Chapter 4

To-night I'll tell you about working cattle on a Round-up. Fifty-five or sixty years ago, all the stock range which I will mention was governed by orders and regulations of a body of men that comprised what was called and incorporated under the name of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association with headquarters at Cheyenne, Wyoming. This Corporation governed the cow range of the territory of Wyoming, the north of Colorado as far as the water shed running north into Wyoming, southern Montana, and the eastern water shed of Utah. Look at your geography and you will see it is a large piece of country. This vast range of country was divided into Round-ups. Every Round-up had its bounds designated by rivers, creeks and buttes, or hills. Every Round-up was numbered--if I remember right there were twenty-seven Round-ups. Ours was number fourteen, and this is the one I will talk about, for, in telling you of the working of this part of the country, it will describe the working of all the other Round-ups. All the work is laid out just the same, only in some cases on much larger scales on account of much larger country to work and bigger herds of cattle. Now our Round-up, #14, took in all the country from the head of the Belle Fourche River, down to Devil's Tower. (I will describe the Devil's Tower some time if you would like to hear about it.) It took in all the creeks running south from the water shed of the divide between Belle Fourche and Cheyenne Rivers and all on our side of the divide. Now I will name the creeks flowing into the Belle Fourche. We will go up to the head of the river to begin--now don't you laugh at the names, for I love to think of them! We'll name those on the North side first--Willow, Buffalo, Custer, Cavyo, Little Timber, Defeneau, Big Timber, Donkey and LaSalle. On the South side were Bad Water, Antelope, Hay, Little Thunder, Cole, White Tail, Buck, Black Tail, Four Horse, Raven, Grey Hawk and Owl Creeks. Now these creeks were anywhere from ten to twenty-five miles from the mouth where it empties into the Belle Fourche, back to its head. Now I have been questioned how it is possible to handle so many thousands of cattle--as wild as they say they are. How can they be handled? Well, there lies the great secret--it's because they <u>are</u> wild. If the cattle were tame like farm cows, they never <u>could</u> be worked. Everything is done on the move, and the stock is not still from the time they are started off their feed ground until turned loose from the Round-up. Now I will try to tell you about getting ready and starting out for the Round-up About the last week in March, all the outfits on the river will start one or two teams for Town for the summer grub. We would then agree to be at the 101 Ranch on a certain day, and when we all got there, I tell you, it was quite a show. I will give you the brands of the outfits on our river. We'll go up to the head of the river and begin--G-M, $\frac{O}{K}$, T-7, $\overline{FS}$, CQ, Q̆, 101. Most outfits sent extra men besides teamsters to help shovel snow, for we would have to do lots of shoveling over the Bear Lodge Mountains. We had to break road and get over to Inyan Kara fifteen miles to make camp, and sometimes, I tell you, it made us a hard day's work there was so much snow! The first two years we had to go to Spearfish, Dakota, for supplies, one hundred and fifteen miles, but the last two or three years we could get fitted out in the town of Sundance, Wyoming--ninety-eight miles

from our Ranch.

We went to Town with two teams and four men in company with eleven other teams. We bought our supplies and got back to the ranch. In a day or two, we got orders to have saddle horses all under herd and to have wagons and harness all looked over and made in good repair. About the 10th of April, Jackson catches out and allots to each man seven to nine ponies to the man according to the weight of the man--150 lb. man eight ponies, 170 lb. man nine ponies. Very few riders weigh 175 lbs. The ponies are turned into one bunch and the wranglers (herders) take charge of them. One man is on in the day time and if it is in rough broken country two men are on at night. I will now explain to you what the "Reps" are. You see every outfit sends men to join outfits all over the cow country to work with, and under the orders of the foreman they are sent to. These men brand all calves following cows with the brand they represent. Well, Jackson would send a "Rep" down to Ogalla, Nebraska, one each to each of the outfits on the Cheyenne Rivers, those on the head waters of the Little Missouri and Little Powder Rivers. Now these men would take their string of eight ponies, pack their beds on one pony and start for his appointed place. Some would have to go fifty, others seventy-five to one hundred miles. When they arrived at their destination, they turned their ponies in with the outfit herd and went to work as if they belonged there.

It took two days for us to go from our Ranch to the place to start the Round-up. So, on the 12th of April we loaded the grub wagon, run the bed wagon out all ready to load and had everything ready for an early start next morning. The saddle horses were all brought in handy to the Ranch and three or four men put on the first night to hold them so as not to lose any time hunting horses next morning. The next morning the ponies are all brought to the corral. Now the mustang pony is noted for his fighting disposition so you can just think what a mixup there is in that corral,--probably two hundred or more ponies and a large number of them are squealing, kicking, biting, and striking to their heart's content. Men are throwing lassos, pulling and tugging at the horse on the other end of the rope and using lots of Bible and Dictionary words. At last every rider has roped his horse out and turned him into the little corral. The team horses are caught and put in the stable and then the band are let out of the corral and the wrangler starts them up river toward the Round-up ground.

We have rolled our beds when we first turned out in the morning. We now pack them in the bed wagon and help harness and hitch four horses to each wagon. After that every rider catches and saddles his own pony and is ready to start. --So good-bye to the Ranch for six weeks or two months. If the loose ponies are acting too badly, Jackson sends some men to help the wranglers, for getting our horses off the home range is quite a job and some are trying to break back. I tell you, it is a good rider and some one who has learned the trade. No, siree, your old Dad was not in it with the roping from a run-

ning horse. I got so I could rope from the ground very well. I could rope, bridle and saddle my pony about as soon as any of the boys, but as for trying to rope from a running horse, and catching a running, bucking, dodging bronco or thousand pound long horned steer, I was not in it. I said, "No, Sirree", and that was all. I got top pay and ran no risk.

Well, the afternoon of April 14th we arrived at the appointed place to start the spring Round-up and make camp for the night. Now I think I have told you, every Round-up has a man appointed by the Association to lay out each day's work. This man is the Round-up foreman. In the evening the foreman of each outfit goes to this man and receives orders for next day's drive. Next morning Jackson will tell Smith to go to the head of the north fork of Willow Creek, spread out his men and drive in all stock. He will tell off about five men to go with him--Smith is boss of that lot. Jackson will send men and their crew out to different points of country until the men are all on the go. The men ride out to their appointed places. If Smith has five men with him, they will face back down toward the Round-up. Two men will then go to the right and two left and thus spread out some three or four hundred yards--or within calling distance. Now every outfit has been placing its men in the same way, but on some other creek, and by the time the men of all the outfits are in place, there is a circle of riders around about fifteen or twenty miles of country. This is what we call "riding circle". Well, when we think every rider is in the circle and all is set for the drive, we start and ride down toward the river, driving everything in the shape of stock before us, and--presto! --What a change! The peaceful quiet valley with its grassy sloping hills and brakes on either side is now changed into activity. Bedlam has sure broke loose! Every cowboy is riding hard and yelling to the very limit of his lung power. The wild cattle take fright and away they go rushing down from the opposite side and their only way of escape is down the creek. Away they go and are joined every few rods by bunches coming down through the brakes. Calves bleating, mother cows mooing to their babies and cowboys shouting sure make a scene not soon forgotten. I often think with a tear in my eye and a sob in my heart, "What would my dear old Dad down home think if he could see such a sight as this," --hundreds of running cattle, but running right into a hold-up. Well, by this time, one of the old cows is getting tired and maybe her calf is only a few hours old. The poor old cow in dire desperation will turn, and with lowered head, stiff back and feet well set, will stand for a charge, but a revolver shot low down under her nose gives her a smell of burnt powder and she changes her mind and giving her baby calf a loving lick or two with her tongue, she turns and follows the drive as best she can.

