

James Henry Shurtliff family photos, Letters and Memoirs

Compiled by Daniel R. Shurtliff (Grandson) AD 2010

This is a collection of photographs and memoirs featuring James Henry Shurtliff (1876-1945) the Father of Darrell Shurtliff and our Grandfather. The purpose is to be sure all of his grandchildren have these images, as it is a part of our heritage. Most of the pictures are from the Green River Ranch, near Gladstone in Stark County, North Dakota, that Grandpa Jim had from about 1905 to about 1920. I'm making sure that you all have this. This collection covers the period up to 1920, right before dad (Darrell Gordon Shurtliff) was born.

Grateful Acknowledgement for all the help to:

Anna Christine Shurtliff Halsey for locating a source that could make quality contact prints from the glass negatives that were in Mom's House.

Jerry Carlson, descendant of Jeremiah Pells and archivist of the Adams County Wisconsin Historical Society for preserving other Green River Ranch photographs, his research of the Pells family, and his generosity with his time and collection.

Barbara Buck Ludwick, granddaughter of Margarethe Larsen, a sister of Anna Larsen Shurtliff, for her photographs and her research of the Larsen family.

Violet Leech Moor, daughter of Margarethe Larsen, for her photographs preservation of the memoir of Margaret Larsen's trip out west in 1907 and research of the Larsen families.

Bill Niles, descendant of Vera Delight Shurtliff, for his photographs of the resting places of our ancestors, the Nevada Johnson Reddy memoir and his research on our branch of Shurtliffs.

The set of glass plate negatives will go to the Stark County North Dakota Museum, along with a copy of this compilation.

James Shurtliff Autobiography

(To his son, Harry on October 4, 1925)

Well, Harry, back 50 years ago today I was born in Baraboo, Wis. Father at the time worked on a gravel train by the day in a year in 1877 we moved on Hartleys farm near Rio, Wis. Was there for one year. In 1878 we moved to Coloma and lived with grandmother for a spell then moved in a log house across the road from Jerry Pells farm [Jeremiah Pells II was the brother of James' mother, Susan Pells Shurtliff]. That was in 1880 (and) father worked out mostly there.

We had a pet coon and while there father had honey bees. Then father bought 40 acres 1/2 mile south and built a log (house) and (in) this same log house spent a year. Then father moves on Chisebroos farm on Borrooke (prairie). There is where father went to sleep driving mules on sulky cultivator and plowed up a row of corn and mother had to go to (the) other end of (the) field and wake him for dinner.

Father had bin to Camp meeting and dranked to much Black Berry wine. While on this farm going (to) my first terms of school I had my first and only fight - then we moved back in the little log house.



Jeremiah II and Charlotte Pells

(Adams County, WI Historical Society)

ADAMS COUNTY.
The pigeons are nesting about three or four miles north of Friendship, Adams county. The nesting ground extends for miles in the towns of Strong's Prairie, Monroe, Preston, Big Flats and Leola. Flocks containing tens of thousands of the birds are continually flying over, while the woods are literally alive with them. Forty nests have been counted in one tree.
ST. CROIX COUNTY.

1871 Pigeon flight report

The next year in 1883 this being the year of the great Pigeon flite in Wis. we was there 2 years then father rented the old Newt Manly place on the prairie north of Coloma. We worked that farm the next year we moved on the Pierce farm just west of old Alf Manlys. We was there 2 years then in 1887 we moved to Big Flats and moved in to Dave Stewarts house across from where Albert Stewarts now live. I went to school from there then in about 1890 father built a new

house on the farm. All the sport I had while living across from Albert Stewarts was my hunting. I was always hunting when not at work or school and the same after moving in the new house father built, which was later.

The same house Ethel and Lillie was born in, and at the age of about 17 I commenced to go to dances. Met your Mother Anna Larson and was married in 1895 Feb. 6 which was one of the good moves I made. Well we lived with the old folks for 2 years which was a mistake. That part could bin better. Then Ethel came in 1896, Dec. 5, which I sure would like to see her now. Then in spring 1897 we moved to Barnum on Web farm and I put in 44 acres potatoes and while there I sure had all the fishing I wanted. But the 19th of September on a Sunday morning we burned out. Of corse we did not have much but we lost it all, but Ethel we had here and she set on a blanket in the road spatated her hands and laughed to see the house burn.

We went back to Fathers till spring then I built a new house and bought 200 acres of land. We moved in on April 2, 1897 and here the next year in 1898 Harry was born which was another good move and I hope you make a big showing in life but you got to get in to Western country to do it.

Well I lived a year on this farm and built it up pretty good then I bought out N.P. Christenson store and PO and 120 acres land and I was there nearly two years. Sold out to Dad and moved on his farm and in 1900 Lillie was born another good move but we came near loosing her with New Monia but she puld threw and the first to leave us.

Well the next year I moved on my farm and went to Idaho and got a car load of horses. Peddled them out as best I could and in 1904 I started for Alberta, Canada and father went along. We stoped at Gladstone and see Chas. Burdicks and after looking the country over Decided to buy so we bought 100 acres and next spring 1905 shiped a car of cattle and some of house goods and machinery. Then father and I put in some crop and I went back to Wis and shiped the rest in the fall and Anna and you 3 kids. Now you are up to the late fall of 1905 and you can

figure my way from then and if you follow it up to date and think it over Dad has bin stired around some, and I ought to be up 100 miles north east of here looking at a farm now but there is so much scraping and painting and calsomining to do I don't know when I can get away.

I have not got rid of my truck. I guess it is going to be hard to do. If I was a young man I would keep it but I cant stant it to load, such as cole and heavy stuff. I did not get to haul grain as I could not go by moving here, well Darrel is teasing me to go up on one of the flats and see a Baby he still wants me to get a little girl for him to play with and hold his hand. Say Harry you wont be teasing me that way when you get here will you.

