

142. of the herders and shot a couple of the indians and run off with a
1/2 band of the horses. I told the chief if he wouldn't disturb the
white
horse
the valley here that I and another man and you furnish me three of
your men and tomorrow morning when we can see to follow a trail I'll
be here with my man and you furnish me with your three men and we'll
pull out on their trail and I'll be back in three days with your men.
Now, don't bother the settlers here on the valley." The chief says,
"I won't. I could scatter my men out and clean the valley out in
two hours time but I won't do it." They followed the trail into the
mountains, into a gulch. It was getting dusk so they couldn't see
it very plain and Ranger Jones left the trail and went over the
ridge and into another canyon. Now, he says, "Boys, get a little
sleep if you can get it for I'll have you out early in the morning.
You can start a fire if you want to." The next morning the old
gentleman had them going. There was nothing said and one man
followed another, the old man first, then the other white man
and then the three indians. It kept getting lighter and lighter
and they ran right into a flock of ponies. He says to the indians,
"You go see if you can recognize those horses." And he came back
and said, "Yes, these are our horses." "You stay here and take care
of them horses." They moved along careful and they saw a little
smoke. They got off their horses and he told one of the indians
to stay with them horses and the other indian to go with him and the
two white men and the indian crawled up to this camp, pretty near
onto them. He motioned them to set up, they had their guns cocked
all ready to shoot. One of the men was up building the fire and
Jones says to this feller, "Stand still." The other feller heard the
noise out there and he came out of the tent. He says to this fellow,
#keep right on going until you get to the other side of the fire." He

143. says to the indian with them to go into their tent and get their guns
and see that you get every one of them and fetch them out here and
lay them down and then holler to your boys to fetch their horses up
with them and come on into breakfast. They turned their horses loose
there and they stayed there until along towards noon. Then they
packed their things all up, the things they had there, these fellows,
and started down the gulch, two indians with the horses and these two
horse thieves on foot with an indian behind them going down the trail
following the herd. Mr. Jones says to the indian on guard there
following these two whites up "If they make a break to run kill them
right on the spot." They got down on the valley about sundown, turned
their horses out and put one of the indians guard over them, then he
says to the other two indians, "I want you two fellows to take charge
of the prisoners here. I don't want both of you to go to sleep, I
want one of you go go to sleep and the other stand guard, If they
make a break to run kill them." The next morning they got packed up
and give those two thieves a horse to ride for they were out of the
timber, out of the canyon, "Now," he says, "Boys, a couple of you,
take the lead here with the horses and we three will follow you.
Jog 'em right along, we'll travel now." That afternoon they pulled
into the indian camp and they was glad to see them fellows back there.
Jones says to the old chief, "Here's the prisoners, we'll turn them
over to you." The chief says, "They're going to have a white man's
trial." Jones says, "If we do that we'll have to go to town." The
chief says, "We'll go to town then." Thenext morning Jones was at
their camp ready to go with the prisoners. They was a big bunch of
indians followed them. They got into town and this man Jones was
one of the vigilance committee but I didn't know it before, though.
He got the vigilance committee together and laid the case before them,

144, just how it was. It was death to sell an indian whiskey, commit *with* murder too. The question was what to do with them. This indian chief wanted a white man's trial. They were talking among themselves, the vigilance committee was, what was the best way to get rid of them. One of them says, "Give them to the indians." They took a vote on it and it all went unanimously to give them to the indians. He says, "Now if we give these men to you you won't torture them, you'll kill them." "Yes," he says, "we'll do that." When the left town some of the vigilance committee ~~went~~ with them, went with the indians. I don't know how they killed them, I never heard, but Jones told me that they took their names and address, their folks names, and some of the vigilance committee notified their folks back east that they were killed by the indians at such a time.

out of flour
We took flour from here, we sold a lot of it, but we supposed we kept enough to last through the winter. It was getting along the middle of the winter and we see we was getting shy of flour and somebody had to go to town and get flour. The snow was deep on the range and kept a getting deeper and our flour was about gone and we was waiting until we could get over the range to get some but we couldn't and our flour was gone but we had plenty of meat and it was six weeks from the time our flour was out until we got a sack. When we did get flour we had a regular banquet, mostly pancakes and bear grease. We had plenty of meat, elk and deer and bear and beaver. We had two or three old fashioned dutch ovens and *meat* I used to put a layer of bear meat in the bottom of the biggest oven we had, it was greasy a good deal like pork, then a layer of elk meat, that was dry, then venison, generally put in a chunk of deer or elk tallow, then a layer of beaver on top of that, with a

145. little tallow, or suet, on top of that mixed in, then I'd rake out
Wheat a few ashes and coals from the fireplace, set my oven on that, put
the cover on, and then I'd put some ashes and coals up on top of
the oven and generally bank it up with a little ashes and coals
around the oven. That would be our morning's breakfast after it
got to be had cooked all night. It was good too, juicy and nice and not dry.
bread At noon we'd generally get a forked stick, each one of us, and roast
only the meat over the coals, that would be our dinner meal. Generally
at night we'd fry some in the frying pan. The one cooking in the
dutch oven would generally last for two breakfasts and for the
second morning we would set it on the coals and warm it up. We
were running a very fancy hotel with our four kinds of meat and
could have them roasted, toasted, baked or any way to suit the
diner's fancy. There didn't any of us seem to relish it along
towards the last end. We didn't have any vegetables at all,
nothing but the meat, and then more meat. When we went to town,
about 60 miles away, we could usually get some dried fruits that
were shipped in from Salt Lake City and one thing we used quite a
little of was breakfast food, whole wheat, not ground, put up in
5 or 10 pound sacks, little sacks. We'd cook it until it was tender
just the same as we would rice today and we didn't have any milk
or cream but usually had sugar to put on it. Occasionally we would
get a can of potatoes, potatoes was put up in cans there the same
as peaches is here and they would taste mighty good when we could
get them. But bread and meat was our main diet and we had plenty
of it. We'd make the bread by mixing a little baking powder,
sour salratus, salt and water with the flour and then making a loaf of
dough it and baking it in the dutch oven and it was pretty good bread
bread too. It was called a sour-dough bread and I made ^{the sour-dough} it ^{in a can}

