

## P R E F A C E

This short sketch of my life I have written for my children, and my children's children, way down to the third generation and any farther that folks will think of me. I have grand-children living to-day who may be living seventy years hence, and who would be interested in reading this old manuscript, telling them of the different kinds of work and scenes of life their old Grand-pa went through over a hundred years before--long, long, long ago!

Now, my dear children, I do not want you to think I am trying to make myself appear any smarter than other men. I am just a very ordinary one hundred and fifty pound man. In my little experiences with men and beasts, any strong, cool, level-headed man would come out on top the same as I did, if he does not get nervous, acts quickly and strikes heavily.

*Thomas, A. Bampf*

Yes, I am a Nova Scotian. I was born in the little village of Kingston, February 8th, 1851. Kingston is situated in the Annapolis Valley twenty-eight miles west of Kentville, the County Town of King's County, Nova Scotia. My Father was Zachariah Banks and my Mother, Mary Dodge. Her mother was Blanche Lamont from France. My Grandfather, Thomas Wheeler Banks, and his wife, who was a Scotch girl named Wheelock, had eleven children. They were Royalists during the Revolution here, so were obliged to go to Canada or Nova Scotia. My Father was born about 1813. Therefore, you, my children, are only the fourth generation since the Revolution.

Yes, I have been around the country some, but only a very small part, compared with the size of this old World of ours. Well, I suppose I have seen more than some farm boys, but it was because they did not start out and find something to look at, but I guess they make good just as well staying home and taking care of the old farm. It is what we accomplish and do that counts, not what we just see and talk about. I have no fault to find with myself--I had my day and enjoyed it. What I have seen and the different kinds of work I have done, has taught me a great many things I would never have known if I had stayed on the old farm. Of course, we all can read about all these things, but I think experience is a great teacher, altho sometimes kind of rough. I lived through it all and got back home healthy and strong and in time to make the last few years of the dear old Father and Mother happy and easy, and, if I could not give them millionaire luxuries, I gave them a good home and care.

Well, you want some story of my life, so we shall have to go back to the beginning and commence with my first working away from home. As a boy on the farm I did as most farm boys do--worked some, played a lot and slept a lot. I was never called out of bed until time to get ready for school and that is what I believe in. I do not think it right to wake growing children out of sound sleep. Well, fifty years ago Nova Scotia was a great lumber country--lumber being a great export trade --mostly to the West Indies, some to England and heavy ship loads to South Africa and the Soudan. Also, lots of clear pine was sold in Boston and New York to house-building contractors who kiln-dried the lumber and then worked it in making panel doors and window sashes. The winter I was sixteen years old, I worked at odd jobs around a logging camp, earned a few dollars and thought I had done big things. Down there a good many farmers take their heavy ox teams and work the winter months in the lumber woods drawing timber. I wish you boys could see some of the old time lumber teams and sleds. They used just one-beam sled runners, eight or nine feet long, six-foot rollers. The men who fall the timber received the most pay of any men in the woods--\$12.00 to \$15.00 per month and their board. Next comes the rossers. These men take all the bark off the timber. And there are usually two swampers. They fit road to the fallen and dressed timber--have skids all ready so the load is put on in quick order. When possible, the timber is felled so that the top ends will come on the sled. The logs, being free of bark, slip very easily on snow and ice roads.

The beam bunk is loaded with all the timber that can lay on it. The timber is all lengths up to sixty and seventy feet and the big oxen start with the load. A first winter "greenhorn" would think the whole woods was coming out by the crashing and smashing of all this long timber with big butts dragging spread out like a great fan. Gosh! It makes my old blood jump now when I think of the big timber works! If there was any sharp up-grade between stump and landing, there was a catch team ready to hitch on and help over the grade. Well, for about six years I helped Dad on the old farm summers, and worked in the lumber woods winters.

Your Geography shows you that Nova Scotia is almost surrounded by salt water. So, on the Bay of Fundy side out around the South-West end of the Province and up the coast to the Strait of Canso, I think every twenty-five or thirty miles there is a shipping port. The city of Windsor, in those days, was a great ship-building place. When I was about twenty years old, I went to Windsor and landed a job of work as rigger's and caulker's helper. Well, for the next few years, I worked around shipping yards until I went West to the cow ranges of the vast great plains of the Rocky Mountain Plateaus.

You young people know but very little of the square-rigged vessels of fifty years ago. A vessel with three masts and square-rigged yards on each mast was called a ship. A vessel with three masts and square-rigged on two masts was called a barque. One square-rigged on one, the foremast, was called a barquentine. A vessel with two masts and square-rigged on both masts was a brig and one square-rigged on the foremast a brigantine. To designate the masts on a vessel, they were called fore mast, main mast and mizzen mast. The yards were main yard, lower and upper topsail, to'gallant, royal and skysail. The skysail on a twelve or fifteen hundred ton ship is from 125 to 130 feet above deck--some higher. So, you can just picture the sailors way up there in the air, maybe in the dark of the night with the wind blowing strong and rain or snow coming in torrents! I was never afloat on the ocean on one of these big ships, but I have helped the riggers bend on the canvas after the ship has been launched and tied up to the wharf. I have been up on the upper yards when the wind was blowing a gale, helping the riggers, but I spent most of the time helping myself hold on. The old hands do not mind it any more than does some dear old Mother sitting in a rocking chair by the fire sewing patches on the boy's pants! But all this, or most all, going aloft is done away with now. Steam or gasoline is the great propelling power, which is far better. But, I do look back to the old times and still think a full rigged ship with all her white canvas set to the breeze is a picture of great beauty. All of my sailing was done on the smaller boats--coasting and trading vessels between Boston and Windsor. The ship "Lizzie Ross" built in Windsor, Nova Scotia, about sixty years ago, when all sail was set, carried just one acre and a half of canvas.

Probably you have heard of Capt. Joshua Slocumb who sailed around the World alone in a small boat a few years ago--his book about it is in this Library. Well, I knew him quite well--have crossed from St. John's to Digby with him. He was born not far

from my home.

I suppose your school Geographies tell you about the high tides of the Bay of Fundy. The tides are governed by the moon. By watching the clock you will see that the moon rises about one hour later every night---just so, you will find neap or high tide one hour later than the previous one. There are a few tides in the spring of the year when full moon is South at 12 o'clock that the water rises sixty-five and seventy feet. These high tides are caused by the great ocean swell of the Atlantic rushing in through the narrow entrance or channel to the Bay. The great swell of water rushes on up the Bay confined on either side by high and rock-bound coasts. The water cannot spread out and when it gets to the head of the Bay it can go no farther, so it floods the Avon, St. Croix, Cornwallis, St. Mary's, Kennebec and Kennebog Rivers and Minas Basin, Cobequid, Cumberland, Chenecato and St. Mary's Bays. Therefore, the high tides of the Bay of Fundy. If a person would only stop and think, why just in the never-failing flow of the tide there is shown that some great Omnipotent guiding power is in charge of the whole System. Science tells us that the Sun, Stars and planets each have their allotted place--that the planets are rushing thru space at terrific speed, but without any collision, and we wonder in amazement--and that is all we can do. But, with the tide we are right with it. We see it and feel it. In the morning, well, say at 6 A.M., the boys will roll up their pants and wade across the river and in ~~s~~x hours that river will be half a mile wide with heavy coasting vessels going up stream for freight and some coming down loaded. The tides never miss it--flow or ebb, always just one hour later than the previous tide.

