STRUGGLE

Saga of a Colorado Homesteader

Marion A. Barlow

Hallmark Ltd.

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EDITOR'S FOREWORD

History books take little note of the individual man or woman unless he or she has become a folk hero or a leader in politics, industry, commerce, war or other giant endeavor of mankind. Yet most of us owe our existence, our own physical being, to the "common man," to the unsung mother and father who through their love for one another brought us into being and through their love for us nurtured each of us through infancy, childhood, youth, and even into adulthood. Of such "common men" and "common women" is the world made and in large part it is they who make the world what it is.

In this little booklet one such common man(though in my own estimation a most *un*common one) has left us an account of his life among the beautiful people who settled in a semiarid region of Colorado, established a community—and then were driven from their "paradise" by the exigencies of war, climate, and an industrializing society. Unfortunately, few first-hand, unexpurgated, unembellished accounts have been left for us by these settlers of yesteryear. This very fact, of course, makes any such account we come upon all the more exciting and interesting.

The story unfolded here is a real-life story—this is the way it was! Dates, chronology and names of people and places are all just as the author remembered them. It is our hope that they are, indeed, accurate. We believe they are. Even if there are minor inaccuracies, the narrative is nonetheless authentic and deserves to be preserved in print for it is a story typical of other frontier regions of our developing country in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. No great deeds of valor are related here. Rather, this is the story of the day-to-day struggle of the homesteader in his attempt to eke out a living for himself and his family from an inhospitable combination of soil and climate. It is the story of the hope, the faith, the dream, the perseverance, the dedication of a group of people working through a new and exciting experience together. It is also the story of the slow and painful yielding of individuals in the group to the inevitable decimation of a community of men and women unacquainted with the demands and inexperienced in the limitations of agriculture in a semiarid and climatically unpredictable region.

Thomas A. Barlow
Editor

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

In this narrative, I have necessarily used the personal pronoun often, not because I played an important part in this drama of frontier life, but because my memory is the chief source of the information. From a diary, letters, pictures, and conversations with some of the settlers, I have gathered this material. The years covered are from 1914 to 1924, with some comment on earlier history and visits made in later years. I attach some maps to show the area and the original homesteads as I remember them.

For help in the preparation, I owe many thanks to my wife Jessie, to Otto Nutt and his son Berwyn, Elsie Kenworthy Clay, Walter and Lena Guyer, Eva Mendenhall, Theophilus Magaw, and to many other friends for suggestions and encouragement, and for the illustrations in the book.

Lawrence, Kansas.
June, 1961

Marion A. Barlow

FOREWORD

America is so young that many communities have developed in lifetimes of persons now living. Their memories and any records available should be preserved for later generations. Sand Arroyo was one of the pioneer settlements in eastern Colorado. There were similar settlements all over eastern Colorado, usually separated by natural barriers of rough pasture land, large tracts owned or controlled by the ranchers or some other obstacle to immediate settlement for farming. Almost all the settlers had only one thought: to raise grain and hay as they had done in the eastern states from which they came. I was just past twenty-one years old when I first saw Sand Arroyo and it made a deep impression on my life.

The place that I am writing about is twenty-five miles north and east of Sugar City, Colorado, some fifteen miles northwest of Arlington, Colorado. It is a wide valley running from northwest to southeast , draining into Adobe Creek—a tributary of the Arkansas River. Sharp Ranch, to the northwest, was at the head of the valley and the Sherman's Lakes in the southeast, west of Arlington, received the water from it. At some previous time someone had tried to develop the lakes either for irrigation or as a storage for livestock water. The center of the particular area of the account lies mostly in the Northeast Township of Crowley County, Colorado, Township 18, Range 55. But the location is not as important as the people who settled it, created a community and then departed, leaving a record of living that still binds them together in permanent interests and continuing friendships. Its people and customs came from many states and a few foreign countries. This area in eastern Colorado had been open for homesteading for a great many years and some parts had been "proved up on" and the title received from the United States government for cattle and sheep ranches.

In the fall of 1914 after the crops were harvested, I went to Cloud County, Kansas, to visit relatives. My grandfather, Francis Marion Barlow, was very ill and I was asked to help care for him. He needed considerable personal attention. I had been away from the friends and relatives of that area for some time. There was a host of relatives in the vicinity. I had a wonderful time visiting them and I hope was of some help to Grandpa and others. At Christmas Grandpa and Grandma gave me a gold watch with my name inscribed in it because I was the only grandson who was named for

him. Uncle Will Magaw's wife, Aunt Sarah, died in January. Aunt Lulu McHenry and Grandma suggested that they could get along as Grandpa was better and they asked that I go over and stay with Uncle Will. This I did. Some time after Aunt Sarah's funeral, John and Theophilus Magaw called to visit. Theophilus had homesteaded some land in eastern Colorado the previous year and was full of enthusiasm of that area. John was selling his farm and livestock in Osborne County and looking for a new location. So the possibilities of the Colorado country for farming and livestock raising were very thoroughly discussed. Of course, I became interested. Someone suggested that I go and look it over and perhaps I could find a claim, too. Uncle Will urged me to go, saying it was the last of the Free Homestead land and in a few years I could have a farm of my own. I decided to visit the area and was invited to go with John and Theophilus. Theophilus had to get back to establish his residence on his land, so went on the train. John bought a new Ford car for the trip. At that time he was a resident of Osborne County and the Ford Company had some arrangement whereby the credit would go to the agent in Osborne County, so Uncle Will Magaw bought the car, and he sold it to John to keep the credit for the Ford agent in Concordia. We started out in this new car and stopped overnight in Osborne County at John's former home. The next day we drove to the Storer home near Studley, Kansas. It was very cold winter weather at this time, of course. Mr. Storer had married a cousin of John Magaw who was also a cousin of my father. The house they lived in was on a small creek west and north of Studley. I remember well the pools of open water and ice along the creek as it was seldom that we saw such a sight in the west. These pools were spring fed. Mr. Storer lived in a sod house. The walls were built of prairie sod and were about two feet thick. The roof was a board roof covered with slabs of sod. This was my first experience in a sod house. It was very warm and comfortable, but, I imagine, very hard to keep clean.

In Western Kansas, somewhere near Winona, the car upset and rolled over three times. This accident occurred some three miles from any town and on the open prairie. John was knocked unconscious and I received a broken ankle. Fortunately, the doctor of the nearby town was only half a mile from us in his car and saw the accident. He drove up and quickly determined we were both alive and set my ankle on the spot. Although I had to use a crutch for several weeks, the ankle healed perfectly.

I do not recall the route we took, but somewhere west of Winona we got across to the Missouri Pacific Railroad and followed the tracks to Sugar City, Colorado, where we were met by Theophilus

Magaw at the hotel which was operated by his cousin, Frank and Ellen Whittington. They boarded a large number of men who were working in the sugar factory that winter and most of them seemed to be homesteaders. Frank had written a poem about the "Sugar Factory Boys" (The Jolly Boys of Sugar Town"), which was published in the *Sugar City Gazette*.

Chapter 1

ON TO SAND ARROYO

Sugar City, Colorado. Winter, 1914-1915. John Magaw drove his new Ford touring car up to the Ellen Whittington boarding house and helped me out. I was on crutches as the aftermath of the auto accident. Snow covered the street lightly and the warm dining room was surely welcome. There I met a few of the Sand Arroyo homesteaders: Will Plummer, Cecil Kenworthy, Art Andrews, and, of course, Frank Whittington, owner of the boarding house, We were close to Sand Arroyo and another chapter in life was opening for us. Theophilus Magaw met us the next day and we soon were starting for the Sand Arroyo. From Sugar City we drove east on the highway, crossed Horse Creek and five miles farther on we turned onto an angling road, running in a northeasterly direction, and continued on it for about twenty miles. We passed the Farris Sheep camp, the Miniss Springs, drove over the mesa and dropped down the slope into Sand Arroyo. Theophilus soon was naming the settlers who had established homes along the route: Bunce, Jester, Ellingwood, Certain, Keys, Dimitt, Sanders, Plummer, Whittington. We crossed the Sand Arroyo between Keys' and Dimitt's farms. A short stop to meet Sarah Plummer and her daughters, Dorothy and Rose Nell, then a stop of a few minutes with Frank Whittington and we were headed for Theophilus's claim a mile and a half away. His land seemed level, with lots of "cat-tracks"* and cactus on it. The house was near the west end of his tract — a one room affair about fourteen feet by twelve feet covered with black roofing paper. A small shed on the east end sheltered his horses and harness. Supper, a good sleep, breakfast and we were ready to see the country.

*A local expression for plots of land on which no vegetation grew and which were surrounded by cactus growth. Even under cultivation the vegetation-less plots persisted.

We drove over most of the passable trails. Theophilus was enthusiastic about the soils, grasses, crops and neighbors. He pointed out homes of George Brand, Beulah Cook, Leonard Donald, Joseph Kenworthy, Arthur Andrews, Robert Crowe, Parks, Lindsey, Horace Lowe, Walter Guyer, G.P. Newsom and Charles Mendenhall, the Quaker Church, the Forder Sheep Ranch, the school sections and the schoolhouse. He made discreet inquiries about who had filed claims on the various tracts and what land was probably still open. Everyone saw a great future because the soil was rich and some had raised corn or cane or a good garden on the sod. It was a contagious feeling that took hold of settler and visitor alike. The soil was rich red; the grass covered the ground and did support cattle and sheep—"look at the big sheep and cattle ranches nearby." The winters were open and mild and the summers, as far as the people knew, were warm but not unbearably hot. Enough rain fell last year to grow a crop, so surely it would continue to come, even though it might vary some from year to year. No land agent could have talked more convincingly or more persuasively. Few of these people had ever owned a farm of their own, but several had farmed in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri or Oklahoma. Many had always lived in town and they were attracted by free land and the reports of friends and relatives. For a land-hungry people it was a paradise, indeed.

A few days later we went to Pueblo, Colorado, to study the records in the United States Public Land Office to find who had made entries and particularly what land was available in eastern Colorado for homesteading. The filing fee was very small, but the requirements were that the homesteader reside on the land a major portion of each year for three years. However, he had several additional years in which to make his proof. Because of the war with Germany, some amendments were made to the homesteading laws permitting military service and work in essential industry to be counted as part of the proof of compliance with the Homestead Act. Most of the newcomers tried to find land in order that they could settle close to friends or relatives or to a school, church or water supply. John couldn't find any that he wanted; in fact, he wasn't yet ready to settle down. In January, 1915, I filed a claim on the West one-half of Section 35, Township 17, Range 55, Lincoln County, Colorado. This three hundred twenty acre tract lay on top of a ridge between the Sand Arroyo and Mustang Creek, and appeared to have a good stand of grama grass. This indicated good soil. The elevation was probably close to five thousand feet above sea level. My nearest neighbor would be Joseph Kenworthy, whose house was about three-quarters of a mile from where I expected to

build mine. Later, his son Roscoe filed on the half-section adjoining mine on the east. I was surely elated with getting this tract, for soon I would have my own farm.

John Magaw wanted to go on to Denver to investigate buying school land from the State, so we left Pueblo and got into Castle Rock by evening. This was the most mountainous place I had ever seen and I enjoyed the overnight stay. The next day we drove into Denver. As we had some car trouble along the way, we went to the Ford Assembly Plant for a checkup. While visiting with a mechanic and telling about our adventures, he reached under the car and tapped the radius rods. The sound indicated one was broken, and a new one was installed. Either this break occurred before our accident in Kansas, or at that time. Several times the car had been out of control, but thereafter we had no similar trouble.

