept through the years, tripped lightly across as a chorus of local women sang "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Grand Valley Day was later extended to include Sunday and became Grand Valley Days when a rodeo was added to the afternoon program and became the high-light of the day's celebration. Interest in the big day seems to be waning the past few years (1969), but it is hoped the younger people with their enthusiasm and energy will revive and put new life into these "get togethers" which everyone has enjoyed over the years.

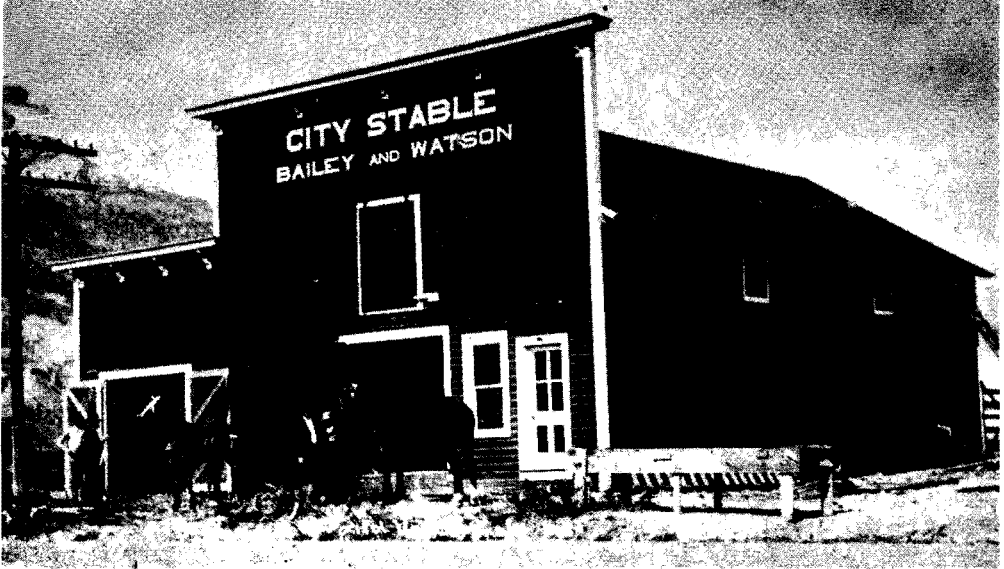
Other entertainment involving more individual study and originality than some cared to attempt but which everyone enjoyed watching were the home-talent plays, put on for years, which revealed some unforeseen ability and talent. These were directed by different members of the community who had had previous experience, among them Philip Waterman.

Also, each community, using their "school-house" as a community center, had an organization with the exalted title of "Literary Society" which put on their own home-talent plays; mixed programs, consisting of readings, musical numbers, group singing, and debates; some of the subjects humorous, but mostly on more serious current affairs, local, national or even world-wide.

A study club still quite active in the area is the Home Culture Club, organized in 1894, originally as an auxiliary of a club in Northampton, Massachusetts but later becoming an independent unit. The records of the Home Culture Club, all of which since 1896 are still in existence, are most interesting reading and are real documented history of the cultural pursuits of the women of this area. The members of the organization have endeavored through the years to inform themselves on varied subjects-- literature, music, art; local, national, and world problems, made a study of and contributed time and money for various civic and community improvements. As part of the Tri-County organization of clubs the Home Culture Club helps finance a scholarship fund to aid girls wishing to further their education beyond high school and also contributes to many worthy causes and charities.

Lodges, such as the W.O.W., Circle, I.O.O.F. and Rebekahs have also interested many of the area residents and have been a vital part of the social and welfare activities of Grand Valley.

Thus, through the years there has been a variety of recreational and social activities to suit the desires of every age and taste, with never any excuse for boredom.



The Livery Stable facing Front Street which was a beautiful big red barn, but was destroyed by fire soon after it was built.

Courtesy of Georgia Marling Lindauer



This hotel built about 1912 on the corner of First Street and Billiter Avenue facing on First Street later burned in one of Grand Valley's worst fires.

Courtesy of Daisy Green

CRIMES AND DISASTERS

There is nothing so unique in the history of crime or disaster in the Parachute (Grand Valley) area; they were all similar to those of other growing western communities. However, the impact was that of any small place where everyone knows everyone else and the sorrow caused by any sort of trouble is felt and shared by all.

Our crimes ranged from Saturday night fist-fights at local dances to our very own train-robbery western style, which gained national recognition. And, disasters were mostly fires, floods, range wars and a tragic industrial accident.

There was no surer way to clear a dance floor than for someone to rush in and announce a fight in progress outside. Most everyone would rush to view the fray, leaving the very young and very old and the few who felt it undignified to witness such a disgraceful affair, to wait inside for the results of the conflict. Reports weren't slow in coming as every witness wanted to be first with his account of the battle and there were usually as many reasons and results as witnesses. The most common excuse for a fight was jealousy, provoked or imagined; and after a week in jail for a cooling off period, the bad feelings between friends were all forgotten or the fight continued after a few drinks. There were usually no lasting injuries from these disagreements, though one argument almost resulted in tragedy when it was resumed at a saloon after the dance. The story is told that one fellow drew a knife and slashed the other contestant's throat, missing the jugular vein by the thickness of a "cigarette paper." The victim survived, thus saving the other man from a murder charge, and cooling the ardor of both men, as it was an argument over a girl.

Disputes over water were prevalent in early days and have continued to a lesser degree over the years. These controversies were generally over the rights of use of water from a stream or spring for irrigation. It was often difficult for persons not used to irrigation laws to realize they were not entitled to use any or all the water they needed when they were close to the source of the supply. In many instances the settlers near the mouth of the streams where early filings were usually made held prior rights to the water. These arguments were usually settled in the courts, but frequently the cases were "reopened" on the ditch bank. One new immigrant farmer, when the laws concerning water use were explained to him, shrugged the whole idea off with the statement, "I got the gun, I get the water." Very little gunplay was involved, however, but arguments continued; and people who would never think of taking anything else that didn't belong to them would yield to temptation when their crops were dying for want of water; and often a field, apparently dry and thirsty in the evening, might be watered and bright the next morning after one side of a divider had accidentally become clogged with weeds or a stray board

floating downstream. With the appointment of ditch-riders and water commissioners such practices were discouraged; and as most people are essentially honest, anyway, water quarrels are fewer. "Conditional" water decrees are being made "absolute" and it is thus hoped litigation over water rights will soon disappear.

Disputes over use of the open range by stockmen were sometimes more violent than those over water rights, which is hard to understand as in early days grazing land seemed practically limitless. However, as explained by Percy Stanley Fritz in his history of Colorado, "the cattlemen objected to the sheep because they felt the sheep crop the grass closely and cut it with their hoofs, thus injuring the range for cattle, and the sheep leave an odor that is offensive to cattle and horses."

The sheep and cattlemen did try to make binding oral agreements among themselves for range use, but sometimes misunderstandings still occurred. One tragic example took place, locally, in September 1894. There was a fair known as Peach Day in progress in Grand Junction for which the D.&R.G.R.R. sold round-trip tickets from Grand Valley (Parachute) for seventy-five cents. So, everyone who could "rake-up" the "six-bits" had gone to the fair.

Mr. Hurlburt, Mr. Starkey and Mr. Charlie Brown all had sheep grazing on the Book-Cliffs, divided into three different bands. Taking advantage of the fact that most everyone was away, several masked men rode up on the mountain and approached the band Mr. Starkey was with, telling him the sheep were to have been gone by now, and here seems to be where the misunderstanding occurred as Mr. Starkey said they would be shipped within the next two weeks. The men tried to drive the sheep over a cliff into a box-canyon at the head of a tributary of Clear Creek, a stream which empties into Roan Creek, but the sheep refused to go. They were then bunched with many of them smothering and others clubbed to death. Next the riders went on to the flock Carl Brown was herding and did manage to drive that bunch of sheep over the rim above the Granlee School-house, but a few were rescued from the West Fork branch of Parachute Creek the following day. The riders did not go on to the flock Luther Hurlburt was herding as it was getting dark, so that band of sheep was saved; though in the final count, around four thousand had been killed. No men were killed but one man was shot and painfully injured. A detective was sent into the area yet all his attempts to learn the perpetrators of this deed were in vain and no one ever did know for sure who did the killing and none of those involved ever told. The only person who ever admitted having a part in the affair and who was willing to name names, was found to have been drunk and in jail the day of the tragic happening so his testimony seemed somewhat useless. The men who owned the sheep sold the remaining band and went out of business completely.

Things have changed over the years and some stockmen now run both sheep and cattle, and the animosity between sheep and cattle owners has decreased considerably. The Federal Government now manages the range, granting grazing permits limiting the number of animals to be grazed, designating the location and the time spent on the mountain, all for a certain fee per head. This is done by the Bureau of Land Management and the Forest Service and this also has helped greatly to lessen the tension; and the valley as well as the state is a more peaceful place in which to live and raise stock. The last such incident to occur on National Forest land was near Crested Butte in 1917 when nearly 2000 head of sheep were killed, many of them driven over a cliff.

The Grand Valley area has experienced homicide on two separate occasions, both of which brought sorrow to many, and both of which seemed extremely unnecessary. These incidents are still vivid in the memory of many people and we will merely record a few facts concerning each, mentioning no names and hoping we offend no one.

