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Article Summary: On September 4, 1916, two young Fullerton couples set out in a used Ford to investigate remaining land available for homesteading in eastern Wyoming. The two wives kept a diary of their three-week trip which followed the Lincoln Highway for part of the way. Their story includes photographs and an expense accounting.

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Photographs / Images: Clarence and Pearle Adamson Cunningham; Sisters Bess, Pearle, and Edna Adamson; two pages of the diary; used Ford touring car "Old Faithful" being pulled by horses; Edna, husband Walter, and brother-in-law Clarence camping; Wyoming shepherd; Dawes County Fair, Chadron, September, 1916; Horseracing at the Fair; airplane at the fair

# SEEKING A HOMESTEAD: THROUGH NEBRASKA AND WYOMING IN 1916

*Edited by Evelyn Cunningham Young*

## INTRODUCTION

On September 4, 1916, two young Fullerton couples set out in a used Ford touring car nicknamed Old Faithful for possible greener fields in western Nebraska and eastern Wyoming. Clarence Cunningham (1892-1980) and Walter Schutz (1886-1980) were accompanied by their wives, sisters Pearle Adamson Cunningham (1891-1986), 24, and Edna Adamson Schutz (1889-1972), 26, and by Pearle and Edna's mother, Hattie Sabin Adamson.<sup>1</sup> They planned to leave Mrs. Adamson at the home of her son, Thomas H. Adamson, in Bushnell for an extended visit and then investigate remaining land available for homesteading in eastern Wyoming.

The Schutz-Cunningham party's interest in what free government land still remained in the West was undoubtedly the result of several factors. A few years earlier in 1909 Congress had passed the Mondell Revisory Law, which increased the amount of free land available to homesteaders from 160 to 320 acres (except in northwest Nebraska, where the Kinkaid Act of 1904 already permitted 640-acre allotments). The residence requirement was five years with eighty acres cultivated.<sup>2</sup> Farm land which had previously been included in mineral reserves was opened to homesteaders

with the federal government retaining mineral rights.<sup>3</sup> In 1912 Congress lowered the residence requirement from five years to three and permitted the homesteader to leave the land for five months of each year. The Wyoming Board of Immigration, in response to numerous inquiries about unclaimed public land in that state, published 20,000 copies of a pamphlet entitled "Free Government Lands in Wyoming, and How to Obtain Title to Them."<sup>4</sup> The difficulty of dry farming such marginal land — much of it "naked prairie with a vengeance" — was too often minimized.<sup>5</sup>

Sisters Edna and Pearle kept a diary of their approximately three-week trip, the first leg of which followed the Lincoln Highway from Central City to Big Springs near the Nebraska-Colorado border (where the party briefly detoured to Julesburg to visit relatives). The diary next covers their experiences in southeast Wyoming while looking over available homestead land until "all were so homesick for Nebraska that we couldn't think of sleeping on Wyoming soil another night." Before returning across northern Nebraska to Fullerton, the two couples looked at rental farms near Chadron and Hay Springs but "didn't decide on anything."

If the trip yielded no immediate results in the form of a homestead filing or rental farm, it did provide three memorable weeks of travel in Old

Faithful over all types of roads in an era when motorists on the Lincoln Highway were urged to carry camping equipment and fill their gasoline tanks at every stop.<sup>6</sup>

Pearle not only helped Edna keep the trip diary but photographed scenes of interest along the way, developing and printing her own film as a hobby. Miscellaneous notes at the back of the diary list several persons to whom she intended to send photos. Also at the back of the diary was a careful tally of expenses for each of the four travelers, which indicated that the cost of the entire trip was about \$140. The original diary and photographs are now in the possession of Pearle Cunningham's daughter, Evelyn Cunningham Young of Lincoln, who in 1985 donated a transcript of the diary to the Nebraska State Historical Society. The frequently irregular punctuation in the original has been altered in the following account to aid the reader.

## OUR WESTERN TRIP

Sept. 4 Left home at 7 A.M. loaded for bear. Stopped and got Mamma. Started off. Everybody happy. Stopped between Fullerton and Central [City] to unload carrier which was too heavy. Between Pearle and Walter's manipulation, every thing heavy found a place under the back seat, which greatly relieved the anxiety of us ladies. Central City at 9:30, a pretty place &

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*Evelyn Cunningham Young is the daughter of Pearle Adamson Cunningham, amateur photographer and co-author of this travel diary.*

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*Clarence and his wife, Pearle Adamson Cunningham. All photos courtesy of Evelyn Cunningham Young.*

large. Chapman at 10, a clean little town. Grand Island at 11:30. A splendid City. Stopped and sent cards to those on the anxious seat at home. Just out of G. I. lost our track for a short way, ate dinner [at] Grand Island. Mamma had swell dinner prepared. If every meal is so funny as dinner and laughing is as good as medicine we will all be hale and hearty when we get back. Ha! Ha.