The next day, before starting back to Kansas, we returned to Sugar City and stayed overnight, then, because of reports of heavy snow in eastern Colorado, we drove north through Karvel and Sand Arroyo to Hugo, Colorado. As the road from Hugo would take us far to the south again, we cut across country to Arriba, Colorado, and followed the old "Ocean to Ocean" highway (now U.S. 24) to Burlington. Several times we were stuck in the snow and, with my broken ankle, I wasn't much help in getting out of the drifts. John decided to leave the car at Burlington Garage, and we took the train to Kansas. He went to Concordia and I to Harveyville, Kansas, where my father and brother met me at the depot. I had had a great trip and adventure, but was surely happy to be home again.

Chapter 2

A HOME ON THE CLAIM

In Kansas during the summer of 1915 I put out a corn and kaffir crop and put up considerable hay and harvested sweet clover seed. In August I returned to Colorado and established residence on my claim. I shipped out a small bed, small monkey stove, a bracket lamp, my cornet, a box of books, a trunk of clothing, some cooking utensils, bedding, some canned food Mama had put up for me, a few carpenter tools and other hand tools. When I arrived in Sugar City, I had less than fifty dollars. Theophilus met me and hauled all of my gear that he could in his car. My claim was about two miles from his house. I arranged with Leonard Donald, who lived near Theophilus, to haul the rest of my goods and some building material from Sugar City. The next day the lumber was on my claim. I had already dug a hole ten feet by twelve feet and two feet deep and as soon as the lumber arrived, I built a room of slightly larger area above the hole. The walls were five feet high, measuring from the ground outside, and were banked high with dirt all the way around. I treated the wood, four inch tongue and groove fir flooring, with hot paraffin which proved to be a good preservative and moisture resistant. Along with the lumber, Donald had brought out a half ton of coal which I moved inside when the room was completed. Theophilus helped move my belongings from his house to my new home. I was on my own. It gave me a wonderful feeling of independence. But it also presented certain rather pressing problems not the least of which was the preparation of food. Today there are a number of foods which an unskilled man can prepare, but in those days they were more limited. I managed to boil water and could, therefore, have corn on the cob, green beans, dry beans, corn meal mush, and coffee. I could warm a skillet and so was able to fry bacon, mush, and eggs. I had only canned milk since it would stay sweet until I used it while fresh milk would not. Also, I had store bread, canned peas, tomatoes and beans. I learned that surface coal (dried cow chips) made a good fire and gathered ten or twelve bushels of them. These I stored along the wall inside the house. I made a table hinged to the wall and a wall cabinet or

two out of crates. The cabinets were for the supplies I had brought along. I had a rocking chair. A box served as a chair for me to sit at the table. Water was a problem. My closest neighbor, Joe Kenworthy, hauled from Dimitt's well. He always insisted that I take home some fresh water each time I was at his house. I could store about five gallons which was enough for all purposes except washing clothes. The stove pipe went out through the north wall and above the roof. When winter came I was as snug and warm as a bug in a rug.

Summers were moderate, but always cool in the shade of a building or tree and, of course, nights were cool and usually we slept under blankets. I cannot remember any night while I lived in Colorado when we did not need a quilt or blanket for sleeping.

Winters also were moderate, but occasionally the temperature would get down below zero and stay there for a few days at a time. I can remember one morning when it was twenty-five degrees below zero. I did the chores as usual and thought nothing of it until I found out how cold it actually had been.

Pike's Peak protected this area from many of the blizzards that were reported farther east and northeast. There was seldom much snow on the ground until late winter. Cattle and sheep could, therefore, graze most of the winter on the open range. I recall one winter, however, when the snow came before Christmas and lay on the ground until March. That was a hard winter on the livestock since so many people did not have adequate feed for their horses and cattle.

The United States government surveyors were working in the area when I arrived. Adolph Forder had made a survey many years prior to the settlement to locate the boundaries of tracts of land that he purchased from the government for his sheep business. This was well and accurately done. Many settlers had marked their boundaries by measuring from his corners. Other settlers had measured from the Missouri Pacific railroad tracks, stepping off the distance, using a one hundred foot tape, or counting the revolutions of a wagon wheel. Naturally, there was much variation in boundaries. Most homesteaders accepted the government survey at once, but some would not. Sometimes acceptance of the government survey meant moving buildings, losing a good water supply, or some plowed field. Where claims were identified by metes and bounds they often left irregular plots of land and caused the road to jog around them. Metes and bounds lines were set up in legal descriptions as beginning at a certain point that was well known and easily recognized. However, on the praires where there were no stones, trees or other immovable natural markers, it was

harder to describe such tracts. Often a plowed or fenced field, a well, or a house served as a starting point.

One of my first acts to establish my right to the claim was to post notices that I had filed at Pueblo under the Homestead Act and had established residence. This I did by attaching a written notice to a short stake near each corner of the claim.

My neighbor on the west had located his claim by using one of the methods described above and did not want to accept the government survey. I had been told to plow a furrow around my claim as a part of the notice to others that it had been filed on. Not knowing my neighbor's attitude toward the government survey, I borrowed Theophilus Magaw's team one day and started a furrow north from the southwest corner according to the brass topped United States Survey stake. I had plowed less than a quarter of a mile when someone shouted, "Stop," and there in front of me stood Ralph Cline, my neighbor. He protested vigorously, said his claim extended quite a distance east of my furrow, and demanded that I stop plowing. He was not belligerent but was very emphatic. We agreed to let the boundary question rest a while. If the United States Survey was accepted, he would abide by it and move to the brass capped stakes. So I returned the team. A few days later I noticed that he had shovelled the sod back into the furrow, grass side up!

I was invited to an ice cream party at the Gamble home that same evening. When I returned the horses Theophilus wanted me to stay and go with him, but I went home to change clothes. It was dark when I started for Gamble's place. They must have thought I needed a guide for as I started out I noticed a light in their direction. Later I found it was a lantern hung on the hayrack. The night was dark and cloudy. As I walked toward the Gamble home in a direct line, I suddenly lost sight of the light. I kept on, but soon realized I was confused as to the right direction. I stumbled over cactus and bunch grass. After a time I crossed the furrow I had plowed that day. Feeling that if I turned left along it I would certainly be traveling south, I followed it. Surely enough, I came to the southwest corner of my land. To the east I could see my house on the horizon. I was soon home and spent the rest of the evening reading. No more wandering on that dark night!

This detailed account of my introduction to the Valley gives a quite accurate picture of how the other young bachelors lived. We came to get land, make homes, and develop the community. Some had larger living quarters or better furnished ones. Some had less well equipped ones. None of us had much capital. Some had a team and a few farm implements. All had lots of determination, friendliness, helpfulness and hospitality.

Chapter 3

WORK TO DO

After getting my house built, I had almost nothing to keep me occupied around the claim and so I made inquiries for work. By that time I had only about twelve dollars to my name. In a locality where nearly everyone was looking for a chance to earn a dime, I badly needed work. I recalled that Harlan Wesner was building a house about six miles from my place and that he had earlier told me he would be glad to have me help him. I walked those six miles morning and evening in order to get the job. He had just completed the barn and was then building a new house. He had come from Illinois and was one of the better farmers in the community. Also, he had sufficient capital to put up good buildings. The second day he told me if I would help with the chores I could sleep there and he would board me in addition to paying my wages. To this I gladly agreed. Walking twelve miles a day and working ten hours at carpentering took a lot of the pep out of me. He had excellent meals and I enjoyed the week or so that I worked for him. With so many neighbors wanting to help, we were not long putting up the house.

One Sunday evening a near-tragedy occurred to Mr. Wesner. He had a gasoline lamp which was out of gasoline when darkness came. He went out to his automobile and turned on the spigot under the car in order to drain gasoline into the lamp. In trying to shut it off, he got gasoline on his sleeve and could not find the spigot. Without thinking of the possible consequences, he struck a match to see the spigot. The gasoline burst into flames and, if it had not been for his quick thinking, he probably would have lost his life. However, he rolled in the dust and put out the fire, but he did receive a badly burned arm. While most people had coal oil lamps, there were a few using the pressure gasoline lamps with asbestos wicks. At this time there were no electric lights or artificial gas lights in that entire area. Electricity was available only in the towns. Keeping the chimneys of the kerosene lamps clean and trimming their wicks was a daily chore. Today most people would consider the amount of light they provided as insufficient for home purposes, but they were a wonderful help then.

After finishing my job with Mr. Wesner, I was again without anything to do. I picked up a few odd jobs here and there in the neighborhood, but nothing steady. On my own claim there was nothing I could do. There were no fence posts and no trees from which to cut them. Therefore, when I heard that an irrigation ditch was being built from the Pinnacles to some land near the Farris Sheep Ranch, I went over to see if I could get work. The Pinnacles was a rough area, taking its name from a number of cone-shaped hills. In it a good sized dam had been constructed to impound water and a Pueblo firm was building a ditch to carry the water to some two sections of land down in the valley which they were preparing to irrigate. When I approached the man in charge of the work, his first question was, "Can you drive a fourteen horse team on the grader we are using to shape up the ditch?" I told him I had never driven that many, but thought I could handle it all right if I could hook up the horses. These horses were supplied by Mr. Sam Smith, who hired some of the teams from his neighbors while he supplied the remainder. I asked him if he would be willing to arrange the horses into three four-horse teams in tandem with one two-horse team in the lead and told him I wanted the lead team to be his fastest one. We arranged it that way and in a short time the grader was moving steadily at its work. I could drive all the horses from the seat because the lead team set the pace. The foremen were all quite pleased with this arrangement because they had previously been having one driver for each team of horses. Mr. Smith had the grading contract for this ditch and I worked for him several weeks.

After completing our work on the irrigation ditch, we took a contract to pull sugar beets near Sugar City for the sugar company. This work required a four-horse team pulling a special type of plow. It had two steel fingers which ran down into the ground and were shaped to lift the beets out of the ground. The soil was heavy red adobe and, when dry, as it was at harvest time, it was very difficult to plow and the soil turned up in great chunks sometimes as large as washtubs. It was the most difficult farm work I had ever undertaken because the horses were not heavy enough for the job and not trained to do it. Also, they had not been properly fed for that strenuous type of work.

The sugar company itself raised several hundred acres of sugar beets and had many more acres under contract with farmers. The beets were from four inches to eight inches in diameter and from six to fourteen inches in length. The process of harvesting them was to plow them out of the ground and have families of Mexicans follow the plow throwing them into piles. Other workers would

then cut off the tops, throw the beets into larger piles to facilitate loading them into wagons which hauled them to the factory. These Mexican workers were very skillful with the topping knife and were friendly enough with me while we were working together in the field. The best tops were usually hauled out for feed or eaten by the livestock which were turned into the field for that purpose.

I had driven down with some grain and hay on the wagon and some bedding in order that I might sleep under the wagon near the horses. The field assigned to me by the sugar company was about two miles from town. By evening the horses were so tired I did not have the heart to drive them to town in order that I might get something to eat. Instead, I walked to town, ate in the restaurant and walked back to the field where I had left the horses. I, too, was tired out when I climbed into my bedroll. The next day was an even worse experience because the horses were tired when we started to work—and so was I.

About four o'clock I unhitched them from the plow and onto the wagon and started back for Smith's homestead. I had had enough!