146. about fifteen inches long by mixing ### flour and water into a thin paste and setting it beside the fireplace and let it sour. It didn't make any difference how sour it got but if it got too sour I would put a little salratus in it. to sweeten it. I would then put some of it in with the other mixture to be used the same as a yeast to make it raise and then I would bake it in the dutch oven. It didn't take long to make that kind of bread, about like making a batch of pancakes and it did the raising while it did the baking. I think the bread was a little better when it was warm than it was after it got cold. When it broke up in the spring so that we could get out everybody come out feeling fine and nobody was sick.

*Wheat
Screen
Dough
Bread*

After we got out in the spring there was a gulch southeast of us called Confederate Gulch that Fred wanted to get down to to see what the prospect was for mines and he came back and said it looked fine to him, there was gold there but they had to sink holes, shafts, there down to bed rock to get to it and then pump water out of the holes so that the miners could get down to the bed rock to work for the gold. He staked out a claim for himself and one for father.

*Confederate
Gulch*

When Fred come back they held a council of war and decided to sell everything except one yoke of oxen, a wagon and "household" goods. We took the extra cattle and wagons, and the fur we had caught that winter, over to Virginia City and sold them and then came back to our camp and loaded up our goods we were going to keep into the wagon, everything except my indian relics I had found during the winter and father wouldn't have them in the wagon. We got over to Confederate Gulch and father didn't like the looks of it. They had started to dig for the gold by starting down stream from the bed rock and digging up stream by drifting, or tunnelling through the rock, until they

147. got to the bed rock, The drift, or tunnel, sloped up all the time
West so that the water would run out. When they got to the bed rock if
they thought it would pay enough they was going to change the bed
of the stream so that it would run around on the other side of the
mountain. We camped up on the side hill ~~###~~ in a big tent and the
last fellow going to bed at night had to be the first fellow up
in the morning and it was usually me. We had two dogs and they got
wolf chasing dogs into a mixup with some wolves in the middle of a night and the dogs
thought it was safer in the tent that it was out of the tent. It
was a big, white buffalo wolf and the dogs would chase it up the
mountain and then it would turn and chase them back down and into
our tent pell mell, then they would whirl around and go back out and
chase the wolf back up hill again. One of our dogs was a bull dog
and it couldn't run very fast so that each time it was chased back
down hill the wolf would nip it on the heels. Each time the dogs
come into the tent they would jump over me and onto the rest of
the fellows. Finally one fellow got tired of it and got up and
shot at the wolf with a revolver, I don't think he touched him
but it broke up the party for that night. Father could get a job
over to Helena for \$150.00 a month, that is \$100.00 for him and
\$50.00 for me, and that looked better to him that it did to mine,
so we bid Fred goodby and went to Helena to start in freighting.
We worked along that summer, getting along towards fall, and father
he was getting homesick and there was a boat coming down the
Missouri River and he made up his mind he would come home on the
boat, it was at Fort Benton. Fred stayed there all summer and all
that winter and the gulch proved very rich. They got the water
round so they could get into their mines. Fred had another claim
above the one he was working then. He got work there was a couple

148. of men had jumped his claim and was working it so he went up to see about it. One was working down in the ground and the other was working on top windlassing up the dirt. He knew Fred and Fred kept coming right along and he said to Fred, "Don't come any nearer, if you do I'll kill you." You couldn't scare Fred at all and he kept walking right along. This fellow shot at Fred, he shot to kill, but he didn't hit him, the ball went through his hat. Fred jerked his revolver and killed the fellow deader than a mackerel. The fellow fell right across the hole, caught on some of the timbers. The other fellow down in the hole hollere, "Don't shoot, I'll get out of here." Fred worked there all summer until along late in the fall but killing that man worried on him, so he made up his mind he'd quit mining. He sold out and quit. Three of them and him said they'd go back to the States. They went to Fort Benton, down on the Missouri about a hundred miles from there, and built them a boat and they floated down to Sioux City. They stopped to a hotel and there was two stage lines that left Sioux City at that time. The Western Stage Line run from Sioux City to Des Moines to the railroad there, and the other line was the North Western Stage Line from Sioux City to the railroad at Iowa Falls. One of the men went over to the Western Stage office when they got there in the afternoon and bought their tickets for all four of them to Des Moines and when he came back he gave Fred his ticket. They were in their room in their hotel and Fred looked at his ticket and says, "Say, I don't want to go to Des Moines. I want to go to Iowa Falls. Tear up these tickts or do whatever a mind to you want to with them and I'll go over to the Northwestern and buy tickets to Iowa Falls." Each one of the party that was with Fred had a black leather satchel and they had their gold in their satchel

at it
Claim jumpers

149. and when they'd set down they'd put that satchel between their feet.

what

*Fred
coming
back*

Fred had about \$175,000.00 in his satchel in gold and paper and what the other fellows had he didn't know, that was what he had made in two summers after we had left him. Long in the middle of the night word come to the stage that the Fort Des Moines stage had been held up. There was a fellow in the Western office when this man had bought their tickets to Des Moines and they think he was a scout for the men that held up the stage. The Northwestern stage with Fred and the men on it got through all right without being held up. They stopped off here to see father and we went down to the hotel to see them. Fred told the other men that father was all right for he was an old partner of his and if they wanted to they could leave the grips with him and go out for a walk. Fred went back to Germany and married and came back to this country to Gilbert Hollow, North Carolina and went into the mines there. He invested about all of his money in high priced mines. Father got a letter from him a few years afterwards. He says, "Bigelow, all I've got left is a wife and a little boy."

