

The first gun I shot was a single barrel shotgun, great long barrel. I was up here on the west end of Kemp's field, he had a board fence and before I got to the fence I scared up a chicken and I never thought about shooting. I crawled up and set down on the top board of the fence and thought what a fool I had made with the first chicken. As I jumped off from the fence a chicken jumped up and I shot him before he got out of the grass and blowed him all to pieces. I went and got my bird, what there was of the remains of him, loaded up the shot gun, put the cap on the tube and hadn't no hammer, it had fell off. Then I hunted around and found the gun hammer. I had a string and tied it, fastened it to the gun stock. Every time I'd shoot the hammer would fly off, but the string would hold it. I hunted a good many days with that single barrel gun, then I got a double barrel muzzle loader. I was up in Kemp's sorghum patch one day and I cut a piece of cane and was setting in the row chewing cane. I looked down the row and saw a chicken. I got my gun around and shot it, went down and picked up three dead ones that I had killed. About the first fellow I met down town was Art. Treat. I says, "See there, I got all them chickens with one shot." He says, "That aint anything, I sneaked along Andy Whitney's garden fence. I shot both barrells in a flock of chickens that was out in the road. Some farmers had spilt some corn there and the chickens was eating the shelled corn, and I got eight chickens." (these chickens were just about on the crossing running north from Clara Benshoof's.)

The way I got in with the Chicago men. I was working for Taylor Bros. in the lumber business and one day they was a man came in the office. it was Frank Taylor, my wife's uncle. He says, "I have a couple of men that want to go hunting chickens and I have recommended you." One of them says to me, "Can you go this afternoon

70. and tomorrow forenoon?" Then I asked Mr. Taylor if I could get away. He says, "Yes." and one of them says "We'll be here right after dinner with a team." And Mr. Taylor says, "Take my gun and show them sons of guns how to shoot chickens." His gun was a Roper, had a cylinder a good deal like a revolver, only it was all cased in with a little trap door on the top of the cylinder and you'd drop a shell in this cylinder, pull the hammer back and it would revolve the cylinder around to the next chamber, drop a shell in, and keep on until you got four shells in, then turn the little door over and you was ready for business then. Every time you shot, pull the hammer back and that would throw the empty shell around and the loaded one in. Right after dinner my men drove up to the office and I got in the back end of the wagon with a little box to set on. They had their dogs in the front end. We got up on the prairie back of Popejoy's. They hadn't spoken to me from the time we left Alden until we got up back of Popejoy's place. Then I told them they better let their dogs out because I believed there was birds there. Their dog jumped out, didn't go but a little ways until it struck the scent of a chicken. He started right off to the left, I set in the wagon and watched him, and the man that owned the dog was with him and the other man set in the seat. I says to the fellow, "Your dog is on the back trail, instead of the scent getting stronger he is losing it." This man in the wagon hollered to the other man, "Aye, there Webb, this fellow says your dog don't know anything, he is on the back trail." He says, "You tell that feller my dog knows as much as any dog he ever owned or ever will own." I got out the back end of the wagon with my dog and he went right off to the right down over the knoll a little ways and come to a point on a chicken. I got part way down to him and I hollered to the fellow that was in the wagon "If you want to get a shot at a chicken, come with me." and here he came

71. a runnin'. He started to go right to the dog past me and I stopped him. I says, "You're hunting over my dog now." "Won't he scare them up?" and I says "No." The birds got up in good shape and I shot four just as fast as I could shoot and he shot twice. I says, "How many chickens did you knock down?" He says, "Not one. How many did you knock down?" I says "Four." "Damn lie." I says to the old dog, "Dead birds." He went round and picked up four chickens and fetched them to me. We was right near a little pond of water and I heard him a floundering around in there and pretty soon he came out with a young mallard duck. He got out quite a little ways from us and here come the other fellow on the run over where we were. He says, "Look at that dog, he's got a duck." He started to take it away from the old dog and the dog's upper lip begun to quirl up and I says, "If you want to get bit just try to take that duck away from the dog." He fetched the duck up to me and I took it and put it in my coat. I says, "Four miles from home, four chickens and a duck, and these Chicago men can go where they want to and I'll go home." I was pretty mad by that time. One of them whirled around, he says "Say, mister, let's let bygones be bygones, when we left Alden we thought we had a hunter with a muzzle loading gun and a shepherd dog. Now come and explain that gun youve got, the workings of it, and we'll tie our dog under the wagon and we'll hunt chickens. Who did you buy that dog of?" I says "I didn't buy him, he was whelped mine, I owned his mother and he don't hunt with anybody unless I am along with him." So they petted the dog, visited awhile and started out and we hunted along until we get to Mr. Bingham's at Horse Grove (now Rowan). I knew if I couldn't get in there with my men I could go over to old man Rowan's but that would throw me off my hunting grounds two or three miles, but Bingham would keep us, so we stayed there that night. We got out bright and early next morning. We

72. hunted down that morning and got home a little after eleven o'clock that morning so that the men could catch a train out for home about one o'clock. One of those fellows was Dr. D. W. Crouse, of Waterloo, who was the Illinois Central physician, and the other was his brother, J. N., a dentist in Chicago. I went home and got my dinner, went over to the hotel where the hunters were and they had got all packed up to go back. I says, "How many birds did you gentlemen have?" They said, "We've got 127." J. N., the Chicago man, says "You're going to break a dog for me" and I says "I am not going to break any dog for you." They met a party that was coming out from Chicago at the Cedar Falls Junction. They'd been up north someplace hunting and hadn't had very good luck. The party I was with told them what kind of country we was in and what luck we had had. He says, "If you want to see a 100% dog you want to hunt with George Bigelow over his dog." One of the parties says, "I have bought me a chicken dog up north here, a pup." Dr. Crouse says "What'll you take for half interest in him?" and he bought half interest in him. Now he says, "I'm going to send him right up to George Bigelow in the evening" and he did, I got the pup the next day. The pup proved to be a good dog, every now and then Dr. Crouse would write me and wanted to know how his dog was coming and I told him just fine. The next fall it was getting along hunting season, the law was out, and he wrote me they would be a party out to hunt about such a time. I think there was six of them in the party then, all strangers to me excepting Dr. Crouse and every hunter had anyhow two dogs apiece and they were a crazy lot of dogs, they had always been shut up in their kennels in Chicago. Dr. Crouse wanted to know about his dog, of course. I says, "Dr. You've got a No. 1 good dog, but now going up to Bingham's tomorrow and if your dog comes to a point on a chicken