Following my work with the sugar company, Mr. Smith proposed that we go to the foothills of the mountains and get posts from government land for fencing our homesteads. Our inquiries revealed that there were quite a number of people doing that and there was no objection by the government officials since the land was lying idle and had not yet been homesteaded. I, therefore, told him I was perfectly willing to make the trip.

We started out with two wagons and six horses. Our route took us to Sugar City and across the ridge to the Arkansas Valley where we crossed the river at Rocky Ford, thence southwest to a little town called Timpas. There we bought some additional groceries and drove about twenty miles back into the hills bordering the branches of the Purgatoire River (also known as the Picket Wire River). These hills were in many places very steep, but there was a trail back into them. Near the top, these hills had a limestone ledge which evidently held moisture because just above the limestone we found a species of juniper and pinon pine which grew plentifully throughout that region. The juniper and pine trees were full of blue birds and cardinals which evidently wintered in the area. It was a beautiful sight to see—thousands of these brightly colored birds in the snowfilled trees.

We found plenty of trees from four to eight inches in diameter, the best size for the posts we needed. After cutting enough to load our wagons, we started back with such heavy loads that the teams could not hold the wagons from running over them going down hills. We had to chain lock the rear wheels as we went down the

steeper grades. This was done by fastening a heavy log chain to both the rear wagon wheels and to the wagon bed. This locked the wheels so they had to slide on the knot in the chain and provided a very effective brake. Of course, the chains had to be taken off when we reached the bottom of the hill and then re-fastened before starting down another steep incline. We made it back to Mr. Smith's homestead without mishap and found we had a ready market for the two large wagonloads of posts among the homesteaders who could not make the long trip. We resolved to sell those posts which we had brought back and to return to the Timpas area to cut more posts for our own use. I think we made three trips that winter hauling posts out and selling them. We met several other Sand Arroyo homesteaders on one trip. As we were going into the timberland, they were coming out. I remember Horace Lowe, Charlie Mendenhall and I believe Tom Andrews and Alphaes Reese were in one party.

On this trip we had to go farther back to find our posts and ran low on provisions. My partner, Mr. Smith, suggested one of us go back to Timpas and buy some groceries. I urged him to go. We loaded one of the wagons with posts to sell and he started out. He was gone several days longer than we had planned and I was out of groceries before he returned. In fact, all I had to live on in those last few days were potatoes and a little bread. I remember that I had to make potato soup five times a day in order to have enough strength to keep going. I have never liked potato soup since! Smith was delayed in getting back by a breakdown of the wagon and he had to sell his posts for about one-third the price we would have received had we taken them on to Sand Arroyo. When he returned, we continued cutting until we had enough posts to load the two wagons and then went back to his homestead which was close to the Miniss Springs and north of the old Farris Sheep Ranch. This was about twelve miles from my homestead. Every weekend while working for him I would drive his horse and buggy to my claim and stay over Sunday so as to keep my residence established on my claim. Also, this gave me a chance to attend church and visit some of the friends I had made.

On our last trip to the Cedars south of Timpas we ran short of drinking water and I rode horseback over quite a large part of the area trying to find water. I finally found a cabin beside a branch of the Purgatoire River but the water was so bitter in the spring nearby that we could not drink it. Even the horse, thirsty as he was, would only sip at it. Going farther down the draw, I finally found some water we could drink even though it, too, was strong with alkali. The cabin I had found was for the use of ranchers. It was

furnished with cook stove, bed, table and chairs, dishes and cooking utensils. There were flour, lard, salt, coffee and other groceries there, probably for emergency use by cowhands. Even bedding and wood for the stove were inside. That night the snow fell and the stock ate snow to satisfy their thirst. We melted some for our cooking and drinking water. We decided we had best load our wagons and get out as we did not know what the storm had been like farther north. We made Rocky Ford the first night and must have been a rough looking sight when we went into a restaurant for supper. However, we got shaves and haircuts at the barber shop next door and were looking much better and feeling fine when we started out about noon the following day for Sugar City. That night we camped near Sugar City along an irrigation ditch. The following evening we made it back to Smith's homestead.

During the winter my father, James A. Barlow, came out from Kansas to visit me. I think he was curious to see the Colorado country as well as anxious to visit me. He had me make inquiries about what land was available to homestead. I found the half-section east of mine still open and a quarter-section tract and two eighty acre tracts a mile south of mine, also. He filed on the last three tracts and went back to Kansas to prepare the family for moving to the frontier. He arrived in Sugar City in February 1916. He, my brother Ora, and I hauled lumber and his machinery and household goods from Arlington, a town several miles closer to his claim than Sugar City, but this was still an eighteen-mile trip each way. We piled the lumber near the spot where he planned his house. We returned one day from Arlington with our loads to find a prairie fire had swept through the neighborhood. Fortunately, some rough land to the west had deflected it and his lumber was safe. The neighbors turned out to help put up his house which was a four-room frame dwelling about twenty-four feet by thirty-six feet and twelve feet to the eaves thus providing a large room for storage and sleeping above the lower part of the house. He had to be economical of materials, so the studdings dividing the house into rooms were covered only with building paper to make the partitions for the various rooms. A ladder led to the upper floor. The sides of the house were tongue and groove fir drop siding; in fact, fir was about the only lumber available. We put up three strands of barbed wire around the building to keep his stock away and plowed a strip of ground around it as a fire guard. We constructed a corral of barbed wire and cedar posts and built a shed barn of baled straw which we had hauled from Sugar City.

I had enough posts to fence forty acres on my homestead so we broke the sod there first and rented some old (cultivated) ground

from Mr. Sanders. After the crops were planted my brother, Ora, and I went to Bunker Hill, Kansas, to work in the wheat harvest. After harvest was finished, we hired on to a threshing crew of, I think, a Mr. Mahoney.* We threshed (colloquially, thrashed) over two thousand bushels during one long day—a state record, we were told. Wages were good. After the Bunker Hill area harvest and threshing were finished, we went to Colby, Kansas, to continue similar work. But the wheat around Colby had already been harvested and threshed. So we took jobs on a Rock Island Railroad bridge gang for a few days. Since this work was not really desired by either of us we took the opportunity, after a brief period, to return to farm work—this time on farms of the Ziegelmeier family near Gem, Kansas. I remained there for some eighteen months helping with the farming and, also, constructing buildings for them.

The urge to return to my Sand Arroyo homestead grew stronger. I arrived back on the Sand Arroyo on Halloween. My father had just dug his potatoes, I remember, and the first hard freeze of the season came that night. But there was little work to do around either my own or my father's homestead and so, after again establishing my homestead residence, went to Eaton, Colorado, to work in the sugar beet harvest. Having sent most of my earnings over the past two years to my parents to keep their family going, I was almost broke. The sugar factory at Eaton was hiring people so I took a job there. These were twelve-hour shifts and the work was hard, hot, and in steamy rooms. All I did for the next few weeks was work, eat, and sleep!

When the factory closed down at the end of the season I went to Victor to work in the gold mines. The wages were good and I soon learned the work. When spring arrived I returned to my homestead on the Sand Arroyo to plant my crops and continue to meet my residence requirements.

While I was at Victor, I had written to Adolph Forder about buying a forty acre plot he owned southwest of my homestead. I was afraid I would not easily find sufficient good water on my own high land and I knew there was a good spring on his forty. He had been a sheep rancher for many years and, therefore, owned

*Prior to the combine wheat stalks were cut and tied into bundles by machines called "binders." Crews followed the binders setting the bundles upright into shocks. This is the harvest referred to here. After the fields were "shocked" the stationary threshing machine was brought to a central location on the farm and the bundles of wheat hauled from the fields to the thresher.

several ranches. The influx of homesteaders had made it nearly impossible for him to continue running sheep on the open range and he had recently turned to cattle. The cattle grazing did not require use of his Sand Arroyo holdings and, when I returned from Victor, he proposed to sell me all of his holdings in the arroyo (the forty acres I had inquired about, a one hundred sixty acre piece with good improvements (buildings), and another tract of one hundred sixty acres in the southern part of the valley). His price, $5,000 at six percent interest, seemed very reasonable to me. He even offered to put up about $5,000 more to buy me a herd of cattle which he—and I, too—felt sure would pay for themselves and the land. I talked it all over with my parents. It looked like too good a chance to miss! But I didn't know my status with regard to the draft. After discussing my situation thoroughly with him, we decided to go ahead with the deal.

In the fall we found a fine herd of cows near Hugo, Colorado, and my father, sister Lena, and I drove there with our wagon and bedding to get them. Mr. Forder met us at the ranch and together we completed the purchase. It was a hard, two-day trip back home. At the Forder ranch I had plenty of shed room for the cattle. During the winter I spent my time improving the buildings, putting up more fences, and hauling feed. Usually cattle could graze on the pastures—of which I had enough for my herd—but this was a hard winter and the grass was covered with snow most of the time. Thus, it was necessary to haul feed three or four miles. But it was well worth the effort. I had a good calf crop and was able to sell enough calves and fattened cows to pay off nearly half the purchase price of the entire herd. But then I made a serious mistake: I got the "registered fever." I wanted registered bulls. So I sold off my herd bulls and bought three registered bulls from Mr. Forder at $250 each. More debt!

In the fall of 1919 I married Jessie Ridley in Topeka and, after a honeymoon visiting relatives in Kansas, we returned by train to Arlington and to the Forder Ranch on the Sand Arroyo by horse and buggy. Two of our children were born on the ranch, Thomas in 1920 and Marie in 1921.

Chapter 4

THE FORDER SHEEP RANCH

Three roads radiated from the Forder Ranch on Sand Arroyo. They were laid out by Mr. Forder with a compass for use of his herdsmen in the early days. One ran southwesterly to Sugar City, another southeasterly toward Arlington and Las Animas. The third ran northwesterly to Forder's ranch on Horse Creek, called Forder Post Office. Forder was of German birth and educated to be a silk buyer. I never heard him say why he came to Colorado. On one of his first trips he carried bacon and flour on his back from Las Animas and drove a small bunch of sheep to the ranch he had on Horse Creek. I think it was that ranch which he homesteaded. He was a splendid person, courteous, kindly, honest and very methodical. He had sheep camps scattered from Las Animas to the head of Horse Creek and ran several thousand head of ewes. He grazed them in summer on the high ground and in winter gathered them into his valley ranches. He had large sheds and pens at these places. He fed many lambs and sheep at Las Animas for market because there was grain and hay to be bought from the irrigated farms there. The homesteaders began fencing the range and plowing up the grass. Old roads were obstructed with fences and crops. In 1916 he brought about five thousand ewes with lambs to the Sand Arroyo ranch to shear and brand. I remember, as if it were only yesterday, how a number of us helped catch the sheep for the Mexican shearers. These men were surely adept with their shears. The ewes had to be caught by the neck and wool, flipped over on their backs and dragged to the shearers. A wool platform was used in order to keep the wool out of the dirt. The Mexicans sheared with hand shears and really did a quick and neat job. As the wool was sheared it unfolded in one piece, with some tag ends and was rolled into a bundle, tied with paper twine and thrown into a big burlap sack. One man was usually tramping the wool down in the sack to pack in as much as possible. Others of us caught the lambs to be branded and, after branding, put them outside the shed. Each lamb was branded with a red "F", also each ewe after she was sheared. Branding sheep was easy as we used a wooden stick with

an "F" on the end which was dipped in red paint. The only requirement was to put the letter high on the back or rump so it could be seen and so the sheep would not smear it. The ewes were also released into the corral after being sheared. It was a noisy time as ewes bleated for their young and the lambs baa'd for their mothers. But somehow they soon recognized each other. That was his last bunch of sheep, he said. That fall he sold them and bought a good grade of Hereford cattle and disposed of his Las Animas property.