I got a young lady about 20 or more going to teachers Colige. She has taught several terms of school now. She has sisters and Brothers 20 to 30 and none of them married. I guess kind of hard to catch like Ethel. Well you no you got so much better stock to pick from in the West. I mean Horses you no of corse-



James, Ethel (standing) Anna and Harry Shurtliff - 1899

We take it all around a kind of lonesome birthday. No body seams to want to talk much. Guess I will walk down street. I have wrote just a line to the girls and I will write a long letter some time soon as I get time to you and the girls to but I thought I would write a line today and writing to both I could not write a very long letter, say Harry be sure to get Dad to give a deed of that place as I got a chance to deal it now so try to get the Deed of undivided one 1/2 and the Discription is on his contract and I sure need it and I hope you or Art sells my horses Dandy and the troter. Say tell Art if I can get 125.00 dollars clear to me for both horses I sure would like it and the Brown horse ought to bring that alone and Dandy is worth 75 dolars sure. Well Good luck Harry and when will you start me no. From Dad. Darrel will write next time.

Newsy Items

1898

Wisconsin Postmasters
Washington, Sept. 28—James H. Shurtliff today was appointed postmaster at Big Flats, Adams county, vice N. P. Christenson, resigned; John M. Scott at Clifford, Lincoln county, vice J. W. Clifford, resigned; Harley M. Richards at Fayette, Lafayette county, vice E. L. Norvell, removed; and George Fresch at Grimms, Manitowoc county, vice F. J. Houch, resigned.

1903

Muri Fagan is attending summer school at Friendship.
It keeps Jim Shurtliff busy these days breaking bronchos and making horse deals.
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Morton have sold

BIG FLATS.
H. and J. Shurtliff will start this week for Idaho to be gone four or five weeks.
Andrew Hagara stables burned on Tuesday evening of last week. He got

BIG FLATS.
J. D. Spear and Jas. Shurtliff have bought a saw mill and will begin work in the course of a week. A little later in the winter they expect to set their mill on land owned by G. W. Holmes.

1905

We just received a letter from H. Shurtliff and son of North Dakota, who left Big Flats this spring, saying they went through all right with their cattle and horses. They have 17 horses and 30 cows also 40 acres of grain sowed and they are getting ground ready for 10 acres more.

Green River Ranch, Stark County, North Dakota Images 1905 - 1917



Jim and Anna Shurtliff with "Mary Jane" a Reeves steam driven tractor Caption by Aunt Hazel - contact print from glass plate negative (GPN)



Uncle Martin and Leon Stuck (Hired Man) – Aunt Hazel caption. Martin is Martin Larsen, Anna Shurtliff's brother. (GPN).



Martin Larsen in the lead, Jim Shurtliff, a hired man. – Aunt Hazel Caption (GPN)



Hired Man, Martin Larsen, James Shurtliff (GPN)



“3 Couples in Grandmother’s front room. Left to right. Grandma and Grandpa [Henry and Susan Pells Shurtliff], Bill and Flossie David (neighbors) and Dad and mom” - Hazel Boule caption. (GPN) The portraits are ancestors, also, but it’s not known who they are.



“Family Group in Grandma’s front room. Back Row, Babcock, Julius, Dad. Next Row. Grandma holding me, Mom, Tina David and Aunt Vera [Vera Delight Shurtliff] and Ethel and Lilly.” Hazel Boule Caption. (GPN)

This is a portion of a memoir that Anna Larsen Shurtliff's Little Sister, Margarethe Sylvia Larsen wrote about a family vacation her family took in 1907. They spent three month's at the Shurtliff Ranch near Gladstone, North Dakota. Transcribed by her granddaughter, Barbara G. (Buck) Ludwick

At last we came to Gladstone, our first visiting place. The gang was all there to meet us. Sister Anna, two nieces, Ethel and Lilly and nephew Harry. Brother-in-law Jim, his father, mother and sisters and my brother Julius, who was working for Jim at the time. It was evening when we arrived, so we did not stop to look around much, but piled in the lumber wagon and rattled off across the darkening prairie. Ethel and Jim's sister, Vera, were on horseback, so we weren't so crowded in the lumber wagon.



(l-r) Ethel Shurtliff, Margaret Larsen and Lilly Shurtliff (GPN)

That evening we had been home but short time, when my youngest brother, Martin, rode up on his little saddle horse. He had come fifteen miles to see if mother and little sister had really come. He was at that time working for old Jim Caldwell, whose sons strange disappearance that same fall caused a lot of rumors throughout the



Martin Larsen (BL)

country. Later he was believed to be the mystery man, or the man without an identity. Brother Martin, worked there up until two weeks before J.C.R., as he was called, disappeared and is one of the witnesses whenever the case is reopened.

The next day was the last of July. In the afternoon, mother, Anna and Jim went for a drive. The children showed me all about the place. The minute I was quiet, I could feel myself sway and hear the roar and clicking of the train in my head. On the train, I had been riding backwards part of the time and I thought that was the cause. This feeling stayed for two days, before it wore itself

out. Mother saw the prairie dells that day, which is a beautiful little patch of bad land. I visited it myself several years later. It is right in a strip of level land and cannot be seen unless you just happen on it, as the land stretches away level on either side. It is like a pocket or a bit of land with the bottom collapsed.

August first was my nephews ninth birthday, so we celebrated that at home. The next day a bunch of horses were herded past. One of the cowboys driving them said there were between 500 and 600 head. That was the largest herd that went by that summer, so we all went out to the road to see them. The buildings were back from the road some distance. The winding Green River wound in and out, just a few rods away from the buildings on one side, and a half circle large hill, two other sides, and extending far enough so we could not see the main road, except when we climbed the pitch, as the children named the little hill over which the wagon road out to the main road went. It was really the tail end of the large hill. It was so steep that going over it in a wagon at the rate my brother-in-law always drove, reminded one of stubbing their toe at the top of a hill, and pitching head first down to the bottom. I guess that's why the children called it the pitch. That bunch of horses was the most mother and I had ever seen at one time in our lives.