73. and the other dogs run in, they'll chase the chicken as far as they can and he'll be right with them. That is just the way he is going to act all the way up to Fingham's." This man Parson that sold the dog to Dr. Crouse said, "This here kid has been lying to you about this dog, that dog ain't worth a damn." Then they'd joke each other back and forth about the dog. We got up to Fingham's and got our dinner. He says, "Come on, George, we'll take Dash (that's his dog) and we'll go hunting." I told the driver where to go to take the men. I says, "When you get over on that knoll (I showed him a knoll off a couple of miles) Dr. Crouse and I'll meet you on that knoll, don't go away and leave it." Well, the Dr. thought everyting of the dog, He's a No.1 good dog, minds good. Well, this Dr. Parsons was there at the wagon. He says, "Crouse how'd you like your dog?" Crouse says, "He aint worth a damn, Now Dr. Parsons, you go with George the rest of this afternoon, the dog has got the run out of him and maybe he can manage him a little better" He was just coddling about the dog. We got back to the wagon, Dr. Crouse says, "Mr. Parsons, how did you like the dog?" He says, "Dr. Crouse, I'll just give you a hundred dollars for your half interest in that dog." "No" Crouse says, "You aint got money enough to buy that dog, he's going to be mine as long as he lives." They stayed about a week and went back to Chicago satisfied. That is the way I got in with the Chicago fellows and I guess every bloomin' one of them bought a dog and sent them out to me in the spring.

One day I got a letter from a Chicago man ### by the name of Lamb, a stranger to me he was, that I had been recommended to him as a hunter, dog breaker and good dogs. He offered me \$2.00 a day to find him a chicken ground, from the time I left home until I got back home. I wanted to go in north of Spirit Lake to see the country, so

I started for there. I bought an excursion ticket from Iowa Falls to Spirit Lake good for 30 days and the conductor fetched it up to Burdette and I got on there. I stayed in Spirit Lake that night, hired me a team to take me over on the Milwaukee railroad. I'd go into a little town and inquire for a land agent. I'd tell him I was traveling through the country to ~~buy land~~ look at land, if he had any wild land I would like to look at it, I wouldn't buy any, just looking. ~~###~~ I had my dog and gun with me and they would take me around to look at the prairies and show me the things and I worked several little towns like that. I got to Lakefield, Minn., and that suited me all right and I telegraphed my Chicago friends that I'd found the place at Lakefield, Minn. They wired me right back they'd be there Sunday afternoon. Sunday afternoon came and the train went by, never left them, want a soul got off when the train pulled in there. Only one train a day from the east and I went down town and was loafing around and the landlord found me down town and said my men were here. He says they were asleep when they went through here and the conductor didn't wake them up and they got out to a watering tank, there was an engine there watering and they put the passengers all on that lone engine and fetched them back, so we visited around that evening, had a good time visiting, it was all dog and gun with them. The next morning I asked them if they wanted to come in for dinner or stay out for lunch and not come in until night and they said, "Stay out until night." I didn't do very much shooting, didn't want to because that's what they came out for was to shoot. Nights we go in with 15 or 20 chickens, generally about 15 chickens for a days shoot. They was going to stay there a week but Thursday night when we was eating supper the landlord handed me a dispatch. It was from Dr. Crouse, of Chicago. He says, "We're going to go through

75. your town (Alden) Sunday about 10 o'clock and we want you to go with us to Nebraska. We'll have two cars and a jolly good crowd." I handed the dispatch to Mr. Lamb and he read it. I says, "Mr. Lamb, I can't hunt with you Saturday and go with them fellows Sunday." He says, "Never mind George, we'll fix it." "Now, he says, "we'll hunt tomorr, Friday, and you'll shoot too, and then you get a team Saturday to take you back to Spirit Lake. You can catch a freight train out of Spirit Lake about 1 o'clock, then when will you get home." I says, "I'll get home on the Illinois Central about 3 o'clock in the morning." So Thursday morning we started out bright and early. When night came we went back to the hotel and they got the chickens out and looked them over. They had 75 chickens, that was about 60 chickens more than they had ever got in one day and they was tickled to death over it, to take them home. I think I killed about 60 of the birds. Right after supper we settled up. He took my account and doubled it to get me back home and then gave me \$2.00 to buy cigars with going home and I bid them good-by Friday morning. They said they would get somebody to go out with them a little while that morning and then they would go away Saturday. So I got home about 3 o'clock Sunday morning, pretty near kicked the door down before I could wake up Mrs. Bigelow. I told Mrs. Bigelow to be sure and not let me oversleep because I was going west that day, Sunday. I was over to the depot when the train pulled in, a special with two cars and an engine and I had an introduction to the whole outfit, I was like a cat in a strange garret.

