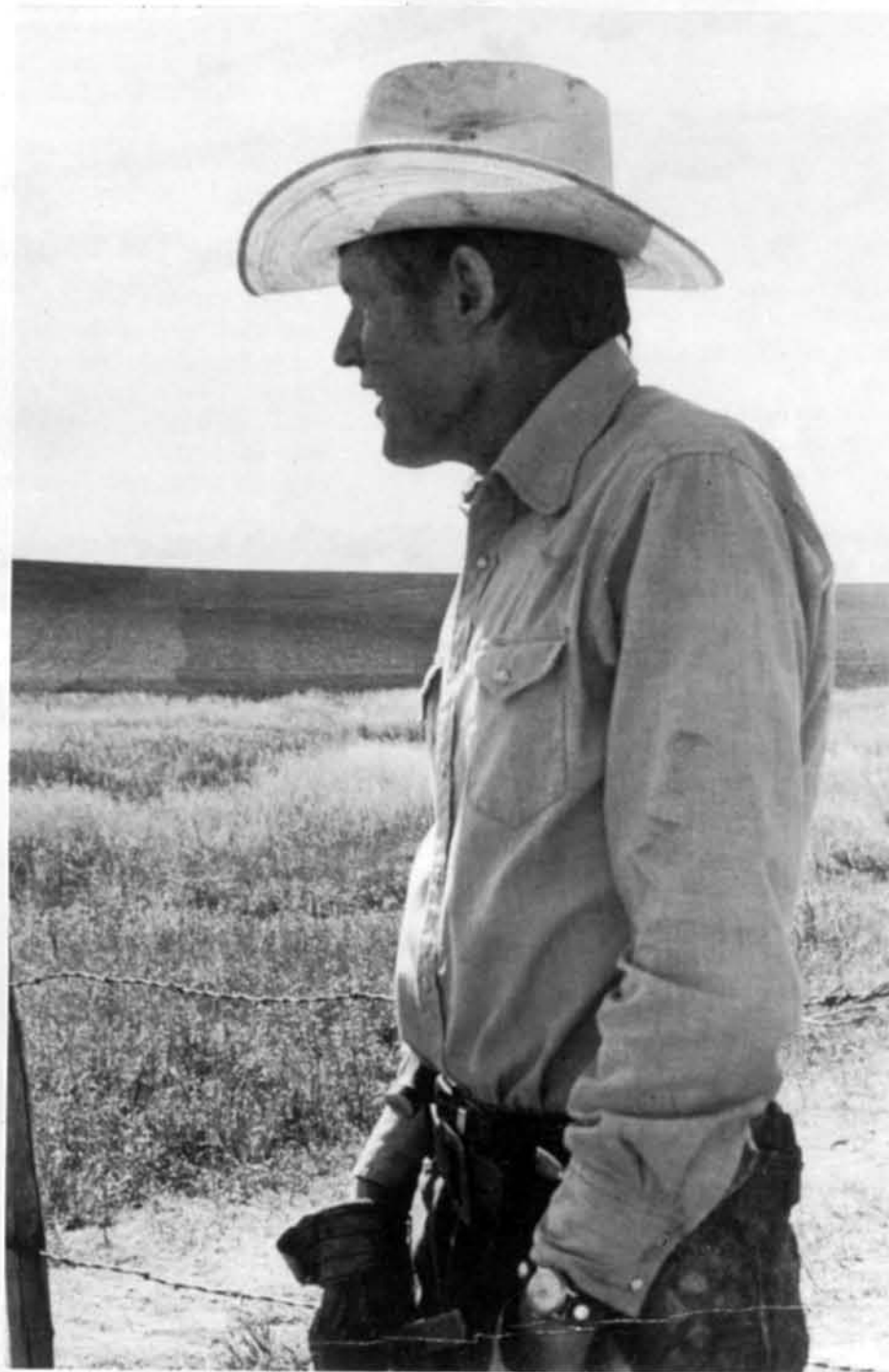


“WHY GO ANYWHERE WHEN YOU’RE ALREADY THERE?”



Vernon Summer

BY AMY UPHAM AND TERRY GROBLEBE

“I’ve lived in this house, on this place since 1927. It belonged to my grandfather. He brought his twelve children from Georgetown and built the first house on this property in 1889. I was born in 1917 and I’m the third generation. I had an older sister, my mom and my dad. My folks bought the property from my granddad in 1938 with a two story house. After my father died in 1955 my wife, Edyth, and I had the new house built in 1962.



Vernon Summer’s first house

“When I was a boy just like all kids we helped milk the cows, put up the hay, and when the chores were done we would fish and swim in the creek. I also rode horseback and used to rope in the rodeos. I rode in the wild cow riding contest before they went to bucking bulls. In the winter I skied quite a bit. There was a train you could ride into Steamboat; it would go in every night and come back in the morning. The ride cost 50 cents.

“I’ve never done any other job besides ranching, but for extra money I trapped animals and sold the pelts. With six hundred acres of land there is a lot to hunt on. This whole country was the hunting ground for the Indians for years through the summer months.”

Vernon Summers, a friendly easy going rancher in this area spent several afternoons telling us about the long gone town of Sidney, Colorado. Not only did he give us factual information, but he took the time to tromp around the old foundations of the forgotten town with Three Wire Winter staff members.



Vernon on his horse, Frisky.

“Sidney didn’t amount to very much till after the railroad came. But before it was Sidney there was a Major Knott who camped here in the early days and this whole area before the railraod was known as Knott Bottom. This is what I’ve heard, but it was before my time. Of course, having lived here, I have heard quite a few things.

The word of the rich soil passed around and people settled on small farms and ranches. They decided they needed a Post Office, so they wrote the government and were sent a list of names. The people here then chose the name Sidney. I don’t know the regulations, but at that time there were several small communities around here. One was where Harold Brenner lives now called Harrison. Over east of us in the Trout Creek area there was a school house and a community called Eddy. All of these places used to be on the early day maps, and the most of them are gone now. Then the roads got better and the transportation got faster, so many of these communities ceased to exist after a while. That’s what became of Sidney.