

MEETEETSE AREA STORIES

A type-written work by Elmer Carlson

Presented originally to the Park County Historical Society by Elmer Carlson.

Later a copy was given to the Meeteetse Museums by the P.C.H.S.

[This has been re-typed exactly as it was presented in the typed form from Elmer Carlson's work in order to be available on computer. All spelling and punctuation is exactly as is in the original work. January 2012 Meeteetse Museums.]

THE \$ KID

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Presented to P.C.H.S. by Elmer Carlson – Copy given to Meeteetse Museum from P.C.H.S.

Written about The Dollar Kid

Dollar Kid is living

The Butterfield's brought in some of the first sheep to the Big Horn Basin, they were from Utah arriving on Owl Creek in the Fall of 1890. John Lynn had come in to the area around Lovell in the summer of 1890 from Montana. Lynns brought in two big bands of ewes of about 3000 each. All of these sheep were a coarse wooled sheep, Cotswold and Lincoln. They looked big but sheared a big light weight fleece. They were easy to shear, no wrinkles or wool on the legs or belly. They didn't settle down to feed like the smaller finer wooled sheep that came in. David Dickie came in here to look over the ranch in 1890, so the next year 1891, he and Pete Brotherson brought in two bands of Merino and Rambouettes ewes. They summered over on the head of Crow Creek and came to Gooseberry in the Fall of 1891. Dickie had left Scotland and gone to New Zealand where he went into the sheep business for a few years, he had good sheep but, wasn't satisfied with the climate and types of forage. Sold out and came to Rock Springs, where he started in the sheep business again. The area was what he thought was overrun with sheep, he would go to some new place where he could have room to enlarge his lands and herds of sheep. His ideas were long thought out in advance. This country had been overrun with cattle in the mid 1880's but the winter of 1887 and '88 was the longest and coldest that has ever been recorded in Wyoming history. The summer had been hot and dry so consequently there was very short grass crop on growth. No one had ever tried to raise any hay. Winter started in last part of September and snows just fell at will. The sun would come up in the morning but there was no warmth to its rays. By November 1 there was two feet of snow and they didn't know how cold, but the air would be blue around the horizon. By December 1 nearly all the old cows and young calves had died. Sliney told that the next spring he could walk on cattle bones from the old Padlock Ranch to Thermopolis, said they lost 5000 head of cattle that winter.

The summer of '88 was a good year. The grass grew tall and rich, but now there were no livestock to eat it. That winter killed off most of the buffalo and wild game animals. The coyotes and wolves lived a fat life that winter, didn't even have to chase their prey, but the next couple of years they lived on old dry hides and bones. Had it not been for this bad winter no doubt some history of Wyoming would have been different. Rothwell bought the remnants of Sliney's horses and brought in three bands of sheep from the Rawlins country. He was a good business man. Only German sheep or stockman in this area. He put in a system of irrigation ditches and raised a lot of hay. They had all heard how vicious a winter could be in this area. Along any of the creeks years afterward you could see evidence of the

tops of cottonwood trees that had been cut off to be used for feed for the few cattle or horses. That was their only feed for those few months of vicious cold. The winter lasted until the last of February. Took the heart out of a man to lose all of his livestock. The stockmen now took to planning for supplement feed to carry his animals through in the event of another vicious winter. But in a few years there was a thick growth of feed in the hills and for some reason they had mild winters for a few years.

Billy, Bob Steele and Billy Carmichael came in from Rock Springs with two bands of sheep in the Fall of 1895 and stopped for the winter on Buffalo Creek east of Meeteetse. There was blue stem grass in all of the gulches as high as a horse's belly, every animal was fat all winter. The Steele's had leased sheep from Pat Sullivan and Jerry Mahoney of Rawlins and Rock Springs. There were lots of sheep on the Red Desert so when their three-year lease was finished, they headed their sheep North. Went up Big Sandy Creek across the mountain and thru the Fort Washakie Indian Reservation to the Wind River, they made these big Catswold ewes swim the river, Indians were down river to catch any sheep that couldn't swim, said they only lost about fifty head of ewes. Now they were ready to cross the Owl Creek Mountains and in the Big Horn Basin. George Renner trailed in their sheep (two bands) from the John Day river country in Oregon. Got in to the Cody country in the Fall of 1897 and wintered out on Dry Creek. Ad Renner and their family came overland that same Fall. The Renners introduced a new breed of sheep called Delaine, they were of small body, one of the distinctions of this breed was the fine staple of wool. They were the greasy type, looked almost of a black tinge to their wool. They were a heavy fleeced sheep, fleeces weighing ten pounds. That was unheard of most of the coarse wooled sheep would only shear six pounds.

That same Fall the Ted, Adam and Bill Hoggs trailed in to the Meeteetse country with two bands. They were of a better grade of sheep having about a half blood wool variety, they were a big sheep and had the heavier fleece. They were descendants of the Robert Taylor herds of Rock Springs. Tom and Jim Thompson came up from the Sweetwater Country with a band of sheep taking two years to make this move. These sheep men had increased their herds. The only income was from the sale of wool, .07¢ per pound. A ten pound fleece of wool would be priced at 70¢. A herd of good shearing sheep would earn \$2100.00 per herd of 3000 head. They had no market for wether lambs as they have today. They were saved and run in big herds of 5000 head. They were paying business and were shipped to Omaha or Chicago markets when they were four or five years old. The Butterfields had increased their number of herds and controlled areas by having this area surrounded by these big wether herds, if someone decided to come into their acquired country, the wether herders were instructed to run their big herd into the challenging herd and mix with them. Now they would have to go to a corral and run them thru the dodge gate to separate them. If the new herd did not turn back but continue to stay in the area there would be another herd of wethers thrown into the herd. After the new band had been jammed around in the corrals another time they usually went back. The herders in those days would fight for their respective outfits. It has been said there was a herder that worked for Hogg's, he was nicknamed the "Buttin Dane", after one encounter with him, he using his head to butt his opponent down, the other herder would use his dogs to round up the herd and hit for other grounds. He had been in many a barroom fight and subdued a few opponents, said the only way you could hurt him was kick his shins.

About this time the sheep became infested with Scabies, a parasite fungus causing the wool to fall off in spots and causing raw sores, that in turn would be fly blown, causing maggots and of course the death of that sheep. The magpie and the raven also took their toll literally eating the sheep alive. The sheepmen sent in to get veterinary analysis of the disease and to come up with a solution. A. C. Dent was born in Scotland and a real sheepman and gentleman, he was appointed scab inspector for this area. It was decided that every sheep would have to be dipped in a solution of Blackleaf 40 Nocotine [sic] dip, and quarantined to that particular area, so many dipping vats were built and in the presence of A. C. Dent be put thru the dipper. Bad cases three times that first year. That was an ordeal, the wool was contaminated so had to be put thru a solution before it could be sold. After three dippings the scab was much better but it took several years before it was completely wiped out. Dipping was carried on for many years afterwards just to be sure there were no recurrence and to rid the sheep of ticks. Al Sandberg was herding wethers for the Padlock now owned by H. P. Rothwell. Al had a big herd of about 6000 big wethers 4 and 5 years old, they could travel ten miles in a day if they wanted to. About October 1 Rothwell started Al and Tom Tway down Owl Creek to cross the Big Horn River below Thermopolis. They found a shallow bar and drove the sheep into the river, make them swim across, that would save a long trail over Stagner mountain and cross the Big Wind River west of Shoshoni. They were two days crossing the two big herds, they had started up Warm Springs Creek intending to go up Buffalo Creek and over the mountain at Bird's Eye Pass and eventually Casper. Al said he came around a bunch of rocks and there was a who had a rifle, hammer back looking down the barrell at him. First thing he said was that a "sheep herder in the hills looked about like two bits worth of dog meat". When he looked around he saw men on horseback on every hill all well armed. The leader came and said "get these stinkin' woolies back across the river and do it now." Al said he really tried to push his bunch back but these fellows thought they were going too slow, so they got in behind the sheep and flogged them with their ropes. All this commotion caused the sheep to bunch up tight and of course go no place, then the riders started shooting into the bunch and running their horses over the top of the sheep. The camp tender knew some of these fellows and came back and tried to get them to let the herders try their hand at moving them, but they kept up the shooting and shouting until they were worn out. The camp tender got a lead going, so they put the herders and dogs in the wagon and kept shooting as close to them as they could. When they finally got to the river the sheep were thirsty so went in and swam back to the west side.

This one big fellow told Al if he ever came across the river again he would dry-gulch him. Al said nothing but paid close attention to his looks, maybe they would meet again when the odds were not so great against him. The cattlemen said the Big Horn river was the dead line for sheep. East of the river was strictly cattle country. These riders killed and crippled about 300 head of these big wethers. And they killed Al's best dog, he swore vengeance for the killing his dog more than he cared to admit. Now they had to go over Stagner Mountain and over the long trail to Shoshoni, to Casper. They were thirty five days on the road to Casper. H. P. Rothwell passed them two days out of Casper and had the cars ready to load the sheep out. Al went along with them to Omaha and to visit his family at Oakland, Nebraska. He talked to his brother-in-law, Eric Carlson wanted him to come out to the Padlock Ranch and the two of them could lease a bunch of ewes from Rothwell. Edna wasn't interested in leaving her

old home surroundings and going to a wild Indian country like Wyoming was or she thought it was at that time. But that homestead land interested Eric, he would have to go and see for himself someday.

Al soon went back to Thermopolis and back to the Padlock to take another herd for the winter. The Padlock Ranch was originally started by Colonel Torrey and Quartermaster clerk, Sliney, they being with the U. s. Cavalry stationed at Fort Washakie on the Shoshone Indian Reservation near Lander. J. C. Woodruff was the first settler on Owl Creek, he having trailed in a band of ewes, thru Montana to Red Lodge, to Corbett crossing on the Stinking Water. In 1880 the Jack Prices moved to the (M-) Embar Ranch, foreman for Captain Torrey. They are both buried on the old Monument Hill Cemetery in Thermopolis. Mrs. Price never thought of her life as being a hardship, but just as a part of a pioneer woman's experience. Dr. Shuelke was the first doctor in the Big Horn Basin, going to the old town of Thermopolis which as located near the mouth of Owl Creek. Josh Deane established the first mail route by pack horse into the Big Horn Basin, coming from as far south as Rawlins, Lander, to points in the Big Horn Basin, 1892. He was paid 25¢ for each letter and 50¢ a pound for tobacco, he made the round trip to Rawlins about every thirty days, 30 head of horses. When Deane made his first trip into the Big Horn Basin, J. D. Woodruff and Ben Anderson, who were operating the M- Ranch were some of his best customers, on one of these trips he met Otto Franc who was looking over the county in view of locating. He later homesteaded and called this the Pitchfork Ranch, later Franc bought the Z-T from Colonel Ashworth, who like other Army men or scouts were given these land grants. That is how Buffalo Bill acquired his holding. Deane related when he came over the ridge into Sage Creek he could hear the tune "Arkansas Traveler", for a minute he thought nature had really got to him, riding some farther he saw an old white haired whiskered man sitting on a log in front of his tent sawing away on a fiddle. This was George Marquette, trapper, fiddler, he was the first musician in the Big Horn Basin and was much in demand. He had a homestead at the forks of the North and Southforks of the Stinking Water (now Shoshone) Rivers. He later had a store and Post Office called Marquette. When the Buffalo Bill Dam was completed he was flooded out. Cody at this time was comprised of some log buildings and tents just west of the De Maris Hot Springs. Meeteetse was moved from the mouth of Meeteetse Creek to its present location and was enjoying its prosperous new life. Kirwin was booming, working 1,500 men in their gold and silver operations. The miners were a thirsty group so at the height of operations there was seven saloons and a dance hall, the board walks were soon dented with hob nailed shoes. Bill Hogg, Harry Cheesman[sic] and Angus McDonald opened up the First National Bank of Meeteetse in 1903 [sic]. The original building even to the safe still occupies that corner today. The Hoggs and Alex Linton started the Meeteetse Mercantile General Store. There were two hardware stores, Benbrooks and Bowman. Dan Weller built the Weller Hotel, R. J. McNally opened up the Meeteetse State Bank in 1905. Meeteetse was getting more substantial, many people were building frame and log houses, even brick. There were two livery stables, one owened [sic] by John Faust, other by Frank Lundy. The saloons were owned by Al and Ed McGuire, People, Frank Huett, Dan Weller, Graham Morton, Henry Rivers, "Lucky" Doorman. There was a lone chinaman who ran the first laundry, he had his place down near the present river bridge. He washed the clothes in tubs but rinsed them in the Greybull River. The Mormons were baptizing some converts in the river below the laundry, the chinaman was curious that so many people were ducking people in the river so he watched from behind a bank. Deaf Charlie, Laughin' Smithie, and Bud Bridges sneaked up and pushed the chinaman in the river, too. That night the chinaman took his

few belongings and left town and no one ever saw him again. About this time there was a Baptist church built, Mrs. E. P. Bowman served as pastor in the absence of a roving minister from the American Baptist Publications Society. Bud Bridges didn't think Mrs. Bowman had a very good attendance so he went to all the saloons and gathered up all the hangers on and marched them up the hill to church. When she saw them she really gave a sermon on the evils of drink, now they would sing "What a Friend We Have In Jesus", Bud poked these fellows in the ribs with his six shooter and would whisper "Sing, Sinner, Sing". Anyway [sic], when she passed the collection plate by these fellows they donated real good, thanks to Bud's prompting.

There were three horse drawn stages, one from Meeteetse to Cody and Red Lodge, Montana, Meeteetse to Thermopolis and from Meeteetse to Kirwin. There were many horse drawn freight wagons operating these same roads. They would freight food and machinery to Kirwin, general merchandise from Billings and from Casper by way of Birds Eye Pass and Thermopolis to Meeteetse. They would always have back freight during the summers hauling bags of wool [sic], either to Billings, Casper, railroad came into Cody in 1903, so the long wool hauls were over.

"Bronko Nell" [sic] was a colorful personality. She had been married and had a daughter, Ruth, I believe. She freighted with the best of them, driving six and eight horse team, hauled freight of all kinds. She and the daughter were on the road for years. About this time "Weary Willie" and Dan Delahanty came to herd sheep for Dickie, they were camped side by side and a couple of miles apart. They agreed to each herd both bands one day, then the other would look after both bands next day, that way they would each just have to work every other day, give them a day each in camp every other day. That worked fine for a few days then they got mixed up and both stayed in camp the same day. Dickie happened along that day and seeing sheep scattered all over the country, rode over to the wagons and found both of the herders in their camps, resting up. He fired both of them and went to Meeteetse to get help to round the sheep up again and got new herders. He brought out Mickety Mike and Joe Blackstock, one Irish and one Scotch, you couldn't get those two fellows to stay within four miles of each other. "Handsome" Harry was herding for Hogg and Taylor, Renners pulled Lee Rooker and Jack Hughes down in the Buffalo Creek area, Bob Baird was pulling camp for the Steele Bros. outfit. Gus Johnson, and Tony Foxton were herding the ewe herds. Billy Montgomery and Farquer Gillies were herding wethers for Dickie. Hugh Dickie was moving camps, John Lind crossed to the west side of the Big Horn River and was wintering in low 15 miles. Everybody on the west side of Big Horn were concerned so they all pulled down in there to keep Lind surrounded with wether bands. The Butterfields were not friendly and would surround a piece of country and that way keep other sheep out of that good area. It was said no one ever got a stray sheep out of any of their herds so by the same token Butterfields never got a stray sheep out of any other herds either.

Butterfields wethers were sure good eating. It was a custom when a herd of sheep went into a corral to be worked the other sheepmen would be notified and would be notified and would get any sheep of theirs out of this herd, but it had to work both ways. Dickie could spot one of his sheep in other bands just by wool conformation many times before he saw the earmark or brand. Henry Doores had married Carsie Renner and was sheep foreman for Renners. Pete Brotherson was foreman for Dickie. Duncan Gillies leased a band of sheep from Mahoney and was located near the mouth of Spring

Gulch. He was one of the first bag pip players in this area, and many an evening was spent in Meeteetse following the pipes from one saloon to the other and all over town.

Donald Edmonson brought in a bunch of ewes from Casper and located on Gooseberry Creek, he and Andy Wilson were together for a time, Andy Wilson built a sheep corral across the creek from the Bob Baird house. Edmonson located on top of the hill from Baird's place. About this time "Soapy" Dale, "Dutch" Nick, "Big" Albert took to herding, Soapy having graduated from the Tie Camps, Nick and Albert from Casper. They were all big men and good herders and camp tenders. Swede Pete came up from Douglas and tromped wool for Carlson and Sandberg at the Jim Dickie shearing pens at the forks of Grass Creek and Cottonwood, he packed the wool so tight in the bags, they were so heavy the wool buyer wouldn't buy it. So they had to cut open several bags to make sure that there wasn't rocks or sand shoveled in the middle of the sacks. That trick had been pulled on the buyers a few years previous. The only fences on Grass Creek was at the Mayfield and L. U. Ranches. Later the LittleJohns [sic] and "Dutch" John Pinkerton homesteaded in the area of the Grass Creek oil fields.

Ed Gynn had a stage station on Grass Creek called Ilo, where the Meeteetse-Thermopolis stage driver changed horses and fed passengers. This was the run that Jimmy Wooten drove for a year before he had the runaway and was apparently thrown out of the rig and died of exposure in December, 1909. About this time there was a federal land survey, the Government was setting up the Forest Reserve boundary lines and having taken all school section lands out of the Forest Reserve and were allotting it to stockmen in small tracts called State select lands, still in existence today. Topographical maps were made and piles of rocks were piled up on meets and bounds and corners of all Range and Township lines. Swede Pete moved a herd of sheep over on Cottonwood Creek, Rothwell came along and told him he was in the middle of his school section, so he immediately moved a mile away. This move put Pete right in the middle of Rothwell's school section. Rothwell didn't want this outfit around so he ordered Pete to move again. Pete said "have you got this school section on wheels?" Words and tempers flared so they started fighting. Pete was much younger but smaller. They both wound up with black eyes, cut lips, Rothwell got tired so he said to Peter, "Ve go home, forget about fighting, but by gosh I come back in three days and you are not moved away ve vill go at it again.." Pete moved on, said he had all the feed anyway.

Pete Brotherson brought a young Irishman "Red" McGowan out of Casper to help with lambing, after they had crossed Bird's Eye Pass, one of Pete's horses died right there in the road. Now this "Red" McGowan was a strapping big young fellow, so they unharnessed the dead horse and dragged him up a gulch away from the road. Pete was noted for his ingenuity so he said to Red, "Lad, get over by the poor beast and hold up the yoke, its not far to "Toon" (town). So Red got down beside the horse and held up the neck yoke all the way to Thermopolis. Red said that was the longest "no far to toon" he had ever heard of in his life, 35 miles. Gust and Herb Sandberg came west from Nebraska to help with the sheep, Gust was a good sheep herder and stayed with the Carlson and Sandberg outfit for three years. But this lonely life was not for Herb, he never could sit down and let the sheep spread out and get their needed forage. He always was afraid he would lose them if he couldn't see every one all the time. He drove them around all day so the sheep had no chance to fill their stomachs. Herb dogs and sheep were tired by nightfall and all were hungry. Herb and the dogs laid down and were soon asleep, not so with the

sheep, they were still hungry so they pulled out. Next morning Herb had no sheep, it was said Herb took off on a high run but in the wrong direction. He was worn to a frazzle by night fall, now he had no sheep and couldn't find his sheep wagon. Nothing to eat all day and now nowhere to sleep or eat, that settled it for Herb. You will never know how long a night is until you have sat up, perhaps around a sage brush fire, look at your watch every five minutes. He was worried sick and wandered around until noon the next day before Al found him. Al had found the sheep the night before, he just flagged them and went to Herb's wagon only to find him gone. So he rode over to another camp and got the camp tender to help him locate Herb. For one who is new to the country and new to sheep it is very worrisome. Herb was not the first to lose the whole band of sheep, nor will he be the last. After that Herb set his alarm clock for every hour all night long to check up on his band. That fall he went back to Nebraska no more woolies for him. Gust got tired of sheep and went to Rhyolite, Nevada to work in the copper mines. He passed away there the next year and is buried in the old miners plot in the ghost mining town of Rhyolite.

"Buller" Baird came to work for Dickie, he had been in the Boer War and under General Bullers command. John L. Baird came over from Newcastle and went to work for Steeles. "Red" Finlayson, Bob Gow, Bob Lind, Bob Little, and Bob Blakely all came from Scotland to add to the sheepmen's labor group. All good sheepmen and worked steadily at this business most all of their lives. Olaf Bengtsen, Frank Dillon, "Jumpy" Miller, "Goggles" Gould, "Wingy" Shane, "Long Bill" Moore, "Jock" Kinlock, "Big Alex" Alexander all worked steadily for Henry Hillberry, he had these eight men to tend to four bands of sheep. Alex McConahay, Bill Robb, Alex and Bob Dickie, nephews of Dave Dickie, Dave Richmond came in with Jim Dickie from the Rawlins country in 1903. Bob Richmond came from Scotland in 1905. Tommy Alexander and Scotty McNab came over in 1909.

A tale was told of an Englishman who came into Meeteetse and engaged Henry Miles Rank, a youngster of some twelve years old to do the menial chores that would be necessary to further the Englishman's comfort while they were out looking over the range with the idea of homestead and establishing a ranch. He would say to Henry, "Urchin, extricate these quadrupeds from the vehicle and supply them with sufficient nutritious [sic] element." And when the great Aurora shall rise over yon horizon you shall be rewarded with a pecuniary recompense for your kind consideration." Henry said "I'll do no such thing, I hired out to unhitch the horses and hobble them set up the tent and make the fire and wash your dishes and that is all I will do."

