

## Journey to the Great Northwest

As Described by Mrs. G. J. Crook

So many of my friends have asked me about my trip of last summer and asked for a description in detail, that by the kindness of the editor of The Tribune I can give them, and others, also, descriptions which might help someone else contemplating a trip of that kind.

I had long desired to see the great West, its plains and rivers, valleys and mountains, and the great Pacific ocean. I had relatives in the north and the west and added to these reasons, and greater than all, to recuperate my health. So I was bidden by my better-half to go to the west among our folks and stay where and as long as I wished, only to get well.

Though I did not find the "fountain of perpetual youth" I found several such fountains of health, and of course good health brings back the youth to some extent.

My ticket was over the Burlington from Falls City to Billings, Montana; from Billings to Seattle over the Northern Pacific; from Seattle to Los Angeles over the Southern Pacific; from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City over the Salt Lake Route, San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad; from Salt Lake to Denver over the Denver and Rio Grand System; and from Denver to Falls City over the grand old Burlington again. Though there was good service and kind treatment on all the railroad lines over which I traveled, my preference is for the Burlington.

Well, I left our town about 10:10 o'clock p. m., June 15. We only had a few minutes in Lincoln and no change of cars.

When I waked up next morning we were in the beautiful valley of the Big Blue, over 100 miles from Lincoln.

Our state is surely in the garden spot of the world, for beautiful scenes were on every hand. Fine farms, beautiful homes, good stock, etc. Later we crossed the Platte river and came to the city of Grand Island—still beautiful farms with all the growing grains and different varieties of hay of our great state.

Then we struck the valley of the Loup river and crossed Sherman county, where so many of our friends and neighbors settled about 20 years ago. 'Tis a beautiful county and the towns and villages all show signs of enterprise and thrift. Then Custer county, where more of our friends have beautiful homes and health and wealth. If my relatives ahead had not been apprised of my coming I should have stopped off at Litchfield or Merna and visited with the old friends and neighbors. But we went on and on, over beautiful farming and grazing country, until at 1:30 we arrived at Alliance, Neb. It is quite a city and has one of the finest spots which we saw while away.

There was a Herdmen's convention in session there and a prominent speaker was aboard our train, so a committee met him, accompanied by the band, and things were lively for some twenty minutes. Then we went on our way over the hills and by beautiful small streams, until between four and five o'clock, when we came to the Nebraska Bad Lands—first a succession of forests or stunted pines and cedars, cut up by very deep canyons; then a gradual rising of the hills into queer shapes and a lessening of vegetation, until they seemed to be pure sandstone and frail at that. They looked like houses with the outbuildings and fences tumbled down. With others it seemed like old ruined castles with turrets and chimneys toppling over, then you would see one away in the distance which looked so perfect that you almost looked for the smoke from the chimneys or a light from the windows. I was told that the action of the winds upon them kept them constantly changing in size and shapes. They were wonderful and weird in the extreme, extending for some twenty or thirty miles along the northwestern boundary of Nebraska and into South Dakota.

Soon we were in Wyoming and it was a surprise to me to see such a well watered, nice looking country with nice ranch houses, barns and sheds. But soon it grew too dark to see so we went to sleep and awakened next morning refreshed and invigorated by the bracing air of this high, dry country.

Soon after daylight we were shown the monument which marks the ground of the Custer Massacre, which occurred within the memory of many of us.

As we went onward to the northwest the country was more thinly settled, except at the stations, yet producing good short grass and watered by streams, tributaries of the Cheyenne and Powder rivers. Plenty of good land there to be taken by settlers in the near future. When we came to the beautiful town of

Hardin, Mont., then I wished again that I had not heralded my coming further on, for near the little city resides Mr. and Mrs. Frank Norris, our own townpeople. I should have enjoyed a visit with them very much, but we soon whirled away and at 9:30 o'clock a. m., arrived at Ballantine, where relatives met me and we went two miles into the country. They live on government land on what is called the Huntley Project—that is, the government waters this vast tract of land situated in Yellowstone county, south of the Yellowstone river. The valley of the Yellowstone, which is under this project, is from five to nine miles in width and from twenty to thirty miles in length. The main canals are all finished and most of the laterals and have been in use over two years, so it is practical in every respect. The main pumping stations and gates are situated at the town of Huntley on the Yellowstone river, hence the name "Huntley Project."

The land is taken by actual settlers and the tracts vary from eighty acres down to twenty, according to the way the ditches are cut. But no one can have more than eighty acres under the water right, so a few have taken eighty acres under the water right and eighty of high land or above the ditches. They draw their land by lot (or lottery) and pay \$3.00 per acre per year for ten years, so you know it is no cheap land, but very valuable. They raise all kinds of grain, except corn, and all varieties of hay, which we do, but the yields are enormous. If I should tell you of some which were told to me you could hardly believe them. So the whole valley was very thickly settled; little new houses on every small tract of land and so new that many were unpainted. But when I came in sight of my aunt's house I picked it out without any trouble, knowing some of her individual traits of character and seeing some things which I knew that she would not be without, even if it was a new country. But oh! that pure, bracing air cannot be described. It alone will bring strength to weak lungs and rest to tired, worn bodies.