Well, it's bed time for an old man. Yes, I suppose I can tell you about the West of fifty years ago; of the Indians and the ways and mode of living, the handling and working of big herds of cattle, and the big rivers and mighty wide open range. This might interest you--so come again if you like. -- Good-night.

X / 2 Hours

## CHAPTER 2

Well, you want to hear about some of Dad's experiences in the "wild and woolly" West! I shall have to begin at the very first, so if you get tired of the talk, why just say so. You see, I am telling you of these different scenes I noticed as I passed along through life, and of the different kinds and modes of living, the kinds of work and the ways of doing it. Now I want some of you to carefully write all this talk down so that you, my Children, and also my Grand-children, can sometime, way down in the dim future, just to pass the time away, hunt up these old papers and read what your old Dad saw and went through in his early days.

I arrived in Cheyenne, the capital town of the Territory (now State) of Wyoming on the 26th day of December, 1878. My cousin, the Rev. A.B. Banks, was the Baptist minister in Cheyenne. I had not been off the train fifteen minutes when a fine-looking man came up and asked where I was from, where I was going, and what I intended to do. I was just about to tell him it was none of his business, when I thought maybe it is some of his business, so I gave him another look and saw a star on his coat. I told what was wanted and told him the young man with me was my cousin and we were going to the same place, but I thought we would go to a Hotel first and get dinner and then hunt up the Rev. Banks. The Officer told me where Banks's street and number was, but if I wanted to go to the Hotel, we should take the bus. So we went to the Metropolitan Hotel, had dinner and then started out and found the residence of Rev. Banks. He was expecting his brother, Eddie, but was not expecting me. He had a job all ready for Eddie and in a day or two had one for me, but I did not like the looks of the work he found, so I hunted up one myself. I was going down the street and saw carpenters working on a building. I went in, asked for the foreman, and told him I was looking for a job. He asked me what I could do. I told him I was a mighty good carpenter--but, I had never made a door or door frame, a window sash or window frame and that I had never framed a pair of rafters. He said, "Stop, that is enough. Come on in the morning. I will give you work." I worked with him about a month, until the hall was finished.

I had not been in Cheyenne quite a week when I met up with what was to me a new Social custom. Then, in Cheyenne, New Year's Day was Gentlemen's day for making social calls. The men started out in the afternoon to call on their lady friends. I was living with the Rev. Banks. F.E. Warren (Proprietor of a large hardware store) and my cousin started out to do their duty making calls. Mrs. Warren came along to visit and receive callers with Mrs. Banks while the men were away calling. Mrs. Warren had a little baby girl. She brought the baby over in a carriage and left the carriage on the front porch. As usual out in Wyoming, the wind was blowing a gale. Well, some good Housewife invited Mr. Warren and Rev. Banks to supper, which they did and therefore, did not get home as soon as expected. Along in the early evening, about 8 P.M., Mrs. Warren thought she must go home. There were no street lights as yet in Cheyenne and it was very dark and windy. Mrs. Banks asked me if I would roll the carriage with baby for

Mrs. Warren. When we went out to start for home the carriage was gone--the wind had carried it away, so I carried the baby and escorted Mrs. Warren home. This baby grew up to womanhood and married John J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army and General Commander of the American Forces in the Great World War. This Mr. Warren I have been telling you about was, a few years after this, appointed Governor of the Territory of Wyoming and after Wyoming was admitted as a State, he was elected Senator to Washington. Mrs. Warren was a Massachusetts girl, I think from Mother's part of the State. I think that Smith was the family name.

Well, I was through with my Carpenter's job, so I started out looking for work. I met a man who asked if I wanted work and I told him I did. "Well, come on," he said, and I went with him. He was foreman of the Cheyenne and Deadwood Stage Stable. A man named Luke Vorhees was the owner of the Stage outfit. Besides the stage horses, he had a very fine pair of driving horses and a splendid single driver. The boss told me I could take care of the carriage horses and buggies for part of my work. I had been there about a week or ten days when, one day about noon (the other man had gone to dinner) two strangers came into the Stable. One was an oldish man, the other a young man--both very finely dressed. The old man just said "How do" and went over and sat down in a chair. The young man told me to harness and hitch up to the buggy the single driving horse as he was going to take a ride. I asked if he had an order from Mr. Vorhees. He said, "No back talk, get busy and hitch up!" I told him he would get no team until the Stable boss got back. I slammed the drive-way door to, and snapped the lock. He told me what he would do to me if I did not open the doors. I told him there was no strings on him. The old gentleman laughed, and said, "Come on Charles, let's go," and went out the side door. The young man left, saying I would soon hear from him. When I told the foreman, he had a great laugh and said I had done just right as I did not know them from horse thieves, but the young man was Vorhees' Secretary and the older one was Vorhees' Father-in-law. So they had quite a laugh on me. However, Vorhees gave me \$5.00 more a month for what he called protecting his property.

By this time it was along about the last week in March. So, I began to think that washing, drying and brushing clean four horses, and washing and oiling the Stage coach, and washing and blacking two sets of double harness was not teaching me to be a cowboy very fast. You see, the Stage was due in Cheyenne at 6 P.M. but at this time of year, the trail was so very muddy that it was often 9 P.M. before it arrived. No matter what time, all this cleaning had to be done. There were four of us to do the work, but it was dirty and at that time of night tiresome all the same. Whenever I said anything about going on the range, they all told me I was too old to learn to ride after cattle. Most riders were young men under thirty years of age and brought up in the saddle from the cradle. But, I gave Vorhees notice I would be through work with him next Saturday. He wanted me to stay with him and offered me more pay, but it was no use, I had had enough of Stage life. The Stage was quite an outfit for a tenderfoot to look at. No matter how tired the horses, the driver would ease them for the last mile or so, and then would bring them into town in great style. You see, the town of Deadwood in the Black Hills

was a great mining center. Cheyenne was the nearest point of the U.P. Rail-Road, so the Stage had many passengers and carried lots of money, and what was called gold bricks. You see, the gold quartz was crushed in the steel stamp mills, then the broken quartz was shoveled into a long sluice full of running water. The water runs very strong in the sluice, and the gold is so heavy it sinks immediately to the bottom of the sluice and the dross is washed away. Then, what is called the gold dust, is put into smelter pots and melted to a liquid and then run into moulds and made into bricks about 15" long and 4" square. It took an able man to lift one, they were so heavy. The Stage, besides the driver, carried a man called a messenger who was expected to protect the passengers and treasure. He was armed with revolvers and a blunderbuss buck-shot gun. This gun is a short double-barrel gun, large bore and heavy barrel, and carried a very heavy charge of shot. When there was a large shipment of gold, there were generally one or two men who rode a short distance ahead of the Stage and others brought up the rear. So, you see the arrival of the Stage made quite a show!