Scotty McNee came over from Scotland and went to work for Mrs. Moore, he was a sickly soul, not having one hair on his head and very pale, in fact, he was frail. Mrs. Moore put him out to herd bucks at half wages. He wore no hat and very little of anything else he didn't have to. He became sunburned and each day he grew more sunburned and stronger. That fall he had gained forty pounds and thought that he would like to herd a big band of sheep that winter. This he did, still wearing no hat or cap so he became known as the bare-headed Scotchman. He herded for Mrs. Moore for seven years, during this time he had gained his health, grown a full head of hair. He decided to go back to his old home in Scotland. He had not drawn his wages for five years. Mrs. Moore became disgruntled and spoke in unrefined words. Scotty said that was not ladylike to use those unrefined terms. She said "I'll use worse than that on you, you bareheaded boar ape." Then she sat down and cried because she had

lost a good friend and herder. Dave Hanner leased sheep from Bill Kyne and ran them on Dry Creek, Guy and Bill Hanner leased from Lynn, summered up on Shell Creek.

J. B. Oakie ran twenty bands of sheep, their headquarters was at Lost Cabin. He employed mostly Basque herders, as did the Padlock outfit after Lee Simonson bought out Rothwell. Simonson sold out to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, it is now one of the largest cattle outfits in Wyoming.

“Jumpy” Miller came back with Putney from New Mexico in 1920. Luke McNeil started in the sheep business in the 1920’s. Hugh Vass started in about this time. Arthur Hedgecock was in business before either, he wintered his herd of sheep on Ole Johnson Draw the vicious winter of 1919 and 20. He did winter his sheep on nothing but sage brush and cottonseed cake and most all of his sheep lived although there wasn’t any tallow on their ribs. Severe cold weather would require about a third of a pound of corn or cottonseed cake per head, that and the sage brush leaves would keep them alive. There is where the camp tender earned his keep. Perhaps have to go twenty miles to the store house or even to the railroad warehouses to get his load of feed. Some of these roads were just trails, so there was need for four horses to pull a ton of feed to the camp. Now that was go get a load of feed blizzard or not, when it is forty to sixty below zero and that’s not pleasure for man or beast.

“Buller” Baird was taking care of a bunch of lambs that were being wintered on the Big Horn River at the Woestenberg Ranch. A new young minister just out of college, was sent in to deliver services in these out lying areas. He held services in a school house, not far from “Buller’s” sheep wagon. A terrible blizzard came up suddenly so on one else ventured out but “Buller” and the minister. This being his first sermon, he had prepared what he thought to be a sermon that would be most impressive to any congregation. He delivered the sermon, sang several songs, and his prayers were heart warming. Buller sat thru it all, and on being asked what he thought of the services said “Parson, I don’t know much about preaching, which is my fault, but in this sheep business if I came out to the feed ground with a big load of hay and there would be only one sheep that came out to the feed ground, I sure wouldn’t give it the whole load of hay.” “Buller” invited the minister to his wagon to stay all night, so they blew out the kerosene lamps in the school house, bundled up in heavy coats, and with the light of a kerosene lantern, the minister, Buller and his two dogs took off in the black of a blizzard night for his wagon. A great and lasting friendship was started on that night of two people of very different backgrounds.

Jim Black, Red McCorkle, Lame Mike Gomez were herding for Dickie that same hard winter storm out on Fifteen Mile around the “Sucker Dam.” All of their sheep blew off that night and just kept drifting with the storm. The storm lasted three days and nights. These sheep all mixed up and kept following the leaders. Many a hole or cut gulch was filled with sheep until the ones following could just walk across. They lost 1400 head out of these three bands.

THE \$ KID

Mr. Dollar and the kid got tired of Texas hot weather night and day, we had heard about big bunches of sheep being trailed in and raised in Montana. They left Texas in April by train going to Kansas City, Omaha, and Billings. They heard of a job near Three Forks, Montana, and rode the Northern Pacific R.R. to Livingston, jobs were not too plentiful.

They were short of money and anxious to get on the job. They had advertised by mouth for a herding job. A man talked to them but was skeptical about feeding two mouths besides that was unheard of taking a 12 year old boy out in a camp. He could find no other so he gave us a ride to his camp. The sheep were poor, the camp was just a flat wagon box with bows and canvas covering. The door was just like tent flaps. We were glad that the winter was over. We were to be paid \$30 per month and our board. We had bought heavy shoes and slickers, added some blankets to our bed roll. We had an old fashioned coal oil lantern or a candle for a light. We had an old axe to cut firewood, always chopping enough before the sheep left the bed ground to fill the space inside the wagon behind the stove with wood. Nothing can be worse than coming in at night and no dry wood to start a fire. Chopping by moonlight or lantern can be painful for your toes.

Some green grass had started and not too much old grass so the sheep left the bed ground early, about sun up and if you think you can watch 3400 ewes go up the gulch, over this hill down and up another one. Nearly every herder would get a couple of boxes of hob nails to be driven in the soles of his shoes, you could walk along at night and see little flicks of light at every footstep when on rocks.

The coyotes were thick and hungry, we sure didn't want to feed them. A new herder and to let the coyote get a sheep a day wasn't good for your reputation. There was a few snow storms and wind. Wind at night and blowing snow caused us to have to sit up most of the night to hold the sheep on the bed ground. The grass had grown to where you could see a greenish tint to the ground by May fifth. Now I was to have my first experience at lambing, most ewes will take good care of their new born lamb, event to fighting a coyote or bob cat, if the coyote is not detected by the herders he will not give up easily, many times he grabs the lamb and goes off to his den, the ewe will stay around where she last saw her lamb for perhaps a day before she will leave the spot. Sometimes the predator gets both ewe and lamb. We were given saddle horses in order that we could get around faster. The herder now called the drop herder, holds the herd until all the ewes with lambs are sorted to one side and left at that location. The young lambs don't usually go far until they are three days old. The drop herder takes the remainder of the herd out to get something to eat. If the ewes have enough feed they may stop an hour or so in the afternoon, at this time more lambs are born and cut out and the drop herd moves on. These new lambs and ewes are watched to see that the lamb is able to suckle, if the lamb doesn't get the wax broken on the ewe's tit she will have to be caught and the lamb hand suckled. If a ewe won't let the lamb suckle or runs away from the lamb she is caught with a sheep hook (hook large enough to catch a sheep's leg and hold it.) This hook is put on the end of a 12-ft. handle, and that is a feat to get close enough to catch her. Then she will either be tied by a front leg to a brush or stake until she will

claim that lamb, it don't usually take long to make her claim the lamb when they are left all alone. If she still don't claim the lamb she will be tied to another brush or stake where there is some new feed. The idea of tying the ewe to a sagebrush is that she can eat some of the brush. All of these tied up ewes have to be looked at each morning and night.

As the lambs are old enough to travel short distances, the drops are bunched together in order to be better taken care of. The usual is when the bunch is enlarged to 200, a man will put up his teepee and be there to watch over them, being continually watchful for the predator. When the bunches are small, they are flagged or some use a red lantern or burning sulphur. Flagging is usually done by putting cloth or old clothing on sticks completely surrounding the little herd. Some outfits furnished sulphur which was burned or trees set on fire. I have heard a dirty pair of socks have saved more lambs than anything. That's a dual purpose, maybe it will rain and wash the socks so you can wear them again. So they can get dirty, to be hung on a stick again. If the socks last out the lambing, you will have a good crop of lambs, and all because you never had time to wash your feet.

The lambing usually lasted 40 days – 3400 ewes. After the first 20 days the hard work was over, we could get a little breather, there were five men in our crew, did our own cooking, if you had time to go in to camp, if not you just postponed a meal. Each week we would take a bunch of ewes and lambs to the docking corral where the lambs were castrated, earmarked, docked and branded, then when the lambs were healed up, all were put with the other docked lambs until all were in one or two bunches, ready for the shearing pens.

There were about 20 shearers, tried to shear 1500 ewes a day, we were at the pens for nearly a week on account of rain. Can't shear a wet sheep, besides the wool would mold. As each sheep was sheared the wool fleece was tied with cord and kicked out in an alley where it was picked up by the wool tosser and carried to the wool rack, where a sack 3 feet wide by 10 feet long was hung on a ring on the rack and the wool tromper would let 3 fleeces go in bottom of sack, then get down in the sack and then ask for four more fleeces, going around the sack packing it tight. Usually 30 to 40 fleeces would be packed in each sack. The shearers were paid 7¢ per head for each sheep sheared. A good shearer could shear 90 to 100 sheep per day, some weren't so good. Wool tosser was paid \$2.00 per day and the tromper \$3.00. Many nights the wool tromper could get cramps in his legs. Shearers were classed by some as the orneriest people on foot. Most sheep men would not stand for anyone cutting sheep with the shears, many shearers were asked to be more careful or they would have to leave their pen. There was usually a captain in every shearing crew, if they did good work they were asked to come back next year. The early day shearers did not travel far. Some were ranch hands or coal miners in the winters.

The herd was divided in two herds for the summer, so dad and I each had a herd of about 1700 ewes with lambs. Summer herding was easy, we had a horse, two dogs, and the sheep usually shaded up during the hot part of the day. The lambs grew fat as did the ewes. The only time the sheep were unruly was when we ran out of salt to feed them. All domestic animals go crazy for salt. The salt and food was brought to us by pack horses, each horse carrying about 150#. If a horse was mean and bucked off his pack, he would be reloaded, and with a heavier load. One horse bucked off 200# of salt so they loaded him down with 300#. That fixed him, all he did was to lay down, the packer put on 150#

and tied it down with a double diamond hitch. He was a good pack horse by the end of the season. The flies are of all kinds, nose flies to torment sheep, green heads and black horse flies eat on the horses, then the deer fly and house fly for man. The dogs sometimes have to go hide in the brush to get away from flies. There can be white frost each night but these flies survive.

We had a main tent camp, where we ate and stored salt and food, then each night we would set up our teepee and bed the sheep in a new location. The predators would have a feast if the sheep were not protected. That was ideal for target practice on live predators; we were visited by black bear, mountain lion and of course the ever present coyote and bob cat. When my dogs would growl at night, I could be sure a predator of some kind would be near, then you got up and looked into the darkness, fire a few shots and go back to bed.

The sheep would start feeding soon after daylight. I would stay with them until they had filled up, then go to the tent for my breakfast of oatmeal, fried mutton, and sour dough hot cakes. Bacon or ham was a delicacy. Some time during the summer we would have fog and rain, then the sheep would not settle down, so you drove them by the tent and had a quick breakfast. Would wonder if we had all of the sheep, listen for the different sounding bells was all you could do. After three or four days of fog and rain, I would never gripe about the sun again, even if it was ever so hot. The area was at about the 8000 to 9000 foot elevation, good stand of grass in little parks all kinds of wild flowers, flowering plants are very much to the sheep's liking. I have seen a flowered park before the sheep got there, then after they had gone it would be just green, never matter, that same park would be just as flowery next week. There was a lot of white mountain clover in the sparse timber. The sheep would go into the thick timber about 10:00 a.m., we would wonder if we would ever see all of them again, but when it was cool enough they would all come out again. Baa, baa, baa, we could hear that from the tent, and were ready to go with the herd until bed time. Sheep do not like to stay in the timber at night. Left to do almost as they please they will go to top of any ridge, the nights you salt them they will never leave the bed ground. The ground is licked by the many tongues to get that last drop of salt.

The days were getting shorter and there was ice on the water bucket by mid-August. Any moisture now would be the coldest of rains or snow, by September 5 the sheep would almost certainly head down country, so we would be ahead to turn them back for it was hoped another ten days. If you lost a little bunch they would go down the trail they had come up July 1. We would count the black's (usually 3 to the hundred) then the bells to see if there were any missing. Didn't dare to leave the herd to go look for the runaways, while you would be gone the whole bunch would head down country.

We would look for the packer until our eyes were sore, until he finally would come. That is the loneliest time of the year, you are the only human for 10 miles, everything is so still the wind don't even blow, the snow is about a foot deep and you have to cross a high ridge where you know the snow will be deeper. You have a notion to put your bed on your horse, put up a few sandwiches and let them go down country. Tomorrow we will go, but tomorrow is today and we are having a heavy snow, now I knew we should have gone down yesterday. About mid-afternoon the packer came, he said there was three foot of snow up on the ridge. His horses are tired, he can't turn them loose to graze, they won't stay at night, so they are tied to trees and we are all packed up ready to go in the morning snow or

shine. Well, it was still snow so we took all the horses to where the sheep were and broke a trail, if one sheep would start down in this trail they would all come. We went to the top of the ridge then back on the same trail. I got in behind the sheep and finally got a lead started, we crossed the ridges and down thru some timber, that was the end of the horse tracks. I went back to help the packer bring the tents, stove, etc. It was dark when we got back to the herd, they were in three feet of snow. We unpacked the horses, had to tie them again, poor beasts. If you think that is fun to be a packer in that circumstance, ropes wet and iced, ten froze stiff, horses ornery and the men the same. Sheep are eating bark off trees, horses haven't had anything to eat for 2 days. We have a hard time to get a fire started. Must be 10 o'clock before we have anything to eat. It is still snowing so we will skip breakfast and break more trail. We leave the tent and everything we don't need, and break trail over to another ridge which we can follow for ten miles. The sheep followed us so we had a long string of sheep, Baa! Baa! Baa! That was music just to know they were coming, it had stopped snowing so we turned off the trail where we could see a few spears of grass sticking up and hobbled the horses and set up the teepee and built a huge fire, dried our clothes right on us, that was good to feel dry again, and incidently, we got our stomachs filled. We never knew mutton tasted so good, we fried up a hind leg and ate all of it, just we two, then slept like logs. Next morning we ate another hind leg of mutton, threw the pack ropes in the fire to melt the ice, then pack up and left. The sheep were right behind us, we were now down to where the snow was only about a foot deep, the sheep could break their own trail and were hard to stop, had to night herd them to keep them from going. Killed another mutton, had a hind leg for supper and breakfast, all I had to do then was ride in the lead to held them back, we were all glad to get down in the foothills where there was only about 6 inches of snow. It still wasn't very comfortable, no stove or tent, just the teepee, so I had to have an outside fire to cook by. The packer rested the horses, then went back up and got the tent and stove and some food stuff we had left. I didn't envy him going back up there to get it, was glad when I saw him coming and could get in the tent again. We had all had enough of that snow. We were lucky we didn't lose anything but our good dispositions. These experiences are not forgotten easily, but anyone who has lived on the range knows nature can be very cruel at times, and try as we will, we get caught in similar circumstances again. After the first big snow the weather turned warm and the sheep were completely satisfied, easy time for the herders. The coyotes followed us down off the mountain and did come in and kill a fat lamb, maybe bite several more, if a sheep has been hit by a coyote enough to draw blood it will most often die within a week or two. I would like to have these conservationists actually see what a lone coyote can do to sheep or any young animal, wild or tame. I have seen a coyote catch a big fat ewe by the throat, for a time the sheep could run, jump, roll over, but that coyote hung on. As the sheep tired and relaxed, in that instant the coyote would get through to the wind pipe and start tearing flesh. The coyote would begin licking blood while the animal was breathing its last. I saw one ewe that had lost all the skin off its lower jaw, so had to be killed by the herder. Other sheep with a big patch of loose hide dangling exposing the rib cage. That was the day I left my rifle in camp. They do that same ting [sic] to the young, weak, or old, of wild game. By the same token the coyotes will gang up on a cow with a young calf (wild or domestic) the cow will chase one of the bravest of the coyotes, the other two will pounce on the calf just a matter of time until the calf is dead, soon to be a delicacy. Seeing some of these atrocities made us decide to try a hand at trapping. We left the Livingston area to go to Flathead Lake country around Polson, Mont. We used mostly the bait idea for coyotes and bobcats. Good coyote pelts were worth \$8.00, cats about \$6.00, then there

was \$1.00 state bounty, stockmen furnished us a place to live and in our case a horse and its feed. The sheepmen that didn't furnish the horse and feed put up \$100 per pelt. We had about 80 miles of trap line, so we were busy working each line every other day. In extreme cold days try to work them every day. A coyote caught one night will have the trapped foot frozen and will chew off the paws during the next night and be a three-footed predator, those are the bravest of coyotes, they cannot catch a rabbit or squirrel, so they raid sheep camps or live on fallen carcasses. They are trap shy, having had previous experience with the steel trap. If a three-legged coyote gets started on your sheep, only the hound or the rifle will stop his urge to eat sheep. We were urged to use our talent in many areas. If we could find a normal kill by coyotes that was ideal for a trap set. Maybe the original killer would not return but another coyotes would come for a tasty bone or scrap. We did well at trapping until late February, when the sun warmed the ground in day time and froze the traps open, and would not spring when the pan was pressed down. The fur would begin to shed with the coming of warm days, then we went to the lakes and streams to set the same No. 4 traps for beaver, mink and otter. Those sets required as much care as coyote trapping, only we didn't have to cover as much country. March 20 we decided to go back to Gardiner, Montana, and try to get a job with the sheep again. We were known so were soon put to work to build some fence. The ground was rocky and frozen in many places, we did manage a few miles of fence before lambing time. Being 13 years old I could easily handle the drop herd, I could out run my dogs at times, but the sheep never lived that I couldn't outrun if it neede [sic] to be caught. I could catch a big ewe, but not necessarily stop her. She sometimes let me down in cactus or thorns, we live and learn. The old grass was short that spring and not much new grass so we had to let the sheep spread out a lot. The few lambs that were born during the day were left behind and I had a roll of red cloth, try to get two or three ewes with lambs together and tie red flags on brush, anything to try to keep the predators away. If the sheep would stop at noon we would have a new bunch of lambs to leave behind. Someone would come to these small bunches later to bunch more together or flag them better. We made a good lambing, 85%, that was good those days. We each got a herd for the summer, my bunch went south of Gardiner, Montana, near the Yellowstone Park boundary. Sometimes I wish I could go back up in there to see if I would remember the lay of the land. This was good sheep range, a lot of open country, some small lakes and creeks. All had the native speckled trout. My fishing outfit was a short willow pole. Couldn't find a long straight willow in that whole country. I did have some fish cord but no leaders and a plain hook, now to catch a few grasshoppers. I never caught more fish than I could use that day. Eat fish every day for a week, then we would really relish mutton for about the same length of time. The boss gave my packer a new set of horses to break to pack, you can load them down with 150# of salt in 50# sacks. He had to tie up a hind leg on each one every time he packed up, generally they were tired when they got to their destination so he could unload them without much trouble. He had to move my camp this trip so he took two of the easiest managed horses to pack the tent and stove and food supply. All was well until the stove rattled (it was made of tin), then the horses really made a mess of all the flour, coffee, bacon, pots and pans. That night we had flour, coffee and bacon soup. I wouldn't let him try to pack my bed and teepee, didn't relish sleeping in a bunch of ribbons and rags the rest of the summer, so I loaded it on my pony and had it all intact into my new camp. This packer was a good horseman, never fought his horses. Some men would tie the horse up to a tree and try to beat him into subjection with a club or rocks. When this packer was finished tying on the packs, he would lead this horse out tied to his saddle horn and let him try to buck the pack off, if the

pack stayed on, he would try another and so on until all had been roughed out, then tie this one to the one in front, head to tail until they were all tied in, then go on his way. It usually took a half hour to get them going. When he first started out one horse pulled back, hurt the front horses tail, if you tie them up short and solid I have heard of but one instance where the tail was pulled out by the roots, and that was in a ten horse pack string. When all of the pack horses pull back at once, you go back with them. On these switchback trails it is much better to turn the pack horses loose, many a horse has been jerked down and caused the other pack horses to cut corners and roll down in a pile. Now there is where a packer has a job, untangling and getting the horses on their feet again, many a bent can has been reloaded, many a horse has been skinned up to where it was pitiful to see them have to be packed again that soon, but the herder and sheep are hungry so you have to load up and go again. Now this doesn't happen to everyone, but it has happened to some, the more careless or inexperienced you are the more trouble.

We brought the sheep off the Forest Reserve September 10, looked and felt like snow, we had been through one storm on the high mountains last year and that was lesson Number 1, not to get caught up there like we did last year. When we got down on the home range and put the herds through the dipping vats, the government sent out their sheep inspector. If your sheep had scab it was to owners good to have all herds dipped twice a year. This was a nasty job, a wooden or cement vat was built about 60 feet long, 2 feet wide and 10 feet deep. Put the sheep in the big pens, sort off smaller bunches and run or push them up a chute, the man at the head of the chute would grab the sheep by the tail end and push them head first into the vat. The dip was a nicotine solution usually called (black leaf 40). It was foul smelling. Both men and beasts fought against going back through a dipping vat. We had crew enough to put a big band of sheep through in one day, the poor sheep would be prodded or completely immersed in the liquid and it would take them a minute or so to swim down to the far end where they could touch their feet to solid board walk and go up into the drainingpens [sic] where they would stay until the dip had quit dripping. All of this drainage ran back into the vat to be used on other sheep. There were usually two men that stood by the vat, and holding on to a 14-foot handle would push the sheep under a couple of extra times. If a sheep became strangled they could hook the sheep under its neck and hold the head out of the dip, sort of drag it along until it could get out and up the ramp. Sometimes we would have to get down in there and drag the sheep to dry flooring.

