SURVIVORS
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THE HYATT FAMILY

We have already become acquainted with Old Frederick County, Virginia, and the old Monocacy through James Spurgeon (Part I) who settled there in 1720. We now learn of another ancestor, Sir Charles Hyatt (it may have been spelled Hiett, Hiatt, or Hyatt). Sir Charles came to Maryland from England, possibly from Wales in 1667. He came from a royal family and carried the family crest pictured here. He married Mary Preston.

Charles Hyatt, son or grandson of Sir Charles and Mary Preston, lived in Maryland and died in 1726. He married Sarah Tewkesbury.

Seth Hyatt, son of Charles and Sarah Tewkesbury, was married to Alice in 1717. They had six children.

Shadrach Hyatt, son of Seth and Alice Hyatt, was born on February 25, 1720.

Edward Hyatt, son of Shadrach Hyatt, was born in 1750 and died in Jackson County, North Carolina. He married Hannah Parker. (Legend of Six Bulls, Volume 20)

Able Birchfield Hyatt was the sixth son of Edward and Hannah Parker Hyatt, born on November 12, 1795, in Jackson County, North Carolina. Many settlers left the mountains of Virginia because of the depredations of the Indians at this time and sought the safety of the North Carolina mountains.

Able Birchfield Hyatt

Able Birchfield Hyatt married Eliza Dobson and they had four children. There is some evidence that Eliza had Indian blood. Their children were Nancy, born June 20, 1822, Hannah Eliza, born January 18, 1825, John, born March 17, 1827, and Harriet, born March 26, 1829, in Haywood County, North Carolina.

Apparently Able moved his family to Newton County, Missouri, in the 1830's. Joseph was born there March 27, 1831; Able W. April 25, 1834, and Nathaniel F. in 1836. Eliza Dobson Hyatt died and Able Birchfield married Margaret Hutchinson back in North Carolina. James Hutchinson Hyatt was born on April 1, 1841, and about 1845 Margaret gave birth to a baby daughter while on the road from North Carolina to Missouri. Both mother and daughter died. After this Able B. married Elizabeth Hazeltine. Their daughter, Margaret Hazeltine Hyatt, was born in 1846, and a son, Hamilton Franklin Hyatt was born about 1849. Able B. died July 13, 1978, at the age of 83 in Newton County, Missouri and was buried in the Macedonia Cemetery.

George Wagers

We know very little about George Wagers. He was born in South Carolina May 26, 1821. He married Hannah Eliza Hyatt in Newton County before 1846. This is an excerpt from a letter by one Rachel Parrish Wagers, aunt of Bonnie Wagers Sowards, written March 9, 1959: "Some students of Wagers family history told Uncle Jack (more than 40 years ago) that the Wagers ancestor came to Maryland from France. When they reached Kentucky they presumably took a south-western direction through the mountains. Your (our) ancestor reached what is now Estill County, Kentucky, where he established residence. Others stopped along the way (from broken wagon wheels or other causes) as the Wagers name and family are found in this general direction through Eastern Kentucky."

HANNAH ELIZA HYATT WAGERS

Hannah Eliza Hyatt was born on January 18, 1825, in Haywood County, North Carolina, the second daughter of Able Birchfield Hyatt and Eliza Dobson. The mother, Eliza, died when Hannah was about ten leaving Able B. with seven small children. Able married Margaret Hutchinson from North Carolina. They had one son, James Hutchinson, before Margaret died in childbirth about 1840. Able then married Elizabeth Hamilton and they had two more children, making 11 in all.

Hannah grew up in Newton County and when she was about 20 years old married George Wagers. They must have done some traveling because their first daughter, Mary, was born in Alabama July 11, 1847. Joe (Joel) was born in Newton County, Missouri, November 7, 1849; John, January 7, 1853; Sarah, October 13, 1855; Alice, April 1, 1859; Able Birchfield, March 29, 1861; George, November 20, 1863; and Charlie, January 11, 1867.

George Wagers became an overseer on a plantation in Newton County, a fertile area on the Ozark Plateau in southwest Missouri. He was away from home a great deal leaving the rearing of the children to Hannah Eliza. Bert, my grandfather, told me the story of Hannah hiding in a dirt cellar with her children in the fall of 1861 as John Hunt Morgan, the dreaded Civil War outrider, swept across the countryside commandeering horses, guns, money, supplies, anything he could use and killing

those who opposed him. Bert (Able Birchfield) was six months old at the time.

Missouri was hard put to know where its sympathies lay. The workers in the courthouse in Jefferson City maintained contact with the Union, but the people, especially those in the southern counties, were sympathetic to the South.

After the war was over and the slaves were freed, George was out of a job. They had lost everything in the war. George took his family to Karnes County, Texas, about 1872 hoping to find work for himself and his boys around San Antonio. But in September, 1876, George developed an infection in a toe as a result of cutting a corn too deep and he died, leaving Hannah Eliza to carry on alone.

Hannah was a small woman with large blue eyes, an olive complexion, and smooth black hair parted in the middle and pulled down severely past high cheek bones. Her ears were somewhat larger than one would have expected, a characteristic which her son, Bert, inherited from his mother. Her mouth was sensitive, but controlled. Rearing eight children in the American West called for a firm spirit. Eliza was a sweet and gentle woman. Years later her son-in-law Lewis Strickland said of her, "If there was ever an angel on earth, she was one".

Eliza taught her children to work, to respect their elders, and to love God. No doubt she knew how to work. Among the family heirlooms is a counterpane which she made for the bed by shearing the sheep she had raised, carding and spinning the wool, dyeing and weaving the sturdy coverlet of dark and light blue, orange and red, woven into a neat pattern.

The Wagers boys went to Texas at the height of the great trail driving days. Unnumbered longhorn cattle roamed the Texas plains available to anyone who would round them up and get them to eastern markets. The great Chisholm Trail and other

leading to the railheads in Kansas provided hard, exciting, and profitable work for the cowboys. It was hard work, battling heat, dust, cold, stampedes, unfriendly Indians, and belligerent farmers. Later on, the cattle were driven to northern Colorado, Wyoming and Montana where they found lush, green grass for feed. Joe, John, Bert and Charlie all found their way to Colorado and Wyoming where they settled. Apparently her son George stayed in Texas.

For many years Hannah lived with her daughter, Mary, who had married Dr. Lew Bailey. Their son, Marvin, became one of the famed "Texas Rangers". Often Eliza visited her daughter Sarah who had married Lewis Strickland and lived on Mason Creek near Bandera. Joys and sorrows came to the little grandmother. A letter to Bert's new wife, Laura, in 1889, is attached.