I got through work with the Stage Company Saturday night. I was boarding at a cheap hotel called the Simmons Hotel, but its nick-name was "Cowboy's Retreat." The boarders were mostly cowboys. On Monday morning as I started out to find work, I met a man coming in the door. He said he wanted a man to help take fifty head of two year old heifers out to Chugwater. I told him I knew nothing about working range cattle, but he said that was all right. The stock was all bought out of a Dairy herd and were as tame as sheep. I told him I would like the job if I could fill the bill. He said I had better come down and see Phillips as he wanted to start the drive Wednesday. I walked out to Phillips' place two miles up Crow Creek. I found Phillips. I saw right off he was a foreigner. He was a fine husky looking man about forty years old. We talked the matter over and I hired with him. He loaned me a saddle. "Now," he said, "I am called a hard man, but if any one will do the square thing by me, I will do my part on the square." When I came back to town, I went around by the Stage stable to tell the boys I had found a job. "Well," the boss said, "You sure have got yourself into a mess. Why, that is 'Portuguese Phillips.' He is called 'Butcher Phillips'." He was sure the toughest man in the cow country. He told me I had better have nothing more to do with Phillips. That night there were a lot of the boys who told me the same thing. They said Phillips was a hard man. The next day I met Mr. Vorhees. He said he was very sorry I had hired with Phillips as he was a very bad man, and as I was new to the West, was afraid I would have trouble. Well, I went with Phillips.

He did not take the cattle all the way to Chugwater, but put them in pasture on Bear Creek until he could build corrals on his homestead claim. We then came back to Cheyenne. Phillips said, "Tom, I want two good men to go with me up on my Claim. I have got to get out a two mile irrigation ditch, build corrals so we can pen the heifers at night, and, before cold weather, have a ranch house built. I want you, and I want you to hunt up the other man." Well, the Rev. Banks had resigned his pastorate of the Baptist Church and had gone out on the Pacific Coast to a Church. My cousin Eddie was driving a delivery wagon for I.C. Whipple, a grocery merchant. When I told Ed what I was going to

do, he gave up his job, and came with me.

Well, we went up on Chugwater to Phillips' ranch. Everything was fine for about a month. Our fire, of course, was out in the open. Phillips did the cooking. We had plenty of good grub, and he knew how to cook it. Well, one morning I placed a kettle of water so that it leaned against a burning stick of wood. I did not know any better, so when the stick burned off, the kettle turned over in the hot fire and made a great splurge and smoke. Phillips was working over the fire and he received the whole blast of smoke and ashes. I never saw a man go into such a rage. He was not particular in his words, and, after I apologized and told him I was careless, he still kept on abusing me. So, I told him I thought he had said enough. This enraged him all the more. I then told him what I thought of him, and, Ed having the team hitched up, we started off to work. We ploughed five furrows wide, then took a scraper and cleaned the furrows out, and thus formed the ditch. We were on the up furrow on the west side and were working around quite close to a bunch of bushes. Ed was driving the team when all of a sudden Phillips stepped out of the bushes and said "whoa" to the mules. He passed by Ed and came toward me saying, "Tom, I have killed better men than you for less back talk than you gave me this morning." Now Phillips was wearing a heavy double-breasted canvas coat and it buttoned up tight. He always carried a small double-barrelled pistol called a derringer pistol--not a revolver--it was just made for close work. The barrel was only four inches long. These guns were carried in a shoulder holster under the left arm. When about four feet from me, he stopped and tried to grab his gun. I knew there must be some quick work done, and just as he got his coat opened and his hand on the gun, I was on him. He was twenty-five pounds heavier than I was, but I was too quick for him. He was trusting all in the gun. Somehow he lost his balance and went back over the plow beam with me on top of him, and I had a mighty good grip on his throat. I had my left knee on his right elbow as he lay on his back, so he could not get the gun out of his coat. I eased up on his throat a little, so he could breathe, and told him what we were going to do. We would not take the pistol away from him. I would let him up, and if he tried to do any shooting, he would have to do some sure and quick work, for both of us boys would go right into action. We would tie him hand and foot, put him in the wagon and take him out to Chugwater station, put him on the Stage and take him to Cheyenne and hand him over to the City Marshal. I told Ed to get off two or three rods and if Phillips went for his gun to peg stones into him and as soon as I got up I would do the same. I then got off Phillips' arm. I guess it was pretty well cramped. I waited until he got his hand out of his coat--he did not have the gun, so I was not long in getting away from him and grabbing a hand full of stones. I knew pretty well that he had only the double-barrelled pistol, just two shots, and at two or three rods with two good men throwing stones at him, there was not much danger. He got up and walked off without a word. Well, we went on with the work but kept our eye out for Phillips. About half a mile down the Creek we saw three riders talking with Phillips. They crossed the Creek and went over into the brakes. Phillips went on to Camp. In about twenty minutes a rider came down a draw on the other side of the Creek and called. I went down to where he was. I did not

know him then, but I knew him afterward. His name was George Drake. He was the man that was with Phillips and had his leg broken the time Phillips had his big fight with the Indians. I will tell you about it some time. Drake told me he had been talking with Phillips. Phillips had told him of his quarrel with the boys and he was sorry to do it, for I was a mighty square man, but he would sure fix me for he was not going to be downed by a "tenderfoot". "So," he said, "take my advice, turn the mules loose, go out to the station, and take the stage for Cheyenne and stay there. But keep an eye out for Phillips as he is often in Town." Well, Eddie and I talked the situation over, but, "No, Sirree!" Eddie had no idea of running from old Phillips! I tell you he had good grit for a boy--he was only nineteen years old. Well, we worked the usual time and then went to camp as usual. We had lots of stones in the wagon. When we drove up, Phillips was cooking supper. He called out, "Hurry up boys, got some fresh meat this morning. Got fried beef and bacon and a big apple pudding." We unhitched and fed the mules, washed up and ate a big supper and talked as usual until bed time, but we sure kept an eye on Mr. Phillips. We went to bed. I was not afraid of his doing anything in cold blood. I thought likely he would wait until morning and then do something to stir up a fight. Then he would have his two revolvers. But, in the morning Ed fed and put harnesses on the mules, I made the fire and put the coffee pot on to boil and Phillips fried some deer meat. After breakfast I said, "Well, Phillips, I am through working for you--I'm sorry. Before we left Cheyenne I was told you were a bad man with a gun, but when we brought the young cattle up to Bear Creek I could see nothing wrong and everything has been all right until yesterday. I told you I was sorry to do such a careless thing, but you kept right on with your abuse, so I think we had better separate." Phillips could neither read nor write English; I had written some two or three letters for him for his foreman. Next Spring he would buy some more she stock and when we would have to begin branding calves and keeping tally books, I could do all his letters and keep the books and he would double my pay. I told him, "No, I am through." I told him I would stay one week and give him time to go to Cheyenne and get more men, so that settled it. Phillips started for Town that afternoon and in just one week he arrived back in camp with three men--all Portuguese--one middle-aged man and two young men. One of the young men could read and write English. So, Eddie and I bade Mr. Phillips good-bye and one of the men took the mule team and brought us out to the Chugwater Stage Station.

Now, I don't tell you this to make you think I was a very smart man, for any good man, if he kept a cool head and moved quick enough could have done just as well. You see, Phillips did not think to risk his strength in a clinch--all he knew was the gun. Now Ed was only a boy nineteen years old, but he weighed over 180 lbs., was quick of action, and could strike like a mule kick, so it was lucky for Phillips that he tackled me instead of Eddie.

Well, Eddie went to work for John Hutton on a cow ranch. I went down to Cheyenne and went to the "Cowboy's Retreat". My Phillips episode had got to Town ahead of me, so there was plenty of "I told you so!"s.