When we were through dipping the boss asked us if we would trail a bunch of dry sheep to Hardin from White Sulphur Springs area in Montana. There were over 4800 head of mixed ewes and wethers, they were a sight to see when they left the bedground. At first the herd was in a tight bunch, after the first mile they were spread out fan shape getting wider each minute. I would have to work the one side in, then the other, took a lot of hot footing to keep them all going east. This Mussellshell River country is a stockman's paradise, but we didn't have time to admire the country too much. We tried to average over five miles per day. On a cool cloudy day we could have made ten miles, but on hot sunny days the sheep would stop about 10 or 11 o'clock and just stand in tight groups, seems they all wanted to get their head out of the sun, but close examination, the nose flies were bothering them. They would stand this way until about 3 o'clock, very few would lie down. We passed within shouting distance of Harlowtown after passing through the Judith Basin and Judith Gap. We were not always welcome to

come into the river so the sheep could drink, had to give away a few mutton to get to water. Two days was the most these animals could do without a drink. They were hard to manage when they were hot and thirsty, beat them in the face with your jacket and they would run in behind you. We followed the river to Lavina, then headed south and east getting in to Pompey's Pillar where we crossed the Yellowstone by ferry. We were three days crossing the Yellowstone River, sheep had lots of water but no feed, had to night herd both bunches one on each side of the river. When all sheep were on the south side of the river we all were glad to move on. The sheep may have walked the 160 miles but I believe I walked 400 miles to see that they were headed in the right direction. We were 35 days on the trail and I wore out seven sets of hob nails, with out the hob nails I would have worn out four pairs of shoes. We then decided to go back to Texas for the winter. It was good to be where it was warm, but then again I missed these old mountains and the clear pure water in the creaks [sic] and the clear blue skies, couldn't see over a half mile down here on their clearest day.

So we decided to go to Meeteetse, Wyoming, we had heard there were quite a number of sheep outfits in this country. We came to Thermopolis on the Burlington, we took a few hot baths from that stinking sulphur water, smelled like over age eggs, to put it mildly. The only buildings over on the east side of the river from Thermopolis was the State Bath House and a log building put up by Dr. Jewell of Shoshoni. Martin McGrath ran a general store and hardware store combined. We then took the stage, horse drawn. The old stage route went along the same route as Wyoming Hiway No. 120. The stage was owned by John Faust. Jim Mount was our driver. We changed horses at the McCumber crossing on Owl Creek, then changed horses again at Ilo, on Grass Creek, which was run by Ed Guinn, then on to Meeteetse, 12 to 15 hours. Meeteetse was the largest town in the Big Horn Basin at that time. Had a drug store owned by Dr. Bennett, two banks, one run by Angus McDonald, Hogg and Cheesman [sic], the other by R. J. McNally, two hardware stores, Benbrooks and Bowman, Weller Hotel, one lumber yard, four restaurants, several tent hotels, Huett, McGuire, Peoples, Weller, Rivers, Morton, seven saloons, one millinery shop, two mercantile stores, one Chinese laundry.

Freight wagons were coming in with merchandise daily, local outfits going out. Meeteetse had three stage lines, from Red Lodge, Montana, to Thermopolis, to Kirwin and to Cody that came in every other day. Kirwin was dying down from their peak mining years, early 1900. Mines worked 1500 men at the peak. Kirwin was abandoned soon after this. Mr. and Mrs. Tewksberry stayed a few years and ran a general store, patronized by sheep men who ran their sheep up in that country, and a clean up crew from the mines. There was just one pocket of gold and some silver, reports were the \$5 million worth of ore was taken out. George Renner came in from their headquarters on Gooseberry, the Renner Sheep Co. and bought the Miller, McCoy ranch a few years previous. He wanted herders so we hired out to him. They were running seven big bands of ewes besides their wether and yearling herds. They took me down Gooseberry and gave me a herd of wethers, 5000 head. They had run the legs off a Micky Mike, the old feed was short and some new grass was shooting up, and these wethers would leave early and be on the run, so we moved over to a straight Salt Sage country on Fifteen Mile. These wethers had left the bed ground a few times when Mike was with them, took a few night to break them from leaving. Rough them up good with the dogs, make them believe you are going to kill them, main things was to let them spread out and feed all day, don't let them trail around. When they go out in the morning go up

and stay in the lead if a lead starts some other way go over there. The winter had been severe, 1909 and 1910 was called the hard winter of "1909 and 10" by the stockmen for years afterward. That was the year Pete Brotherson and the stage driver Jimmy Wooten were both found frozen to death. The temperature was never above zero during December and January (-55°). There were a lot of dead sheep and cattle found that spring after the snow had melted. I met a one-legged fellow by the name of Guinup. He had a wagon and team and was gathering wool off these dead sheep. He would get about half price for fallen wool. I think wool was selling at this time for 15 or 16¢ per pound. We stayed down in this lower country until it was hot and dry, then went into the Y. U. on the Greybull River to Skear. We stayed out south of the river until the lambing was over, then they gave me two thousand dry ewes, and started over to the Indian Reservation, South Fork of Owl Creek and over to the head of Crow Creek. Had lots of room and good grass, bedded the sheep about one night in a place, did have some coyote trouble. The one thing I liked about a dry herd of sheep, you could move them five miles and none of the sheep would want to run back. Now with a bunch of young lambs, they will run back to the starting point to find their mothers if not checked. We had a good summer up there, the country was not too high so we stayed until in October. That was a sight to see all those animals spread out and all going one way to the dipping pens on Billy Steele's range. That was the biggest herd that had ever come into the dipping pens. I had no horse, just me and two good dogs, when the dogs couldn't get around them I would hot foot it until I got around them. I was almost as good as the fellow who took a bunch of ewes and lambs out and ran into a few jack rabbits. Said he had a hard time keeping those long eared lambs in the bunch.

We helped take the wethers to Cody to be loaded out for market in Omaha. We stopped in Cody for a couple of days, got some new clothes from Davy Jones, and especially some good shoes. Might as well get some winter wear clothes as I had been promised a herd for the winter. When we got back to Renners we had to work several bunches of sheep, switch the lambs from this bunch to the next in order that they would be weaned and give the ewes a chance to pick up weight before winter came. They took me out to Deer Creek to herd Jack Hughes lay off. Jack was real neat and clean so I had no dirty outfit to clean up. Not so with all of the herders. You could smell the herder before you could smell the sheep. Dirty Pete took sick so they took him to Dr. Bennett. Well, they peeled clothes off of him, all fall before they got down to his hide, by that time Pete was well. Pete ordered \$100. Worth of clothes from Montgomery Ward to keep him from freezing that winter. Jeff Starkey opened up a barber shop in Meeteetse, and was a man of high morals, but that didn't keep him from pulling pranks on any unsuspecting souls that happened to come his way.

Al Sandberg came in from herding, had a full face of whiskers and shaggy head of hair, asked for the works, haircut and shave (75¢). Jeff Cut his hair O.K., then shaved one side of his face and said "quitting time", "I've got to go to supper." Al raved and threatened but he left and locked the shop, once out on the street there was a mob that said they would protect Jeff so he may as well come into Huett's saloon and Al could buy the round of drinks, that half shave cost Al \$50. He soon forgot about the half shave, but remembered it the next morning when his head ached so bad. But Al was one of the bunch after that, if that was any consolation.

A travelling man came into Jeff's shop and wanted a shave, the winks went around and Jeff said, "You are the next S.O.B.", to the traveler. He got in the chair and was lathered and steamed, Jeff took an old razor and went over to the stove pipe and was whetting the razor. The traveler decided he wanted none of that kind of razor treatment so he jumped out of the chair and ran into the street. There was a bunch watching so he was asked to buy the rounds of drinks. Sometime after this episode "Soapy" came to town, got shaved, shorn, and some new clothes and had a new hat set on the side of his head. A horse buyer stopped and inquired about horses that would pass army specifications. He hadn't had any luck until Soapy came up and said "I understand you are looking for some good horses," he had made a study of what kind of a horse suited the U.S. Cavalry, and he believed he had just what the Cavalry needed. Soapy had been out looking over his horse herd and the banks were closed, could he draw a couple of hundred dollars on the strength of his horse herd. Of course, Soapy, the Army buyer and all the gang around Meeteetse had a real blow out. Soapy had a bad hangover so he didn't get up very early. The buyer inquired around at the banks and found out Soapy had no such herd of horses. Of course the buyer was indignant to say the least, and demanded that Soapy be brought to justice. The town turned out enmasse [sic] to raise all of the money Soapy had drawn on account to be paid back to the buyer. Some said Soapy could talk himself out of the devil's den and I believe it. There was only one Soapy, and I believe they lost the pattern for another like him.

Renners owned or controlled all of the head of Gooseberry, having bought out the Mantles and Mrs. Josh Deane's holdings. Renners had lots of range, at least a knowledge of good range from the Greybull River to Crow Creek and they used it for their 8 bands of ewes and 2 yearling bands and a band of bucks. Ad Renner had been married a few months before he and his wife were going to Meeteetse by way of Iron Creek. A real cloudburst caught them about the Lone tree bedground, they decided to hurry on into town. The road crossed Iron Creek several times. At this one crossing they drove into the turbulent waters, this water was half mud but vicious. The creek just swallowed them, buggy, team and all. Henry Doores was following them on a saddle horse. The bodies were found after the flood had run itself out half buried in the mud. Anyone who has ever seen an Iron Creek flood has witnessed a dirty mess, same way with all other creeks and gulches. The Renners had crossed these creeks no matter when, except this one bad accident. Other team traffic waited for the floods to run down, so sat on the banks and waited it out. There have been times in other people's lives that food and lodging was just on the other side of a muddy stream on a rampage. The water in these streams, if picked up in a bucket, will settle half clear water, half mud. We had to use this water to drink after it had settled a bit. Really get sand in the biscuits if you use the muddy water too soon.

I herded Jack's layoff then had to take Lee Rocker's herd while he went to town for his blowout. These men would be frugal with everything until they hit town, some never even took the trouble to get their appearances changed, got louped [sic] the first 15 minutes after they hit the saloon. They would buy the drinks for everyone and stay louped [sic] as long as their money lasted. They then would try to borrow more, maybe get knocked down and rug out the back door to freeze during winter or roast on summer days. Lee did this about as well as anyone and for all the years of his life. Had to scrape extensively on his wagon to get it livable. Be glad when I would get a wagon that I would use steadily. We were camped at the Lone Tree bedground [sic] on Rooster Creek, good country. At this time there

came a man from the old sod (Ireland) by the name of A. O'Donahue, he could recite poetry or prose by the ream and did to all who would listen. He was employed for a time by the New York Times, but he and John Barleycorn became "bosom pals" this was his quite. He made up a song about himself, thus:

They tell the tale of a newspaper man
The girls were pretty and the booze was fine.
Now he's herding sheep in Wyoming.

He worked for a time for John Patton in the Thermopolis Record newspaper office, but always he had to have his fling until they wouldn't have him around anymore. He went out to herd for Steele Bros., and of course it took two men to keep his sheep rounded up for him, he was reprimanded severely by his boss. So O'Donahue fired back, "Tis a man from the old sod you are interrogating thusly with those derogatory statements."

Doores sent Dutch Nick out to move the Dollar Kid down on Buffalo Creek, Lee came back from Meeteetse real sick and broke flatter than a pancake. Doores made up a band of yearling ewes so they put the Dollar Kid out with them. These sheep were from several different herds, so they had to be broken to the Dollar kid's way of herding. Every herder has some different version of how his sheep should act, main thing was to take an interest to see that they were in good feed and not let them trail too much. The way to do that latter was to stay up in the lead and just let them walk slowly forward. Nick pulled the Kid down in Grass Creek Basin, watered the sheep above the "Dutch" John Pinkerton place. That was Dickie territory, but the Kid stayed in there and held his own with Jim Black on one side and Ed Waters on the other. The Kid had two good dogs so when one herd was thrown at him, the dogs rounded the sheep up and started them back in a hurry. Soon got all the good feed, so Nick pulled the wagon down in the Ilo breaks, it was the same old story now he had the Rankine Brothers herd on one side and Doc Greene and Ed Guynn on the other. Next move was over on Blue Ridge, then he had Carlson and Sandberg with two herds and several Padlock bunches. Stayed in there all the rest of the winter, then pulled over into Fifteen Mile country on Salt Sage while the grass was starting to green up. There was a lot of the Bud Sage, and at this particular time this sage is very good feed for sheep. That spring we pulled back up country to Iron Creek to lamb, that was an ideal Spring. Sun shone in the morning and some showers of rain in the afternoon. After lambing, Nick pulled the "Kid" into the shearing pens that was the first week in June. When the shearing was done Nick pulled the wagon up to Mormon Creek where they stayed until time to go to the mountains, about July 5. Bert Avery was Forest Ranger and was camped up at the counting pens on the stock trail near the head of Enos Creek. That was a busy area. Each band of sheep were wanting to be first up the trail while there was good feed. Sometimes they even had fights to see who was first, if a herd ever pulled off the trail next herd back would see his change and be ahead, and if he didn't hurry back on the trail two or three herds would go past. Many of these sheep men had been up in these areas before the Forest Reserve was set up and you beat the others to your favorite spot. The Kid (I think it was Nick who started that nick name) was headed for East Fork of the Wind River, that was a high rocky permit, about half the ground was solid rock where no grass could grow. Those days you teepeed [sic] out with the sheep every night. The Forest Service wasn't so particular those days, you could bed the sheep up on a rocky ridge for a week or so at a time. There wasn't a dozen bites of grass on forty acres of those rocks. A lot of this country was

about 9000 feet above sea level and there was frost about every nite all summer long. Sheep didn't need much water on account of the tender grass, but if thirsty could go to a snow bank. There is always a snow bank somewhere on this permit even today. Come off of that mountain with some good fat lambs that fall. Society Red was herding for Dickie and he forgot to get up one morning, let his sheep go and they mixed with the Kid's bunch. Nothing to do now but let them go down in one big bunch, that was a sight, about 5000 ewes and lambs in one herd. Allen Edmonton had been up on what is now called MacGregor Park, he was behind with his bunch. Mac was herding and very much displeased with being held up, there were twelve herds behind him. Edmonton was newly married, had taken up a homestead just east of Billy Steele's place on Middle Creek. Whiskers Baird was running the Steele Bros. sheep and had a good set of corralls so Nick got permission to cut the herds straight at his pens, run them through the dodge gate, yours go this pen, mine go this pen until all are separated. That didn't do anything for the weight of those lambs, jamming them through those gates and chutes, and not getting out to good feed for two days. This made extra work for Nick so none of us were too happy. So like Joe McGill said that evening "take a teaspoon of harmony to quell the discord." He had to do something to get these men in good form so he could sell them some new clothes. He took orders for woolen garments and just about every weather element clothing. Sun came out next day and all was forgotten, but not to forgive Society Red.

Goldtooth McDonald and Lee Rooker were real thirsty when they came off the mountain, so landed in Meeteetse for a lay off. After a few drinks they became quarrelsome and started fighting with "Handsome Harry" and Laughin' Smithie. So Graham Morton took them off to the "Crowbar" Hotel for the night then locked the door. That little old cement building with iron bars, housed many an unruly soul during its lifetime in Meeteetse. That was a real riot when they gave a cowpuncher and sheepherder lodging at the same time. Every time Peggy Nolan came to Meeteetse, Morton would shine up the lock on the door and be ready. Nolan never failed to take up lodging there. Let him out in the morning and he would be back in there that night. There were three times yearly that the herders took lay offs, in the spring after lambing, in the fall after they came off the mountain and at Christmas time.

The kid had short arms and sewed extra deep pockets in his pants, he never could reach the cash he dropped in the pockets, so he always had something to show for his year's work besides lodging tickets in the "Crowbar" Hotel or making the Huetts, McGuires, Weller, or Peep rich in the saloon business. There were many celebrations that were attended by the fairer sex along with their husbands. One such meeting was held in the Emory Hotel in Thermopolis, the "Sheep Queen" attended, along with her husband. She did not wear fancy frilly dress of her more refined sisters and could talk of none of the finery that ladies talk about. She sort of ostracized herself when she spoke about how much wool a good sheep should shear, and how worthless these herders were that wanted to work for her. Mrs. Moore had a name for these same ladies, she would address them as "velvet-pawed kittens" with sharp claws. She and her family were in Rome and on going to see the Coliseum, declared "Throw a few logs in that gap, make a good sheep corrall." She wanted so much to have her daughter major in voice. She engaged a tutor in an Eastern Musical Conservatory, the man gave up trying to teach her to sing, so he said, "Mrs. Moore, your daughter has no talent." "Don't make any difference, order two or three of

them things, I can pay the bill!" So she always sat in the lobby with the men and talked sheep and grass, that was her life.

She at one time had ten bands of sheep, and she ran her business for the most part alone, telling each camp tender where to pull this or that wagon and band of sheep. Some of these toughs burned her wagons and shot her sheep and horses so she got a long barreled 303 Savage rifle and did a little shooting of her own. Some say she drilled holes in a couple of black hats, many a night she sat up next to a rock where she could watch for anyone who came to molest her stock or herders. She swore vengeance against Mexican herders, after one experience. She bought a few purebred Lincoln ewes and intended to raise her own bucks. She lambded them early and intended they would go with Sunday Pete's herd for the summer. She didn't see this herd for a month, but on coming to the camp found a big lamb hanging in a tree. She was really riled at this sight so she hunted "Sunday Pete", and he said "Rabeets in tree,". "Rabbit, my eye, did you eat all my prize lambs?" "Si Senora, no eata the lamb, no herds the sheep." She took a couple of shots at his feet and said afterwards she sure run some of that grease off that "Greazer".

About this time one of the Butterfield herders was found deathly sick in his camp. His camp tender had been with Colonel Torry in the Cavalry and had administered to soldiers in need. He had no medicine of any kind and the doctor was a hundred miles away, no chance to leave this man and get the doctor. So he decided this sick man needed an enema. His ingenuity was not lacking, the herder had a long barreled [sic] 45-90 rifle. The camp tender put the barrell in place and filled the barrell with water, then he put a cloth on the cleaning rod end and forcefully injected the water into the sick man's system. After a few doses of that gun barrell the herder decided to get well and he did just that. You guessed it, he was nicknamed "Gun Barrell Parker."

Weary Willie was herding for Bill Dickie and was camped west of Schuster Flat. Bill had to go to Worland for a load of supplies, well he got the supplies and of course got a couple of gallon jugs of whiskey. He always said he kept it around in case of a bad cold or snake bites. This was the hard winter of 1912, George B. True (Negro) had a homestead on Gooseberry and had hired out to drive Dave Dickie around to his different sheep camps to get first-hand knowledge as to the sheep's condition. Bill Dickie had one of the best teams of horses that ever was used in this country, "Buck" and "Dolly". They had left the road and were heading across country to the camp when Dave Dickie and True saw the tracks in the snow. Following up they overtook Bill. He was sound asleep in the bottom of the wagon. Dave jumped out of his buggy and hollered "Whoa" to the team, got up in Bill's wagon and found the two jugs of whiskey, and broke them over the wagon wheel. George True was aghast, had he known Dave's intentions he would have been first in Bill Dickie's wagon and saved the whiskey for himself. He said, "Mr. Dickie, that's highway robbery to break a man's whiskey like that." Dave said True was the most unpleasant black man he had seen, all the rest of the trip. Bill Schuster came from New York to seek fortune, he took up a homestead in the middle of what is now known as "Schuster Flat", west of Worland. He was a batchelor [sic] and he took orders for food supplies, clothing, yard goods, you name it, he would take an order. He came to Dirty Pete's wagon one night and stayed with him. He hadn't been used to filth, that extensively. So he tried to interest Pete in some good soap. Pete was very congenial, ordered new clothes and of course some good strong soap. When the order came Schuster

delivered the same to Pete at his sheep wagon. Soap and Pete had been strangers up to this time. Schuster advised Pete how to use the soap in his bath and laundry. Pete had been used to putting on clean clothes over the top of the ones he was wearing. Pete melted a bug [sic] of snow water, put in a bar of soap and stirred his clothes around in the suds, smelled so good he took his bath, too. Pete never bothered to rinse himself or his clothes in clear water. He put the soapy clothes on his soapy body and soon he was on fire, he thought. That was the last time he ever tried soap. He herded for years in that area but he said Schuster's soap would dissolve a woolen blanket so he never used it again. The Dollar Kid had herded up on Fatman mountain all winter, it had been a steady cold and his band had thrived better than most because he had a young bunch of sheep. They pulled up to Iron Creek to lambing grounds. Roy Shoupe, "Dutch" Nick and the Kid lambed out the herd and did their own cooking. After lambing they pulled in to shear, then went up to Mormon Creek to wait to go to the Forest Reserve, that year Jack Jones parked the outfit over to East Fork of Wind River to summer. That was a good summer. Jack was good company and would herd and let the kid go fishing. That was a grand place, catch plenty of fish then bury them in a snow bank, keep like in a refrigerator. Came down that fall with 60 pound lambs. Went back down in the Fifteen Mile country for the winter. After lambing that spring the Kid decided he would try ranching so he went into Meeteetse and hired out to O. B. Mann to help put up hay. O. B. sent him out with a young team to rake hay, he did all right as long as he was in the field, when the boss rang the dinner bell, the Kid started in but by a different route than he came out in the morning. Now on this route there was a gate in the fence, this rake is a contraption about 10 feet wide used to gather hay and leave it in rows. What they didn't tell the Kid was that this gate was only nine feet wide and the rake was ten feet wide. The Kid was watching one wheel and the other hit the post. The tongue cracked and away went the team dragging the rake crossways, well the Kid fell off but hung on to the lines until he lost about all of his clothes. That sure skinned the Kid up shameful, O. B. came out and caught the team and gave the kid his time. To this day he hasn't figured out how you get a ten foot rake through a nine foot gate.