It seems that Hannah Eliza did make one trip to visit her children in Colorado. She lived 18 years after George's death. In the year following his death, she read through the little family Bible. This line is found at the end of the book, "Read the Bible through in the year of our Lord 1877. All alone this day, December 28, 1977. H. E. Wagers". Also in the Bible in here own handwriting are the lines, "A life unspotted from the cradle to the grave is a gem which the roll of eternal ages can never dim. H. E. Wagers." She died January 19, 1894, at Riddleville, Texas, at the age of 67 of pneumonia and was buried in Rungee, Texas.

ABLE BIRCHFIELD WAGERS

Able Birchfield Wagers was born in Newton County, Missouri, March 29, 1861, the son of George A. and Hannah Eliza Hyatt Wagers. His father, George, was an overseer on a plantation in Newton County on the verdant Ozark plateau was a farming area, favorable to fruits and vegetables.

After the Civil War freed the slaves, George found it difficult to feed his growing family of five boys and three girls. Tales of the lush farming country in southeast Texas and the restless spirit of the times persuaded George to move his family to Karnes County, Texas, southeast of San Antonio in 1872. We can imagine that the mother, Hannah Eliza, was not happy to move the 600 miles to a new home. She was a mild, gentle, religious woman, resigned to a life of privation and hardship, but possessing a firm faith in a hereafter where a just God would gather all the deserving to Him.

Bert was 11 the spring the family moved to Texas. His brothers, Joe and John, and three sisters were older than he; brothers George and Charlie, younger. The countryside at Rungee in Karnes County was lush and green, almost semi-tropical. The temperature ranged from 60 degrees to 84 degrees with heavy rainfall. Cypress, tupelo, palmetto, hickory, magnolia, gums, oaks, sycamores, willow, and loblolly pine abounded in eastern Texas. Prairie dogs, jack rabbits, cottontail rabbits, skunks, rats and mice were the common animals. There were 30 varieties of lizards and 30 varieties of snakes. Poisonous rattlesnakes,

moccasins and coral sakes were found as well as many harmless varieties.

It must have been a good life for Bert as a young boy growing up in a big family. I know he was very fond of his older sister, Ma-ree he called her, retaining some of the southern accent after many years in Colorado. I assume that he had close contact with Mexican families because he had a knowledge of the Spanish language.

Father Dies

In September, 1876, George Wagers, the father, cut a corn on his toe, developed blood poisoning and died leaving Hannah Eliza with a half grown family. Joe and John were young men and no doubt on their own by this time. Mary had married Lou Bailey, who later became a doctor, and Sarah had married Louis Strickland back in Newton County, Missouri, in 1878.

Bert was 15 when his father died. These were they days when the big landowners in south Texas were making up herds of the wild Texas longhorn cattle and trailing them north to the Kansas railheads where they could be shipped to eastern markets or to Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana where they could fatten up on the green grass. Several conditions came together in the late 80s to bring an end to the cattle drives. The invention of barbed wire had made it possible to fence properties that were once wide open so cattle could be driven over them. Railroads were becoming common so cattle could be shipped to market and no longer needed to be driven. The winter of 1886, the worst in human memory, was a disaster for the cattle industry. Hundreds of thousands of longhorns died on the open range, and many prosperous ranchers were wiped out. (Friedman, Cowboys of the Old West, page 80)

Bert Meets Laurie

On one of the drives north with his brothers, Bert met Laura Jane Low at a social in the meeting house in Arkins, Colorado, where she had gone with her sister Mag. Cowboys were, even then, dashing types fit to catch the eye of the young girl. While working, the cowboy wore the ordinary work clothes of the time, a loose-fitting shirt made of cotton or flannel and heavy-duty woolen pants (Levis didn't become popular until the 1890's), a vest with deep pockets (since it was hard for a man on a horse to reach into his pants pockets), a heavy jacket (to protect arms and bodies from thorns), chaps (seatless leather leggings), boots with pointed toes (to slip easily into the stirrup), thin soles (to give him the feel of the stirrup), with high tops (to keep out pebbles and dirt), spurs (they encouraged a horse to move quickly), a brightly colored bandana (an item of multiple uses), and a cowboy hat.

For special occasions the cowboy put on the best clothes he could afford. "When 18 year old Teddy Blue finished his first long trail drive in 1879, he bought himself a new outfit: 'Before I went home, I stopped in North Platte, where they paid us off, and bought me some new clothes…I had a white Stetson hat that I paid ten dollars for and new pants that cost twelve dollars, and a good shirt and fancy boots. They had colored tops, red and blue, with a half-moon and star on them. Lord, I was proud of those clothes!' Weapons were carried in the early days, but later on were discouraged because it was dangerous and uncomfortable to work cattle on horseback with either a pistol or rifle at hand. One of Bert's proudest possessions in later years was his Colt 45, the popular six-shooter. It had an eight-inch barrel and weighed two and one-half pounds.

Marriage

We can assume that this handsome cowboy caught the eye of the pretty blonde Laura Jane Low. They were married on January 29, 1889, at Masonville, Colorado, by Reverend Tallie. The young couple made their home later in Loveland where most of their six children were born.

Bert operated a livery stable in Loveland. Some time after the opening of the new century he took his family over the mountains to Granby in Middle Park. Here he again opened a livery stable and Laurie ran a restaurant. In 1918, he and Laurie moved to Steamboat Springs, Colorado, where he took care of a strong of race horses, traveling with them to racing meetings. In 1921, he visited a meet in Vernal, Utah. At that time a new crop, alfalfa, was booming, and farmers were making the magnificent sum of $5,000 for a crop of alfalfa seed. It seemed that the hot days and cool nights were ideal for this crop. Bert was pleased with what he saw in the Uintah Basin in Utah and persuaded Ray and his family to move with him. He settled in Roosevelt, a town which only ten years before had been carved out of the Uintah Indian Reservation. Here Bert leased a farm where he tried his hand at raising alfalfa seed.

Bert was my grandpa, and as I was the first granddaughter and lived near him and Grandma most of my young life, he was very important to me. When I was two or three, he dandled me on his foot and taught me to count in Spanish. He sang “Sweet Betsy from Pike” sometimes ending the old song with a line which I have heard nowhere else, “And if there is anyone here who has taken offense, he can go to the Devil and seek recompense”. One of those flashes of memory that stand out had to have taken place when I was about two and one-half. Grandpa (we said Grampuh) had told me to stay in the house, not to go out on the snowy porch. I did go out on the porch, and as punishment received the first and the last spanking I ever had from the dear old man because I never disobeyed him again in my life.