Well, by this time we are maybe within two miles of the Round-up ground. Our ponies are getting tired and now we keep sharp look out for our bunch of horses which the wranglers have brought out. We soon see the horses held over to one side of the bottom land close to the bluff out of the way of the drive. We take turns--one man leaves at a time, rides over to the herd, catches a fresh pony and turns his present mount loose. He bridles and saddles the fresh pony and goes back again to

the drive. Now, in describing what we are doing, every outfit all around the circle is doing the same thing, and by this time we are getting down out of the creeks and canyons on to the big river bottom and on to the Round-up ground. Now the Round-up ground is as large and clear a piece of land as can be found handy--one hundred acres or more so that there is plenty of room to run cattle. When the first bunch of cattle is brought in, the boys start what is called milling them. That is, keeping the bunch on the move in a continuous circle, the riders all on the left side, and thus they keep turning the leaders to the right. Now the herd are all on the move, all headed one way. They are down to a walk by this time, but are not getting anywhere for they are moving around a common center all the time. As a new bunch comes, they are thrown in on the left side and of course headed the same way. As soon as possible the riders on the right side of the new bunch gradually fall back and help close up the rear of the new bunch and as soon as they can ride up on the left side and help close up with the main herd. In a short time it is all one herd, all headed one way, and the poor dumb brutes all walking or trotting, doing their best and no doubt thinking they are getting somewhere. Well, in a short time, the last drive is all milled in with the big herd, and I tell you, it is some sight for a Tenderfoot! The herd is pretty well calmed down by this time and the riders allow the circle to spread some so as to give some room, for there are lots of cattle, mostly weak cows, down, and if not given more room, the strong heavy animals tread them down and kill them or hurt them so badly they have to be shot after the Round-up is turned loose.

Now they are all in--six or eight thousand head would be a small spring Round-up--more often twelve or fifteen thousand. Now, we will work the herd. The Round-up foreman will tell the 101 foreman to go in and cut out his wet stock. Now all around this vast herd men are riding and keeping the outside cattle all milling and headed the same way. The 101 foreman takes about five men and goes into the herd, of course, on a good horse. The men work in pairs--we'll say Tom and Bill work together. As soon as they see a cow with 101 brand with a calf by her side, Tom will take the cow and Bill look after the calf. Tom rides up to the cow and by free use of his quirt (short saddle whip) starts the cow for the outside. As soon as she breaks the outside line, 101 men take the cow and calf which Bill has brought in with the help of a rope, one end fast to his saddle horn and the other end around the calf. This cow and calf are taken out one hundred yards or so from the herd and held there. Now you see there are four other 101 men working in pairs going through the same work that this Tom and Bill did, and by this time both pair have a cow and calf out, and so they keep at it until they have worked the herd and got all the 101 wet stock out. As soon as the 101 men get nicely started in cutting out stock, the ⊗ outfit foreman goes in with five men and follows on and cuts out his wet stock--and so on. Every outfit follows in and in about three hours the Round-up is all worked. The Reps have also been cutting out stock with their brands and turning them into the cavy of whatever outfit they are working with. Now the first year we were up on the Belle Fourche, there were only four outfits so there

were only four cavies. Each outfit takes its cavy bunch out about half a mile on the prairie in different directions, builds a fire, heats the irons red hot and burns the mother's brand on every calf. When all are marked, the Reps' cattle in the different outfits are cut out and thrown in one cavy and held day and night and moved on down the river as the Round-up moves until it is done. The Rep cavy, by the time we get down to Devil's Tower sometimes will number a thousand head of cattle.

Well, the Round-up is over for today! Our cattle are all turned loose and they scatter. Most all go back to their old feeding grounds. Now, I want you to just stop and think and remember all the thousands of heads of cattle and hundreds of men and horses that have been in active commotion today: For, this panorama of Round-up which I have been trying to picture for you has been enacted all over the vast territory of cow range that is controlled by the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. Well, this day's Round-up is done, so, after a good meal of roast beef, sour dough bread, prune duff pudding, evaporated apple pie and coffee, we all turn to, load our beds and help catch the work teams. We harness and hitch them to the wagons and all is ready to move camp down river to the mouth of Hay Creek for tomorrow's Round-up. It takes two days to work Hay Creek. It is twenty-five miles to the head, and some places the bottom land is five miles across. Well, we make camp and the foreman tells us off for our time of night herd relief. We catch and saddle our night horse, take him out 100 yds. or so from camp and picket him, take off the bridle, hang it on the saddle horn and let him feed. There are four reliefs for the night to guard camp and hold cavy. The first is from eight to ten, then ten to twelve, twelve to two and two to four A.M.

Now I want you to pay strict attention to what I am now going to talk about. You will hear the question talked over and debated around the good old family circle at home, around the blazing log fires in lumber camps, around the soldiers' low fire after the day's march and around the cow camp circle--which of all the animals used by man is the most intelligent? Now, let me tell you about the horse. I told you the night horse is on picket out a little way. Now, if some farmer buys or borrows a horse some ten or twenty miles down the road, brings the horse home, turns him into the pasture, and if the bars are weak or the fence is broken finds him gone in the morning, he thinks that the horse has taken the road back home --and there he will be found. Now take notice--we move camp every day. Every night we are on new ground. Well, say I am on midnight relief. At 12 P.M. I crawl out from under my tarpaulin, draw on my boots, buckle on my spurs and go out to my horse. I bridle him, tighten up the cinches and drop the rope from his neck and let it lay on the ground. It is easy enough to find the herd, for if you can't really hear it, just put your ear to the ground and you will feel or hear a kind of trembling or vibration in the air or earth--I don't know which. I mount my horse and go out to the herd. Now when my two hours are up, my relief man comes on, and I start for Camp. There are three other men starting for camp, but we do not see each other, only by chance. Well, maybe the herd has drifted a mile in the

two hours you were on duty, so we do not have sure direction where camp is--it is like the proverbial needle in a haystack --so we let the bridle reins drop loose and give the pony his head. When he stops and draws a good long contented sigh, you can get off and kick around and you will find your picket rope. Of course our night horses are no green broncos. They are old cow horses used to the works, but I think it shows good intelligence. They seldom ever miss the picket. If our horse does miss, we know camp is somewhere near, so we just sit still and listen for some of the other boys will sure make camp. They go to our beds and look and if we are not there, shout so we will know where camp is.

I guess I had better tell you the meaning of some range phrases: --"wet stock"--cow and calves; "cavyo"--Indian name for pony; "cayouse"--Mexican name for pony; "cavy"--bunch of stock cut out of the main herd and held all through Round-up until we get to home range where they are then turned loose; "dry stock"--bunch of steers gathered on beef Round-up and held until ready to take to railroad; "bronco"--cross with American horse and mustang mare; "pinto"--horse of two or more colors.

Well, I have described as well as I can a Round-up. This is repeated day after day from April to November. I will tell you sometime how we handle a beef herd and take them to the railroad. The beef Round-up, of course, is done the same as the calf drive, but when the drive starts for the railroad the big work begins. It is some work to hold a big bunch of ten or twelve hundred pound steers, I can tell you. You see, on the spring drive, the rivers and creeks are low in water as the snows do not melt in the mountains much before July, but by the time we start the beef herd for market, there is lots of water and we have two pretty big rivers to cross.