It was a very busy time of year for farmers—just in the irrigating season. But I went to the town of Huntley and saw the great tunnel and pumping stations, crossed the Yellowstone river on the bridge, which was 570 feet in length. The banks of the stream here on the south are almost on a level with the water, but on the north they rise almost perpendicular to a height of seventy or eighty feet, and are as yellow as gold and solid rock, thus the name Yellowstone river. Then I visited Pompey's Pillar, which is down the river from Huntley some eight or nine miles and on the south side of the stream. It is a butte rising abruptly from the level valley along the river. Its dimensions are about 150x200 feet and 80 or 100 feet in height. On only one side can tourists gain the summit. The legend of history is, that it was discovered by Lewis of the Lewis & Clark expedition in 1806. That the Indians attacked them and Lewis' old slave, Pompey, was killed. They took his body to the top of the butte, which is level and covered with grass, dug a grave and buried him, and his monument is a pile of the granite rock from the base of the butte. But the name remains "Pompey's Pillar." On the face of the cliff is carved the name Merriweather Lewis, June 21, 1806. Then below, "Owing to danger of erasure, this Iron Gate is Placed over inscription June, 1879." And there surely was danger of erasure, for the whole face of the rock wall next to the river is carved with names of tourists from all parts of the world.

Then I had my first lesson in irrigating. With large straw hat, covered with mosquito netting to protect from the ever present mosquito, and rubber boots, I helped irrigate the garden. I can't say that I would care for it as a summer's job, but it was indeed great to see suffering vegetation revive and grow after the watering. The season is short, so the sun beats down with power during the middle of the day, so after the irrigating you can actually see things grow. But the nights are cool and refreshing; you can sleep under a blanket with great comfort. But after crisp vegetables I never ate. The time came all too soon when I had to resume my journey, so I left this beautiful valley of the Yellowstone the 1st day of July and went to Billings, twenty miles away, having to change railroads there. A visit of four hours enabled me to see considerable of this beautiful town. They have a grand court house, library building, chamber of commerce, a grand union depot, churches and

schools, etc. One unique feature being, some of the lovely yards were fenced with deer and antelope horns. I became acquainted with some lovely people while waiting, who were going through the National Park, so I applied to them for a place in their party and they took me, so we all went together to the town of Livingston to prepare for our trip in the Park of which I will tell you in my next letter.

### Dissolution Notice.

The corporation heretofore existing in the name of the Falls City Park and Improvement company—wherein John Lichty, W. A. Greenwald, John Powell, W. W. Jenne and T. J. Gist, all of Falls City and state of Nebraska. This corporation is dissolved by mutual consent.

The affairs of said corporation are all adjusted and settled.

JOHN LICHTY,  
W. A. GREENWALD,  
JOHN W. POWELL,  
W. W. JENNE,  
T. J. GIST.

Subscribed and sworn to this 12th day of February, 1910.

John W. Powell, Notary Public,  
My commission expires No. 24-15.

—We have some fresh Red Seal flour in now. Come and get a sack.  
—C. A. Heck.

## Your Easter Suit's Ready!

We have a new Spring Suit ready for you that will fit as though built especially for you. You've no idea how well we can fit you in Kaufman Pre-Shrunk Ready-to-Wear Clothes. Come in and let us show you.

**Easter Suits**  
**\$10.00 to \$25.00**

Remember, satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

**M. SEFF**

CLOTHIER AND SHOES

FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA



# PUBLIC SALE

As I have sold my farm, I will sell at public auction at my residence, one block north of Public High School, Falls City, Nebraska, on

## Thursday Mar. 24

Commencing at 11:00 A. M.

### 5 Horses and Mules 5

Consisting of one span draft mares, in foal, wt. 3200, ages 5 and 6 yrs. One black mare, 9 yrs. old, wt. 1300, in foal by jack; one mule, coming one year old in June; one trotting bred stallion, 9 years old. We reserve the right to sell the two draft mares at private sale prior to public sale.

**Also Four Head of Good Jacks**

of the Mammoth breeding, and three Jennets of same breeding, two to bring colts from one of my best bred jacks; one trotting bred stallion.

### High Class Jacks and Stallion

SUNRISE--Jet black, snow white points; 15½ hands high, wt. 1100 lbs. Foaled Nov. 4, 1901. Was sired by Sunlight 467, weighing 1250 lbs. TWILIGHT, JR., 1689. Foaled July, 1905; 16 hands high, wt. 1200 lbs. DAVY LOGAN, No. 40898. Jet black, 16½ hands high, wt. 1310, foaled May 11, 1901. Allerton 5128--Record 2:09¼.

### 8 Head of Cows and Heifers 8

Consisting of three full-blood Swiss Cows, all safe in calf; one coming two-year old half blood Swiss heifer; two coming yearling half blood Swiss heifers; one full blood Swiss bull.

**A FEW HEAD OF GOOD HOGS**

### Farming Implements

One wagon, one new hay rake, one cultivator, one harrow, road wagon with automobile seat and rubber tire; one top buggy, one cart, new; set of work harness, set of double buggy harness, two sets single harness, one cream separator good as new, one refrigerator, one kitchen table, and many other articles.

**TERMS--** All sums of \$10 and under, cash. On sums over that amount a credit of nine months will be given at 6 per cent interest from date of sale. 3 per cent off for cash.

**J. G. WHITAKER, Auct.**  
**J. H. MOREHEAD, Clerk.**

**J. F. SCARLETT**