Life in Roosevelt

Bert loved growing things. At the little house near the gulch in Roosevelt he grew blue morning glories, stringing hem up to make a complete shelter around the front porch. He grew watermelons in the patch west of the house, sleeping on the porch in the summertime with a box of rocks by his bed to throw at the boys who would raid his melon patch. In the fall he would cover the melons with straw and keep them until Christmas time.

At one time he leased a place in Hancock Cove, over the hills west of Roosevelt. The comfortable brick house was a delightful place for children to play and some of my choicest childhood memories center there. Again he grew the blue morning glories, training them up strings to a center post to make a summer house. Life was good with fine neighbors sharing the threshing and Laurie preparing good food. Some memories of "the Cove" include the smell of apples stored in bins in the basement under the house, the huge wood pile, the many mice that inhabited the granary, the vegetable garden, the horses and cows, the barn with the loft stuffed with hay. Irrigating was a never-ending chore in Utah, and Bert with his shovel over his back, wearing his gum boots, plodding over his farm is a tender memory.

At one time Bert leased a large tract of land on Harmston bench – 160 acres to be farmed. There was a well, but the water, it was said, was so hard it had to be put in a gunny sack and run over with a wagon to break it up to use it. Bert raised the ever-hopeful alfalfa seed, planting it with wheat so that after the wheat had been harvested, the alfalfa plant would keep on growing providing the beautiful blue, fragrant flowers and the curly seed the following year.

Later on he leased a farm of about 50 acres between Page and Harmston Benches, known as "the Hansen Place". The house was a six-room, square, unpainted frame house with a hipped roof. Here again Bert planted the garden with every variety of

vegetables. Here he had Nig, the black horse, and Pede, the black dog that followed him wherever he went. Pede had mated with a coyote at one time and had produced two puppies that looked very much like coyotes. Mutt and Jeff would run with the coyotes at night, coming in at daylight bedraggled and spent, content to lie in the yard and sleep. They would carry the strong, distinctive odor of the wild animals. Bert would take bum lambs (lambs whose mother had died) and raise them for meat and wool. He fed the little foundlings milk from a pop bottle with a big, red, rubber nipple. Lambs raised around the house like this were always fond of the house, and when grown would be something of a problem. I'll always remember seeing a big, friendly ram catch Grandpa from behind and butt him onto his face.

Bert was getting older, about 60 now. On his 60th birthday he tried to convince his grandchildren that when one is 60 he should be kissed 60 times, not spanked. On long winter evenings he and Laurie would build a roaring fire in the round woodstove in the living room and eat raisins and apples while they played simple card games by the coal oil lamp. On evenings like these he liked to have me read to him, stopping me from time to time to say, "Not so fast, Margie".

Sometimes the children would come from Colorado for a visit, Ralph and Lottie in the Hupmobile, Leonard and Jo in their new Ford. Their children were growing fast, Lottie's Vivian and Tuffy (Warren Arthur) and Jo's chubby little Donald. But we were the homekids; the cousins were visitors. Bert taught my brothers, Johnnie and Raymond, the skills of farming, shearing the sheep, harnessing the horses, driving the mower and the hay rake. I had the task of herding the little band of sheep around over the place, seeing that they kept out of the neighbor's field and keeping them out of the alfalfa and the greasewood. One day a coyote attacked them, running from over a small hill into the flock, tearing huge chunks out of the sheeps' haunches. He ran away when I dashed at him waving my magazine.

Bert was a gentle, kindly man, the son of his devout little mother, Eliza. He admired the Mormon neighbors he found in Utah, but he had no wish to join their church, feeling that a man is on good terms with his God if he lives the Golden Rule. He was a generous man, sharing what he had with any neighbor who needed it. More than once Laurie was dismayed to find that he had given the flour or the meat to a neighbor who needed it.

His health began to deteriorate with the years, the strenuous farm work in bitter winter and blazing summer weather. Catarrh, a respiratory congestion, and arthritis were a constant bother. For the arthritis he wore a copper bracelet which was supposed to alleviate the miseries of the crippling ailment.

Laurie was a good cook, preparing a tasty meal from the garden vegetables and the mutton and an occasional chicken. Bert liked the boiled mutton crisped by broiling it in the hot oven. Laurie made hot biscuits and delicious milk gravy for nearly every meal including breakfast.

In 1935, Bert and Laurie moved to National City near San Diego, California, where Bud (Ira) and Kitty were living. He raised rabbits for sale during the winter months, going back to Colorado in the summer. For several years they moved back and forth to California to escape the snow, and back to Middle Park in the summer where he raised spinach and head lettuce on "the flat".

Bert died on April 28, 1941, in Fraser, Colorado, shortly after his 80th birthday. The death certificate listed as cause of death "senility, apoplexy, asthma". Although grieved at his passing, I found a strange satisfaction in the fact that his funeral procession, led by a screaming motorcycle, raced through downtown Denver at 60 miles an hour. Bert would have enjoyed that.

LAURA JANE LOW WAGERS

I loved to watch her brush her long, pale gold hair, pull it up high above her head and settle it down into a deep wave above her forehead; I loved the fragrance of the powder she used on her face, and I admired the silver brush and hand mirror on her dresser. She was my grandmother, and she was a significant person in my young life. Laura Jane Low Wagers was born in Holt County, Missouri, on the banks of the Missouri River, the first child of Mahala Cogdill and John Marvin Low. She was born into a large, prolific family of farmers and laborers. Her father, John Marvin Low, was a river man, transporting good up the Missouri River above St. Joseph. A very important person in Laura's life was Grandma Peggy Rosebrook, a short, stout woman, weighing above 200 pounds, hair parted in the middle and pulled back into a knot, a vital, active woman who managed the life around her.

When Laura was about five years old Grandma Rosebrook and her husband Cally (so-called because he had been to California) and John Marvin Low decided to go to Oregon. Through the winter, spring, and summer of 1874, they made their plans, and early in September started the trek with two Conestoga wagons drawn by oxen and a light "democrat" wagon pulled by two fine mares. Laura tells the story in her paper entitled "I Rode the Oregon Trail in '74".