Went thru Alda next, saw Elevator where Tom worked, also the store where that old girl of Tom's worked.<sup>7</sup> Wood River next a little larger than Alda. Stopped at laundry and got a drink. Shelton next, then Gibbon. Stopped with a word of greeting to Edna Carson, who works in DeWolfe's store.<sup>8</sup> Also had some very fine water to drink. Optic and Buda next. Too small to mention. Arrived at Kearney at 5 P.M. Got some ice cream. Pearle took picture of park and Soldiers Monument on Lincoln Highway which passes thru city.<sup>9</sup> Lovely place. Elm Creek, small place.

O Yes, saw 1733 Chicken Ranch at Kearney, 1733 miles from Boston and 1733 miles from San Francisco.<sup>10</sup> Kearney is the Midway City. Saw some manly looking boys working at the Industrial school.<sup>11</sup> [At] Overton stopped and asked for acquaintances, learned they had moved away. While we waited for information we saw a touring car run over a nice little dog, which finally had to be shot. Reached Lexington at dusk. Inquired for Greenlee's, found them and camped in their yard. Very nice people. Mamma slept in the house, but lunched with us. Had some time believe me getting supper by lamp light. At last we had things ready to lay our weary bones down to rest. Bugs [mosquitoes] ate Pearle and chewed her till 3 A.M. When it began to thunder and lightning, we dressed and beat it for the house. We slept on Greenlee's front room floor till morn-



ing. We enjoyed our breakfast in some more rain. Ha, ha. Are now ready to start. Beautiful prosperous country around Cozad. Wheat stacks numerous. Gothenburg quite a large place, drove a few miles west, stopped at McWha's, a Scotchman, to get water for dinner. Swell ranch it was. Drove on up, crossed the U.P. tracks at a shady turn in the road and stopped for dinner. Roast Beef, Roast Pork, Chicken all gone. Ha, ha! Before dinner was over, one of those thru freight trains about 1/2 mile long stopped beside us to put the fire out on a hot box. Greetings were exchanged and they proceeded to eat their dinner also. We finally were ready to start, the train crew tooted. We looked around and they all waved us good bye and they started onward too.

Bad roads to Brady Island [Brady]. Not much of a place. Maxwell a nice little town, prosperous country too. Crossed 4 long bridges across Platte out of Maxwell.<sup>12</sup> Stopped at City of North Platte for some Malted Milk.

Pretty country around N.P. O'Fallons, Sutherland at evening. Stopped to get bread for supper. 14 miles to Paxton. Thought we would make it in time to camp, but storms were coming on from two directions, rain and darkness overtook us, so we drove in the Garage, then put up at Paxton Hotel. A nice place to stay, swell beds, feel like spring chickens this morning.

Got up at 5 o'clock (five), and at six started out to drive 22 miles to Ogallala before breakfast. Grand ride, gathered beautiful wild flowers, Clarence spied a young rabbit, got out, and "ping" went the gun, down went Mr. Rabbit. Started on, met some Prairie Schooners with breakfast under way. "Ku lump" ["Ku lump"] and we had a punctured tube caused by a carpet tack. The boys are putting in a new one. Mother and Pearle are gathering wild flowers and I'm at the scribbling job.

Reached Ogallala, nice place. Went on to Brule and Big Springs, pretty country, crossed into Colorado [and] on to Julesburg. Stopped at John

Schutz's.<sup>13</sup> They were out in the yard. When we were coming, John says to his wife "There goes my folks," just for a joke, but when we really drove in he looked quite dumbfounded. Stayed till four o'clock, started on towards Sidney. A rain storm overtook us, but we put on the curtains, and turned the back of the car to the storm. In about 15 minutes the sun was shining and the rain was stopped, and on we went. Chappel||| next. A pretty place. Tried to make it to Sidney but couldn't make it so we stopped and made camp just out of Lodge Pole [Lodgepole]. Walter had shot two young cotton tails and with these fried brown and good brown gravy finished out a splendid supper. Mother went up to the stone hotel on the Lincoln Highway to get a room.<sup>14</sup> She wanted one of us girls to stay with her. Pearle didn't want to, so I stayed. My! O My! Such a place. One of us had to crawl under the bed while the other one walked around the room. Was so small and dirty! It makes me shudder. I found the proprietor and asked him for some clean sheets and pillow cases. He granted them, grumbling "Some body is always suspicioning somebody else."

Walter came up in the car and brought us down to camp to breakfast at 6 A.M. Pearle had it nearly ready. Clarence counted some more screeching trains all night, and looks this morning like 30 cents marked down to 29. Got to Sidney at 9:30. Went out to Fred and Etta Pegdens for dinner. They welcomed us gladly. Had a dandy visit and dinner. The boys & Mr. P. went up to see country around Dalton. *Great fine.* Mr. Pegden killed a rattle snake on the way and the boys saved the rattlers. Started towards Bushnell about 4:30. About 13 miles out of Sidney stopped to view a train wreck caused by a wash out.<sup>15</sup> There were [illegible] cars over in the ditch. Stopped a while and watched the wrecking engines lift the cars back on the track. Some cars were too badly broken up to stay on the track. Pearle took several snap shots with her Kodak, then on we went. Stopped in a

few minutes again and took some pictures of beautiful scenery along the bluffs.