Ethel, Harry and Lilly Shurtliff – Barbara Ludwick (BL) Photo

There were all kinds of them. Little, big, old, young, tiny colts that had accidentally got away from their mothers side and in that hilling mass of hundreds, could not find her again, were whinnying for her. The mares were nickering for their colts. Others were kicking, biting, striking and squealing, till you couldn't hear yourself think for the noise they made.

That afternoon they made us children pick peas in the garden and later helped to shell them. As my sister, mother and Julius were going to Dickenson the next day, Anna wanted to take a fourteen quart milk pail full of shelled peas along to market. She kept us children pulling away there in the garden, till we ached all over for a good stretch. I hadn't even seen half the wonders of the place yet! Mother was for letting us off easy, but sis insisted that a little work wouldn't hurt us. The peas must be taken care of while they were fit. Well we finally did finish, though mother helped us pick a little while. Both helped pod them.

Then on the morrow, while they were away, we could play and play. We did! You see, niece Ethel, was born on my birthday, when I was two years old. Her brother and sister arrived so soon after that, though I was their auntie, I was as much a kid as any of them. The best place to play was the sand bars

in the river. We would race for the barn and pass right through the big doors on either side. Down to the river we would go, where a small dam had been made by simply rolling large stones into the river. The water needed to be deep enough above the dam so it would not freeze solid near the edge in winter. This was the watering place for the horses and cattle. The stones were large and enough of them above water to form stepping stones across, so we could run across quickly without getting splashed all over. Then another short dash up the slight bank on the other side and along a cow path, through a bunch of willows and with a shout and our best leap or jump, we could land ankle deep in the cool moist gravel. Sometimes we would sit down with a thud and those coming through the willow thicket in hot pursuit could not see us until it was too late to alter their course. Soon there would be a mass of writhing arms and legs, which it would have been hard to tell which child they belonged to. When we were all on our feet again, we would proceed to look for pretty stones and shells, or wade for clams. Other times we'd build palaces for forts in the fine wet sand. Sometimes we youngsters fished for suckers with willow fish poles, a piece of string and bread on fish hooks. We would just race back and forth on the long soft gravel bar and again we would hunt for hypocrites.

This was the name the children had given to splinters of petrified wood from four inches to a foot in length, and which were much prized as hand spikes in climbing cut banks, too steep for merely bare hands and feet.

On windy days, the river was our choicest play ground. Very little wind found its way down there and we would play until hunger drove us back to the house. Then Sis or Mother would often find a little job for us to do before we could go back, until we got to bribing one of the smaller ones to go for sandwiches for each of us. Sometimes it would take a lot of coaxing, but it worked much better than all going up. Sometimes they would return to the top of the river bank and shout that we were wanted at the house. Then we would reluctantly leave our play, and shuffle down the cow path, over the dam, taking our time to wade across, then hobble slowly up the steep bank next to the barn. Go through the back door and out the front door of the barn. Here we would have to hit a little livelier gait, as they could see us from the house.



Lilly, Ethel, Harry and Anna Shurtliff - Jim Shurtliff front room - (BL)

Generally our job would be churning. They had six milking cows and Sister had a monstrous barrel churn. It seemed she churned every other day. We kids always had to do it. My turn came first because I was the oldest. I'd give it a set number of churns at a lively clip, then Ethel would take it for

the same number of rounds. Then the little ones each a lesser number of turns. Always at a good speed and so on until butter appeared and we were dismissed.

How we would speed for the river again and clear that steep bank we had labored to climb so short a time ago, at about three jumps, a skip across the dam, and make the final plunge through the willow thicket. Then we would continue our play. Once when the river was at it lowest, we remodeled it where it ran between two sand bars. We dug it a little deeper and made it narrower, so we could jump across it. Then on the other side, we hallowed out a little lake in the sandbar with an inlet from the main stream and an outlet also into the main stream. Then we got a burlap sack from the barn and ripped it wide open.

Harry and Lilly held each two corners and standing one each side of the main stream, and even with the opening to the inlet of our new lake. Then Ethel and I proceeded up the river. We waded in and kicked about till we had all the little fishes and minnows rushing down stream ahead of us. We rushed them down as fast as we could. As they couldn't get through our burlap dam, they had to take the inlet to our lake. Lot of them went on through, but we soon had a stationary burlap dam across the outlet of the lake. It now fairly swarmed with fish for a time. We started to look around for something else to put in and thought of clams, but we had to wade for them.



Green River Ranch – (BL)

We girls had to tuck our skirts inside of our black sateen bloomers. We then pulled the bloomer legs as high as ever we could. Then we were ready for wading without the troublesome skirts, that were always getting away from us and down into the water.

We gathered clams for sometime, and found several small turtles with backs the size of a fifty cent or a dollar and decide we needed some of them for our lake. We thought they might be poisonous, so we hunted each an old tin can and

a short stick. Armed with these, we again started our hunt and gathered quite a few of the little turtles and dumped them into the lake.

They were not content to stay in one place all the time and before we were quite aware of it, they were crawling a dozen different directions. We gathered them up as quickly as we could and put them back in the lake and set one member to watch them with a stick. When ever they attempted to leave the lake, they were promptly pushed back in the water.