Another sheep ranch was situated about ten miles north on Mustang Creek. It belonged to a Mr. Wiler. His ranch was in rougher country and ran sheep for several years longer than Forder did. He usually bought yearlings and wintered them on grass and cottonseed meal. He told me it was much more profitable than running ewes because he had fewer losses. He hired only a herder for fall and winter and could calculate quite accurately what the range would carry before he bought each year.

Between the railroad and Miniss Springs was another sheep camp run by a Mr. Farris whose family lived in Ordway, Colorado. Occasionally a settler stopped there to water his horses, or, if it were stormy, to get shelter for the night. Farris, also, changed to cattle later on. Northwest of Sand Arroyo was the Sharp Ranch which handled Hereford cattle. Earlier settlement of that region restricted his range more than that of the other stockmen. There were several large cattle ranches east of Sand Arroyo in Adobe Creek valley: Boone Best, later the warden of Colorado State Penitentiary at Canon City, had one and a Mr. Beers, I recall, had another.

Most of the soil in the valley was a red clay or adobe. It varied in texture and the native grasses often were a good indication of its nature. On the claims of Keys, Sanders, Ellingwood and Jester there was a fine, close stand of grama grass. This soil proved to be rich, light textured, easy to plow and given to drifting during wind storms. Mr. Certain's field by the schoolhouse was very sandy, but he was able to raise alfalfa on it. My father and Theophilus Magaw had a heavy adobe, hard to plow or cultivate, but productive if sufficient rain fell. The cactus beds usually indicated a heavy soil and they were hard to plow through—full of roots and sharp spines which the horses tried to avoid. Large, bare spots where vegetation would not grow were present on much of the heavy adobe soils. Usually cactus grew around these spots and often they were full of roots and most difficult to plow. These were called cat-tracks and one often heard of "cat-tracky" land. Even under cultivation these spots persisted. Since no crop would grow on them it appeared that the soil in them was completely devoid of plant food. Sand filled

the bottom of Sand Arroyo Creek from Leonard Donald's place to the Forder Ranch. Also, there were some pockets of sand above and below this part of the creek. A quartz gravel and a reddish pebble were present in many places. Small pieces of mica were found, especially on the slope toward Mustang Creek. Another stone frequently found in excavating was a rounded red or brown boulder which broke up into sharp, odd-shaped pieces with various yellow, brown and red streaks banded through it. Some people said it was the petrified remains of a sea animal. There was no building stone, so far as I know. There were some cone-shaped hills, called pinnacles, on Mustang Creek and southwest of Sand Arroyo at the Reservoir which had brownish cap rock on them. Buffalo horns were still easily found on the prairie at that time.

Water was a necessity and its easy availability determined the location of the first claims. Naturally, the stockmen had ownership of the known springs and wells. Control of water meant control of the grassland as far out as stock could range and return for watering. This meant effective control for three to five miles in dry weather. In a rainy season, the lagoons, buffalo wallows, cat-tracks and other depressions filled with water and stock could range much farther. But sheep could not do so for they needed a corral to protect them against coyotes at night. Mr. Forder had a large ranch on Horse Creek with many buildings to shelter and care for his sheep. In addition to his one hundred sixty acre homestead he rented considerable school land and had bought land from homesteaders. He had encouraged his employees to prove up claims adjoining his holdings and purchased their land when they left. This was under fence and enclosed several sections. Water was so close to the surface that he had about forty acres of fine hay meadow sub-irrigated. He also put in pumps and raised the water to a ditch and irrigated a field of fine alfalfa for hay. Great cottonwood trees grew at this ranch and many community picnics were held there. He had a post office at one time as a convenience to the settlers. I think he had more sympathy and understanding of the settler's problems than any other rancher I knew. He also irrigated a garden and orchard at the house. Here was a very tall windmill near the barns and a bunkhouse for the sheepherders (later cowboys). While this ranch was twenty-five miles from Sand Arroyo, it had a big influence on the life there. "Look what Forder has done. He has alfalfa, garden fruit," was often heard. Forder had established camps between his home ranch and the one at Sand Arroyo and the one at Las Animas. Near the home ranch there were corrals where the sheep could be kept at night. By this means he could run the sheep much farther from home when a rainy season came. The

herder slept in a tent, on the ground in the open, or in a "grub" wagon.

On Sand Arroyo Mr. Forder had the ranch and two camps; both camps had water and a corral. One was in the Donald section and adjacent to Section 16, a school section. A natural waterhole was in the creek bed and a wooden board corral had been built nearby. This campsite contained forty acres and had a three strand barbed wire fence around it. Mr. Forder told me he purchased this land with Railroad Scrip. At some time when the railroads were being built, the railroad companies were issued a scrip by the United States government in lieu of the land that had been given other railroads to help their financing. It could be used to purchase any government land that was subject to homesteading. Ranchers bought the scrip from the railroad or brokers and bought the water holes they needed. How much Mr. Forder used I do not recall. He may, also, have used it to buy the Sand Arroyo Ranch and the hundred sixty acres southeast of it.

The Forder Sheep Ranch was near the center of all the valley activities. The public school was diagonally across the section. The Friends Church was only a mile north. The Arlington-Las Animas road started there as did the Sugar City trail.

The ranch also had two other tracts of land attached to it, but the main buildings were on this tract of one hundred sixty acres. A good, two-room house about fourteen feet by twenty-four feet had been built by Mr. Forder for his foreman. It was on a good stone foundation and had exterior walls of dropsiding and a shingle roof. He kept it painted white which, of course, made it quite an outstanding landmark. Nearby were two caves with wooden floors; the sides and roofs were covered with dirt. One was for vegetables, groceries and general storage, the other for the Mexican sheepherders he employed. These caves were first built to live in. Also, a well-built privy of the same material as the house was nearby. A large, white elm tree grew north of the house—the only one I ever saw in the valley. Across the road were cottonwood trees about twelve inches in diameter set in double rows that were some one hundred fifty feet long. Between the rows was a plank water trough lined with galvanized sheet metal at which the sheep could be watered. North of the trees there was a large galvanized metal water storage tank about ten feet high and eight feet in diameter beside a well and pump. At one time Forder had had a windmill there to pump water, but had moved it to another ranch. East of the well was a solidly built lap-siding, plastered, concrete-floored chicken house about ten feet wide by thirty feet long and a little farther east was a corrugated iron building for wool storage. It was about

twenty feet by thirty and ten feet from concrete floor to plate. South of this building was the large sheep shed. It must have been thirty-six feet wide, two hundred feet long and six feet to the eaves and was gable-roofed. It was well built of six inch by six inch soft pine frame in the center with four inch by four inch plates and posts covered with one by twelve inch boards battened with one-half by three-inch boards. Large, hinged doors at each end allowed stock and wagons to be driven through. West of this barn were large board corrals extending out about eighty to one hundred feet and six feet high. Large cedar posts held these panels in place. All his fence posts were from large diameter cedar or juniper trees, hauled in from south of the Arkansas River. All the stone, cement, lumber, nails, plaster and other building materials were hauled in from Las Animas on the Arkansas River. Immense piles of sheep manure were near the barn as a result of cleaning the corrals. Here were about all of the big cottonwood trees, and here most of the community picnics were held. This ranch was well fenced, also.

Chapter 5

WATER — WATER — WATER

Water for the settlers was a slightly different problem. They couldn't move to the water as the ranchers had done. Most of them needed water for livestock as well as water for house use. The earliest homesteaders located along the Sand Arroyo: Charles Mendenhall, Horace Lowe, Charles Certain, Levi Keys, A. B. Sanders, Leonard Donald, George Brand. Later comers had to settle farther back from the creek, e.g., George Ellingwood, William Jester, Frank Bunce, Walter Guyer, James Barlow, Joseph Kenworthy. I think nearly everyone dug a well. Some, such as Henry Dimitt and A. B. Sanders, got good water and a fair flow. Others had enough water for limited use, Will Plummer, Theophilus Magaw and John Bowers, for example. The water in some wells was so bitter because of a high alkali content, that the stock would not drink it. My father had a well with such water. The people without an adequate well had to haul water — often for long distances. Joe Kenworthy hauled three miles. I believe the Ringles, Otto Nutts, Julius Claus and some others hauled as far or farther. A wagon bed held four barrels and two or three ten gallon cream cans. Some homesteaders had no draft horses and had to hire someone to haul for them. Or a neighbor hauled it out of the kindness of his heart. Some hauled from the Sanders well, some from the Brand well, some from the Certain well, but I think more people hauled from Dimitt's well than all the others combined. Dimitt had a good well, in flow as well as in quality of the water, and certainly was unusually kind in letting so many get water from it. Most hauling was a daytime job, but in farming season some homesteaders hauled late into the night. Dimitt put in a windmill and tank which was a big help as the tank was kept full if the wind blew; but, if there was a calm spell, it was a tiring job to pump, lift and empty enough buckets of water to fill four barrels! Then in winter, how cold our hands would become in handling those water buckets! Gloves were quickly soaked, yet we couldn't work without them. The alkali water was an effective cathartic. However, it was hard to cook with it and impossible to drink it or use it to wash clothes. Sanders,

Feasel, Ellingwood and Voelkel also put in windmills and later Charles Trotter built one. Stock water was dipped from the storage tanks when possible and the drinking water was taken from the pump.

Livestock, of course, knew when the water arrived and in hot weather crowded around for a drink. Sometimes cattle would meet the water wagon, begging for a sip. In winter, barrels had to be wrapped in gunny sacks, old carpet or canvas to keep the water from freezing solid. Several houses had good roofs for guttering and a cistern would have been a great aid but I recall only one cistern in the settlement — one built by Walter Guyer. There were no bathrooms and sanitary requirements made a run to the barn, the privy or back of the house a necessity regardless of the weather.

Chapter 6

SCHOOL — CHURCH — CEMETERY

When I arrived at Sand Arroyo in 1915 there was a school building on the northwest corner of Newsom's claim. Mae Powell was the teacher that year. She had a claim one mile south of the Sand Arroyo Forder Ranch. After establishing residence she married Walter Guyer — possibly the first wedding in the community. She taught all grades in the school. I understand that the wife of either Milo or Alphaes Reese had been the first teacher there. Later Mrs. Charles Trotter (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jester) was the teacher and when the valley was fully settled there were two rooms and two teachers. All the schools in that part of the county were under one school board. There was a school south of Farris Ranch and one north of the Pinnacles near Otto Nutt's home. Most of the children walked to school except in bad weather when fathers drove them to school in wagons. Elsie Kenworthy walked three and one-half miles; many of the children a mile or more. Later, arrangements were made by the district to haul the children in automobiles.

A Friends (Quaker) Church was on the northwest corner of the Horace Lowe land. The Quakers were among the earliest settlers and there soon were enough to organize a church. Among the early members were the families of William Jester, Horace Lowe, G. P. Newsom, Charles Mendenhall, Tom and Jonathan Andrews, Mattie Plummer, Harlan Wesner, Alphaes and Milo Reese, George Ellingwood, Joseph Kenworthy, Walter and Everett Guyer and Levi Keys. Other families who were Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, Disciples or of some other faith attended the Quaker services and helped develop the community life. Because the Quakers were such a closely knit group they exerted considerable influence on the entire community. The church building was under construction when I arrived in August, 1915, and was dedicated that fall. It was a good sized frame building and was built by local labor.