Started on again, stopped in Kimball. Nice place. At dusk, drove on again towards Bushnell, stopped at school taught by Miss Mamie Gotte and ate supper. Came on to Bushnell about 9 o'clock. Honked Tom and his wife out. They had gone to bed. Visited a while, then went to bed. Went over to the Elevator this morning with Tom. Will take some pictures. Mamma stayed at Tom's and we left there at 11:30. Pine Bluffs are beautiful. Pearle took some pictures of them. Roads were fine, reached Cheyenne at 4 o'clock. Ate some ice cream and looked around then made camp close to town. In the morning we found three other auto loads of people had made camp near us. Cold and rainy this morning. Have on our winter clothing. Left, went down to Cheyenne in the rain, hunted for a Mexican Chili Parlor, found one, but 23 Skidoo! Ha, ha! So we didn't get our Mexican Chili in Cheyenne. The boys went to the land office, got some maps and we started on the Yellow Stone Highway, 30 miles to some of the Homestead land.<sup>16</sup>

Have just now finished our dinner and ready to start again. We are meeting very few people, houses are scarce, but the roads are like pavement. Drove on toward Wheatland. Stopped at a place where Eargle[s] live near Little Bear Creek, Wyo, had a pleasant visit. They came from St. Louis, the lady was an artist. Drove on over miles and miles of prairie land. Only land marks were sheep herders piles of stones on top of bluffs. After a while came to swell wheat stacks and prosperous looking homesteads.

About 4 miles from Chugwater drove up to a little homestead on the mountain side to get some water. Mrs. Ferguson a pretty elderly lady came out to the car to talk to us girls. They came from Illinois in February just for her health, her boys stayed at home, but worked in Chugwater. Said she didn't like the country, but was staying

because it benefitted her health. She, being a sufferer from stomach troubles. Some very nice scenery on their claim. Eagle Spur, Pearle took a snap shot of, also a pinnacle around the bend. We saw good land and land that was too rocky to walk upon. Swell buildings and places to live that were mere dugouts.

Have arrived in Chugwater, situated in a beautiful valley. Looks to me like a mountain town. Stopped in at Post Office then drove on. Pearle took several pictures of Iron Mountain. Drove on to the hay valley and tried to make camp, but couldn't dig thru the rock to stake our tent, drove on to Wheatland. Beautiful prosperous country around Wheatland. Nearly froze during the night and the wind blew a terrible gale. Will now help get breakfast. Breakfast over, Pearle took some pictures of our camp and the mountains, then we bid farewell to Wheatland. Nice country on beyond Wheatland for a few miles where it is irrigated. We then drove over some of the rockiest roads ever seen on the Yellow Stone Highway. Beautiful scenery, lots of pine trees very few acres broken out. Stopped at Clevenger Spring on the Yellow Stone Highway, to eat lunch. The water was cold and clear. Are now ready to start, but Old Faithful has balked for the first time. Can't find the trouble. Two homesteaders, Mr. Clay and Mr. Clevenger, came round the bend and are now trying to help. Ha, ha! Walter had greased the car and had forgotten to tighten a screw that he had loosened. Everything is lovely now. Drove on, saw the monument erected on the Oregon trail by the Women of Wyoming, saw much beautiful scenery, lots of homestead land open for entry. Reached Douglas, an exceedingly beautiful city. Would like to live there. It seemed so cold we drove around hunting for a good warm place to camp. Finally found one, cooked our rabbit and ate supper, had a dandy night's rest. Have broken up camp this morning and are ready to start. Pearle has a head ache this A.M.

Her head ache is better this after-

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noon. We started north out of Douglas this morning. Saw a red coyote, boys shot at him, but couldn't get him. Drove on, miles and miles, saw very few homesteads. More range cattle than usual, some cattle with horns like antelopes. Stopped at a homestead on the mountainside. An elderly lady and her husband lived there. Her name was Mrs. Lovett, has relatives around Palmer, Nebr. She has two daughters teaching school in Wyoming and they have taken claims near their father and mother who live in a one room frame house. The father is building log houses on his daughters claims.<sup>17</sup> Drove on and on over the roughest roads yet. Got down in a valley where a sheepherder's wagon stood near a homestead with 2500 sheep grazing near. Beautiful scene, Pearle got out and took some pictures. Just then the sheep herder and his dog came down the hill from the homesteader's house. His name was Martin McPherson and his folks live on the Lincoln Highway, just out of Denver.<sup>18</sup> He was 24 years old and as handsome as a picture. He had been a sheep herder for 13 years, since he was 11 years old. He asked us if we would like to go up to see his wagon. Of course, we were more than willing. Chests and drawers fitted all over in it. A nice size table that pulls out like the bread board in a kitchen cabinet. Every thing was so clean and orderly one would have thought a lady lived there. Mr. McPherson himself used excellent grammar with as much ease as a college professor. He fed some of his pets around his wagon while Pearle took their pictures. He was a jolly, nice appearing fellow and we certainly enjoyed our visit. Got lost on our way and are now hunting the trail to Lost Springs.

