

Brackenbury Photo Addendum – A Family Album



Sue Nolde Brackenbury, age 5, 1935 in Morton Grove, Illinois, presaging her future role out west on the Brackenbury Ranch



Wedding bells and announcements

Home on the Range at the Lower Brackenbury Ranch ... and little lambs



Ranch house where the Fullertons lived



R. A. Brackenbury with a lamb



Sue Brackenbury with a lamb



And Sue with her cat, Snowball



Amy Brackenbury Larson, scenes from ranch life



Lower Brackenbury Ranch in winter



Sue's visiting sister Roberta Nolde helps with ranch chores, and Keith Fullerton poses on the jeep, early 1950s. The log house in the background was later covered with white clapboard siding.



Dick Brackenbury with one of the Shetland ponies raised at the Upper Brackenbury Ranch. Behind him is the old chicken house.



Brackenbury siblings, (left to right) Amy, Ann, Alyssa and Chris



Dick and Sue Brackenbury were prominent members of the orchestra. He played oboe and she played violin. They commuted from the ranch in Livermore to attend concerts and rehearsals for many years. Dick's father, R.A. Brackenbury played flute and piccolo in the orchestra. Amy Brackenbury later played violin in the symphony.

Richard A. and Flora Raddatz Brackenbury on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary



Clip from the November 6, 1988, *Coloradoan* about the Fort Collins house Richard A. Brackenbury built in 1938 for his family

MONEY/HOME

SECTION

E

■ Real Estate Q&A/5

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SUNDAY, November 6, 1988



Michael Madrid/The Coloradoan

END OF THE LANE: This comfortable but stately home is at the intersection of East Elizabeth and Stover streets, which puts this estate smack in the middle of the city.

Estate in city is listed at \$375,000

By J. LEWANDOWSKI
The Coloradoan

Everyone wants to live in the white house at the end of the lane.

That's the way real estate agent Duane Rasmussen describes the reaction of home shoppers when they first see the stately old mansion in the heart of the city at the corner of East Elizabeth and Stover streets.

The house is, well, sort of for sale. Owners Jean and Wes King put the house up for sale during the summer but officially took it off the market last week. They don't want to take the chance of having to move in the middle of winter.

But Jean King admits they are still undecided if they want to move to another home.

There is something about living in the white house at the end of the lane.

The 50-year-old house is unique in the city.

The 6,000-square-foot home was built in 1938 by Larimer County rancher Richard Brackenbury. He commuted to his ranch near Livermore while his wife and three daughters lived in town. At that time the house was at the far east-

ern edge of Fort Collins and the family kept horses for the kids, said Carolyn McCoy, one of the daughters.

Before Brackenbury bought the property, that parcel was a nationally renowned horse breeding farm known as the Barnhurst Estate. Buffalo Bill Cody, one of the West's most famous showmen, bought horses there for his traveling show.

The corner is still generally known as the Barnhurst Estate.

Apparently Brackenbury did well selling sheep and cattle. The exterior walls are 14 inches thick and the hot-water heating system and all the plumbing still work without problems. All the beams are steel, the window framing is wood and every room has crown molding where wall meets ceiling.

"If you tried to build it now, you probably couldn't," said McCoy.

A builder told the Kings that to build the house in the same way now would cost about \$200 per square foot — that's \$1.2 million.

McCoy bought the house from her parents in 1971 and lived there until 1986.



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RELAXING: Jean King settles into a book in her living room.



The “ghost house” at the Upper Brackenbury Ranch after it was log-sided



(Photos courtesy of Pat Clemens)



The “elephant barn” at the Upper Brackenbury Ranch (Pat Clemens)



Hikers having lunch at what was left of the Brackenbury cabin and corrals near Brown’s Lake, 1995 (photo by Linda Bell)



R. Brackenbury (Early Portrait)
Medicine Bow, Wyoming

The Days of the Open Range

Where are the lads who rode with me
When like the wind, the range was free,
With no barbed wire, not a strand
From Canada's line to the Rio Grande?

We swept the hills and the western plain,
As storm clouds sweep the land with rain,
Our number great beyond belief,
We branded calves, and gathered beef.