I RODE THE OREGON TRAIL IN '74
By
Laura Low Wagers
As told to
Flora Smith Wagers

"The two covered Conestoga wagons, each drawn by four lumbering oxen, were suddenly brought to a halt and Grandpa Rosebrook looked toward the western morning horizon with a furrowed brow. Grandma Peggy Rosebrook with her two youngest sons beside her on the spring seat of a light sturdy democrat wagon drawn by two smartly walking brown mares, had, at that moment disappeared over the skyline on the rutty southern Nebraska prairie road. Grandpa had just discovered that Grandma, in the hurry of getting on the road to scout out a waterhole for the night's camping, had the water barrel – a fifty gallon one – safely tied in the spring wagon behind the seat, and the two heavily laden wagons and the remaining ten members of our two combined families were without water. How such a silly and serious mistake could have been made had Grandpa puzzled. It bade fair to be a very hot day in September, 1874, and here we were without a bit of water for the day's travel.

"This isn't going to happen again," he muttered and turning to my father, John Marvin Low, he continued "Tonight, now, if we ever catch up with Peggy, we must dig out of the load a couple of those empty vinegar kegs, and fix them full of water to swing beneath the hind end of the wagon boxes."

Grandpa was humiliated that he had let us get into such a position for hadn't he made the trip to California in 1849 and returned to Missouri? Since then his unending tales of the days of '49 had earned him the nickname of "Cally" Rosebrook and few of his friends or acquaintances remembered that his real name was Edward.

The traveling party consisted of Grandpa and Grandma Rosebrook and their six children – Uncle Billy 16; twin Aunts Mary and Marty (Mattie), 14; Aunt Ollie, 13; Uncle Jim, 12; and the baby, Uncle John Henry, six; and our family, Ma and Pa and myself, their oldest child, Laura Jane, five on May 28, 1874; my brother Albert, three, and Margaret Frances, a toddler at nine months. There were 13 of us in all and there could not have been much superstition in our group for they had expected Uncle Joe Rice to accompany us and when he decided against it, the preparations for the journey went on just the same.

My father, John Marvin Low, was mustered out of the army right after the Civil War, and he returned to his home near Oregon, Missouri, Holt County, and went to work as a riverman on a steamboat that plied the Missouri River between St. Joseph and further north. Greener pastures beckoned to Pa and running true to form of many returned soldiers, he was impatient to set out for Oregon as the marvelous yarns filtered down the river of the opportunities for hauling supplies and the timber work necessary for the rapid building of the West.

Ma demurred at the possible thought of starting a long dangerous overland journey to Oregon and she would tell Pa when they fell to discussing a possible move out West, "Oh, yes, the flowers always smell better just over the hill." We were fortunate in having our mother's parents living on a farm nearby, the acres of which reached down to the rolling muddy waters of the Missouri. My earliest recollections are of family gatherings at Grandpa's where we had bounteous feasts from the fullness of the harvest of a productive old Missouri farm. One of my early memories is that of going down to the river with a group of our kin (everyone in those days had scads of kin), to see them cut a hole in the thick ice for a Methodist baptizing. It was a thrilling excitement when my father's sister, Aunt Bet Raines and her husband, Uncle Gid Raines, went to California for Aunt Bet's health in the wonderful new railway cars. The whole clan of us went down to the station to see them off and our faces were long, indeed, for Aunt Bet

was supposed to be in very bad health and none of us expected to see her again. As a matter of fact, none of us ever did, but the climate must have been very beneficial for her for she and Uncle Gid lived to rear a family of four children. Pa corresponded with her until I was nearly grown. I remember that my sadness was short-lived that day for I saw the interior of my very first train. Uncle Jack Low, my father's brother, picked me up and "toted" me inside that red-plush seated, marvelous, day-coach, and some of the breathless wonder still persists when I think of that experience now after over 80 years.

What a wonderful span of years my life has been, when I consider that one of the first trains ran west in the sixties and I have lived to see the passing of oxen, horses, and mules as means of general transportation; the beginning of the use of cars, trucks, and planes and on into the atomic age!. I have seen the beginning of the use of telegraph, telephone, radio and now, in the living room stands a television set with which I may learn of worldwide events as they transpire, and when was a child it took months for a letter to go by pony express from coast to coast.

The average person, in those days, held a sort of reverence for the written word, and it was no light thing when someone of the family, usually it was Grandpa or Pa who had the honor, received a letter. The anticipation for the formal opening of an important message seemed to charge the entire family with an expectancy and wonder that is entirely missing in the calm acceptance of a basket of letters that arrives in homes today.

I have often thought that one of the reasons that in the seventies, eighties, and nineties, the gold bricking promotion schemes which flourished by mail were the result of the average person regarding the written or printed word as infallible.

Grandma Rosebrook

Grandma Rosebrook was the dominating force in our eventual decision to go to Oregon, which ended in our final preparation throughout the winter of 1874 and on into September of that year. Grandma Peggy was a character after Pa's own heart. She was sufficient unto herself; she was deeply religious and had such moving faith that the Lord walked by her side that nothing seemed to daunt her. She had married and outlived three husbands, a Carter, a Cogdill, and a Rice, before she met and married Edward Rosebrook. She had supported herself by practical nursing after the death of her third husband. She had had no children by her first husband. My mother, Mahala Ann Cogdill, was the product of Grandma's second marriage, and Uncle Joe Rice was born of the third marriage. If we ever knew how her three husbands were taken by death, I have forgotten now, for Grandma Peggy was not one to live in or talk about the past. She lived in the present and when she got a notion that the Lord wanted her to do something, she did it. By the time I had arrived on the scene, she and Grandpa Cally had a nice farm and six children but the beckoning lures of a booming West called and Grandma finally, with Pa's help, convinced my mother and Grandpa that to go to Oregon and share in the boom of hauling supplies, "getting out" railroad ties, fence post and fence rails for the fast developing West was an opportunity they couldn't afford to miss. For that reason my life has been a full one, adventurous and full of unusual events that few today can recall.

Peggy and Cally Rosebrook were a handsome pair and the sight of them setting about preparing for the trip was encouraging to us all. That the journey ended that year of 1874 at the head of Red Stone, a timbered creek west of Ft. Collins, Colorado, was a disappointment to Grandma, but the coming winter and general circumstances made it necessary to stop on the way for the winter, but she accepted the "Lord's will" and wherever Grandma Peggy was, there was the home for the family.

All the winter and summer before September, 1874, the long evenings were filled with discussions and plans “fer the trip on the trail” as we children referred to it. It was, of course, an intrepid undertaking to make up a group of wagons with supplies to transport two large families across the prairies on barely charted routes to a distant goal. Indian raids, buffalo herds, wolves, prairie fires, and lack of water along the trail filled many of the evenings and meal times with discussion and we children sat by the stoves wide-eyed and listening intently.