Now, we'll take a beef herd to the railroad for shipment. As I have told you, the Round-up for beef is laid out and worked the same as the Spring Round-up I described, only there has to be more men to hold the cavy bunch, for it is a bunch of big husky four year old steers, and they do not like the idea of being taken away from the family circle. At night time it takes some smart riding, I can tell you, to hold them. Well, at last we have the beef herd all in--we'll say at the mouth of Raven Creek. There are six or eight hundred head. We hold them there tonight and in the morning start the drive up Raven Creek and go twelve miles to the head and call it one day's drive. About four P.M. the herd is thrown on water and after they have had half an hour to drink are driven to bed ground and "bedded down" for the night.

The pointers are a rider each on the extreme right and left front of the drive. Now when a drive of six or eight hundred head are on the move, the pointers ride some twenty rods apart and strung along on each side are men back for half a mile and so they close up the rear and keep whipping up the drags. Each rider attends to what is ahead of him, he does not pay any attention to what is going on behind him. If a steer makes a break out of line, he is promptly whipped back to the bunch, and so on

we go. Now, we graze them. When the herd is let loose off the bed ground, the pointers spread out to about a quarter mile and the herd spreads out and separates back to maybe a mile, and the hungry steers go to feeding. We let them graze until early after dinner, and then close herd them and hustle them along. This is repeated day after day until we get to the railroad. Now the bed ground I have been speaking of is a level piece of ground the foreman has picked out. About sundown all hands on herd move the herd up to the right and soon the herd are all swinging one way. Soon they are all closed in on two or three acres of land, and then we, one by one, drop back until only the first relief is left around the cattle.

One of the toughest problems a trail foreman has to deal with, is to throw the herd on to water. You see, the rivers of the plains are not like our eastern rivers. The rivers of the plains in many places are alkali pits, in which, if a steer ran, he would sink out of sight in fifteen minutes, so such places have to be avoided. Then, in the creek or river beds, there is quicksand equally dangerous to man or beast. So, some old timer that knows the country well is riding miles ahead looking out a good site to water the herd. Well, now suppose we have a herd of eight hundred big steers. If it has been a long drive since we took them off water, they are very thirsty and tired, but, oh my, when some two miles or so from water how they will brighten up! They smell the water. They begin to walk faster and soon get into a trot, and I tell you it takes some good riding to hold in a stampede. Now understand what I am trying to tell you--you see it would not do to let the herd go to water in the same formation as we hold them on the trail, for when the cattle come in sight of the water there is no holding them and they go with a mighty rush. So, you see, those in the lead would stop to drink, the hundreds following would rush on to them, knock them down, and hundreds more piling in would wallow and struggle and finally be run over by those following. Now, to avoid this mishap and loss of stock, the riders on the right side begin to fall back toward the rear and swing around on the left side of the herd and begin to turn the leaders up stream when we get about a mile from water. They are going fast, but we try to string them so they are only four or five tier deep. Then at a signal from the foreman, the riders turn and ride for water, and, I tell you, they do some riding! --with a string of long horns rushing after them--and so the stock get to drink without much mishap.

So we go on day after day until we get to the railroad and then the fun is on for sure, for the steers do not like the noise of the locomotives or smell of soft coal smoke. The beef herd is held a few miles out on the prairie over night. The cars for shipment of cattle have been ordered and, if they are on the side track ready for us early in the morning, we begin to load the steers--eighteen to twenty to a car. Now to get the steers into the cars, we cut off about 400 from the main bunch and work them up up to and into a strong fenced yard or field of maybe four acres. This yard or corral has what we call a fan fence beginning on each side of the corral gate and spreading out fan like for half a mile or so. There they have some half

dozen old bulls kept at the loading corral all the time. Some of them have been there for years so they are pretty well trained for their work. Well, one or two of these old bulls are turned loose in this fan like entrance and, as the beef herd is driven closer, these old fellows set up a great roaring and bellowing, pawing the ground and throwing great dust clouds, and I expect they bellow great challenges for a fight or to see what the show is all about. They keep falling back toward the big corral gate still bellowing defiance. They are now on the trot, and soon on the run through the wide double gates with the whole herd rushing after them, and the riders come up laughing at them. The old bulls run across the enclosure to the far side where a gate openes as if by magic. The brave old fighters slip through, the gate is shut down, the entrance gates are closed and the 400 beef steers are prisoners for sure. All the gates in these shipping corrals are worked by pulleys hung overhead, so there is no such trouble in closing as would be with swing gates. Now, between this big corral and the loading platform is a small corral just large enough to hold about 20 steers. From this corral up to the platform is a six foot wide gangway, or we call it a chute, planked up strong on each side. Across the R.R. platform it is planked up six feet high and as wide as the car door. At the foot of this chute that leads from the ground up to the platform is a gate which is raised by rope and pulley hung overhead. Now on the outside, built against the side of the round corral, is a platform about half way up from the ground and wide enough to walk on. Now, have you got all this in your mind? When the cattle train backs in on the siding, they stop so the door of the forward car is even with the cattle chute across the platform. Now, in the meantime while the cars have been getting into place, men on horses have been working with the steers out in the big corral and have worked a good bunch up close to the little pen, the gate is let drop and there they are standing dumbfounded. On the platform on the outside of this little pen there are men with long poles with sharp pointed spikes in one end. The men now go at these poor brutes with these bradded poles until the bunch are all milling one way. When suddenly the gate to the chute is raised, the steer nearest the gate sees a hole to get out. Up the chute he goes with all the bunch after him, and as soon as the last one is in, the gate drops and the men follow with the brad poles and in less time than I am taking to try to tell you, that car load is in and the locomotive has started up and the next car is opposite the loading chute. The work is done very quickly. Every man knows just what to do and when and how to do it. Unless something unusual happens, two hours will load a train.

Chapter 5

So--you would like to hear about the Indians! Well, I saw plenty of Indians--especially the first two years. You see this country up here for two hundred miles or so takes in the headwaters of a great many small rivers and creeks--some flowing north emptying into the Missouri, others into the Belle Fourche, and others flowing south into the Cheyenne River. Now all this great big country was a great game country and had been, I suppose, for thousands of years. I tell you, it was hard for the Indian, and I don't blame him, to give up his chief source of living. The original Indian lived sometimes for months on just meat and what fish they could catch or scoop up from the water with their crude nets made by bending a stick in, something like our snow shoes only much larger. This bow was filled in with rawhide strings same as a snowshoe and this was the Indian's mode of fishing. They choose a narrow place in the creek and place some half dozen men or women there with scoops. Then, a crowd, mostly young folks and dogs, go up stream for maybe a quarter of a mile. They wade right into the stream and with sticks whip the water and jump and splash and duck each other as only children know how. The fish are all driven down stream to the waiting scoops and sometimes a big lot of fish are landed. Well, as I say, there were lots of Indians, but we never had much trouble with them. You see, the owner of the outfit, the F S, was a man from New Hampshire and his wife was a full blood Sioux Indian woman. At the time I was working for him he had two brothers doing business in Holyoke, Mass. I thought when I came to Westfield I would sure go up to Holyoke and look up those men, but I never did, and I suppose they have passed on before this. Whitcomb was the name. You see, when Wyoming was formed into a territory, the Government told all Squaw men if they wanted to, they could bring their Indian women and their children to the reservation and they could go free. But Mr. Whitcomb said, "No, Siree. My Indian woman helped me make my money and I shall keep her." And this, we thought, was the reason the F S outfit got along so well with the Indians. Many of the white men who gave up their squaws and children were killed by the Indians before two years.