In the summer of 1915 a popular young couple were married here and went to Morrisiana Mesa, where the groom was employed, to make their home. Just three days after the wedding, on a dark, rainy evening, the little bride answered a knock at the door, and a man standing in the shadows asked to see her husband. The man went to the door and was killed by one shot from a pistol. The young wife ran to a neighbor's for help and a crowd quickly gathered, but in all the mud in the yard, no special foot prints were distinguishable, but another young man working at the Ranch, a rejected admirer of the bride, was taken into custody. He escaped from jail in Glenwood Springs before trial so was never proven "guilty" or "not guilty" and was never apprehended, and never heard from again as far as anyone here knows. It is thought he may have entered some branch of the service in World War I and was a casualty of that conflict.

The other tragedy occurred in the Wallace Creek area in the spring of 1923. A middle-aged bachelor who had not lived in the neighborhood long and who made his home with his widowed sister and family was visiting one evening at the home of a local family when he and the man of the house, seated at a table in the kitchen, engaged in a heated argument and the host, apparently without warning, shot and killed the bachelor. What the argument was all about was never really known, but it was generally believed it was over some sort of business deal.

The man who committed the crime turned himself in to the authorities, was tried in Glenwood Springs, plead "the unwritten law," (which hardly anyone accepted but which convinced the jury of his right to avenge the honor of his family) and was found "not guilty."

A further tragedy was narrowly averted, one that would have brought more sorrow to more homes in the area when the culprit, who was on his way home by train after the trial, was warned at Rifle of a mob gathered at the depot in Grand Valley, turned around and took the next train the other direction and never did appear in this area again.

The mob which had assembled had plans and a rope all ready to hang the killer should he return to the community. The westbound train was thus searched thoroughly, but when he was not found most everyone was relieved, as nothing could have really been gained by the mob taking the law into its own hands, and this man who had committed this crime, if he had any conscience at all, would have the rest of his life to regret his action.

On Tuesday, June 7, 1904, Parachute (Grand Valley) experienced a train robbery complete in every detail and with all the circumstances for a true early western "movie," where nothing need be added for interest or genuine history. Most of our information has come from reports of the incident by people living here at the time, from accounts by numerous authors, from newspaper accounts, and from members of the families of the posse who pursued the robbers and from a local woman who was on the train that exciting night.

When westbound (D.&R.G.) train No. 5 made its scheduled stop at Parachute at 1:15 a.m. that Tuesday morning, John Anderson, the fireman, had noticed a non-paying passenger scramble onto the tender just as the train left the station. When he went back to put the man off, the fellow "pulled" not one, but two guns on Anderson and ordered him to return to the engine cab. There he commanded the engineer, a Mr. Allison, to blow the engine whistle (possibly to let his accomplices know the bandit had control of the train) and to stop at a bon-fire built to the right of the track. This was about 2½ or 3 miles west of Parachute on what is still known as "Streit Flats" and where the other two outlaws were waiting. Mr. Fred Hawley, the mail clerk, had grabbed the registered mail and stuck it inside his overalls, and put the other first class mail in a sack and thrown it in a corner when he realized something was amiss. While one of the robbers guarded Allison and Hawley, the others forced Anderson to help them try to "blow up" the end of the baggage car. They failed in this attempt so ordered the engineer to uncouple the mail and baggage cars and move them on down the track about a quarter of a mile. The outlaws, after forcing the baggage master, Don Shay, to open the doors to the baggage car, set off another charge of dynamite which blew open the safe and greatly damaged the car. They were expecting to find a shipment of gold, but it is not thought they did; and if they did; no one knows what became of it. It is generally believed that the real gold shipment had been sent through on an earlier Colorado Midland train No. 105 which had gone through Parachute at 1:05 a.m. ten minutes earlier than the train the hold-up men had stopped. The Midland Railroad came down the Grand River on the south side of the river, crossed over at New Castle and used the D.&R.G. tracks on west to Grand Junction.

In all of the excitement there was only one casualty. Ed Shell-enbarger, a brakeman, was shot in the leg when the train had been stopped at the camp-fire, but he recovered from his wounds.

After they had blown the safe, the robbers headed for the river where they crossed in a boat which was later identified as belonging to the O'Toole's, who lived south of the river and east of Parachute, a boat they used to make trips to and from town and which had been missing for some time. The outlaws mounted their horses which they had hidden in the brush on the south bank of the river and "took off" for the high country.

Luckily the undercarriage of the baggage car had not been damaged so the train crew recoupled and backed the train into Parachute, left the wrecked car on the siding and proceeded westward to DeBeque, the next scheduled stop, and then on to Grand Junction.

After the outlaws had gotten on their horses they headed toward Battlement Mesa, stealing fresh mounts as they went, a horse from R.O. Gardner and another from Joe Doby. As soon as news of the robbery reached Grand Junction, a posse made up of Sheriff Strathers, Under-sheriff Ed Hardy, Major Wharton, Myron McKinney and the famous "Doc" Shores was sent to Grand Valley by train. Mr. Gardner and Mr. Doby joined the posse the following morning as did Jim Cox and Mr. Chapman from Grand Valley, Garfield County Sheriff Adams, several men from New Castle and Willis Kissee from Cache Creek who had also lost a horse to the outlaws.

After crossing Battlement and Holmes Mesas, Cache Creek, Spruce and Beaver Gulches, the posse caught up with and exchanged fire with the robbers on Mamm Creek, but the outlaws got away and, going on to Divide Creek, demanded breakfast at a ranch there and in exchange for this hospitality stole two horses from the farmer.

Finally, on East Divide Creek near the Larson school house, the posse overtook the outlaws, who hidden behind rocks, warned the ranchers and law-men "to go back or get hurt." Not heeding this warning, the posse went for their guns and Gardner's and Doby's horses were shot from under them. As Joe Doby then ran through the brush in an attempt to "outflank" the robbers, Mr. Gardner noticed one of them ready to shoot at Doby, so Gardner fired at the outlaw, who fell instantly. More shots were exchanged and one of the robbers was heard to say he had been hit and was going to finish the job. Later, when it seemed safe and quiet, the posse approached the rocks behind which the outlaws had been hiding and found one man shot through the head and decided this must be the man whom Mr. Gardner had wounded with his shot which had gone through both the man's arms, creasing his chest, and who had then died of the self-inflicted wound in his head. The other two robbers, whose horses were

evidently battle casualties fled on foot into the cedars along East Divide Creek. Albert Gardner, son of R.O. Gardner, still has the gun his father used in this encounter.

The dead man was later taken to Glenwood Springs and buried not far from the site of Doc Holliday's grave. The biggest problem, now, was making correct identification of the corpse. Some local ranchers were sure he was a man who had worked in the hay fields around Glenwood Springs and New Castle that summer and had gone by the name of Duncan. It was also thought he might be Kid Curry of the Butch Cassidy gang and some contended he was Harvey Logan, whom the "law" had been trying to locate for some time. Consequently the Pinkerton Detective Agency had the body exhumed and positive identification made by Lowell Spence of Knoxville, Tennessee, where Logan had recently been in trouble. This information comes from the book "Pictorial History of the Wild West" by James D. Horan and Paul Sann.

According to Pearl Baker in her most interesting book, "The Wild Bunch at Robbers Roost," "Tap Duncan" and "Kid Curry" were aliases often used by Harvey Logan when he was not with these men. Logan was not like most of the other outlaws who were satisfied to be bank- or train-robbers or even cattle thieves but shied away from murder. Logan was vindictive and never forgave an insult or injury and would never feel right until he "got even," although it might mean shooting his sworn enemy on sight.

After the fight on East Divide Creek, the posse gave up the chase; but Jim Cox decided on his own to follow the two escaped outlaws. So, staying a safe distance behind them after he picked up their trail (they had appropriated more horses along the way), he followed them to what was known as "Hole-in-the-wall," a sort of box canyon in the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming. This was a hide out for outlaws in early days and Mr. Cox told of seeing the robbers from the rim of the canyon, and as he said he could have shot them but he didn't care to have a murder on his conscience; they hadn't really done anything to him, so he turned around and rode back to Parchute.

Jarvis Hayward, who was sixteen years old but is gone now, and Otis Murray, who was twelve at the time of the train robbery, often spoke of this crime when reminiscing of the early days, and recalled seeing the horses (which they later found out belonged to the robbers) in a corral built in the cedars just south of the Jack Morrow place on Battlement Mesa. "Jarv" also told of meeting and talking with the men who owned the horses when he and his father were on their way to town one day. They thought they were just new people coming in to locate here as they asked about land still open for homestead or places for sale in the area. Both boys also visited and made a thorough inspection of the baggage care that had been dynamited by the outlaws, and which remained on the rail siding in Parachute for quite some time.

These two boys, also, figured out how the robbers might have escaped if they had been more familiar with the topography of the region. They could, according to the boys, have gone right on up Dry Creek when they crossed the Grand River after the robbery and soon have become lost in the rough region, thus discouraging pursuit. They could have kept on going south without having to go near any settlements, gone on over the mountain and out of the state. Stealing horses was the outlaws' worst mistake, although robbing a train was bad business, local ranchers would probably not have been too incensed over that; but stealing horses is something else and a horse thief in those days was considered the lowest form of animal life and was to be exterminated on sight.