Tom Bailey, father and myself started for Iowa from Fort Benton, it was along in the fall about September. When we got to Fort Benton the little steamboat that plied between Sioux City and Fort Benton was a few days late. The water was low and it couldn't get up over the falls, or ripples for there were so many rocks in the river. It could get up to the mouth of the Marias River, twelve miles below Fort Benton. We were to go on the "Cutter", a boat about 100 feet long and a stern wheeler. While we were waiting for it to unload two other boats came in, the "St. Charles" and the "Aberdeen." These boats were mostly freighters hauling freight for the mines. Besides these boats the government had their boat

*our
coming
back*

150. there for the soldiers at Fort Benton and the North Western Fur
that Company, which had a trading post there, also had their own boat.

*eleven
men
killed
by
indians*

A party of eleven men got down to the boat landing before we did and they got tired of waiting. There was a nigger there that had a team and wagon and these men hired the nigger to take them up the Marias River for a hunt for two or three days and they didn't come back and a party of soldiers went up to see what had become of them. They found the eleven white men and the nigger killed, the oxen was gone and the wagon was burned up and the clothes was taken from off all of them. The wolves had eaten them and the bones were scattered so they couldn't tell much about them so they picked up the scattered remains and buried them and brought the twelve pairs of boots back to the boat landing at the mouth of the river and stood them up about half way in the dirt with a sign on them " Names unknown, killed by the indians." The indians didn't want the boots but took everything else. We started out one morning early, the boat pulled out down the river. Father and Bailey worked our passage down the river by cutting drift wood. The boat burned wood and there were no wood yards where ~~####~~ wood could be purchased so when they saw a pile of drift wood the boat would tie up by it and the call would come for all hands out to carry wood. The wood was carried on deck in whatever shape it was found and then it would be cut up in furnace length as the boat was going along. The boat didn't travel at night at all on account of the sandbars as it didn't have any headlight to see its way. As it was a freighter it didn't have any staterooms but each one of us had a hammock in which to sleep. Going back there was no freight on board and we hung our hammocks where it was usually piled on the lower deck. The captain and the regular help had their rooms on the upper deck but I didn't get up there.

*on
boat*

West
Coming
down
the river

the pilot
killed

hunting
buffalo
on bank

151. Nights the captain would try to get below some island where it was still water and anchor for the night, he wouldn't anchor near the shore on account of the indians. The first day out we got down to as far as what was called Cow Island, which they said was about 210 miles from Fort Benton but I don't think it was that far. There in the mountains the water was pretty swift and the boat would go faster than the water could. We started out bright and early the next day and it must have been eight o'clock, such a matter, and we were hugging the north shore, the current was on that side. There was two indians setting on the bank of the river. We come onto them a little unexpectedly and as soon as they saw us they run back into the brush and the St. Charles was a faster boat than the Cutter and it was following us. When they got around to where we saw the two indians they killed the pilot on the St. Charles. We got around to a long straight stretch of the river where we could see the St. Charles and we saw the flag at half mast and the captain knew something was wrong. The two captains took the pilot up to a little trading post there was there and buried him. There was a great many buffalo along the river, hundreds of them and every now and then there would be a big flock. I put in most of my time setting around shooting at the buffaloes from the boat. It was nice hunting, good sport too, and as big game as that you could hardly miss them. I killed a few and made a lot of them grunt. Down a ways below us I saw quite a number of buffaloes going across the river, a number had been across ahead of them and the water on their hides had made the clay bank where they went out slippery. Along the last end of them was an old bull, he was the last one to hit the shore. Some of the men said, "There, George, is your chance." He stood broadside, resting. So I took a good deliberate aim at him right behind the fore shoulders about where I thought his heart was, and pulled

152. the trigger. I knew I hit him cause I heard the ball hit him ka-spat
and he walked up the slippery path, or trail rather, about fifteen or
twenty feet and he begin to waver and then he stopped. In just a
few moments he begun to crumple and down he went and he slid down the
trail to the waters edge and lay there dead. I felt sorry for him
after I killed him and I put my gun up and said I was through buffalo
hunting. I knew I had wounded several and maybe killed some. The
boat never stopped for it as we had plenty of meat on board. When a
buffalo swims he sticks his tail straight up in the air, I suppose
that is for the flies to roost on going across. One day we run
into a band of indians, probably there was 1500 to 2000 of them, it
was a big band, all Sioux. They were crossing the Missouri River and
when they saw us coming the squaws run out to the bank of the river
swinging buffalo robes, as much as to say, "We want to trade." The
captain run down the river about a quarter of a mile and anchored and
run the gangplank out. He had quite a lot of stuff he wanted to trade
with the indians, crackers and calico and I don't know what all, quite
a lot of such stuff as that. I had nothing to trade so I went back up
the river where the indians was coming across, just a little ways from
the boat it was. They'd take a couple fo bundles of buffalo robes,
tie them on a pony's back, then they'd put about two papooses in
between the bundles, drive the pony into the river, and a couple of
older children would grab the pony by the tail. He'd land on the
other side with about four passengers. I got tired of watching them
so I went back into the crowd. I got back in amongst the squaws and
an old squaw grabbed me by the shirt on my arm and held up a buffalo
robe. I knew in a second what she meant, she wanted to trade me that
robe for my shirt and that started me to thinking. It was a pretty
good shirt, it was red with a white polka dot in it, paid a dollar for

