

41. Just after Alden was founded there was no other town for quite a distance to the north and west so that this was quite a trading post at first. It was nothing for people to come from as far as Belmond, thirty miles away, to do their trading. One of the principal things that brought traders was the mills that were here for they could bring their corn and wheat and get them ground into meal and flour. When they marketed their hogs they didn't do as they now do but would wait until winter, when they would butcher the hogs and bring in the meat frozen for shipment. All there was to the butchering was the killing and cutting them open to take the entrails out, then washing the inside. To prevent the washing water from freezing inside they would put a cob in the mouth to hold it open so that the water would run out and it was left that way when frozen. After the carcass was frozen they would load them in the sleds by standing them on their ## snouts, leaning the first ones against the front of the sled, and stacking them that way until all were on or the sled full. They were loaded in the cars the same way for shipment.

Our market for a great number of years was Cedar Falls, that is until the railroad got this side of there. That was a trading point for a long time, before and after the railroad got in there. In hauling grain to Cedar Falls we would take about 50 bushels to a load and we would get as far as Downey's Grove, that's Ackley, the first night, then about Parkersburg the next night, we always camped out, laid generally under the wagon, and the next day we made Cedar Falls and unloaded and got our goods that we had orders to get and then pull for home as quick as we got loaded, It would generally take us about four days to make the round trip. Those days we didn't have first class roads anywhere. We used horses on these

42. trips for the oxen were too slow and were out of date for road use. As the railroad came west it kept shortening our distance to go for goods. It got as far as Ackley and stayed there for two or three years, then on to Iowa Falls where it stayed several years, and finally went through here in 1870 and on to Fort Dodge. When it got here it made this a better trading post until in 1880 when the B. C. R. & N. ### (now the Rock Island) went through north of us and through the towns of Popejoy and Dows. Dows was formerly called Otisville and Popejoy was Carleton until it was learned there was another Carleton in the state. Oakland, about a mile from Popejoy, was once quite a village at that time and had a general store, postoffice, blacksmith shop, cheese factory, etc.

The first mail that I can remember of came up from Eldora on horseback and I don't know how long it was after that before they got a mail route through here on a stage line. I don't see how the stage got through as well as they did with the high water and sloughs in the spring and the blizzards and cold weather in the winter with the driver setting up there on top with the wind blowing around him and 20 or 25 below zero. In those days it was a common thing to see a man stuck in the mud but the next fellow that come along helped him out. Some of the worst sloughs had names to describe them and I don't think of any of their names except two out this side of Marcus, one of them was called Hell's Half Acre and the other Purgatory Slough. They were something like a Dutchman that I met on the other side of Dows. He had attempted to go across a place that was only two or three feet across but several feet deep and of course when his front wheels struck that spot they went down so that he couldn't get them out. I got there just as he had finished unloading his goods and I sat there and watched him a few minutes. Then I

43: picked out my place and went through. About the only remark the Dutchman made was, "Chesus Christ, All de way around slough." And that is about the way it was here at first.

On May 9, 1879 Nate Whitman and myself started for South Dakota with H. P. Smith to homestead some land. We had a span of horses and a breaking plow in the wagon and our bedding and stuff like that was about all we did have. Mr. Whitman was going to break prairie for Mrs Smith and I was the cook. When we got to Sioux Falls we loaded up lumber for a house and drove out to Mr. Smith's ranch about 70 miles, and about 12 or 15 miles from the nearest town, and started right away to put up the house and we had lumber enough, just boards, for two sides, one end and the roof. Mr. Smith left us that afternoon and started back. There wasn't a stick of firewood within miles of the place, I had no stove anyhow so it made no difference, all the fuel I had was hay. I built me a stove out of stones. To burn the hay I would twist it up and stick it under the stones and by taking a half a day at it I could boil potatoes and coffee. Smith made arrangements that by going six or eight miles twice a week to a neighbors we could get bread. Mosquitoes was a fright there. We had open house for anything and everything that come along. I would get some green grass and some dry grass and start a smudge in the middle of the shanty on the floor, that was a dirt floor so it didn't burn anything up, to drive the mosquitoes out. One night there was an awful storm came up and I couldn't sleep but when my partner got asleep it would take three storms to wake him up, and I went out and got the breaking plow and laid it on the sill of the house where the whole end was open. I took a log chain and fastened it to the sill to help hold the house down. When we got up in the morning we were all turned around for the wind had

14. just slid the house around and it was still on its foundation because we didn't have any foundation under it, it was just on the ground. I had to go after the bread afoot right across the country, making a round trip of 12 or 15 miles twice a week. One day I didn't start for my bread until after dinner and there was a storm coming but I got my bread and the folks didn't want me to go because the storm would catch me before I could get across the prairie and it was getting dark too and I stayed there all night. They gave me a blanket on the floor to sleep on and it rained awful hard during the night and the roof leaked and it kept dropping on me and I kept sliding over to get out of the drip and when I woke up in the morning I was clear under the old folk's bed. I got up and started back to camp. I got back to camp and Nate had burnt all my dry hay up, then we didn't have any fire until we waited for some hay to dry along in the forenoon. I started after bread one day and Mr. Whitman wanted to go with me so he took the team and I got in the wagon with a rifle that you couldn't put any dependence in where the ball was going, just one load and coming back I got my eye on a couple of antelope and they were lying down on a side hill and we drove right along to just as close as we dared to go without their jumping to run, they were about 2/3 grown, and I told him to just stop a second, just stop the horses, and he did. He said "George, if you ever shoot straight, shoot straight this time," because we are out of meat." The one that I shot at jumped up and then fell and the other jumped and ran a little ways and stopped and away went the old horses as tight as they could run and Nate a pulling and swearing. I said, "Let them go, Nate, don't hold them back. We'll go to the shanty and get the shotgun." And then he did let them out. I put in two good loads in the old shotgun, I took the endgate out of the wagon