The Kid went back to Doores and got his bunch of sheep and he and Tom Upton went to Bear Creek for the summer. The next summer Tom Upton packed him up to the head of the Greybull River. All of these camps in this area are in high country where there is some snow that never completely melted before the new snows came. That is where you wear woolen clothing all summer long. Freezing or frost nearly every night, and inch of ice on your canvas water bucket nearly every night. All kinds of flies, just about pest you beyond endurance during the middle of the day. The Kid would always kill a mutton in the cool of the evening after the flies had holed up, then at first break of day take the carcass from its cooling spot, usually hanging on the limb of a tree, put the meat in a wool sack and hang it in deep shade during the days, taking great care to hang it in a tree each night as long as it lasted. That was the aging and refrigeration process followed by all sheep herders.

O'Donahue had attempted to give a lecture to some ladies club. His subject matter was not exactly to their liking so they snubbed him. Later he heard that these ladies were excellent horse women. He could not forgive, so he said "When feminine pulchritude was given out they got very little, in fact, the looks on their faces would scare any bronc into absolute submission." Patton was a wizard

with words, so O'Donahue was a sizable thorn in his abdomen in the field of high falutin' words. Paton described O'Donahue thus: "Oversized word man with an undersized cerebellum".

Bill Murdock leased the two bands of ewes from "Jock" Brown and ran them during the summer on Lake Creek and the head of Cottonwood Creek, wintering down on lower Fifteen mile. Alex Leiper ran two bands of ewes, summering near Kirwin and wintering on Fifteen Mile. Tony Foxtton was a regular herder for Leiper. Big Albert Myers was a stalwart herder weighing over 200 pounds. He once told Leiper "you go to town and get me some good grub or I'll eat all of your mutton." "Thirty day Peter was a jovial fellow, well for the first ten days he worked he could get along with just about nothing to eat or wear, the next ten days he would suggest the boss bring him some staple articles of food and clothing, but the last ten days even Tea Garden jam wouldn't satisfy him. He raved to the camp tender that he wanted his wagon moved over about ten feet south, that being done it still didn't suit him, but he waited until the camp tender had unharnessed his horses, then he demanded that the wagon be moved back near the original spot. Needless to say, there were two people with a big grouch. Pete said if you don't move that wagon back you can't stay here tonight, so the camp tender harnessed up again and was about all night getting back to headquarters. Anyway, he didn't have to move Pete's wagon. Next day Pete brought the sheep in and said he was ready to go to town. Every sheepman was wise to Peter, never needing him to work only for a short period. Alabama Bob was a character, he would leave his sheep and walk five miles to head off some one he had seen with aid of field glasses, try to get them to come to his wagon and give them a meal, he always knew all the news but could neither read or write a word. Bill Chesney was a good sheep man and usually was a camp tender. He worked mostly for Steele Bros. on Middle Creek. It was here that he was struck by a bolt of lightning. He had been on the high mountains for many years where the lightning is terrifying, just a flash and a crash, sounds are magnified a hundred times when you are alone up there in one of these severe storms. Adam Weiss worked for Joe Winner he was the one who really had the short arms and deep pockets. He herded for seven years without ever going to town, said he robbed the scare crows of old clothes left on sheep bed grounds. He bought a thousand head of old ewes from Winner and went over to Gooseberry and into a partnership with Henry Hillberry. Henry furnished the range and Adam Weiss the sheep. It was here that Weiss spent another seven years with very few times that he could afford to go to town. He was a jovial story teller, and was the life of any party he attended. Adam nicknamed Henry "the vest pocket camp tender", anything that Henry couldn't get in his vest pocket just wasn't meant for Adams camp.

At last Katie came from Germany and she and Adam were married in Ohio. She soon dissolved the partnership of Hillberry and Weiss, she shook her fist under Henry's nose when he objected to her way of each partner taking a half of each age group of their bunch of sheep. Katie herded while Adam moved the wagon. She trailed the sheep while Adam led the pack string. "Soapy" said he happened to be near their camp on Steer Creek, came on what he thought were bear tracks. He followed and they led right into Katie's tent. He thought, poor people, the bear has devoured them by now. Peeking through the tent flap, he saw Katie lying on her bed asleep, her feet bare. He had been tracking Katie. When Katie heard this tale she was furious, needless to say Soapy stayed over on the other side of the ridge away from Katie after that. That was one time Soapy was at a loss for words. One day Soapy was

going to help Ketchum kill a beef at the Dickie ranch. Soapy was also known as the crosseyed kid, one eye always looked in the wrong direction. Soapy took aim, so Ketchum said "Hold on, Soapy, which eye are you using for the beef?" Soapy said he used both eyes, so Ketchum said "I'm getting out of here, that one eye's looking in my direction."

There was one Mahaffey on the Dickie pay roll whose particular job it was to feed and care for a few mangy coyotes. These coyotes would later be turned loose to infest the healthy coyotes on the range, a mangy coyote will not live through a winter, this was one method of controlling the coyote population in those days. The trapper was a very necessary person in the control of predator animals. A prime coyote pelt those days would sell for three to six dollars per pelt, and there was a State bounty of one dollar, then the sheepmen would band together to put up another dollar. Ketchum was a hound man, he had sheep on lease from Dickie, but someone would do his chores if he would go around the country and catch either the coyote or the bobcat. He had both the trail hound and the greyhound or staghound, this writer has ridden with Ketchum and his hounds, that was real fun to have a good fast horse and race along and be there to watch the kill, also to get in there and kick the dogs away before they tore up the hides. One time Ketchum took "Whiskers" Baird along and the dogs treed a bobcat in a small cottonwood tree. Ketchum told Baird to climb up the tree and shake the bobcat off of the tree limb. Baird got up there near the cat, who spit and growled and all its fur stuck straight up. Baird looked at the cat and hollered down to Ketchum, "If you want this cat, come up and get him, I haven't lost any cats." Ketchum went up the tree and shook the cat out where it fell in the midst of a dozen dogs. They made that cat short-lived, but not without the cat leaving a lot of long claw marks on the dogs. Ketchum never missed an opportunity to play a trick on anyone. Henry Hudson and "Little" Ford came to work for Renner. Now there came a man from Germany, he claimed of nobility and would vociferously acclaim his name as Carl, Charles, Henry, DeFerdinand Von Schill. He went to work for the Padlock and herded the one summer. Came down to the dipping pens, he had neither shaved nor shorn, in fact, he hadn't even bathed all summer, had acquired a long barrellled [sic] six shooter and ammunition belt full of cartridges. When Rothwell saw him, said, "The idea of a man running around at this day and age looking like that. So he fired "Shilly", we heard he went over around Rock Springs and worked for Moynahans.

"Two Dog Jack" herded for Winner for years, he would settle for no more, no less dogs around him. Then there was "four eyed Jack" he was cross eyed and wore corrective glasses. He was trying to be a six gun expert, sat on his horse while it was eating grass, aimed the gun at a rabbit directly in front of the horse, at the inopportune moment the horse threw up its head and was shot between the ears. Of course, the horse fell dead and rolled on its side, pinning Jack's leg under him, he had a trying time to get out from under the horse. It was said he never touched a revolver after that.

"Lame Mike" used to herd for Dickie as did Jim Andrews, John Farqueson, John Salazar, "Frenchy" LeTeau", "French Pete" used to cook in the lambing camps. George MacKenzie came from Scotland to work for Steele Bros., he was noted for his ability to play the Bagpipes. When camped in the Fifteen Mile area, he would march over to another camp and play a few tunes. It was said the Bagpipes on a still night could be heard for miles. Many a lonely night was spent listening to George and the Pipes.

A brother, Donald MacKenzie came over from Scotland after the World War I and started herding, spent the rest of his working days with the sheep, he was one of the hardiest of men that ever worked in Wyoming. He was one man who could burn up all of his wood during the evening, then have to get out and chop more wood for fuel before he could have his porridge cooked for breakfast. He could recite Shakespeare by the ream and read and quoted from the Bible, at large. He always said he was fearful religious, and I believe him. But somehow John Barleycorn could get him off the track, and he could go through a years wages in a few days in town. He was always good natured and very faithful to his work, and did nothing but follow a bunch of sheep around all of his life after he entered the State of Wyoming. He was also an accomplished "Bag Piper", most always kept a set of the Pipes in his camp. "Free Thinkin' Ben" Anderson was another who followed the "wooly monsters" around several years, he could quote Freud, Upton Sinclair, Eugene V. Debbs. Ben came into the Big Horn Basin and lived with the Vince Boots of Thermopolis. When he was fourteen years old he went out with the Geological Survey and was chain man for Utterback Civil Engineers who ran this permanent survey over the entire Big Horn Basin. Ben was a faithful worker, no matter what job. Ben and Donald herded side by side at times and it was funny to see them, each try to give the other reading material.

The Kid gave up a job to go into the army and spent two years in France during World War I. He was stationed in and around Nice, and often spoke of being billeted in the natives homes, and how well they were treated by the ladies of the house. It may be very simple living but the hospitality made up for any loss of convenience. The Kid came back and continued to work for Renner Sheep Co., and many of his old associates had been there all during the war and stayed on many years afterward. The grub had improved in both quality and quantity. Everyone who ordered got "Tea Garden" jams and canned fruits, never heard of such extravagance before the war. Now came the first depression. Wool went down from fifty cents per pound to ten cents. Lambs sold on the hoof for 18¢ now sold for .08¢. Wages had gone from the usual pre-War level of \$40. Per month to \$10. The sheepmen had a meeting to propogate [sic] ideas as to how they could cut expenses. A resolution was proposed that the sheep herder could live on a lesser wage, being as the owners had to. Only one dissenter, David Dickie, got up and said the owners should cut out their champagne and high living practices. Said he, "You fellows want to cut down on the shepherd the first thing, the man who does your work for you, I think you should cut other places first." A silence ensued. Then came the great so-called Hard winter of 1919. The summer had been dry and hot so no grass grew, the snows started to fall in September and by November 1, the temperatures were down to -20° and -30°.

Dave Dickie, Vede Putney, Bill Kyne and Newcomer shipped all of their sheep to New Mexico to be run on Indian Reservations. Dickie had ten bands of perhaps 1600 head to the band. Each railroad car could load about 250 head of ewes to the car. They loaded out of Kirby, sheep, herders, dogs, sheep wagons and all. The sheep were weak and when they were unloaded in Denver for feed, the crews had to drag out about 700 head. Same was true when they unloaded at Bernalillo, New Mexico. The grass was different down there, strange country to both sheep and herder, so neither did well. There was a big loss on the road back to Wyoming. Dickie said he actually lost over \$200,000 on that one venture. The Hard Winter and depression immediately following were the eventual down-fall for many of these stockmen. Corn and cottonseed cake, sold for \$8.00 per cwt. Hay sold for as much as \$40. Per ton to

the stockman who stayed in Wyoming. Bankers had loaned too much money on Livestock so they were hard pressed, too. So the Intermediate Credit Bank were initiated to help the hard pressed bankers. Some banks did go broke and never did start again. It was said at this time that the term "sweat box" was initiated. The stockmen would go into a bank to get even a little money to pay the herder or for feed for his sheep, harder to pry a little money out of a banker than to pry up a locomotive. The bankers usually had a small office in the bank where you met the president, many a stockman came out after heated pleading with sweat on the brow, hence "sweat box" was a term coined. One sheepman approached a banker who had but one eye, to beg a few hundred dollars to buy feed for his sheep. It was in the dead of winter and this man stood to lose all of his sheep if he couldn't get some corn or cottonseed cake for the poorest ones anyhow. The banker said "I will let you have the money if you can tell me which of my eyes are false. The sheepman looked long and studied strenuously. He guessed the eye correctly. "Now" the banker said, "Just how did you know which of my eyes were false?" The sheepman said, "I looked in that eye and thought I could detect just a trace of human kindness."

The Kid tired of a herding life and thought he would branch out.
Took his gal, a particular friend, to the house of the Parson Brown.
The knot was tied and the parson cried
Give me one dollar please.
As he looked at his last dollar bill
In the saddest tone he said
It's a goodbye Mr. Greenback, I hate to see you go.
If you and I should ever meet again
I'd say how do you do
But now I kiss you fare thee well
That means goodbye to you.

A certain sheepman got a fancy new wife. That in turn required a new house, and after a new house, of course, a fancy Brussels rug was ordered. The new rug, along with new furniture, of course, was the envy of all other sheepman's wives in the Basin. Now the sheep corrals had to be moved farther away also. On this particular day this man had been working sheep in the corrals all morning, he had walked home tired and dusty. What he hadn't noticed was that some of this sheep debris had stuck to his shoe until he got in the living room with the fancy rug, and of course this debris fell on the rug. "Get out with your filth and mind your boots. Dinna step in the parlor again." Poor old George had to leave his boots outside from then on. He said they wore the rug out just looking at it.

Mac came out of town in a new Buick, ran up behind Sam who had a heavy loaded wagon and was driving four head of horses. Mac honked the horn but Sam didn't pull out of the tracks, so Mac Rammed into the back end of the wagon. He hit it hard enough that Sam fell off the seat and of course the horses ran off and piled up in a ditch. Mac's car was bashed in but he was still mad about not getting the road. Mac said "I give ye the horn three times and ye dinna move and if ye weren't and old man I'd strike you." I'll not say what response came from Sam.

"One Eyed" Joe Dynes built more fence in those early days than any, he took many a mile of fence on contract for a hundred dollars a mile and furnished his own posts. He could build the

straightest line of fence, he sure never had to close one eye to sigh down a string of posts. Many of Joe's fences are still standing today. He started fencing about 1910 and continued until about 1939.

Frank Dillon had been a newspaper reporter in the East, he somehow took to drink more than reporting, so he lost one job after the other until there was just not a job for him. Said he was broke and hungry in Omaha, Hillberry had shipped a few carloads of lambs to the market, needed some help to work the lambs so Dillon was hired for this small job. Dillon was desparate [sic] so he asked to be taken to Wyoming to try herding sheep. He never did like the word sheep herder so her termed himself as the "protector of the wooly monsters." He herded for Hillberry until he died of Rocky Mountain spotted fever. John Farqueson was a faithful herder, staying mostly with the Dickie outfit. He stayed out of town, never having a lay off for seven years. He went into business for himself just before the 1930 depression. Wool and lambs went down in price and dry summer and cold winter following broke him. He wasn't bitter about it but just went back to herding for the Dickie outfit and built up another small fortune before he died.

The sheep queen and her husband were out for an outing in the brand new Franklin air-cooled car, and of course had on all of their finery, as they came down the road met Dad Enderly with his team and buggy. When the team saw the car they took to the hills in spite of anything Enderly could do to hold them. Enderly was vexed to say the least, so he hazed the team over the ridge where they couldn't see this shiny monster. "These two imbecilic creatures flouting their wares, looked like two prairie dogs on their mound, you couldn't bend their backs with a wool ring. Eddie Collins got mad at his boss because he let him run out of salt and grub for himself. So sent word for the boss to come up, when the boss got in sight of Eddie, these were Eddie's famous words, "Here's your hounds and there's your goats, go to 'em." And Eddie went down the trail. "Black Danny" Hartnet was a faithful herder, as was Jim Ballard and "Little" Ford. George Pippit and Frank Farley were the dandies of the herders when they were in town, white suits, panama hats, even to the gold stud canes. But on the range they were filthy, both with themselves and their camps.

Jimmy Wooten was driving the stage owned by John Faust from Meeteetse to Thermopolis (62 miles). The stage always nooned at Ilo, on Grass Creek. Ed Guynn ran the station where he kept the fresh horses and fed the driver and passengers. Ilo was half way point between Thermopolis and Meeteetse. The stage carrying mail, small parcels and passengers left from either end of the line at 7:00 A.M., arrive Ilo 12:00 A.M. Leave Ilo 1:00 P.M. arrive Thermopolis 6:00 P.M. Now that was if everything was favorable. I wouldn't say you could set your watch by the arrivals. One dollar was the price for one way trip. Ed Guynn charged 35¢ for noon meal. One dollar as pay for feeding and taking care of each stage team per day. Faust had a bunch of spoiled saddle horses, late broken to drive, these were nervy horseses, some teams took two or three men to hook them to a rig, they would be tied to a hitch rack and when everything was ready the team was untied and away the stage went. They usually ran about a mile before they settled down to their work. Jimmy had driven this route for two years so he was familiar with nearly any phase of the operation. Jimmy left Meeteetse on time about mid-December, 1909. It was snowing hard and about twenty degrees below zero. These cold storms were not new to the stage business, the last anyone saw Jimmy alive was "Silent Charlie" as he was going out to look at

his cattle in Buffalo Basin. That was near the head of Mail Carriers Gulch, both men lamented about the cold. Now the supposition was that after Jimmy had gone over the Blue Hill, he let the team do a little running, going down hill that would eventually level out into a flat before he would cross Buffalo Creek, near where the Dickie shearing pens now stand.

Doc Green was tending station for Ed Guynn, wondered why the stage didn't come in, but the storm was severe, so he thought the stage had not pulled out due to cold. The stage would leave Meeteetse Monday morning and be back in Meeteetse Tuesday night. This Tuesday night the stage didn't get in but it was decided the snow was deep. Jimmy had stayed either at Ilo or Thermopolis. Wednesday morning the team came back towards Meeteetse. Pecos Charlie was going to Meeteetse when he saw the team, one still wearing the collar and the other still wearing the bridle. Faust got up a party and went over the route to hunt Jimmy. The first thing found was the hind wheels in a gulch, next day they found the front axle and one wheel. They found a sack of mail and a small trunk out on a flat. The search was continued for several days, when Jimmy had not been seen by any of the herders or anyone they decided he had perished. Everyone who rode a saddle horse down through that area were on the lookout for Jimmy. About mid-April, Mickety Mike brought his herd into Gooseberry Creek for water and discovered Jimmy lying on some drift wood at the edge of the creek bank fully clothed and one leg dangling in the water. He rushed up to the Hillberry, Moon school house to tell the news. This school house was near the present site of the Rankine Bros. head gate. Mrs. Ella Moon was the teacher, she sent the Hillberry boys home to tell the news. Earl and Dolly Mayfield, Alma Dulcie, (nee Mrs. Elmer Taylor), Ellen Murphy, Lee and Lucille Moon, Effie and Minnie Hess, Ruth and Rose Morton, Elsa and Elmer Carlson were the pupils. This writer can still see Jimmy on that pile of driftwood. There was no other way Jimmy could have been put there except by the high waters earlier that Spring.

All the neighbors came to the site and held council. It was decided by "Mickety Mike", W.C. and Tim Morton, John L. Baird, G. Murphy, Eric Carlson and Bill Boyce that Jimmy Wooten be laid to rest high up and away from the waters and elements that treated him so harshly. Mickety Mike was Catholic but could offer no last words so Mr. W. C. Morton recited last rites of the Masonic order. Bill Boyce set up wooden markers but the wood decayed or was knocked over by livestock. Now a hard rock slab was initialed and set up by R. G. White and Elmer Carlson as of March 14, 1972. This grave is northwest of Rankine Bros. n.w. corner, about ¼ mile off the highway on the Gooseberry Road.

Later that same 1909 and 1910 Hard Winter Pete Brotherson, foreman for Dickie outfit came into Meeteetse for a little fling. He stayed a couple of days and I suppose imbibed to some extent. Faust said he was sober when he came to get his horse, but that he had two gallon jugs and a caddy of smoking tobacco which he put in the saddle bags. Snow was falling and later in the day it developed into a blizzard. That was the last time anyone saw Pete alive, his horse was found a few days later still wearing the saddle or what was left of it. Search parties came out and found Pete not far off the trail, who really found him was Pete's dog. He wasn't a mile from Bill Robb's wagon, he was buried in Meeteetse.

Two years later Peggy Guynup was following a trap line and found a gallon jug of whiskey in a gulch, it was supposed that it was Pete's jug. Peggy didn't drink, but he brought in the jug-it happened just right because Ketchum and Bob Dickie were real thirsty. Bob said "Pete would want us to have a real good time, eh."

I might tell you the names of sheep bed grounds as they were known to the men of the range. Some men hardly knew what state they were in but they knew the bed grounds: Lone Tree, Horseshoe, Suicide, Slaughter House, Bull Knoll, Jinks, Bill Dickie, Red, Soapy, Steele, Ole Johnson, Burned Wagon, Black Rock, Tyndall, Mac's, Windy, Squaw Butte, Sawtooth, Deep Draw, Buckle, Hunter Kennedy, Devil's Slide, Tenderfoot (Herbert Sandberg), Keg Springs, Battle Ground, Adam Weiss, Quarts Gulch, Jim Black, Sour Dough, Heart Failure, Dead Horse, The Queen's, Bob Cat, Vest Pocket, Crazy Woman, Round Rock, Starvation, Tree Peaks, Frozen Toes, No Tobacco, Greaser Mike's, Lost Dog.

If you were camped at the "Bull Knoll" and Johnnie Baird was camped at the "Horseshoe" you knew you had some close company, if you were camped at the "Lone Tree" and someone else was camped at the "Saw Tooth", you were miles apart. An old country Dutchman, Herman, came out to work for Renners, so was taken to the Bear Creek permit to herd for the summer. He didn't know anything about that country or he said he wouldn't have tackled the job. When Doores came up to see how they were getting along he said he didn't like that rough country. Doores told him this country was flat. Dutch Herman said "I know dis hills are flat up and down, I like dis country flat like de floor." That was one happy Dutchman when he got down off those high ridges that fall, and he never came back.