One of the party was Judge Knickobacker of the Probate Court of Chicago, Dr. Crouse was the head one, those and the two nigger waiters was all that I did know. They wanted to know where I thought was the best place out in the western part of Iowa. I get

76. lots of good reports from Marcus. They sidetracked at Marcus and stayed all night. When supper was called I went into the other car with the gentlemen. They showed me my plate where I was to sit and there was two glasses at my plate, one of them was filled with wine and the other was with beer, of course, they all tasted their wine and I did mine and I kind of liked the taste of it and I kept a tasting until I emptied my glass. The waiter come in with a little pan of cracked ice and he had a little shovel and he shoveled some ice in my wine glass and then he started to pour me some more wine but I says "No, I don't want any more." He says "My orders is, when a glass is setting right side up not ask if you want any more but fill the glass." We had an awful nice supper, everything was fine, but I drank my other glass of wine during the meal and I began to feel it in my head. After supper I went out and fed my dogs and took good care of them and I started out for a walk and there was no farming north of Marcus at that time, all prairie, and I walked just as fast as I could and I guess I had gone out probably two miles and sweat just rolled off from me, it was a warm evening, and when I got back to the cars my head was all cleared up and I felt better. We hunted there for a day or two and then pulled out towards Lemars. Then they started for Nebraska. We got into Sioux City along about noon, I should think, and they wanted to see the town so I started out with one of the gentlemen to kind-a look along. A streetcar came along drawn by mules and he said, "I am going to give you a good ride, you never rode a street car before," The track was rough and we went bumping along and we went clear over to the Big Sioux. We went down one street and up another. I say, "Man, I've got plenty of ride, I don't want to go any further." We came by a hardware store where there was a lot of guns in display. I says, "Come on, let's look at them guns." "All right," he says and we got off from the



81. We'll go in the other car." I says, "No, Mr. Jeffrie, I think this is my place here." He says, "You're an invited guest. If I didn't want you I wouldn't invite you. Now come." So I went back in his car and I met Mr. Rehm and he introduced me to his wife, Mr. Jeffries' sister, and a little girl, I should judge perhaps 10 or 12 years old, and that was my hunting party. We set there and visited a few moments. He says, "George, are you hungry?" I says, "Yes Sir, I am." and he reached right over his shoulder and grabbed a big silk cord that hung there and give it a jerk and in came a colored man and Mr. Jeffries says to me "Did you ever meet George Washington?" I says, "No sir, I don't believe I ever did." and the negro stood there grinning. He introduced George Bigelow and George Washington. He says, "George Washington, we're hungry." "All right, sir" he says and dropped a panel out of the car and it made a good table for about three persons. They had one of those tables on each side of the car and then he fetched in our dinner then. I set there looking out the window and there was quite a herd of steers close to the track, big fat cattle. I says, "Mr. Jeffries, there's some nice steers. That means some freight for you people," and the little girl whispered something in Mr. Jeffries ear, I don't know what she said. He says, "What would you call them?" He says, "They ain't bulls and they ain't cows." Our dinner begin to come on and I don't know what we had for soup. We had three coursed of meat, boiled beef, potatoes and gravy; next was roast beef, potatoes cut lengthwise and roasted on the meat; next was broiled meat with baked potato. I see my mistake and when I found I couldn't eat everything that come on I begun to back up. Then our desert come on, puddings and pies and I don't know what all we had, and fruit and coffee and cigars and when we got to Ft. Dodge we was there about an hour before we got through our dinner. I think

that all the time I was with Mr. Jeffries I spent more time eating than I did hunting. I was going through the car from Mr. Jeffries' end up to where the cook compartment was. I says, "Mr. George Washington," and then he grinned, "I would like to see your kitchen." He says, "My orders is not to let anybody in this kitchen. When we are south we have lots of colored people." I says, "I don't want to come in, I just want to look in." All right sir" he says. And everthing in there was all in drawers shut up tight, cooking utensils, dishes, everything. I says, "George, where do you sleep in here?" He says, "I sleep right here on the floor and run my legs clear under the range." I says "Thank you, George." He says, "Are you fond of fruit?" and I says, "Yes sir, I am." He says, "If you would come by here some time and see a row of fruit here on the floor, what would you do?" I says "I'd push the door a little bit further open and reach in and take every bit of that fruit and put it in my pocket." Now he knew my walk, I'd go by there and see fruit time and time again and I would always help myself too. Well, we got up to Tara Junction, just beyond Ft. Dodge, and there we went north up through Mallard, Curlew, Ruthven, and hunted all through there. We hunted there about a week and Mr. Jeffries killed one duck during our hunt. Mr. Rehm and I kept them well supplied with chickens. The cook burnt charcoal, that is all the fuel he had. We had broiled chicken three times a day. Mr. Jeffries says to me one day, "I guess we are about through with our hunt. We've had a nice time and a nice hunt." When we got down to Tara Junction he gave me a pass to Alden. He said he was going to Sioux City and then back to Chicago. The passenger train pulled in, I got my dogs and other things in the baggage car and the baggage man was swearing about the hunters and the hunters dogs. He was a cussing my dogs. The conductor says to

83/ him "Do you know whose dogs them are?" He says, "Those are Jeffries dogs." The conductor knew of me so he piled up some trunks and got a good place for the dogs and from that on he was very sociable. When I got home here he helped me off from the car, I had the dogs on chains and I took them out and he fetched out the other things. He says, "Wait a minute." I looked around and thought maybe I had forgotten something. Here he came with a puppy. I says, "No that's not mine but I wish it was." It was a chicken dog. I got home safe and sound and had a good time.

Peple used to come up in this part of the country from Tennessee and from all ### parts of the country but I never paid any attention to them. I never advertised any but got in with the Chicago men and let them do my advertising for me. I would get \$2.00 a day, sometimes more, and all my expenses.

*buying a good gun*  
I used to go down to Chicago once in a while and visit the men I had hunted with. I called on Mr. Rehm and he wanted a rifle. He says, "Let's go over to Eddie Thomas's gun store, I want to buy me a rifle and want you to pick it out." So we looked a lot of the rifles over. Now I says to the Clerk, "I'll take this gun, now you see that the sights are all right, get it sighted true." The gun was \$20.00. He took it back in the work shop. While he was working there I says "Mr. Rehm, I can buy this gun cheaper that you can " and he put a \$20.00 bill in my pocket and says "Try it." I says to the clerk, "I've dealt here before at this place" and I had, "Probably you will see George Bigelow's name on your books from Alden, Iowa. You pack that gun up and send it to me, take the discount out and I'll send you the balance, or I can save you the packing and I'll take the gun and not bother with the packing if you'll take the discount out here." He didn't say anything and picked up my \$20.00 bill and laid down

84. \$2.00. I picked up the \$2.00 and the gun and walked out. Mr.