45. box. I says, "Nate, you drive so that that antelope can see you and when we get to the point of the hill you keep going and I will drop out. The antelope can't see me but he will keep watching you and I'll make a sneak on him." And I did. I got up real close to him before he saw me. As he jumped I knocked him down with the first barrell and then he gathered and jumped again but the other barrell finished him and before he got up I got to him. An old Uncle Nate and I had meat for quite a while for the other animal was dead when we got to him. One day Mr. Smith came out to the ranch and Mr. Sweétzer and Mr. Smith were going out on the Jim River and asked me to go along with them and one afternoon (this man Sweitzer had fetched out a dandy nice rifle) we saw a jackrabbit setting off quite a little ways to one side. Mr. Smith handed me the rifle and said "Get the rabbit" and I did, blew it's head off. That night we camped on a ridge and along down in the hollow there were four antelope came along, feeding along slow. I said Mr. Smith, those antelope are not going but a little ways before they will lay down for the night and I am going to get up early in the morning to see if I can't get a shot at them and I got up bright and early it was Sunday morning. I went down perhaps a mile down that ravine it was getting quite light then. I set down in a bunch of weeds and I looke across the knolls the other side of me and I saw an antelope get up. I hadn't gone quite far enough. Pretty soon they all got up and three of them fed over the knoll out of sight and the old buck stood there looking around and I must have moved a little and he got sight of me. Probably he thought it was a wolf. Now he started right straight for me as tight as he could run and a little ways in front of me was a little gravel knoll, a little sid ways from me, and I ran over to that knoll when he was down out of sight in the

46. ravine and I just got there and here he came with his hair standing up from his head to his tail. If I had kept still he would probably have passed me about 30 feet and I says "Whoa" and he sto ped. And the hair began to drop down on his back, he had got the wrong wolf, he didn't know me. I says, "You're my meat now, old fellow" I pulled the trigger and the gun snapped I stuck my finger in my vest pocket and took a cap out and took the other one off the tube and put the new one on and there he stood looking at me waiting for the show and I got a good bead on him, pulled the trigger and the darn thing snapped a second time and he didn't wait to see any more, left then and there. I got back to camp and told them what had happened and Smith said to let the antelope alone for it was Sunday. Later in the day as we were going along I saw another antelope on a knoll and I slipped off and shot it so that that night we had antelope and rabbit for supper. Sweitzer wanted the rabbit and while he was cooking it the dog stole the rabbit, so we just had antelope. At the cabin we had a slough well. This was made by digging down through the sod for three or four feet down ^{and some of the top} and then let the water filter through the dirt. This was built near the edge of the slough. It was a great mouse catcher anyway for we would get anywheres from one to a dozen mice in it every morning. Then in the morning when I went down after the water I would dip the mice up and take the first pail or two up for the horses and then would dip some out for our use at the cabin. Once when I was gone Nate went down after some water, I had always got it before, and when he saw the mice in there he dipped it all out clean before he would take any out to use, I had got tired of doing that. Nate and I would take a bath every week. We would wade out in the pond to take our bath and then we would wade out through the mud to the well and then rinse ourselves off before we would put our clothes on.

47 in this country." I said it might have been a wolf that scared them but when we got back into the settlement we learned that in the country where we were the indians had run the surveyors out of there.

That night when we stopped the other wagon stopped down along the crick in the high grass and after we got the horses settled Smith took them down to where the other horses were and staked them out. He asked me if I wasn't coming down with them but I told him I wasn't. The mosquitoes were awful bad down there. I went back farther and got on top of a knoll and piled the rocks up so that I would get down on the ground and laid down there and went to sleep. There was some wind there that kept some of the mosquitos off from me.

For our eats on Smith's ranch we had mostly salt meat and a few potatoes, some bread and coffee. We didn't cook many potatoes for it took so long to cook them that I got tired of it. We could fry the meat all right but it took too long to boil anything. I did have any flour to make gravy or flapjacks with and even if I had tried to make flapjacks they would have been mostly ashes from cooking them over the open grass fire. One day I took some of the horses oats and scattered them out in front of the open end of our cabin and the blackbirds from down at the lake came and got there as thick as could be. I got down to where I could get a good rake at them and killed 20 or 25. I dressed them and took their breasts to make a pot pie. I cooked them several hours and when I tried them they were tougher than when I started so I threw them out to the dog.