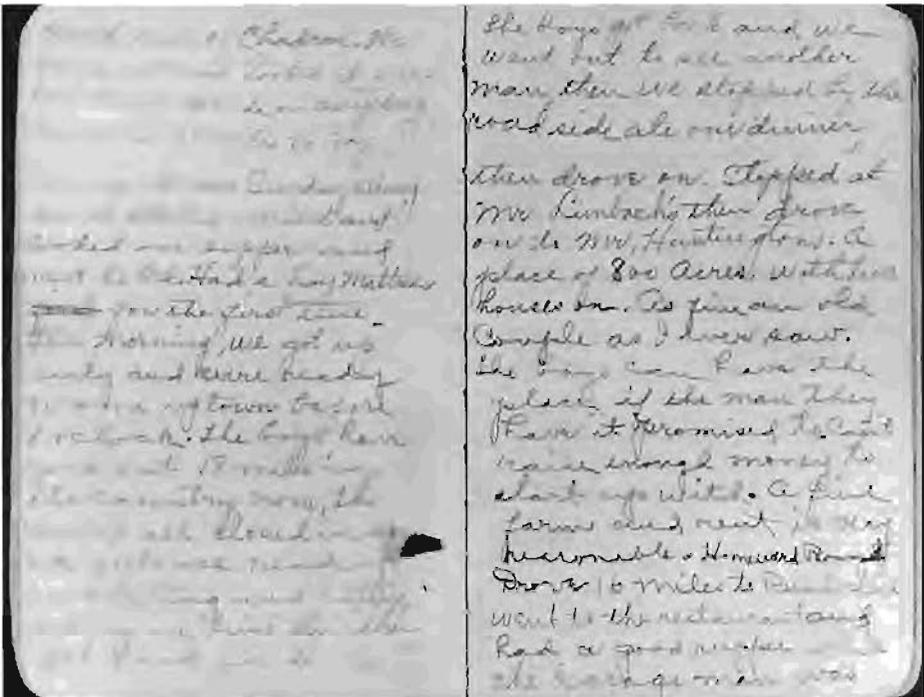
Tuesday morning and we are lost in the woods. Took the wrong trail yesterday afternoon and here we are miles and miles from any town, waiting for a

homesteader to come and pull us back up the mountain with his team. When we took this trail last night we had a punctured tire just after we got started into these Pine Woods and while the boys fixed the tire we girls ran around the mountain top, picking pine needles for cushions, then we walked on down the trail, and we were glad we did, because it was too dangerous a road to ride over. Of course, we thought all the time we were on the trail leading to the town of Lost Creek [Lost Springs].

Finally the boys came along and Clarence had to ride on the upper foot board to keep the car from going over, then sometimes the upper wheels didn't touch the ground. One place was so steep, it looked as tho' the car stood on end as it came down. A little farther on, we discovered the road led on and on over the mountains thru the pine trees, so we turned around and started back, but Old Faithful gave up when it came to the steep place nearly to the top of the mountain. It was so steep that



*Sisters Bess (left), Pearle, and Edna Adamson.*



Sisters Edna and Pearle were diarists for the party.

the gasoline wouldn't run up in the engine, and of course it couldn't pull without gasoline. We worked at it for about two hours, before we got [gave] up, then Walter walked back until he came to a homesteader and asked him to pull us out, but he said he had so many cows to milk, that he couldn't come till morning, but he told Walter to beware of Gray Wolves as he went back, so he picked up some stones and carried along. Clarence and we girls and the revolver went to meet him. When we got back to camp, we found we had only 1/2 loaf of bread and no potatoes, but plenty of dried beef and sausage, so we all took a sandwich and called it a square meal.

Then we put the side curtains on Old Faithful, threw in some blankets and stayed in the car until morning. I can't say we slept, for most of us were awake all night. Early this morning, the boys got up and built a fire of pine logs. My! How pretty it looked and how warm it was. Then we made a breakfast of Vienna Sausage and Graham Wafers and scenery. Not one of us ever saw more beautiful scenery than there is

here. At last we see a beautiful team of White horses coming over the hills. In a minute they are hitched on and Old Faithful fairly flies up over the hill. Tom and Sam are their names and such splendid pullers are not found on every farm. They are fourteen years old, but as fat and pretty as colts, owned by Charles Caffee, the homesteader who helped us out of our predicament.<sup>19</sup> Started again on our journey, but was told we would have to go back to Douglas then go to Lost Springs, as the shorter road was too bad for a car. Hadn't gone very far till we came to ruts so deep that the car dragged on the axle and we had to take the shovel and dig out. Another start.