Dave Dickie was known to approach some men that perhaps didn't do good work, or that just didn't suite him. So he would say something like this: "Well, the LU sheep company is tired of feeding you, we will just let someone else feed you for awhile." But on the other hand he could have trouble with, say, Ketchum, who had a homestead Dickie wanted. Dave and Ketchum got into a heated argument. Dave was a prize fighter in his young days so Ketchum wanted none of those fists on the end of those long arms striking him, so he picked up a heavy branding iron and sung at Dave. Dave threw up his arm to keep from getting a head bump and the iron broke his arm. Ketchum went to the bunk house and rolled his bed and belongings preparing to leave. Went out and asked Dave for his wages. Dave said very slowly, "You don't need to quit just because you and I had a little trouble." But after he had bought Ketchum's homestead, he sure let him go.

Dean Hayes had the first automobile in Meeteetse, one time he parked in front of the Mercantile and went in for some groceries. When he came out there was a bunch of men admiring this gas buggy. Dean stepped in his auto and let out the clutch, only to have it just stay where it was. He got out and cranked it up again, had the engine really roaring, let out the clutch only to kill the engine again. Dean was really upset so came back to see what was wrong. Shorty Shafer, Bob Baldwin and Red Rogelson had hid underneath the car and braced their feet and pulled back to keep the car from going. Dean took after the culprits with his crank so they really hit for the river bank and safety. Sure needed that teaspoon of harmony to quell Dean's discord that time.

Whiskers Baird had hired a young man to train a fractious young team to be driven to a buggy, after a certain amount of training. Whiskers decided the family should have a ride behind this team of high spirited horses. So everyone got aboard and down the road they went. After hitting all of these bumps and holes Mrs. Baird said, "I wish you would stop all of this shunting and take us home, ye dinna ken how that lurching affects our anatomy."

I have travelled along life's hiway beginning before breakfast of life's cycle, carried you into the forenoon, sometimes stormy and clouds, other times bright sun and laughter. Many of our friends had their eventide of life while we were enjoying a sunny forenoon. As we who are approaching the evening star of life envy those who are getting ready for their breakfasts. We had a good life so we ought not kick, at least we lived in an era that was not complicated as it is today. The lonely life on the range was not enjoyed by everyone, just like this complicated life we have today does not satisfy many of our citizens. The more we get the more we want, the less we appreciate. My wagon is just over this ridge, and the sun is getting low in the West, so maybe we better mosey along, soon to be time for supper.

THIRTY DAY PETE ROBIERE

Thirty day Pete herded alot of sheep in front of a bar. Always, someone to listen to his prowess, how he never lost a sheep out of his herd. Always, had a fat bunch and in genreal [sic] got along with his boss or his camp tender. Never was grouchy. Always did good cookin. Made sour dough bread. Well he finally went broke and could not borrow or sponge off of anyone. He went out to herd for Buckle. He needed a steady man that would stay a year. Tired of these thirty day wonders. That's just what I want says Pete. I know you have a good outfit and feed good. I heard you furnished eggs all year round. I'm happy to get out of this downtown, all they want is your money. Don't care if I see that town ever again.

November 1, 1908. Been a wet summer, so there is lots of good grass, I'll have an easy winter. Have to ask Buckle to advance me a few dollars for some good warm clothes. I know he will because he likes me. We move over to the salt sage flats to be ahead of any others. Get the cream off this range. The sheep were sweeties, never caused anything extra. Like pulling out at nights, so I didn't need to worry about getting up at nights and go get them. The coytes [sic] came right in back of the wagon and killed the fattest ewe in the bunch of 1,500. Sometime in December, boss came out and didn't bring an egg. He also brought a load of cotton seed cake as supplement food for sheep during bucking season. Well now I didn't figure on that chore. I just hired to herd not pack those sacks out there and scatter the feed. The sheep got ornier [sic]every day, and the boss didn't move camp when he said he would. The weather had turned cooler, soon be cold. Finally, got the new clothes and they didn't fit. Bosss [sic] brought a load of dirty ice blocks, the sour dough jar didn't suit me. So, when I saw the boss coming I said, "Heres [sic] your hounds and theres [sic] your goats go to "em" and I went back to town. Soon be ready for another 30 day job.

CARL CHARLES HENRY FERDINARD VON SHILL

Just in case you don't know about the life of a shepherd. This lad had had a high old time in town. No money and couldn't borrow any. A dapper young Scotchman, came in the saloon asking for a herder of the woolly monsters. I didn't even ask what he paid. I was so hungry and no good place to sleep. Angus said, he would try me, I said how soon? As soon as, you can get your bed and warsack, cot in the buggy. Didn't say why his herder had quit. We got to camp and he told me to get the herd together. I worked hard getting them bunched up. Never said how many there were supposed to be. Just go get "em" and stay with "em". Wagon was old and sure not furnished well. Soon found out why the other herder had quit. Very little grub and no wood in camp. So I got the axe and rustled some sage brush. Got what there was to eat, and rolled in.

Sheep pulled out about midnite, so I got up and dogged them back to the bed ground. You could see they had a habit of that, but a few times roughing them up with the dogs. Angus said he would be back in a day or so. A week went by and I was sick of my bargain. So I butchered one of his best ewes. At least, I had mutton and beans. Angus came fancy like and said he would move my camp. He took the wagon to a new place, never even leveled the wagon. But I did get some canned goods. He never did say how many sheep were in the herd. I had picked up several small bunches. No other herds around there, so I broke those ewes to do what I wanted them to do. Walk along ahead of the herd to slow them down, allow no trailing long strings. Along about Christmas, the real boss came out. First thing he did was count herd. Next, looked in the wagon to see what I had to eat. He made the list for grub, and in a few days Angus came with a wagon and stayed three days at my camp. I was never left alone for long after that, and I stayed with them for three years steady.

ADAM WEISS

Adam was German, he had tired of working in new York ship yards. He beat his way West to Rock Springs, Wyoming, 1908. It was in the dead of winter about the beginning of the New Year. He was about out of money, could speak little English. The mines weren't putting on new hands. He had trade, so wandered out of town. A snow storm came up and he lost. He wandered around all night. When it was daylight he was all alone out on a big flat, no shelter of any kind not even a big brush. Toward evening he saw a bunch of sheep and that is what saved his life. The herder was a big Irishman, with a heart as big as a cabbage so Adam thought. That man to Adam was his brother, even if he was Irish. He let Adam stay with him and helped the best he could. Went with him and the sheep each day. Well the Irish wanted a lay off, he had been out a year. He asked Irish if he could herd his lay off. They convinced the boss that he could handle the job of herding, no matter what. Adam was anxious to learn all he could, and this seemed a way to make a living, well even at \$30.00 a month and food all you could eat. Even if sometimes it may be mutton and tea. Adam had a good count, and always got up and went after the herd if they pulled out in the night. Was always where he could see his sheep, even if he had to stand on a wind swept knoll. They went into lambing grounds in top condition, got right in there and held the drop herd. Then when lambs were big enough the herd was thrown together. You pushed the herd off the bed ground and stayed with the tailend, [sic] so no lambs would run back to the bed ground. A lamb that is lost from mother always go back to where he fed last time. Adam stayed on that job for 7 years steady.

I. M. TUFFERNELL

As a banker, it was well to know something about sheep if that was where your money was to be used. As time went on, we got to know what was really needed. Being conservative was my nature. Do you really need this much? Couldn't you sell off a few of the older weaker sheep and not have to buy so much corn or cotton seed cake. Some did thank me for not giving them as much as they asked for. Alright, what have you got for collateral? A team of horses, 2 saddle horses, sheep wagon that wasn't paid for and an old trap wagon, 1,400 sheep on lease, and any place I want to go where there is sheep feed. The winters were what caused the trouble, not much summer expense except grub and herder wages. Said \$40 wage, and \$40 for grub for two people for a year. \$960 out of wool money, 12¢ pound for wool, 3¢ pound for wether lambs, mature ewes sheared about 8# wool and general 80% lamb crop, half ewe lambs. 500 wether lambs, 50#, \$750 for lambs \$1,440 wool. \$3,150 total receipts per band of sheep. One band make that much, 2 bands twice that, not always. A hard cold winter separated the men from the boys. Say, you leased a bunch of ewes from the Padlock outfit 1,500 head. You run them 3 years, furnish every thing, all expenses are yours. You had to see a banker especially the first and second years. The herd was to double in three years or you were in trouble. One horse died, and the herder lost a good number of sheep. Besides the average loss of 3% per year per band, your loss this year was 6%. Padlock got the 1,500 ewes back as near the same age. You are left with the older ones, so when your lease is out, you have sheep that need feed. Some men just took what they could get from older sheep and got a new lease on another bunch. Now don't cuss the banker for all of your hard luck. Better luck this time. Wool money should pay running expense each year.

GEORGE BIRD "SOAPY" DALE

George Bird Dale was born in Florence, Nebraska, 1878 of a well-to-do family...some professional...had one handicap...that of being crosseyed. [sic] He said of his childhood years near the Burlington railroad yards. He was so set upon learning steam engine workings. Early jobs were in maintenance, so he got a job as flunkee in engine shops. He later got on as an extra fireman on switch engines...at last on as a regular fireman. Also, learned the art of using hard liquor...got fired off the Burlington!

Next, he went out to Denver area and on to Narrow Gauge from Salida to Gunnison, Colorado. From there, he went into Cripple Creek Mines where he worked as a powderman. Now he had learned all the bad ways to live and lived bad from one drink to the next. He was always popular with his fellow workers. If he had a drink left he shared with them...dangerous man to have drunk on the job. He went from there to Butte, Montana and the copper mines, good wages, a lot of good times. The more good money he made the more good drinks he had. Finally, he switched over to making railroad ties with a gang of Swede tie hacks. At last, coming into Dubois, Wyoming to work for Wyoming Tie and Timber Company...he worked on tie drives.

He came into Meeteetse, Wyoming and went to work for Renner Sheep Company and hired out to Henry Doores to herd sheep on the Bear Creek permit. Here he met Clarence Dollar.

Everybody liked Soapy! He could make up a story of any little happening and tell a laugh in spite of being wet or cold. Some said he could lie seven ways before he finally got back to the truth. These lies were not to be believed, even by Soapy.

He worked as a sheep herder camp tender until he got so old he could not work. He sold an unsuspecting government horse buyer in Meeteetse a bunch of horses for the Cavalry...drew some money before hand and proceeded to set 'em up. Next morning the inquired where were the horse people. Told him Soapy never owned one horse, so he got after Soapy. His friends made it up.

Soapy never did get over telling tall tales. Tried every banker in town when he ran out of money.

Township 46 North, Range 101 West at the head of Mormon Creek after early day "Butterfield" Sheep men...about 1910. They were Mormons.

March 12, 1986

ELMER CARLSON

SKETCH UP MEETEETSE

I came here in 1890, to be precise June. At that time the Post Office was on Meeteetse Creek, nine miles west of present location. Mrs. Margaret B. Wilson was the Post mistress. The country was very sparsely settled, and most of us got our mail through the stage lines that came from North, East and South. From north, Red Lodge, Montana was the rail point. We got a daily mail from there, and mail from the east was carried from there to Fenton-Otto-Bonanza and Hyattville: to the south through EmBar to Fort Washakie, Wyoming. These were three times a week. In 1891 or 1892 the Post Office was moved to the present location of the town, only on the north side of the river. Wm McNally owned the land that the townsite is located on. He had a cabin and a blacksmith shop. In 1895 he sold his land, and the present town was started and incorporated either in the year 1899 or 1900. The population at present is around 400 to 450.

Meeteetse is an Indian name and means "nearby". The Shoshone Indians hunted at the head of Meeteetse Creek and the Crows at the head of Sage Creek. Both of these creeks head at the same source. Sage Creek running north and Meeteetse Creek running east; hence the name. I have lived in this section for the past 50 years and have always got my mail at this office. Although, I have lived in three different counties Fremont, Big Horn and Park.

Alex A. Linton

(Hand-written note at top left corner "Copied for the Meeteetse Museum from P.C.H.S. archives – Cody) (This is from a type written page where some letters are very faint and hard to read.)

THE SOD BUSTERS

By Elmer Carlson

Back in the 1890's the Big Horn Basin was a paradise for livestock-men, some had come over here after the Johnson County War between the nesters and the big cattlemen. It had been a great hideout for some notorious characters: - Harry Longbaugh, Tom O'Day, Ben Kilpatrick, Leroy Parker alias (Butch Cassidy), Harvey Logan (Kid Curry), Tod Carver all connected with the Hole in the Wall Gang. These fellows didn't bother the early settlers who had no money, "why not help them along I might need some place to hide for a spell." In those days when you met a stranger you never ask his name nor where he came from—you might know a face but sure didn't tell anyone else you had seen him, where or when. You lived longer that way. The Mormons came in from Utah, settled around Cowley, Lovell, Otto or Burlington. This was really the start of farming in early 1890. Col. Ashworths holdings is now the Pitchfork, P.P. Dickinson (?) (now the L.U.) and Torry's Padlock ranches were on the Greybull & Owl Creek respectively. Angus McDonald from Baxter on L.U., Major & McCoy now Clifton Renner's, Governor Richards (George B. McClellan) now Holland, Sam Hallstead, Dad Worland, Meyers, Leithead Bros., Birch, Warner, J.D. Frison, Hyatts, Ilg, Picards, Hayes, J.D. Woodruff were the first settlers on Owl Creek as early as 1886. The above mentioned names for the most party were stockmen, who figured that if a critter couldn't forage for itself just too bad. The hard winter of 1887 & '88 killed off most of the cattle, horses and many of the wild game animals. That winter just about finished the few buffalo that were left. Henry Hillberry and Bruce Murphy said they shot the last buffalo on Gooseberry Creek in 1900.

The Burlington Railroad was building in from Billings and tracks were being laid west from Casper. Most of the rock work was done in Wind River Canyon by Chinese and Japanese. Herkisa and Vercosoni had rock contracts all through the canyon. Many Mormon families worked their teams of horses on the dirt work on railroad grades. There was a road built from Taluka, Montana through Prior Gap intended to be the main line for north and south rail through Burlington. But it never was finished and finally abanded. [sic] These dirt farmers had had experience and soon learned that if it were possible to irrigate the land it would produce abundant crops. But first the irrigation ditches had to be dug, and the only way to get it done was through hard work for both men and beast. So the farmers worked on their houses and ditches until they were financially broke, in spite of the extra work on railroad grades. You could get \$2.00 per day for a man and team, you had to board yourself and team. Usually when these men would ear \$100 they would go home and live it up in a ditch camp. On some of the smaller streams the ditches could be dug in a short time, then plow the land and plant vegetables, oats & wheat. Then leave someone there to look after the gardens and crops. When harvest time came all the ladies and kids dug the vegetables and canned them for winter use. The first system of threshing oats was to cut the grain

with a scythe and use the twisted straw to bind the sheaf of grain, ten acres was a big field when you cut it by hand. Women and kids drove cows, horses or anything over the cut grain to separate the grain from the straw. Then it was put in tubs, so on windy days the chaff could be blown away, the heavy kernels that fell down were the horse feed. Without oats the horses wouldn't be able to stand steady hard work. Most all work stopped on Saturday night, horses and men had to have Sunday for rest. The first two years were the hardest on the settlers. After that they were so used to being tired and poor, it didn't matter. They raised a lot of their own wheat and took it to the Jordan Mill near Manderson to be ground into flour, now they were getting modern, didn't have to grind the wheat in a coffee grinder. Mc Cord Brady and Advo, Schillings, Billings best were the trade names for coffee. Canned vegetables, flour also Arbuckle coffee came in 100# burlap bags. I can still smell the coffee as it was being ground for each meal.

Flour came in 150# barrells, you couldn't buy sugar in anything less than 100# sacks. In the year of 1900 the Padlock Ranch on Owl Creek managed by E.P. Rothwell, freighted their supplies from Casper. Eric Carlson made several trips to Casper for supplies for Padlock, took six head of horses and two light wagons, load coal from Crosby mines, sell it to Burlington railroad shops, then load supplies for the trip back to the ranch, make one trip a month, camp wherever night overtook you. Hobble the horses and wonder where you will find them the next morning. Some had a saddle horse tied to the wagon so one could hunt the horses quicker. Usually tried to load the wagons so it would equal 1,000 lbs. to the horse, six horses 6,000 lbs., get home unload, grease the wagon load on coal and probably get a new six horse team and start back, then to Casper. Usually had all the winter supplies hauled before the snow fell. Not so bad a trip if good dry weather, terror in rain or snow.. About all the medicine they hauled was a gallon of iodine, 100# Epsom salts and a case of arnica or horse linament, [sic] that either killed or cured Levi Straus overalls were the most popular, next came Underhill, as the easterners moved in they brought the bib overalls. Bull Durham, Union Leader, Dixie Queen were the main brands of smoking tobaccos, horseshoe and star for the chewers. Some kids lamented the fact that the house could be out of nearly every staple articles but if dad ran out of tabacco, [sic]he would be sure to get to town and then incidently [sic] bring home some food articles. A. G. Rupp had stores all along the line as the Burlington railroad built further south. One such store, livery barn near the present Rairden Siding was named Welling. When the railroad was finished as far as Worland, Rupp was there to set up a store Rupp's Busy Corner, later called Washakie Trading Co., owned by the late Joe Hampton. The Worland valley was being settled and four ditches were being built, Bluff, Big Horn west side of Big Horn River. Upper and lower Hanover, east side of good deal of credit could be attributed to the Lincoln Land and Townsite Co. D. T. Pulliam main promoter. John Hess saw mill on Grass Creek hauled a good share of the lumber that was used to build Worland stores and homes. Dad Worland had a store, saloon, hotel, livery barn and he was the first banker, used cigar boxes for tills. His buildings were mostly dugout in the bank, some said the only clean part of the towels were the holes in them. The water below the mouth of fifteen mile was rather cloudy, wash a white shirt in that river water you would have a pink one. When the railroad came into Worland in 1906 Dad Worland moved across and set up the same businesses. W.C. Morton and his wife each drove a four horse team hauling lumber and logs from the head of Grass Creek to the new town, usually made two trips a month. On one

such trip she was thrown off her wagon and run over by a hind wheel. She never recovered and died in a tent, had a doctor from Burlington see her, Dr. Penman but to no avail. She was buried up on a hill near what is now called "Scout Peak", one of the first victims to pass away in the new town. There are several graves up there. Another such cemetery is on top of a hill near Neiber bridge on Gooseberry Creek. Still another such burial site located across the creek from the Roert Lind home. I believe this little boy's name was Lindsey Baird, who drowned, son of John Baird. That was one rare occasion when there was water in Gooseberry Creek.