Sunday school and worship services were held regularly on Sunday forenoon and Christian Endeavor and another church service Sunday evening. For some time there was no regular pastor,

but eventually the group hired Lester Burns, who served for several years. One or two revival services were held each year and often special services were held and a community dinner served at noon recess. One revival service I especially remember was conducted by a native of Africa, a Mr. Marengeopa. He had been educated in England and was trying to make a trip around the world. The accounts he gave of his travels and plans were most interesting. The local cemetery was behind the church. This land had been given for church and burial purposes by Horace and Celia Lowe. The church has been moved away, I am told, but I suppose the cemetery remains there.

The prevailing grass was grama. However, there were areas where buffalo grass was heavily sodded and I have seen some blue stem on sandy soil and several kinds of bunch grass. There were lagoons, said to have been former buffalo wallows, in which a water grass came up and sometimes grew high enough to be mowed for hay. Some years grama grass could be cut for hay. There was an area south of the Forder ranch where the water was close enough to the surface to sustain a tall, broadleafed grass that could be cut for hay every year. There was one obnoxious grass — a type of tickle grass. The seed panicle came loose when ripe and caught in the wool of sheep, the fetlocks of cattle and horses, and the socks of persons walking through it. It was very irritating to the skin because it was rough and brittle and often caused a sore on the person or animal. It lowered the value of wool because it was difficult to clean out. Mr. Forder said it came in as a result of grazing the grass too closely and he was probably correct for I noticed that it grew mostly on the lighter soils close to the sheep camps. It was an indication of a light, friable soil that did not scour well in plowing and that later blew very easily in the wind. Some homesteaders called it "poverty" grass.

Mr. Forder had built a good fence around each tract of his land and around the school section, number 36, adjoining his ranch on the southeast and which he leased from the state. Sections 16 and 36 in each township were given by the United States government to the State School Fund. The state leased them to the highest bidder and the rent went to the State School Fund. Some ranchers had many sections of school land let out on five year leases. The fences were well built, of cedar posts and barbed wire, and were a great help to the early settlers in keeping their livestock close to home.

The settlers brought some posts of hedge or oak with them, but most posts were bought locally. They were cottonwood, cut along the irrigation ditches or Arkansas River; pine, shipped in by the lumber yards; or cedar, cut and hauled from the foothills south-

west of Rocky Ford. Many settlers made the long trip to Rocky Ford, on to Timpas and then south into the foothills where a cedar or juniper grew on the mesa. This was still unclaimed land, so no one interfered with their cutting and hauling the trees for posts. They made excellent posts and, if six inches in diameter or larger, would last a long time. Mr. Forder pointed out some corner posts that had been set fifty years before and appeared to be still very solid and sturdy.

A diversion ditch started on the north line of Section 36, near the southeast corner of the Ranch, took the water out of the Sand Arroyo as it left the Ranch and carried it to some lakes west of Arlington for cattle water. I never heard of its being used for irrigation, but that may have been the original intent. Many an irrigation plan was developed, but none succeeded. An ambitious one was started west of Ringle's in what was called the Pinnacles. A large reservoir was built with an earthen dam and a large outlet pipe with a valve. The spillway was not large enough, though, as the reservoir filled several times, overflowed, and washed out some of the dam. The last I heard it was not usable. A ditch carried water to several sections of land southwest of Miniss Springs. Water was run several times, but the ground absorbed so much that no large volume arrived at the irrigation sites.

Chapter 7

LIVING ON SAND ARROYO

When a settler went to town, he took his own and his neighbor's produce and bought groceries and other merchandise for his neighbors and brought back their mail. Mostly these trips were made with horses and wagons. There were few automobiles. I remember that Jacob Voelkel, William Jester, Henry Dimitt and Theophilus Magaw each owned a car — and possibly George Ellingwood. There were no telephones, graded roads, bridges or culverts. There was no hint of radio, television, airplanes, modern plumbing or heating and cooling; few fences, trees or wells. There was no wood for fuel and coal was expensive.

Rattlesnakes abounded. One evening as I was gathering cow chips, I heard the familiar warning rattle. Not over twelve inches from my hand was a coiled rattler. Instinctively, I jerked my hand back and was not hit as it struck. These snakes are easy to kill. I stunned this one with a few chips and stomped its head. It had five rattles, said to indicate it was five years old. Few persons were bitten by rattlers as far as I know. If they were bitten, though, the accepted remedy was immediately to open the fang marks with a knife to cause bleeding, suck the wound and spit the blood and venom. Some also prescribed a drink of whiskey and cauterizing the wound. Many dogs were bitten by rattlers and some cattle — usually on the nose. Their noses would swell up terribly sometimes and they lost their appetite, but in a week were completely recovered. Bullsnakes and blacksnakes were occasionally found, also.

Chameleons ran about in the grass. They were harmless and interesting, often raising their heads with steady, unblinking eyes to watch a person. Prairie dogs were almost everywhere, often living in large villages. A village was said to indicate a water supply. The indication was a failure most of the time as far as farmers' finding a well was concerned. Rattlesnakes and prairie owls frequently lived in the same burrow with the prairie dogs. I never figured out what the prairie dogs lived on since they were not carnivorous. Besides bullsnakes and blacksnakes I have also seen some of the little garden snakes. The crested quail were frequently

visible among the yucca plants and sage. Coyotes were heard every night and often seen in early morning or late evening. Once I dug out a den of coyote pups while the parents sat back a few rods and watched me. They lived on rabbits and dead livestock. Occasionally they caught a settler's chicken, pig, or a lamb from a flock. I frequently killed rabbits for food. If they were tough or diseased, the chickens or hogs got them. There were the little cottontails, the common jack rabbit and, rarely, a big variety of the jack rabbit with a white tail. Also, I heard of some settlers' killing snowshoe rabbits, but I never saw one. Antelope ran in small herds on the open range. I have seen them on my claim and often on the slope west of the Donald land on the west side of the valley. Horned toads were often seen hopping about and frogs were heard singing loudly in wet weather.

Two varieties of locoweed grew in the valley, both of them poisonous to livestock. Both varieties began growing in early spring before the grass and were an attractive grayish green color with a pretty bluish purple flower. Cattle, sheep and the horses would eat these plants in the early spring if they were very hungry — and most of them were. Locoweed affected the nerves and appetite. The animal that ate it would get a craving for loco and eat nothing else. The animal's eyes became fixed in a stare and it would stagger and walk into fences, buildings and ditches. A horse became hard to guide, start or stop. Some of the homesteaders had no feed, or very little feed, for their livestock and the animals had to live on the range grasses or starve. So they ate sage, loco and any vegetation they could masticate. Sage, also, was detrimental to horses, both the white-blossomed and the yellow-blossomed varieties.

Yucca (sometimes called bear grass, soapweed, Spanish needle, or Indian soaproot) grew abundantly along the arroyo, but was seen in small clusters everywhere. It had a beautiful flower spike in the spring. Leaf cactus grew almost everywhere about the prairie in small, or sometimes large, clusters. In the spring the cactus flowers were very pretty with yellow, orange, white, red and purple petals. They were not pleasant to walk among, though, and the animals avoided them in grazing. Sometimes a prairie fire would singe the spines off, then the cattle would hunt for them and eat them as the leaves were very succulent. There were also a few tree cacti growing in the area.

The only large trees in the valley were at Forder's Sheep Ranch. They were cottonwoods growing in a sandy bend of the creek where grass fires could not reach them. How they managed to survive the buffalo and cattle herds of an earlier time, I cannot

understand. A few cottonwoods grew in sheltered bends of the school section south of the Ranch. These trees were not as tall as such varieties grow in the East, but the trunks were very large in circumference indicating they were quite old. I would estimate they were at least one hundred years old. Every settler set out trees, many brought them from their former homes. Few of these survived, however. Another pretty prairie plant was the buffalo berry. Some had cream-white racemes of flowers and some purple ones.

Houses built by the homesteaders were of many types and materials. Some were built with sod walls and wooden roofs with tarpaper and sod as covering. A few homesteaders dug down into the earth two to four feet inside the sod wall. The wall of the first type was some seven to eight feet high; in the latter type the wall was about that same height from the inside floor. Sod houses usually had dirt floors, one or more windows and a door. Such a house was warm, dry and snug. Some were plastered with adobe mud which hardened into a good covering. Drainage ditches kept water away from the walls and door. Prairie sod, laid up with adobe mud, made a substantial wall — often sixteen inches to twenty-four inches thick. The roof with sod on it was hail and wind proof and shed water well because of the tarpaper under the sod.

There were a few rooms dug out of the prairie or into a bank. These had dirt floors, a door and a window. A monkey stove was the usual means of heating and cooking, and the stovepipe went through the roof or an end wall. Naturally, they were hard to keep clean and tidy. But such dwellings cost little except labor.

A few adobe houses were built with either blocks or forms. There were enough grass and roots in the prairie sod to make a good block. The soil was dug loose with a shovel, enough water added to make a stiff mud and the mud shoveled into a box for making blocks or into a wooden form for making a solid wall. The boxes were about eight inches by twelve inches by sixteen inches, but varied somewhat according to the desires of the block maker. The Mexican workers on the railroad made a block nearer three inches by twelve inches by twelve inches for their houses. These blocks and walls dried in the sun and were hard and durable. Laid up with mud, and often plastered with it, they lasted many years. If a concrete foundation had been put under them to keep moisture from the base, they should have lasted indefinitely. Such houses were built like concrete block houses are today and had windows and doors, chimneys and flat or gable roofs. They were warm in winter, cool in summer, usually had wooden floors, plastered and

papered walls.

A few concrete block houses were built. Probably the cement was hauled from town, mixed with local sand and water and poured into forms to mold the blocks.

Several houses were built of lumber with a car roof covered with roofing paper. These had side walls and ends of one-by-four-inch flooring that were painted or covered with roofing paper. They had wooden floors and were usually comfortable. The soft fir flooring tended eventually to be swept out the doors because it splintered badly. Usually these houses had a window on each side and a door in the south or east, seldom (if ever) in the north or west. The preference for doorways on the south or east was due to the prevailing winds, particularly the winter storm winds, coming from the north or west.

Another type of house was built of one-by-twelve-inch boards on a two-by-four-inch frame with either a car roof, a shed roof, or a gable roof, covered with roofing paper and often stripped all around with lath to prevent the wind from getting under the roofing paper. Usually these houses had wooden floors. They were often twelve to sixteen feet square — a one room dwelling. Only a door and one or two windows were needed in such a dwelling.

A few very well built houses were erected in the community. They were solidly framed, finished on the exterior with tongue-and-groove or dropsiding, had plenty of doors and windows, a gable roof, brick chimneys, sometimes guttering. Some were even lathed, plastered and painted inside. Settlers with such homes had livestock, implements, good furniture and other capital. They had been prosperous in their former communities and intended to stay in the Sand Arroyo region. Many homesteaders however, were not so well- off and had come to prove up on a claim, sell it as soon as possible, pocket the money, and move on to other places.

The barn, if one existed, on the homestead was constructed of much the same materials as the house on the same claim. Stock needed shelter from the blizzards and cold rains. Some homesteaders brought cattle, horses and mules from the eastern states and these were more susceptible to sickness (cold and rain storms caused them to succumb to local diseases more readily) than the native stock. Also, they were more likely to eat locoweed and sage. J. A. Barlow built a barn for his stock from baled straw with a roof of poles and loose straw. He had to cover it with chicken wire netting to hold the straw in place during wind storms and had to fence it well to keep the stock from eating the baled straw! A few others made similar shelters from Russian thistles.