The boys shoot a nice big rabbit and stop and dress it and pack it in salt. At last we reach Douglas, and we all go into the Midway Cafe and have dinner. Ha, ha! Again we have started to find Lost Springs, but stop at the report of a blow out, which leaves us without a casing to fit the back wheel. Drive on the rim until we reach Lost Springs about 4 o'clock. The dealer there is out of casings, but tells the boys how to fit the

casing with a piece of canvas, which they do, putting in their last new inner tube. Again we are getting ready to start onward. Just as the boys are going to crank up, we hear the report of a blow out on the patched up casing and the new inner tube is out of commission. The boys stuff the old casing with excelsior and away we go, but not for many miles till it flies off, so out we tumble and the boys trot back to Keeline to see if they have any casings at the garage, but "nothing doing." While they are gone, we girls sitting in the car crocheting, are startled to see a big Buick, driven by a lady, coming down the hill at a good rate of speed. She tries to turn out of the road, but the wheels won't climb the rut, and before she manages the brake, her car collides with ours, but we girls have jumped to the ground and no damage is done to either car, sitting nose to nose on the side hill. She has put on the brakes so hard that it is with great difficulty she gets it back out and starts on. The boys have returned without a casing so they stuff the casing with dish towels and put it on again.

Darkness overtakes us and a few miles from Manville the old casing comes off again and we finish the journey to Manville "on the rim." We camp for the night in Manville, a clean looking little town. This morning we girls have our washing done, dishes washed and are cooking rabbit for dinner, while the boys are up town getting the car in shape to go again. The land around here and Lost Springs is moderately rolling and splendid homestead land. Grass is good. Good crops of wheat and rye are raised but the land is all taken that is worth anything.

It is 11:30 A.M. and we are on our way out north of Manville to see more land. We find nothing that is good for anything so we make up our minds to bid farewell to Wyo. We eat our dinner on

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*Old Faithful was a used Ford touring car belonging to Walter and his wife, Edna Adamson Schutz . . . . (above right) The horses helping Old Faithful up the hill may be the ones owned by Wyoming homesteader Charles Caffee . . . . (below) Edna (left) with husband Walter (center) and brother-in-law Clarence*





*Wyoming sheepherder, probably Martin McPherson.*

the road and reach Lusk about 4 o'clock. Wind, Well I Guess. And dirt was all that could be seen. It certainly was terrible and so cold too. We went into a store and did some shopping, while the boys got shaved and then we drove on to get out of Wyoming, as we all were so homesick for Nebraska that we couldn't think of sleeping on Wyoming soil another night. We crossed the line about dark and how we did yell and cheer for old Nebraska.

We reached Harrison Nebr. at 8 o'clock that night and beat it for a hotel. We found one on Main Street. The land lady took us up to our room, but the dirty bed! Walter walked over and looked at it and she snapped out "Oh, if you are particular, you can go to the other hotel" which we did. It was a swell place, but every room was taken but the parlor, and that was turned over to us.<sup>20</sup>

We had a good night's rest and started for Chadron. Well, we got off of the road, but luckily we followed a road

that was a short cut to the main road again. We drove thru pine woods and then as we started to climb a pine mountain, the timer cable on the car burned out, one spark plug was weak and Old Faithful wouldn't climb the hill. Well, we all pushed, and little by little we got up the hill, ate our lunch and drove on, when we weren't pushing. We got onto more level roads after a while and we could then make more head way. We reached Crawford, a nice little city and had the car repaired.

There certainly is some wonderfully beautiful scenery in Dawes County. We reached Chadron, a beautiful city, and drove up the streets which were crowded with people, this being the second day of their Fair.<sup>21</sup> It was interesting to watch people. Whites, negroes and Indians. Some, yes a good many, of the old Indians wore beautiful bead moccasins and most of the old men had long black hair. One Indian had his hair in two braids, one braid tied with a red ribbon, and the other with a blue rib-

bon. They all had such a shambling walk. The younger Indians were dressed like the white people. The older ones had their tents pitched at the edge of the city. This morning we are going to take in the last day of the Fair. Have reached town. While the boys have gone up to the bank, we girls, sitting in the car, see a young Indian and his wife and baby. We walk down and ask him if he can talk English. He says a little and we ask him if we can take the baby's picture. He says we can, and explains to his wife and with a nod of assurance from her husband, she holds it up so can get a picture. We then ask him if he would like a picture, and he tells us his address. We ask him to write it down and to our surprise he writes it down.<sup>22</sup>