One day I was down to Lake Madison fishing and a fellow came along with a pitchfork over his shoulder and I said I was just a fishing. He said that if it didn't make any difference to come along with him and he went just a few rods to a little stream that run into the lake and there was a little waterfall that dropped

2 Or 3 feet into the lake and just below it it was full of lively bullheads that were trying to get up. That man said, "Now get ready." I took my fish line and tied a little stick on it for a needle and he went to throwing out the bullheads with his pitchfork. I strung 16 on my line, it was a new line, and as I raised it up to get the bullheads down on the line the fish broke my line they were so heavy. I said, "Hold on, I've got all the fish I want" then I doubled my line and strung them on again and we threw the small ones all back into the water, keeping only those that weighed about 2 lbs. apiece. I threw them over my shoulder and my sack of bread over my other shoulder and headed for camp. I cleaned them that night when I got to camp and put them in a pail and set them outside of the cabin, got up in the morning and Smith's old dog had taken every one out of the pail and chewed them enough to make mincemeat out of them and then spit them out. If it had been my dog it wouldn't have lasted long. Of course, I was a little bit mad when I saw my fish in the morning.

Luin Cox, Fred Burns, Charley McMillen and myself went up to stay all night at Wall Lake. We was going to pick out a place in the afternoon for a blind and then get into it just about dark and stay in it all night. The law was out the next morning at sunrise to shoot ducks. We got comfortably situated and it begun to clud up and settle down for a rain and I knew we was going to have a rainy night of it and I wasn't going to set there all night in my boat and let the water run down the back of my neck, so I started to go to the farmhouse and if I couldn't get a room in the house I would sleep in the barn to keep dry. As I was coming along I saw Charley McMillen He hollered to me and wanted to know where I was going. I told him I was hunting a dry place to stay all night. Well he said to come

49. over here. He said to tie my boat to the bull rushes by his boat give me your paddles and punch pole and then get in here with me and stay all night and it begun to rain pretty hard by that time. We took his two oars and pole and jabbed them into the mud on one side of the boat and mine on the other side and then he had a canvas that he had used to cover hay with and he spread that all over the boat and our punch poles and oars kept it from falling down, it kept the water off from us nicely only when it would blow a little and during the night the sides of the canvas would get up a little and the water would run down on the inside edge of the boat but not bad. Along towards morning I woke up and I got up to look out and I got over on his side of the boat to raise the canvas to look out. Charley let a whoop out of him that you could have heard for a half mile. I said "What's the matter?" He said "The water is running up my back." When I stepped over on his side it tipped the boat up so that the water under the running board run up his back. That is the only time we got wet that night. When it got lighter we parted good friends even if he did get wet.

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The year after the Spirit Lake Massacre they called for Border Guards and my father enlisted at Webster City for serve there. That fall after he had been there a while he sent for me and I went up there and spent the winter with them. We were located at Peterson, on the Little Sioux River, about 30 or 40 miles southwest of Spirit Lake, and another camp of 15 or 20 soldiers were at Ocheyden and the next bunch of soldiers were at Spirit Lake. One of the mail carriers reported a band of buffalo was seen away up northwest. Well, the question was, about a party ## going buffalo hunting and who was to go and there was six of them was a 'rarin to go and they got a span of

50. horses and a wagon and took me along as driver, I was about 9 years ol. then, and we started right out that night and we drove all that night. When it got light so that we could see plain in the morning we drove out to where the buffalo was seen and there was quite a trail leading right west. We followed the trail until noon without any water, the men fooled around a while until they found a pond and got water for our horses, and us too, then we hit the trail and followed it until night. The develish fools might have known there was something wrong for the buffalo wouldn't hike along all day long like that without water. We camped that night down in a marsh where there was plenty of feed and the men let their horses feed there until along in the middle of the night, they had been up all night and all day and were pretty tired. Then we hitched up and drope up on a hill where the wind would blow the mosquitoes away. They hobbled their horses and turned them loose and along towards morning one of men kinda raised up, we were sleeping on the ground, and the horses were all lying down just a little ways from him and he run his eye over them and counted one extra horse in the bunch and he said, "Boys, there's indians in camp" and every fellow was up and the extra horse was an indian down on his hands and knees. He was cutting those horses loose is what he was doing. Of course when he hollered the indian disappeared in the grass and we couldn't see him. There were several shots fired, just chance shots for when they thought they saw something they would shoot. And then the indians scared our horses and got one away from us. The indians scare the horses by shaking a buffalo robe or by throwing some kind of a powder they have up in the air, and sometimes even the smell of an indian will scare a horse. They always get on the windward side so that whatever scent they use will blow to the horses to scare them and stampede them so that the indians can get the horses away. If ~~the indians~~ hadn't been

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lake* discovered ~~the~~ indian just when he ~~did~~ ^{was} he would have cut all the horses loose and then got back and scared them ^{away} before ~~we~~ would have had a chance to get them. There were other indians there and they would have gotten all our horses and we would have had to walk back to camp, or get there any way we could. As it was we lost one horse. That morning we hitched up and drove down to the buffalo trail and there we found when we went to examine it that there were several horse tracks on each side of the trail. That showed that the indians were driving the buffalo to use them for a decoy to get us back there. As long as we hadn't seen a buffalo and had lost a horse the men called the hunt off and went back to camp. The darned fools didn't know anything more about it for they were tenderfeet at it and would think that the buffalo were just over the hill from where they were and that they would soon find them.