Russian thistle was the main weed the settlers had to contend

with. It broke loose at the top of the ground when mature and would tumble for miles in a stiff wind. A fence or a draw would stop these blowing weeds and pile them up in great quantities in the fence rows and draws. Sometimes enough lodged against a fence to tear it down during a hard windstorm. The settlers soon learned to raise the lower wire enough to allow the weeds to pass under the fence and thus save fence repair. Some cockleburs grew in the draws and pigweed and tumbleweed appeared in some fields. Also, a few sunflowers and sandburs and a new spreading weed we called the puncture weed grew in various spots. The burs of the puncture weed were sharp and long.

Crops of every kind were tried. Freed cane always matured and yielded its white seed. Black and orange cane would produce more fodder. Broom corn would mature. Common millet, Siberian millet, hog millet and a variety called elephant millet, which was cultivated in rows, were tried. Wheat, oats, barley, and rye were sown. Some alfalfa was planted. Beans, chiefly Mexican pinto (white or brown), did very well. All known varieties of corn were planted. The seed from the eastern states grew tall but seldom matured. Australian Flint, a blue and white Squaw corn, and white and yellow corn of local varieties would make a small yield of grain some years. Almost every year we raised watermelons, cantaloupes, pumpkins, squash and honeydews. They did well on sod ground. We raised potatoes but not of market quality. The most successful crop was the sorghum family. Milo (white, yellow and straight neck), kaffir (white, red, pink and African), cane (red, black, white or Freed or ribbon), sudan grass, durra, feterita, soybeans, Canada field peas and cowpeas were all tried. Some excellent gardens were raised in years of good rainfall.

Cottonwood trees grew in a few places along the creek. The best were at the Forder Ranch, as mentioned previously. One or two willows grew on the school section which adjoined the Ranch. Forder had a fine elm tree beside his house. Many of the homesteaders set out trees they brought with them or ordered from the east. Tamarisk, Russian olive, ash, maple, elm, even some peaches, plums, cherries and apples were set out. Few lived after the owner moved away. George Ellingwood started a comparatively large, young orchard.

Rainfall varied from year to year, possibly averaging twelve inches per year. At Karval, twenty miles north, much better corn, beans and sorghums were raised. This was due to the sandier topsoil and probably three or four inches more rain in the growing season. Little moisture fell between October and March. The sun shone almost all day during that period and cold weather was

seldom severe for more than a few days at a time. Pike's Peak seemed to turn the storms from this area. Each cold snap was followed by a period of warmer weather. A flurry of snow and then bare ground appeared again. One winter, however, snow came in December and lasted until the end of February. I hauled feed to cattle and horses all that time. Usually the stock grazed on the prairie the year around. The early storms in March and April were often blizzards that wet and chilled the livestock that was not sheltered and often caused their death. The soil blew badly in the spring winds and farmers soon learned to cultivate their fields early to prevent soil drifting. Rain fell from the middle of March to October. Fortunately this was the growing season and the grass and crops made full use of it. I dug post holes and seldom did I find moisture deeper than eighteen inches — we depended on each year's rain for a crop. Had we known about summer fallowing, I am sure wheat, rye and barley could have been raised every year. As it was, we raised about one good crop in five and had one failure every five years. The other three years we had fair fodder and some grain, enough to feed our stock and poultry. Walter Guyer said that his beans brought him eighteen dollars per acre about every year: three hundred pounds at six cents per pound or six hundred pounds at three cents or some similar variation of price and quantity. The growing of beans left the ground loose and it blew badly in winter and spring. Dry weather was a constant threat to those depending on the sale of crops. Most settlers started herds of cattle to use the grass. A few had a small flock of sheep, but these animals require so much care that most of the settlers gave up sheep raising. Sheep also need protection from dogs and coyotes and a dry place to lie down as well as water and grazing land. Almost everyone had some poultry, usually a few hens to supply the table with eggs. The more ambitious kept enough to have eggs and fowl for sale.

Mail service was at first dependent on the settlers' going to Sugar City. Later a star route was established from Sugar City to Carr Crossing and, it seems to me, there was a post office in Pappik's Store, also Old Karval had a post office and so had Forder. Later some of us circulated a petition to have the star route come out on the east side of the valley past William Jester's home and the school house, north to the Lincoln County line (southwest corner of my claim), west to Carr Crossing, and return on the west side of the Valley past George Brand's and Charles Trotter's homes. This gave satisfactory mail service to most people. A telephone "system" between Joe Kenworthy, George Brand and Ralph Cline was started on the barbed wire fence. Trips to town were made by

someone once or more each week. With horses an early start was required in order to get home the same day. A light driving team could make it all right, but a draft team often used two days for the trip. I remember my father's taking a load of pinto beans to Ordway in the fall and bringing back a load of coal, apples and onions for winter. We milked cows — sometimes twelve or more — kept poultry, a few hogs (one winter Papa had no corn, but fattened four shoats on skim-milk) and two to four teams of horses. We farmed from eighty to four hundred acres of crops — by far the largest farmers around until the wheat farmers came in.

The first World War brought problems to Sand Arroyo. Roscoe and Cecil Kenworthy, George Hicks and his brother, Arthur Andrews, Walter Guyer, Glen and Emmons Ringle, Ora Barlow, and Ralph Cline were all drafted. I went with Ralph to Hugo when he was called. Since the Quakers have religious principles which prohibit their serving in combat units, Walter Guyer was sent to a lumber camp in Washington as a conscientious objector and Roscoe Kenworthy was put in an army band where he served in a non-combat unit. The others served in regular units.

There were several fine families of German descent in the Valley, but suspicion and talk about them were active. They lived as usual and came to church occasionally. Although anti-German feeling ran high, there were no open clashes. Voelkels and Brands were German families. Later George Brand was called, but, as I remember, deferred because he was needed on the farm. A Bunce boy was also drafted later. Mr. Forder was of German birth. He led the War Bond drive and was active in raising money for Red Cross. He sent money to relatives in Germany to help them prior to the outbreak of the war. After the war was over he had the bank send the same amount (one hundred marks, I believe). Later he found he had told them to send one thousand marks and that the German purchasing power was almost nothing because of the inflation of their money. So he went to the bank and ordered them to send one hundred dollars' worth of German marks. This turned out to be an astronomical figure. Also, war work called away some of the younger men. Others took jobs in nearby factories since crops were not very good. People were proving up on their claims and leaving if they had no livestock. The population was decreasing steadily. Those who stayed were enlarging their herds of cattle and increasing their farming activities to raise feed crops for their herds.

Voelkels, Mendenhall, Bunce, Ellingwood, Lowe, Dimitt, Hicks, Barlows, Trotter, Bowers, Brand and Ringles were handling enough cattle to pay, as were Certain, Nutt, Claus,

Klingensmith and Wesner. As land was proved up, the owners in some cases wanted to leave and leased their land for crop rent or for cash. By 1920 the largest herds were run by Charles Trotter, George Brand, Marion Barlow, Henry Dimitt, George Hicks, Adolph Voelkel and Brubakers.

Chapter 8

AFTER THE WAR

At the close of the war the soldiers came back to a changed Valley. There was not the old enthusiasm and hope of fine crops. Drought and low prices had brought much discouragement, settlers were farther apart and many had found work in towns where a better standard of living was possible. A severe decline in livestock and produce prices after the war added to the financial burdens. Most settlers were in debt. Men left for work in the factories and shops and the wives and children had to care for the stock, crops, water hauling and upkeep of the home. More and more departed. A few Nebraska men had come in during the war to raise wheat and quite a lot of ground was plowed on the Jester and Ellingwood places for this purpose. Due to dry weather very little wheat was harvested, however, and they soon gave it up.

Each summer a Settlers' Picnic was held at the Forder Sheep Ranch. Nearly all the settlers met there for a community dinner and usually some program of music or speaking. A favorite song was the Sand Arroyo Song written by Mae Powell and sung to the tune of "Beulah Land," a well known church tune. It was written during the first year of her teaching at the school as follows:

Sand Arroyo Land

. When I first came to make my start
My neighbors were one mile apart
But now there's one on every claim
And sometimes three all want the same.

Chorus: Sand Arroyo Land, Sand Arroyo Land
As on my dug-out roof I stand
I look away across the plains and
wonder if it ever rains
But when I turn to view my grain
I wonder if I'll sell my claim.

II. My chickens are all Plymouth Rocks,
My horses are the finest stock,
My cattle are all Jersey fine,
And Poland China are my swine.

Chorus: Sand Arroyo Land, Sand Arroyo Land

Many versions of "Home on the Range", now the official state song of Kansas, were sung and were very popular, as they struck a sympathetic chord in the homesteaders' life.

The Crowley County officials liked to attend these picnics. It was a good time to meet the citizens, get a good meal, and make new acquaintances. There was always a voting place in the valley; usually some settler's home since a small rental fee was paid for its use. Usually the voting place was the house on the Forder Ranch because it was conveniently located, but I remember one election was at Frank Bunce's house. I think he was precinct committeeman for the Republican Party, too. One time a Bohemian couple came to the Forder Ranch to vote driving an ox team hitched to a cart. They lived about five miles south of the ranch. Neither of them could read or write, but wanted to vote for "President who keep us out of war. War very bad you know." Mr. Farris, who owned and quite successfully managed a ranch with several thousand sheep, could not mark his ballot, so the judges had to help him. Reading ability was not a necessity in those days to be a successful rancher!

I remember there were several local newspapers received in the Valley. The main ones were *The Sugar City Gazette, Crowley County Leader,* and *The Ordway News.* Each had correspondents in the Valley to send in the local news.

A Grange was organized by George McGrew and the Glenn and Curtis families in the south end of the Valley. At first, the Quakers would not join because it was a secret order, but later some did join when they were assured the secrecy was only a means of identification.

A cooperative store was also started. It was always a problem to haul cream, eggs, chickens, and other farm produce to town, purchase groceries, and attend the many errands for so many families. Several settlers decided to hire one person to make the trip to Sugar City or Ordway on a somewhat regular schedule, thus making it easier to plan for selling products and purchasing necessities. Arthur Chapman had a small, fast team, and a light wagon. Arrangements were made with him and once or twice a week he made the trip, starting early in the morning. The produce

was gathered at Walter Guyer's home and orders for groceries left there. Also such errands as getting medicine, blacksmithing work, mailing packages, and securing special information were attended to by Chapman. He arranged to get a better price for the produce because of the quantity he had and some grocers gave a ten to twenty percent discount for the orders he had them fill. It finally resulted in enough savings and additional income to pay the cost of the trip. Eventually enough capital accumulated from the venture to build a small house to be used as a store and to keep some staple groceries on hand.

The earliest settlers came in 1909, so they were beginning to get title to their land by the time I arrived. Some deferred proving up their claims as long as the law allowed in order to avoid paying taxes. During the war a Langhorst family from Nebraska bought land from Amy Trotter and Jeanette Jester and put in about three hundred acres of wheat. They came with tractors, plows, disk-harrows, and large drills. Whereas we settlers had plowed with horses or mules and walked following a plow, they rode gasoline-powered tractors and did a much better job of farming. However, the rain did not come in sufficient amount to make good yields and they moved away in two or three years. In the process of proving up a homestead the settler had to show improvements he had lived in, forty acres of land in cultivation and continuous residence for six months each year for three successive years within five years following his initial filing. This was modified during World War I to allow time spent in the armed forces and in working in war-related industry to count toward residence on the claim.