Rehm says "That is the first time I ever knew there was a discount on guns." I gave him the \$2.00 and the first cigar store we come to he went in and bought me a box of cigars. I went up to his office which was on 128 Washington Street at that time and stayed there visiting until evening and then came home. I had been up with him to see his dogs, I had sold him one of them and had had another of his with me for a year or two, he had them in a barn. I stood out in the alley when he let the dogs out and they ran by me when he let them out and they stopped and began to smell and look back and I thought those dogs would tear my clothes all off from me before I could get them stopped, they was tickled to see me. I bid him good by and wandered off down to the Illinois Central depot and waited there.

Another time I was in there and the boys invited me down to a six o'clock dinner and I put in my appearance at Mr. Campbell's law office. Then the other hunters gathered there and we started out to take in the city a little ways showing me around, I don't know where in the dickens we did go. They came to an eating house and we went in for six o'clock dinner and the first course, meat course, was lobsters. I don't remember what came with it but there was a whole lot of other dishes. I says, "Gee, that's the biggest crawfish I ever saw?" I got my partner next to me to show me how to get into it, dissect it, and it tickled the men to see me get into my crawfish. The men said goodnight, and I said goodby to them and left. I happened to think I hadn't been up to see Dr. Parson. I got up to his office, the sun was still up quite a little ways. I want in his office, more of a whisky deal than anything else I thought. I says, "Dr. Parson." "Will you sell me a cigar, please?" "Yes sir, Yes sir," he says, he was a very polite gentlemen. So he set out a box of cigars. I say,

85. "Dr. my time is short, I'd rather visit than smoke." He didn't know me. He stood and looked at me a moment, "Well, George Bigelow," he says. He says, "You will smoke, sooner or later." He reached in the box and got a handful of cigars and put them in my overcoat pocket. I says, "Dr., how's the dogs?" He says, "Just fine, just fine." He stepped to the side of his office and out come two dogs, Fit and Fanny he called them, and I visited a little while longer and I told him I wanted to get to the train before dark. I guess I had got around to all my friends and it was time I was going home.

We had no beaver right here but up along the river where the streams come there was plenty of beaver. They was along Willow Creek, just below the Red Bridge, by the colonies werent very large because there wasn't enough wood along the creek for them to live on. Over on Mains Creek, the creek that runs a few miles south of Hampton, there were a lot of beaver and Tom Bailey used to go over there to trap them. They built there dams just the same as the farmer builds his sálo, to keep his winter's supply of food in. They didn't last long after the settlers got here, but after Tom Bailey left here Rice used to go over to Mains Creek and catch some, the last that I remember was two live ones that Rice had caught and brought over.

There were more Otter here than Beaver cause they travelled more up and down the river. They would have their regular roads across the bends, they'd genereally be quite a little colony traveling, 4 or 5, maybe half a dozen. Most always where their trail come to the river there would be quite a steep bank, that was what we called an Otter Slide. They would start and run and curl their front feet under them and slide into it. After they had slide down a few times being wet and slippery, then they would have a good time in the

87. open ponds.

There were quite a number of Raccoon here but they weren't thick like they were farther east in the more heavily timbered country but there were quite a number caught.

There was quite a sprinklin' of skunks. They were an animal that you could tell just as well where they were in the dark as you could in the light for if you couldn't see them you could smell them.

Gillott, the extract man, stopped at the hotel one day and sent for me. He wanted to have a day's hunt. We started out up the river. He had a silk hat on, a stand-up collar and kid gloves, and I didn't like the looks of it. We got way back on the prairie and the dog come to a point. We got out of the wagon and walked up to the dog. He shot twice and didn't hit a bird. We had good luck finding birds. He shot probably 25 or 30 times during the forenoon and hadn't got a bird. We started out after we had ate our lunch and the old dog was getting a little dissatisfied. He shot twice at a bird and then I killed it. He said "If you had let that bird alone it would have come down." and I did after that, let them alone. We hunted until pretty near sundown and that's the only bird we got on the day's hunt. I went over to the hotel in the evening. I didn't have the heart to charge him anything for the day's hunt and as I went into the hotel he looked up and he handed me a bill, all wadded up it was, I thanked him and left. When I got where I could see my bill I see it was a \$5.00 bill and that ended one good day's hunt for me.

Well, I was hunting for market at that time and I was way out on the South Fork. I had a one horse rig, a horse and buggy, and two good dogs. At noon I stopped for lunch, threw down for or five ears of corn for the old horse, laid my gun across the back end of the old

88. buggy, picked up my dinner pail and pulled the cover off and just as I got the cover off from the pail up jumped three chickens right near. I dropped my dinner pail and grabbed the gun. I killed two of them and the third one flew quite a ways before it lit and then I looked down at my dinner and all I had was an empty pail and the dogs had my dinner. "Well" I says, "That's one on me, dogs, I made a half a dollar, now we'll go down and get the other bird." and we did.

I sold my birds here for a quarter a piece. All that I killed in the forenoon I wouldn't draw until after dinner, then I'd draw them and save the liver and the heart, put that in my dinner pail, giblets, then in the evening about the time I started home I would draw the others. I enjoyed the giblets first rate. When I'd draw them I would fill them full of green grass and then when I got home I'd wipe the inside of the bird out as much as I could, to get the blood out, with green grass and then twist up a good bunch of dry hay, cut the ends off and stick it in the bird. That dry hay took the moisture out and kept the flies out and the bird didn't sour so quick. I'd take a string, say 2 feet long, double it, then tie one chicken at the end by the head, neck, then I'd tie another one, then I'd keep on until I had tie six on one side, all solid knots too, then I'd run out four or five inches more and tie it for a handle and then tie the other side full so that I would have a dozen altogether on the string and have a handle that I could pick it up in the middle with. Then they were shipped into the Chicago market that way.