Buffalo
robes

Trading
party
indians

153. it up in Helena. I shook the old squaw away from me and went into the crowd. She had an old robe and I didn't want the old robe. I went up to another squaw that had a dandy good robe and I took hold of her robe and my shirt and she nodded and I nodded too I guess. Then I took my shirt off, gave it to her and she gave me the robe. I took the robe and went to the boat and throwed it into my hammock and put my other polka dot shirt on and started for the crowd. When I got in amongst the squaws, there was probably a hundred to a hundred and fifty of them, and the way they acted they was having a little fun at my expense. At the back side of the gang there was a young squaw, probably twenty years old, and she had a new robe on, a dandy one. I pushed them away, the squaws, I don't know how many wanted to trade with me, but I walked up to this young squaw. I got right up close to her and pointed to her buffalo robe and then to my shirt, then I pointed from my shirt to her buffalo robe. They go by signs a good deal. A grin came over her face. I took my shirt off, I had kind of tightened up my pants so they wouldn't fall off this second time, and gave the shirt to her and she gave me the robe. She had been wearing the robe fastened on with two strings, one around the neck and the other around her waist, with her arms out. I noticed that when we traded that she had on the same kind of a waist that I did only mine was whiter. Besides the robe she was wearing a buckskin skirt and leggings. Then the fun began with the squaws. I knew what they wanted, they wanted me to put my shirt on that girl but I didn't want to lay my robe down for if I did some son-of-a-gun whould steal it. I thought they would mob me before I got out of there. I had a little single blanket and I went back and got it and traded that for another robe. I got a good robe for the little half blanket. Then I went and got father's extra shirt, it was a flannel one, we just had two shirts

What
trading
shirt
with
squaws

154. apiece. He had paid ten dollars for his two shirts and I had paid two dollars for my two. I traded it for another robe but I had a hard time trading it off because it was a grey woolen, heavy flannel shirt and it wasn't as pretty as my red polka dot cotton ones. The first shirt I traded to the squaw she gave to her man and he was a great big fat old fellow and she get his head out through the hole in the upper end of the shirt and his arms in the sleeves and he worked it on and get it pretty well on and the old indian folded his arms tight quick and ripped the shirt wide open down the back clear from the collar to the tail and the sleeves come down pretty near to his elbow. I saw him several times after he got dressed up and every now and then he would look at his arm and then grin, that shirt, you know. I don't know what he thought but I presume it would have taken quite a little money to buy that shirt from that indian. I hunted around for my young squaw to see how that shirt fit but I didn't see her, probably she went back to camp. All the way back to Sioux City My shirt that I wore was my suspenders with my coat on top. Even at that I thought I made a good trade for the robes back here were worth about \$10.00 apiece. When I got back I traded one of the robes to the father of Frank Bliss at Iowa Falls for a complete suit of clothes, shoes and all. Frank thinks he still has that robe. When We got down to Sioux City father shaved and scrubbed up, we was still on the boat then. He says, "George, get my shirt." I did, I went and got the buffalo robe I had traded the shirt for and said, "Here's your shirt." He says, "What, did you trade my shirt off?" and I says, "Yes." "And both of mine too." He never said a darned word afth~~r~~ that but he didn't like it very well. We got our luggage off the boat and went up to the hotel and then we got some shirts, scoured up a little, took the stage that night for Alden. We got home the next night, about

trading
shirts

Sioux
City

155: 24 hours on the road. The stage tried to average six miles an hour on the road.

Indian riding ponies

The western indians in the early days didn't have any bridles or saddles for their ponies. They generally had a long lariat made out of rawhide. They would tie one end of it around the ponies neck and then take a half hitch around the pony's jaw with it and then they would hold the other, loose, end in their hands. They would guide the pony by pushing on it's neck on the right side with the lariat if they wanted to go to the left, or if they wanted to go to the right they would pull on the jaw with the lariat until they had turned it's head. The lariat was nearly always on the right side of the neck. Then when they got after game they would usually drop the lariat so they could use both hands with their bow. If they had to get off the pony for anything the pony would usually stay around where it was left until its owner returned. They had no saddles and rode bareback. A good many of the hunters didn't even have a rope on their ponies and they would do their guiding with either their hand or the end of their bow. Most of the lariats were made out of rawhide but some were made out of hair woven, anything so that the pony wouldn't eat it.

Indian riding pony

If an indian kills any game he goes back and tells his squaw, he doesn't take it into camp. She will take a pony or two, according to the size of the animal, and then go and get it. The indian believes in letting the squaw do all the work. She skins it, cuts up the meat, and tans the hide. I was in an indian camp once and saw a squaw cutting up an antelope and cooking it. All the indians in my day used regular butcher knives for cutting the meat. To cook it she cut it up in small chunks and her dish that she cooked it in was a wooden

156. trough that looked a good deal like a pig trough. It was about four feet long made out of a single log. It was hollowed out with fire and some sharp tool. They would burn it out some and then chip it out some until the sides were quite thin so as to make it light to carry. The bottom was hewed off flat and left heavier so that it wouldn't tip over. To cook the meat she had the trough over half full of cold water in which she put the meat. She had quite a pile of what we call "cobble stones", stones about as big as your doubled fist, or a little bigger. She had them all in a good fire and then she took two little forked sticks to rake a stone out of the fire with and to pick the stone up with also and then she would drop this hot rock in the trough with the meat. She would put about three or four of those stones in the trough and then when it quite building around the stone she would take it out and put a hot one in. She would keep on doing that until the meat was cooked, which took quite a while. They weren't very particular about its being done, that is what we would call done. I noticed there were several pieces of charcoal floating around on the water and I presume there were a lot of ashes in the bottom of the "kettle."