We set forth in early September, equipped with two sturdy, bow-covered wagons, each pulled by four oxen, and a light democrat spring wagon drawn by two light-footed brown mares. All three vehicles were laden with sufficient supplies to reasonably care for the 13 members of the group until we reached the first supply point. No map or chart of our route was kept so I never knew just how our route lay but I do remember that it was planned that the stock were watered well before we started each day’s journey and then had no water until we stopped for the camp at night. I remember keenly of Grandma’s scouting for waterholes as we progressed along the way.

It was a thrilling day when we set forth from home. We ferried the three wagons and stock across the Missouri just west of Forest City, Missouri. All of the adults went by ferry, also the boys but as a special privilege, my twin aunts and Aunt Ollie and myself were allowed to go in a skiff rowed by a cousin of my mother, who was a riverman at that time. We went across that broad, rolling river with such ease and the experience was so out of the ordinary that I forgot entirely about the ferry taking the wagons and our families. Before we realized it we had landed on a sandy shore on the Kansas side of the river. We had to wade through the deep sand to firmer ground.

We stayed with kinfolks that first night out on the Kansas side and had a fresh start the next morning. The route must have been planned diagonally across the northeast corner of Kansas and

along the southern edge of Nebraska to keep within the area that had running streams and waterholes that could be reached within a day's travel. We planned to average about 25 to 30 miles per day and since our first stopping place for any length of time was west of Fort Collins, Colorado, the entire route that fall must have been about between 450 miles and 500 miles. More often than not we made only 20 to 22 miles each day.

The morning that Grandma drove out of sight with no backward glance and we were left without water must have been about a week out on our travels as it had been decided that we must make a longer day's route than usual in order to get to a good waterhole, where we planned to rest and do laundry for a few days. Naturally, since we knew we had no water along, all of us got thirsty right away. The day grew hotter and hotter and Pa began to get worried about the way Grandpa seemed to be acting. Grandpa had been walking with the bull whip along beside the head wagon, guiding the oxen with an occasional "gee" or "haw". The children were all loaded in the rear wagon and Ma was in the seat of that wagon.

Grandpa began walking ahead rapidly and then sitting down to rest and that wasn't at all the way he usually did. Along toward noon, Ma noticed that Grandpa had collapsed where he had just seated himself ahead. The teams were brought to a sudden halt and everyone was running around trying to do something for Grandpa. He had had a sort of asthmatic heat stroke and there was no water with which we could revive him. We had in one of the wagons a five gallon jug of good old Missouri sorghum and a gallon jug of good whiskey (the latter was standard supply for snake bite or sickness). A cup partly filled with the sorghum was mixed with a good swig of the whiskey and fed bit by bit to Grandpa in place of the badly needed water. He responded quickly and his swollen tongue soon became a normal size. They placed him on the made-up bed in one of the wagons and it was with vast relief that we sighted Grandma and the water barrel waiting for us at a distant waterhole late in the day. That

taught us a lesson. Grandma never got out of sight with the water barrel on our whole travels. Grandpa saw to it that each wagon had a five-gallon vinegar keg full of water hanging beneath the rear of the wagon box from that day on.

Loading the Wagons

The way the wagons were loaded was a masterpiece of planning, for it seemed we got along surprisingly well, considering that there were four adults and nine children in the group. Each of the covered wagons (bows tightly stretched over covers of canvas) had a high spring seat and the ones who rode on the seats as we traveled put their feet on the dashboard. Beneath the seat of each heavy wagon were stowed the many tools, such as shovels, picks, crow bars, rakes and hoes; fiber tubs, fiber and wooden buckets, ropes, wire and those things which would be necessary in towing, crossing streams, and pulling out of mudholes. In one of the wagons under the seat was a complete blacksmithing outfit, bellow, small force, anvil, heavy hammers, and horseshoeing tools. A good saw and axes were so placed they were available without unloading. Not an inch of space was wasted. Just back of the seats were the round-topped tin trunks that held the good clothing of all the members and the valued possessions. The everyday clothing, which for the women and girls consisted of blue or gray calico dresses, sun bonnets, and heavy underwear and stockings, was kept in boxes of easy access for everyday use. The clothing for 13 members was simple but adequate. The men and boys wore blue denim jeans and heavy chambray shirts either blue or gray. Gray felt slouch hats wore for years on end. A shoe last and re-soling tools solved the problem of keeping the family shoes in repair. Each member had a pair of shoes for dress, and these were kept shiny and well-stored in the respective shoe box of each heavy wagon. As each member of the group walked several miles of each day, the wear on the everyday shoes was prodigious, but the soles were kept well repaired. When Pa and Grandpa had cobbling to do, the travel was stopped for a day or two and a general overhauling of

everything was order of the day. Laundry work was done, extra baking and cooking was done, mending of shoes, clothing, harness, wagon greasing, grooming of the horses. It seemed to me that it was the fun of achieving a well-cared for caravan that made the time fly by on these stops, and it was no time at all until we were off on another lap of the journey.

To continue with the manner of the loading of the wagons. Each wagon had at least four featherbeds folded or rolled tightly and placed for the day on top of the trunks, the heavy blankets, pillows and well-padded quilts were folded on top of these for the day's drive. Just back of the trunks and the bedding, a sort of board shelf was placed between the top of the wagon box and the top side boards and on this shelf was placed a woven wire bed spring. A heavy quilt was spread on this for the children to rest on during the ride when they got tired of ambling and exploring along the way. Beneath the spring were the tightly stowed food supplies such as flour, sugar, molasses, bacon, sugar, dried fruits, beans, hominy, rice and coffee (incidentally, coffee was ten to 20 cents a pound according to the brand). We carried our own grinder and coffee was bought in the green state and Ma and Grandma roasted our own.

Behind the bed spring and groceries at the end of the wagon was a large grub box that had a let-down lid with a prop leg that served to make a work table at the end of the wagon, near the campfire as we stopped to camp. Ma had her rolling pin, bread box, and cooking utensils so placed that everything for preparing a meal was within reach so that a meal was in the making within minutes after camp was struck. Rations for the day's needs were drawn from the stowed stock at each site. People often smiled at Grandpa Cally's tales of the trip to Californy in '49, but it is undoubtedly to his credit that this overland trip for 13 went so smoothly. We were drawing upon his trail experience and as I look back, a great deal of careful planning lay back of our comparatively easy progress over such a rough, uncharted way.

Two tents with poles necessary for sturdy pitching were bound by ropes along the sides of the wagons. A tarp covered the load in the spring wagon which was mostly sacks of corn and oats for the stock and an assorted supply of root vegetables from the farm. We had ample supplies of potatoes, yams, onions, turnips, pumpkins, squash, carrots, and corn.