The first settlers on Gooseberry Creek were, Angus McDonald, Major McCoy, Mantle, Fuquay, Col Baxter. All of these places carried Territorial irrigation water rights. Neiber, Hillberrys, Moon, Dean Perkins, Eric Carlson, Bruce Murphy, W.C. Morton, Wo Steele, Bob Rolley, Charles Niccol, Geo True, Guy Leiper, J.B. Miller, Charles Mahan, W. -. Kankel. The Worthams, Dentons, McClure, Ref Johnson, Geo Avery settled near the mouth of the Gooseberry also. Once in a great while there was enough irrigating water to make everyone happy. If you got one good irrigation on alfalfa hay ground you would get two cuttings of hay. These first farmers in Worland Valley brought their corn planters, but they were soon cast aside after two or three corn crop failures. If the corn did grow it would get frosted before maturity. The best corn that came into the Big Horn Basin was in 100# sacks in box car loads. Nearly every sheep man would order a four hundred sack car of corn to be fed to the sheep during cold snowy winters. Had that many sacks of corn for each band of 2000 sheep. Early settlers on Owl Creek were Col. J.D. Woodruff and Capt. Torrey Sliney Freudenthal, E. P. Rothwell, George Merril Whetstone, E. B. Short, McClure Niccolson, Nostrum, Comstock, & Waln. About the only settlers on Cottonwood were the Charlie Morrisons, Vede Putney, at the head of the Creek and Winchesters at the mouth with Jim Dickie in the middle. When one other settled on Cottonwood Creek Charlie Morrison said it was getting too heavily populated. Most of the first settlers in any particular area built their homes near a spring or some bank where a well could be dug by hand. Otto Franc I believe drilled the first water well near his holdings close to Otto. That village at one time was promoted mainly by Otto Franc to be the county seat of Big Horn County. Of course it was never to be because of the distance to the new railroad. The Burlington at that time was called the Chicago Burlington and Quincy Railroad. (C.B.& Q.) Henry Hillberry had the poorest location for his home, he had been flooded out on Prairie Dog Creek near Sheridan. Hence he built on a high level that wouldn't flood, but access to the creek was a 45 degree angle bank each way west and north from the house, to the creek sort of dug a trail of sorts angling to top or bottom should have been the other way around. Pack the full pail of water down the hill and the empty one up, but there wouldn't be any moisture around the house that way. Real problem on wash days and when a group of travelers or cowpunchers would drop in Hillberry never turned anyone away that asked for food & lodging. They never charged anyone so gave away a great deal of food. Henry was never never happier than when there was a housefull [sic] of people to talk to. Poor Mrs. Hillberry got the brunt of that house work. Sometimes at odd hours feeding ten hungry cowpunchers or travelers. Then the Eric Carlsons had much the same, their ranch was approximately half way between Worland and Meeteetse. A survey crew of ten men walked in one night about nine o'clock and there spent the evening meal and bedded down on the flour [sic]. Their camp wagons had missed the road and never found the meeting place until next night you understand there were no

roads you just cut across country, wherever night over took you that was your home. When a mail route was established in 1912 to go from Worland to Dickie, the Carlson place was the stage stop to feed driver and any passengers and change horses, the first contractor was Joe Huber of Worland Livery barn. Another great stopping place was at Guy & Minnie Leipers, they boarded the school teachers, only one teacher ever got away from there without being married. Minnie would have you milking cows, churning butter, kneading bread, washing dishes but you were welcomed. Bob Bairds was a great socializing place for Scotchmen, many an evening was blessed with Highlander and the bagpipes. On a cold winter night the sound waves were filled with tunes like Battle of Kilikranke, Oh Bonnie Dune. O'Donohue said the sweetest Scots music on the bag pipes should be heard from afar a farther away the better for it. There was always a Bobby Burns celebration in Meeteetse for the Scots. Jan. 25th was always the gala event, Bob Bryden, Duncan Gillies, Billy Gill, Scotty McRae, Tom Curry, Jack McCallum, George & Donald MacKenzie played the bagpipes or drums. If you were a piper you would surely get an invitation. The menu included all of the old Scottish dishes, Haggis, scones, oat bread, sheep head cheese, kidney pie, steam pudding to mention a few. After one of these parties in Meeteetse Pete Brotherson had been in for the Bobby Burns celebration, he being a sheep foreman for Dave Dickie, Pete had had a high old time for several days, now time to go home, so he got his horse saddled and rode over to Huette Saloon and tied two gallon jugs of whisky to his saddle horn, it was snowing but Pete knew the trail over to Dickie. That was the last time anyone ever saw Pete alive. This may have been what happened, he had his favorite horse & dog and had made this trip many times before. When he didn't show at the ranch Bob Dickie rode into Meeteetse to get him to come home. A search party combed the trail area but no trace of Pete. There was about 2 ft. of snow on the level and it was down below zero. Petes horse finally came into the ranch, how they really found Pete his faithful dog came into the ranch a week after the horse did gaunt as a hound, got a good feed and immediately started back to Pete. The dog had staid [sic] with Pete until hunger drove him to food. They followed the dog to Pete's body now covered with snow. One of the jugs of whisky was near him, the position of the body was such that they believed Pete had got off his horse and sat down a sage brush. He was buried in Meeteetse 1910. That was the same winter the stage driver lost his life in the Buffalo Creek area. The next spring Guynup was out there picking up dead sheep wool and found a full gallon jug of whiskey, so it was figured that that was Pete's other jug. Bob Dickie said, "Pete would not want his friends to grieve too much, so lets all have a good party on Pete. Pete would be missed as a faithful hard working best judge and knowledge of sheep. Starting from the head of Gooseberry the original homesteaders were Nels Mikkelsens, Mantle M. De-n, Jack Raye, Irish Connelly, John Baird, (Deer Creek) Bud Doores, Ad Renner, Dick Taylor Fuquay, Major & McCoy, Billy Steele, John Cameron, John McGregor, --. Hughes (Middle Creek), Ed Wright, Angus McDonald, Dave, Hugh, Bill, Alex Dickie—Enos Creek Alex McConchey, Mike Flinn, Al Baxter L.U. Grass Creek, Laban Hillberry, Ella Moon, Aasm Weiss, Dick Warren, Tom Gillies, George Hillberry, Henry & Gertrude Hillberry, Farquer Gillies, Bruce Murphy, Bob Baird, Jean Rankin, J.W. Morton, W.S. Morton, Elmer Taylor, John Holder, W.D. Perkins, Matilda Perkins, Mrs. W.-. Kunkel, Geo Glassy, Al Sandberg, Rose Wellman, Eric & Edna Carlson, L. T. Leighton, Billy Steele, Evan Morton, John McGregor, J.M. Holler, E.J. Holley, Gavin Leiper, J.B. Miller, Shas Mahan, Tom Williams, Chas Bain, P.F. McClure, Abe Denton, George Wortham, E. & A. Hand, Reek Wortham, Aaron Wortham, Geo. Avery, F.W. Blair,

Neiber. There were some territorial water rights, Col. Baxter, Angus McDonald, Major & McCoy 1887. These places have all changed hands and condensed into 17 ownerships from the 71 original homesteads. There were no mail routes on Gooseberry Creek up to 1910, so when any of your neighbors wanted mail or some small staple articles they would ask this person to bring at least the mail. When we would get the Wyoming State Leader from Meeteetse there may be thirty daily papers and the long looked for letter from the land office in Lander or the check from the wool growers for bounty coyotes & bobcats, \$1.00 for each pelt you could shaw, [sic] then perhaps \$2.00 for the good big hides, \$3.00 went farther than \$50.00 would now.

One of the best indications of good farm land was to see sagebrush and grama grass growing there. Some of the first land clearing was done by dragging a log over the sagebrush and breaking it off then hook three head of horses to a single leg plow and go around and around the land to be plowed. Some even sowed the grain before the land was plowed, others used the more modern method, put your seed in a wagon box and one man would fling a handful of grain to this side, then use the other hand for the other side of the wagon. Now came the really important to soak all that ground up with ditch water, or you would raise nothing. There were no weeds before man broke up this land and seeded it with grains that had come in by freight wagons to be used for seeding purposes. I believe a good man and three fair sized horses could plow an acre in 12 hours. The Mormons brought in the first alfalfa in the lower elevation. Timothy was the better for mountain fields, it being a native grass which grew tall when irrigated. Made the best horse and cattle hay, one ton of good timothy would be equal to two tons of alfalfa. But the alfalfa plant would grow best down in the lower country. There was a problem with the first settlers having poor fences, range cattle and horses would look over the fence seeing lush green alfalfa or grain, the farm lady would wake up some morning and there would be cattle in the fields as well as the garden, now to chase them out and fix the fence. Very few of these settlers would use a shotgun on these animals even though they felt mighty like it. Now it was too late to plant more cabbage. Next year there would be a fence that would hold them out. The Worland vicinity canals were being surveyed and everyone who wanted ditch work could get it. "Dad" Worlands cigar box bank was robbed a few times, now with the coming of the C.B. & Q. Railroad on the east side of the Big Horn River in April of 1906. Dad decided to abandon his west of the river location and move over before the ice broke up. So there was a need for a bank, these enterprising men from Thermopolis started the First National Bank in 1907 in a new log building on the spot where the present First National Bank now stands. Martin McGrath General Store, Ed Enderly, banker, George Ray Superintendent Gebo Mines, Rothrock, jeweler & watchmaker. This bank was started with a capital of 10,000.00. They only ran it about a year when they sold out to C.W. Erwin and Herman Gates, later added Roy Gas--ner and Bob Steele. In 1908 the whole business establishments on the north side of main street burned to the ground. That included Rupp's Busy Corner, Black Hardware, Nelson & Hampton Saloon, Bert Holtz Meat Market, Big Jap Frank's restaurant. Bricky Williams started his brick yard a while before the town burned, so they all helped set Williams up in a lucrative business, Rupp used cement blocks but the rest built back with the present brick structures, most now standing with some minor repairs. A.G. Rupp sold out to Joe Hampton in 1910, now called Washakie Trading Co. Russell Hardware, Hake Hardware, Nelson & Hampton Saloon, Charles Ackenhausen Harness & Saddle

Maker, Clyde Werner Clothier, Chas Worland Saloon, Jap Frank Restaurant, Lawson House Hotel, later L.L. Doorman. Oscar Cutter Meat Market, John Howell's General Store (Worland Mercantile, Ruby Schultz druggist, Percy Edwards Jewelry & Watch making. Dr. W.O. Gray with a hospital in his house, Cook Hotel, Stine Studio, Joe Huber's Livery Stable, Frank Lundy Livery and horse market. George Muirhead, related to John Clay interests in Livestock Commission Company in Omaha, started the Stockgrower's State Bank in 1910. It has been in continuous ownership and business up to the present day. George Muirhead and Cunningham ran that bank for many years by themselves. Knut Carlson came in town on a saddle horse, maybe he never had any money to start with, but he asked Muirhead for a loan of \$25.00 Muirhead said what have you for collateral, nothing but a horse and saddle, why don't you just sell me the horse and saddle for \$25.00 then you won't need a loan. Knut didn't like to walk those 30 miles home so he wouldn't sell. Muirhead said I guess our interview is ended. Knut walked out and over to Washakie Trading Store and got a board from an apple box and painted these words: - "Muirhead is a bone head" and paraded back and forth in front of the bank, he paraded long enough that Muirhead gave in and let Knut have the \$25.00. That was Worlands first Civil rights demonstration, probably in the state. Knut was happy so he went down to Nelson & Hampton Saloon and came out with 2 gallon jugs of whiskey, went to Rupp's and got two gunny sacks, one for each jug, got on his horse and crossed the river and headed home. Phil Arnet ran the first ferry across the Big Horn near where the present new bridge is now located. Many of the first natives wouldn't spend the 50¢ it cost to ride the ferry so they just plunged into the river and maybe came a mile below town. There has been a herd of cattle or horses that were made to swim the river. When the river was real high they all staid [sic] out of it. Bert Holtz used to have a horse that could be depended on to swim the river no matter what that was before they built the Neiber bridge. He was one of the first settlers on "Tie down Flat". That being named because of an episode that involved a young pedigreed bull, some one tied him down by all four legs, but were afraid to come back and get him, so just let him lie there and die before he was found. This character moved out of the Worland area and never was heard of again so he got the blame. Winchesters settled at the mouth of Cottonwood creek, as did Neiber on Gooseberry Creek, poorest place they could have settled, never any irrigating water at the mouths of these little creeks. An early homesteader on Owl Creek fell in love with a young country school teacher, married and went to make a living and home on their new lands, both very ambitious, she helped with the building of the ditch, dam etc. She irrigated when he had to be away looking for his cattle & horses, he may be gone a week, usually coming back with his stock and maybe a slick yearling or two. Now she would go back east to see her folks, after 10 years and five kids later, she didn't look pink cheeked youngster she was when she left home. The Wyoming sun and winds had left their mark on her. She was even homesick to get back to their Owl Creek home and the life of no leisure.

Homer, Earl & Wesley Johnson were some of the first freight haulers hauling coal from Crosby & Gebo to Casper and staple merchandise to the McGrath store in Thermopolis, Meeteetse Mercantile in Meeteetse. Then hauling wool from the Dickie shearing pens on Buffalo Creek, Jim Dickie pens at the fork of Grass Creek and Cottonwood, the Padlock pens at that ranch. Then there was Al Hoover, George Brown, Sixteen Mule Johnson that freighted out of Billings. The C.B. & Q. railroad was finished near Lucerne in 1910 so freight and passengers could go from Billings to Denver by rail. No

more of the real long hauls after 1910. They continued to haul the wool and lumber by the horse drawn method until the trucks took over that chore. I might try to describe the housing on Gooseberry Creek in early days. The houses were built for the most part of round logs, near the mountains they were built of lodge pole pine, knotched [sic] at the ends and the cracks filled with adobe mud, some mixed the mud with long grass stems. This method lasted longer by reason of the stems held the mud together and would not fall out. The homes down towards the mouth of the creek were made of cotton logs. One of the first cabins to be built was on the Carlson place. There was a date on the fireplace 1972 [meant 1872?]. It consisted of a one room, there were four pegs stuck in the walls with buffalo hides tied to each peg, indicating that at some time there had been two people occupying it. A man who trapped there in the winters by the name of Ragor, was the only known to occupy it. Razor said he found the cabin in 1892 and that it was deserted then. Shorty Shafer stayed there when he was riding line on the saddle horse herd belonging to the Rocky Mountain Cattle Company in 1905. It had a sad ending in that this lazy character tore it down and used it for fire wood. We could have choked him for the deed. You can go to Bob Edgars Old Town in Cody to see the homes of yesteryears, we hear that it has been the policy of the Forest Service to burn down these old cabins. We are concerned that many of these high country livestock sheep permits have been turned back to the Forest Service and they in turn have put these lands into wilderness areas. Miles Schuster came to Worland area about 1908 and homesteaded on the area known now as Schuster Flat about eight miles west of Worland. He built a small house of plained [sic] lumber and good paint, had lace curtains at the windows, it looked so out of place on that dried out flat. He drove around the country taking grocery orders for Advo, McCord Brady, Hampton & Brown also clothing. He had no fences so turned his horses loose where night overtook him. He had to buy extra horses at a time or two because he couldn't walk far enough to catch up with his team. He had the big idea of having a big farm when this area could have been irrigated. It was about this time that a Mr. Lester interested the Shoemakers, Masseys and Whites families in homesteads on Fifteen Mile, so they built a dam in the Creek about 15 miles west of Worland, it was pitiful to hear their high expectations on such a low profile farm ground. They built a dirt dam and the first cloudburst that came down the creek washed their hard work the went back and built it again like one man said it was a good dam when there was no water in it. These people had sole their farms in Iowa and sunk it all in livestock, machinery, they had huge fields planted there for several years, hence the name "Sucker Dam". This same practice was put into operation in all new farm areas, only on the Big Horn River there was a steady flow of water so when the ditches held, they could irrigated and raise crops.. D. T. Pulliam, Roger & Mary Culbertson, Ekstroms, Howells, Worthams, Dentons, Lou Grovel, Mammen, Folk, H.L. Clark, Bob Anderson, Luther Albertson, Marquis Dugrue, Dad Worland, C.F. Robertson Worland's first attorney, J.B. Ritch 2nd attorney, C.H. Harkins 3rd attorney, Clyde Werner first clothing store, then on the west side of the Big Horn River, under the bluff ditch Sam B. Black, Bob Steele, Hankins, Palmer, Ryans, Kennedy, Alice Rhodes, Doc Green, Hugh Gilbreath, Bartholomew. Under the Big Horn ditch, Warwick, Loudon, Bihr, Bosch, Ilg, Woestenberg to name some of the first settlers. All of these ditches were in for trouble when they were new and the ground was not settled, whole areas perhaps an acre in a place would sink and of course the water would wash a canyon to the river. Now two weeks before the ditch was fixed, grain getting mighty blue. The first 5 years of a ditch were the troubled ones, once the dirt was

settled and packed the ditch bank would hold. Now came the day when the farmers would sell their hay and grain, the first money they had seen since they came to the country, alfalfa hay sold to the alfalfa meal mill in Worland for \$5.00 per ton delivered. There was a ditty of a song—it went thus, (never made a hit) "Old man Black sold his hay the other day, And the gel darn fool threw his money right away, he went in town with his purse mighty thick, and came home riding in a brand new Buick." They didn't make another sale to Black for several years though gasoline came in 55 gal drums, coal oil came in a wooden box to protect the oil can from punctures, [sic] you saved your cans those days. When the first cars got on the roads the teams took [hand-written note] *to the hills*.

George McClellan had the first car to go up Nowood, a Stanley Steamer he had been known to make better time on a horse than he did in that car. The first car in Meeteetse was owned by Dean Hayes early day banker. Rothrock had the agency for the Mitchel car, he was held up many times to wait for someone to haul in a few cans of gasoline by team and wagon. There was a gas storage even then, but only because the gas barrell was not out in the country, gasoline sold for 11¢ a gallon bulk, Frank Neeley was the first tank wagon driver, pulled by a team of horses in Worland. Bill Raymond was the first funeral director in Worland. Alti Pendigraft was Washakie Counties first sherrif. [sic] Bernard J. Keyes was the first depot agent in Worland for C.B.& Q., a position he held for about 20 years. Reverand [sic] & Mrs. Jones homesteaded under the Bluff ditch and preached at large, lived near the mouth of Little Gooseberry. Reverand Jordan and a small daughter Pauline went around the country holding services in homes, selling children's books, they lived in a small surry [sic] and had these words printed on the side Colportage Wagon, American Baptist Publications. He was one minister that was good to his team, used the same team for many years, on Gooseberry, Grass Creek, Owl Creek, Greybull River and on Nowood. Usually made the rounds about three times a year. L.T. Thomson Methodist minister about 1908 lived near the J.A. Farlien home, he was a stern man with long black whiskers and the kids around town were afraid of him. Reverand Hunter a young Baptist minister was called the Cowboy Preacher, because he wore a big white beaver hat and wore highheeled boots. He was a favorite with the young people at that time. Rico Stine was Worlands first official photographer, his brother Bob Stine was a conductor on the freight trains from Billings to Greybull or to Bonneville, later on the old no 29 passengers train, Billings to Casper. An ordinary passenger train in those days consisted of a steam engine, one mail car, 3 baggage cars, 3 chair cars, a diner, 2 pullman and one observation car. The north bound #30 arrived in Worland at 12:20 and south bound passenger arrived at 12:45 P.M. That was their schedule for years until the discontinuance of both trains. When the Q. lost its post office mail contract, they weren't long stopping the trains. It was pitiful to see the engine and just one coach. The American people took to the highways or to airports. Out of Billings 7:00 A.M. into Denver 10:05 A.M. next day, fare Billings to Denver 1901 coach was \$16.84. Geo. B. True and Lula came in on the diner on the Q. and decided to stay they were the first colored people to try farming, they located on Gooseberry Creek in 1908, Geo Byce herded sheep for Dean Perkins in 1905, later rode for the Rocky Mountain Cattle Co. Tom Ness worked at odd jobs, also colored. Layer Mammy Gray & Sherman took care of maternity cases and odd jobs. Oscar Cutter and Chas Newman ran a meat market and grocery, John Ashby Howell at Worland Mercantile, Wilburs & Halbert started the first garage later Henry Paris, Ezra Paris, Roy McDonald started the Buick Garage. Ezra Paris had a farm

but it was too small to be profitable. Some of the earliest inhabitants in Worland were Bob & A.C. Dent, Abner Johnson, Garst, J.W. Pulliam, John Helvy, Meadows, Doc Green, John Reese, Bill, Guy & Charlie Hanner. Frank Lundy, Percy Edwards, Lawson, Shorty Maples, Stub Ansell, Guy Woodrow, Carl Ramm, Bill Buffington, Packers, Earl Parker, Persy Edwards, Jerry Ryan, Dock Warwick, Sid Waddell, Luther Albertson, Joe Cook, Otis Kidder, Clyde & Ethel Werner, B.B. Bowen, Harry, Lee, Ralph, Ashby Howell, some of the Howells were in early business in Worland, insurance, mercantile, pool hall, salesman. Fred Wilkerson a cattle buyer, Cy & Lou Hampton, Nelson, Ray & Lee Hake hardware Jim Russel Pete Selhorn, Mike Bader, Ben Anderson, Lou Doorman, Chas & Saddle Worland, Hattie & Jeff Gardner, Ross Hibbard, H.F. Emmett, H.L. Clark W.O. Lister, Sam Hallstead, Brickly Williams, Lou Williams, Andy Wilson, Robert & John Baird, Mark Gregg, Ekstroms, Elmer Chatfield, Helen Sevilla, Marion, Audrey Chatfield, Helen Thompson, first grade teacher. Porter Lamb, Beb Long Sawed many of the boards that were used in Worlands first buildings, Clyde Shirk, Herrick Bros builders. O. W. Morgan, A.A. Palmer, Hugh Gilbreath, Herb, Horel, E.G. & Dan Bobbitt, Joe Hamptons, Lula Prill, Chas Prill, Eddie Conant, E.B. Wilson, Robertsons, Glen Carr., Joe Black, Saddle Bobbinhouse, Carl & Carrie Laye, Ruby Schultz, Abe & I.J. Denton, Chas Mahan, J.B. Miller.

Early Ten Sleepers, Fred Bragg, Howards, Greet Bros, Geo Saban, Bill Fiscus, George McClellan, Chas Wyman, Geo Sanderson, Joe Emge, Frank Pelligren, Joe Alleman, Ben Helmer, Virgil Helms, Virgil Chabot, Wilmers Deter, Tom, Harry, Milo Mills, Baders, Arnold Wann, Archie Jacobs, Allens, Charles Ford, Grosharts, Charlie, Harry & Jim Robertson. W.G. Johnson (Worland Grit) Tom Williams, Charles & Ben Bain, Walt Coggins Cogsdale, Oney Knowles Tensleep banker, Ainsworth, Buckmasters, Caruthers, Ed Raton, Kys Eads Alexanders, Reeds, Taylor Brothers Egberts, Joe Smith. The Tensleep raid that took place at the mouth of Spring Creek made for a most unpleasant epoc [sic] in this local history. Feelings ran high on both sides and a lot of money was subscribed for in the execution of defenses & prosecution very few could be absolute immune to that event. Even in the country side around it was hard not to take sides of either the cowmen or sheepmen. A story was told that Kys Eads shot a bobcat and Irish Tom really cursed him for that act he said, "Kid you don't know bobcats will kill sheep, don't you ever kill another cat." After that raid the sheep came across the Nowood River. Some gritted their teeth to think that sheep would ever be there. W.C. Morton going to Worland with a team and wagon met these new farmers, they were planting grain in the dust that worked all spring fixing the dike to Succer Dam so now it would never wash out again. Morton asked how they were eating, one said "We are living fine we are eating rabbit most every day, he told them that they had better pray that the rabbit population would continue. These people stayed there and built some pretty fair homes but one break after another at the dam disheartened them, some went back to Kentucky, and with a sour taste in their mouths for Wyoming. The Shoemakers staid [sic] and farmed down near five mile only under the Big Horn Ditch. The alfalfa Club was organized in Worland as the elite members were called. John Cotton built an alfalfa meal mill which made for a cash crop outlet to take care of any surplus hay, most of these early farmers were not livestockmen so had to depend on sheep or cow men to feed their hay and train to. On several cold winters the haystack looked real good to stockmen. B.C. Buffum & D.C. Deaver came in with high hopes for their new perfected grain namely "EMMER". They leased some land near Worland as a test plot and hoped it would take hold in this new country. They built

a small factory and ground this grain which was used as a breakfast food. This mill ran for several years but never did get off the ground. Emmer was some what like blue barley only it had a larger kernel. They established their own experiment station with out the aid of the Federal Government. About the same time a municipal steam generator electric light plant was put into service, doing away with the necessity of some one lighting the gas street lights, no such a thing as a brilliantly lighted store window display. Oscar Cutter put in the first picture show hall near the same place as the late Kerby Theatre. That building sure paid off better than a bank in all of those years from 1908 to 1978. Hattie Gardner played the piano during the first years, making the house ring during an exciting script of one Bill Harts westerns. The most exciting and best attended were the continued shows, the house was full that night. Mrs. Schultz, Harkins, Mrs. Percy Edwards never missed a show change I do believe. Some of the younger people would stand around the entrance hoping someone would pay their way in. The more generous sometimes turned out to be a sheep herder or cow hand in for a fling with money to burn. Everybody walked to the show, dance or school athletics functions. No antifreeze for the cars and besides those were cold winters. It was pretty tough to be going up the road with a tired team, unhook, feed and water the horses, put blankets on them, then roll your bed out after you had scraped the snow away and go to bed to get sort of warm. Lay a bunch of shavings and small twigs close to your bed for the morning fire. Maybe you broke through the ice with your wagon. No traffic problems on the roads those days, wished someone would come along. One reason some of the younger farmer boys didn't like the plow handles or have to lace up those plow shoes there was an easier way, get a few cows and they will work for you even if you liked to oversleep in the mornings, when that happened these boys would never go back to busting sod. Ratter [sic] have foot wear that had no laces. Plow dust was a lot more harmful than trail dust.