*Indian
Cooking
meat*

They dried a good deal of meat for winter use. We called it "dried" but they called it "jerked." They would take four forked stakes about eighteen inches long, sharpen the end off and stick it down in the ground with the fork sticking up. Then they would put nother forked stick about four feet from that one, and then about two feet sidewise from the forked stakes they would put two more of them, then they would put a small stick, bigger than your finger from one forked stake to the other one about four feet away and they would have one on the other side the same way. Then they would cut shorter

*dried
meat*

stakes
xx
xx

157. stakes about two feet long, or just long enough to go across the two longer stakes, then they would keep on cutting the shorter stakes and laying across the longer sticks about six inches apart until they got it all filled up. Then they would cut their meat in strips usually six or eight inches long, the only requirement as to length being that they were long enough to stick onto the sticks, Then they would build a little fire under the meat the length of their frame and they would smoke it and cook it and dry it all at the same time and they called it "jerked." After a little while it got so darned hard you couldn't break it with a sledge hammer, but that was their winter meat. It would never spoil if it was properly cured. They all had good teeth. Whenever they got more meat than they needed just at that time they would "jerk" it, looking out for winter. In the winter they would have hard sledding to get out to look after meat if the snow was deep unless they already had a supply. That is all they had to live on in the winter.

The frame of their tents, or tepees, were made of poles about ten feet long, more or less according to the size of the tepee. They were all set in a circle, coming together near the tops of the poles and where they crossed each other they were tied together with rawhide, or bark. On the plains they didn't use much bark because there wasn't the bark to be had. Then over this framework they threw hides, usually elk skin. The hides were fastened together by cutting slits along the edges of the hides and then stringing rawhide through the slits. The tent covering was made out of raw hides, not tanned at all, except they opening where they went into the tepee, which was usually tanned so that they would throw it back when they went in or out. This opening was about the height of a man and two or three feet wide. When

158. they would build a fire they would build it right on the ground in the center of the tepee and the smoke would go up through where the poles were fastened together. What didn't go out would stay in the tepee. Their wardrobe was all around the edges of the tent and they slept on buffalo skins laid on the ground. I don't know how they slept in the tent but when they were out in the open they always slept with their heads next to the fire and their feet out away from it so that if they heard anything suspicious when they raised up they would be looking away from the fire and into the brush, while the white man slept with his feet to the fire and when he raised up he would have to turn around to see what the trouble was. The indian was like the quail, slept facing out so if they had to get out in a hurry they wouldn't be in each others way. When they wanted to move they would tie four or five poles together near the end and then they would fasten two of these bundles of poles so that they were two or three feet apart. They would then put this over the pony's neck, with a bundle of the poles on each side of the pony, and then fasten them together under the pony's neck so that it couldn't get out from between the poles but would have to drag them along. Then back of the pony they would fasten the poles together with strips of the rawhide and then tie the tents and other things to these poles, put three or four papooses on top of the bundles and away they would go. The dogs would have to walk. They made a lot of dust. I have often wondered since how they went through the brush that way, but they did.

They would have a little tepee about four or five feet high and 8 or 10 feet around at the bottom and covered all over with the rawhide, no opening on the top like their living tent, and with just a little opening on the side to get in. The frame work was

159. made by sticking a willow stick in the ground and bending it over and tying it to another one that was stuck in the ground on the opposite side. They would keep going on around this way until they had the circle completed and it was oval on top. This kind of a tepee was used for giving sweat baths only. They would have quite a little pile of hot stones in there, and some water, and they would pour that cold water onto the stones, a little at a time. It wouldn't be but a short time until it would be hotter than the dickens in there and they would get up an awful sweat in there in a short time. Then they would come out with nothing on only their breechclouts and the cold wind would hit them when they were wetter than the dickens. That was used to cure some kind of sickness but I do not know what kind.

Sweat
bath
tepee

The first school was located on about Lot 7, Block 11, Original Town of Alden, just about where the house is that is owned by the Allens, where M. O. Thompson lives at present. The old schoolhouse was moved to the lots west in the same block when the present house was built and the school building is now a part of the house owned by the Harris heirs where Glenn Boyington lives. I do not know the exact date it was built but was about 1856. There was no other building on the hill there and it was all playground for us young ones and the hill to the north made a fine coasting ground. We had a great many spelling schools than and after it was out the older folks would join us in sliding down hill. Mr. Whitney built his house at the foot of the hill and he fenced it and his garden and that spoiled our coasting track. At spelling schools we would always have a recess and then everybody would slide down hill for a little while. At those times we would usually use the long ox sleds to slide down with and

Alden
first
school
house

160. everybody would pile on, usually six to ten, or as many as could pile on, then they would turn the ~~lump~~ tongue back over the sled and two or three men would stand up and take hold of the tongue to guide it. They generally made it all right but every now and then it wouldn't go right and they would have a spill. I never knew of anybody getting seriously hurt with their spills. Along in the fall they fixed the old schoolhouse over, plastered it, and the masons had left a twelve foot board there that they had used in the mortar box and the sun had quirreled the edges up so that it made a good sled for about eight of us to slide down hill on, and there was eight of us that had exclusive right of that board. About half way down the hill we put a piece of stovewood, packed the uphill side with snow to make it smooth and then poured water on it to freeze to make a hard track. This made a jump-off so that when we slid down the hill if everything went right we would jump six or eight feet before hitting the slide again and if we hit right we would stay on and slide the rest of the way down the hill but if we hit sideways we would all slide off the board and roll everyway. We would guide it by about the four on the front end sticking their heels in the snow and if they turned it too sharp we would all go off, but we all had fun with it. The four on the back were just passengers for when they sat down on the board, it was about eighteen inches wide, the one in front would grab the legs of the one sitting behind him and hold them up so they wouldn't drag and stop the sliding, but if it rolled they went with it. I was the smallest one in the crowd and I was at the back end and rolled just as far as any of them when it tipped over. The meanest boy in school played a trick on us one night at the spelling school recess. He had taken an axe and cut the ice away from above the jum-off, back about a foot from the jump-off, cut it