Some settlers built good houses, outbuildings, and fences; put forty to one hundred acres in cultivation; lived continuously on their farm and kept all the livestock they could graze. However, probably as many as ninety percent of the settlers met only the minimum requirements. An advertisement of intent to submit proof had to be made in a local paper and usually the homesteader's neighbors were his witnesses regarding residence and improvements. I never heard of a settler's statements being challenged nor of any federal official's challenging any proof or inspecting a claim. The county officials were anxious to get the land on the tax rolls and the federal government wanted to get it settled as speedily as possible. The final patent or title came from the Washington, D.C., Land Office and had to be registered at the county Register of Deeds' Office. Some settlers sold their claims as soon as they received title for whatever price they could get. Others mortgaged them for $1,000 to $1,800 according to location and improvements. By 1918 Levi Keys, A. B. Sanders, Jonathan

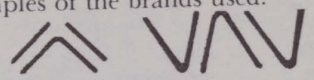
Andrews, Mr. Law, Isaac Wooten, Alphaes and Milo Reese, Minnie Hardy and Beulah Cook had proved up their claims and departed. Usually their land was rented by neighbors for grazing. My father rented the Sanders farm because it was fenced and had water. The house was a two room frame one and there were a chicken house and a barn large enough to hold several horses and cows. About forty acres were in cultivation. He also had forty acres on his own claim and forty acres on mine, all in cultivation. Later we expanded and rented the one and a half sections from Donald, Theophilus Magaw's three hundred twenty acres, Levi Keys' farm, the Charles Certain, G. P. Newsom and Jonathan Andrews tracts, the Jester section, Keel section and school section 36. That was after I bought the Forder land and we had more cattle. One year I planted and tended four hundred acres of row crop with one hired man, James Bailey.

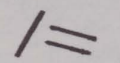
Another group was expanding as the settlers left. That was the cattlemen. William Tank and Curtis on the southeast; Charles Trotter and George Brand on the northwest; George Hicks and brothers on Mustang Creek on the northeast; Henry Dimitt, Barlows and Voelkels in the center. Mr. Howard, the president of the Sugar City Bank, and Mr. Tracy, a cattle buyer, bought the Charles Certain farm and later the Newsom and Andrews farms and ran cattle there.

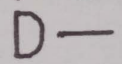
Of course, when the settlers first came in, all the sheep, cattle, and horses were marked (branded) by their owners. These markings were usually made by notching the ears and painting brands on the sheep and by burning brands on the cattle and horses. The operation of branding for the large ranches was well known and much used by people in the cattle business. But then the settlers, too, soon found a need for the same type of markings on their livestock since there were few fences and the cattle of the ranchers and of the settlers ranged the same pastureland. However, most of the settlers' cattle were of the dairy breeds and because of that were easily distinguishable in the first and second generations. As they increased the size of their herds, the settlers turned to the range type of cattle such as the Hereford, Short-horn, and Angus. Of course, the Hereford was the choice breed with the ranchers and most of the settlers purchased that breed, but seldom as good a grade as was found on the ranches. All the brands of the ranchers were registered with the State Livestock Commissioner of Colorado but few of the settlers bothered to register theirs since their brands were usually made very simply with a hot iron. The few who used registered brands had special irons made to burn the brands on the cattle. This was normally done in the early summer

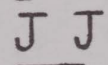
and late fall when the cattle were gathered together for marking, castrating and separating for market.

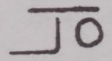
Following are samples of the brands used:

A. Forder 

Charles Trotter 

Dimitt 

J. J. Ranch 

Marion Barlow 

During the war years cattle raising was profitable, but in 1921 the cattle market broke. Good cows for which I paid $85.00 apiece in 1918 sold in 1921 for $37.50 with a calf by their sides.

I held my calves instead of selling them. I proved up on my homestead and mortgaged it to buy a tractor and some farm implements in order to farm on a larger scale. I worked hard and long hours but spring came late and the cattle were thin. A snow storm — a real blizzard — in late April caught thirty head of cows in the drifts and they froze to death. Losses were heavy for many other ranchers, but that didn't help me. I had a good feed crop but, also, too many cattle. I shipped a load to the Kansas City market. The proceeds were disheartening. I consulted Mr. Forder and the bank. The banker at Sugar City told me to stay with it as the market would improve. But Mr. Forder needed his money as his bank at Las Animas pressed him for payment. I sold my cattle leaving me with the land and a heavy debt. I hardly knew what to do. Several neighbors in much the same plight as I was had gone to La Junta to work in the Santa Fe Railroad shops. The regular shopmen were on strike and the company was hiring anyone who would work — and furnishing board and room in addition to wages. I took a job as a carpenter at seventy cents an hour. The strike was over by then but the railroad continued the same board and room arrangement. In the first month I earned $250. I arranged with my brother, Ora, just returned from the army, to look after my ranch for a while and thought I might be able to get back on my feet financially in a short time. Then the company discontinued the free board and room arrangement and we all had to find our own places in town. So I moved my wife and two children to La Junta and gave up the ranch. The tractor implement company took back the machinery

and the mortgagee my homestead. I was starting all over again from scratch!

Chapter 9

IN HISTORICAL RETROSPECT

The rainfall was above normal during the war years, but afterward a drier series of years came, and prices sank lower and lower for grain. By 1924 nearly all the original settlers were gone except Jacob Voelkel, Henry Dimitt, Mrs. Joseph Kenworthy, Ralph Cline, Charles Trotter, Emmons Ringle, Ivan Klingensmith, Barlows, Horace Lowe, Otto Nutt, and Harlan Wesner. Charles Certain and Otto Owen moved to La Junta, others to Pueblo, Sugar City, Ordway or to the eastern states. William P. Jester moved to California.

Mr. Wiler told me the county had been settled and abandoned once before, but the earlier-settlement could certainly not have been on such a large scale as this one. There was no evidence of previous settlement except close to the railroad where there were large tracts that no one homesteaded during the time I knew it.

The settlement of this valley began several years before I saw it. In fact, most of the land had been filed on by that time. The pattern of life was already developed by the settlers before my arrival. Before they came, the valley was a grazing place for cattle, sheep and horses. Nutritious grama grass grew on the rich red soil. The land use was controlled by the ownership of the water. In fact, the contest for water began only when definite legal rights could be established to the land.

The Sand Arroyo Valley was settled in the first two decades of the Twentieth Century under the Homestead Act of Congress of 1862, which gave each head of a family 320 acres subject to requirements of cultivation, residence, and improvements. The large cattle and sheep ranches had used the vast prairies with little expense since the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians had been moved to reservations elsewhere. The rich grasses had fed immense herds of buffalo. Large numbers of antelope, deer, coyotes, and rabbits lived in this and surrounding valleys. Probably they had been there since the Ice Ages, and furnished food for the wandering tribes of plains Indians which located close to dependable supplies of good water. Without horses the Indians could not travel far as they depended on their dogs and women for transporting their belongings.

Probably the Spanish from Taos and Santa Fe explored the Arkansas River and many of the tributary streams, and may have hunted in the Sand Arroyo. Their horses must have tantalized the prairie dwellers with their easy and quick transport. At least the Indians saw the value of horses and soon acquired them by any means possible. By the early part of the nineteenth century, the prairie tribes were mounted for hunting and for war. They were superb horsemen and now could follow the buffalo and move readily from one village site to the next.

In 1714, the French explorers found the Plains Apaches in this part of Colorado, but the Commanche tribes were moving in from the north and west and pushing the Apaches ahead of them to the southwest. Following them came the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes from Michigan when they were pushed out of their homelands. A map of 1860 shows the reservation of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes to be north of the Arkansas River, west and south of Big Sandy Creek, and east of what is now the west line of Crowley County extended from the Arkansas River to the Big Sandy near present Matheson, Colorado. Near the center of the reservation is the Sand Arroyo. Around the boundaries are Fowler, Rocky Ford, La Junta, Las Animas, Lamar, Chivington, Kit Carson, Hugo, and Limon. On the eastern border of the reservation the massacre of Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes by Col. John Chivington of the Colorado Militia occurred on November 12, 1864.

While Texas claimed the land south of the Arkansas River, the lands to the north were part of Louisiana that was purchased from Napoleon in 1803, during President Jefferson's administration. In 1806, Captain Zebulon Pike explored the Arkansas Valley to the peak that bears his name. A few years later Major Stephen Long explored the country between the Platte and Canadian Rivers. He described the eastern Colorado plains as "The Great American Desert," a name it certainly did not deserve.

Bent's Fort was built about 1832 near the junction of Timpas Creek with the Arkansas River. It was a trading post on the north branch of the Santa Fe Trail. Both the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians north of the river traded there. Also, the Commanche and Kiowa tribes to the Southeast, and the Pawnee and some Kanzas and Otoe Indians from the east traded at this post. Occasionally the Dakotahs, or Sioux, came from the north, and the famous Mountain Men and trappers came to exchange pelts for supplies. Probably the Indians only hunted in the Sand Arroyo, as there were only a few places where water springs flowed the entire year. The large cottonwood trees were a landmark visible for many miles and

would furnish welcome shade and fuel.

The Union Pacific Railway touched the northern boundary of the reservation in 1870, and the Santa Fe Railroad built up the Arkansas Valley in 1875-76, but no railroad or major highway was built into the Sand Arroyo. In 1887, the Missouri Pacific built through the southern part of the former reservation. The towns of Arlington, Sugar City, and Ordway were the closest to the valley and these became the homesteaders' trading points.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT

As the reader can surmise after following this homesteader's narrative, my father loved Colorado. He spoke of it often during the period his family was growing up. If he had one paramount, unfulfilled, lifelong ambition (and I think he did have), it was to live again in this beautiful state of high, rugged mountains and rushing streams and the level, treeless plains with their dry, sandy-bedded arroyos. Life was not easy in either type of terrain in those homesteading days, but it was full of adventure, hope, and much neighborliness — all of which, and more, he has so well portrayed for us of another generation.

Dad, too, proved up on his claim in the Great Homestead on July 13, 1961. His death was sudden and unexpected. Had he lived but a few more weeks, this story would undoubtedly have been published some fifteen years ago. His "Introductory Note" was dated June, 1961 — less than a month prior to his death. After these many years, Mother (Mrs. Jessie [Ridley] Barlow, his widow) and I have finally, in tribute to him, determined that this account must be published. She has furnished the inspiration and funding to bring it about, and I have put the final editor's pencil to it.

In large part the story is as Dad had left it at the time of his death. My editing consisted primarily in minor changes necessary for clarification and readability. The story is his! For all of us involved in bringing it to print, it has been a labor of love — for that is the way it all began for Dad and that is the way it continues to be for us.

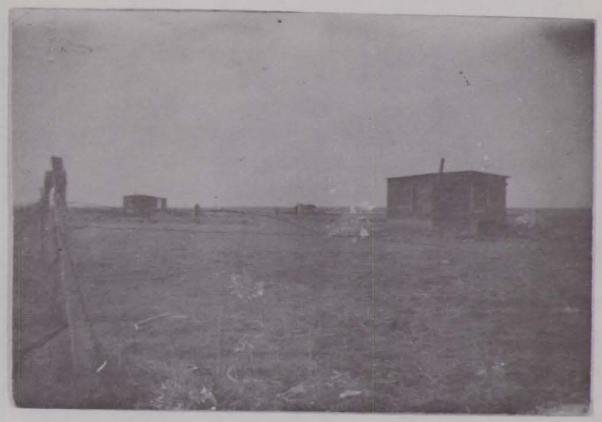
1. A "soddy." Sod houses such as this one sheltered Colorado pioneers for many years. Roof is covered with sod. Note weathering of sod wall at ground level.