The boys cranked up the car and took us where we could see the parade, which was composed of Indians dressed in their native garb, riding horses and in wagons. After the parade we went down to the fair grounds, parked our car and looked at the exhibits of corn, oats, wheat, rye, poultry and animals. The largest hogs I ever saw. When we had finished looking at the exhibits we started back to the car when we noticed the aviatrix had already gone up. We watched her sail around, making figures and turning over, loop the loop and then make a straight downward fall to the ground. She is a real pretty girl of 19 years with pretty brown eyes and long dark curls. Following this were the Races, jockey and pacers, Indian and whites. The last race was 3 pacers, one gray, a bay, and a sorrel. They made a fairly good start, had gone nearly around the ring when the Gray stumbled, throwing himself and driver, mashing the cart, causing the sorrel to shy and throw his driver. Men ran to catch the Sorrel but his driver told them to let him go. He *did* go, finishing the race with the third pacer. He went around the second time

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*Dawes County Fair, Chadron, September 1916. . . . (below) Horse racing at the fair.*



still ahead and alone with harness flying and cart. When halfway around, the other horse got his foot in the sorrels cart wheel, breaking the wheel all to pieces, but on went the sorrel with a one-wheeled cart, urged on by the cheers of the people, winning the race and at the last slacking up making it easy to catch him.

The aviatrix flew again, earning her \$3,000 for the six flights during the three days.<sup>23</sup> A picture was taken as she landed. After this we went up town, ate lunch, engaged rooms and had a good nights sleep.

The next morning we had a late breakfast, then drove out to the table land, looking up some farms. Had a punctured tube while we were going. Walter shot a grouse on the way back. We ate supper, then we girls got us a room up town and the boys slept in the tent. This morning we had the grouse for breakfast and it was so good, we are going to try to get some more. We are up town now.

We heard of a farm of 900 acres for rent by Dick Arnold 16 miles north east of Chadron. We drove out and looked it over but didn't decide on anything. Drove on 17 miles to Hay Springs. It was Sunday evening so we pitched our tent and cooked our supper and went to bed. Had a hay mattress for the first time.

This morning we got up early and were ready to come up town before 8 o'clock. The boys have gone out 18 miles in the country now, the car is all closed in, so we girls are reading, crocheting and eating, putting in time till they get back for dinner. The boys got back and we went out to see another man, then we stopped by the roadside and ate our dinner, then drove on.

Stopped at Mr. Limbach's then drove on to Mr. Huntington's.<sup>24</sup> A place of 800 acres, with two houses on it. As fine an old couple as I ever saw. The boys can have the place if the man they have it promised to can't raise enough money to start up with. A fine farm and rent is very reasonable. Homeward Bound.

Drove 16 miles to Rushville. Went to the restaurant and had a good supper, while the garage man was fixing the new back spring on the car. We drove until nearly ten o'clock that night.

The next morning we were ready to continue our journey toward Cody, Nebr. O! such roads, sand so deep it was nearly impossible to walk through it. Several times we had to get out and push Old Faithful up a Sand hill. The

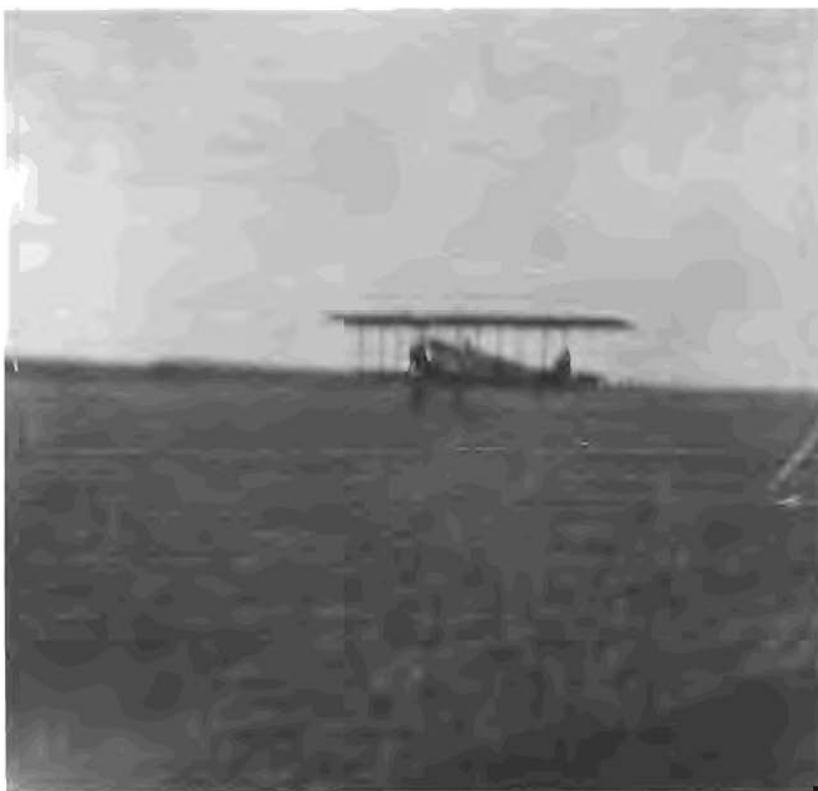
*An air show was held in conjunction with the fair.*

roads led through pasture land with 47 gates to open and shut. Clarence was about disgusted with them. We drove miles and miles through the sand. At the top of every hill along towards noon, we expected to behold the town of Cody, but we drove sixty miles before it finally came in sight.