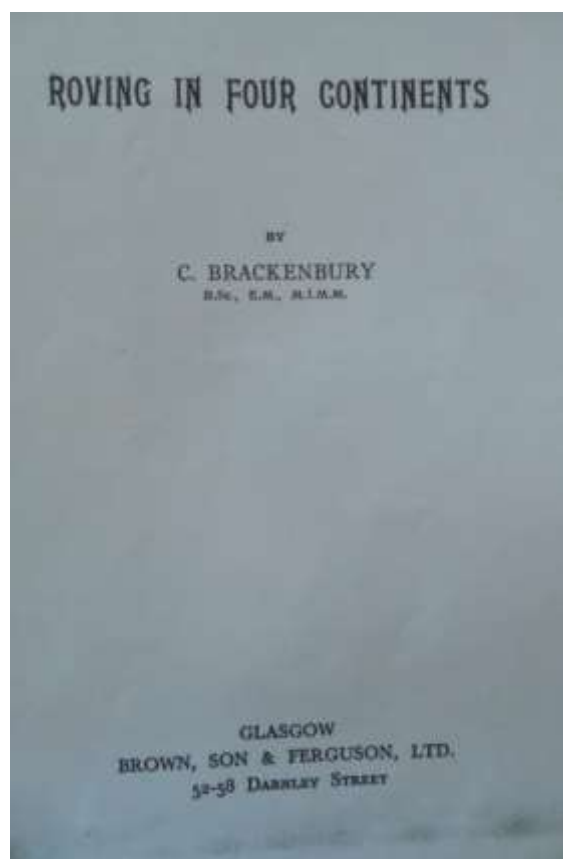
We rode in early dawn of light
And held the cattle through the night.
In every weather weeks around
Our beds . . . unrolled . . . lay on the ground.

Age brings with fleeting years a change
And we who rode the open range,
Young, light-hearted, brave and gay,
Must like the bison pass away.

—Richard Brackenbury.
La Jolla, California

Richard A. Brackenbury's father, Richard Brackenbury, arrived in the American west from England in about 1888

Cyril Brackenbury, his younger brother, wrote an account of his travels



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*Dick & Katharine
with love & greetings
from Cyril
Xmas 1933.*

Inscription in the book to his brother and his wife Katharine, on the occasion of the book's publication in 1933.

PREFACE

HAVING had a somewhat varied and wide experience of life in many parts of the world, and in four different vocations, as rancher, mining engineer, soldier and scout; it occurred to me that a brief account of my experiences might be of interest to some young men on the threshold of manhood as well as to the members of my own family. In any case, I felt it would interest me to recall and write down some of my reminiscences. So having retired from professional work, I have spent some pleasant hours in writing my little story.

In the first part of the book I have been able to give a description of what a rancher's life was like in the Rocky Mountain country in the early pioneering days forty-five years ago. During my life as a mining engineer I was continually off the beaten track in foreign countries, and was able to gauge something of the real characteristics of the people. My sojourns in different parts of Russia gave me vivid impressions of the vastness, the barbarism, the plotting, counterplotting and uncertainty of life in that great country of mixed races. My feeling then was, that I could scarcely trust anyone when my back was turned. And the history of Russia since that time has not tended to increase my confidence in the people or in the new Soviet Government.

PREFACE

I have many pleasant recollections of my life in the United States, Canada, and South Africa. In looking back at our experiences of the Great War, it is rather like a dream which sometimes took the form of a nightmare. Since my retirement from active professional work, I have been able to devote much time and energy to the Boy Scout Movement, which I consider one of the finest movements for the good of mankind, and as B. P. might say, for happifying the world.

One of my chief reasons for daring to publish this book has been the hope, that, with good fortune, the sales might bring me in a sum of money, which I could have the pleasure and privilege of handing over to the funds of the Boy Scouts' Association.

I should like to think that, the record which I have given, of one who started to rough it early in life, and made good while roving in many places, together with the few random remarks hazarded in the last chapter, may have been found interesting, and I hope helpful, to some young men starting out to make their own way in the world.

C. B.

October, 1933.

Roving in Four Continents

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

MY father, Major-General C. B. Brackenbury, R.A., was a captain quartered at Woolwich when I was born the eighth child, in the year 1869. There were 9 children in the family, 3 daughters and 6 sons. Two of the sons went into the army, three became engineers, and one became a rancher in America.