2. Author's father, James A. Barlow, in front of author's homestead house. Earth banked around walls provided protection from wind and cold. Feb. 1915.

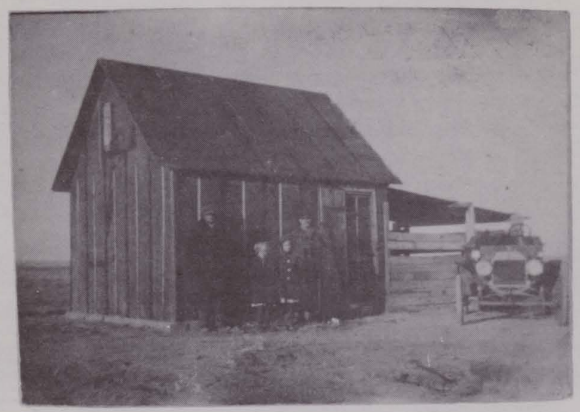
3. Author standing in excavated depression, site of his homestead house. 1936.

4. Home of the Gamble family, 1915. Theophilus Magaw (1) in auto and John Magaw (2). House had been dug down three to four feet into the ground and sod walls, well banked with earth, built above ground.

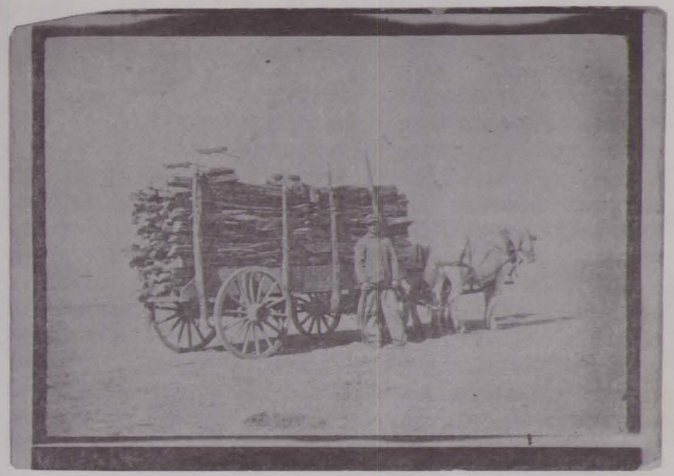
5. Sunday visitors at the Sand Arroyo home of the author's parents. 1922. This was one of the better constructed homes in the Sand Arroyo community.



6. Home of Will and Sarah Plummer in foreground, Frank Whittington's in the distance. Both were of frame construction with flat, car roof. 1915.



7. Home of Theophilus Magaw. Frame structure covered with roofing paper with attic and attached horse shed. 1915.



8. Author hauling cedar posts from Timpas, Colorado, to Sand Arroyo in winter, 1915-16.

9. Sand Arroyo school, Feb. 1915. Mae Powell (extreme right) was teacher at that time.

10. Sand Arroyo school in 1927.

11. Sand Arroyo Friends Church, mid-1920's. Picture by Elsie Clay.

12. Sand Arroyo Friends (Quaker) Church and congregation about time of dedication. Fall, 1915.

13. Some of author's Hereford herd on School Section 36, south of Forder ranch.

14. View of buildings on Forder ranch as seen from house. 1921. From left: roof of cave, windmill, water storage tank, chicken house, implement shed, wool barn, board corral.

15. Author's family on visit to Forder ranch, 1936. Poplar tree on left planted by author and windmill erected by him, 1919-20.

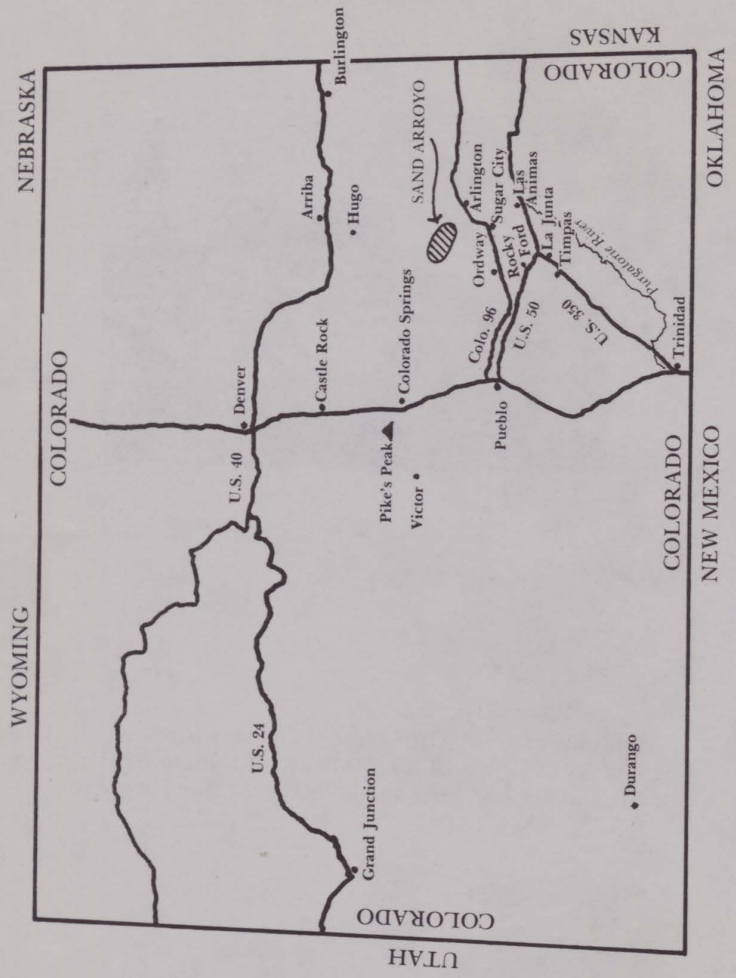
16. Forder ranch house on the Sand Arroyo. 1921. Author's wife standing under cottonwood tree.

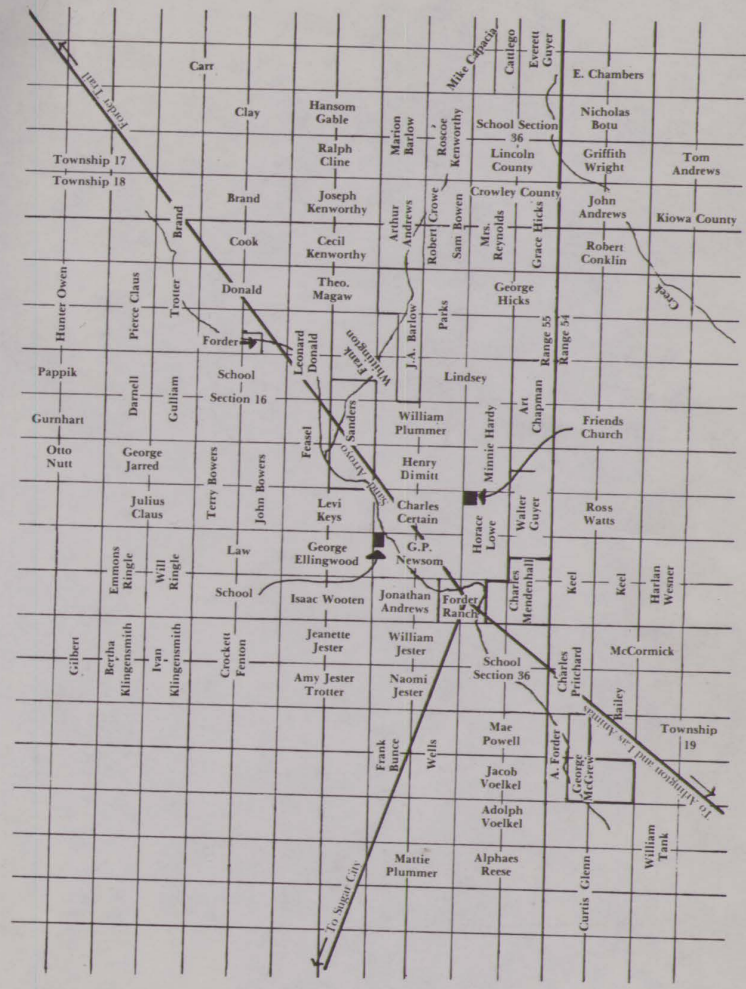
17. Forder ranch on the Sand Arroyo. 1921. Note long sheep shed on right.

18. Perhaps the last of the original Sand Arroyo homesteaders. Glenn and Bertha Ringle at their home on the Sand Arroyo. 1959. Note butane fuel tank, electric wiring, television antenna, trees, flowers, vines.

19. Santa Fe Railroad shops at La Junta, Colorado, where many homesteaders worked after 1921.

20. Author and host, Otto Nutt, looking for melons in latter's irrigated garden north of Ordway, Colorado. 1936. If only irrigation water had been available on the Sand Arroyo!


NEBRASKA
KANSAS
COLORADO
OKLAHOMA
WYOMING
COLORADO
NEW MEXICO
COLORADO
UTAH
Burlington
Arriba
Hugo
SAND ARROYO
Arlington
Ordway
Sugar City
Las Animas
Rocky Ford
La Junta
Timpas
Purgatoire River
U.S. 350
Trinidad
Colo. 96
U.S. 50
Denver
Castle Rock
Colorado Springs
Pueblo
U.S. 40
Pike's Peak
Victor
U.S. 24
Grand Junction
Durango


Township 17
Township 18
Township 19
Carr
Clay
Brand
Cook
Donald
Forder
Hansom Gable
Ralph Cline
Joseph Kenworthy
Cecil Kenworthy
Theo. Magaw
Leonard Donald
Frank Williamson
J.A. Barlow
Parks
Arthur Andrews
Marion Barlow
Roscoe Kenworthy
Robert Crowe
Sam Bowen
Mrs. Reynolds
Grace Hicks
Mike Canada
Cantiego
Everett Guyer
School Section 36
Lincoln County
Crowley County
George Hicks
Lindsey
Range 55
Range 54
E. Chambers
Nicholas Botu
Griffith Wright
Tom Andrews
John Andrews
Kiowa County
Robert Conklin
Creek
Art Chapman
Minnie Hardy
Friends Church
Ross Watts
Keel
Harlan Wesner
Horace Lowe
Walter Guyer
Charles Mendenhall
Hunter Owen
Pierce Claus
Trotter
Pappik
Darnell
Gulliam
School Section 16
Gurnhart
Otto Nutt
George Jarred
Julius Claus
Terry Bowers
John Bowers
Feasel
Sanders
Santa Fe Trail
William Plummer
Henry Dimitt
Charles Certain
Levi Keys
George Ellingwood
G.P. Newsom
Law
School
Isaac Wooten
Jonathan Andrews
Forder Ranch
Jeanette Jester
Amy Jester Trotter
William Jester
Naomi Jester
Crockett Fenton
Emmons Ringle
Will Ringle
Ivan Klingensmith
Bertha Klingensmith
Gilbert
Frank Bunce
Wells
Mae Powell
Jacob Voelkel
Adolph Voelkel
Alphaes Reese
Mattie Plummer
A. Forder
George McGee
Charles Pritchard
McCormick
Bailey
Curtis Glenn
William Tank
To Sugar City
To Allenwood and Las Animas