We had been playing for some time, when Lilly insisted something was scratching her back. At first we didn't pay any attention to her, but soon she started to cry about it. I thought it was about time I

investigated, so I started to unbutton her clothes. There on her bare back, underneath all her clothes, was one of our run away turtles headed straight up her back and scratching with it's tiny claws in it's efforts to make headway. I hardly dared brush him off with my bare hands, as I was quite sure they were poisonous. Something had to be done quick! I did it as fast as ever I could. I knocked the turtle downward! There on her back, where the turtle had tried to climb, were little red streaks.

We were all quite frightened, and decided to let the turtles go, and we left the river for the rest of the day, and not to say anything about it to the grown-ups. It worked alright for few days but finally it leaked out. We were immediately forbidden to go to the river to play. So we gathered up our hypocrites and started for the cut bank along the river, just back of the barn, and for days we taxed our abilities as hill climbers.

At the farther end of the cut bank,. We had fashioned quite a slide with our hypocrites. We had dug toe holds at regular intervals and by digging our hypocrites deep into the bank, we were able with much slipping and sliding to reach the top. Then to one side a couple of feet was our slide, we would squat on our heels, and with a little dig of our hypocrites in each hand, away we would sail as fast as any slide ever coasted a snow covered hill.

It was just as much fun and just as hard to get to the top of the hill again. At the foot of the hill there were lots of Bull or Buffalo berry bushes, which had thorns an inch or more long and as sharp as needles! These we had to watch out for an put our hypocrite brakes on in time to avoid running into them.

All went pretty well while the slide was new, but soon it started to wear down deep in places. It was like playing "Duck and Dive," and sometimes one side would be worn deeper then the other and caused us to lose our balance. We would finish our slide either on our face, or trying to cover the whole hillside at once! Those at the top of the hill, would have a good laugh! It wasn't funny, however, when we would strike an old dead root running across our slide and plunge head long into the Buffalo Berry bushes an get all scratched up, or our hair tangled in the bushes. Of course we couldn't be bothered with hats, and had to lay with breath held while someone untangled our hair. It didn't seem such a joke after all.

Then one day we were allowed to go to see a circus. The older ones went to town or visiting quite often, but we children were content to stay home and play. This of course was something extra! We were all scrubbed up and scrambled up into the lumber wagon and set down on our little pile of straw with a blanket over it. This was my first trip to Dickenson, so everything was new. We were not in time to see the parade (only at a distance), but to me the circus was wonderful!!!



“Shurtliff family out for a Sunday buggy ride. Back: Ethel, Hazel, Lilly. Front: Jim, Harry. The man next to Harry could be Grandpa Shurtliff” – Margarethe Larsen Leech Caption (BL)

Afterwards we were in a store or two, but it was clouding up for a rain. The wind was getting colder and stronger every minute. They decided we had better start for home. So we did. We had gone a few miles, before it started to rain. We all took off our hats, because it took two hands to hold them on anyway in that awful wind.

Sister handed out rain coats and slickers. She never left home without them, no matter how bright the day was, for their storms have a way of coming up fast and furious and when you least expected, and this time was no exception!

She handed us a large slicker. We four youngsters cuddled as close together as we could, and pulled the slicker over our heads and held it down at the sides as well as we could. My, how it did rain and blow!! Soon all our teeth were chattering from the wet and cold, and we were also hungry.

Sister decided we better have a handout to help keep our courage up. She rummaged around amongst the groceries in a box under the seat the growin-ups used and brought out a box of crackers and a couple rings of bologna. She broke off a hunk of bologna for each, and gave each a handful of crackers, and say, I have never to this day, eaten a lunch I relished more than that bologna and crackers handout!! When ever we'd run out of any one, we'd holler for more and Sis would promptly hand back more.

There was nothing to drink with our lunch, but water was speedily soaking in from every side of our body, so we did not feel like drinking. We got home all in good time, and we looked like a bunch of

river rats, alright. When big brother, Julius, who had stayed home, lifted us wet and shivering kids out one at a time and told us to run along into the house, where he had a good fire going. He knew that we would be both wet and cold.

The next day when Mother and Sister looked over our hats to see how they had fared. They met a sorry sight. The shape of all of them was done for, and some had to be entirely remodeled. Others needed a new wreath or ribbons, but Sis was pretty handy at everything. She soon had them looking pretty respectable again. She was a wonder!

Since we had been forbidden to play in the river, we started out to hunt birds nests. We soon had several located, which we visited everyday. Some were on the prairie and some in the brush along the cut banks and rivers, and some found in the barn.

Then the choke cherries on the side hill also became ripe enough to eat, though Sis was against us eating them yet. We made several daily trips to them. If we were lucky enough to have a pocket on our dresses, we always took some along, until we were caught at it. Then we nearly lost our priviledge of going to the cherry bushes.

We also were the mail carriers for the ranchers twice a week. We were allowed to saddle up the little old white pony of the childrens. Two of us would go for the mail at Gladstone 4 miles away. I could always go, as I was company, an the others changed about going with me. Who ever went used the saddle an girded the pony. I sat his behind. The pony was broke to neck rein and was too old to learn anything else. I couldn't remember how to do it, so was content to sit on his behind and let someone else do the steering.



Barbara Ludwick Collection

We could pile on that old pony clear to his tail, as many as there was room for, and he wouldn't even protest. When we tried to get him to trot, we had a job on our HANDS! To get him to gallop was out of the question!

In the three months I was there, we never succeeded but once in making him gallop, and then it was but two or three jumps, so that I had not known what had happened until afterwards.

One day the children took him to the Ising Glass Hill, as they called it. It was up the main road a short distance and a little back in the pasture. We took the main road across the big bridge, until we were up near the hill. There we climbed under the pasture fence, and soon we could see the sparkling Ising Glass as the sun shone on it. Mostly it was small pieces.

We did find several large ones, which looked to me like the little Christmas trees Jack Frost paints on windows sometimes. These large ones we took home. The children showed me how to shave off sheet after sheet of the Ising Glass with a thin bladed knife.