The money or gold, if any, that the robbers obtained in their ill-fated crime has never been found or accounted for as far as is generally known. The gold shipment was supposed to have been valued at least in the hundreds of thousands and contents of the safe were not supposed to have been much; so if the gold had really been shipped on the Midland, instead of the D.&R.G. they didn't make much of a haul. Every now and then some one sharpens his shovel and thinks of a new place to dig where the "loot" just might be buried, near the remains of an old camp-fire, or near the encounters between the posse and outlaws, but nothing has been found and the area between Parachute and Divide Creek is quite a large territory to try to spade up or search.

Mrs. Walter (Effie) Egbert who, with her husband, had come to Colorado in December 1902, was on the train but didn't know there had been a robbery until the next day. She had been back to her old home in Missouri for the birth of her oldest daughter, Ruby (McKee) George, now of Rifle, and was returning to DeBeque where her husband was to meet her. When the train stopped at Rifle most of the passengers got off there and she and her new baby were alone in one coach, except for the conductor, who told her when they pulled out of Parachute the next stop would be her destination, DeBeque. The conductor left the coach, and, when he returned a few minutes later, followed by two men, the train was stopping so she was preparing to get off; but the conductor told her it was an emergency stop and they weren't quite to her town. Mrs. Egbert said she did hear the one shot (probably the one which injured the brakeman) and knew they seemed to be doing a lot of "switching" of the train, backing, etc., but still wasn't too curious; and when they finally started on, she got her things together and dressed the new baby girl to meet the anxious father who was to meet them at DeBeque. Mr. Egbert and Mr. Joe Rawlings were at the station and they all immediately left for the ranch in a wagon and knew nothing of the robbery at all until the next day when the news began to spread over the valley from one neighbor to another as means of communication were mostly by word of mouth in those early days. Mrs. Egbert then realized what all the commotion had been and considers herself fortunate to have come unscathed through what could have been a harrowing experience.

Mrs. Egbert, who was 94 this spring (1972) still tends her garden and does much of her yard work, crochets, and makes quilts, lives here in Grand Valley where she and her husband retired in 1941 after living on Wallace Creek before that time, where they ranched and raised a family of five lovely daughters.

There are probably other versions of what happened that fateful night, and many other interesting side-lights to the affair; but after much research and many interviews, we believe this account to be essentially correct, except we could never learn the names of the other two outlaws involved.

The worst disasters have probably been the fires we have had in and around Grand Valley over the years. These have resulted in so much destruction, the remark has been made many times that more of Grand Valley has been destroyed by fire than remains.

One of the first really big fires occurred one night in 1913 when the entire block of buildings facing on First Street between Parachute and Hallett Streets was destroyed. Structures burned were, beginning at Parachute Street: Thompson's General Store, a warehouse behind the store, a dwelling, a small hotel called the European, and the post-office. And, much has never been rebuilt. The corner where the store once stood is a vacant lot, though a band stand was built in later years and the corner used for outdoor entertainment such as Saturday night home talent programs, Memorial Day services, as a judges' stand on Grand Valley Days and for various other gatherings. A brick building built later in about the center of the block now houses the Post Office and there is a filling station on the corner (1972). An incident connected with this fire and remembered by many, was the bravery and quick-thinking shown by Helen Sippelle, wife of the Postmaster, J.E. Sippelle. Mrs. Sippelle ran into the Post Office building when it became apparent it was going to burn, gathered the first class mail up in her apron and carried it across the street to a safe place.

Some other fire losses which occurred in the early days of Grand Valley were two stores and two livery stables. The first store which Doll Bros. and Smith owned in Parachute located on Front Street which we mentioned in an earlier chapter burned and was definitely a case of arson. Another was a sort of second-hand store located on the corner of First and Fisher Streets where the "Si" Gregg mobile home is now located.

A building which over the years had served as a general store and various other uses but which was lastly made over for a livery stable was also a fire victim. This structure faced on Front Street, adjacent to the Grand Valley Lumber and Supply Co. lumber yard and how this, too, didn't burn illustrates the efficiency of the volunteers who fought these early conflagrations with extremely limited equipment.

The other livery stable, which was also destroyed by fire, later, was an almost new big red barn on Front Street which was mentioned in an earlier chapter. No horses or other livestock were lost in either fire, for which everyone was indeed thankful.

In 1922 another fire took a heavy toll of the business district when the W.O.W. Hall and the Country Club Hotel were destroyed. The hall was located near the corner of First and Billiter Streets facing First Street and was used for all sorts of entertainment and was then the local movie theater. The fire was supposed to have been started by children who were playing with matches in the building and had ignited some waste picture film. The wind was from the north-east, just right to carry the blaze across Billiter Street to the hotel, which also fronted on First Street. The roof of a two-story dwelling next to the hotel caught fire, but by now the fire was controlled and, while both the hall and hotel were completely gone, the upper story of the house was so damaged that the part remaining was taken down and a new roof put on the lower story, making it a one story house which now stands.

The W.O.W. hall was rebuilt with a hard wood floor for dancing and a nicely equipped kitchen and dining area in the basement. Sometime during the winter of 1923-24 the new hall was opened and dedicated with people coming from far and near to help with the celebration and dance.

This has not been used now for sometime and like so many other buildings has the window and doors "boarded up" for protection.

The summer of 1924 saw another destructive fire ruin another business block in Parachute. This consisted of the frame buildings facing Parachute Avenue between First and Front Streets. There is a stone building on the corner of First and Parachute which was not damaged and which presently houses an upholstery shop; and there is also another rock building farther down the block, now unoccupied, but which probably saved the Doll Bros. and Smith store on the corner of Front and Parachute which now houses Albers General Store. But all the buildings between the two stone structures were burned including J. Foster Jenney's grocery store, the Hugh Riley hotel, and a building housing a pool-hall and Phil Waterman's barber shop, and a small dwelling, none of which has ever been rebuilt.

In addition to all these fires which destroyed so much of the business district, many nice homes have also gone the same route and too few have been rebuilt. Most of these disasters resulted in no loss of life, but we did have two tragedies both in recent years but in wholly unrelated incidents and at different times. These victims were both middle-aged bachelors living alone, but neither for some unknown reason was able to get out of his burning little home and perished there. It is generally

supposed they each attempted to control or "put out" the fires until they were overcome by heat and smoke, both such sad happenings for our whole community.

In the early days the fire fighting equipment in Grand Valley consisted of a two wheel hose cart, pulled by willing hands and the kind help of neighbors and friends to man the hose. A fire-district with the same boundaries as the school district No. 16 has been organized, including the annexed rural districts, and fire trucks manned by volunteer firemen have been purchased and are on call to both the town and rural areas.

In the times of the old hose cart every man was a volunteer fireman and considered it a duty and privilege to help a neighbor in distress; so when a fire started, people came from every direction to help in saving the people, household goods, the building or in any way they could.

In most tragedy there is often an element of humor and such was the case when one time a kind soul who, seeing the roof of a two story house had caught fire from another burning building, and in his eagerness to help save the furnishings in the threatened home, ran to the rear of the house, grabbed up a stool used for laundry tubs sitting near the back door, rushed into the house, up the stairs and threw it out the window--positive proof of the best intentions in the world even though probably a trifle misguided.

On July 30, 1921, a tramway accident in Wheeler Gulch, (about five miles up Parachute Creek from Grand Valley to where the mine buildings were located,) brought to a sad and sudden halt some planned oil-shale research. The best shale available was in the ledge at the top of the ridge on the right side of the narrow canyon about two thousand feet from the floor of the gulch. The side of this hill is quite steep, about a 70% grade, so that building a road was impractical; and a sort of tramway was constructed. This was a temporary structure, and a permanent line of better and stronger materials was planned for when the mine should come into production.

Operations for the projected research had hardly gotten underway when, about five o'clock in the evening as the men were coming off work on this fateful day, the cable, the upper end of which was anchored to a post, gave away and came twisting and writhing down the hillside, scattering men and machinery as it went. The men were either thrown from the little car and killed or injured, or dashed to pieces when the car struck the bottom of the gulch. One man reportedly rolled at least a quarter of a mile down the steep slope and was killed. Another, who was afraid to ride the tram and had chosen instead to walk to and from work, was killed when the cable seemed to deliberately reach out and grab him, completely severing his body at the waist.

There had been some sort of labor dispute and all seven men killed

and the three injured were strangers here, most of them from Salida and no local men were involved in the accident.

However, the grisly task of removing the dead and injured was willingly carried out by the local citizens after the county coroner, Dr. Clark of Glenwood Springs, gave permission for the removals. Sheriff Jessup and Undersheriff George Winters also soon arrived on the scene. Every man who possibly could worked through the gloomy night searching for the victims of the tragedy, taking the injured to our own local Dr. Miller for treatment before sending them on to the hospital in Grand Junction. The dead were taken to mortuaries in Rifle and Glenwood Springs where they were prepared for burial before being sent by train to their former homes.

A coroner's jury was impaneled with the following as members: J. Foster Jenney, Foreman, H.T. Sukeforth, Thad. C. Bailey, John J. Clem, J.B. Hurlburt, and Dee Freeland, and their decision follows, as it appears in THE RIFLE TELEGRAM of Thursday, August 4, 1921:

"We, the jury render the following verdict, viz. that the men met their death on Saturday, July 30th, 1921, at a point in the oil shale workings operated by Schuyler-Doyle Company, by the breaking of the cable, and also "dead-man" at the head of the cable, and also general faulty construction of the structure which was the means and cause of said accident."