When the soldiers first got there they put up a blockhouse for winter quarters at Peterson. This was made from logs and was about 16 ft. square and after the walls had been built up about 8 ft. the same length logs were still used and put on cornerways to the lower logs and then built up for another 7 ft, with a roof above. The reason ~~this~~ upper story was built with corners sticking out over the bottom story was because they would put holes in the floor where it was sticking out and also in the walls of this part so that if any indians got to the walls of the lower part of the blockhouse to set it on fire they could be shot at from the upper story and in that way protect the building. The barn was built outside and then a stockade made out of logs ~~sent~~ up endways by sticking one end in the ground and about 10 ft high above the ground was set up all the way around the buildings as a further protection.

Then they went up on the banks of the Ocheyden crick to a regular

52. indian camp ground on a big, high bluff and then they went to building for their winter quarters. They dug right into the side of the hill right along the side of it for about 40 ft. as near as I can remember then they got small logs and set them up endways about 12 ft. from the bank clear around they they tied them across by putting logs on crossways from the bank for a roof, then covered it with small sticks and dirt for the roof. They had one door that led into the kitchen, the next room was a bedroom for the soldiers and the next room was where we kept our horses and the only way to get a horse out was to lead him through the bed room and the kitchen and open the door and out he would go. They had holes cut along the side logs for ventilation and they had places cut big enough at the stable end to pitch in the hay and throw out the manure and keep things clean. An indian could never get a horse out of there without waking somebody up thats one sure and certain thing. If I had known enough at that time I could have picked up a lot of all kinds of indian curios for the top of the bluff was a big indian camp ground that had been there for years and years. That was their winter quarters and they sure protected their horses. Every man had to furnish his own horse but the State furnished the provisions and they came mostly from Sioux City but some were hauled from Ft. Dodge.

Elk
A man was coming from Peterson, he was a soldier, across to Ocheyeden along in the afternoon of a bitter cold day and the snow was blowing too, drifting, and he happened to look off to a little hill and he thought there was a brush pile and he had never seen it before so he stopped to examine it and about that time there was a band of elk jumped up, laying there in the snow he took their horns for sticks. He jumped right off from his horse and flipped the bridle rein over his arm and took a shot at them, a flock shot, with his army rifle. That scared his horse and it jumped back and pulled

53. the line off from his arm and away went his horse right in with the elk. He stood there and watched his horse as far as he could see him and he was four or five miles from camp and when he got there he told the boys what he had done so three of them got on their horses early in the morning and went down to where he had lost his horse and found a dead elk laying there with a ball hole through his neck then they took the trail and found his horse on a big pond, lots of glary ice and he couldn't make it and stayed there. Well they got the horse and went back to camp and they fixed up a kind of a rude sled like and all hands went back and got the elk. This fellow didn't know he had hit the elk for he was watching his horse and it was snowing and blowing so he started for camp walking. Then they had some fresh meat. Father had the hide tanned with the hair on and that was my bed for a good many years afterwards.

The quartermaster along in the next spring bought a couple of elk, they were tame elk that a fellow had down on the Sioux River there, he got them to butcher, to eat, for the soldiers. Father said "I'll furnish you with as much beef and I'll take the elk, you give me the elk and I'll give you beef." We didn't take them then but left them where he got them and they run with the cattle all summer and took his changes on getting them when he wanted them. There isn't as much meat on them as there is on a cow. They butchered the cattle when they wanted them, didn't butcher them both at the same time. I think they cost father some \$12.00 or \$15.00 apiece for them. It was getting along late in the fall father thought he would get the elk home. A man by the name of Levi Donelson lived here and he sent for him, he had a pair of oxen, a dandy yoke of cattle, to hitch the cattle onto his wagon and come up and get the elk and when he got there he had no rack or anything to hold them.

54. He thought perhaps he could had the, lead nothin', wild elk you know. They got them in an old log barn, got a rope around one and led him out and abut the second or third jump the elk made he broke the rope and he didn't stop, he went right over the fence and into the woods but the rope had cut his neck so that they see he was bleeding and they let the other elk out and it was several days before they come up with the cattle and the man got around this elk that had the rope around his neck, the elk's neck was awful sore, rope was bedded in his flesh and he foole d with him quite a while before he got hold of the end of the rope and he jerked it off from his neck. It was getting late and we started home without the elk. We had a prairie to go across about thirtyfive miles without a house. Mr. Donelson thought he would start that afternoon and drive out about five miles to a slough and we would stay there until long towards morning and then pull out. About the time we got to this slough it began to snow and blow and we stopped there a little while and he says "George I'm not going to stay here, I'm going" (He was afraid of losing his way in the storm) Well the prairie was all burnt off and the wind would drift the snow in the wagon trail and make a white streak that we could see for miles in the night. Well we kept a traveling, we kept a going and it was snowing all the time and I kept warm by running up and back in the wagon box and of course the further we went the slower the cattle went and when daylight came we was miles back on the prairie and about a foot of snow and still snowing and the first house was an Irishman lived there Well we got into his place about three o'clock in the afternoon with about 18 inches of snow on the ground and I tell you we was lucky in getting in there when we did. I went in the house and he took care of the cattle. I set down in a chair in front of the fireplace where it was warm and I fell right asleep and fell out of the chair. He

55. had a lot of younguns there I dont know how many and how they did laugh when I fell out of the chair but I didn't see anything funny about it. I didn't have any sleep the night before but kept walking all the time in the wagon box to keep warm and Mr. Donelson walked all the time by the cattle. We stayed there that night and the next mornigg we started out early and by driving late we got to Webster City and the next day we got home. They were good traveling cattle, would walk right along with their heads up and make good time..