One day I shot a crane, express on it was a half a dollar and I got a quarter for it when it was sold, so I was out a quarter on it, that's what you'd call 50-50 wasn't it?

One Sunday afternoon Willis Burnham, a merchant here at that time,

and myself were hunting out west of Drapers, we were visiting more than hunting, We were setting down on the ground resting and visiting and he got his jackknife out for something and about that time he saw a flock of chickens and he was watching them and he says "There they go, they'r down now" and as he said that he jammed his knife clear into the ground and jumped up and grabbed his gun and says, "Come on." He lost his knife and we didn't get a chicken.

I was out there hunting one day and met old Irv. Whitney. I says, "What have you got, Irv?" He says, "I've shot a duck and a damn fool." Muzzle loading shotgun and when he shot the duck he started to load his gun but didn't let the other hammer down and loading that barrel through some hook or crook the other barrel discharged and took a part of his thumb off. The party that he was with had it all tied up and they was going home.

When I first commenced hunting it was all muzzle loading guns them days and I used to carry my ammunition in glass bottles, .15¢ worth of powder and .10¢ worth of shot (6's or 7's) and a box of G.D. caps. I had no measure to measure either shot or powder. I poured it out into my hand and guess at it. Roll up a wad of paper and put it on the powder, then I'd do the same thing with shot, put good wad of paper on top of that and ram them down with the ramrod. I used paper for wadding when I was out of a hornet's nest. I didn't waste very much ammunition because there was no need of it, plenty of game. Later I got me a wad cutter. ~~and then we use a wad cutter~~ ~~for my shot~~ ~~those wads~~ This was like a hollow punch, about the same as the tinnerns use today to punch holes in tin, and I would cut the wads out of pasteboard. Later when commercial wads came on the market I bought them. The rule for the amount of powder to be used in a fifle was to put the rifle ball in the palm of the hand and then pour enough powder over it so that the ball was



90. just covered and with the smaller rifles they would carry a goose quill with the powder horn and the quill full was the load. We called them "squirrel guns" and now they call them .22's. I never carried a regular powder horn with my shotgun but I have with a rifle. The powder horns were made out of the horns of our cattle and they were the smaller horns, say off from a two-year old, and they were worked down, thin so that you could see powder through the horn and tell how much there was in it, then the tip of the horn was cut off and hole drilled through and then a wooden plug was fitted into and nailed into the bigger end of the horn, they would generally take four or five small nails and drill through the horn and then drive the nails in and that would hold the plug in tight. They'd generally have a little staple in the big end, in the wood, and a long string in it and then fasten the other end of the string to the upper, little, end of the horn so they could put over their neck and under their arm and carry it that way and when you wanted to load your gun, take hold of your horn and hold it up so that you could get hold of the plug in the little end of the horn with your teeth and pull the plug out, grab hold of the horn with your finger over the hole in the end so that when you let the powder run out you could stop it when you got what you wanted and then pour the powder in your gun, then take the plug out of your mouth and put it back in the horn. They poured the powder into the palm of the other hand and guessed at how much they needed. After the horn got empty it had to be filled through the same hole in the little end that it was poured out of. To fill it we would make a funnel with our hand around the little end in and then take a dish with the powder in and pour our "hand" funnel full and wait until it had run through into the horn and then fill our hand again, keepig at it until the horn was full. We had two grades of powder then, a very fine one for rifles and a coarser one for

shotguns. . . Everybody made their own powderhorns then, working it both outside and inside to get it good and smooth. They would pick a horn to suit themselves, one curve of a horn for a right handed person and the other curve for a left handed person. If they didn't do this some of the horns would be hanging with the end down and if the plug came out they would lose their powder. Sometimes they would engrave or ornament their powder horns and make them fancy.

Next came the powder flask and the shot pouch, which were great improvements. The powder flask was made out of copper generally for if it wasn't it would rust and get the powder wet. The big improvement about the powder flask was the measure when the powder was poured out. It had a cut-off that would cut it off at just the charge you wanted, and then you could pour from the end of the flask right into the gun and this way you would have the same charge of powder at each load. The shot pouch was usually made out of leather with a measure in the end of it so that the same amount of shot could also be had for each load.

When the britchloader came on the first shells were made of brass. We always loaded our own shells then, they never come loaded, and after the brass shells would be loaded a few times they would get sprung and would stick in the gun. Then the paper shells came. They came empty, 100 in a box, and we loaded them ourselves. We had to put the primer on and the shot and powder in them, just the paper with the brass ends came. The next paper shell had the primers on and then next they came all loaded, ready to shoot. They was two different kinds of shells, Tom Birdsall had what was called a pin-fire, The shells for this had the percussion cap inside the shell with a wire, called the pin, running out the side of the shell at the end and extending up for about a half an inch. To load the gun you had to put the shell in so that this pin would fit in a groove at the

92. end of the barrel and would stick up so that the hammer could hit it. They were not a success and didn't last long. The other kind of a shell is the same kind we have now, all center fires. This kind was better for you could put the shell in while watching the birds but with the pin-fire you had to quit watching the game and look at your gun while loading it to see that the pin fit in the nitch all right.

The muzzle loaders were fired through a hollow tube that was ~~screwed~~ through the britchblock, then a percussion cap was placed on this hollow tube and when the hammer hit it it exploded it and the fire from the cap went through the tube into the powder in the barrel of the gun. The G.D. was a common every day kind of a cap and it wasn't worth a darn when it got wet and it wwas a light cap and sometimes when it ~~exploded~~ it would fly to pieces and would hit you in the wrist. Then there was a heavier, water proof cap that wouldn't fly to pieces when it ~~exploded~~. Then the waterproof cap had something over the percussion so that it wouldn't get wet and that also kept the percussion from coming out, while the G.D. caps had no such protection and sometimes if you wanted to take the cap off the tube of the gun after you had put it on there the percussion would stick to the end of the tube and if you let your hammer slip when you were putting it down the gun would go off. You had to be awful careful and see that the percussion didn't stay on the end of the tube. I nearly got my leg blowed off once because the percussion stayed on the end of the tube.