While at Cody, a lady came up to the car and asked if we knew anyone in Genoa. Walter said he lived there fourteen years. She looked surprised and asked his name, then she asked him if he remembered Mrs. Maloney, who with her husband used to run a hardware store. Of course he did, then followed a half hour's pleasant chat. We ate dinner, then started for Valentine, 40 miles away. We reached there just at dusk, stopped at the garage for repairs, then started out to find a camping place. Such a time as we did have, but at last we were settled for the night. We all had a good rest and are ready now to start again.

Drove up to garage in morning. Did some more repairing to car. Didn't leave garage until nearly 10 O'clock. Then we started for Springview. Got lost a couple of times, making Springview not until in the afternoon. Reached Carns, a beautiful little inland village about 7 o'clock. Started for Stuart but lost our way, so we camped and waited until morning.

Reached Stuart, then O'Neill by noon, it being Fair day there.<sup>25</sup> Drove thru Page, Orchard where the boys got shaved. It was a very small place. While we girls were sitting in the car waiting, two school girls walked by. One of them read our pennant and said "Fullerton, where is that?" The other one says, "O! Fullerton, that's off the map, Kid." Ha! Ha! We reached Neligh by 6 o'clock and found we had splendid roads to Elgin. From there we drove to 12 miles west of Fullerton and stayed all night with Clarence's.



### EPILOGUE

In the spring of 1917 Walter and Edna Schutz and Clarence and Pearle Cunningham leased a farm in Sheridan County, but the venture did not succeed. The Cunninghams returned to Nance County later that year, where they farmed in the North Star area until 1937, when they moved to Arnold and operated a store until their retirement.<sup>26</sup> The Schutzes left Sheridan County in the spring of 1918 and later lived in O'Neill, Wahoo, Kimball, York, and North Platte before finally moving back to Fullerton.<sup>27</sup>

### NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Long-time Fullerton resident Mrs. John Wesley Adamson was the mother of ten children, including Pearle (actually Robertha Pearle) and Edna. Her death notice in the *Nance County Journal* (Fullerton) of Sept. 3, 1930, was entitled "County Pioneer Passes Away."

<sup>2</sup>Charles Oliver Downing, "Recollections of a Goshen County Homesteader," *Annals of Wyoming* 43(Spring 1971):61.

<sup>3</sup>Roy M. Robbins, *Our Landed Heritage* (Lin-

coln: University of Nebraska Press, 1976), 371.

<sup>4</sup>Bruce Noble, "The Quest for Settlement in Early Wyoming," *Annals of Wyoming* 55(Fall 1983):22.

<sup>5</sup>A. L. Bixby, "Daily Drift," *Nebraska State Journal* (Lincoln), July 23, 1924. During a 1924 auto trip through Wyoming, well-known Lincoln newspaper columnist A. L. "Doc" Bixby described the basins of the Laramie, Rock, and North Platte rivers as "naked prairie with a vengeance" but still professed to see "thousands of acres of land full of productive possibilities."

<sup>6</sup>*The Complete Official Road Guide of the Lincoln Highway* in 1916 considered "Omaha, Nebraska, the point where most people begin to camp [when traveling from east to west on the Lincoln Highway]." *The Complete Official Road Guide of the Lincoln Highway* (Detroit: Lincoln Highway Association, 1916), 17.

<sup>7</sup>Thomas H. Adamson (1888-1973) operated elevators in various Nebraska towns until the death of his wife, Grace Putnam Adamson, in 1917, the year after the Schutz-Cunningham party visited the couple at Bushnell. *Nance County Journal* (Fullerton), Nov. 1, 1973.

<sup>8</sup>The DeWolf Mercantile Company in 1916 had stores in Gibbon and Butler. *The Gibbon Reporter*, Sept. 7, 1916.

<sup>9</sup>Soldiers Monument, unveiled Oct. 25, 1910, was dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic. *Kearney Daily Hub*, Oct. 25, 1910.

<sup>10</sup>The "1733 Chicken Ranch" refers to Henry David ("H. D.") Watson's 1733 Ranch (actually an aggregation of properties), which had its head-

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quarters about five miles west of downtown Kearney. Philip S. Holmgren, "The Watson Ranch," vol. 1 of *Tales of Buffalo County* (Kearney: Buffalo County Historical Society, 1982), 88-95.

<sup>11</sup>The first building of the State Reform School was erected in Kearney in 1880. In Mar. 1892 the girls were transferred to the new Girls Industrial School at Geneva. *Official Souvenir Booklet Commemorating the 100th Anniversary of the City of Kearney, Nebraska, 1873-1973* (Kearney, 1973), 31.