Spelling school

51. down about two inches deep so the board wouldn't slide over when it came to it. Then he drove a little nail in each end of our board, about a foot from each end, so the nail stuck through pretty near a quarter of an inch. Us boys that owned the board got it at the top of the hill and we all got on and started down and when the board struck that piece of stovewood at the jump-off the board stopped and we went right on and when we picked ourselves up every fellow had his hands on the bosom of his pants where the little nail got it's work in. That night ended up with a fight or two and everybody went home satisfied, I guess.

Those days I never went to school very much for father was always good to me, he let me get to school or go fishing and I generally went a fishing.

The furniture in the school house was all homemade. The first year we didn't have any desk, just the benches that we sat on. They were made a good deal like our lawn benches we have now with a back on them. They were made out of native oak lumber that was sawed right here. They got pretty tiresome sitting on them but we had plenty of time to wiggle and twist around to rest them. The benches were of different lengths, some long and some short, several of us setting on one bench. The first year we put our books on the bench beside us or on the floor under our feet, but the next year they had makeshift desks. Everything was homemade and they were working just as fast as they could to make things better. Most of the desks were made for just one or two scholars but there were some with four scholars. These were set around the edges of the schoolroom, I don't remember but one row down through the center of the room. Of course, them days there weren't so many scholars as nowadays. There was just one room in the schoolhouse and the children kept coming in until it got crowded and

162. then they built the brick schoolhouse with two rooms in it, one up-
stairs and one down. Then we got good furniture when that schoolhouse
was completed and we moved over.

*Spelling
schools*

We used to have spelling schools about once a month during the
winter months. That was one of the great attractions at Alden for
there was nothing much else to do. Everybody would go, men and women,
old and young, and everybody take part. They would choose two
captains and then these captains would choose who they wanted on their
sides, first one captain would choose some one and then the other
captain would make a choice, choosing alternately until all were
were chosen. When anybody was chosen they would get up and join the
line by the captain that chose them. Then the schoolmaster, or some-
one, would take a McGuffey Spelling Book, and give out the words. If
anyone missed a word he would have to sit down and then the one on the
opposite side would have a chance to spell it. They kept doing that,
pronouncing the words alternately first to one row and then to the
other, and kept doing it until all these on one side or the other had
misspelled a word and had to sit down and then the other side was
declared the winner as far as sides were concerned. If there were
more than one left standing in the winning side the schoolmaster would
pronounce the words to them until just one was left standing and he
was declared the winner for that night. After everybody but one was
spelled down they would all take a recess and go out and slide down
hill for a while.

At that time the schoolhouse was the center of all social
activities for the community. All the shows, and everything, was
held in the schoolhouse until Alden's Hall was built in 1870
and then the shows and entertainments were moved to that hall. We

163. used to have what were called "Panaramas", "Puppet Shows" and other "one-horse" shows. The Panaramas were a good deal like our magic lanterns were with ~~#####~~ pictures thrown on a canvas and during the time of the Civil War they were mostly pictures of the war. Some of them had little tin-soldiers that would "perform". I don't know just how they were operated but they were wound with a spring some way and would march around until they run down and then they would have to be wound again. They were a grand thing to us children. The Puppet Shows were a Punch and Judy outfit. After the Alden's Hall was built we had regular road shows in it and the dances were held there instead of down in the Usher House.

During the Civil War the nearest railroad to this part of the country was at Cedar Falls and those who had enlisted to the north-west of here used to come through here going to the railroad. They were in a regular big farm wagon with two to four horses to each wagon with common spring seats in them, all they could get on, so that there would be eight or ten men to each wagon. The last outfit I saw go through was from Webster City and there were about fifteen wagons in the outfit. The head wagon carried the Stars and Stripes. They all were whooping and hollering as they went through town. I think they were sent to Dubuque for training.

When we were going west with the oxen train when we got to the Elkhorn River west of Omaha from there on out to the mountains the fuel was scarce. At the Elkhorn we picked up a big log a good foot through and ten or twelve feet long and we hung it under one of the wagons. We had a sheetiron stove and when it was damp and wet and fuel was scarce, then we'd go for the old log we had under the wagon, and the buffalo chips was scarce too and not very good to burn in

Shows
in
school
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Follow
along
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damp weather. There was no trees along the Platte River but once in a while on some of the islands in the river there was some brush or small trees. We never got any wood until we got into the hills near the mountains and then we begun to get wood. We didn't burn grass because there wasn't enough of it for there had been so many emmigrant trains along that there was no grass left. The only big tree that I can remember was pretty well up towards the mountains. I know Mr. Whitney was lying on his back, it was a warm day, and we'd stopped for noon. Whitney hollered to me and said, "Here's one of your friends, George." If there was an indian around it was always my friend. I looked around and I couldn't see any indian and I said, "Where is he, Mr. Whitney?" "Why," he says, "he's tied on that big limb way up in the tree." He was buried there and the other indians had given him that much of a start towards heaven.

One day down on the Platte River we met three young Sioux bucks, and darn mean ones too, going east on foot. Three ## or four days after that they passed us going west and each one of them was riding a pony and driving 25 or 30 loose ponies ahead of them. As they passed us one indian hollered out, "Heap Pawnee." They had been down and stole them from the Pawnee Indians and were going back home with them happy as a lark.