The next spring father and his partner bought a couple of yoke of cattle and a wagon and made a regular rack right on the wagon out of 4 or 6 inch oles and got the elk in the barn and then run them up a chute they had made into the wagon. When they run in a couple of fellows stood at the back end of the wagon and when they got in they stuck logs across the back so they couldn't get out and the rack was made so they couldn't jump out and we fetched them home that way all right without any accident. Built a yard down here in the park and turned them loose in it, kept them there a day or two and then turned them out with the cattle. They stayed here all summer and come up with the cows every night and they had a little dislike to dogs, they didn't like them. He kept them a year or such a matter and then sold them getting \$60.00 or \$70.00 for the two of them.

There wasn't a fence in the country they couldn't jump over, take the three-board fences such as they had sometimes they would crawl under instead of jumping over. The buck elk would lay right down flat by the side of the fence, then he would run one horn through under then he would raise up and that horn would go through the crack between the two boards and then he would pull the other one through under, he would get his head through first then he would slide along sideways under until he got across then he would get up and away he would go.

56. He would go along the fence for a ways and the doe may be outside he would take a little run and jump over the fence to where she was. Their meat was fine grained and fine flavor and was something like a two or three year old heifer that was fat. Their meat was ~~###~~ a little coarser grained than a deer or antelope or our beef. They got into trouble around here for there wasn't a haystack in this part of the country that they couldn't jump up on top of and would dig a hole in the top of the hay and lay down, no matter how cold or how hard the wind blew or it snowed and would stick their ~~back~~ up to the wind and sleep there. They would foul the hay so that there wasn't a horse in this part of the country, or any other, that would eat it.

One of the Kirkner boys come up to the barracks and we went down to examine a fish trap that the soldiers had put in and walking along up the river we found a skunk under the roots of a tree that had been blown over and each one of us got a stick, the longest we could find and we was going to poke him out and then kill him but our sticks wan't long enough to poke him clear out. We could poke him fur enough over so the other fellow could punch him and we puched him back and forwards to each other till we got sick of the skunk and the smell and went off and left him and when I got back I had to change my clothes before the soldiers would let me in the barracks.

The fish trap was made by taking logs and nailing smaller sticks across and opening between two of the logs and then these two sets of logs with the sticks nailed to them were taken out in the river and sunk in a "V" shape position and were fastened there with other poles stuck in the bed of the river. At the lower end of this "V" shape the logs were left a little ways apart and in this opening there was a chute made of sticks with the upper end resting on the bottom of the river and the top end just below the surface

of the water and below this there was a circular pen made from poles stuck in the bed of the river. The open end of the "V" shaped logs was placed up stream so that when during the night the fish were more active feeding if they could get into this open end of the trap and swimming with the current they would go up over the chute and drop into the pool below and they would have a hard time to get out, if any did, for they would have to go back up over the top of the chute and it was hard for them to find it. In the morning the soldiers would go down to this trap and wade around in the pen where the fish were caught and sometimes there would be in there all they could carry of catfish, buffalo, pickerel, the good-for-nothing gar, and other fish, so that they would have plenty to eat. They caught the fish with their hands in this pen.

When we first came here we used for a light what we always called a "Slut". It was a rag about two inches wide and about 8 or 10 inches long twisted up and a knot tied in one end with some of the ends sticking out about a half an inch from the knot. We would fill a small dish, generally about the size of a saucer or something like it, with lard, bury the rag in the grease and hang the knot just on the outside over the edge and then light the end where the knot was and there you had your light. We didn't use that but a short time before we got candles. Most of our candle sticks were a small piece of board, we would light the candle and tip it up sideways, it would melt and drop in the middle of this board till we got a chunk of hot tallow there, then set the bottom of the candle in that hot grease and it would soon cool off and the candle would stick to the grease and there you had a candle, stick and all and everything was handy. Later we got regular candle sticks. Most of the early settlers made their own candles. They had candle molds that were a

58. about eight inches long and usually six, sometimes more, fastened together so that they would stand up on either end. They would take the candle wicking and tie a knot in the end of it and run it through the little hole in the lower end of the mold, which was the upper end of the candle when it was made, and then fasten the other end of the wick around a stick that rested across the other end of the mold. This was so that the wick would stay in the center of the candle. then they would take hot tallow and fill these molds and when they got cool enough they would pull the finished candles from the molds by taking hold of the stick to which the wicks were fastened. Sometimes if the tallow got a little too hard or there was a dent in the mold they would take the teakettle, or something and pour a little hot water over the molds to melt the outside of the tallow and then they could slip the candles out. We used common beef tallow for that is all we had. After they were made they were piled on a shelf in a cool place for if they got warm they would melt and run together. We would make as many as we wanted to at a time if the supply of tallow held out. the number we made usually depended upon how much tallow we had and that was usually just enough to make one mold full. A candle would last us a long time, probably three or four days, for we didn't set up nights like they do now for us kids usually went to bed when the chickens did but father sat up a little later and got up early in the morning.