Our information concerning this tragedy has come from local residents and THE RIFLE TELEGRAM, which essentially corroborates this information. There are many other stories told relating to the incident, as how it rained intermittently through the night, making the sad task that much more difficult for the recovery party. Also, grown men and women who were youngsters at the time, tell of their fathers and other men filling their coal-oil lanterns, trimming the wicks, and cleaning the globes in readiness for the gruesome task which faced them that night.

Some of the concrete foundations and slabs are still to be seen in Wheeler Gulch, parts of buildings which were hopefully built for the processing of oil shale, but are now simply tomblike reminders of an ill-fated venture of fifty years ago.

Sometime during the same week-end of the tram-way accident the Grand Valley Bank was robbed. Taking advantage of the absence of most of the men from town and the fact that everyone's interest was directed toward the scene of the tragedy in Parachute Creek the robbers evidently felt free to go about the business they had planned. The weather, even,

cooperated with them as loud thunder followed the vivid lightning that accompanied the frequent heavy showers, so that even though someone may have heard the "blowing" of the safe they probably thought it just another clap of thunder.

The bank was always open for business on Saturdays in those days as that was the ranchers' day to come to town. But it was, of course, closed on Sundays, and this particular week-end Monday was August 1, Colorado Day (Colorado had become a state on August 1st, 1876), so was a holiday and none of the employees had been to the bank for two days. When J.E. Sipprelle came to work on Tuesday morning, he found the safe literally swathed in blankets (to deaden the dynamite blast), the door blown open and the cash amounting to \$5000 missing, part of which was the pay-roll for the men killed in the oil shale accident. Also taken were negotiable securities amounting to around \$15,000.

Detectives were immediately put on the case, but there were few clues and no one was ever brought to trial. The two prime suspects were a couple of strangers who had been working at odd jobs in the area for awhile but had disappeared over the week-end. They were never found, nor was there any trace of their having "cashed" in on any of the securities. One reason these men were suspected was that one of them had been sleeping in an old house where "Sig" Cox, the road overseer, had some dynamite stored, explosives he used when making some needed road repairs such as removing rocks, etc.

The weather was sometimes a calamity of sorts (as when it aided the bank robbers in the preceding account), not so much because of resulting fatalities but because of the discomfort and inconveniences it caused.

Snow storms and cold in the winter, or drought in the summer, when there had been little snow the preceding winter and as a result there was no water for irrigation, were some of the trials faced by the ranchers. Cloud-bursts, too, which usually occur during July or August, after it has been unusually dry may make deep gullies of irrigation ditches or fill them with mud or silt, inundate and ruin fields of growing or ripened grain or crops of hay, or falling on hill sides, cloud-bursts may wash rocks and shale over fields, ruining them completely for future cultivation. Roads are often washed out or covered with debris, and bridges destroyed by these malicious tricks of nature. Some of the terribly dry years farmers didn't even harvest as much seed as they had planted.

In 1924 crops were very short due to the drought and the damage done by cut-worms to the alfalfa, especially. In late years alfalfa weevil have played havoc with the hay crops, decreasing greatly the yield in most of the fields of the area.

Nineteen thirty-four was another record dry year, as there had been little snow through the winter, so that by February the ranchers began work in their fields, hoping for spring and summer rains to raise their crops; but even these did not materialize, and livestock all but starved that winter and many stock-men were forced to reduce their herds or flocks. There have been other dry years but these were two of the worst.

Late frosts in the spring are a constant worry to fruit growers, especially growers of tree fruits if a "warm spell" has brought out the blossoms unusually early. Berries habitually bloom later and are not so frequently injured by a late freeze. This year (1972) experienced some of the worst cold, dry weather the last of March where temperatures fell to just above zero in some localities, the coldest recorded for this time of year since 1902, seventy years ago.

Some of the especially bad winters are remembered by some of our senior citizens or stories of those times have been handed down to us over the years. The winter of 1894-95 was an especially snowy one and Roy Marling told of himself and a friend, Windsor Wells, making a trip on horseback from Cache Creek to Wallace Creek on February 22, 1895, when the snow was four feet deep on the level, making a tiring day for both horses and men.

The winter of 1911-12 was a cold winter, with the river freezing over so that it could be crossed on the ice. There was lots of snow even though it was very cold. Then on March 20, 1912, it started snowing in earnest and snowed some every day until on April 20th for a grand finale it snowed a foot.

On Christmas Day, 1915, it started snowing; and by New Year's Day it had snowed four feet and continued snowing every day through January. One man tells of moving a herd of cattle from one feed ground to another on February 23, 1916 a distance of about a mile and before he could start feeding he had to clear a feed ground, packing the snow down by driving around and around in a circle with the team and sled until the cattle could reach the hay as he threw it from the sled.

Many in this area also remember the Thanksgiving storm of 1919. The snow started falling on Wednesday, large, heavy, wet flakes and kept on through Thursday and Friday, completely paralyzing traffic even though most vehicles were horse-drawn at that time. This was the only time in all of his 39 years as mail carrier that Bob Green did not get all the mail delivered in a day, but he only covered about half the route on Friday and had to spend the night at a home in the country.

Nineteen thirty-two, 'thirty-three was not an unusually snowy winter

but was extremely cold and one day in February it was 8° below zero at the depot with the sun shining on the thermometer. And it fell to 40° below zero a few times through the winter. While this may be somewhat irrelevant, that same winter it got as much as 60° below in Yellowstone Park, the coldest ever recorded there. Our only reason for mentioning this here is that this March 1, 1972, will be the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Yellowstone National Park, and the geologist, F.V. Hayden, who was in charge of the United States survey of that territory in Wyoming was also the government appointed surveyor of our own area just seven years later, in 1879.

On New Year's Day in 1949 an especially vicious snowstorm (accompanied by high winds) struck this area. It snowed off and on for days; and when it wasn't snowing, the wind would blow, filling the roads with drifts as fast as they could be cleared by snow-plows or graders.

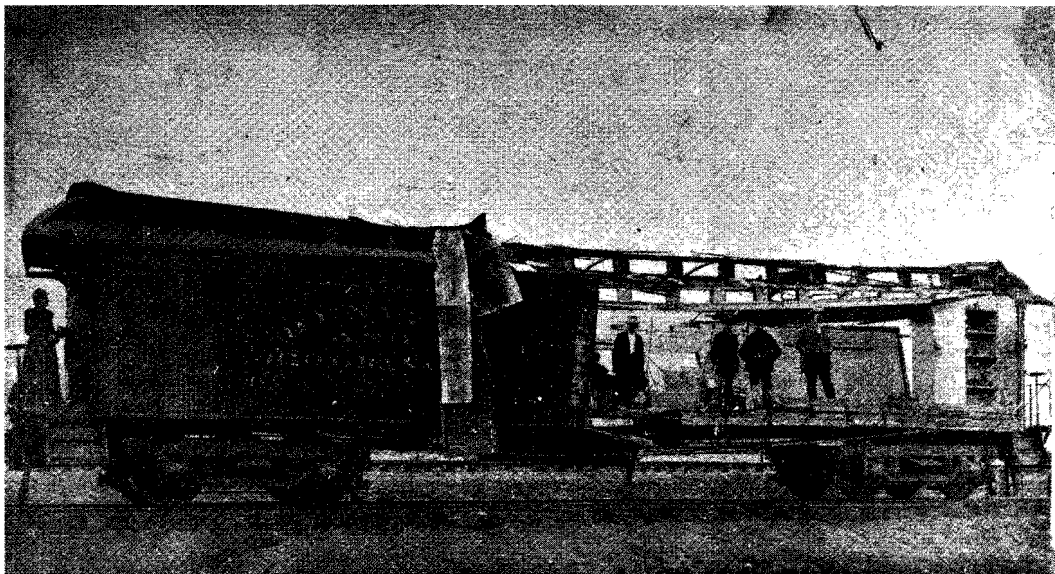
As a rule we don't have such a lot of wind, most of it occurs in the spring; but after the snow is gone from the mountain slopes around us and there is less variation in temperature, the winds usually diminish, and through the summer we may have only a nice breeze blowing down the creeks in the evening.

All in all the weather in the area is ideal, except when nature does indulge in one of its infrequent devastating outbursts.

Various other tragedies have resulted in death to several area residents. In the days when horses were the main mode of transportation, run-away teams or saddle horses accounted for a few, and in later years run-away autos have taken their toll. The Colorado River has claimed several victims, until it seems at times as though the river were a god of sorts that demands at least one sacrifice every year somewhere in the valley. Railroad crossing accidents have accounted for a few fatalities. Falling trees and agricultural mishaps have cost the lives of a few men, and maimed others. And war, which seems so far removed, has reached even this little community and taken some of our very young and finest, either in training, in battle, or from sickness or injury or in hospitals, but all away from home and familiar faces, and with them has died a little bit of all of us. In our cemeteries a small plot of ground has been set aside and small white wooden crosses erected by the American Legion Ward Underwood Post No. 114 for each of our fallen heroes. A cross is also erected at his death for each boy or man who was ever in the service, and as we have had many who served in World Wars I and II, the Korea and Viet Nam conflicts and the war with Mexico and even as far back as the Civil War, our little group of crosses grows a little every year. These men, old or young, are not forgotten; and every year memorial services are held at both cemeteries for the land based soldiers who are now gone and for the Navy men and Marines services conducted at the river.

But, with all the tragedies and sorrows, Grand Valley people, courageous souls that they are, have "pulled themselves together" and gone ahead to make a good life for themselves and those about them.

