

INDIAN PARK RANCH
by Tom Butterfield

Mr. Hartman homesteaded what is now known as Indian Park Ranch. One day he was fixing a fence during a thunderstorm when a neighbor rode by and told him that it was dangerous to fix fence under those conditions. Mr. Hartman said "I am pretty quick".

My grandfather, Dr. R. O. Butterfield bought the ranch, for a summer home, in 1924, the year I was born. He had various tenant farmers in the upper cabin over the years, including the Elliot family and the Quigleys.

In 1936, my dad, Dr. O. J. Butterfield, hired an Ozark hillbilly, named Calvin Gilliland, to get our winter wood brought in, for \$1.00 per day plus food. Calvin couldn't read or write so I agreed to write to his wife for him. According to him, his wife lived in "Arkansaw", which we could not find on the map, so I finally settled on "Arkansas" as being the closest name.

The next spring, Calvin brought his wife out to the ranch and they moved into the upper cabin. Soon arrived a brother and wife too. Before long there at least six adults in the cabin, all eating Dad's food. Mind you, this was in the heart of the depression! One day, an old guy came up our drive, carrying a stick over his shoulder, with his belongings tied up in a bandana hanging from it. He asked me if Calvin lived here; I pointed up the road. He said, "I'm Calvin's pappy". It wasn't long after this before Dad had them all leave.

I wasn't happy in Denver schools, so my aunt, Ruth Benway, and I talked my folks into letting us stay in the mountains, for me to go to school in 1931/32. Miss Kay taught that year. In 1932/33, Mom and my sister, Virginia, came up too. Miss Dugan taught that year and the next. Dad moved up too and started commuting to Denver.

April 19, 1933, was the day it started snowing in earnest and by the 21st we had six feet of heavy spring snow. Nothing could open the roads for two weeks. Tracy Penley (whom Ruth married) and Orvil Francis rode horseback the first day to feed the cattle. Then the horses couldn't get through the snow, so they skied on homemade skis the next day, staying at our place that night so as to continue with the feeding the next day. Many buildings fell in, but some were shoveled off to save them.

Frank Penley, Tracy's father, skied over to where had had turned some cattle out on the National Forest. He was having so much trouble with the skis that he took them off and tried to go on foot. Soon he realized that he was going to perish wiout (sic) skis, so he went back and got them.

The US Bureau of Roads was realigning the Jarre Canyon road at that time; they had a work camp at Barth's (now Sprucewood). A large Monarch track tractor was sent

out from there to get supplies. This packed down the snow on the road and made opening it even harder.

We had a pond with fish, near the house. When the snow started melted, we worked for weeks, saving the dam because we didn't want to loose (sic) it or the fish.

The Browns, Bert, Bob, and Pearl, lived across the road from our entrance. The Browns had acquired the place by squatters rights. Old Man Brown lived there until he died. they had some cows and other livestock. Eventually, they borrowed some money from a Col. Miller but when they couldn't pay it back on schedule, he foreclosed and eventually sold the place to Harvey Springer, for a kids camp. This still exists and is run by the Englewood Tabernacle.

My brother Rupert moved up to the mountains for 8th grade, the winter of 1933/34. We had quite a lot of older kids in the school: at least 21 altogether in that one room school. Miss Dugan lost control of discipline so there wasn't much learned that year.

Iris Dismuke taught the next two years. Her husband, Dudley, worked for us part-time as a handyman and woodgatherer. As Iris was very strict, she got us back on our good behavior. Also, most of the bigger kids had gone on to high school in Castle Rock.

Dad bought a sawmill that belonged to Tom Jackson. They had lived in several places on Round Up Ranch and beyond. Their son, Bob, was a good friend of mine. The oldest boy, Frank, and his wife still live at Moonridge. The other children were Chester, Bob, Marjorie, and Naomi. Dad had Calvin and his family running the mill.

I might add that Charles McCall was a good friend of mine too. He was a great-nephew of Ed Ferris, who owned Pine Nook and the ranch below it, later owned by Jack Nockles. Charlie Ferris was Charles' grandad and the brother of Ed.

In the spring of 1938, Ruth and Tracy Penley started farming our place. They had been living on the lower Penley place the year before but were now staying on the Graham Place, so it was convenient for them. I worked that summer with them. In the spring, we plowed a lot of ground; my job was to harrow it, with two mules and a horse to pull the harrow. The middle mule had me fooled and was not pulling his share, so the other mule got worn out. I started to unhook the but was told to "get that middle mule to work!"

A couple of summers I helped Frank Penley on the stack of hay but by this time I was driving a team, pulling a slip. The hay had to be forked onto the slip then pulled up to the pole stacker. The team would then pull the slingload of hay up and it would swing out over the stack, on the arm of the pole stacker. At this time, I also drove a team out and loaded bundles of grain. Then I would take it in to be thrown on the thresher. I also did this for Charlie Hier, near Sedalia. The ranchers used to feed the

threshers really well.

The sawmill was run quite a bit. It was heavy work, cutting down the trees with a ribbon saw and hauling the logs to the mill. We were cutting 2 x 12 x 16' planks. Rupert's friend, Gene Nelson (lives in Castle Rock today), could off-bear those green pine planks. Mr. Hawkin, by Elephant Rock, was building a barn and used the planks for the loft floor.

One time, we got rained out putting up hay, so Tracy and I went to some neighbors and brought back a horse buckrake and a Jay Hawk stacker (horse powered). Frank had maintained that this equipment couldn't work in the mountains but we found that they did just fine, thus ending all of the hand pitching of hay.

In the winter of 1938/39, I boarded in Castle Rock, while attending high school. The first half year, I stayed at the Mortuary with the Livingstons. In January, we started have fried corn meal mush three times a day. I found another place with the Shorty Howes at \$16.00/month and no chores; I had been paying \$14.75 Livingstons, with wood and coal to get in, and slept on a porch with no insulation.

The next two years, I drove to Sedalia, meeting the school bus there. I hauled all of the kids living up Jarre Canyon. They included Muriel Hudson, the Wyatts, and probably the Curtis'. I had a '23 Dodge and a '35 Hudson for transportation.

The summer of 1941, I got the idea that we needed a school bus, so I wrote up a petition and got signatures for this -- hopefully with me driving. The Jarre Creek people signed okay, but the Plum Creek people would only sign with a different driver. We got a new, small, 12 or 16 passenger bus with Don Keener as the driver. I was the substitute driver. Don quit on May 1, so I got to drive that month. The bus went down Jarre Canyon and let the kids off in Sedalia, where they caught another bus on the highway. Then our bus went up Plum Creek and over Wolfenberger (sic) Hill to Castle Rock, picking up the children along that route.

After graduation in June, 1942, I got a job at American Coleman Motors, building large 4-wheel drive turcks (sic), with a Quickway shovel on the back. In January, 1943, I enlisted in the Navy.