There were only two occasions that I felt any way uneasy. One afternoon I was riding down off the divide following a cow trail, and as I rode up a little rise in the path, there on the other side coming up the trail was a bunch of Indians riding in single file as Indians always travel. I've forgotten how many, but I guess there were about twenty. I never used tobacco, but the first thing an Indian does to begin a talk is to beg a smoke. So I generally had two or three packages of cigarette "makin's" in my pocket. The Indians were a hard looking crowd. A quick thought went through my mind--"How easy for them to knock me over the brink of the canyon, take my riding outfit, turn my pony loose, and go on about their business." The Buck riding in front, I saw, had two feathers stuck in his hair so I knew he was Boss or Chief. Just before they came to me, he turned his head and said something to the others. As he

came up I said, "How, John". He said, "How, John". I showed him the F S brand on my hat. He grunted like a pig, pointed to the brand on my pony and rode on, so I think he spied the brand before he got to me and that was what he told the others when he spoke to them. About half way down the line one fellow pointed ahead and said, "Chief, Little-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse". That was the Chief's tribal name. All Indian bucks are "John" and women are "Susie". So, "How, John" or "How, Susie" was the salutation at all times. Well, this was my first Indian "scare" and it was over very quickly. They never made a halt or slowed down. They were going somewhere and were in a hurry. Five miles down stream was a good crossing. It was the Indians' great trail which I suppose they had used for hundreds of years. The trail came up Beaver Creek from Cheyenne River, crossed the divide to the head of Four Horse Creek and down the Creek to the crossing of the Belle Fourche.

The Indians and whites, altho schools had not as yet been established at the agencies, had mingled enough so that both sides had caught on to some of the common words. The white man was proud of his knowledge and used the Indian words whenever there was a chance, but not so the Indian! He kept what he knew to himself, and would never use anything that sounded like an English word unless starved to it.

The Indians would go up River in the Spring to Big Horn and Wind River Mountains to hunt through the summer and fall. They came down along the last of November and would make camp down at the Crossing for a week sometimes. Then we would have company every day most all day. I always had a cheap grade of sugar and pork on hand. I guess I told you that Mr. Whitcomb told me to trade with them for buckskin and we could sell the buckskin in town. Whitcomb said, "Keep the good will of the Indians."

Well, one day an Indian woman came to the Ranch. She asked John Grant "Where Chief?" John pointed me out. She came over and said, "Chief John, my papoose seek bad." The poor woman, for an Indian, was very much excited. She made signs of the child lying in a stupor, eyes closed, not hardly any breath. She said, "John, got pony, come see." The boys said she was telling a lie. She said she had no coffee, no bacon, no sugar--"Oh, me very poor!" I told the boys I would run the risk, so I gave her a pound of coffee, a baking powder can of sugar, a piece of pork and loaf of bread in a bag and gave her a piece of bread and meat and a cup of coffee to drink. I took the bag, told her to come and went out to her pony. She got on. I gave her the bag and she went down the trail saying not a word or sign. So, the episode was through with for then, but about two years later I was riding down Cavyo Creek one day and as I rode around the sharp corner of a bluff, I found myself right in a big village of Indians. Well, I was right among them so there was no help for it. The bucks were lounging around doing nothing. Over in the shade by the cliff were some old men apparently asleep. Some of the squaws were skinning a deer and some were cooking. I took the whole picture in at a glance and can see it today as plain as I did over fifty years ago. I can remember just how some of the men looked in Government woolen shirts, buckskin

leggins, their black hair parted in the middle over the forehead and hanging in a long black mass way below the shoulders. The bucks kept their hair in much better shape than the squaws did. The Indian men are very proud. The women soon lose their beauty. When young, there are some very fine looking young women. They seemed to take pride in keeping neat and clean--kept their hair brushed till it fairly shone. I don't know how they dressed their hair a hundred years ago, but when I was there they had combs, brushes and mirrors. But, they marry young and the women do every bit of the work--every bit of it. They chop the wood, pitch the tents, herd the horses and do the cooking and by the time they are twenty-five years old they are anything but beautiful. Well--I got away from my story! As soon as I stopped, the bucks began to gather around me. I was not afraid of any bodily harm, but I was afraid they might rob me of my riding outfit and leave me only a rope to make hackamore and I would have to ride to the Ranch bareback. Well, I wanted to get out of there. Things were looking kind of dubious. The kids I saw were moving back out of the way, the old bucks over in the shade had woke up and were looking on. I picked my pony up, but, no sir, the men did not move. I did not know what to do. I could jump my pony into the bunch and knock over one or two, but that would give them a good excuse to shoot and I would be wiped out in short order. Just then an old squaw came up from the creek carrying two pails of water. She stopped, took in the situation, looked up at me, and setting down her pails of water she gave a squawk like a setting hen. She shoved her way through the crowd and made a sign for my hat (we always had our brand on our hats). She showed them the brand on my hat and pointed to the F̄ S̄ on the shoulder of my pony. She must sure have read those fellows the riot act for they fell back. She then gave me my hat, and said "Go home heap quick!" And, I sure did. I do not know to this day for sure, but I suppose it was the Indian woman that had the sick child and to whom I gave the bag of food two years before.

There is enough to write about, telling about the every day life of the Indian. From April to November they were on the move. It would interest you to see a bunch of Indians on the move travelling single file, strung back for a mile or more. The bucks always ride in front, the pack ponies come next and then the women and children--everyone from about six years and older riding ponies.

Now the Indian mother goes to the bush, cuts two cottonwood poles, we'll say about fifteen feet long and four or five inches at the butt. They take a stick about four feet long and, at about seven or eight feet from the small end of the fifteen foot poles, they lash on each end of the four foot cross bar. Then they cut another cross bar about six inches longer than the first one. This one is lashed about four feet back and that spreads the big ends of the poles to six feet, small ends two feet. Now they skin a buffalo, or, when I was there, a pony, to make a boat. The hid of the animal is ripped on the back instead of the belly as we dress a carcass of beef. The tail is cut off short to the rump, the neck is cut off close to the fore shoulder and the carcass is skinned very carefully. If there is a cut made in the hide it is sewed up tight with sinew thread made

from the sinew of muscle tendon cords taken from the back and thigh of wild animals. This cord or muscle tendon is far more prominent in wild animals. The deer and lion furnish the best. Now you take the leg of a fowl, after you have picked off the meat and you will find a very small flexible bone running along the leg bone. It is pointed at one end and larger at the other. Well, this is the Indian woman's needle. She cuts the big club end off and leaves a nice uniform needle. In the old times I don't know how the eye was made, but now-a-days they burn the eye hole with a small hot wire. The old women always, at the time I was there, used the bone needle. Well, I had better get back to the building of the bull boat or basket. The hid is skinned down the legs. The legs are skinned about half way to the knee, cut off square and sewed up tight. A cottonwood sapling two inches in size and the required length is bent in the form of a circle. The green hide is then stretched and firmly lashed by means of green hide strings to this round hoop pole. Then a sapling is cut the proper length, one end lashed firmly to the neck end of the rail pole, bent down to the brisket and cracked so as to make a knee. Now, another stick has been prepared the proper length. One end is lashed to the rim pole close up over the shoulder, bent down and tied firmly to the keel pole at the knee bend and then brought up and lashed to the rim or rail pole on the other side. About every eight inches there is one of these cross pieces bent and lashed on until the tail end of the hide or the stern end of the boat is reached. Then the end of the keel pole is cracked in the proper place, bent down to the bottom, made fast to the rail pole and now our bull boat is built. The boat is then turned upside down on two sticks of wood to keep the boat off the ground, and in two or three days that green hide has dried and shrunk as hard and tight as a drum head.