Another day on the Platte River we saw a band of indians coming and when they got near enough to tell what they were they was mostly squaws. Mr. Whitney says, "Now, George, here's a chance to get you a wife, pick out one." They come up and turned out and passed us, I think probably a couple of hundred of them, and the never even looked up at us or said a word. One of the squaws was a lot better dressed than the rest of them and Irv. said I could have her but I didn't make any advances towards her. This outfit had no poles, nor nothing,

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165. with them, they were travelling light and going right along. Probably
the men were all out hunting someplace and they were going to meet
them, they knew where they were going and we didn't. See a gang of
indians off thirty or forty rods you couldn't tell whether they were
all bucks or all squaws for they all rode straddle. Mr. Whitney
picked out a great many squaws for me that summer but I never liked
his judgment.

There was a young indian come to our camp along the Platte River
and he had a piece of boiled ham stuck on an arrow and he wanted to
give it to me and I shook my head that I didn't want it. He took a
bite of it to show me it wasn't poison, it was all right, then I
took a bigger bite than the one he had and when he grinned and took
a small bite. It tasted awful good to me and we kept at it until
we ate the whole piece of meat up. Then he wanted me to come over
and stay all night with him but I didn't know where his camp was and
didn't go. They go by signs that way and I could read their signs
as well as the girls read their books today, they did it all with
their fingers. He didn't like the salty ham but I did and he would
take a little bite and then hand it over to me and I would take a
big one, until it was all gone and I had the last bite. After it was
all eaten he put his arrow back into his quiver.

(See page 135) It was rough over the mountains and rough
traveling. When we got to the Gallatin Valley we stopped there but
Mr. Whitney went on to Virginia City. It was probably a month or
six weeks before I went to town and I met and he says, "Say, George,
I've got five dollars for you." We said "I didn't get very much for
those fish for the stone we had on them slipped off from the sticks and
went down through and chewed them all up, some of them were mostly good.
I don't know what he got for them but he gave me \$5.00 for my share.

166. Everything was paid in gold dust there then and that was the first gold dust I ever saw or ever got. Then I had to buy me a buckskin bag to carry it in. The bags were all double sewed for the gold dust was so fine that if the bag was only single sewed it would work through. If the keg of fish had been all right he probably would have gotten forty or Fifty Dollars for it.

(See page 67) Ed Braden and myself were near the foot of Long's Peak. We always had pancakes for breakfast, griddle cakes for dinner and slapjacks for supper and we would generally in the evening play cards to see which one would grease the frying pan and the other fellow fry the cakes and my job most always fell onto me to fry the cakes. When I wanted to turn them I would take my knife and run around the edge of them to loosen them, then I'd give them a little hitch or two to loosen them, then throw them up and they would turn in the air and I would catch them in my frying pan bottom up. Ed was watching me and said "Give me that frying pan." He give it a little flip and the cake only turned half over onto the other half that had stuck in the pan, then he give it a good jerk and away went the pancake clear up into the roof of the shanty. I said, "Ed, what are you doing?" and he said "I am setting the table." I told that the next cake I wanted a little lower down so that I could reach it. Then he handed the frying pan back to me and told me that if I was dissatisfied I could bake them myself and he took the greaser. Our greasers were strips of pork rinds and the bottom hinge of our door to the cabin was made out of one of those greasers and the mice used to gnaw the darned thing in two and then we'd put on another greaser.

The first time I was ever up to Wall Lake I went up there with a party from town on a picnic excursion, gone two or three days. In those days there was a lot of open water in the lake, not very many

167. rushes in the lake. It took us about a day to go up there and they took me along to furnish meat for them. We got our camp all settled and everything. They sent me down to the house to see if I could buy some milk. There was a family there by the name of Purcell that owned that part of the country then. I got pretty near to the house and a boy came out with a pan of oats to feed a Jack that they had tied there and quick as he saw me he stopped in the door. I says, "Can I buy some milk here?" and I knew by the way he spoke he was acquainted with me. He turned around and he says, "Ma, here's another damn fool that wants to buy some milk." I got my milk and went back to the camp. I picked up my shotgun and went around on the south side of the lake. There was a good wall them days around the lake, it was made out of dirt and stones and some claimed it was made by the indians and some claimed it was made by the water and ice. I could walk along the outside of this and my head would come to about the top of the wall. About that time a flock of ducks come swinging around and I killed a couple. They fell out in the lake a little ways and I took my shoes and stockings and pants off and went and got them. Twant but a few minutes before more ducks come along and I killed two of them and they fell a little farther along to my right. I was having some good shooting there. Mr. McClara, one of our party, heard my shooting and he picked up his gun and come over to where I was. He got within fifteen or twenty feet of me and he stopped all at once. He says, "Looka here, George." I says, "What is it Mr. McClara?" and he says, "Looka there." He pointed down in the path and there lay a rattlesnake all quihleled up. Probably I had run over him a dozen times barefooted. We visited a little while and I went back and put my clothes on, I wasn't hunting rattlesnakes. Went

Wall
to
the
house

See page 8 for same story

168. down around the lake quite a little ways and he took his clothes off, he wanted to get into the water anyhow, he took all his clothes off and went in after his duck. He walked out a ways but the gravel hurt his feet and it was a little muddy, so he lay down and crawled out to where his duck was. When he got back to shore he held up his hand and says "Looka there, George, I've lost my ring." He had pulled it off in the mud when he was crawling. It was a \$10.00 gold piece he had made the ring out of. He says, "You've got twelve ducks and I've got one, let's go back to camp." That ended that hunt.