Aside, from a few cases of petty theft, a number of store robberies, an unsuccessful attempt or so to rob the Post Office, some cattle rustling and sheep stealing this about accounts for the important criminal activities in and around Parachute (Grand Valley) over the past eighty years.



The dynamited baggage car as it looked after the train robbery that was complete in every detail and with all the circumstances for a true early western movie. Outlaws stopped the westbound D.&R.G. train at Streit Flats on June 7, 1904.

Courtesy of Ruth Ellis



Mt. Calahan named for "Mike" Calahan who believed in a great future for oil shale.

MINERAL WEALTH

Oil-shale research and development have played a major role in the economy of the Grand Valley area ever since some of the early settlers realized the potential value of the shale deposits, called by the Indians: "the rock that burns."

As far back as 1882 Mike Callahan had learned the hard way that what the Utes had told about the rocks burning was really true. Mike had built a log cabin with a fire-place constructed of the beautiful blue-gray rocks and then invited his friends, both white and Indian, to a house warming which literally proved too hot for comfort when the fire-place rock ignited and the house and contents soon burned to a pile of ashes.

Many residents of Grand Valley and DeBeque remember seeing Mr. Callahan as late as the '20s, a large white-haired man who, for years, rode over the country-side in a shiny black, red-wheeled buggy drawn by a coal-black horse. Mr. Callahan loved to talk and never tired of predicting a great future for oil-shale. The shale peak just west of Grand Valley was named Mt. Callahan as an honor to the memory of and as a constant reminder of the man who made these optimistic prophecies.

In the spring of 1890 the Parachute Mining District was formed and records of the meetings of that organization dated from July 9, 1918 to April 8, 1935, and so ably written by Joseph Bellis, the secretary, are all to be found in a "minute book" carefully preserved and cared for and now in the possession of Earl Bailey, a son of Thomas E. Bailey, one of the charter members of the Parachute Mining District organization. This priceless book also contains correspondence pertaining to laws governing mining and patenting of oil shale claims, land descriptions of claims held by the several members of the P.M.D. and others, and a most interesting article by the then Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, clipped from the February 16, 1935 issue of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, along with the minutes of all meetings.

The July 9, 1918 meeting was called by the President of the P.M.D. J.B. Hurlburt and held in the office of E.E. Wheatley of THE GRAND VALLEY NEWS. Mr. Hurlburt stated that five of the original members and all of the original officers were present: J.B. Hurlburt, president; T.E. Bailey, vice president, Mrs. Sadie Streit, secretary; M.T. Rowley and Mr. M.H. Streit. He also stated that during the past 28 years (1890-1918) the "district had experienced several mining flurries or booms with more or less excitement," and that "anyone owning or having an interest in a mining claim or other property was

eligible for membership in the organization." Accordingly, Mr. Streit suggested the names of the following, all of whom were elected to membership: Joseph Bellis, James Doyle, Mary Duplice, J.L. Herwick, Oren H. Herwick, Guy Herwick, William Ulrey, E.E. Wheatley, and J.E. Sippelle, who was their capable advisor in all legal matters from that day on.

Mrs. Streit, the secretary, stated in her report that the early books containing the original records had been lost or mislaid. These minutes most surely contained information both interesting and valuable concerning the early history of oil-shale in this area from 1890-1918 and their loss is indeed regrettable.

Mrs. Streit, who had been secretary so many years, asked to be relieved of the position; and Mr. Joseph Bellis was then duly elected secretary, a post he filled efficiently for many years.

From this date on, July 9, 1918 until April 8, 1935, the district organization held occasional but not regular meetings to attend to any necessary business, to assess the implications of any new mining laws or regulations, and to make plans for further development of oil-shale.

It is impossible to record here all the "minutes" of these meetings, though they are most interesting and informative; and anyone interested in what has been done toward the development of our oil-shale resources here should find them worth-while reading.

Oil-shale came under laws regulating placer mining, but as the shale was very much in evidence above ground or in "out-croppings" and did not need to be discovered, local rules formulated by the P.M.D. with the aid of Dr. Otts Stalman, who was familiar with the oil-shale operations in Scotland, were allowed for the purpose of assessment work.

The U.S. Geological Survey Department, on June 29, 1916, classified oil-shale as, "a mineral chiefly valuable as a source of petroleum and nitrogen, carrying no oil as free oil but only the materials from which oil can be produced." This oil producing material is called "Kerogen" by the Scotch. "The fattest or richest 'Kerogen' content is reached near the vertical center of the deposit commonly known as the mahogany (sic) fifty foot thick horizontal stratum... capable of producing oil to the extent of practically a barrel of oil to the ton of shale."

In the early '90s, T.E. Bailey, who was vice-president of the P.M.D. from 1890-1926 and president from 1926 on, with the help of

some of his associates, had built a retort near the head of the west fork of Parachute Creek to extract "certain elements and materials from what was then called 'rubber rock'" and "this retort operated commercially for some considerable time."

The pioneers called the shale rock "rubber rock" probably because when shale is struck with a hammer, the hammer will bounce off, or maybe because a thin layer of shale will bend slightly, or maybe because, when burned, shale "bubbles" or melts as rubber does.

After the U.S. Geological Survey of 1916 and the publicity given this new source of oil, a great number of local people and outsiders, too, came into the P.M.D. organization and filed upon additional oil-shale placer claims, so that by 1928 there were approximately 50,000 acres of oil shale patented and 12,000 acres unpatented in the district (these were claims of 160 acres each). This block of claims, all in Garfield County covered an area about fifteen miles square, with a drainage into Parachute Creek, Hayes Gulch, and Cottonwood Creek, and extended westward to Cascade and Conn Creeks and Baker Gulch. This was probably the largest mining district ever organized in Colorado and the only one to escape expensive law suits between owners of claims due to the fair and impartial rules set up by the organization. We should also state here that an individual was allowed only a twenty acre claim, but groups of eight share holders could claim 160 acres.

Assessment work on claims amounted to \$100 per year per claim. There were instances in which the Federal Government attempted to repossess claims on which assessment work had not been done, but these cases were settled in Federal Courts invariably in favor of the claim owners.

At one meeting of the P.M.D., V.F. Gardner, in his capacity as a foreman and contractor; stated that most assessment work that had been done under placer mining laws, "has been of no practical use or benefit as far as enhancing the value of claims or future commercial operations are concerned with the production of oil from shale." About this time, along this same trend of thought, Congressman Edward T. Taylor, in a letter dated March 30, 1935, advised the claim owners that it was not necessary to "perform assessment work on oil-shale claims," thus relieving owners of this extra expense for which no financial returns seemed likely in the near future. In accordance with this moratorium, most claim owners noted in the records, "that as soon as the law of supply and demand and the price of petroleum and its by products will permit, that said property will be put to producing said products."

Thus, on April 8, 1935 after all the years of working and hoping, oil-shale development still seemed a remote possibility; and even though Secretary Ickes had predicted in his article of February 16, 1935 in the SATURDAY EVENING POST "a very serious shortage of well oil petroleum in probably ten years," the P.M.D. meeting adjourned after President T.E. Bailey had asked that Secretary Bellis write up these minutes and each member sign them. A copy of the minutes of this final meeting were filed with Garfield County Clerk and Recorder on April 19, 1935 and with Congressman Edward T. Taylor. J.E. Sipprelle notarized these minutes and the signatures of all twenty members who signed on April 13, 1935. Four of the original P.M.D. members had died and for various other reasons fifty-two others did not or could not be present to sign. The untimely death of Mr. Bellis the following year, along with the decline in oil-shale activity and interest generally, brought to an end any planned development of shale by the P.M.D. organization.

On March 4, 1925, Congress appropriated \$90,000 for oil-shale research, and a retort was built north of the Colorado River near Rulison. Except for a nine-month recess, this "Pumpherson" retort was in operation until June of 1929, when no more government funds were appropriated for its continued operation; and over the years it rusted down until its removal a few years ago.

Back on December 6, 1916, the U.S. Government withdrew for government use only 45,440 acres of mineral land extending east of the P.M.D. claims to the Anvil Points area, designating the area as Naval Oil-Shale Reserve No. 1, Colorado No.1. Then in the '40s the government decided to do some research on its own through the Bureau of Mines and opened a shale mine, constructed retorts, and built a small housing community for its employees at Anvil Points.

Experiments for processing shale were conducted here until 1956, when the project was discontinued by the Bureau of Mines and turned back to the Navy where it has remained on a stand-by basis ever since, as no funds have been made available for reopening.

As far back as 1920, after two Union Oil Company men--a geologist, R.H. Burnham, and a chemist, A.S. Crossfield--proved to their own and the company's satisfaction that oil could be extracted from shale, the company began buying up oil-shale claims and ranches in the Parachute area. Then in March 1956, Union Oil Company, under the direction of their president, A.C. Rubel, put into operation a retort designed over a period of thirty years of experiments by Dr. Clyde Berg where, hopefully, oil could be extracted profitably from the "rock that burns."

However, the hopes and dreams of the people in the area were again dampened when, for economic reasons, the Union Oil plant was forced to place the project in moth balls, hopefully to be reopened at a future date.

A most interesting and informative article, "Colorado's Fabulous Mountain of Oil," written by Frank J. Taylor, appeared in the June 1957 issue of the READER'S DIGEST, pictures and explains in detail the Union Oil retort, its construction and how it works. Mr. Taylor wrote this story after interviewing Tell Ertl, a mining engineer with Union Oil, and much of our information is taken from this writing.