A man by the name of L. H. Utley was running a store on the corner where Bill Miller's lumber yard is now and I was over there one day and he had just got in a box of lamps and he had one all fitted up and on the counter burning, it was a little lamp and would hold about a teacup of oil, and he asked sixty cents for the lamp filled with oil and I bought one and a gallon of kerosene and it cost

59. me \$1.20 for the lamp and the kerosene, .60¢ for the lamp and .60¢ for the kerosene. I went home and got a mink skin and paid for my lamp and oil and sister and I lit the lamp, set it on the table father came in a little late and he stopped and looked at that lamp. ###He said, "You young ones keep away from that thing." He says if that wick gets to burning down in the oil it will explode and blow up and set everything afire. He didn't like the thing. But out candles went and the lamp stayed.

Massey was running a hardware down where Mrs. Briese lives and Mrs. Worden got a lamp and I don't know by some hook or crook the children broke the lamp chimney and she told them that if they broke another one she would get a tin lamp chimney and she guessed they wouldn't break that. I think the chimneys cost .60¢ apiece.

When we first got them in they were a luxury and were quite a curiosity at first and people would come quite a distance to see them burning.

In the stores at first when they used candles they would sometimes have bracket holders fastened to the wall with a reflector made from tin back of them to send the light out into the room.

Our first lanterns were made out of all tin like a cylinder with a bottom and top, and a door on one side. The tin was all perforated usually in some design by some machine. When the candle was lit in this kind of a lantern you could see that the candle was lit but there wasn't enough light come out to help any to see where you were going. You had to have the slits, or something to let the air in so that the candle would burn but you couldn't have too much of a hole or the wind would blow the candle out. When you got to where you were going, to the barn or someplace, and if you would

60. set the lantern down you almost had to light a match to find it. If you wanted to see anything you would have to set it up on something and then open the door so that the light would shine out. When father was feeding the horses or doing the chores he would set the lantern in the crook of his arm and open the door of the lantern and carry it around with him so that he could see what he was doing and use the other arm to work with. I have been with him time after time to hold the lantern so that he could use both arms to work with. And if he would set it down and it would fall over most of the time the jar would knock the light out.

The next lantern we had was a great improvement for it had four glass sides to it but it used the candle just the same. We could see with that kind of a lantern.

We used to consider our hair not dressed unless we had some bear's oil and that was put up in five cent bottles. You could get it at the grocery stores or the drug store or anywhere, it was a staple article. It was all flavored and my flavor was bergamont. It didn't harden but kept soft the year round, it was regular oil. I know it fit my hair pretty well for when I would get a little of it on it would make it curl better. I never used much of it though. The more we put on our hair and the more dirt that got in it the stickier it got.

The doctors recommended skunk's oil to rub on your chest for colds, etc. It was awful penetrating. It was just a common remedy that was kept in the house all the time.

We greased our boots with tallow or tallow and lard mixed. When it got hard it stayed hard. We would put rosin in the tallow and it made it waterproof, would melt it in. We all wore boots then. Nobody

61. but women and girls would wear a shoe. If the boots would get wet and stand over night they would get hard and in the morning we would put our fingers in the straps at each side of the top of the boot and then get up against the side of the log house and kick and pull at the same time until we got the boots on. To get them off we had to use a bootjack and the bootjack was also awful good to throw at cats. We never had any grease that would keep out snow water. Snow water would go through anything. We didn't have any rubber boots, they were all made out of leather. We could buy store boots a good deal cheaper than we could have them made but if anybody was going to get married, or wanted some fancy boots, they always had them hand made. These handmade boots were a better boot and fit you lot better, they didn't blister your heels so much. When I went to the mountains I had Button make me a pair and they were dandies, they cost me \$8.00 and lasted a long time.

I was working with Taylors in the lumber yard and Ed. Braden came out here as a carpenter and I got acquainted with him and I wanted to go out to Boulder, Colorado, to see my sister, so we left here late one fall. We went on the train to Omaha, then we was going to buy an emigrant ticket to Cheyenne, Wyo. and they wouldn't sell us one to Cheyenne but they would sell us one to San Francisco. The train was late and it was dark when we got into Omaha and probably they was 200 emigrants on that train going west and an emigrant hotel. They lined us all up with the emigrants, with one or two leaders in front, some on the sides and some at the end to lead the emigrants down to the hotel for they were all foreigners and couldn't talk english. I says, "Come on Ed, fall in." and they drove us down to the hotel and the emigrant women had all kinds of kettles, pots, pans, featherbeds, and everything else rolled up and on their backs.