Haying started and Ethel and I were elected “Hay Stompers.” The hay field was two miles from the ranch and we children all went along the first day. There wasn’t anything for us to do until nearly noon, when they would take the load of hay home. While brother, Julius, cut and bunched hay, we children played. Near the road was the remains of an old stone house. The windows and doors were missing, but the walls which were of stones set in mortar, were all good. The roof and floor were fairly good, also. It was but a little ways from where the wagon stood, so I proposed that we go over there and play. The children did not like the idea and finally told me it was haunted and that at night it fairly rocked with ghosts and spookes. It was said no one could stick it out all night alone in the house. A number of would be braves of the country had laughed at the story and bet that they could stay there a full night. Each one had lost his bet. There after they gave the haunted house a wide berth.

It all sounded quite interesting and hair raising. I decided it might be safer to stay close to the wagon and stole a glance across the field to see how close brother Julius was mowing in case a spook should



(l-r) Martin, Julius and Lewis Larsen – Anna Shurtliff’s brothers - at the James Shurtliff Ranch – (BL)

suddenly jump out after us. I felt that if we could let him know with an ear splitting screech (which we all were capable of omitting under ordinary circumstances), that he would arrive pronto and speedily bring about our rescue.

I had great faith in my strapping big brother, but nothing happened all afternoon. We kept our sharp eyes on the house, and were careful not to turn our backs to it.

Noon finally arrived, an Julius hitched the team to the hay rack. We were all glad to climb in and help stomp the first load of hay. I had my introduction to the prairie needles. I thought them quite a curiosity, and when we arrived at the ranch, I picked all out that were in my clothes, and tied a thread around the bunch to take back east with me to show off. I got my fill of the prairie needles though before haying was over.



“Harry and Dad on hay wagon” Hazel Boule Caption (GPN)

Then there were the sycles to grind every noon and evening. We had to turn the grindstone, too. That was lots worse than churning. They didn’t give us a minute to play in. It was just turn the grindstone all the time!

After dinner we again all went to the field.

As we had not seen any signs of spooks or spirits about the old stone

house, we decided to circle the house at a safe distance. We could see in the door and window. This we did a few times closing in on it each time until we finally were right at the door.

There was nothing in the house at all, but the cellar trap door that was thrown over near one side. As nothing happened the next minute or two, I got up enough courage to take a couple of light steps into the room, and look down in the cellar. It was just a small hole neither large or deep enough to be called a cellar. This I was glad of, as I could plainly see all parts of it at a glance. There we no ghost hiding there. We all felt a lot better. We decided to play safe anyway, and stayed outside.

We soon discovered one corner of the house was rough enough so we could climb the stone wall an on to the roof. Here we played all afternoon, until Julius called us to stomp the evening load of hay.

The ride home on top of the load of hay was always exciting. Just a small bump would send it rocking for quite a long while. We had a long hill at the river to go down. Julius most always drove a big beautiful black team on the load. The hill was long and in places very steep, in spite of all the horses could hold back, we often would finish the hill as fast as the horses could trot. Sometimes they would even gallop.

How the load would rock! I thought sometimes it surely would tip over, but it never did. Right at the foot of the hill was the river and a big bridge. Almost at the bridge, the river curved a bit so that it seemed we would surely pass right by, and go over the bank into the river. Many times I shut my eyes and held my breath until I heard the horses huffs on the planks of the bridge.

Then the hay had to be stacked. Ethel and I had to stomp there, too. We didn't mind it while the stack was low, but when it got way up above the top of the hay load, and so narrow you had to keep a sharp look out that you didn't walk off to either side. It wasn't much fun when it got so narrow. I was afraid to stomp at all, and only a handful of hay left in the rack so it seemed to me to jump down on. It was nothing short of down right misery if you asked me! But, we both got through the summer with out any mishaps of broken bones.

After the second day at the stone house, we had worlds of fun. Though we were careful each day, to go over it carefully for any signs of disturbance in our absence, but we always found it the same. 9

The cellar was the worst to explore, as there wasn't any steps. We finally coaxed Harry to jump down, as we reasoned if anything should happen Ethel and I could heave him up in short order, while if one of us bigger ones should go down first, our getting back up in a hurry might not be so easily accomplished.

Harry finally decided he would, so after that was explored, we all felt better and played both inside and out. One day outside I found a much discolored penny and decided to keep it to remember the haunted house by. I tied it in my hankie and took it home. Then Mother and Sis tried to scare me by saying, "if you take anything from the haunted house, the ghosts will surely come to claim it some night." As I slept with Mother I thought I would chance it. They have never bothered me, though I still have the little old one cent piece.

One day a letter came from my second sister, who lived then in the suburbs of Spokane, Washington. She never thought we were really coming out west. When Mother wrote her from Dakota, she began to have hopes. They expected to leave Spokane in a week or so to take up a timber claim in the northern part of the state. She thought Mother might like to make the trip with them. They were going immigrant style camping all the way.

At first Mother didn't know what to do, but by the date of the letter, it was plain we had little time to lose, if we wished to be in Spokane before they left for their new home.



Margaret Larsen Leech (Author of memoir) and Ethel Shurtliff - They were life long best friends (BL)

Brother-in-law, Jim, got a railroad time table, and looked up the connections and how long it would take us to make the trip. Then finally Mother decided to go as soon as possible, which was that very same evening at 6 o'clock. When that part was settled, we all got busy, and things flew in every direction.

It was about 10 a.m. that we decided to go that evening. So we had to hurry. I had to pick up all our things (that is get them all together), so that Mother could pack them. Also carry a few pails of water from the river, Sister got a good fire going and put the broiler and tea kettle on. Mother sorted the dirty clothes and took out all our things and washed them. She couldn't think of taking a single thing along that wasn't clean.