Now, I was through with Phillips and back in Town with no work! I found a job working for the City. One evening someone called from across the street, "Tom, come over, I want to talk to you." I knew Phillips' voice, but I went across and there he was. Gosh, I never saw such black eyes. I tell you he was a fine looking man. Clean shaved except for a heavy black mustache, new suit of corduroy clothes, his gold watch chain across his ample breast, he made a fine appearance. He seemed very glad to see me and asked if I was "Chewing three times a day." I asked how he was getting along with his ranch. We had quite a long talk. He said, "Come, let's take a walk." So we went down street a ways and went into the Metropolitan Hotel. He went up to the desk and asked the Clerk, "Do you know this man?" The Clerk did not know me. Phillips told him to take a good look at me--that my name was Tom Banks, and to make a note of it. If ever I came in and wanted something to eat, or a bed, to give them to me and charge it to him. So, that was the way "Butcher Phillips" used me. I don't know as I told you--Phillips had plenty of money.

I guess I will give you Phillips' History--as I got it from different sources. I have told of my personal acquaintance with him, so the rest is only hearsay. Phillips told me himself that he came over from the old country a sailor on a ship to New York. Then he came to Cheyenne en route to the Black Hills gold mines. Deadwood, South Dakota, was the great mining town of the Black Hills. The nearest railroad point was Cheyenne, or was at that time, and all the mining supplies were freighted from Cheyenne by ox or mule team. Every freight outfit had a regular crew; a boss, cook, teamsters, and herders for the extra mules or oxen kept along to use in case of accident, and I guess some half dozen mounted men were along to act as outriders and guards, for the Indians were very troublesome in the early days. All the crew were well armed so they could put up a good fight--and so they did if half the stories were true. Well, Phillips hired with a freight outfit as mule skinner (driver) and went up to Deadwood, and liked the job so well, he stayed with the outfit and soon learned to be a good freighter. I wish you boys could see an old time freight outfit with four or six pair of mules or oxen in each team. They carry four to five ton in the first wagon, then they have a lighter wagon called a trailer hitched on behind the heavy wagon, so when they come to a steep hill or bad place in the trail, they dropped the trailer, pulled the big wagon over, then went back to get the lighter wagon. Well, Phillips soon got to be a government freight boss. When the Indians became so troublesome along in the sixties, the Government had to keep large forces of Cavalry all along that northern country from the Black Hills in Dakota west to the Big Horn country. Old Fort Phil Carney is away west at the foot of the Big Horn. Well, Phillips took a big freight train up to the Fort. The Indians bothered him, but were only in small bands and the freighters beat them off. They were only the scouts of the big band coming down from Montana. Phillips got his freight into the Fort just in time. The Indians came that night--hundreds of them--surrounded the little fort, cut off the water and wood supply and settled down to starve the garrison out. Captain Fetterman and, I think about one hundred men, were the Government force, and there were about one hundred men made up of freighters and trappers. Well, something had to be done. Phillips cut a blanket into four pieces, took some rawhide strings, soaked them in water so they would stretch well. He then chose a good saddle mule and wrapped a

piece of blanket around each foot and around the leg up to the knee and bound them on with the wet raw-hide, and when it dried out the strings shrunk; so that blanket was on as tight as though it grew there. Well, that night Phillips mounted his mule and started out and was lucky enough to pick his way through the Indian camp, and rode down to Chugwater, 130 miles. He did not rest himself, but got a fresh horse and rode on to Fort D.A. Russell four miles up Crow Creek from Cheyenne. He slept two hours and was ready to start out with a big troop of cavalry, but they got to Fort Phil Carney too late. The Indians broke into the Fort and killed and scalped 'most every white man, only a very few escaped. Capt. Fetterman and every one of his men were slain. A History of the United States Wars will tell you how many men Fetterman had.

Another time Phillips was taking freight up Deadwood Trail. He was going to make camp for the night on Chugwater four miles below where he afterward took up his ranch. Well, Phillips and one man named George Drake, came ahead of the outfit to look out for a good camp site. You see, it was the important thing to find a spot where the grass had been fed the shortest and the easiest to plough, for if there were Indian signs around, they would take big prairie plows, hitch on two or three pair of mules and plough a few furrows in short time around the camp for back fire. If Indians made attack, the campers would build a fire around on the outside. They had picked out a place for the camp and were waiting for the outfit to pull in. Phillips had got off his horse and was slacking the saddle cinch, when all at once a large band of Indians jumped out of the bushes that grew along the creek and charged on the two men. At the first shot the Indians made, Drake's horse was killed, and when he fell, pinned Drake under and broke his leg and he was down flat on his face so he could not get a gun. Phillips immediately backed his horse up close to the fallen horse and then shot him dead and lay flat back of the carcass and opened fire on the Indians. A short time previous to this, the Government had for the first time issued out to the soldiers the new rifle--the Winchester magazine. The magazine held eleven shells. The Indians knew nothing about this new gun, so after Phillips fired one shot, they threw away all caution, and rushed in to get him before he would have time to load again as they supposed his a muzzle-loading gun. When Phillips had emptied his own rifle and then took Drake's gun and still pumped lead into them, the Indians sure thought it was bad medicine and made a hasty retreat. In their mad rush to try to be the first in to get Phillips' scalp most of the Indians had thrown down their old guns or spears and had rushed in with only knives. Three fell over the dead horses; two of them were dead; one was badly wounded but he made a slash at Phillips and cut his arm. So, the fight was through. The Indians were on the run with a dozen or so freighters after them armed with bad medicine guns. When the freighters looked over the camping ground, they found seventeen dead and wounded Indians, so, that is why Phillips was called "Butcher Phillips".

Now this is a biography of the man Phillips prior to the time I made his acquaintance. I had it from reliable business men that told me Phillips fought more Indians, led Government relief supplies to out-lying ranches (and always got them there) than Buffalo Bill ever dreamed of. But, Buffalo Bill was a natural fighter and showman. John "Butcher" Phillips was just a great Indian fighter. Phillips worked to protect the lives and property that were in his charge--not to make a show of it.

## CHAPTER 5

Well, it was getting about the first of June, I guess, and I made up my mind I had had enough of Town work. I thought I would keep an eye out for another job. One morning when I got up, what do you think? It was raining! It's very seldom you see any rain at that time, or as to that, any time of year. There was more talk about the rain than if a buffalo or bear had run through town. A number of us men were sitting in the Hotel lobby when the milk man came to the office desk for his milk money. As he turned to go out, he said to the Clerk, "I want a man--a good milker--keep a lookout for one." I immediately accosted him, saying, "Here's your man." He asked how many cows I could milk in an hour. I told him that would be according to how easy they milked, how much milk they gave, and, when the cow kicked me over, how long it took me to get back to milking again. He asked me when I could come with him. I told him Saturday night--this was Wednesday--and I wanted to work for the Town until Saturday so I could get what money was coming to me.