Then in 1965, Colony Development Company composed of The Oil Shale Corporation (TOSCO), Cleveland Cliffs Mining Corporation, and Standard Oil of Ohio (Sohio) became interested in oil-shale research and built another experimental plant farther up the canyon from the Union Oil facilities and worked here for some time. Later, Atlantic-Richfield purchased an interest in the project from Tosco and they are presently (1970) rebuilding the retort and hoping to find the secret of making oil from shale commercially feasible.

An article in the Grand Junction DAILY SENTINEL dated February 18, 1970 stated in part, "Rex Ellington of Atlantic-Richfield Company said today that extraction of oil from oil-shale will be in operation at a Western Slope plant by June 1. Ellington said the Tosco-Atlantic-Richfield venture will be implemented with revamping of operations at the Tosco plant. The operation will start with about fifty employees. It will be able to handle a thousand tons of oil-shale per day." So again we, the residents of this area, are looking forward to the development of the huge oil potential of the Book-Cliff mountain of shale.

Interest in oil-shale over the years has brought into the community many nice people who have taken an interest in and given moral and financial support to our schools, churches, clubs and various other local improvement projects. Their stay has too often been of short duration, but some have bought property here (the Ertl, Wells and Penney families, to name a few) and we hope eventually oil-shale development will bring all these people, as well as other good people, back to our area.

Oil and gas in their natural states have also created interest over the years and in some instances have been developed to a degree and proven of economic value to some families around Grand Valley. Around the turn of the century (1895 to 1905), practically every one became quite excited over the discovery of oil in the area. Every available foot of land in the valley was filed on for oil, and well after well was drilled, many showing great promise of oil or gas. An

oil derrick stood over a well in Streit's Flat as late as 1902 or 1903. Everyone could feel "money jingling in their jeans," and then just as suddenly as it had started, the boom died out, derricks were dismantled, wells were capped and have never yet been reopened.

An item from THE GRAND VALLEY NEWS of March 7, 1914 states in part, "Two of our prominent citizens make an exceptional offer to any person or persons desiring to put down an oil well.

One will deed forty acres, the other one hundred acres, conditional, that an oil well will be drilled on each separate tract.

The best oil-land in this region, according to experts, is located between Grand Valley and Una, etc., etc."

Also in an editorial of the same date, "The mineral deposits in and around this region is another valuable asset (agriculture being the other) for when developed, Grand Valley necessarily becomes the shipping point. The oil boom at DeBeque awakens possibilities here along that line. According to Geological surveys we are located in the same oil-belt as DeBeque possibly in a lower stratum."

As near as we can find out, the two enterprising citizens received no "takers" for their generous offer, and oil to be pumped directly from the ground has created little interest in the past fifty years. A well or so has been drilled but with no apparent results, or if oil was found, the wells were never put into production.

Gas, however, has been produced commercially, and more is being sought. A well on a ledge above Morrisania Mesa and two on Dry Creek in Garfield County and one in Little Alkali in Mesa County, all south of the Colorado River are now in operation, with pipe lines built in 1965 serving the communities of Grand Valley and DeBeque.

Project Rulison, a forty kiloton blast calculated to release greater quantities of gas from under ground rock, was detonated in a well drilled especially for the test, located about a half mile higher up the mountains from the wells already producing gas above Morrisania Mesa on Battlement Creek. The results of this September 10, 1969 experiment have not yet been determined.

Another mineral product which may prove valuable to the area some time is bauxite clay, which contains aluminum deposits. This is found in quite large quantities in different places around Grand Valley, especially on Battlement Mesa.

Over the years traces of gold and even small nuggets have been found in dry creek beds or gulches but no large deposits of the valuable ore have been discovered in the area.

And, maybe, water in our beloved Colorado River and snow in our mountains may bring prosperity to the community. The proposed development of ski and snow mobile facilities near Rulison, and of Paradise Project, a recreational area planned with the building of a dam in the river near Una, which would form a good sized lake suitable for all water sports, with the surrounding mesas used for golf courses, country homes, condominiums, motels, etc., to appeal to the sports minded and vacationer might also prove a source of revenue.

Thus, "hope springs eternal" and we are confident some day some of our buried treasure may mean economic growth to the Grand Valley community.



The deer, a beautiful animal native to the area, provided food, clothing and shelter for both the Indian and early permanent settlers. These free, graceful creatures are still plentiful in this region, enjoyed by both the local people and tourists.

POSTSCRIPT

Early in the 1880's, integration became a reality in the Parachute area without fan-fare or legislation but solely on the mutual respect of the people involved. John Barker, a young Negro man, rode into the valley with a Mr. Kennedy, a freighter for the area, and the two stopped for an evening meal at the Hurlburt home, which was the stage-stop at the time, but John would not enter until invited. Observing his hesitancy, Mrs. Hurlburt assured him of his welcome and so aptly expressed the code of the pioneer when she told him, "We in the West never draw the color line;" and from then on, John, who always conducted himself as a gentleman, was welcomed any place in the valley, living proof that white or black may be accepted anywhere solely on their merits.

Uncle John, as most everyone soon called John Barker, had been born in slavery but had a kind master who had given John the same education as his own children. When gold was discovered in California, John went with his owner (whose name we do not know) and joined the rush for quick riches. They went by boat to the Isthmus of Panama, walked across and caught another boat up the Pacific Coast to San Francisco. They saw 2000 ships in the bay there, all deserted as the captain and crew of all of them were out searching for gold. John looked after the personal needs of this man and in his spare time worked at odd jobs, usually cooking, at which he excelled, until he earned \$1200. He then offered the whole small fortune to his owner for his freedom. Realizing how much being a free man could mean to a captive soul, this kind gentlemen, knowing John was a proud person who wanted to feel he had always paid his own way, accepted only \$100 for the freedom he would gladly have given to John, gratis. Leaving San Francisco with his ex-master's blessing, good wishes and \$1100, John started out to make his way in the world as a free man and citizen. He came to New Mexico, joined a train of freighters coming to Colorado and with Mr. Kennedy, crossed the Grand River just west of what is now the Mesa-Garfield County line where the river is shallow, making an excellent natural ford. John liked this place but came on to Parachute and later returned and built a roadhouse on the flats near the river to accommodate travelers using the ford there. This was years before the railroad was built when all travel was by wagon or stage, so John did a thriving business. One minor incident, though great in its significance, illustrates John's appreciation of his complete acceptance as a member of the community. At the first Christmas party held in the first schoolhouse built in Parachute, and possibly remembering how much nice and pretty clothes meant to the southern belles whom he had served for so many years, John put a gift on the Christmas tree for every one of the eleven or twelve women in the area--a pair of lovely silk hose.



Indian Tipi on high ridge gap between Big and Little Alkali Gulches south of the river between Grand Valley and De Beque.
Courtesy of Herman Wilson

Some proof of Indians having lived in our area, pre-dating our local history by hundreds of years, has been discovered by two of our citizens, who spend much of their time searching for just such valuable evidence. Herman Wilson and his uncle, Herman Schneider, have a priceless collection of artifacts proving an early Indian civilization existed here long before the Ute Indians with whose history we are more familiar.

In June of 1969, at a location about half-way between Grand Valley and DeBeque on the north side of the river, on a sheltered ledge on the Book-Cliffs, these two men, after a search of three years in the area,

located these artifacts of a pre-historic civilization. Among their discoveries were: "kernels of "dent" corn, bone awls wrapped with yucca fiber, the shaft of an arrow, and a sandal woven of yucca fibers which may date to the Basketmaker period, certainly no later than early Ute."

Another rare find was parts of an Indian pipe, fashioned of Minnesota pipe stone. Mr. Wilson reassembled the parts making a ten and one-half inch cigar-shaped pipe.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Schneider have also found four fossilized eggs believed by scientists to be as much as fifty million years old, "the oldest yet found in the Western Hemisphere." They are thought to be crocodile eggs. In addition to these they have "found two fossilized birds' eggs embedded in stone." These eggs were found in the Hayes Gulch area in what is known as the Wasatch formation, and fossilized eggs and parts of eggs may be found there wherever any of this red sandstone is exposed.

Mr. Schneider and Mr. Wilson have also made some other interesting discoveries south of the river in the Wallace Creek region, among them many standing tipi (tee-pee) poles, one of which is pictured at the first of this chapter. Another find in the area was Indian cremation sites. A sort of funeral pyre was built of cedar boughs and the body placed on this and burned. The ashes were then swept into a pot-hole dug especially for this burial, the ashes then covered with earth and trade-beads, polished stones or arrowheads scattered over the spot.

Another most interesting discovery in this same area made by Mr. Harvey Scott of DeBeque (now deceased) is thought to be a Spanish spear head and could date back to the time of the explorer Escalante (1776).

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Schneider have found beautiful beads of various sizes from tiny to large, some known to be from Italy. These, as we have stated, were found after crossing the river at Una which was the ford the Utes used to reach their more or less permanent homes south of the river between Grand Valley and DeBeque.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Schneider have a fabulous collection of Indian artifacts in their home and they welcome visits from any and all interested persons.

The above information is from the "Grand Junction Daily Sentinel" of July 14, 1969 and from a conversation with Mr. Wilson who graciously told me of some of his discoveries.