The two tents were pitched each night. Ma and Pa and sister Mag, who was a toddler at nine months of age, slept in one tent. Grandpa and Grandma and John Henry slept in the other tent. The four older girls slept in one wagon on the spring and a feather bed, and Billy, Jim, and Albert slept in the other wagon. It was altogether a comfortable arrangement and we traveled from just after daylight until the sun began to sink toward the west. The men planned to have camp made, a well-cooked dinner over and cleared away so that the whole company were in bed before deep dark descended. We had kerosene lanterns along but they were seldom used. The light from the campfires sufficed for all the light we needed.

A Singing Family

We sometimes sat by the dying supper fire and sang hymns. We were a musical family and in memory now I can feel and hear the harmony and melody of the full rolling swell of the old Methodist hymns: "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder", "We Shall Meet Beyond the River", and "Bringing in the Sheaves" as the tired and drowsy children sat with nodding heads against Ma or Grandma. The tinkling of the bell on the grazing oxen and the thump, thump of the horses hobbled front feet as the mares went from clump to clump of grass, made a lulling background. We were very fortunate in that we had no Indian raids, were not hindered by running into large herds of grazing buffalo, although we had heard of travelers being held up for days by the herds. We did camp one night at a waterhole and saw a herd of buffalo feeding in the distance along some low hills. The men were armed for possible trouble along the way, and we sighted an

occasional antelope or deer which were brought down for welcome fresh meat. Mother's sourdough biscuits baked in heavy Dutch ovens in a bed of coals, served with fresh venison steaks and brown gravy were the most delicious foods I can recall. With many of the good vegetables from the farm we lived like kings when we had fresh venison, antelope, rabbit, or quail. Our appetites were enormous; we trudged along the prairie several miles each day and the fresh air made us ravenously hungry. We fell asleep as soon as our heads touched the pillows and were wakened at dawn by the crackling of the campfires, the rattle of harness, and the delicious odor of the cooking breakfast.

Tired at times of the bumping ride on the high spring seat, Ma would call to the girls in the group and we would ramble along the ruts of the road and explore the interesting countryside. The slow ambling gait of the oxen gave us plenty of time to make little side tours along the way. Ma taught us to appreciate the lovely sunsets, the beauty of the drifting clouds, the grace of the dashing deer and antelope, the flights of migrating geese and ducks as they flew south, and even to enjoy the peace of the grass-covered prairie as the soft autumn winds waved through the bunch grass.

Mag and the Ants

Mag created a little action one day when we had stopped for lunch. It was family legend that Mag had walked before she was ten months old. Ma was wont to chuckle, "Yes, Mag has always been a go-getter. She began walking before she was ten months old and has been going ever since."

This day when we stopped to make coffee for the noon sandwiches, Ma let Mag wander around between the wagons and everyone was keeping an eye toward her safety. All at once Mag began screaming in agony and Ma rushed toward her to find that she had sat down in a big red ant heap. The poor child was literally aswarm with the biting ants before Ma could get to her.

While Ma frantically stripped the baby's clothing from her, Grandma came running with a soda water solution which was kept for instant use under the front cushion of the wagon seat. Mag was a mass of red welts and it was several minutes before the acute pain subsided.

We had relatively smooth traveling and the only near tragedy was one evening as we stopped to strike camp, Jim, my 12 year old uncle for some reason decided to rummage just back of the grub box in their wagon. Aunt Mary was standing just behind the wagon helping Grandma get the evening meal going when a large explosion from inside the wagon indicated that the shotgun loaded with buckshot had discharged. Jim had accidentally set the gun off and the load went just under Aunt Mary's right arm making grooves in the flesh along her ribs. Two of the pellets remained in her flesh and the rest went on through. Grandma, who had dressed many a gunshot wound in her day, soon had cleaned and dressed Aunt Mary's wound." (End of Laura's story)

On to Oregon

The two families spent two years on the Red Stone which runs into the Buck Horn which runs into the Big Thompson River west of Fort Collins in Colorado. Two years later John Low and his family accompanied by Joe Rice, Mahala's half brother, went to Oregon in a covered wagon on the Oregon Trail. Laura told me of driving into Ogden, Utah, where they made camp near a Mormon farm. They bought hay from the Mormon family which turned out to be too coarse for the animals to eat. As they drove away, they looked back to see the people gathering up the hay to sell to the next travelers.

The Lows stayed near Baker in Oregon only a couple of years, then they returned to the Buck Horn in Colorado. Laura grew up there going to the Buck Horn school with cousins and brothers and sisters. One night when she was 18, she and her sister Mag

went to a Chautauqua at the school house in Arkins. Her she met Bert Wagers, a cowboy from Texas, and his brother. A romance blossomed and Laura and Bert were married on January 29, 1889, by the local minister at Masonville in a ceremony witnessed by her sister Mag and Grace Burger. The young couple made their home in Loveland where Bert operated a livery stable. Here their six children were born: Lee on October 21, 1890, Ray, July 28, 1892, Charlotte (Lottie), February 13, 1895; Josephine (Jo), February 8, 1894; Ira Vern (Bud), February 7, 1900; and Beula, November 24, 1903.

About 1913 they moved to Granby across the Continental Divide in Middle Park. Here Bert ran the livery stable again and the boys took whatever work they could find; haying, mining, herding cattle or driving stage. Ray and Lee grubbed sagebrush on the Church Place for 50 cents an acre. Lee and Ray and the McQueary brothers, Ralph and Leonard, bought a Hupmobile automobile and with it they drove passengers back and forth to and from Denver, 75 miles away. The girls, Lottie, Jo, and Beula went to Denver part of the time to go to school. At one time Jo and Bert worked in Denver for The Denver Post.

Every Saturday night there was a dance somewhere in Middle Park and it was the highlight of the week. No one missed. The long, lonely, cold winter months were made bearable by these weekly community frolics. The midnight suppers were especially enjoyed. And the time between Saturday nights was easier to live through because of anticipation of the next dance. Snow was deep, often covering the fence posts. People traveled by horseback and by horse-drawn sleds. The Wagers youth soon were part of the merry-making and in a short time they all found mates: Lee married Flora Smith; Ray married Myrtle Mitchell; and Lottie and Jo married the McQueary brothers, Ralph and Leonard.