In our early childhood days we made the Repository our chief playground and also much enjoyed an occasional visit to the Rotunda. About the earliest achievement that I can remember was being able to fasten my own trousers and dress myself, which at the time seemed to be a very definite advance towards manhood.

One of my first adventures was a stroll with my younger brother through the streets of Woolwich about two o'clock in the morning. We had been told that it was a good thing to be early risers, and we acted accordingly. Creeping out of the house we left the front door open so that we should be able to re-enter the house after our walk. We had only proceeded a short distance when the fun of the adventure seemed rapidly to diminish and a feeling of loneliness and desolation began to oppress us. The barking of dogs and squalling of cats added to our dismay and we soon began to think it was time to turn homewards. How-

according to where my father's military appointments took him. Our homes were in Woolwich, Sandhurst, Waltham Abbey, London and Dover.

It was while we were living in Dover that it was decided that I should try my fortune as a rancher in the United States of America with one of my elder brothers, instead of going into the Army as had been the original plan.)

CHAPTER II.

RANCHING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

IN March, 1887, my brother R., then twenty-three years of age, set out from England with four rancher pupils including myself, each being seventeen years old, all bound for the Rocky Mountain plateau in Wyoming, U.S.A.)

Our steamer was a wretched little tub of about 2,000 tons ; a cargo boat loaded with a valuable consignment of horses for breeding purposes in America. Part of the steamer was fitted up for about twenty passengers in a very third class manner.

We left London on the 16th of March—I think it was—during the evening of a sleeting winter's day, and steamed slowly down the Thames. The next morning

ROVING IN FOUR CONTINENTS

we were awakened by the ship's steward putting his head in at the cabin door and shouting: "Breakfast time, and if you don't get up, damn it, you'll get nothing to eat." We crawled out not feeling very bright, as we had retired late the previous night, and the sea was rough and choppy. However we managed to stow away some breakfast, and then went and lay down on deck. Soon after breakfast we passed opposite to Dover Castle, and we could clearly see the windows of our house on the cliffs, which caused me to experience a feeling of home-sickness in addition to our common sea-sickness.

We tried to enliven the time by telling yarns to each other as we lay on deck, but found it necessary constantly to interrupt our remarks in order to go and lean over the side-rail and look down at the sea. There was half-a-gale blowing from the west, making our little steamer roll and pitch badly. Indeed by the time we had passed out of sight of Ireland, and the wind had increased to a full gale force, we found it necessary to retire to our respective bunks. And in our bunks we each lay for a week on end.

Although I have sailed the seas many times since, never have I experienced anything approaching the shaking up we received on this my first long voyage. Our steamer of some 2,000 tons was tossed about on the Atlantic billows much like a small fishing smack would be in a storm in the English channel. As I remember it, the yard arms—I think they are called—from the mast occasionally touched the sea on account of the fearful rolling of the ship. Much of the crockery on board was smashed, and horses died daily in their stables, being unable to stand the intensely lively

RANCHING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

motion of our vessel. One night on account of the combination of wind and fog, we were told that we had only managed to make about 3 miles headway, and it took us fifteen days to reach New York.

While lying in my bunk, very weak and seasick, I managed to read through the story of "Lorna Doone" with pleasure, which I think speaks well for the charm of this book. After one week's continuous sea-sickness we became inured to the motion of the waves and acquired our sea-legs. Then we began to eat again, and get about the ship in more or less sailor-like fashion. We were now able to enjoy the rough fare provided in spite of the unpleasant mixed smell in the ship below deck arising from the horse stables, tobacco fumes, engine oil, and cooking.

A day or two before reaching New York we had a "grand concert." It was certainly a unique entertainment. The orchestra consisted of one of my brother's pupils playing a violin, my brother performing on the banjo, and I on a zither which I had just begun to learn to play. There was only one woman on board who was called "the lady." She sang in a most doleful voice, much out of tune, a pathetic song the burden of which was. "You needn't come wooing and wooing to me, for my heart, my heart is over the sea." Then there was among the passengers one decrepit old man who sang with a quavering voice: "In days of old, when knights were bold." The singing was accompanied by the blasts of our fog-horn and the crashing of crockery due to the heavy rolling of the steamer.

There were a few Americans on board who quickly demonstrated to us their exquisite skill in the art of spitting. Chewing tobacco as well as smoking is a