The first schools were established where needed mostly in the country Colter, South Flat, Neiber, Chas Nicols, Carlson Hillberry, Dickie, Durkee, Moon Rairden, Woestenberg, Manderson, Tensleep, Big Trails, Nowood Harvard, Greet, Wales Mayfield Crosby, Gebo to name a few locations. Now there was need of a high school, Worland High started in 1912, graduating two seniors in a building directly east of the present Gambles Store in a one story three room cement block building. In 1913 a basement, 1st and 2nd story brick building was completed. It consisted of just one half of the old Emmett building,, the second floor contained the high school, having as teachers: - Prof. Emmitt, chemistry & mathematics,, Redfern Algebra & Algriculture, [sic] Lillian Pulliam history, English and foreign language (German). Helen Latic, Spanish and French. Sadie Bobbinhouse 5, 6 & 7 grades. Ambrose taught beginners to the 4th grades. This was recognized as a model school in that so much foreign language was taught. Mrs. Campbell was the janitor, hot water heat in the register. The drinking water came from a drilled well in the front of the building, had to hold your hand under the spout and pull down on the handle. Four seniors graduated from there in 1917, Jack Gage Earl Wilson, Blanche Nicols, Irl Pritchard, nearly all of the basketball champs. Hazel and Ruth Hughes, Mildred Cook Sevilla Chatfield, Yrene Long, Ursal Morgan, Ben Gregg, Bill Jacobs, Maereen Russell, Bessie Ellecot, Nellie James, Helen Horsley were juniors in 1916-17. Violet Hampton, Charles Clara Faure, Elsa Carson, Fern Laird, Rosie Bosch, Gertrude Early, Fern Denny were sophomores in 1916-17. Chuck Harkins, Willie Handy, Joe Ruffing, Mary Reilly, Elizabeth Thompson,

Audrey Chatfield, Lois Chance, Roy Sweet Glen Wilson, Josephine Meliski, Blanche Bartholomew, Anna Casterline, Elmer Carlson were freshman in the years of 1916-17. Worland was free for all in District #1 pupils, any one outside the district had to pay \$2.00 per month tuition, later all of the county was voted in to Washakie County high School. No hot lunches those days, stormy or cold we ate our lunches in the hall or stairway, good days outside. All of the town dogs knew when we ate outside, they got the lunch scraps. Ursal Morgan drove the horse drawn school wagon she came from near Durkee to Worland. The athletics consisted of 1st string basket ball for boys, then a 2nd string boys as well as girls basket ball team, the girls played the 2nd string boys team. Boys got to go far away to Thermopolis, Basin, & Greybull by train. Prof. Emmet was a good coach. But he was the worst model T Ford car driver ever I believe. We upset twice once going to Manderson with the basket ball team, then upset before he got to Worland. Good thing he had a lot of good muscle along. Eric Carlson

Eric Carlson was born in Karlskrona Bleking Province, July 31, 1873, he grew up there until he was 14 years old, at that age his three older brothers were sent to make a living, John learned the bottling business, Carl the cabinet makers trade, Knut to the merchant marines and sailed around Cape Horn on a Portugese [sic] freighter. Eric was sent to a Nebraska farmer.. He described the voyage to America as rough, steerage was the cheapest form of passage space, down in the hold, so many sick so he sneaked up on deck and hid in the pig pen. The caretaker was Swedish and after he heard the story he helped him hide the remainder of the trip. Said when he saw the statue of Liberty, he decided that he was going to like America, they were held in quarantine in Ellis Island, he showed up for first time on entire trip. Finally got out of New York and on the Illinois Central Railroad bound for St. Louis and finally Omaha, Nebr. Where he was met by his new employer. He went to school days then milked cows, and farm chores for 3 years to pay for his passage from Sweden, the fare was \$270.00. he said this man really got his money back, all the work for three years. He left as soon as the debt was cancelled, said he never forgave his dad for sending him away so young. He had various jobs around Oakland, Nebr., but decided to go to Chicago and work on the World's Fair building in 1893. After the worlds fair he booked first class passage back home to Sweden. Bu things and family had changed so much he only staid there a month, going back to Oakland, Nebr. And a try at farming. On March 3, 1899 he married Edna C. Sandberg (Swedish) they rented farms around Oakland, Pender & Randolph where the first two children were born, he fed cattle and lost money sold corn 10¢ a bushel (lost more money) went to see Edna's brother Al Sandberg who talked him into coming to Wyo, and they would eventually lease some sheep together. So in April 1903 Edna and their two kids came to Cody from Taluka, Montana, the rail line had washed out this side of Billings. She got into Cody and Eric wasn't there, his horses got away from him so he had to walk to a sheep camp and their team to come to town, so he didn't get in until the next day. No one she saw knew him, so she thought he had deserted her, she hardly knew him when they did get together. Eric had bought another sheep wagon, that's where the family lived the next two years, when she set her foot down and made him take up a homestead. Sheep were alright when all could be out there to care for them, but it was a hard life for a woman & kids, never saw another woman for six months at a time. A year after taking up that homestead he and Albert Sandbery were on a deal to buy Dean Perkins land and another bunch of sheep and some

cattle, finally taking Knut Carlson into the partnership, calling it Carlson and Sandberg. That ran two more years Al wanted to shear the sheep before lambing, so they did shear out 1900 good ewes. The night of April 30 it started to snow and kept it up for three days and nights and the temperature went down to near zero. Every last one of those shorn sheep died so they had to sell the two wooly bunches to pay off the mortgage. There were lean years after that. Eric decided to go into the horse business so bought an expensive stallion. Horse business was just not a good paying operation but to try to pay off a mortgage. He matched up teams and broke them to work, then sell them and go back to the bank, a good team of geldings would sell for \$200 to \$400 per pair what if he sold 4 teams a year at best \$1600. Besides you had to raise two colts to be able to grow one up to salable age. The best ones got wire cut or just died of distemper, a lot of them later got sleeping sickness. There were some wild horses that would get some young ones to follow, then you had to chase them sometimes for a week to get the ones you wanted. With the coming of the car and truck age the bottom fell out of the horse business. Army didn't want them any more, few sales to cotton farmers they liked the little bronk]sic] type. Then with the coming of the Taylor Grazing Act and licensing of all livestock and the thinking of the stock people, the horse could forage better than all other animals during dry summers and long cold winters. Horses paw the snow away from anything edible and so survive. There were big round ups of horses and it was either to the cotton fields or the fox farms. Shear the mane and tail of all coarse hair and send to Ford Motor Co. for padding underneath the upholstery on car backs & seats. Eric kept back about 80 head of his best mares in the winter of 1933, turned them out next spring and no trace of them was ever seen again. Nothing to do now but to go into cattle and a few sheep. Can't increase a bunch of cattle and pay up expenses so the sheep were used to make ends meet. Eric served on the Washakie County high school board 1921 to 1926. Then served on the Taylor Grazing board of Ten Sleep District #1 for 9 years. He was in at the very start and was responsible as a board of formulating the various phases of livestock and lands in issuing permits to ranchers who could conform to the new rules. That was a thankless job. They were twelve cattlemen and the same number of sheepmen each from different districts. Try to please a hundred applicants. When he came home he looked like had had been on a murder trial. That sort of life just wasn't good for him, and we believe it hastened his life to a degree. He was happy when his three brothers would come for a visit. Carls from Cheyenne, Johns from San Francisco and Knuts next ranch west. It hurt not to be able to correspond with families in Sweden, neither Eric nor Knut could write the Swedish language any more. They got Jan Sandine to write for them then signed "your brothers Knut & Eric". If ever there is anything like old country honesty these four brothers would certainly qualify. To the family of Eric Carlson were born: - Elsa Viola, Elmer, Roland, Ivan, Edgar Dean & Edna Marie [correct children's names: Elsa Viola, Elmer Roland, Ivan (unknown child), Edgar Dean and Edna Marie]. To the Wallins were born: - Stanley P. Wallin, and Elsie Johns and Knuts never had children. So now it was up to the Wallin third generation to carry on. Some day there won't be any Carlsons in U.S.A. only a blood line of Wallins.

The long hard cold winters of 1909 and 1910, there were about 50 herds of sheep in the 15 mile country, not unusual to stop up on a hill at night and count 5 or 6 sheep wagons by their lights, even if they were kerosene lamps. The Dickie outfit had several bunches of old weak ewes and lambs in on feed at the Dutch Colony north of Worland, one day one of the young Scotchmen herders found

out that a person could go into town and back in those short winter days, so he took a saddle horse and headed for town, he just had to have new clothes & tobacco. He succeeded in getting Brady in the saloon to give him some money to pay the store for his purchases, that was a break. So next time Dickie came to look at the sheep he got a check the next time he got some more to go with him in a wagon, this time they staid too long in Bradys saloon and when they came to it was dark and col they were drunk so the livery man wouldn't let them go back in that shape, needless to say the sheep weren't fed hay that day and were all over the place. Dickie must have suspected that this may happen so got Ed Wright to drive him out in time to see the sheep going in all directions. He fired all the sheep hands and put the Dutch people to taking care. He said, "I am going to get into some other business where I won't have a lot of these worthless shepherders around me." But he never did!! Dave Dickie in his late life made a will, disposing of his immense interests. So many shares of L.U. Sheep Stock were divided among his faithful employees, the longer span of years with the company the more shares. I am sure these people really appreciated the gifts, but what they did with the money was painful. Big Mike got his legacy and proceeded to take it in bills, he lit his pipe with \$5 bills and got sacks full of silver dollars and threw them in the streets for the kids and some not for kids to pick up. The police got him and he had to go to jail for disturbing the peace. Mike was broke in a week, \$5,000 gone so he went back to work and laughed about being rich for a day at least. Carol bought two new buicks (wrecked the first one) 2nd one lasted him about a year and he had to go back to work. One bought a small airoplane [sic]. Only about 5 or 6 of his employees that were wise enough to make something out of it. Dave Dickie was buried up on the left hand rim in a mausoleum that overlooked a great deal of his land holdings. He had been thinking of this time when he would be placed there, he said, "I never had a very good home in my life time, but I am going to have a dam good one after I am dead." There was room for his two brothers to be placed in the mausoleum but they wouldn't go. Now he has a nephew Bob Dickie and a Mexican Joe Garcia placed near the mausoleum. Dickie had many girl friends but was never married to my knowledge. Rumors were that he had a girl in Scotland that he really loved, she couldn't make up her mind if it was Dave or Malcolm so she said she would marry the better man, they both trained hard, but Dave was the loser, so he went to New Zeland [sic] to go into sheep business, he didn't like it there so he came to Wyoming to the Angus McDonald place on Gooseberry Creek, later bought the L.U. ranch from Col. Baxter. One idea of his was [rest of sentence is hand-written] *not to do much farming in his operation, he said he could buy his feed from farmers cheaper than he could raise it.* Anyway he made a go of it his way. He bought hay in the stack for \$4 & \$5 a ton. They never bought any hay until they had to keep sheep from starving. Kunkel had a big family and those poor people got by on very little, go out in the hills and run down a slick bronk [sic] and train him then make a sale, the year the eleventh child came along, he raised about fifty bushels of wheat, he took it in several trips to Jordan mill down near Manderson and had some ground into flour, now they could live high, with flour, rabbit, and potatoes for the rest of the year until a more bountiful year would come along. One day two people, Missouriians, stopped and asked him if he would sell his 160 acre farm, and for how much, Kunkel said a thousand dollars. The Missouriian reached into his bib overalls and dug out 10 hundred dollar bills and said come in town and transfer the deed. These two Missouriians later worked this farm into a million dollar outfit, which they still operate. O.B. Mann had a farm near Meeteetse, a big hay ranch rather. He owned a thousand head of short horn cattle. Henry Doores

wanted all of the hay from this thousand acres ranch but in order for him to get the hay he had to buy the cattle for a hundred dollars a head. So they made the deal and Henry made out a check for \$100,000.00. O.B. Mann had that check in a frame in his home for many years. That was on another of these no grass in the hills and a terribly cold winter. So the stockman didn't care much for the dirt farmer until a bad winter came along. That was a sad sight before spring to see a herd of livestock so poor they would weave, the usual thing was these animals would graze on anything that was fibrous, [sic] bush, willows any thing that stuck above a snow bank.

Old timers told that Sliney on Owl Creek lost 3,000 head of cattle during the winter of 1887 & 88. Said he could start down Owl Creek and walk on cattle, sheep & wild game carcasses clear into Thermopolis. The worst winters according to old timers were 1888, 1897, 1909-10, 1919, 1936, 1948, 1978. Even with all the loses of livestock these outfits had they prosper [hand-written] *ed in good years, lose all your stock go out and buy some more or lease a herd and be back in the business in a few years.* Lucy became the sheep Queen of Wyoming but not before she had more than her share of hard times, he died she was left with two little kids and a band of sheep, that was in the fall of 1897, a bad cold winter followed, she had to move camp every so often and leave the sheep so some got away or were killed by coyotes. Then she went out with the sheep she had to carry the two kids on her back where the snow was deep, then gather wood for fuel, the team of horses drifted away and no one had time to hunt them, she got a man to move her camp, she had plenty of meat and someone got her a sack of beans, when spring the sheep were so weak they started to die after the weather warmed, heavy with lamb they laid down and no amount of encouragement would make them want to live. When the lambing season was over she had about 300 head of ewes with lambs left out of a band of 1000 ewes. She never gave up, finally getting her horses back she started for the summer range. She had to cross come cowmens range to get where she wanted to go, someone shot her horses and some sheep but Lucy fought on and with determination, someone shot at her, so she quickly shot the horse out from under him and had him begging for his life. She said, "You four eyed so and so if I ever have occasion to do so I won't shoot the horse next time. You have 24 hours to leave this part of the country." That was not the only run in she had with men. She finally got another herd together and hired a herder, he stayed there for a couple of years. Grape vine said she couldn't pay him his wages so she married him, he only lived a few years after he started living a soft life, she said he wasn't worth a dam except for a sheep herder. Lucy later acquired 10 bands of sheep and started attending wool growers meetings. She didn't fit in with the wives of the sheepmen, rather she sat out in the lobby of the Emery Hotel and talked sheep with the men, that was the only life and she was satisfied with that. She never forgot anyone who had befriended her, likewise she never forgot anyone who had tried to harm her. C.F. Bobertson came into Worland as the attorney for the Lincoln Land & Townsite Co. and to tend to legal angles for the upper Hanover, Lower Hanover and Bluff ditches liked the country so well he just stayed on, he was a dapper very stylish dressed individual, a southern gentleman it seemed odd to see him dressed in a blue suit, polished shoes, manicured nails talking to these dirt farmers in patched clothes and runover shoes he held to the theory of exacting facts and he stayed with these fellows until every detail was understood by both he and the individual. Hence the good records of all deeds as were needed in the adjudication of water rights and deeds for homesteads. Henry Mammen, Jack Polk,

Cye Crautman, Heet, Anderson settled on South Flat, they were all good dirt farmers, raising alfalfa, hay and small grains. They brought their corn planters but soon gave that up and went to small grains, that was a good stable community, but never really prospered, many had to go to their banks to borrow for good grains and new equipment. They hauled their hay & grains to Worland to Cotton's Alfalfa Mill for \$4 per ton, that was ten miles away a full days trip back and forth, but they were all good honest people and had nice families. Preacher Jones was the local minister having homesteaded near the mouth of Little Gooseberry, The Neiber Store and Post office was a great meeting place run by Mr. & Mrs. Felix Blair. Many a big tale was told by persons sitting around that red hot pot bellied stove. You couldn't beat them telling stories all you could do was join them. A.A. Palmer settled under [unreadable] Bluff ditch, they all were gardeners, they could raise anything that grew in soil and used irrigation. In those days the fresh vegetables could be sold without a permit, deliveries were made by horse and buggy, even had a deal with the Burlington diner service for vegetables in season, it was a good business. Wyo. Industrial Institute was needed for wayward boys, but it was a thorn in the community, always the chance of someone getting out, many did get away, were in a hurry to get away so they didn't bother the people who lived there.

Sam Black & Jerry –yan were good farmers, stayed there and raised good crops and raised nice families. Sam Malstead was a colorful man, he had a hearty laugh and an ominous [sic] greeting when he didn't laugh. He was a hard worker and could shovel more mud than any other human, he would walk to town rather than hook up his conveyance, being a team of horses and wagon. He was quite a prospector and was instrumental in opening up the Spring Gulch Coal Mine. He was of the opinion of going down hill with the coal vein and tried to get into yhr [sic] et coal, but his partners didn't want to, when they could open the vein to the outcropping going up hill so the coal cars would roll down to the tipple by themselves not have to be pulled out. Coal sold at \$3.00 a ton quessed [sic] weight, single wagon box filled one ton. Mine coal in the winter, farm in the summer. When the Grass Creek oil fields were discovered in 1912 they furnished fuel for the drilling rig boilers. Really a bad time until they struck oil to use with the boilers. Alti Pendigraft was the first sherriff [sic] of Washakie County, feelings ran sort of high after the TenSleep Raid on Spring Creek, he had a large family. I believe twelve kids, Alti was Worlands first concert musician, fiddle, horn, drum he could handle it. He operated a livery and feed barn before sherrif [sic]. Abe Kent was the next sherrif and a very good sherrif he was. Abe held that job until he bog in the money from interests in the Grass Creek Oil fields. Joe Cook and Leroy Laird got their start there.

Next came Barry Koontz in the sherrif department, he held that job longer than anyone before or since. One thing about Barry he started electioneering for the next election the minute he won the present one. He was a mild mannered man and many times he prevented crimes just by talking at the right time to the right persons. There was a big mouth barber, I'll not tell who, this happened just after the TenSleep Raid on Spring Creek. The barber said what he would do to those cowmen who were in on the fracas. So Abe Kent, Otis Kidder, Jim Russell, Hakes, Joe Brady, Pete Selham and barber were all deputized to go and get those ruffians. Well some hid in the gulch along Slick Creek and fired blanks at the posse, one fell off his horse then another yelled "I'm shot" so Mr. barber headed for town ran his horse through Laird's we grain field half killed off his horse, got into town

and rode up and down what streets there were yelling, They killed them all I am the only one left, for Gods sakes somebody wake up and let us leave town they are getting after all of us." A light was lit in the saloon and he went there to inform everyone of the tragedty, [sic] his erstwhile posse were all in there having a big drink. Poor Barber never did live that one down, but he never did brag again how brave he was. Knut Carlson went to see his future wife and attended a function of some sort while they were inside, some young fellows put the two hind wheels on one side and the front ones on the other. They drove the twenty miles home and it wasn't until someone called Knut's attention to it that there had been a change in the wheels. Knut had some calves, he was real proud of, Eric had some too and both bunches were sold to the same buyer, when the weights were recorded Eric's calves weighed just a few pounds more than Knuts, he really flew into a rage and said to weigh his over, so that was done and the weights were even some lower than before, so weigh Eric's over again about the same difference, Knut just wouldn't give up but Eric took his check to the bank, Knut didn't much care what the calves weighed as long as they out weighed Eric's. The buyer said, Has he always been tour brother, Eric said he sort of hated to own up to it,. Knut and Carl couldn't agree on anything. Knut was in the Castle Hotel in Omaha and found a bill fold containing some money but very little in identification, so Knut turned the bill fold in to the desk clerk, he was thanked and told how honest he was by the clerk. When Carl learned about it he told Knut what a sucker he was, the clerk undoubtedly stuck the money in his pocket, well the argument really started, they got so mad neither one would play penny ante poker that night. Aunt Hamia was about ready to throw both of them out. Knut's wife came down to Omaha when she knew he would be at his brothers home never told him she was coming until just before she would get in the station. She had some new clothes and Knut and Hamia were waiting for her to come in the depot. Hanna said, "Is that your wife," Knut said, "no" but it was she, so she found no one waiting for her so she got a cab and went to Carls house. When they got home she was there ahead of them. Knut didn't know her in any clothes other than she wore at home. They never let him live that down. Knut was riding a horse that fell down with him and caught his foot in the stirrup, he managed to hold on to the bridle rein long enough until his foot came out of the stirrup, but was dregged [sic] over brush until he lost most of his clothes. When he got loose he started limping toward a house, the lady saw this man all scratched and bloody so she left the house and headed for the hills. He finally made her know who he was, so helped him into the house and went for help. That was one time he didn't argue. Another time he gave his hired hand a bad time and called him a bonehead because he wasn't in the right place at the wrong time. Benny was usually a mild mannered man, but to reprimand him for something he had told him to do rankled Benny. So he said "Shut up there you Swede So & So or I'll come up there and clean up on you". Even Knut had to laugh at that out burst. Knut had a good business head and did his own work until he could no longer do it. When Jean passed away he was lost and took to steady drinking, the back yard was littered with empty whiskey bottles. He bought a Ford pickup and got to be a good driver, he drove the 30 miles to town once a day incidently [sic] for another bottle. He had a slight stroke and finally had to go to the hospital, but he never lost any of his senses right down to the end. The last words I heard him say, "Did that bonehead at the gas station grease and change oil in my "yitney". Two days later he passed away and was buried beside Jean in the family plot in Worland Cemetery. He never did learn to say the letter "J".