The story is told of a little old bachelor, who lived in the Parachute Creek community in early days. He prevailed upon a neighborly house wife near by to can some fruit for him one summer. He was quite proud of this supplement to his diet of venison and potatoes and biscuits; and, in lieu of a cellar in which to store his precious hoard, he buried the treasure in a bin of grain. Through the winter, he became aware of the fact that his valuable store of "goodies" was being quite rapidly depleted and not by him, he was sure. He decided on drastic measures to catch the thief, so he set a trap just inside the door of the granary. Sure enough, his plan worked. He awoke one morning to find a little white saddle pony tied to a fence post, and recognized the horse as one belonging to a neighbor lady. Hurrying to the granary, he found the little neighbor in the trap. However, instead of being contrite and ashamed of what she had done, she gave the little old bachelor such a blessing for thinking of such a fiendish trick as catching a lady in a trap that, by the time she had finished her tirade, he was soon doubting he had done a wise thing. Though the lady went on home after being released promising, "to go and sin no more," she had succeeded in making her captor feel he was the one who had committed the worse crime of the two.

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Another story told of misappropriation of property occurred when the D.&R.G. railroad was building their road through this area (1889-1890). An early homesteader had plans to build his log house about this time and, noting the huge piles of nicely hewed logs to be used for ties by the railroad, all the same size and length, he also began to have some other ideas. Why should he spend days and possibly months "getting out logs," hauling them from the hills, hewing them to the right shape, etc. etc., when there were piles of them so nearby ready for use? Putting these ideas into practice he began his nocturnal visits to the tie pile, taking a few each night and working on his house by day. He was making really good headway in the construction of the building when someone employed by the railroad checked supplies too closely and perceived the loss, and began an investigation. The missing ties were finally located. While realizing the man's need of the logs, the railroad officials took a dim view of his method of procuring building material and gave the man the choice of returning the purloined property or facing the obvious consequences. The homesteader chose to return the ties, which he did, and then had to start "from scratch" on a new house, relieved that the penalty was no more severe. It took him quite awhile but he did finally build a nice home and with a clear conscience.

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Ida Sawyer, of the Wallace Creek community, though only five feet tall, was really "small but mighty;" and in early days before there was a bridge at Una and they had to ford the river, she would

drive a four-horse team hitched to a hay wagon filled with baled hay across the river and to the railroad track at Una switch, and then help load the cars for shipment, usually to Palisade or Grand Junction.

Aunt Ida, as we all knew her, was so tiny that the horses straining at the bit as they swam the swift Grand River were almost more than she could handle. She solved this problem by seating herself at the back of the load of hay and bracing her feet against the bales in front of her. However, by the time she reached the north bank of the river, she was at the front of the hay-rack hanging on for dear life, and straddling the up-right beam in the center, that had been put there to keep the hay from sliding off. Mr. Sawyer, Uncle Charlie, was riding a single horse hitched to the end of the tongue, guiding the wagon load of hay across the stream.

Later a ferry was installed and tons of hay and potatoes were ferried to market by the Sawyers, as well as the other ranchers of the Wallace Creek area.

It may have been that the young women of the gay 90's were more calm or better balanced than some of us today; at any rate, few would care to duplicate the feat of Elizabeth Yeo Murray in 1891. James Murray had come from Prince Edward Island in 1888 to work for E.F. Campbell on the Morrisania Ranch. In 1890, he returned to P.E.I. where he married and, in 1891, he brought his bride to Colorado to make her new home. The Battlement Mesa bridge over the Grand River, which was to be used by the Morrisania Mesa people, also, was just being built. The floor had not been laid, and getting a young lady across the river posed a problem. However, a plank was laid across the bare frame work of the bridge, and Elizabeth lifted her long skirt and walked unfalteringly high above the swiftly flowing river, much to the amazement of the construction crew and the delight of her proud young husband.

In the early days in this untamed region, many of the pioneers had frequent encounters with the nature animals such as deer, bears and cougars. The saga of Queenie Glover and the mountain lion is probably the most interesting and most frequently repeated. This incident occurred on what is still known as the Glover place on Parachute Creek.

When Queenie was a tiny baby, her mother, Mrs. Glover, was doing the laundry in the yard as it was a warm, sunny day. Instead of leaving the baby in the house unattended, Mrs. Glover spread a quilt on the grass in the yard, and placed the baby on it where she could keep an eye on her and still go ahead with her washing. Once, as Mrs. Glover turned her back to the baby while she was hanging the clothes on the

line, she heard a slight rustling sound behind her and turned just in time to see a mountain lion carrying Queenie by her little dress, as he bounded off into the "oak" and "service" brush near by. Mrs. Glover screamed and seizing the nearest weapon at hand, a hoe or axe, (there are different versions concerning the kind of weapon) started running after the lion and baby. Her screams did the trick as the frightened animal, probably never having heard such a sound before, dropped the baby and quickly headed for the hills. Queenie was unharmed and apparently suffered no ill effects whatever from this harrowing and unusual experience.

Queenie grew up and went to live in California, but she often visited in Grand Valley before her rather sudden death a few years ago.

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Another story of wild animals, this time involving the Wheeler children, has been related by Cora Wheeler Bumgardner, who was four years old when the incident occurred. Mr. Wheeler, the father of the children, was building a log cabin in Garden Gulch and had the building almost completed except for the doors and the glass in the windows. Cora and her brother, Issac, six years old, were playing near the new house when suddenly, seemingly from nowhere, they were attacked by a buck deer. As the buck came after them with horns lowered, the youngsters ran and jumped in a window of the cabin, thinking they would be safe there. However, the deer bounded in after the children who jumped on a bed that had been set up in the partially completed structure. Cora rolled down behind the bed to safety, but the buck, his head still lowered, caught Issac in the navel with one of his sharp horns, ripping a long tear in the boy's abdomen, from which injury he was weeks recovering.

The childrens' cries soon brought the family running to the scene, and the deer was quickly routed, saving the two children from further injury.

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Cora also recalls her futile attempt at friendship with what she thought was an unusually timid dog. Cora was playing in the family bean patch when she tried to make friends with the animal that walked away every time she approached him. Finally, she went to her mother in tears, and told her of the frustrating experience. Mrs. Wheeler then accompanied her little daughter to the garden where, to her horror, she found the unfriendly dog was a chubby brown bear cub, possibly not dangerous itself, but a protective mother bear was probably near.

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The history of our community would not be complete if we did not take note of our greatest asset--our boys and girls, of whom we are

inordinately proud. We cannot list all of them here, but without exception they have distinguished themselves in any field of endeavor they have chosen. We have representatives in almost all occupations and professions.

We have had in the past and still have several young people doing noteworthy work in the field of art, some professionally, and in the performing arts we have had some outstanding performers in music, singing, acting, and one girl, Dorothy Deering, who years ago was "proud to call Parachute her home," had quite an enviable career in the movies. Also along this line, we have those who have chosen photography both for advertising and in the moving picture industry.

Those who have chosen education as a career have done outstanding work in their areas and in addition made many worthwhile contributions. A countless number of students have graduated with honors from institutions of higher learning, receiving B.A., B.F.A., M.A or Ph.D. degrees after receiving their elementary and secondary education in our Grand Valley Schools. Many, both boys and girls, have chosen teaching as a profession, some returning to Grand Valley and surrounding areas to teach. One of these teachers, Beatrice (Bailey) Underwood, who has taught successfully here for over thirty years, deservedly received the runner-up award as teacher of the year in Colorado for 1972.

Doctors, dentists and a number of nurses are among our graduates. Other of our young people have held or are presently holding responsible positions with construction companies, the railroad, the telephone company, airlines and with the Civil Service and other government-related services.

Our sons and daughters also have distinguished themselves in the armed services, many making successful careers in the army, navy or airforce, some evincing such promise in various fields that the government has seen fit to educate them for more responsible positions in the service. During armed conflict a few of our boys received commissions on the field for outstanding valor, one of whom was Lloyd Zediker, who after their commanding officer was killed in battle, rallied the now leaderless men, who were ready to surrender and led them to victory in the battle and for his resourcefulness received a Lieutenant's commission. Many others received the purple heart, medals for bravery and excellence in various areas of conflict.

Some of our young people have become secretaries, bookkeepers, technicians and others have gone to other states where they hold responsible positions. Several of our young people have remained in and around Grand Valley where they have found desired employment or gone into business for themselves, many becoming successful ranchers, carrying on the

tradition on which this community was founded, and in the related professions of County Agent, Brand Inspector, Range-riding and Real Estate, several of our boys have excelled.

We have even had a president of a steamship line from our mountain state. George Killian, the son of early settlers on Parachute Creek, became the president of the President Steamship Lines. And, one time when Mr. and Mrs. W.F. Lovely were taking a trip to Hawaii, Mr. Killian welcomed them aboard one of his ships by having a huge bouquet of roses placed in their state-room when he noted on the passenger list they were from his home town of Grand Valley.

We have people from Grand Valley with advertising companies, with the Neilson rating organization, in the ministry, in politics, with oil or oil-shale companies, in geological surveying, as mining and civil engineers, and if we have not named all professions, industries, or vocations (and there must be others) we are certain we have representatives in those areas, also, doing creditable work.

One of our boys, Willard F. Libby, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ora Libby, Battlement Mesa pioneers, gained international recognition when, in 1960, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for his "'atomic time clock' to measure the age of objects by measuring their radio-activity."