Now when this boat is wanted for use, it is given a good coating of tallow on the outside. It is then put on the water and about fifty pounds, or maybe a little more according to the kind of freight, of rocks are carefully placed in the bottom for ballast. Then she is loaded with freight and it is astonishing what a large amount of stuff can be loaded into one of those boats. When ready to sail, a good rider ties his rope to the front end and another rider does the same to the stern end, and, if the load is very perishable, such as sugar or coffee, a third man ties his rope amidship up stream side to keep her from listing over and shipping water. When the load is all ready, the head man starts off towing the boat. The other riders follow just keeping taut enough rope to keep her from listing or drifting. The head rider knows how many inches draft she takes, so if his horse strikes a sand bar and comes out only stirrup deep, the stern man lets go his rope and the midshipman eases the boat around with the current until she rides easy. Then he finds footing for his horse. In the mean time, the stern man has gone up on the bar and has rode across to see how wide it is and now is going down stream to find deep water. He may find a passage in less than a hundred feet or may have to go a quarter mile. If they have to go too far to get around the sandbar, they will drop that plan and two or three men come from the shore, get around the boat and raise it up and help float it over the bar. Now, when all is over, the boats are turned upside

down, placed on logs or stones to keep off the ground, staked and tied down to keep from being blown away, and left for the next outfit.

Well, now I will tell you how the Indian mother made her carryall cradle. She makes it just the same as the boat only not so deep and the end of the basket or cradle is lashed to a cross bar and the rear bar is drawn up to six or eight inches of the top bar so as to keep the cradle from dragging on the ground. Now the Indian mother carries her baby on her back. There the baby is most of the time, no matter if the mother is cooking, tanning deer hide, chopping wood or herding ponies, the baby is on deck (or back). Now, the carry-all cradle on the poles has a bar lashed to the cross bars running lengthways in the center, then about every eighteen inches across the top are cross bars. When they are moving, some blankets are put in this basket and all the children between babyhood and six years are put in this cradle on poles, heads sticking up through the squares the cross bars make and by means of long rawhide strings woven back and forth across the top they are sure tied in the cradle. Now, a pony is put between the shafts or small end of the side poles, and by the use of plenty of rawhide rope and old blankets to keep the rope from chafing, the shafts are tied up to the neck and shoulders of the pony and with a boy or girl riding the pony, that part of the cavalcade was off! Some of the kids are crying, some laughing, dogs are barking and the drag ends of the poles bump along over the uneven ground. All little puppies too young to travel or swim are carried in the same way.

Well, I could tell about Indians enough to make a book--things you don't get in histories of the Indians--how they bake their sour dough corn bread; how they take two slices of venison steak, have a stiff batter of pounded corn meal which they plaster between the slices of meat and sprinkle on some kenecanie (dried wild rose leaves). Then they take a green sapling stick three or four feet long, split one end back six inches, stick in a wedge to keep the split spread open, pull out a good bed of hot coals and place the sliced venison across this split stick and broil it over the hot coals. Not all their food would be as appetizing to us as this steak, however. One cold day in November there was a large encampment of Indians down at the crossing. An Indian buck came to the Ranch door and asked for Chief. I went out. He made elaborate sign language to know if he could have the entrails of a cow which had been killed for beef. These entrails had laid out on the ground for six weeks and were frozen solid. He wanted to make sure they had not been poisened to catch wolves. I assured him they were "Heap good", and that they could have them. He went out and let out a whoop that could be heard for a mile or more and soon up came three or four squaws. They hacked up the frozen intestines and refuse and trotted away. The next day, Wiley DeLashmytz, a half blood Indian and Frenchman, and I went down to the encampment and there they were cooking a big stew of these intestines. In another big kettle was a little embryo calf being cooked whole--not appetizing food for a white man.

Every permanent Indian village has its Totem pole. This is a large pole or log, some fifteen feet high. This pole has been rubbed and polished very smooth. On this pole are carved all manner of characters telling, I suppose, of the great events that have happened in that tribe or family. I do not see but what it is about the same as the Egyptian characters written on tablets of stone. Most every family of five or six tepees had their own totem pole which, I suppose, holds family records, the same as our family Bible. But you do not see anything in histories of American Indians about these things. All the historians and story writers seem to want to make out that the Indian was a poor stupid race of people, that they were very cruel. Well, I believe that the white man, if his country, his lawful rights, his wife and children, his every means of living was being overwhelmed by some great power armed with the latest invented implements of war, if he had no way to fight them but by his own craft and skill, would be just as cruel. Go back to Colonial days. Our pioneer fathers burned persons accused of witchery and they were white men. Go back to the Spanish Inquisition. See how the persecutors tortured their victims on what was called the wheel. The people who did all this cruelty were white people, so why call the Indian the most cruel of the human race. I am a great champion for the Indian, and I don't believe there was an aboriginal people of any land that were used as badly as the Indians of America--the native Indians of South America were used just as cruel.

The Indians have their medicine or prayer pole. This pole is erected when ever they pitch tent for the night and every morning at sun rise the medicine man goes out and stands before this dedicated pole and communes with the Great Spirit. The Indian in those days sure worshiped as the Apostle Paul tells us--that God is a Spirit and we must worship Him as a Spirit. The Indian sees the Great Spirit in everything--in the big winds of the prairie, in the storms of thunder and lightning. They are very grateful for the heavy dews. On the east side of the Mountains, on the high plateau, there would be no rain for months and the heavy dews were a great blessing and they thanked the Great Spirit for the dew. They never start the day's program without the Medicine Man first asking the Great Spirit for guidance and help. The Medicine Man and the Totem Pole is where the Indian youth receive their education. Some young Indian boy that shows unusually studious disposition is chosen to be the coming Medicine Man, and the old Medicine Man takes this boy, tutors him in all the Indian lore and history that has happened in the tribes for ages past down to the present time, and in this way their history is kept and handed down. I have seen little Indian children gathering flowers. After they had all they wanted they laid their bouquets down and raised their eyes to heaven to give thanks for the flowers.

A queer Indian custom is their way of taking vapor or steam baths. At the river crossings where there is wood enough to build fires, you will see little piles of stones all sizes from a pint cup up to a two quart dipper laid up in snug heaps about the size of a bushel basket. Now around this pile of stone, and some two or three feet from the stone, slim sapling

sticks are stuck in the ground solid. The tops are drawn together and tied fast and thus an arch is formed over the pile of stone. Now when Mr. or Mrs. Indian wants to take a vapor bath, a good fire is made, stones are placed on the burning wood, blankets are laid snugly over the arch of poles and when the stones are good and hot they are pulled out of the fire and piled up under the arch of blankets. The person to be treated strips off his clothing and goes under the blankets. Then water is thrown on the hot stones, and I tell you, the fellow inside gets plenty of steam. When the person under the blankets thinks he has been sufficiently steamed, he comes out and is rubbed dry and rolled up in a dry blanket and goes to sleep.

Well, I could tell you stories enough to make some book, but I guess we had better call this enough about the Indians, but I will say, that I believe the Indian, before he was corrupted and ruined by the educated white man, was a pretty decent smart people. When William Penn acquired the land now the State of Pennsylvania, the Indians used Penn all right for he used them on the square. When the Lewis and Clark Expedition went up the Missouri River, crossed over the mountains into what is now the State of Oregon and on west to the Pacific and returned back home, just a handful of white men amid hundreds of Indians, the white men were used well for everything was done on the square.