Move to Utah

In 1920 while traveling to Vernal, Utah, with a string of race horses, Bert became intrigued with the possibility of big money to be made in raising alfalfa seed in the Uintah Basin. He and Laura moved to Roosevelt and soon Ray and Myrtle and their children followed. Bert leased plots of ground which he sowed to grain and alfalfa. Ray found work with the Peppard Seed Company plant where the alfalfa seed was processed and shipped.

Although our family always lived in the town of Roosevelt, we spent most of the summers on the farm with Grandpa and Grandma. Grandma was a cheerful, busy person. She would say, "Come on, Margie, let's go for a walk," and we would stroll across the fields or down toward the gulch. Grandma would pick up bits of wood for the fire and keep it in her apron as she told me talks of her growing up, of crossing the plains, and of her Grandma Rosebrook. She often sang the old songs like "Roamin' in the Gloamin'", "Where the Silvery Colorado Wends its Way", "Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean Blue to Gold", and others. Grandma worked at being a lady. She never went outside without a hat and covering over her arms, often cut-off black stockings. We often gathered sagebrush leaves and made a tea to rinse our hair.

She also worked hard, planting, hoeing and watering her garden. Grandma was death on rattle-snakes, which were common in those days in the Uintah Basin. If she ran onto one in her garden, she would run it down and chop off its head with a hoe. I was always shocked and amazed to see her prepare a chicken for the pot by grasping it by the head in a strong right hand and with a quick twisting motion whip its head off. She gathered the eggs, set the hens, separated the milk in the big separator, skimmed the cream off the pans, made butter in an old stone crock, stoked the fire, made biscuits in a big square baking pan in the old wood stove, snapped the beans, shelled the peas. She had served as

midwife when we were born, washed the diapers, washed clothes on a wash board and hung the clothes on the line, had done all the thousand and one tasks a farm wife did.

By 1935 Bert and Laura realized they were not going to be rich raising alfalfa seed. Bud (Ira) and his wife who were living in National City, California, urged them to come to Southern California. They went, raising rabbits during the winter. When summer came, they went back to Middle Park to "the flat", a cabin in the pines above Granby. There they raised head lettuce and spinach for the market. Beula and Dick were operating the Grand Bar in Granby; Jo and Leonard were up on "the flat". Life was good.

Bert was 80 years old on March 29, 1941. A month later he died at Beula's home in Fraser, Colorado. He was buried at Crown Hill Cemetery in Denver, where many of the family were laid. Laura died in Denver on December 28, at the age of 86 of lung cancer. She was buried beside Bert at Crown Hill Cemetery.

MARGARET FRANCES MORRISON CARTER COGDILL RICE ROSEBROOK

"Grandma Peggy"

Grandma Peggy came riding down the creek one morning on Fuzz, the old sway-back buckskin mare with mane and tail missing. The mare threw her left front foot with every step. Grandma wore a black dress with green stripes and leg-o-mutton sleeves, and she rode on a red plush sidesaddle. And she was mad! She was mad at Callie Rosebrook and she was going back to Missouri. John Low persuaded her to stop for some breakfast. She stayed with John and his family on the Buckhorn Creek for two or three days and, having cooled down got back on her mare and went back up the Red Stone.

Peggy Rosebrook was one of those women who make things happen. She was born about 1824. She was married first to a Carter who, we are told, drowned in the Missouri River. She married Jacob Cogdill and at the age of 22 gave birth to Mahala Ann. Then she married a Rice and her son Joe was born. We are not told how Cogdill and Rice died, but after several years when she supported herself and her children by working as a midwife she married Edward (Callie) Rosebrook. They had six children, Billy born in 1858; Mary and Marthy, twins, 1860; Ollie, 1861, Jim, 1862; and John Henry, 1868.

Callie and Peggy had a nice farm sloping down to the Missouri River in Holt County, Missouri, in 1874. Mahala had married John Low and they had three children when Callie and Peggy decided they should all go west. Callie had been to California in 1849. In fact, it was his exciting stories of "Californy" that earned him the nickname of Callie. There was money to be made getting out lumber for railroad ties, fence posts, and mine supports. John Low was eager to go with them although his wife Mahala was not so pleased.

After many months of planning and preparing, the two families set out in early September, 1874, thirteen members in two Conestoga wagons pulled by slow-moving but reliable bulls and a light democrat pulled by two mares.

Peggy was sad when they reached the mountains to be told it was too late to go any further. They had followed the Platte River until it divided and then followed the South Platte into Denver. At Golden, they made camp and stayed for a few days. Then they followed the Big Thompson River up into the mountains and camped on the Red Stone, a tributary of the Big Thompson. After a couple of years in Colorado, John Low and his family went on across Wyoming, following the Snake River in Idaho and going on to Baker, Oregon. They went back to Colorado after a few years and settled again on the Red Stone. There a large family grew up around Peggy and Callie, many of whose descendants, Rosebrooks, Chastines, Hyatts and Rices, still live in the area.

JOHN MARVIN LOW

He was a tall, old soldier with a white beard and mustache and a rigid military bearing when I saw him as a child. John Marvin Low was born near Oregon, Holt County, in northwestern Missouri on March 3, 1844. He was 17 years old when the Civil War broke out, and he signed up and was assigned to Battery C., 9th Missouri Light Artillery and served until the end of the war.

After returning home he worked as a riverman, transporting goods up the Missouri River and back. He married Mahala Ann Cogdill in 1867. In 1874, he joined his wife's parents, Edward and Peggy Rosebrook, in an adventurous trip by covered wagon to Oregon (see story by Laura Jane Low Wagers, his daughter).

The trek began in early September. After three weeks they found themselves at the foot of the Rocky Mountain with winter coming on and wisely stopped there. They settled on the Red Stone, a tributary of the Big Thompson River, where they got out timbers for mines and railroads. After a couple of years, John Low and his family continued on to Oregon over the famous Oregon Trail. They stayed in Oregon for two or three years, eventually coming back to the Buck Horn in the mountains west of Fort Collins, Colorado.

Later on, John Low drove bull teams hauling freight on the Oregon Trail. It was said that he hauled the first load of government freight into old Fort Laramie. He also freighted in drilling rigs to the oilfields 30 miles east of Casper, Wyoming. He and Mahala settled in Loveland, Colorado, where they had 11 children. He spent his later years in Thermopolis, Wyoming, with his daughter Annie, Mrs. Ray Rooks. His obituary pictured him as an unfailing source of entertainment with his picturesque stories of the West.

John Low died at the age of 90 on September 17, 1934 and was buried next to his wife in Loveland, Colorado.