The children were sent to run down a chicken. Soon Sister had it dressed, and on the stove cooking. She then started to stir up a cake and a batch of doughnuts. We children carried more water, and dug potatoes and got them ready for dinner. We set the table, and did everything we could to help.

After dinner we cleared the table and washed the dishes. Mother packed clothes, and Sister packed a lunch. Mother and I then washed our hair and took a bath. The clothes she had washed were ironed and

packed. They made me stay outside to dry my hair quick. Jim's sister, who happened by on her saddle horse, combed and tossed it continually until it was dry.

At 5 o'clock we were already for the trip to Gladstone and arrived in good time. The train was late, so we walked around town a while. Mother had forgotten her glasses, so she had to buy a pair in Gladstone, for she could not do without them. Then we sat in the depot until we were getting nervous before the train finally came. Then there were hurried good-byes. We boarded the train immediately.

We passed through the bad lands a while later, but it was getting so dark that we couldn't see much of them. When we woke in the morning, we were riding beside the Yellowstone River on one side and great hills on the other.

“Dock Austin” Archive

Doctor Frank Austin was a veterinarian in Adams County, Wisconsin, and was a hunting buddy of Grandpa Jim's. Jerry Carlson, a cousin of ours (we share the same great great grandfather, Jeremiah Pells Sr.) and archivist for the Adams County, WI historical society came across these photographs from the Green River Ranch and preserved them. Most of the captions on these photographs were written on the back by James Henry Shurtliff.



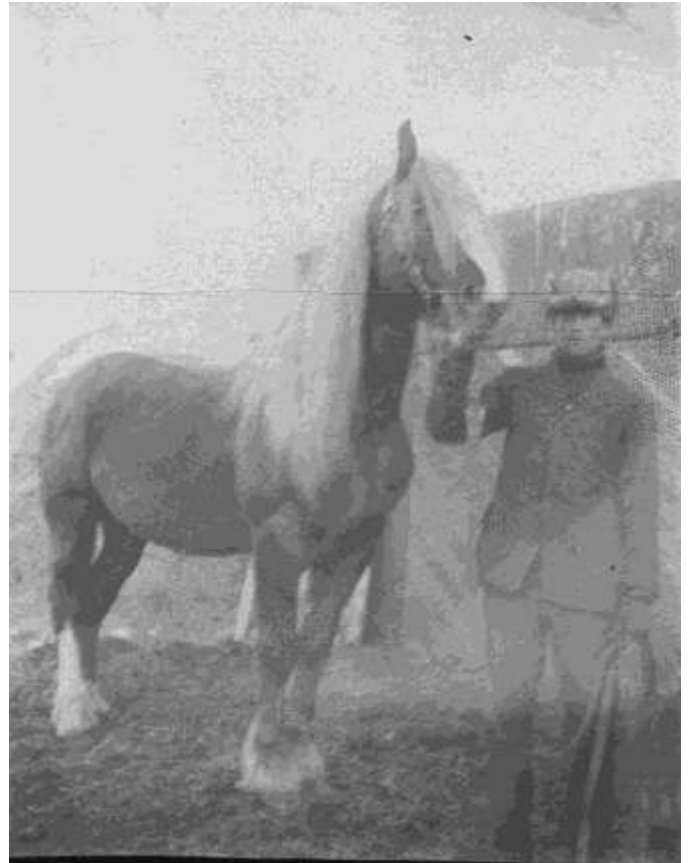
This is my pile of oats that I cannot get in the granary. I took the picture from the top of the house. There is 200 bushel in the bags that is around the outside. You see the pile is higher than Anna's head and it is 24 feet wide and 30 feet across [(l-r) Anna, Ethel, Hazel (playing on pile), Lilly and Harry Shurtliff].



Well Mr. Austin the baby is a girl. Jimmie never thinks to tell you. We named her Hazel Iona Shurtliff. 4 months old weighs 15 1/2 # - Anna



Here is Lillie, Ethel and Harry. Lillie is shooting and if she does not get her game the other two will turn loos with shot guns then if they don't get it the old man will come up with a catch rope and saddle horse. - Jim



Hello Dock. well I haven't wrote you for awhile. I suppose the old man has been there. Well dock this is one of my brons. I got good papers on him. He weighs 1930 pounds. I just brought a load of cole with him. I feel pretty good as I traded horses yesterday in Dickinson. Well this is Julius holding my horse - Jim



[Postcard] Helo Dock just got a letter from you. I got one since you went back and am just answered that a few days ago but I was so darn busy and then got hurt so I could hardly move but am getting out now but can't see why you would think I was mad. Would be glad to see you out here . Make a deal. I hope you make a good thing(?). If you don't come out here – Jim [Art?] is on this wagon.



No Caption to this photograph – from Austin Archive



Harry Shurtliff, Jim Shurtliff, Ben Johnson (HB identified) "August 27, 1909 – helo dock how are you all. I am almost don harvesting I only got 40 acres of oats to out. Got all week. Just got a cask of beer 79 bottles. Maybe we don't harvest some. Rite – Jim"



Here we was diging potatoes



Here I am on my favorite saddle horse last week just before I take a 150 mile ride was gone 3 days. I was up on Spring Creek East of killdeer mts. Had bad roads after I got 'bout 40 miles north. 3 of us went. One man got bucked off his horse in the morning when we started. He went high.



Lewis youngest brother Martin saddling his first bronk. My hired man is helping him.