The Indian mounts his horse on the right side, not as we do on the left side. The Indian men sit on one side of the tepee (tent) and the women and children on the other. On the opposite end of the tepee from the door is piled the cooking vessels. I have heard it said, and have seen it in print, that the Indian never laughs. Well, this is not so, for they are very jovial among themselves. When the white man comes, the Indian's mirth ceases. He is distrustful of the visitor and is silent. The children are as happy and full of fun in their play as our children.

Before I finish my Indian anecdotes, I'll tell you the story of Apple Annie as it was told to me--

About the year 1855 five families of French Canadians went down from Montana into Wyoming Territory to trap beaver. The men were old time trappers. They stopped for a few days at a little town where now is the city of Cheyenne--made up good pack outfits and started up country toward the headwaters of the Creeks, for that is where you find the beaver. The party consisted of five men, three women and three boys; the oldest boy fifteen years and the youngest two years old. The oldest boy, when a man of twenty-eight, told about the scenes of an Indian attack.

The party went well up into what is now the Sweetwater country. They soon found plenty of beaver signs, located fine spring water and built two strong log cabins, one on each side of the spring. They knew there were hostile Indians in that part of the country, so they connected the two cabins by building two walls of logs wide enough to enclose the spring and thus be sure of water in case of Indian attack.

Those who have never done camping in the open probably do not know exactly what a camp bake oven is like. It is a round iron kettle about 16" in diameter, eight inches deep and has four iron legs and a heavy cover with a one inch flange on the under side that fits snug around the rim of the kettle and a three inch flange on the outer edge of the upper side of the cover to hold hot coals. To make bread or roast meat, you draw out a good bed of hot coals, put sliced bacon on the bottom of the kettle, lay in a good cut of deer or fresh beef, place the cover on tight, and set the kettle on the bed of hot coals and put coals on the cover--all the flange will hold. Let it simmer and stew all night and when you open up the cover and take out that stew all smothered down in brown gravy, you have something nice for breakfast.

Cooking by the open fire was something new for Apple Annie, the young mother of the two year old boy. As she took the cover off the kettle to look at the stew, she laid it down on a stone, brushed the coals off and raked out some hot ones to put on. The baby boy, just beginning to walk around, came up to the fire. The mother told him to stand back. He stumbled on the rough dirt floor of the cabin and fell down on the hot cover. Now the maker's name was cast in raised characters on the cover and the back of one little hand pressed down hard enough to burn a deep blister and when the sore healed, there, as plain as any branding iron could place them, were two letters.

Everything went well for two months. Four men looked after the trap lines and the fifth patrolled around looking for Indians. One day he saw a small band of Indians coming up the valley. He ran to the cabin, told the boy and women to get the rifles and plenty of shells ready, close and bar the doors and windows, open the portholes and he would run out and call the other men. If the Indians attacked before they got back, the women were to take good aim and shoot to kill. By the time the men got in from the trap lines the Indians had attacked the cabins and were trying to smash down the door. The Indians had no rifles, only bows and arrows. The trappers had only the old, one shell breech-block gun, so shooting was slow to what it was ten years later when the Winchester carbine rifle came into use. But when the five guns of the white men went into action the Indians thought it bad medicine and made a hasty getaway leaving two of their band dead. When the excitement had calmed down, and the trappers looked around the place, the baby boy was missing. The mother remembered the boy had been playing outside with the dog. They found the dog dead, but never found the boy. After a few years, as it was supposed the Indians were friendly four families, including the parents of the lost boy, went back into the Sweetwater country and took up four homestead claims.

Everything went well for a few years, and then the Sioux, under the leadership of Sitting Bull, went on the warpath. The cabins of these four settlers were built as close as possible, each on its claim. One day the men were out on the farms working when a large band of Indians made a raid of the ranches. The watchdogs gave the alarm in time for the women to close doors and windows. The Indians found the first cabin empty. They set fire to this one and that is where they made a grand mis-

take. The men saw the smoke and went in quick time to the rescue. As all had the new Winchester rifles, by the time the five magazines were emptied, the Indians surely thought something was doing.

In one of the cabins two women had taken refuge--one was the mother of the lost boy. The Indians were smashing the door down. The women went up the ladder to the loft, taking an axe with them. They closed the trap door and stood on it. The Indians rushed in through the broken outer door and, finding no one below, mounted the ladder and tried to raise the trap door. Only two men could stand on the ladder. The women heard the Indians draw the table across the room and place it to stand on. They raised the door far enough for a hand to be shoved through. The mother of the lost boy, with one blow of the axe, severed the hand from the arm. The husband of this woman was the only white man killed in the fight. The white men found the severed hand, and there, in clear characters, were the letters branded by the kettle cover. This was too much for the poor woman--her husband killed and scalped and the loss and tragedy of her boy. Her mind went off balance. She never quite recovered her reason but was able to sell apples on the streets of Cheyenne and on December 26, 1878 I bought apples from this old lady, the first buy I made in Cheyenne. This poor old lady was called Apple Annie. Everyone was kind to her as all old timers of the city knew her history.

After the Indians were under control and the Government had most of them in on reservations, an Indian told that the same band which made the raid on the trapper cabins and took the boy knew they were the same white men who came back and filed up the homestead claims. The boy, then fifteen or sixteen years old supposed he was an Indian and when the Sitting Bull war broke out, the Indians took this boy with them and tried to help him kill his mother.

Chapter 6

I told you long ago that I would tell you about the Devil's Tower--well this is what I thought of it as I saw it fifty years ago. The Devil's Tower is a wonderful thing to look at, but the average cow-boy or trapper thought of it only as a land-mark, or guide-post to show where he was. Up river for fifty miles you can see the Tower. For years I worked in sight of the Tower, sometimes near, sometimes far off; but it was always a mystery to me and whenever I had a chance or time I gave it a good deal of study. It is located fifty miles or so from Sundance.

Science may find out what it can, but in my opinion the present top of the tower was at one time level with its surrounding country. What great convulsion of nature sent the mass up, I don't know. The formation stands up and down like the pipes in a big organ, and I don't believe it was all done at one time, for the formations are not of the same color. It is little less than 400 paces around the base of this Tower and when I was there nobody knew how high it was. The north and west sides of this Tower, as far up as the eye can see, are worn smooth. On the south and east sides the columns are rough and in some places quite sharp, so this shows that it may be millions of years old, but every season the ground freezes very deep and when the snows melt on the mountains, and the water rushes down the hillsides, it carries down to the low lands a great amount of what the western man calls silt. Now the snow water does not spread out over the country as it did thousands of years ago. The water is confined in what are called dry canyons. Eight months out of the year there is no water flowing in them. Then, along in July and August, there is a raging torrent of water flowing down and when the water falls off, you will find your canyon a foot or so deeper and wider, for all the ground that froze in winter sloughs off and goes south and makes the rich prairie lands of the Dakotas and Nebraska. So, I think through the long ages, old Father Time has washed the gumbo mud from around this tower of lava rock clean down to the bed rock on which it stands. Fifty years ago it was not known that any man had ever been on top of the Tower. I have a cousin out there who, some years ago, wrote me that government engineers had measured the Tower and it is just under 800 feet high.

There have been some great doings in the Big Horn Country way back in the past. Some time or other most of this great open country was inland sea, or lake, maybe salt, maybe fresh water. There is abundant proof of it. I know one place, called Beaver Creek Basin, some twenty-five miles long and ten miles wide, now fine grazing ground for stock. After supper we would go to the kit wagon, take a sledge hammer, hunt up what looked like red sandstone rock the size of a bushel basket, but which is nothing more than baked gumbo mud. With a few blows of the sledge hammer, the supposed rock breaks up and you find it filled with petrified fish. Most I found were about the size and shape of mackerel or big herring; but, of course, in breaking the stone, the fish are all broken up. Some of these days,

right in that Beaver Basin, the scientists will dig up some big find.