MAHALA ANN COGDILL LOW

Mahala Ann Cogdill, daughter of Jacob and Margaret Morrison Cogdill, was born in Holt County, Missouri, August 26, 1846. At the age of 20 she married John Marvin Low, a tall, slender, Civil War veteran with a taste for adventure. Spurred on by her adventurous husband and her vital, action-oriented mother-in-law, the mild and gentle Mahala spent the next 25 years bearing 11 children and crossing and recrossing the American West on the Oregon Trail.

Mahala suffered from anemia. Laura, her oldest child and my grandmother, described for me the scene in 1905 when Mahala left for California for medical treatment. Too weak to stand, she sat on a chair in the middle of the room as each child came up to kiss her goodbye. She was dressed in a black skirt, a long black cape, and a black hat. Three months later she died in Los Gatos, California, of a condition described by her doctor as mitral valve regurgitation.

Mahala's and John's children were Laura Jane, born May 28, 1969; Albert, 1870; Margaret 1873, Joe, 1875; Frank, 1877; Ada, 1879; Johnnie, 1883; Anna, 1886; Katie, 1888; Ralph, 1890 and Chester, 1893.

Laura married my grandfather, Bert Wagers; Ada married Frank Littell. She adopted a child named Betty who later lived in Thermopolis, Wyoming. Ada was a nurse. Margaret married Ed Smith and lived most of her life in Boulder, Colorado. Her son became mayor of Boulder. Annie married Ray Rooks. They

operated a motel court in Thermopolis. Annie married Frank Wilson. They had two sons, Floyd and Joe, and a daughter, Evelyn. Frank and Johnnie both were active in boxing circles. Both spent many years in Superior, Montana. Chester (Chet) was accidentally killed as a young man. The five sisters kept in touch with each other. When they were in their eighties, Laura and Mag created quite a sensation as they toured downtown Boulder in Mag's electric car.

RAY W. (SMOKEY) WAGERS

Ray W. Wagers was born at Arkins near Loveland, Colorado, July 28, 1894, the second son of Able Birchfield and Laura Jane Low Wagers. He was a handsome, clean-cut man about six feet tall with blue eyes and brown hair smoothed away from a side part. He had thin lips over even teeth, his father Bert's big ears, a pleasant disposition, a quiet smile, and a soft laugh. He was about 17 when the family moved from Loveland to Middle Park. He loved horses and hunting and was a typical western cowboy. He had a pleasant singing voice and loved to whistle.

At one time Ray owned a beautiful sorrel colt. When the time came to break it to ride, he took it out and attempted to ride it. The colt bucked wildly, threw itself over backward and broke its neck. Ray was broken-hearted at the death of the colt. He had a fur coat made out of the red-gold hide with its shock of winter fur.

Consumption of alcohol was an accepted practice in the Middle Park culture, and still is. There was always liquor in the house, an expected accompaniment to any party. Ray was one who was proud that he could "hold his liquor" meaning never get rowdy or out-of-control while drinking.

He was a good worker. He and his brother, Lee, were said to have grubbed the sagebrush off the Church Place Ranch for 50 cents an acre. He cut and hauled hay. He had one of the first International trucks in Middle Park. He later worked in the coal mines and hauled coal. He and Ralph and Leonard McQueary bought a Hupmobile and drove it as a stage, carrying passengers to Denver and back.

Ray played baseball for Granby against teams from other towns in the county. He was an excellent dancer and joined in the dances that were held at somebody's home every Saturday night. He was part of the crowd that enjoyed the parties at Stillwater, the Johnston ranch, where he danced with half-pint Marjorie Johnston and joked with his buddy, Johnnie Johnston.

He really fell for Myrtle Luck Mitchell from Grand Lake, a sweet and sprightly girl who loved to dance, and they were married September 2, 1914. The next summer their first child was born and they named her Marjorie Josephine after their special friend, Marjorie Johnston, and his sister Josie.

Evelyn May, named after Myrtle's Aunt Evie Evans, was born June 27, 1916, and Johnnie Lee, born August 25, 1917, was named for her brother, Johnnie Mitchell, and his brother Lee, both away in military service during World War I, Johnnie in the Philippines and Lee in France.

They lived in a series of little towns going west down the Colorado River, Parshall, Hayden, Habro, and in 1920 moved to Steamboat Springs. There Jessie was born, named after Myrtle's mother. From there they moved to Roosevelt, Utah, where Ray's dad, Bert, had moved and was planning on raising alfalfa seed. Ray found work at the Peppard Seed Company where the alfalfa seed was processed, packed, and shipped.

Raymond, named for Ray and Iril Aaron, named for a friend of Ray's and Myrtle's brother, Rennie Aaron, were born in 1921 and 1923 in Roosevelt.

In 1923, Ray went to Provo where he found work at the Columbia Steel Plant which was under construction there. He lived with some friends there, the Johnson's. Mr. Johnson had been the mayor of Roosevelt. Their daughter was to become Larraine Day, a famous movie star. When the Johnson's moved to Long Beach, California, Ray moved with them.

He never came back. Perhaps the prospect of living with six kids in a desolate town like Roosevelt was too much for him. Myrtle never shared with the children any of her sorrow when he did not come back. There were never any negative comments made about our father. Myrtle would never permit a divorce because she thought that would have a negative impact on her children. I'm sure she loved him until she died. He sent a little money. Many times I went to the post office where I would pick up a letter from him containing a money order for $10, just enough to pay the rent. The rest Myrtle earned by doing washing and ironing and sewing.

In 1944, Ray (called Smokey by family and friends) went back to Middle Park where he and Dick Samuelson, his sister Beula's husband, bought the Grand Bar in Granby. In 1945 he joined Ray and Gladys Nichols to buy a night club in Denver called the SU-Z-Q. That fall, Jean Doty bought out the Nichols and joined Ray in operating the business. She was the widow of a Denver policeman who had been killed in the line of duty and a friend of the family.

They had a very successful business for about eight and one-half years. Jean had a cabin on Denver Creek northwest of Granby. Ray bought one nearby. They spent time there hunting and fishing. Big game hunting was a passion with Ray.

They sold the business in Denver and bought the Western Inn west of Idaho Springs which they operated for about three and one-half years, but it was a disaster. Then Ray bought a little restaurant in Hot Sulphur Springs. C. C. Conant, a lawyer friend from Denver, was spending the night with Ray on May 17, 1960. He awoke early in the morning to find Ray had died. The death certificate lists the cause of death as coronary occlusion. He was buried at Crown Hill Cemetery in Denver near the rest of the family. He was 67 years old.

Smokey's motto was "Do unto others as you would have them do to you."

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Marjorie Wagers Thatcher
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