One day Cox says to me, "Let's go duck hunting." He says, "After dinner we'll hitch up old George, (that's the horse) and we'll drive out about seven miles to a pond where the ducks are coming in quite plentiful." The roads was bad, it was in the spring, it's quite a long pond and he went to the farthest end and I stopped at the first end that we came to and there was some small willow shoots where a willow had blowed over. I could set down on them and keep out of the mud and we had got a few ducks apiece and I turned my head to look in the oppositedirection and there was a flock of geese coming and I had some heavy shells and I broke my gun and took the two shells out and by that time the geese was right over me. I shoved one shell in and dropped the other and killed a goose. I set there quite a little while and nothing came in. I saw a lone goose coming. I thought probably I had killed its mate. It was flying low and knew if it didn't change its flight it would go right over Cox. I thought to myself, now he has fetched me out here through the mud and I've got one goose and keep still and let that goose go right on towards Cox and I did and he killed the goose. I don't think that goose was over 50 ft. over my head when it passed over me and he hollered and said what's the matter with you, didn't that goose come over you?. Yes, but I had one goose and wanted you to have one, if I had killed that goose I would give you one, and he thanked me very kindly and I think it was the first goose he ever killed. Well, we didn't get home until after dark that night and we had a nice string of ducks and two geese.

I met Bill Fiske on the street one day and he proposed going to North Dakota on a goose hunt so the next day we started for North Dakota. We stopped a day in Minneapolis and took the sightseeing in the big mills and went into a restaurant, dutch dinner for .15¢, and they had a great big bowl on the table with a big spoon in it,

*hunting  
with  
Cox  
to  
Kelling  
1900*

*Bill Fiske  
1900*

94. 'cabbage, beef and potatoes was in it and every fellow helped himself, and they were all Germans and talking German. As fast as one would get through another one would set down and use the same plate as the other fellow had used, no dishes washed at all. We took the train that night for Fargo. We crossed the Red River at Moorhead and that town was full of saloons and just across the river at Fargo that was dry but it didn't seem to me as if it was very-dry at the drunks I saw on the streets. There we changed cars to Harrington and that fetched us within 12 or 15 miles of where we was going to stop. We were going to stop on Hurd's ranch. We pitched out tents right near a dandy big spring and got ready for business, the next day was Saturday. I asked one of the workmen how far it was to Iowa Falls. He says a little better than 700 miles. We started out in the morning for ducks and geese but we didn't have very good luck, it was all new and we didn't know which way to go. They was building a big barn there. One of the carpenters says, tomorrow, Sunday we are all going hunting. I told my partner, Bill Fiske, that I was going with them but it was Sunday and he wouldn't hunt on Sunday. I knew that they would go to the best places anywhere around. So Sunday morning after the got their breakfast we started out and they went from one pond to another, which if I had been along it would have taken me a week to have went around where we went. Then they went to what they called a goose pond. It wasn't very wide but about a half mile long and deep water and reeds and bullrushes all along the shore. I stayed with them until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, then I went back to camp. So the next morning Bill and I went out after geese. We went out to this goose pond and we drove quite a number of geese out of the pond, we got three or four geese and ## a few ducks and we travelled over the country looking at it. So the next day we got around to the goose pond again and when we came to it

95. I'd go down on one side and Fiske on the other and the first goose that jumped the one that was nearest to it would shoot it. We was out quite a little ways from the pond when we parted and the grass was high clear up to our knees. I hadn't gone but a little ways when I heard the whirr of a bird's wings. My partner had never killed a grouse and he had jumped a grouse and as I looked around the bird was, ~~####~~ flying right towards me and he had his gun on the bird and I knew I was going to get it. I threw up my left hand to ketch my cap and just then there was two shot hit me in the forehead and one in my finger and one in my lip. Well, the thought struck me then that I was lucky that the shot hit my finger would probably have put my eye out and I says, "Bill, you got your bird." Yes," says he. and then I says, "Damn you, you got me too." and he came over where I was and the two shot in my forehead ws bleeding quite a good deal, my lip was bleeding too. I ran my hand over my face and when he got to me th thought he had knocked the whole side of my face off and he just wilted right in the grass, set down. He says, "I just deliberately shot you." I says, "Yes, tell me something I don't know." He says, "We'll go right to town and have them shot cut out." I says, "We'll not go to town either, good clean shot, they'll never hurt me or bother me. We ain't hunting doctors, were hunting geese." They were what we called the soft shot and they struck my skull and flatted out If it had been chilled shot it would have went clear through my skull. Billy set there and looked at me. "Just three shot in my face, that's all, they'll soon quit bleeding." As I stood there I felt the blood running down off my finger. I says, "Billy, there's another one in there, in that finger." He says, "Where haven't I hit you?" When I took my clothes off that night I bet thre was 25 or 30 shots rattled out of my clothes. I says, "Come on, let's go for geese." "No" he says, "I can't hunt." It was spitting snow a little and getting

Fiske  
shoots  
me

96. colder and we went back to the tent. While we was gone there was a pocket gopher taken possession. He had banked up our stove and filled our water pail about half full of dirt. While Billy was building the fire I got a stick and leveled the mound of dirt off and he grabbed the water pail and started for some water. He seemed very anxious to do everything and I was just as anxious as he was to let him do it. For a table we had a square topped trunk and he set at one end and I at the other and we had a nice frying pan full of fried duck, warmed up potatoes and coffee. I looked around and see where the pocket gopher had been to work, the dirt begun to shove up. I got up and got my gun and I got around sideways until I got him in range. Now, I says, "Billy, when I says shut up your eyes, close them." I didn't have long to wait before the gopher came up again. I says, "Shut your eyes" and then I pulled the trigger and I throwed dirt all over the table. He had some duck meat and potatoes on his plate and it was just covered with dirt. I think that if he hadn't shot me the day before he would have got mad at me. We hunted a few days longer and then we pulled out for home and when I stepped into the door at home my wife says, "George, you've been shot." Tears come into Billie's eyes and he says, "Yes, I done it." and I still have got the shot in my face now.