There are many other personal experiences and things that I saw fifty years ago that, had I thought as much about them as I do now, maybe I could have told the world some of the things that might have started scientists to work out there fifty years ago. Now they are digging up and bringing to light some of the things that I saw. The country where this big expedition is now finding the skeletons of those great pre-historic animals or reptiles is where I rode the range for years. You see, when we went up to the Big Horn Country, it was what you might call almost new country to white men. Of course there had been trappers and hunters probably for years up these rivers, but they wanted fur animals, beaver, bear and lion. They followed the small streams for beaver and went back to the mountains for bear and mountain lion, But the far back hinterland miles and miles from the bottom land of the rivers as far as the horizon seems to the tenderfoot (city man) like level open range, but the range man knows better. These great reaches of country are what is called the Bad Lands, and oh, what a desolate place it is--well named, bad lands.

Well, now I will tell you of some of the things I saw. It was late in the fall. The last beef drive had been made to the Railroad, and all was fixed up for the winter. Three mules and a pair of work horses had been missing since calf round-up, --lost up to the head of the river. So, four men beside myself went up to Willow Spring and made camp. We had tent, mess wagon, four mule team and a good cook. It was mighty cold. In the morning we riders started out in four different directions to hunt the bad lands for the missing stock. About mid-afternoon I struck an old buffalo trail which led down off the divide into a dry canyon. (The divide is a stretch of grazing ground between canyons--maybe half a mile, maybe five miles wide.) When I got down into the Canyon, I found it much warmer, no wind could reach me. I found a little patch of good grass so my pony could eat. There was no water for him, but I had some in a canteen. So, I sat down with my back to the bluff, and ate my lunch. As I sat there giving my pony all the time to eat I dared to, for I was twenty-five miles from camp, I looked across the canyon at the perpendicular wall of the bluff. It was as smooth and straight up and down as the side of a piece of hand work some seventy-five or a hundred feet high. There, about half way to the top, was a perfect outline of something I thought resembled a huge goose. There was the out-line of the goose-like body--the round breast and full body. The tail part back of the legs was gone. You see every year a foot or so of the wall of the canyon freezes solid and in spring sloughs off and is washed down to the low lands, and thus your canyon becomes two feet or so wider each year, and now you can imagine what a thousand years' washing away would make in the looks of that country. Now science has been making its great discoveries within twenty-five miles or so of where I saw this outline. I am perfectly sure that this was the skeleton of one of those pre-historic brutes. He had laid down and died and the wash that comes from the mountains and foothills every

year had deposited fresh layers all over the land. A person can easily see how, as ages rolled by it would cover to a great depth any stationary object. But then as a few inches of the walls of the canyon sloughed off every year, it had got about half way through this old carcass. Almost the first paper I looked at when I got back home, a Halifax paper, had a picture of one of these reptiles that had been found over in Mongolia, North China, and a picture of some eggs. I told the folks they need not go to China to find them. I had seen a skeleton of something that looked just like this picture, so I believe I saw the skeleton of a Dinosaur. Well--so much for that.

We stayed in camp two days, but it was so cold we went down to the Ranch and let the stock go. They were picked up next spring on the first Round-up, hog fat.

Now for my next find. That will stay where I found it like the one I just told you about until the scientists find it, unless they already have. They surely will for it is somewhere up there in those bad lands, I don't believe more than fifty miles from where they are now working. I was coming down off the divide riding a cow path that followed a dry creek. To my right a hundred yards or so was the hills and bluffs that cut off the high mesa. To my left way down to the south and east as far as my eye could see was open range. My pony had had no water since morning. He stopped short and champed his bit. I looked sharp along the foot of the bluff expecting some animal. Then the horse turned to the right and made straight for the bluffs. When I came closer, I saw an overhanging ledge of rock and on closer inspection, quite a cavern. As the pony was eager to go under the cliff, I knew there was no wild animals there, so I got off the horse and went under the rock, but did not go ten feet before I came to water. I could not see more than twenty feet back in the cavern. The pony got down on his knees to drink. He had to, for the overhead rock slanted down so quick that he could not get near enough to the water when standing up. Well, after the pony had taken a good drink, I thought the water must be all right, so I would have a drink. I lay down on my breast resting on my arms and hands. I took a sip of the water--it was cold and sweet. I then went down and took a good drink, and just then something crossed my vision and I sat up pronto. The pony wanted more, but I would not let him have any more, for I had twenty-five miles of hard riding to make camp and I did not want any colic pony. I thought I would have another drink and move on. I thought what crossed my sight while drinking before must have been a shadow caused by some move of the horse across the light. I was just in the act of sipping water, my face and eyes about two inches from the water, when something crossed my vision again. This time I held my ground, remained perfectly still and presently I saw a small fish swim slowly by. I could see it was not more than six inches below the surface of the water. I could see the gills working just like the suckers I used to see in the old mill pond down home when I was a boy. By the time this little fellow passed out of sight (it was about the size of a herring) a good big fellow came along. I remember I judged him about twenty inches long. This one was very moderate in his movements

and I had more time to look him over, and then I discovered there were no eyes. From the mouth all up the cheek and over the nose was smooth and blue.

Now the water those fish were in was live water, not stagnant, but clear spring water, and cool. Now, I believe that water extended back, Lord knows how far--maybe some great underground cavern filled with water. Another thing that is queer about that queer country is the formation of rocks on the mountains. I was never way back on the high Rockies so I do not know what the formation is up there, but the ledges of the foot-hills and lower mountain ranges are not like the layers of rock and stone on our mountains here in the east. Here the rock formation is kind of like the roof of a house, laid to shed water down the outside. Out in the Big Horn country, as far as I saw, the rock formation was all laying the other way shedding the water in instead of out. The runs down these rocks are shelving in, run down to bed rock. Now, the Little Powder, Little Missouri, and Little Big Horn rivers flow east by north and their head waters start up in the brakes on the north side of this high mesa, or divide, that I had been riding all day. Now, who knows but water, seeping down through these fissures in the side of the hills have, through the long ages, formed a large body of water in an underground cavern; and the water seeps out on bed rock and through numerous springs which seem to bubble right out of the rocks at the foot-hills and supplies water for those little rivers the year around. I don't know--it is too much for me. But I do know, if I had given as much thought to it, and looked around at what I could see out there fifty years ago, I could tell you enough to make a book. I do not believe the formation of rock is the same on the high range of the Rockies as in the lower hills for we get such torrents of water on the surface and drained off by the canyons.

Now, somewhere in that part of the country where that cavern, that water hole and those overhanging cliffs are located, some of those scientists will find what I saw, sometime. It will be like the old saying,--looking for a needle in a hay stack, as it is in a very desolate broken hard country. Two or three of the boys always planned to go up sometime and hunt them up, but the time never came--too busy. When we were up in that part of the country, it was too cold to look for anything. If I were twenty-five years younger, I would not be afraid to have a try at finding those places, but no use now, I would not last but a short time.

Well, I must stop. Maybe I will tell you lots more sometime.