ELMER CARLSON—was born in Randolph, Nebraska on Feb. 24, 1902.

He moved with his parents when he was just one year old, to a ranch on Gooseberry Creek, there he lived until 1954.

He was a rancher in that area until he retired.

His early education was in a rural school on Gooseberry Creek.

After two years in Worland high School, he spent two more years in a military School in Mexico, Missouri.

Until now he has spent 20 years retired in Cody, Wyo. (Aug-1982)

[Hand-written note]

Born in Nebr, but came to Wyo in 1903 when I was a year old. My family homesteaded on Gooseberry Creek in 1904. The whole family had lived in a sheep wagon until my mother refused to live like that any more. My earliest recollection of this horse whittling was to get a knotty piece of cottonwood limb, then pound 4 nails into it for legs, a forked stick was the rider. That was our toys, we would get an empty Log Cabin syrup can, nail two small blocks on the bottom, that was our sheep wagon. Get a little better at it, so made horses for M--- [unreadable] school kids.

Elmer Carlson

"JIMMY WOOTEN"

1905 to 1909

As far as I know Jim came into Meeteetse for the first time in the summer of 1905 driving a six horse team hauling store supplies and mining equipment from Billings to Meeteetse. He continued to freight, sometimes from Red Lodge, other times, Bridger, Montana. He always wound up in Meeteetse, while there he could have a high old time, mainly at one of the seven saloons. Huetts, Mcguires, [sic] Mortons, Peoples, Rivers, Dad Sloans and the one over across the river, next to the sporting house (Carrie's). Some of the saloons were tents and about all of them were made of logs. There were two banks, two hardware stores, two grocery stores, and Hank Moss had the first livery barn. A Chinese laundry, a millinary [sic] store run by the late Mrs. Frank Blackburn, Weller Hotel And several other hotels, use their bed on the ground for .50¢. The beds in the hotel had no springs, just a tick full of hay or straw, in the winter time everyone that could drag a bed close to the stove would do so. There was a rule that women and children got closest to the stove. Some never came back for the second sleep at that hotel. When there was an overflowing crowd, the hotelman conscripted his breakfast cooks and helpers. He tables were of rough boards as well as the benches, you needed thick pants to keep from getting any slivers. Now that was the fact when they were first built, the slivers got wore down by usage. John Mitchie and Bill Duff were two of the earliest black smiths and horseshoer's. Dr. Bennett had an office and practice from his home. The ranchers and sheep outfits hauled the merchandise out as fast as it could be stocked up again. The miners at Kerwin [sic] also needed food, coal and equipment so the roads were worn down by hoof, tire, wind and water.

There was an over and back stage line to Cody, a Meeteetse stage line to Thermopolis, stage stop at Ilo on Grass Creek. Ilo stage was run by Ed Quinn, who kept the change of horse teams as well as feed anyone riding the stage which was just a heavy spring wagon. There was a top on it to keep out sun and rain but sure didn't keep out cold winds or dust. One young eastern fellow rode the stage from Cody to Meeteetse and when asked if he would ride it back, replied it was a whole lot more comfortable to walk back. Andy Wilson said he wouldn't pay a dollar to ride from Meeteetse to Thermopolis, could a dollar earn easier to just light out and waid [sic] it. Well not all were like East and Andy, they rode both ways. John Faust bought Hank Moss Livery [sic] Barn and established stage lines out of Meeteetse to Cody and to Thermopolis. He was a good judge of horse flesh and acquired the knack and reputation of a horse trader. He liked to trade for some mean, spoiled, cow ponies. He could use them in his business, no matter how they acted. This kind of horse can have a stamina no other horse could match if you could find a man that could handle them. Now we come to Jimmy Wooten, no known horse ever bluffed him. Faust traded horses with Henry Doores and got a roan gelding, a regular man eater, and got another from George Hurlbut, these were somewhat hot bloods. These two horses were to be the downfall of one Jimmy Wooten. Jimmy had driven the Thermopolis run for about one year or so and had many a merry ride when

there was a down grade ahead of them. If they wanted to run, let them go, get into town and the life of luxury sooner. The old Meeteetse road followed Mail carriers draw to the top of Five mile hill, then down in a shall valley and up over Blue hill, then down grade to Buffalo Creek across gooseberry over to grass creek and the stage stop at Ilo, new team after dinner over to Cottonwood and down to Schuler Harris spring on Sand draw, then over to Owl Creek, thru the red pass and into Thermopolis, these horses were well fed, but were tired when they got to their destination. The next day Jimmy took a fresh team and started back to Ilo and Meeteetse. This run was almost all up hill, so he got an early start and a late arrival or "getting in". Jimmy would pass up a ranch wagon or freight outfit like it was going the other way. No matter who was on the road with a vehicle he would pass them, matter of pride. This winter of 1909 & 1910 started getting cold and snowy in October, by December the thermometer seldom got up to zero. There would be a few good days and then more snow. There wasn't enough hay raised in the country to do any amount of feeding, just relied on corn and cottonseed cake to keep the livestock from starving. So there was a lot of freight hauled in to the Meeteetse country. That made for a lot of good company for Jimmy. He could drive stage or freight all night long in front one of those bars. Next morning early barn to harness these two ornery bronks, [sic] they had kicked him when a few days before he had tried to tram them to his rig. Well this morning about December 18, 1909, they kicked him and tromped on him, until he was really sore, both in mind and body. All this work was done by the light of a kerosene lantern. He went over to Josh's for breakfast, and back to the barn where it took four men to get the team attached [sic] to the stage. He got the lines and into the stage, around the town and past the Post Office where they threw a mail sack on then when he came around again they threw another in until he was all loaded, then up the hill past the Masonic Hall and up Mail Carriers draw. Silent Charlie was riding up the road on a horse Jimmy liked to have run over him. Anyway Charlie was the last man to see Jimmy Wooten alive. It was snowing lightly and bitter cold. Now we have to suppose what happened the next three months. We thought it happened thusly--. Jimmy was going to make this team pay for their rough tactics they had done to him. They went up over 5 mile hill, then loped across the valley and up the Blue hill from the top of Blue hill it was all down grade to Buffalo Creek, so Jimmy let them run and they quit the road, one mail sack was found there the next spring after the snow went off. Some way farther they found Jimmy's horse blanket robe. They found the back seat and two mail sacks, then the hind wheels and axle, finally saw front wheels and part of the tongue, all of these things were found in a length of five miles. Thermopolis P.O. called Meeteetse that no stage had come in the day before so a party was sent out of Thermopolis and one from Meeteetse to try to find Jimmy. The party from Meeteetse found the one horse, still had the collar and bridle on, next they tracked the roan horse up among the cedars, he was skinned up and very lame. They found the hind wheels, the fresh snow had covered all the old tracks. Back and forth they found the front two wheels and back seat and two mail sacks. The search continued for three days when they were sure that Jimmy had perished, each day would add some more new snow and cold. The P.O. department sent two inspectors and again they combed the area for a few more days. They brought Alex Ketchum in with his hounds from the L.U. ranch. The inspectors went back to Denver, with the report that the weather was intolerable. Now they would have to wait for favorable weather. As the weather moderated, Faust made a few more searches in the area. During March and April of 1910 the sun warmed the area and the snow melt rushed down streams

in a muddy state. You haven't seen muddy water until you have seen the rapid flow of Buffalo creek, too thick to drink and too thin to plow. Any article animal or whatever could and does float down stream in water at its highest tide. Mickety Mike was herding yearlings for the L.U. and let them come into gooseberry creek to drink. He always went up or down the creek bank to see if any of his sheep had fallen in the water or got stuck in the mud, on one of these rounds he found a badly decomposed body of a human being, lying on some drift wood above the water. He came excitedly up to the Moon Hillberry school house to tell the news. Mrs. Moon let all of us kids go with Mickety Mike to see our first dead man. I can still remember the stench of that body. It was fully clothed but every bit of the body was covered with mud. You can be sure that every kid hurried home to tell their folks. My sister and I rode that seven miles home on a high lope. We passed the three Murphy girls who were on foot. I'll have to tell you there were nine kids in that school. Two Moons (Lee and Lucille), two Hillberrys (Harry and George), two Carlsons (Elsa and Elmer), and Olive, Alma & Dulcie Murphy. If you want further verification you should consult Lucille Hall of Cody. George Hill berry rode into Meeteetse to notify authorities about finding Jimmy Wooten's body. Identification was found in the coat pocket. The P.O. got into the act to try to find any relative but none were found. So a group of the men in the immediate vicinity did the last rites. Eric Carlson furnished the pine boards, Grant Murphy Sr. furnished the nails for the coffin. Willard Boyce, John L. Baird, Mickety Mike, W.C. & Evan Morton laid Jimmy Wooten to rest on a lonely rise quite near to the present gooseberry road. W.A. Boyce herded sheep in that area, so kept some wooden marker at the gravesite. Through the passing of time these markers were rubbed down by livestock. In my last conversation with Boyce he asked me if I would keep some sort of marker in place.

So one March day Ralph G. (Slim) White and his wife Rose, Mariette Carlson and I after chiseling on a granite stone for weeks, I came up with these words.

Jimmy Wooten
Stage Driver
Meeteetse, Ilo, Thermopolis
Buried 1910
Died in 1909

By Elmer Carlson

[Hand signed]

Elmer Carlson

JOHN W. AND CARRIE WEBSTER

John 1857-1952

Carrie 1860-1948

The Websters are natives of Michigan. Both were born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. They were married Dec. 18, 1879 at the home of the bride, then Carrie Standish, in Jamestown, Michigan. Their only son Roy M. Webster, was born in 1882, on their farm near Jamestown, MI. When Roy was about four years old, the Websters were persuaded by a brother of Carrie Webster, Luther Standish, who had settled near Lander, Wyoming to come out West.

The Websters left on the Union Pacific Train at Rawlins, Wyoming and made the Overland Stage trip to Lander, near where they spent the next two years. John Webster was employed on a ranch belonging to Robert Hall. Hall is credited with having been the telegraph operator who flashed the first news of the Custer Battle in 1876 to the outside world. According to the story, friendly Indians brought the news of the annihilation of Custer's Command to South Pass, Wy., where Hall was the operator.

While in the Lander area, Mrs. and Mrs. Webster became acquainted with Chief Washakie of the Shoshones, "the friend of the white man". They knew many of the colorful Pioneer residents of Central Wyoming.

In 1900, the Websters moved to a 2000 acre ranch about 10 miles from Meeteetse on the Wood River. After his death, his grandson and granddaughter sold the ranch to Harry Larson.

In 1929, their house on the ranch, burned to the ground. Roy their son, made them move into Meeteetse and lease the ranch to a neighboring stockman.

The Websters celebrated their 50th Anniversary in Meeteetse on Dec. 18, 1929. They lived in the Meeteetse area for 45 years.

After their son Roy passed away in 1941, their daughter-in-law, Alice Webster, moved to Billings and insisted they move to the lower altitude for health reasons. They moved next door to where she was living. Carrie Webster died, age 89, at the family home in Billings, in 1948 and John Webster died, at age 95, at home in Billings in 1952.

ROY MAYNARD WEBSTER

1882-1941

Roy Webster was born in Jamestown, Michigan, May 7, 1882. At the age of 7 he moved with his parents into the Meeteetse Country, and grew to manhood and married Alice E. Scott (1888-1956), in Billings, Montana in 1910.

Roy farmed in the Sunshine Basin for many years before moving to Meeteetse. He purchased the Service Garage, which he operated for many years. After selling the garage, he bought the Cash and Carry Store in Meeteetse.

From this union there were two children. Son, Jack (1911-1971) had a ranch along the river across from the ___K Ranch. He married Clarice Gillian, 1933 in Denver, Colorado, who was a high school teacher in the Meeteetse Consolidated School for three years. They had two daughters [sic] Marilyn and Caroline.

The daughter, Elizabeth, taught school at the Osborn School for two years and the Clarksfork School for one year. In 1934, she was married to Charles B. Spear in Billings, Montana. She and her husband lived in the Clarksfork area for several years.

In 1945, they moved to Seattle, Washington where Charles passed away 1960. Elizabeth, her four daughters, Shirley, Mary, Alice, Peggy and one son John reside in the Seattle area. Her son James is living in Kenai, Alaska.

WYOMING
FROM TERRITORIAL DAYS TO THE PRESENT

Under the Editorial Supervision of

FRANCES BIRKHEAD BEARD

State Historian of Wyoming

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THOMAS OSBORNE, JR., one of the oldest of Wyoming's native sons, has lived a life of intensive contact for over half a century with the ranching and live stock interests in the northwestern quarter of the state. He had been associated with or has known intimately nearly all of the noted and notorious characters in the region. Mr. Osborne is one of those rare individuals who are historically minded, and is one of the best living authorities on the history of the region in which most of the years of his life have been spent. Along with the other interesting facts of his career it is a pleasure to note that he has enjoyed material prosperity, the result of his own unaided enterprise, and owns a fine ranch in the district of Park County.

The story of his career and that of his family affords an interesting personal commentary on the general history of the state as recorded in other volumes of this publication. His birthplace was one of the military posts established to guard the right-of-way and construction camps of the Union Pacific Railroad while it was building through Wyoming. This was Fort Halleck at Elk Mountain, where Mr. Osborne was born August 15, 1869. His father, Thomas Osborne Sr., was a native of England and came to the United States in 1849. At Wilmington, Delaware, Thomas Osborn married Anna Tally, who represented one of the early Holland-Dutch families of Pennsylvania.

At the outbreak of the Civil war Thomas Osborne, Sr., and his three brothers enlisted in the First Delaware Volunteer Infantry, as members of Companies G and I. Among many engagements in which he participated was the great battle of Antietam, where he received a gunshot wound in the hip. At the close of the war his command took part in the Grand Review at Washington. He was one of many soldiers who were participants in a riot in the negro district. The chief penalty for this was the retention of the soldiers for regular duty beyond the term of their enlistments. Many of them were sent to the western frontier, including Thomas Osborne, who was transferred to the Fourth Connecticut Infantry, some of whose members had been in the riot. The command was sent to Fort McPherson, Nebraska, near the Wyoming line. Here these soldiers were detailed as guards during the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, 1867. Thus Thomas Osborne became a part of the advancing frontier in the West. His wife accompanied him, and their oldest son, Charles, was born at Lawrences Fork, Nebraska, across the river from Cheyenne. Charles Osborne has spent the greater part of his life in Wyoming, but as a young man s in Florida as a member and first lieutenant of the Second United States Cavalry. He is now at the Soldiers Home at Buffalo, Wyoming. During his active career he was a bull whacker and sheep shearer, miner and ranch operator. He and his brother Thomas assisted in moving the materials from Fort Meeker to Rawlins, both being employed at the time as bull whackers. The fort itself was transferred to Fort Duchesne, Utah. Charles Osborne married Ivy M. Hoover, and their four children were Edwin, Thomas, Anna and Catherine.

In 1871 Thomas Osborne Sr. established his home at Camp Brown, at the site of the present City of Lander. This post was a stockade of logs, but later the main headquarters of the military in this section was established at Fort Washakie. Thomas Osborne, Sr., was a pioneer cattleman and rancher. His cattle brands were B4 and 44. Eventually financial reverses overtook him, and he became a cook for different cattle outfits, and for a time lived with his son Thomas, Jr. The closing years of his life were spent in a National Soldiers Home in Virginia, where he died June 6, 1921, at

the age of seventy-nine. His wife died at Rawlins August 4, 1914. They were the parents of five children: Charles, Thomas Jr., Samuel (deceased), William (deceased) and Mamie. The sons, Charles, Samuel, William and Thomas, all attended school at Lander and Rawlins. Thomas Jr., was two years old when the family located at Camp Brown (Lander). There he and his brothers attended a log school house, which enrolled eighty-four pupils, only about half of them white, the others being Indians and negroes. It was a motley group of scholars, and at the Osborne home were staged daily performances with a fine tooth comb to get rid of the unwelcome head tenants. Charles Osborne sought for many years to determine the location of old Fort Thompson, which had been a pioneer trading post of either the Hudson's Bay Company or the American Fur Company, and after twenty years he found evidence that placed the location of the post near Lander.

Before he was ten years old Thomas Osborne, Jr., had left home and had thrown himself into the work and activity which during a half century has brought him such picturesque and vivid experiences. Out of his personal knowledge he is able to fix many important dates in the history of Northwestern Wyoming. It was in 1879 that the first cattle outfit came into the Meeteetse district of Park County. Otto Franc, a German, was the first to establish a cattle range there. His ranch headquarters eventually became the property of Mr. Osborne. Franc's ranch was the first on the Greybull River. In 1880 the Pitchfork Ranch was established, following which came the Thorn Ranch, headquarters of the Lovell ML outfit. In 1884 Rogers & Patten established the TL ranch. The first postoffice was at Meeteetse Creek, the town being later moved to its present location. The LU outfit came to the Grass Creek district in 1884. In that year Mr. Osborne became an employee on the Pitchfork Ranch. In 1894 he bought the Otto Franc property, part of his present ranch holdings. Shortly afterward he filed entry on the land, including the site of his present attractive home. He bought the Franc property from "Gassy" Thompson. From what was formerly a tract of sagebrush he has reclaimed a fine farm and ranch of 840 acres. In former years he had as many as 600 cattle on the ranch and range.

As an illustration of how Mr. Osborne has lived in history in its making, his ranch and home during a period of forty years has been in three different counties. In the beginning all of this portion of Northwestern Wyoming was in Fremont County. Later it became a part of Big Horn County, and the ultimate subdivision of territory created Park County. Mr. Osborne served as county commissioner of Big Horn County in 1905-06. He was instrumental as one in creating Park County in State Legislature, 1909, with Cody as the county seat. He is now serving his second term as county commissioner of Park County. At one time the postoffice and nearest railroad town was at Green River in Sweetwater County. In the early days the Land Office was at Evanston, and later Lander became the county seat and Land Office headquarters. In 1884 Mr. Osborne and Peter P. Dickenson brought out on pack horses the ballot boxes for the first election held in what is now the Meeteetse precinct.

In 1884 Mr. Osborne attended the first school on Meeteetse Creek. The schoolhouse and its incidental expense were maintained by Margaret B. Wilson. The first teacher was Anna Bradford of the State of Washington, and among the first pupils was Jesse Conway, who at that time was thirty-

one years of age. Mr. Osborne has been treasurer of School District No. 13 of Big Horn and Park County for over thirty-two years, and is the oldest school board official in the state. This district, like his own ranch home, has been in three successive county jurisdictions, Fremont, Big Horn and Park.

In this vicinity a man named Arland established a gambling place, and the little settlement for a time bore his name. It became the stage of various turbulent encounters. Eleven persons died there in shooting scrapes with their "boots on," including one woman. Mr. Osborne is able to identify the location of the graves of all these victims of pioneer tragedy, situated along Meeteetse Creek. In the district around the present town of Ten Sleep, Washakie County, Mr. Osborne knew many of the leading figures in the historic Ten Sleep sheep and cattle raid. The cattle men had warned the sheep men not to pass a certain line, but Joe Engy and another sheepman refused to heed the warning, and the result was that both of them were killed and their wagons burned.

Before acquiring a ranch of his own Mr. Osborne was foreman and cowboy for the Otto Franc outfit for ten years, from 1884 to 1894. He is one of the best living authority on the cattle brands of the pioneer period, and information supplied by him on these brands and other facts of pioneer history have gone into the permanent archives of the State Historical Society. Mr. Osborne was present at a memorable roundup at the Hoodoo Ranch in July, 1884. He says that on the night of July 3rd the cowboys turned loose fully 2,000 cattle and proceeded to celebrate the great national holiday of the Fourth of July with a supply of beer and with horse races that drew the best horses from far and near.

Mr. Osborne has always been a Republican. He is a past master of his Masonic Lodge, Signet Lodge No. 18, A. F. and A. M., at Meeteetse, having served as worshipful master in 1922; and is a member of Cedar Chapter No. 14, Order of the Eastern Star, at Cody, is a thirty-second degree Scottish Rite Mason and a member of Kalif Temple of the Mystic Shrine at Sheridan. In 1928 he was awarded the fraternal jewel as a token of his twenty-five years of membership in the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Mr. Osborne married at Chicago, Illinois, October 29, 1902, Miss Minnie Krause. Both their children were born in Chicago: Vera, born June 17, 1905; and Samuel, born April 4, 1907.