I went to work on the milk ranch. Lo and behold--the owner was another Portuguese. He looked enough like Phillips to be Phillips --big red face, piercing black eyes, heavy black mustache and goat-tee--just as Phillips looked, only this man was about sixty years old. I thought, am I in for another racket? But Michael M. Sloan was a different man from Phillips. Mr. Sloan was very quiet and unassuming, but when about the work he said, "I would like to have you do this," he expected you to do it. There were about eighty cows in the herd. We milked about fifty--some going dry and some freshening every week. Well, I helped milk night and morning and drove ice wagon and peddled ice in the city through the day. There were four of us to do the milking--it generally took about an hour and a half to two hours. About half the cows had to be tied to keep them from kicking, so milking was slow work. I drove the milk wagon that summer and the following winter until the first of March. I was at the Interocean Hotel office one day getting my milk money. The Proprietor was a Nova Scotian named Case. I told him that I was getting through my job the last of the month. He asked me what I was going to do. I told him I was going on the cow range. He said I was foolish, that I had better let good enough alone and stay where I was sure of shelter every night and not have to be up half the night riding after wild cattle. However, if I was set on going, to go to Hugh Jackson and strike him for a job of riding, as he was called one of the best foremen on the range. I had better see him soon as the outfits were making up and starting out. He told me where Jackson lived, so, when I was through my route, I went up to his house. I rang the bell, and when he came down I told him I was looking for Mr. Jackson. He said "Well, I'm the man." I told him what I wanted. He asked if I had ever rode any (He meant, of course, if I had rode after cattle.) I told him I had rode the old mare half a day at a stretch for Dad to cultivate the corn and I very seldom fell off. He never moved a muscle of his face, but I saw his blue eyes laugh. He told me to be at a certain place on a certain day and he would put me to work.

Well, I gave Mr. Sloan my notice and there was the usual protest, and offer of more pay, but I was fed up on roping up and milking cows. So, I settled with Sloan, bought me a second ~~hand~~

hand saddle for \$40.00, a pair of spurs for \$5.00 and two pair of blankets and a tarpaulin for \$35. Mr. Sloan sent a man with a team and took me and my outfit down to the appointed place of meeting. My scalp got pretty sore from my hair raising on end when I looked around and saw so many old cowboys strutting around with broad-brimmed hats, new leather chaps, high heeled riding boots and jangling spurs--all of which they owed the Company for,--but I went around as if I was an old timer. I soon spied two old boys that I knew. One of them, Charley, came round and told me it would be better for us not to know each other, but they would look after me all they could. They were glad I was going with them. I found Jackson and said, "Here I am." I was rather surprised that he seemed so glad to see me, but I found out afterward that he had hired three other tenderfeet beside me, but I was the only one who came to time. That afternoon Tom Hall, the other man I knew, went up town and picked up three tenderfeet so the outfit was complete. Jackson said I could help look over the team harness. That night he asked me if I would be on hand in the morning. I told him "Yes, if the Sheriff does not get me." Next morning I was on hand in good time. Jackson asked me what I had for an outfit. I told him, and he said, "Good." He told me to put some kind of mark on my saddle and keep a duplicate of it myself and one for him. He said, "Some of you men will have to ride up to Chugwater on the wagons for there are not saddle horses here for all hands." I said, "Good enough!" We did not get started out much before two P.M. We trailed out to Pole Creek, thirteen miles, and made camp--the first lap of our over 250 miles to the F'S Ranch. The Ranch was about 125 miles west of Deadwood, Dakota, on the Belle Fourche River, about 9 miles south of the Montana line. I will just say right here, that on the Geography maps you children study at school, the mountains, rivers and places are not within 100 miles of where they were when I was there.

We were quite an outfit that left Cheyenne and took the old Deadwood Trail for the Northern Cow Country. We had the mess wagon, loaded heavy with grub, drawn by four mules; a bed wagon drawn by two-horse team; a camp supply wagon loaded with supplies such as tents, poles, tent pins, corral ropes, branding irons, saddles etc. Mr. Jackson had bought a place in Spearfish, Dakota, that being the nearest town to our Ranch--115 miles. So, he had a big freight wagon loaded with furniture drawn by four horses, and he drove his own driving team hitched to a covered spring board wagon and had his wife and her young lady friend. Then there were some fifteen or eighteen cowboys on their cowponies--so you see it was quite a show. Well, we made Pole Creek, 13 miles out the first afternoon, made camp, had a good supper, rolled out our beds on the hard ground, and crawled under the blankets,--my first night outside in Wyoming. Next day we made Bear Creek and camped for the night. The next day we made Chugwater Creek, fifty-two miles north of Cheyenne. Jackson overtook us here. He was driving his light team and traveled so much faster than we did that he did not leave Cheyenne until that morning and made the fifty-two miles before dark. Mrs. Jackson and the young girl ate supper with us, then the boys helped Jackson pitch their tent and all hands were soon asleep. As Jackson had to drive his own team, Tom Hall had charge of the cow outfit. We camped on Chugwater three days trying to find the saddle horses, but could not locate them. So, Jackson said we would leave two men to find the stock and come on later and the outfit would pull out next morning.

Jackson said to us tenderfeet, "Now if you fellows want to ride, there are some three year old geldings. They never have had a rope on them since they were branded." The boys all said "No, Siree!" He turned to me where I was sitting on a box over by a wagon. He was on a broad grin, "What do you say, Banks? You can have that stocking-leg sorrel." I said I would ride him if I could run him down and get my hands on him. He said, "Get your saddle and try the colt out this evening and if there is anything left of you, we can send it to Cheyenne by Stage in the morning." So, he told everyone to get out of the corral, and he told two men, and as luck would have it they were Charley and Tom Hall, to rope the colt. Well, the boys roped him and he did fight terribly! They had to throw and blindfold him. They let him up long enough to get a saddle<sup>s</sup> on him by taking a twist on his upper lip. The squeezing must have surprised the horse, and he would stand all of a tremble for a minute and then gave them time to work on him. Well, the saddle was on. Jackson called to grab the buck strap--there is a strap on every saddle. He told one of the men to keep hold of the hackamore rope and keep the horse away from the fence. Well, they pulled the blindfold off, and do you know, that horse never made a jump. Charley told me to heel him a little. I did. The colt only shied a little to one side, but kept on walking around as though he was proud of me. Tom Hall told me to get both feet out of the stirrups, be very slow and careful so as not to let the stirrup swing against the horse, and then slide off, but when I started to get off--to be quick about it. I got to the ground all right, the boys took the saddle, bridle and rope off and my horse was free. Next morning Jackson, Charley and Tom caught and saddled and bridled the colt and Charley led him by hackamore rope all the way up to the Platte River.

Well, next day we started out for fort Laramie. We made Eagle Rock Spring the first day, Lone Pine Creek the second day, and old Fort Laramie the third day. Jackson overtook us here. Ft. Laramie is built at the fork of the Laramie and North Platte Rivers. The Laramie River is not nearly as wide a river as the North Platte, but the water is deeper and had a much stronger current. We crossed the Laramie on a good new bridge the Government had built when the Indian trouble first began so the supplies for the Fort from Cheyenne would be more sure of safe arrival. Next day we started out to cross the North Platte. The crossing was about a mile above the Fort. When we came to the river, I tell you I felt rather dubious, but there was no getting around it. It took all that day to get two wagons across. There was about twenty riders. Oh, I forgot to tell you, two of our tenderfeet mysteriously disappeared at Ft. Laramie, so that left only two of us. I don't know how the other fellow got across--held on to one of the wagons I guess, but my horse was the third into the river and the first one out. He was a big strong young horse.