62. The emigrant cars all had stoves in them so that the emigrants could cook their own food while they were traveling. When we got down there it smelt a good deal like an African Sunday School but the rates were cheap though, .25¢ a meal and 25¢ a bed but you had to sleep with somebody. I set down on a side seat watching the crowd and I guess I had a dozen men ask me if I had a partner to sleep with and there was a woman set right beside me, a very heavy, fleshy woman and I told each and every one that I didn't think she had a partner. So we had to sign up for a bed, we had had our supper, and Ed went to the clerk to sign up and they stood and looked at each other and come to find out they were acquainted with each other back in York State. He said I want two tickets, one for myself and one for my partner for a bed. "All right" he says and a breakfast ticket besides and it didn't cost us anything. We wanted to buy some blankets and this friend of Ed's didn't come on until the next afternoon and off at 12 at night. "Now," he says, "we have got some dandy good blankets here, boys," and they did too. This was an emigrant hotel and they had everything to sell, ammunition, guns blankets, and everything. He says, "Boys, they are \$10.00 for a double blanket, give me \$10.00 and I will wrap up two pairs of blankets," and we did. They were the best blanket I ever bought. Mrs. Draper dried me a peck of sweet corn to take on this trip and when I packed my trunk I couldn't get the package in and my clothes, too, so I spread some clothes down and then sprinkled corn on them and that is the way I filled my trunk by putting my clothes down and then scattering the corn on them until I got it all filled up in good shape. The next morning we pulled for Cheyenne, we went on a regular train for they wouldn't sell us the emigrant tickets to Cheyenne. We landed there in the evening, stayed there all night and then took a morning train to Denver.

63. We run down to Hughes Junction and there we changed cars for Boulder. We caught a freight train there and it was 25 miles up hill and 25 miles down hill to Boulder. My trunk was in the waycar and going up the grade it gradually worked back and it had been handled pretty rough and there was one or two pretty big cracks in the bottom of the trunk and every now and then there was a grain or two of corn would fall out. Just a few grains fell out and there was a question among the trainmen where that corn come from, but I didn't tell them where it did come from. When we tipped over the hill going into Boulder then the trainmen picked up a few more grains of corn and wondered where it come from. They would eat all they picked up and the conductor said, "Gee, that was good." I give Mrs. Draper .50¢ for what I had and had an offer of \$2.00 for it when I got there. Well, we got up to Todd's that night, they were working in a mill. The first night I was there I got into trouble. Men by the name of Walsted, they called him Crazy Horse, He would buy a load of lumber at the mill and take it down town and sell it but the mill measure always overrun for what he could get for it down town and he was swearing around there that evening that the mill was beating him out of lumber. He had got part of a load loaded up, about all the lumber that he wanted to haul the next day. Now the boss says, "Here's six or eight of us, let's guess on that little load of lumber." They did and they all put it high, more than there was, and Todd says, "Here's a fellow here that has been working in a lumber yard for a couple of years, let him guess." So my guess was the lowest on they was and then of all the cussin's I got there, a tenderfoot trying to beat him on measure. He didn't know that I was helping him out. Now the boss says, "You've got all our guesses, go to town and sell it and see who is the nearest." The next

64. morning before I got up he came into the house with a great big
blacksnake whip over his shoulder, he came into my bedroom, he says
"Get up." I says, "I won't do it." He grabbed me and pulled me
out of bed, now he says, "Put your clothes on and measure up a
load of lumber for me." He says your guess was allright. Now, he
says, these fellows are cheating me all the time and I want you to
measure a load of lumber for me. I says, "I am not working in the
mill and I have no business measuring the lumber." He says, "You
will" and grabbed me by the arm and took me to the mill and told the
boss that I was going to measure a load of lumber for him. The boss
gave me a tape line and I went and measured up for Crazy Horse a
load of lumber. I gave my figures on what I considered it to be
correct and he came back well pleased with my measurement. The next
day I measured up another load for him and away he went. The next
morning when he came after another load he says the man he sold to
wanted to know who measured it. I told him "That dam tenderfoot
measured it." The boss says "Go and unload it over there and I will
take his measure." I measured up several loads of lumber and quit
the job. We couldn't get water for the engine and they shut down the
mill, so I pulled out for another mill and applied for a job and got
it and I went to the boss, the man that owned the mill and asked him
if he wanted any more help. He says, "Can you tell a 2 x 4 from a
2x6" and I says "Yess". He says, "Come on tomorrow morning for
\$20.00 a month and board, for one month." ## I asked him about the
yards where he wanted his lumber piled. He says "You're doing that."
He cut three or four sticks and I see they want 2x6s or 2x4s and I
went to the sawyer and I says "What are you cutting, you aren't
cutting 2x4s or 2x6s?" He looked at me and kind of smiled and he
says I am cutting them for ladder timber to be used in the mines,
2x5s" 2x6s are too heavy and 2x4s are too light and they bolt them

65. together. One day it was cold and frosty and we couldn't saw, the belt would slip, and I was down to his house, I boarded there, (the boss, Moore was his name) and he was a writing at the table. I says if I had my gun here I would go and see if I could get a deer and he feached right over his shoulder and pointed to two guns, a shotgun and rifle and that's all he said. I got up and picked up the rifle, dandy good looking gun, put a few cartridges in my pocket and started. When I went out the door I heard his wife say something about letting that feller take your gun and he never made an answer. I jumped five deer but they were too fur for me and I never got a shot. Well, I got back and cleaned the gun up in good shape, it was frosty and damp when I got in where it was warm, and put it back in its place, thanked him for it. All the time I was fussing with the gun he was watching me. When my time was out I went back to the other mill but they hadn't started and didn't know when they would start. About that time Ed Braden come up to where I was, so we went to cutting saw timber. Were paid by lumber measure, they scaled them in the logs and paid us \$3.00 a thousand. A man would come up there about once in two weeks and scale all of our logs and give us a check and then we would go to the office and get the check cashed. We jumped a man's claim, he want there, and moved into his house. It was all government land. Just across the ravine in front of our cabin was a white pine gove, shingle timber, and they offered us .03¢ a pole, not over 16 feet nor under 14 feet, without any limbs, and Ed and I went to cutting shingle timber. We would cut a hundred apiece a day easy enough. One night they was a man knocked on our cabin door, I hollered, "Come in." Ed says, "How in hell is he coming in when the latch string is pulled in." Ed says to the stranger, "What you doin' here this time of night?" The man says, "I'm lost."