Well here we are hired man, Julius, Kiar and Jim. We was all to a dance the night before so we had to have a little stimulants which you can see on a pice of cole in front. We have just shot a blast of dynamite. The vein of cole is 'bout 9 ½ foot thick comes up you see 'bout even with [] We blowed out 'bout 2 tons that one blast. We are not so dam slow as we were all up the nite before – Jim

[Kiar is probably Theodore Kiar, a cousin of Anna Larsen Shurtliff]



This is hired man and myself bin to town sleepy the next day so we had to have a drink to straten us up.



Julius Larsen and Jim Shurtliff (BH)



Well here I am dressed in buckskin. I have a small revolver in my hand but you can hardly see it. ... The pictures may make you sick. They are my first ones and I take them and finish them myself. I tell you Dock you just tack these up on your out house door and you will never need any frills[?]. You can take one look at these and then burn them if you don't want them around. - Jim

More from the “Dock Austin” Archive



Moving horses. Girl in foreground is Ethel .Cannot identify other two figures.



Ranch in winter. Harry and Ethel in foreground





**More from the ranch –
photographs from multiple
sources**



Above – Jim and Hazel

Below - Anna



Watering Teams – Martin in foreground,
unidentified on horse (GPN)



Ethel on the plow. Hazel out in the plowing. Jim and hired hands (HB identified-GPN)



Mary Jane at the Green River Crossing. Jim Shurtliff driving. Man on back unidentified (GPN)



Hazel Shurtliff in Daddy's Hat



Winter Scene – James Shurtliff Ranch (GPN)



Ethel Shurtliff – not to be trifled with (GPN)



James Henry Shurtliff (Darrell Shurtliff photos -DGS)



Hazel Shurtliff
age 4 with
Captain the
horse (BL)



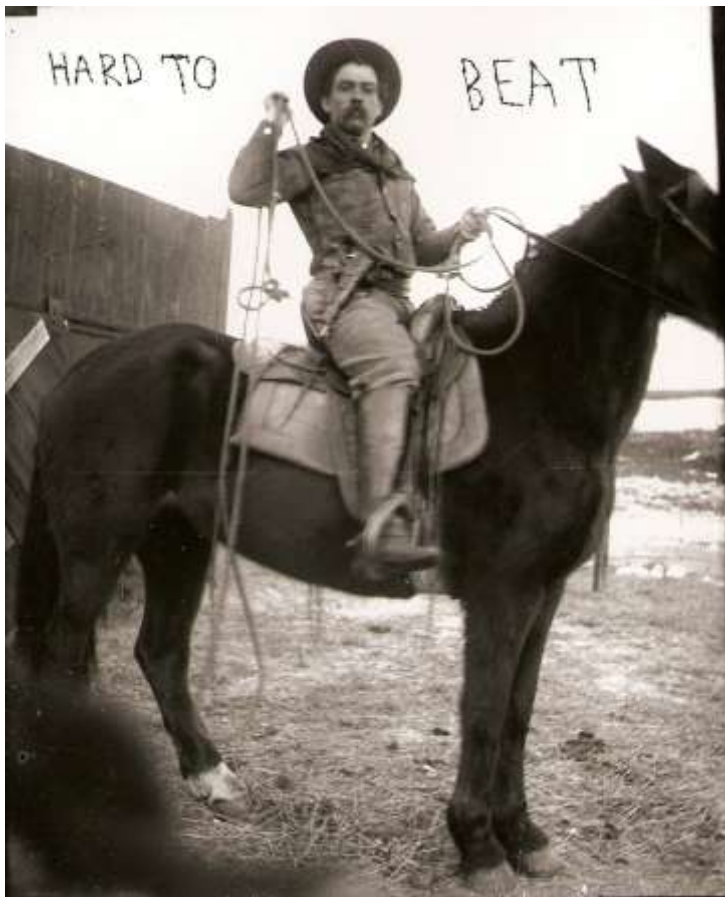
“Dad riding Bud and holding me.” – Hazel Shurtliff Boule (GPN)



(l-r) unidentified man, Harry Shurtliff, Anna Shurtliff, unidentified woman, Ethel Shurtliff (HB identified - GPN)



James Henry Shurtliff (DGS)



Jim Shurtliff (GPN)



Julius Larsen
(Hazel Boule
identified - GPN)



Julius Larsen (Hazel Boule identified - GPN)



Anna Shurtliff (DGS)



Anna Shurtliff leading two horses
(GPN)



Willie Hartley and Jim Shurtliff (Hazel
Shurtliff Boule Identified – GPN)

William Hartley is Jim's cousin. He is the son of Sarah Ellen Shurtliff and Joseph Hartley. Sarah Ellen is Henry Shurtliff's sister and a daughter of Jason Shurtliff.



Busting Sod – Martin Larsen on water wagon, Ethel Shurtliff standing, Hazel Shurtliff in plowing in bonnet, Ben Johnson with Arms folded, Jim Shurtliff on tractor, Harry Shurtliff boy on tractor, Lilly Shurtliff very far right. (Hazel Boule identified – GPN)

From a postcard using this image “ Dear Aunt Hulda, I am glad you like it out there. We are going to Dickinson the 17th to see the exhibit train. I will send you a clipping. We are building a milk house. June 27 – well we went to Dickinson it was . by by write soon. Ethel Shurtliff” [postcard from Jerry Carlson Collection]



Henry Shurtliff, Bill Micklesen and probably Charlie Leech at the Henry Shurtliff Ranch. (Hazel identified GPN)



D.L. (Unidentified) Henry Shurtliff and Bill Micklesen at the Henry Shurtliff Homestead. (GPN)



Neg. No: 2004-15-12 Sun, September 19, 2004 Henry Shurtliff Homestead 35th St. SW Dickinson Stark
Sec. 34, T140N R95W, looking SW at building spot. On 35th St. SW, east of 105th Ave SW. Beef cattle.