Grant Lemoine, Bill Fiske and myself took a train at Burdette to Ocheyden. Grant Lemoine had a half interest in a creamery up there. We didn't get in there until late and Bill Fiske stayed with the Rogers that night, Lemoine and I went to a hotel. It was dark when we got into Ocheyden and the agent and a lady was on the platform having a little conversation and she says, "There goes the man that's got my grip," and pointed to me. He says, "This lady says you got her grip." Well, I says, "Maybe I have but I don't believe it. I'll open up the

*Back  
of  
page*

*Lemoine  
Fiske's*

101, and plenty of bedding and logs to eat ## for a week's trip, one axe  
and a man's crosscut saw. I didn't know what they was going to do  
with that big saw but I found out before we got out there. We found  
trees blown across the trail we was on. We dumped everything into a  
lumber wagon pulled by a team of horses and everone rode that wanted  
to but most of them walked. I thought most of the stones in that  
country was piled up in our trail. Now Mr. Caldwell says to me,  
"When we get out to a big sycamore tree you and I'll leave this  
outfit and take a cutoff over the mountains." I think he said it was  
about 6 or 7 miles across by the way we could go on foot and about 10  
or 12 miles where the wagon had to go. We had gone perhaps a mile  
when we set down on a log. He got his turkey call out and called  
and called but couldn't start nothing, and we went on perhaps a mile  
further and tried the call again. His call was made out of a piece  
of red cedar about 2 inches wide, 3 inches high and 4 inches long and  
was hollowed out so as to make a harrow, open box with the sides  
scraped very thin so that it would vibrate something like a fiddle  
and the fiddle bow was a piece of slate. To operate it the box was  
held between the thumb and fingers of the left hand and the slate  
between the thumb and finger of the other hand. The <sup>flat side of the</sup> slate was then  
rubbed with a short, quick motion across one of the edges of the box  
and the resulting sound sounded very much like a turkey, that is it  
did when operated by those who knew how. The first time I tried it  
Rob said "You'll drive every damn turkey out of the woods." They  
also had another kind of a turkey call which they made from a turkey's  
wing bone hollowed out and by putting it to your lips and sucking  
through it it would make a turkey's call. Now we went along maybe  
a mile further and we got into a deep ravine, heavy timber on both  
sides but through the center it was washed out by the rains and made



102. quite an open place. We set down at the upper end of that and he called again. He just got a faint call way down back yonder in there. Then we set there three or four minutes and then he called a second time. He got an answer nearer and we could hear by that that they were coming. Now he says, "They're coming up this gully is where those turkeys are coming. Don't you stir but if a mosquito lights on your hand don't disturb him, let him bite. Get you gun ready in front of you and be careful about moving it." He gave another little faint call and the turkeys answered him. He says to me "Don't you shoot until I tell you to." He was afraid I would get excited and shoot too soon. We had got to the head of that draw and there was a big brush and sweet briar vines, such as the pipes are made out of, has a regular saw-tooth briar on them, and they'll run up a tree and down in the ground and all over and it is hard to get through them. We were sitting right out in broad daylight, nothing in front of us at all. The turkey is a very suspicious bird and if you hide behind anything they are more suspicious than at anything out in the open but if you move it is like the indian said "If you move and deer see you it may be indian, it may be stump, but if turkey see you it is indian by-gosh and away he goes." They were coming along and first an old gobbler come out in sight and then the others come hopping from stone to stone until there was 15 or 20 out in sight and the sun glistening on those bronze feathers did look good to me. I set there and watched two turkeys and they was working closer together, plenty near enough and when they crossed I shot and one went over on his back backwards and the other went on his back the other way but one of them hadn't more than struck on his back before he jumped up and into the sweet briar thicket he went and I after him. but he got away from me, then I went back to pick up my other turkey, and he'd jumped up and went away. I went right by him when I was

chasing my live turkey, I supposed that he was dead, and the old fellow that I was with set there and laughed. He says, "Now, George the first turkey you can get your hands on after you shoot you nab him, don't try to get the whole flock." Well, we didn't call any more that night, it was late when we got into camp, everything was all ready and supper was ready when we got there. We was there a week and I never got another shot at a turkey, but the other boys got turkey and got deer. Next day they come in with a turkey and a deer, so we had plenty of meat in camp. Our camp was about 30 miles west of Mena back in the timber, I was told the nearest house was 15 miles from where we camped. Well, we were camped on Pigeon Creek and it would go along two or three miles and then it would sink and then it would be a mile or two, maybe three or four miles without a bit of water, then it would come up again. East of us was Cow Creek and west was Pigeon Creek and they all started from big springs up in the mountains, all soft water. Where the water come out of the ground it was just about as warm as our hydrant water here in August. Every fellow was to shoot two squirrels when he come to camp at night, they were gray squirrels and fat and lots of them. Our old guide, Mr. Oliver, would take them and fry them and I liked them better than the turkey or deer meat. They had probably, I guess, about a half bushel of apples in the commissary. Rob and I got in a little early one afternoon, we didn't go a great ways. I says, "Rob, if you'll peel some apples, I'll make some pies." He jumped right up and grabbed some apples and went to peeling apples, it was a hard think ordinarily to get him to do anything around camp for he was always tired when it came to work. By the time I got my crusts rolled out, I used a quart beer bottle for a rolling pin, Rob had the apples peeled, then we slashed them and made two big pies and baked them