Chapter 7

Well, I made up my mind to go back to Nova Scotia. I notified Mr. Whitcomb. He wanted me to stay with him and offered me more pay and would allow me a percentage on increase of the herd and ranch. But, I had made up my mind to go home. So, he made arrangements with John Grant to take charge of the Ranch. Luke Fowler, Foreman of the T-7 Ranch took charge of the range cattle, and so I was ready to leave. We had a young fellow working for us whose home was down on Chugwater, so when he knew I was getting through and was going down to Cheyenne, he quit his job and went as far as Chugwater with me. His name was Lathrop. Well, about the fifteenth of December we left the Ranch on what was the toughest and the nearest "cash-in" ride for me I had ever experienced.

We left the Ranch in the afternoon and went up river twelve miles to the T-7 Ranch. Each one of us was on a good saddle horse and we had a pack horse on a lead rope. We stayed at T-7 that night and next morning started south on a forty mile ride. We went up Cole Creek to the head, crossed the Divide to the head of Black Thunder Creek, down the Creek to Cheyenne River and to O.S. Ranch where we stayed that night. Next we went down river to A.U.-7 Ranch which was only fifteen miles, where we stayed two or three days as it was storming hard. From there we left the Cheyenne River and struck south for the head of Running Water Creek where there was a sheep ranch some twenty-five or thirty miles. I tell you it was cold--22° below when we left AU-7 in the morning. Well, about the middle of the afternoon we made the sheep ranch, but no ranch--no sheep! Every building was burned to nothing but ashes! We had nothing with us to eat. About 100 yds. down was a hay stack so we let the horses feed for an hour for we knew that we had to keep the horses strong for our only salvation. We had a forty mile ride ahead of us to reach the Platte River and Ft. Laramie. Well, at four o'clock we started south. We could not see the sun, but we could see the Mountains on the west, so we kept our right shoulders square with the Mountains and knew we were going south. It was not storming, but a very heavy wind blew for the first three hours then it calmed down clear and cold. As soon as the stars came out I located the north star and was very glad to see that we were travelling due south. I rode ahead and led the pack horse. Lathrop rode in the rear and whipped the pack horse up. We must have made pretty good time--some five or six miles an hour--good for such heavy going. There was no trail and about six inches of hard snow, but we travelled at a good trot and got over the ground pretty fast. Well, after dark I saw something that kind of bothered me. I kept the north star in its proper place, and I was square across the milky way and I knew I was riding south, but there was a faint glow on the sky down south that I could not account for. I said nothing. Lathrop had gotten discouraged. He said we might as well give up one time as another. I often had to stop and give him a good shake up to keep him going. He was only a boy about twenty years old, I guess. Soon he let out a yell to stop. There, he said he knew I was going

wrong! We were travelling due east for there was the reflection of the sunrise on the sky! I told him it was only half past ten or so and that was no sun rise. I had hard work to get him started, but at last we rode on. In about half an hour Lathrop gave another yell, "You're all right, Old Man, that is the reflection of the gas lights in Fort Laramie!" You see, when we came up five or six years before, there were no street lights in Laramie. Since we came up there had been lights installed and a bridge built across the Platte River. My great concern now was, as we were on no trail, I did not know if we would strike the river above or below the bridge. While I was trying to figure this out I heard a big noise down to my left, so I threw Lathrop the lead rope and rode off to investigate. I found it was the Stage going out of Fort Laramie for Deadwood. The driver said it was about a mile to the bridge, so when Lathrop came up, we took the trail to the bridge and arrived in Fort Laramie just half past twelve--eight and a half hours from the burned sheep ranch. I tell you, it was a cold hard ride.

Well, we stayed in Fort Laramie two days to rest and on the third morning started for Chugwater forty-five miles away. We stayed at Chugwater that night. The next morning I left the horses with John Hunton, bid good-bye to young Lathrop and boarded the Cheyenne Northern R.R. and arrived in Cheyenne before noon on Christmas day. I went to the Metropolitan Hotel, ate my dinner, and stayed there that night.

The next morning after breakfast, I went out to get a shave, and as I sat in the barber's chair facing a large looking glass, I saw the street door open and Mr. Whitcomb walked in. He had read my name on the list of Hotel arrivals in the morning paper, so I went with him to dinner. Mrs. Whitcomb and the girls were very nice. It took most all day to run over the books and settle up. You see I had charge of the Ranch (not the range herd) for two years and there was quite a lot of figuring, but everything came out all right.

The next day, Judge C.F. Miller, owner of the O-J brand asked me to come back in the spring. When I took the train that evening for home, he carried one of my travelling bags into the car and said, "Tom, come back in the middle of March. We'll cut out the cattle and I will give you an outfit of men and horses and make you foreman and we will start a Ranch of our own up in Montana." However, I went home, and did not go back again to the cattle country.

When I arrived home I found Father and Mother in fairly good health and very happy to have their Tommy with them again and I was just as happy as they were.

Before I close this story, my children insist that I write something of my singing. I was blessed with a fine tenor voice and all my life I have sung under all kinds of circumstances. For twelve years before I went West I led the choir in the little Church in Tremont. Of course I sang many places in Nova Scotia. Then when I went West I often sang for my own entertainment and for others. In Cheyenne in those days there was more money than talent. Therefore, I was in

great demand to sing at Church. The best offer I ever had was from St. Mark's Church in Cheyenne where they offered me $1500.00 a year to sing three times a week and they would get me a good job. In those days that was big "extra money".

However, in Nova Scotia we were brought up to think that one must not be a "paid singer"--therefore, I never sang for money. At a camp meeting in Berwick years ago I sang. As I ended my selection, one of the frocked Bishops stepped over his chair up on to the platform where the singers were and, putting his arms around me said, "Tommie, they tell me you are a Baptist, but I love you just as much as if you were a Methodist!"

I know hundreds of songs--songs of the sea, of the South and of the West. English and Scotch songs I learned from my people. Once I was honored by Adeline Patti. It was when I was passing thru Boston on the way to Wyoming. We went to hear her sing. After her fine performance the audience was asked to stand and sing "America". We were in a box near the stage. I sang the tenor as I naturally would. After we stopped, Patti, who had been sitting at the other side of the stage rose, and took several steps toward the front of the stage and turned and bowed to me. I did not realize it at first until my companion nudged me, then I rose and returned the bow and the audience applauded tremendously. While leaving the theater three men stopped me and tried to have me sing at the Ruggles Street Baptist Church in Boston. The next day they came to where I was stopping at 8 Lowell St., but I was out, and of course would not have sung there anyway as I was on my way West.

Well, about two years after I returned from the West, I married Irene Welton, who, to me, was a lovely woman. Our married life and happiness was short for she died and left me with two small children, Mary and Wallace. Well, I made a live of it some how for a few years and then came to Southwick, Massachusetts, to work for Elbridge Dewey. There I met and married Eva West, and this young wife surely proved herself to be another great blessing and help to me. She took my little motherless girl and boy and brought them up the same as her own, caring and toiling for all alike and I could never see any partiality shown, so I was surely a happy man. We had four more children, Avola, Lodema, Duerian and Ina. Now we are surrounded by grown up families of young men and women--the one farthest away being less than an hour's drive. There is not one of my children or children-in-law but can look any man in the eye and say, "Here am I." And the best of it is there is not one of them, either own or in-laws, but appear to be willing to make life easy for Dad and Mother Banks. Money cannot buy filial love and care, so who would be rich when they have such children as these!

So, we will let this story of my life drop here. Now, my dear children, I want you always to remember that what I have written in these pages is as things were over fifty years ago. Trusting you will always think well of your old Daddy,

I am lovingly yours--

Thomas, A. Banks

Mimeographed and bound by G.
Stevenson, Chief Editor of the
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Engineer of the <u>Trumbullian</u>,
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