Well, we got over on the north side of the Platte River in the afternoon, camped there that night and next morning started out for the Cheyenne River. We made Hat Creek the first day, Rawhide the second, Warbonnet the third, Running Water the fourth, and the Cheyenne River the fifth day. We crossed the

river and made camp on the north side and next morning started on the trail up river. We made the mouth of Beaver Creek at noon. I will tell you about Beaver Creek and Warbonnet Creek some other time. Jackson left us here to go to the town of Spearfish to his new home. He would go up Beaver Creek fifteen miles to Beaver Stockade Camp for the night. Then he would take a north-east trail over Bear Lodge Mountains and in three days make Spearfish, Dakota. We kept on up the Cheyenne River to the A.U.7 Ranch and made camp for the night. At the crossing of the Cheyenne River I saw my first petrified wood. A large tree had fallen and laid out in the river, top down stream. This tree had probably laid there for thousands of years. How far the tree extended back in the bank nobody knew but where it came into view, it was about four feet in diameter. I had no correct way to measure, but took a stick, called hand and thumb six inches, and thus made a measuring stick. The tree run twenty-three feet without a blemish and then came to a limb broken off, leaving the stub about three feet long and sixteen inches through. The tree continued eleven feet and broke off at thirty inches diameter. Now where the limb and tree broke off, it was just as smooth as tho cut with a saw and the rings were just as plain to see as in a green cut tree. The wood in this tree was stone, just as hard as gray granite.

We broke camp in the morning and went north up Lodge Pole Creek, made Long Drive and made the upper Corrals where we camped for the night. The next day we went up on to the Divide, crossed over to the head of Four Horse Creek and made camp. Four Horse Creek empties into the Belle Fourche River six miles below the F S Ranch. I thought this was a mighty hard looking place. It was about the middle of April, I guess, but the place looked different by the middle of November. Well, we did not do much for the next day or two but rest up. A man named Armstrong was Ranch boss. The past winter he came up with a herd. I forgot to tell you that our other tenderfoot had left us at A.U.7 Ranch and went back to Cheyenne. He said he had had enough of Cowboy life, so that left me "Lord of all I surveyed" in the Tenderfoot line. I heard Jackson and Armstrong talking about building ranch buildings. I thought the matter over and made up my mind it would be just as well for me if I did not do much riding that summer. I had better wait and catch on to all the tricks I could before I really went out on the range. So, I told Jackson if he wanted a ranch house built to give me two good men, and I would build him one. He asked if I could swing an axe. I told him that was my part of the daily chores--to split the kindling wood and make the morning fire. He asked me what I wanted for an outfit to work with. I told him two six foot cross-cut saws, three or four 10" flat files, six 3½ lb. axes, twelve axe handles, a six pound broad axe and a grindstone. He said "You don't want much, do you!" Well, I said we always took double into lumber camps for tools are apt to get broken. He said "Did you ever work in lumber camps?" I said I hung around lumber woods crews five or six years. He did not say anything, but in a day or two he sent two big teams to Spearfish, Dakota. They were gone ten days. While they were gone to town, either Jackson or Tom Hall would say, "Come, Banks, saddle your pony and we'll have a look around the country." Jackson showed me where he wanted me to build a wire

fence to make a home pasture. He showed me the corner stakes of the pre-emption and homestead claims. We took long rides, I can tell you, for me, a beginner. We went up lots of big and small creeks to see how the water supply looked, rode for miles to see where the best timber was and the best place to get it out. One of the boys told me that he heard Jackson say that old Banks knew more about cutting timber and getting it out than any man in Wyoming. Well, the teams pulled in from Town with six new men, two of them were brothers. Their home was in Missouri, John and Will Grant. They hired to work on the Ranch. Now it would be about ten days before starting on the Round-up, so Jackson tallied off about fifteen men to help build a wire fence and told them Banks was boss. Then he told me I could reckon \$10.00 more pay per month. Well, we had to go to the foot-hills five miles to get cedar posts. Four men cut posts, two men drove team, and the others dug post holes; I did not do much but ride back and forth from woods to fence line. I would ride up to the Cedar Brakes with the choppers in the morning, fall trees until the teams got there, show the boys where to get the loads out, and then go down to the fence and set posts for a while. It was astonishing how that fence did go up. As Jackson said, every man worked well. We set posts and stretched four wires. Before Jackson wanted men for the Round-up, we had four miles of fence built and that only left about one mile for the Grant boys and me to make, and we did that in about a week.

I don't know--but did I tell you the owner of the Ranch was a man named E.W. Whitcomb who resided in Cheyenne. He came up to the Ranch in July. He had been there a few days riding around the range a good deal. You see the country was almost as new to him as to me. One day he said, "Banks, you did a great job on that fence,--I'm proud of you."

Well, Jackson made up the crew for the Calf Round-up, so called. There was the mess wagon drawn by four big horses, the bed wagon drawn by two heavy mules, there were about twenty or twenty-two riders besides the four horse wranglers (herders)--two on day and two on night herd. But, I will tell you about starting on a Round-up later. First, I must tell you how we got along on the Ranch buildings. The Grant boys were sure good workers. They were Missouri farm boys, both good teamsters. Well, by the time Jackson came in from the first Round-up, about six weeks I think, we had cut and hauled the cedar posts and cotton wood poles and built a round corral. It enclosed about a quarter of an acre. We built a smaller pen about half the size on one side with a gate to open between, so horses could be caught out of the herd in the big pen and turned into the little corral. We had to draw all the posts from three to four miles. Jackson had told me when he went away, that if I wanted another man to help, and, if one came along, that I thought would do the work, to hire him. In a day or two, one evening about dusk, a husky looking young fellow came along. He asked for some supper and to stay all night. I gave him a good supper and his breakfast the next morning. He had a duffel bag (a bundle of clothes) tied on his shoulders. He asked me how far it was to Spearfish. I told him I did not know, but thought about one hundred miles. I asked him if he wanted work and he said he sure did. I asked him if he could chop fence poles and he said, he sure could! So, I told him he could go to work, but whether he

liked the work or not he would have to hang on as he could not get any pay until Jackson came. The poor fellow was overjoyed. So, he went to work and could he sling an axe! He was a farm boy from Maine, so we were four farm boys. I was boss and cook, Will Grant did the teaming and John Grant and this Jim Smith did most of the chopping. I would get the breakfast, Will Grant would saddle a pony and drive up the four mules and put the harness on them while the other two would unload the wagon of poles and saddle their ponies and mine. After breakfast John, Jim and I would ride to the timber. We made the four miles in fifteen minutes or less. I would go right to falling timber and by the time the four line team got there, the boys would have a load of fifteen foot poles ready. I would ride back to the Ranch and by the time the team pulled in and the boys had the wagon unloaded I had dinner ready. In the afternoon we repeated the same programme, and it was astonishing what a pile of poles and posts we got up in a few days.