104. in the old dutch oven, I guess Rob looked at them a dozen times before they was done. We did all this before any of the rest come in, and then we hid them. When the boys got in Rob and I had supper ready. After we got about through supper rob said, "Big, hadn't we better have a piece of pie?" "Why, yes," I said, "a piece of pie would go pretty good." "Well," Rob says, "I'll get it." I didn't know where they was cause he had hid them. So he jumped up and away he went and he came back with a pie and you outh to saw the looks of those fellows when they saw that pie. So we ate our pie and enjoyed it and we sat down back of the fire, filled up our pipes and had a smoke. Some of the boys said that it was about time to go to bed and Rob says it was about time to have another piece of pie and that stopped the going to bed. From that on there was two pies every day. Well, Caldwell and I started out next morning bright and early. Every now and then we would stop and call but we couldn't get an answer. Must have been 2 or 3 o'clock and we thought we would go back to camp. He said, "Over to the foot of that hill is a salt spring, kind of a salt marsh, muck, and the deer frequent##, it quite often," He took his gun down so I could look across and get the range of the marsh. I looked across the barell, "Yes," I says, "I see one." "One what?" he says and I says "Turkey" He dropped the gun and lookd across and says, "Sure, enough, that's a turkey." We stood there and watched them until I guess there was 15 or 16 went by. He says "They'er going to roost and you and I'll get up early in the morning. They wont go a great ways before they'll roost." So we went back to camp, it was getting late, told the boys what we'd seen and what we wa going to do. We wanted to get under the roost in the dark. So we started out the next morning bright and early, dark as the dickens, We got over to the grove where the turkeys went

105. in the night before and we went about half way through, perhaps a little more and then we stopped, we didn't know whether we had passed them or where they were. It kept a getting a little lighter, breaking away in the east. We heard a turkey fly off the trees into the leaves. Probably if we had went 150 yards further we would have been right under them. The old gentlemen says that the only show we had was for them to feed our way, but they didn't feed our way and we went back and got breakfast and didn't get a turkey. He says, "George, there's a hunters cabin about seven miles from here over the ridge. Let's go over." I says, "All right." That would make about fourteen miles travel over and back. The hill we had to climb was about half way and then just the same slope on the other side down. But we got over there and he couldn't find the cabin but he says it is right in here close. There was a bunch of big white oak trees. He went in there and says, "Here it is, or here it has been rather." Shanty had burnt down and a dandy big nice spring there, water bubbling out looked good to me. I laid down and got a good drink and I says, "A hunters cabin? Look at the corn growing around here. I think it is a moonshine deal." Well, he says, "I guess maybe it was, too." Well, we started back to camp and as we was going along the side hill, I was up above him, and two deer jumped. He throwed his rifle over and shot and one deer stoped, and then he shot the second time quick and the deer droped, and he dropped into a white oak sprout with the leaves on just about the color of the deer, and he shot twice more into that bunch of leaves. He says, "Can't I knock that deer down?" I says, "The second shot knocked him down and you are shooting at them leaves." Well, we went to work and took his insides out, tied his legs together, got a pole and run it through under his legs where they were tied together, I took the cartridge out of my gun and he

106. took the front end and I took the back end. We started out for a seven mile walk, about 3½ miles up hill and about the same on the other side down. Course, I was on the lower side going up and the darn deer kept a slipping down my way and I kept pushing it away up ahead of me. Well, we got to the top of the hill and started down and the deer begin to slip the other way and I didn't pull it back. He stopped and looked back and says, "George, Is you on with that deer?" "No, " I says, "I aint and I aint holding it back either." He laughed and went on. Well, we got into camp in good shape but I never was tireder in my life than I was then when we got to kamp. I says, "I'll wash my hands and face and then I'll help you skin the deer." By the time I got ready to help him he'd got the deer skinned and dressed and was frying liver for our supper. By golly, I was tired when I got in and sweaty, that deer weight about 120 pounds and with my gun I had quite a load to carry. Well, a day or two before that Rob and I had been up on the hill. We were out all day but never got sight of a turkey but I found a camping outfit by the side of a log. It was pans and kettles and such like all set up so that if it rained it would fill them. I took them and turned them all bottom up. There was two bottles there with some black stuff in them, I didn't know what it was. I picked one up and looked at it but I couldn't tell waht it was and put it back right where I found it. Well, that day we couldn't jump anything, a deer or a turkey or anything else. A day or two after that Rob and I was up in that same country and it was getting along towards noon, we was following the ridge along, he was below me and I was pretty well on top, we was hunting a spring. We must have walked along there an hour and I heard Rob say "What are you doing here?" "He says, "Come down and see what I've got." And there was a dandy nice big spring and a

107. there was a little boy a setting on a log, a jackknife in one hand and a chipmunk in the other. Rob says, "What are you doing here?" "Bear trapping" he says. I says, "Who's with you?" and he says "Dad." I says "Where is he?" He pointed out west. Rob says "You can't get anything out of these natives. I'll bet he knows within a quarter of a mile where his dad is." They had two crotches drove in the ground, then a stick laid across from one to the other and then they had smaller sticks laid with one end on the ground and the other end across this stick, making a pitch of about 45 degrees, half pitch, and a canvas throwed over the sticks and piled full of leaves. That was all the bedding they had. Rob and I got all the water we wanted and started down the hill again. Every now and then we'd stop and call but we couldn't start a turkey. So we started back home. We stopped at this camp to get a drink of water and the old man had got in and he'd fetched in a dandy nice turkey and he'd cut a little sprout off, sharpened it and stuck it under the turkeys under jaw and there it hung. I asked him if he had any objections to me looking at his bird. He said "No" ruther short. He knew by the looks of me that I didn't belong in that country. That's all he said was that "No" but he kept watching me all the time, kept his eyes on me, didn't like the looks of me. Well, Rob says, "Come on, let's be going." As we went through their camp Rob pointed to me to their cooking utensils. He said, "Did you ever see them before?" I looked back and I says, "Yes, those are the ones I turned over up on the hill two or three days ago." The old man hadn't said a word. He whilled around as quick and said "Did you do that?# I had a wagon cover stole here a year or so ago. Did you see those two bottles?" and I says, "Yes, sir. I picked oned of them up and looked at it and put it back in the same place." "Yes, sir," he says "Right in the same place. I told my boy that the man that done that was an honest