Jerry Carlson Photograph



Jim Shurtliff Homesite. In the road are Ethel and Lilly with Hazel in a baby Carriage. Harry is in the field to the right. (Hazel Boule identified – GPN)



Neg. No: 2004-14-03 Sun, September 19, 2004
Sec. 1, T139N R95W, on ridge looking south.

James Shurtliff Homestead

Gladstone Stark

NI



(l-r) Front Seat – Harry, Jim. Back Seat –Ethel, Hazel, Anna and Lilly Shurtliff (Jerry Carlson Archive)

Excerpt from Nevada Johnson Reddy Memoir

Grandpa Henry and Grandma Susan Shurtliff were my mother's parents. They had two children. James was born in 1875. Seventeen years later Vera (my mother) was born (1892). They lived in Wisconsin and migrated to North Dakota in the first part of the 20th Century.

Meanwhile James married Anna Larsen in Wisconsin. By the time Vera was born they had a son Harry and two daughters, Ethel and Lilly. After moving to N. Dak., they lived on farms only a few miles apart. They spent birthdays and holidays together.

The years went by. Vera married Bernard Johnson who worked on the Shurtliff's farms. I was born the first year of their marriage. James and Anna had another daughter late in life. She (Hazel) was 3 yrs older than me, so we played together, either at Grandpa's farm or at her place.

When I was a baby, we lived on a farm near Gladstone, N. Dak. Our house burned down one night when we were out visiting. So we moved to Grandpa's and Grandma's. Grandpa had a big black leather rocker and he would rock and sing to me while I sat on his lap. One song "A Bonny Wee

Window” I’ll always remember him singing. I remember riding on my father’s lap when he plowed and seeded. The horses names were Bill and Millie.

Grandpa and Grandma left the farm and moved into Dickinson. Grandpa brought me Candy Corn when he came to visit. A few years (I was 4) later I had a sister, Naomi (1915). I was told that the Indians had left her under a bridge near Uncle Jim’s farm and they brought her home to our place. Soon after that we moved into Dickinson, too. So did Uncle Jim and Aunt Anna and family.

The First World War was being fought in Europe. My father was working as a Fireman on the N.P. railroad. I had another sister, (Juanita) 1917. I was supposed to start school that year. Hazel (my cousin) told me bad stories about school. I was frightened and they Kept me home. I started school the next year. It was in a little red school house Sept. 1918. One day in November at about noon all the church bells began to ring, the trains whistled and the cars were blowing their horns. There was so much noise. A car stopped by the school, a man ran to the door, he said something to Miss Ervin and she began to cry. She told us we were to go straight home to our parents and dismissed us.



When I arrived home, my mother, my Aunt Anna and my cousins were all crying and hugging. Why were they crying? I was happy to get out of school! That evening we paraded down the streets, people danced and there was music and a great deal of yelling and noise. (The War was over! Our soldiers were coming home and all was right with the World.)

Then came the Great Flu epidemic of 1918. So many people died. We lost my Grandmother (Mom’s Mother) that year. I remember that we were all sick in bed and Aunt Anna came over to take care of us! My sister, Marvel was born in Dec. 1919.

– by Nevada Johnson Reddy (1911-2002).

Susan Pells Shurtliff – Dickinson Cemetery, Stark Co.,
ND – Bill Niles Photograph



Larsen Family, Big Flats, WI abt. 1903: Hulda (l. to r. standing) Alfreda Larsen, Ludvig "Louis" Christian Larsen, Julius Herman Larsen, Martin Jensinius Larsen, Clara Margrethe (Larsen) Patefield, Margarethe Sylvia Larsen; Anna (l. to r. sitting) Cecelia (Larsen) Shurtliff, Inger Marie (Christensen) Larsen, Emma Theressa (Larsen) Blancher. (BL)



Larsen Family August 1944 Plainview WI, above (l-r) – Emma (Larsen) Blancher, Hulda (Larsen) Nelson Monsell, Margarethe (Larsen) Leech, Martin Larson, Louie Larson, Clara (Larsen) Patefield, Anna (Larsen) Shurtliff (DGS)



Left: Julius and Emma (Payden) Larsen, August 1944. (BL)

Note: The children of Jens and Inger Larsen spelled their names as either Larsen or Larson at various times.



James Shurtliff Family (abt 1920) Dickinson ND: (l-r) James Henry Shurtliff, Harry Delbert Shurtliff, Hazel Iona Shurtliff, Lilly Anna Shurtliff, Anna Cecilia (Larson) Shurtliff, Ethel May Shurtliff



James Shurtliff Family Great Falls, MT abt. 1940: Standing (l-r) Lilly Anna, Harry Delbert, Darrell Gordon, Ethel May and Hazel Iona Shurtliff. Sitting: James Henry and Anna Cecilia Shurtliff.

Memorial Stones



Ohio Cemetery – Rio Columbia Co. WI (Bill Niles Photo)



Jason and Urvilla Shurtliff – Parents of Henry Shurtliff (Bill Niles Photo)



White Cemetery – Coloma Corner, Marquette Co., WI (Bill Niles)



Jeremiah and Polly Pells – Parents of Susan Pells (Jeremiah – Bill Niles, Polly - Dan Shurtliff)

Niebull Cemetery, Big Flats, Adams County, WI



Jens Larsen, Father of Anna Larsen Shurtliff (Dan Shurtliff photo)

Ebenezer Lutheran Church Cemetery, McCabe, Roosevelt Co, MT



Inger Marie Larsen Jensen, mother of Anna Larsen Shurtliff (Violet Moor photo)

White Cemetery – Coloma Corners, WI



Henry Shurtliff and second wife, Jane McGlaughlin Shurtliff (Dan Shurtliff photos)

Hillcrest Lawn Mausoleum, Great Falls, Cascade County, MT



James H. and Anna C. Shurtliff (Violet Moor or Barbara Ludwick photo)