I told you before, that we had the fencing done and corals built when the outfit pulled in from the first Round-up, and we were making ready to cut wild grass for hay. Jackson told me we would need enough hay to keep up four work horses and three or four saddle ponies. We had two team wagons and we made hay racks for each. John Grant had gone to Spearfish and brought out a mowing machine, an old Champion, a horse rake, pitchforks and a half dozen hand rakes. I had to do a lot of looking around to find grass I thought would pay to cut, but, at last found a good cut of grass way up through the Cedar Brakes. We boys went at it and cut and slashed a wagon road through in about four days. It was not far through the brakes, less than a mile, but very steep. But, by taking time, the teams made the trip up, and by chaining both hind wheels and driving very carefully we could make the down trip. We put up a tent and the teams made the trip every two days. John Grant did the mowing and raking, the other two boys did the teaming and I looked after the cooking and the general work at both ends of the job. We only tipped over two loads that summer, and by the twentieth of September we had fifty loads of hay in stacks. You see, wagons that wanted to get on to Powder Creek had to drive twenty-five miles down the river to Donkey Creek then up Donkey Creek twenty miles and that would bring them up on Powder River Divide, about twenty miles north of our Ranch. The cattlemen christened my hay road the "Bluenose Trail." By taking this hay trail, the Round-up wagons could save a drive of forty miles in the route to the head of Little Powder River, and I suppose that trail is used today.

Well, the outfit went out on the beef Round-up. Jackson left two more men to help me cut logs for the summer Ranch house. I had one of them do the cooking and that let me free for the timber. We had to go five miles to find suitable logs. The boys felled and scored the logs, and I did the hewing. For the first week we all hands chopped and after that, the Grant boys went at the teaming and by the middle of October we had the walls up and roof on a log house sixteen feet wide and fifty feet long--nine foot posts when it was done. Everybody who saw it said it to be the best and strongest Ranch house in the Big Horn Country. It was now beginning to

grow colder, so we went to chopping and drawing wood. John Grant, with a four horse team, had gone to Town for a load of lumber, that is, matched flooring, doors and frames, windows, and a heater stove, and a half ton of what they called stucco to plaster up the cracks between the logs. When John pulled in from Town, Will Grant and I went to putting in doors and windows. There were four doors and five windows. While we were at this work, the other boys were cutting and drawing wood. We had the windows all in and two doors, when the Outfit pulled in from the first beef shipment. Everybody was glad to see everybody and everybody, from Jackson down to the horse wrangler, was loud in their praise of what we boys had done on the ranch. We had a big pile of wood, I can tell you. I knew we would need a big lot to keep us warm.

We did not have any potatoes or any other vegetables, so Jackson told me I had better, before the weather grew any colder, go down on Inyan Kara where there were some farmers and buy some vegetables. He said I would come to Bear Spring corrals, put my horses in the corral and rope the bars safe. He said to take along plenty of wood and hay and grain to feed the team, as there was no wood near these corrals; He said to get the team into the corrals before dark for there were likely to be bears prowling around looking for water and there was nothing that would stampede horses quicker than the smell or sight of bear. I said nothing for I thought maybe he was trying to guy me. He said I could take one of the boys with me if I wanted to. Well, next day Jackson left for Spearfish to stay the winter and Armstrong was left in charge of the Ranch. The next day after, I started for potatoes. Armstrong said I had better take the big percheron horse team as two horses would be less to look after than four lighter ones. Well, I went alone. Armstrong said I had better make the pens at Bear Springs early if I could and make everything snug for the night. He said a person might camp there a hundred times and not have any trouble, or something might happen any time. Well, the first afternoon I went down to Shipwheel Ranch, 12 miles. The second day I went to the 101 Ranch, fifty miles, and the third afternoon, about 3 P.M., I could see, way down to the left of the Trail, the corrals. By 4 P.M., I had the horses watered and in the corral eating their grain. I can see them just as plain as tho it were yesterday--those great dapple gray animals--thirty-four hundred of bone and muscle. What strength was there, and yet they were as gentle as lambs. Well, I had plenty of rope you can bet, and I tied up bars and weak spots in the fence. I then unloaded my wood; made a fire, boiled my coffee, fried some meat and ate my supper. I rolled out my bed, but as I had an hour or two before bed time, I took a good look around at the surroundings; The country to the west as far as you could see was unbroken prairie, not a tree or bush. Somewhere, maybe two miles South was the Deadwood Trail that I had left early in the afternoon and I knew the road wound up and over a pass over the mountains. To the North was open prairie as far as you could see, but in some places you could see a few trees standing out from the foothills. East, between me and the Mountains was a clean range for about two miles, and then the ever present cedar brakes and foot hills. I was just about to put the fire out and

go to bed, when I heard a rider coming. He said he saw my campfire, and smelled my coffee. I told him to get down and come to the fire. He said he had been out all day looking for two horses and now had four miles to get home. I gave him a pint cup of coffee and a piece of my cold beef and cold biscuit and he felt better. We had quite a long talk and then he went on. I dashed the fire and went to bed. The night was quite cold, so I drew my tarpaulin good and snug and was soon sound asleep. All of a sudden I woke up. The horses were running and snorting around the corral. "Well," I thought, "Mr. Bear after all! I don't think the horses can get out, but I will get up and start the fire and the light will scare the animal away." I was laying on my left side, and just as I was about to turn on my back and throw back the tarpaulin, I received a sharp blow on my right shoulder. I never moved. I thought, "Someone is travelling late, has come to my camp and is trying to play a trick on me." Just then I got another whack and this time I heard the scraping of claws on the tarpaulin so I knew it was a bear for sure, but I thought I had better keep quiet as long as everything was working out all right. I could hear him walking and sniffing around my bed, but I soon got tired of the play, and as the horses were now quiet, I went to sleep. When I awoke it was daylight and I could see where my bear had laid down in the grass by the side of my bed. I said nothing about this for over a year. I was talking with Jackson one day and told him about my bear. He said it was no bear. It was a mountain lion--a bear would have been so inquisitive, it would have kept at me until it rolled me out of the tarpaulin.

I did not tell you about my other lion experience, did I? Well, I should have told you that when I was talking and telling about building the Ranch house, for it happened at that time. The boys could not drive the wagon to the timber now. They had to snake it out of the brush to where they could load the wagons, so they went up to the woods in the afternoon and started out their loads, camped there for the night and came down early in the morning. Well, the boys had gone to the timber, it was getting along late in the afternoon. I was up astride of the ridge pole, slashing off the ends of the roof poles even with the ridge pole. I was quite cool. I stuck the axe in the pole and my hands in my pockets to get them warm. I was thinking that we would try and draw enough at two more loads to finish the roof when somehow, all at once I felt kind of creepy. Now I was not a nervous man or one bit superstitious, but something told me to take a good look around. The front and ends of the horse shack were all clear, but I could not see back of the hay corral. Well, I thought I had done enough for that day and I would quit. As I threw my foot over the pole to help get up on my knees, I struck the axe and down it went to the ground. As I faced around so I could get hold of a roof pole to steady myself down to the plate, there I was looking right down into the eyes of this pretty animal. Well, a minute is a long time sometimes, but for some seconds neither of us animals moved a muscle. I admired all his good and, what I thought, bad points. There he stood just like a