<sup>12</sup>Perhaps the Schutz-Cunningham party crossed to the south side of the Platte and then returned north across the river to the road at Maxwell. The "4 long bridges" may have spanned multiple channels in the Platte at that time. Letter, Sept. 13, 1989, Nebraska State Historical Society, from Russell A. Czaplowski, Director, Dawson County Historical Society.

<sup>13</sup>John Schutz was a half brother of Walter Schutz.

<sup>14</sup>About four months after the Schutz-Cunningham party went through Lodgepole, the Stone Hotel was sold, then expanded and remodeled by the new owner. *History of Cheyenne County, Nebraska* (Dallas, Texas: Curtis Media Corporation, 1987), 232-33.

<sup>15</sup>*The (Sidney) Telegraph*, Sept. 8, 1916, reported the derailment of twenty-three cars of "a [Union Pacific] freight train with a cargo of wheat, lumber, and ties, eastbound" after a railroad bridge east of Herndon, Cheyenne County, "gave way under the onslaught of water."

<sup>16</sup>The Yellowstone Highway was one of several Wyoming "through routes" promoted by private civic groups. According to E. D. Wilson of Cody, who helped to log and mark the route in 1920, it

ran from the Colorado state line through Cheyenne, Casper, Shoshoni, Thermopohis, Worland, Greyhull, and Cody to the east entrance of Yellowstone National Park. E. D. Wilson, *Wyoming Highways*. Courtesy of Keith Rounds, Wyoming State Highway Department, Cheyenne. The Schutz-Cunningham party followed the Yellowstone Highway north from Cheyenne through Chugwater and Wheatland.

<sup>17</sup>Women who were twenty-one years of age and/or the heads of families were eligible to file on homestead land. Indeed, more lenient residence requirements after 1912 popularized homesteading for women. Paula M. Bauman, "Single Women Homesteaders in Wyoming, 1880-1930," *Annals of Wyoming* 58(Spring 1986):41, 44-45.

<sup>18</sup>A branch of the Lincoln Highway left the main road near Big Springs, Nebraska, and looped south to Denver before rejoining the highway at Cheyenne, Wyoming. *Road Guide*, 112-13.

<sup>19</sup>Charles Caffee is noted by a Converse County, Wyoming, history as one of the homesteaders who settled in the area between 1914 and 1920. *Pages from Converse County's Past* (Douglas: Wyoming Pioneer Association, 1986), 329. Courtesy of Mrs. Virginia Coffee, Harrison, Nebraska. Information in the back of the diary indicates that Pearle later sent Caffee a picture of his team.

<sup>20</sup>The first hotel at which the Schutz-Cunningham party stopped was probably the Commercial Hotel, built on the west side of Harrison's main street as the Northwestern Hotel in 1887. *Sioux County History, First 100 Years, 1886-1986* (Dallas, Texas: Curtis Media

Corporation, 1986), 205-6. The second hotel was the Harrison House. Ruth Van Ackeren, ed., *Sioux County, Memoirs of its Pioneers* (Harrison: Harrison Sun-News, 1967), 114.

<sup>21</sup>Details of the 1916 Dawes County Fair, held Sept. 13-15, were reported in the *Chadron Journal*, Sept. 22, 1916. Aviatrix Katherine Stinson "entertained and thrilled the crowds by her clever feats of sky storming, . . . performing many wonderful stunts in midair."

<sup>22</sup>The notation "Mrs. Rose Brown Eyes, Pine Ridge, S.D.," which appears in the miscellaneous notes at the back of the diary, probably refers to the baby's mother.

<sup>23</sup>Perhaps rumor exaggerated aviatrix Stinson's fee, listed in the *Chadron Journal*, Sept. 22, 1916, as "\$1,500, a staggering sum it seems, and yet she is peerless in her line and [at the Dawes County Fair] fully sustained her high repute."

<sup>24</sup>The name of "J. P. Leimbach" of Hay Springs appears among the miscellaneous notes at the back of the diary. He is undoubtedly the "Mr. Limbach" mentioned in this entry.

<sup>25</sup>The 1916 Holt County Fair, held Sept. 20-22 in O'Neill, featured "two games daily" of a sport called "auto polo" and an "air ship," intermittently grounded by high winds. *The Frontier* (O'Neill), Sept. 14, 21, 1916.

<sup>26</sup>Account of the Cunninghams' fiftieth wedding anniversary in *Arnold Sentinel*, June 10, 1965, 1. Cunningham obituaries in *Arnold Sentinel*, Oct. 30, 1980; June 12, 1986.

<sup>27</sup>Clarence and Pearle Cunningham, "The Cunningham Story" (typed copy in possession of editor). Account of the Schutz's fiftieth wedding anniversary, *York Daily News-Times*, June 27, 1962.