66. Ed says, "This is a hell of a place to get lost in." I asked him where he was going to, what gulch. He says, "Sunnyside." I says "After you rest a little while my partner will take you over to the gulch." Ed says, "Not on your photograph, I'll not take him over there." I know he wouldn't go with him for he would get lost before he got out of sight of the cabin. When he was coming up the gulch he struck our trail and that is what threw him off his path. I went clear over till we hit the top of his gulch. He says, "I am all right now, I will go on down until I hit the trail." So I started and I got back a little ways and I heard a wolf bark and a few minutes after that I heard another one bark and that put a little more speed in me then. I says how foolish it was to leave my rifle there and come off without it. It was a bright moonlight night but I didn't hear any more of the wolves at all.

Ed was taken sick one night, pain in his stomach. I went out and got a real flat, thin stone, put it in the fireplace and got it good and hot and then put it on his stomach. He says to me, "I see you've got my tomb stone all ready." Well, we stayed there a few days longer, it was getting slushy, thawing a little, so we broke camp and went down to the mill. I went over town and got the mail and one of them was a letter from Ben Birdsall. He says your grandfather wanted ## me to write you if you'll come back and take care of him as long as he lives he'll give you a dollar a day and 40 acres of land that joins the town on the south (one that Carney has got). I thought it was a pretty good deal. I told Sis I believed I would go back to Alden. I left there the 13th day of June and the snow was blowing a regular blizzard, got down on the valley and everything was green and fine. I took the train at Boulder for home. I got back home Mart Pritchard and Harry Alden, son-in-law and some of grandfather had got around him. They had

67. hired a man to take care of grandfather and I was out.

One day on the mountain Ed got as grouchy as the devil about the way I was cooking the beans and he started cooking some before I got up. We ate our breakfast and I took my rifle and started out, it was Sunday, and I didn't get around until 2 o'clock, such a matter, and I never saw a deer or anything else, for that matter. Ed says, "It's a wonder you wouldn't get around at dinner time." We got dinner all ready. I says, "Ed, you got your beans cooked?" "Yess, they are cooked," he says. So I picked up the dish and poured some on my tin plate. They sounded a good deal like pouring shot on a tin plate. I says, "Gee, Ed, they are done, aint they?" He says, "It's a damn lie, they aint."

Ed was reading Nicholas Nickoby. He wanted a godd fire so he could read in the evening and back of our cabin was the heart of a pitch pine tree, the other wood was all rotted off rom it, just left the heart of it. So he cut up some of it about 4 feet long. It split owful easy, you could split it down fine, and chuck full of pitch. So he fetched in a lot of it and throwed it down and instead of putting in one or two and letting it burn he kept a sticking the ends up in the chimney and letting them drop down into the fire and pretty soon it got to burning so hard the chimney couldn't take the smoke. I says, "As long as you want to read, I'll step out a little while." The room then was so full of smoke you couldn't hardly see across the room and he says, "I guess I'll go out too." We set there until it burnt down, and if you know anything about pitch smoke looks you will know how our babin looked when we got back in there, all festqoned with soot. We had no broom but we had some pine boughs and we cleaned house there about an hour. #Ed say he guess he wouldn't read any that night.

One ~~sunday~~ morning I says, "Ed, let's go hunting." A quite a grove out in front of our cabin, a white pine grove, and quite a few rabbits in it. So we got over to the little grove and I says, "Ed, you go one way and I'll go the other and we'll meet on the other side." I got around on the opposite side of the grove and he wasn't there, then I went right back, backtracked, to where I left him and there I found him. He says, "Takes you a long time to get round this grove." He says, "Who lives over there in that cabin?" "Somebody lives there cause I can see smoke coming out the chimney." Says, "Let's go over and see who lives there." We followed our tracks right back until we got to the spring where we got our water. He says, "I'm thirsty, I believe I'll take a drink." He lay there for quite a little bit, never said a word. He says, "Will you please kick me?" He never looked up at all but he recognized the spring, then he got up and says, "I don't want rabbits, I'm going back to the cabin." I never saw such a fellow to get lost.

One day I was out hunting and found a dead creature. The wolves, the coyotes and the cats had cleaned up everything except the bones. The snow was packed down all around where they had been chewing on it. There was a tree blowed over, a good, bushy tree, about a gun shot from this carcass. I says, "Now tomorrow morning I am going to get over here early." And I got up bright and early the next morning, long before daylight, had about two miles to go, and I got into my blind before I could see the sights on my gun. I set there until it got light but nothing showed up and I turned around and went back to the cabin. I says, "Ed, if I got lost would you come out and get me?" "You go to the devil," he says.