A year or two after that Purcell sold out to Old man Birdsall and he took charge there.

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Birdsall had quite a family of boys and I used to go up quite often with one of his boys that lived here in town. Most of his children were going to school here at that time. One time I went up with Ben Birdsall, he was a Judge afterwards, and going up I killed a few chickens, I always took my shotgun with me wherever I went. We got up there in good season, had a nice supper and visit. I went back down to the barn and there our chickens was in the buggy. I hollered to Ben, "What will we do with these chickens?" Mr. Birdsall heard me. He says, "Throw the damn things over into the hog pen and I'll give you something for breakfast you don't get in Alden every day." I did, I throwed them over into the hog pen and the next morning he passed me a plate of fried salt pork. "There" he says, "you don't get that every day down in Alden."

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A party of us hunters went up there one day and quick as we drove up we wanted to get his permission to camp in the grove. Charley Birdsall said that we could go ahead and camp anywhere we wanted to. The old man birdsall says to Charley, "Is George Pigelow there?" I want to talk to him." So I went up to the house where the old gentleman

was. He said there was a pair of swan up in the north end of the lake and they have got three young ones and damn you, you let them alone, and I told him I would and I did. With all the parties I went up there with he always gave me all the orders what to do and what not to do. After we got our lunch I wanted to see those swans so I got a boat and I went clear up to the north end, probably a mile and a half. Up to the north end was black rushes and reeds and a lot of open water though. I rowed around there, back and forwards, until I run onto them. I scared them up, there was the five of them there just as the old man said. They flew a little ways and lit and I seared them up a second time and then I let them alone. I was awful glad the old man called my attention to them. The swan went away in the fall and a pair of them come back the next spring. They didn't stay long, they got scared out or somebody killed them. Those days most of the lake was clear water and deep too. The party I was with was Frank Sperry, Charley Furry, Ben Lighthall and Al Merrill. Along towards night the mosquitoes was awful bad there in the grove so they said "let's hitch up and go down to the south end of the lake, there's a good camp ground down there." so we did. It was a good place to bathe, good gravelly bottom. In the morning before any of them got up I got up and went south out on the prairie about a half a mile. I got into a flock of long billed snipe, or Curlew. I shot four or five of them and then I went back to camp. I dressed them and started cooking them for breakfast, the rest of the boys were out swimming. I got my birds cooked, got breakfast ready, and then hollered to them to come up that breakfast was ready. They hadn't any clothes on when they came up to camp for breakfast. One of them said, "Nobody is going to eat breakfast in this crowd with their clothes on." So they jumped onto me and pulled my right back out of the way of the fire

170. and it wasn't but a short time until I didn't have any clothes on. One of them says, "Now, George, you can eat breakfast with us." After breakfast we hitched up and drove down to Webster City and stayed there that night and then drove home.

One time I was up to the lake with Charley McMillen, Burns and Cox and we got out on the lake there along towards evening so that we could get a place to be there early in the morning. It looked awful rainy, bad weather, and it begin to rain. I started for the farmhouse, I didn't want to set in the boat all night, raining, with no cover and I hadn't gone but a little ways before I run onto Charley McMillen setting in his boat. I told him that I was going to the house to get a bed for I wasn't going to set in the rain all night. He says, "Pull your boat right along beside mine here and stay with me tonight." So I did. I fastened my boat to some bullrushes there and I says to fetch your punchpyles and paddles and put them in my boat and he did. New, he says, we'll stick them right down beside the boat in the mud. I've got a big canvas here and we'll stretch it over the boat and we'll be in the dry. It kept a raining harder, a little wind but not much, and Burns and Cox was out in their boats with nothing over them, just their coats, and Charley McMillen and I was in the dry. Once in a while the canvas would get up on the edge of the boat and the rain would come into the boat a little. Along towards morning I got up to see if I could see any break in the east, Charley he was lying there all stretched out, all at once he let a whoop out of him and says "Get on your own side of the boat." Quite a little water in the boat and me being on his side tipped the boat up edgewise and he says all that water in the boat was running down his back. Well, I got back on my own side then. It quite raining along towards morning and we had pretty good duck shooting after

McMillen
Burns
Cox
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with
me

from
the
lake

171, the sun got up.

Fay and I was out there on the lake one morning. We got around some reeds and the first thing we knew there was a flock of ducks right over us in front of us and we both shot twice. Fay says, "Dad, I believe you shot at one of my ducks." Well, lets go and pick your ducks up, I says and we did, and now we'll go and pick up my two and we did. Well, we got several ducks that day.

I was up to the Birdsalls there one day and we all slept that night in one room, good beds. They had a dutchman working for them, great big green fellow. He couldn't get a shoe around town here big enough for him so old man Birdsall sent off and got two pair of twelves for him, the hired man. We boys all got to bed that night, quite a storm coming up, thundering and lightening and everything. One of the Birdsall boys, I think it was Ray, was sleeping with this hired man, he was on the backside of the bed next to the wall. He, Ray, got his knees all drawed up with his feet right in the middle of the dutchman's back, and he waited for a flash of lightening and one cam awful close just the second that flash came he throwed that dutchman clear out onto the floor and then the thunder came, followed it right up. Ray says, "Good God, dodn't you know enough to get up when the house is struck by lightening?"

One bitter cold day I was coming from Clarion and I pulled into Birdsalls for the night. The old gentleman and I visited there quite a while during the evening. He stepped into a little room and fetched out a bottle. He says, "Read on that bottle" and I did. Now he says, "Taste of it." I says, "No, thank you, if I'd taste of it then I couldn't tell what it was." Well, he laughed and then put the bottle back. Getting along towards the middle of the evening and he says,