Consequently, as we mentioned earlier, we feel justifiably proud of what our young people have accomplished over the years and are still doing to bring honor or distinction to their home town.

A wise woman once said, "There are only two lasting bequests we can hope to give our children. One of these is roots, the other wings."



The John Connell home, built about the same time as the James Brennan home, and not far from it. This lovely home is presently the property of Dr. Tell Ertl. Mrs. Connell and Mrs. Brennan were sisters.

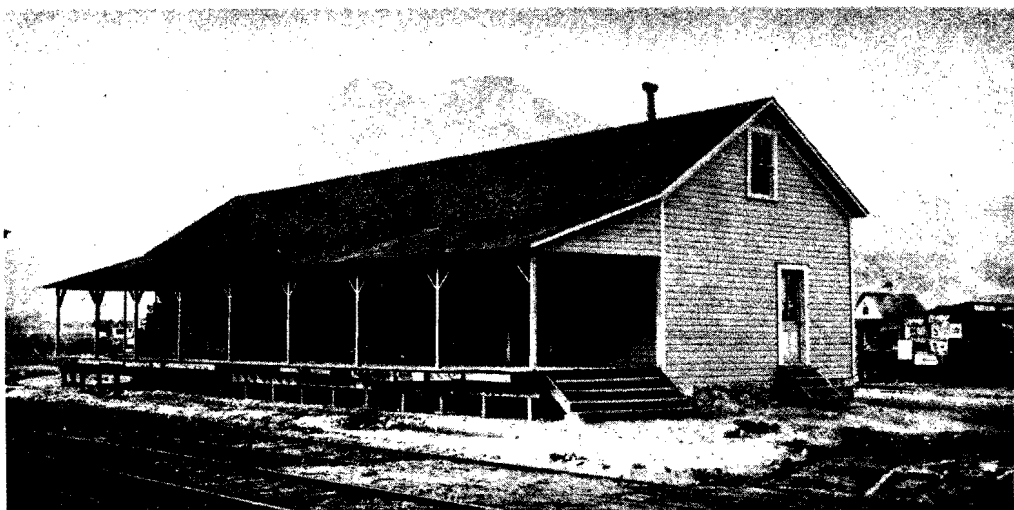


The Battlement Mesa school house as it is today.



T. E. Bailey Store, built in 1902. Mr. Bailey is holding his daughter, Iva. The three daughters in the door are Maude, Pearl and Olive. Earl Bailey is standing at far right. The man in the buggy is thought to be Mr. Rulison.

Courtesy of Earl and Thelma Bailey



The Fruit Association Building, about 1910.
Courtesy of Marjorie Sippelle



Two views of the students and teachers in the Grand Valley school taken in 1895 or 1896. The first picture is of grades one through four, the second of grades five through eight. We cannot identify all those pictures, but the attractive dark-haired girl at the right in the back row of the second group is Gertrude Hilliker who attended school here and later taught in Grand Valley and married another teacher, Mr. George P. McLaughlin. These pictures graciously furnished by a son, M. M. McLaughlin of Denver.

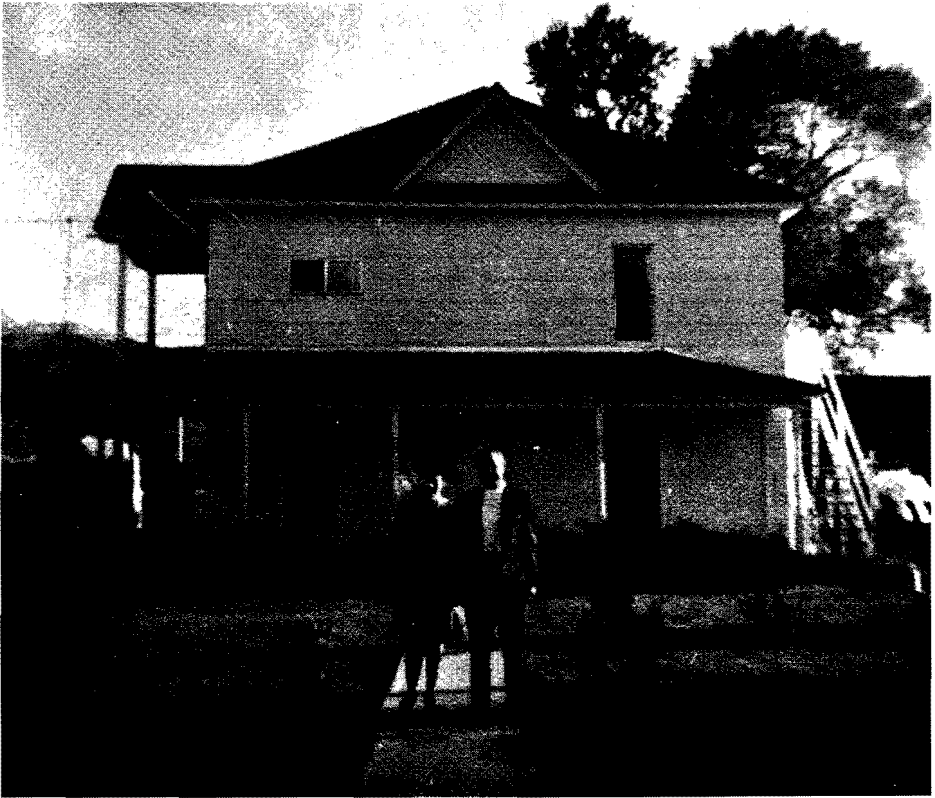




The building on the left was used as the Telephone Office in Grand Valley for approximately 50 years or more, until the Direct Dialing building on the right was constructed. The first operators were the Harry Claytons and the last operator Mrs. Vera Letson.



The Garfield County State Bank in Grand Valley. This picture taken shortly after the building was erected about 1908 or 1910. This building still stands though has not been used for a bank since 1937. Courtesy of Marjorie Sippelle



THE BRENNAN HOUSE

The Brennan House, located on Brennan Lane just south of Grand Valley, was built by James and Mary Brennan who came to Parachute in 1900 and purchased a farm located by Mr. J. B. Hurlburt in 1882. Mr. Brennan farmed a number of years, was also County Commissioner from his district a few terms, and served as Postmaster of Grand Valley for a while. The Brennan family moved to Denver around 1920, and the house which has been occupied by several different families over the years is presently owned by Dick and Daisy Looney, who have cherished, modernized and kept in excellent repair this lovely, comfortable, country home. Mr. and Mrs. Looney are shown with the house. Picture by gracious permission of Daisy Looney.

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U.S. Department of Interior, Forest Service.

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Wolle, Muriel. Stampede to Timberline (1949).

Interviews, letters, photographs, newspapers, family histories and other documents of local historical interest shared with us by the following:

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Allen, Gladys Patterson | Duplicc, Danny and Hawley |
| Anderson, Ernest and Alice | Eames, Prescott and Alice |
| Anderson, Frank | Egbert, Effie |
| Bailey, Earl and Thelma | Ellis, Ruth Jenney |
| Bailey, Mary B. | Eshe, Annie H. |
| Baum, Golda Shull | Forshee, Edward E. |
| Barrick, Buford and Mary | Freeland, Dee, Jr. |
| Baughman, Bessie | Gardner, Albert and Mona |
| Beckett, Mrs. Kenneth | Gardner, Winifred |
| Benson, Charles and Ruth | George, Ruby Egbert |
| Brewington, Jacqueline | Green, Daisy and Robert |
| Bumgardner, Cora and Robert | Hansen, Harry |
| Bumgardner, Ruby | Hayward, Claude and Jarvis |
| Burnside, Mae | Hurlburt, Luther and Mark |
| Corley, Claude, Mr. and Mrs. | Herwick, Hazel |
| Claar, Charlotte | Herwick, Laura |
| Clark, Minnie | Hocker, John and Elsie |
| Clem, Colin and Winifred | Jackson, Carlos and Winnie |
| Crawford, Lena | Kerlee, Doris |
| Dere, Flora | Koch, Ed. H. |
| Dickerson, Watson | Kennon, Kathleen and Ned |
| Downen, Charles and Mamie | Kennon, Lulu |

| | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Letson, George and Betty | Sipprelle, J.E. and Marjorie |
| Lindauer, BEssie and Paul | Sipprelle, Mabel Morrow |
| Lindauer, Edith (Evans) | Underwood, Bea and Cal |
| Lonney, Daisy and Richard | Van Pelt, Henry |
| Mahaffey, Garris and Irene | Wambolt, Marvin and Roberta |
| Miller, Margaret | Wassen, Harry |
| Miller, Nola | Waterman, Betty and Philip |
| Miltenberger, Clarence and Ruby | Wells, Virginia and Wayne |
| Minium, Forest S., Mr. and Mrs. | Wehonig, Sarah |
| Montoya, Zelta Herwick | Wilson, Herman |
| Morrow, Julia | Zediker, Marie |
| Marling, Angie and Roy | |
| Murray, Otis | |
| McLaughlin, Merrill M. | |
| Newland, Dora Ward | |
| Nordstrom, Elva | |
| Ogden, Roberta and Wm. H. | |
| O'Toole, John | |
| Quinn, Ada Studt | |
| Pratt, Allen | |
| Sawyer, Charles and Ida | |
| Seamens, Darrell and Myrtle | |

Also, an interview with Mark Hurlburt, recorded and later typed by Ruby Bumgardner who then graciously shared these valuable memories with us.