statue--cat-like head, long body, long tail, and, while I was looking at him his tail was kept in slow motion. The posts of the house were nine feet high and it looked to me to be a very easy matter for that cat to jump up on the roof and help me off, so I crawled back to the ridge pole. We boys all slept in the barn just seventy-five paces from the house. I crawled out to the end of the building, so I could keep hold of the end roof pole, but I kept my eye on Mr. Animal. He never moved his body or a foot, but turned his head a little, squinted his eyes and wagged his tail three times in a friendly manner. Now, I had never seen a mountain lion, but I made up my mind this was one. However, I had not expected to see so large an animal. Well, I slid down to the plate, grabbed the end and let myself hang down. I knew I had only about three feet to drop and ran for the barn, grabbed a rifle, and looked back for Mr. Lion, but he was not in sight. Now where I saw him was on the opposite side of the house from the barn. I had picked up a Sharp rifle, only one shell chamber, so I put on a cartridge belt and started out hunting. I kept off fifty feet or so from the house for fear he might jump me, but could not see anything of him. We had cut some coarse grass and weeds in haying time to lay on the ground under the hay. There was a pile of these weeds we did not draw up. I was sweeping with my eye everything in sight, when my vision took in this pile of weeds, and there on the farther side of the pile, stood my animal. Now, here is the spookey part of the play--you see it was very likely that cat had his eye on me from the time I left the horse shed. Probably he had watched me as I circled the house, looked around the old sod dugout cabin and stood five minutes in plain sight of him scanning everything, and probably he had been standing just as he was when I first spotted him, but the instant my eye caught him, he did not drop right down, but just faded like a shadow. I tell you, it was creepy work! It was getting pretty near dark. Well, it was about 200 yds. and nothing to shoot at but a pile of weeds, so I knew shooting would be only a guess. I ran around back of the house and then down the bank to the river. The river bank was high here. The pile of weeds was about 100 yds. from the river. I kept crouched down below the bank and ran up stream until I thought I was about opposite the pile of weeds and then crawled up to take a peek. Here was my pet coming for me at a good pace. I took a quick shot at him and only broke the left fore leg below the knee. He fell, but was up on the instant and off for the bush as fast as three legs could carry him. The horse hovel was built wide enough for stalls on each side with six foot walk through the center with a double door in front and a single door in back that opened out into the hay corral. Now, mind what I am telling you so you will get the show all right! When we put up the hay, we made two long ricks with a drive between. There was a stack on each side of the back door of the stable. We made a six foot high pole fence around the hay. We rigged a body on an old buck wagon, backed the wagon up to the front door every morning, cleaned the stables, loaded the wagon and run it around back of the hay corral and dumped it on the large heap of compost. Now this pile of compost was right opposite the back door of the stable. Well, it was the third afternoon from the day I shot and broke the leg of the big cat. I worked late as usual, then ran out to the stable to rush the work before dark. I opened the back door quick and stepped out after some hay. The compost heap was, we'll say, about 75 yds.

from the door and there right on top of the pile stood a lion. He did not take time to fade away, but with one jump was out of sight. I looked sharp for him, but could not see anything of him running away, so I knew he must be behind the pile. I took a rifle, closed the door to about six inches and waited. I had not long to wait for very soon I saw the head begin to show. He put about half of his head in sight and would not come up any farther, so I took careful aim and shot. He gave a spring into the air, turned, came down, rolled over two or three times down to the ground a few feet from the fence. I ran out and very foolishly leaned my rifle against the hay stack, got over the fence and stepped up to the carcass and gave it a punch with my foot. MY OH! That animal sat up so quickly you could scarcely see the motion. I was not long in getting back over the corral fence. I tell you, it was pretty close quarters. When he sat up on his haunches, he was head up to my shoulders, mouth wide open. He had a splendid set of teeth! I was so close I could have patted him on the head, but I did not stop long enough for I had a call elsewhere. By the time I got my rifle he was down on his feet, but was staggering, so I stuck my gun through the fence and shot and killed him. When I took another look at the carcass, I found the left front leg was broken so this chap sure meant business. The next morning I put my rope on him and snaked him half a mile out into the sagebrush. The next Spring when I was riding with Will Grant and we went by the place, he exclaimed "Hello, somebody's killed a mountain lion." I told him I had killed him last fall--all about it. He was much interested and spread the story up and down the river. It was a very big old animal. His teeth were a quarter inch through showing that he was too old to hold deer or other animals and was stalking easier meat.

I may as well tell you now, altho it happened two or three years later, of my encounter with a wolf. Now, scattered over the bad lands are what are called buffalo wallows. You see, where ever there was a little depression or valley on the plains, there was a little pond of water made by the melting snow, what little there was. Now hundreds of years ago when buffalo roamed over these bad lands, one of their habits was to paw and wallow in these water holes and it went on year after year. Some of these little ponds covered acres. Now after cattle took the place of the buffalo, the cattle kept up the same routine, --in dry weather pawing dust and mud over their backs and when there was water, wading around and pawing to keep mosquitoes and flies off. Mesquite and grease bush grew around this water. There are cow paths coming down off the divides in all directions. I was riding along one of these paths that ran along by one of these wallows looking for stock one day, when my pony gave a snort and jumped around before I could stop him. I turned him back on the path, and there about two rods ahead of me, out of the bush stepped a big gray wolf--not a coyote--but what they call a lober wdf. He was as large as any police dog you ever saw and they look something like a police dog, only I think the hair on his shoulders and neck is much longer, but about the same color. Well, when I got my pony calmed down, I had time to spare, and it seems Mr. Wolf had too. We stood for minutes looking at each other,

but at last I got tired of it and as I had no gun with me, I made all manner of noise and action to scare him, but he was not the "scarey" kind. He never blinked an eye, but just stood his ground. I remembered that about a quarter of a mile back I had crossed a dry canyon and saw some driftwood, so I rode back to the place and found a good strong stick, about four feet long and just the right heft to swing well. I rode back to the pond not much expecting to see the wolf, but when I got there he stepped out of the bushes and stood in the path. I got off my horse, threw the bridle reins, and, to make sure, took down my rope and tied the end fast to a bunch of grease wood. I then held my stick over my left shoulder and walked up to about ten feet of the wolf and the nearer I got to him, the bigger he looked. He did not growl like a dog, but just showed his teeth and kind of snarled and crouched back on his haunches. His eyes looked kind of ugly. I let go of the stick with my right hand, but held it on my left shoulder with my left hand, and took a quick step toward him. At the same time I took my hat off and threw it on the ground four or five feet in front of me a few feet to the right. The hat scarcely stuck the ground before he jumped and grabbed it. This brought him broad side to me, and I struck him a heavy blow across the small of his back and he broke right down. Two or three blows on the head finished him. I took the pelt off him and got \$1.50 for bounty. The fur was no good as it was warm weather in June.

Well, these are about all the personal experiences I had with animals that were in any way dangerous. I want you to understand that I am telling you these experiences to show you what a man can do if you only keep cool and don't lose your nerve. Always wait until you have a clean opening, and then strike quick and heavy. An old French trapper--"Old Pierre" was all the name we ever knew for him--once told me if I ever got cornered by any wild animal weighing over twenty pounds to never mind the head, but to always strike on the back, hips or hind legs, for all their propelling, springing power lies in the hind quarters. If you give an active cool-headed man, weighing 150 lbs. or over, a base ball bat or shelley stick, he can whip any wild animal of equal weight--is my firm belief. A man had better fight a wolf or lion than a good farm or house watch dog. You try your own dog--tell him to do something he does not want to do. You pick up an old boot or stick of wood and make a strike at him and just see how nicely he will dodge. The ox or horse will throw his head one side, and the blow will glance off, but not so with the wild animal. He has not been brought up amid flying boots, sticks and stones. He knows nothing of dodging missiles or sticks, and he will just stand indifferently. If a club strikes him he will jump on the club and maul and chew that up, not thinking where it comes from. So, don't forget, your Dad was just a very ordinary man who could do no more than plenty of other men, if they just looked at the problem and took it in hand as I did.