your pie." He took a bite and he says, "I guess we both got beat." We got into Port Arthur along in the afternoon, got a couple of rooms. I called up Will Tomlinson, had a little visit with him and then we went to bed. I woke up pretty early in the morning. I looked out the window, there was a little park right near the hotel, right beside it. Had a lot of tropical plants in it and right near the window was a tree that hadn't a leaf on it, a small tree, and on each little limb at the end of it it looked like black walnuts sticking on it, but when I got around to where I could get a better view of it I see it was figs. I dressed and went down on the street and there was a canal, we'd call it a dredge ditch up here, clear around the town. One end started down near the lake and then went clear round to the bank of the lake on the opposite side of the town and there was a pumping station pumping water out of the canal into the lake. I says "Why don't they cut a hole through and let the water run into the lake?" He says that the lake was so much higher than the town that it would drown the whole shooting match out. Dig down anywhere in town two feet and strike plenty of water, but it was all salt water. Every house in town had a big tub at the corner of the house, some had lots more, to catch the rain water when it fell, and that was used for drinking and house use. They were really like big cisterns built at the corner of the house, all above ground, with a faucet at the bottom where they would draw the water out when they wanted to use it. They had to depend on these for their supply of water for everything else was salt water. I was told that the railroad company hauled all their water in 72 miles for they couldn't use the salt water in their boilers. When I was there they were drilling a well and they had gotten down some 1800 to 2000 feet and it was still salt water and they were talking some of piping fresh water in from there from there. Will Tomlinson

set on the table. I reached over and picked up a pitcher and looked in it and see it was tea and I set it back. There was a man set right to my left and he says, "What was in that pitcher?" and I says "Tea." He turned around on his tool and says "Charley, pass that coffee." and that was the only thing I saw passed during the meal, if there was anything up the line or down the line that you saw you wanted all you had to do was to take your plate and your fork and turn on your stool and go and get it. So when we went out I asked that fellow how much I owed him and he said "go on." I don't know wheter Willpaid anything or not, I don't believe he did. Bert went back up to the city and I didn't want to go up there. I wanted to see what I could see down there, so I went out to the lumber docks. There was a vessel loading there, a sailer. Hundreds of piles of lumber there piled up higher than any house in this town and they all had the ends of the boards painted with streaks of red, or yellow, or brown, or some other color. I asked the boss that was superintending the loading of the lumber what the paint was for and he said "Every merchants has his color" and he says "If you want to ask any more damn fool questions ask them" and I thanked him and walked off. The sailing vessels would carry a lot more lumber than the steam vessles for the steamers had so much of their hold space taken up with machinery that there wasn't much room left for cargo, while a sailer could fill its hold with the lumber and then tie a lot more on deck. From there I went down to the cotton dock and I wanted to get out on the dock but I wanted to find out how I could get there. There was quite a big enclosure and a great big sign over the entrance, "No smoking or matches allowed on the dock." If a bale of cotton gets afire, throw it into the lake and leave it a month and then pull it out and it will burn just the same, water can't get in to the cotton. I saw a man walking up and down in front of a little office near the cotton dock and I went to

him and said that I was a stranger there and wanted to get into the cotton docks. He says, "Can you read?" and I says I can read that sign there it is plain enough. Well he says, "Go on then but keep out of the way of the help." So I went in there and there was hundreds and hundreds of bales of cotton piled up there. They was loading a vessel. I asked a man there "How many bales of cotton do they put on this vessle?" He says, "Twelve thousand bales." I thought he was kind of stretching it but I didn't dictate. He says the last two vessels that went out of here was good deal bigger boats, one had 14,000 bales and the other had 20,000, so I thought maybe he knew what he was talking about. I asked what it was worth and he says about $50.00 to the bale. Now that run into a lot of money. They had little dummy engines there that did all the main work putting the cotton down into the holds and of course there was men down there that was handling it but I didn't see them. Well, I saw about all there was to be seen there, then I went back up town, loafed around there until bed time. I was talking with a fellow there in the hotel, he was a lumber inspector. His business was all down on the docks there inspecting the big timbers . I aked him, Why cant I buy a fish in this town, I have been around to all their stores and there isn't a darn fish for sale." He says, "You come down to the docks in the morning about seven o'clock and I'll get you all the fish you want." I did and I got in a little boat with him. We rowed out to one of those booms. Now, he says, there's a fish here that we call the mullet, they'll get scared and they'll jump out of the water and if anything is after them they'll keep a jumping and get out of there in a hurry. Now, he says, there's a lot of them that 'll get scart and jump through an open spot between the timbers and up onto the timbers and then they cant'get back to the water and there they'll die. I stood there in the

Port Arthur

boat looking out over the timbers and I saw a lot of dead fish laying around. So he got out of the boat and got onto some of the timbers right near where we were. He hadn't got more than 8 or 10 feet to an opening between the timbers and up went one of them big fish and landed right near where he stood. He reached down and got his fingers in his gills and took him by the tail, throwed him in the boat. I says, "Come on, we've got enough fish." No, he said you aint got enough you have got to have another one. So he started back and stepped from one timber to another and they tipped a little and he got his feet wet every time, so he hadn't gone but a little ways before another one jumped and landed on the timbers. He grabbed that fellow the same as he did the other and the two timbers he was standing on begin to pull apart, so he laid right down on his back and took his heals and drawed those two timbers together again and that time he did get pretty wet on hs back there. Well, I don't think either one of them would weigh less than eight pounds. We got back to shore, he give me a little piece of rope and we strung them on that and I started for town. When I went up through town I bet there were dozens that asked me where in the world I got those fish. When I got back LaFetra [redacted] was going out with an excursion party out on the Gulf of Mexico. He had two tickets, one for me with the expectation of picking me up down at the docks. I took my fish in to the clerk of the hotel and gave him my fish and told him that I wanted some cooked for my supper but I didn't know when I would be in to supper for I was going out on the Gulf. This little boat was a 12-passenger gasolene lauch but he couldn't get only five, three women and us two men, but he said he'd go anyhow. Sabine Lake is about 12 to 15 ft. deep and big boats couldn't come in there up to Port Arthur from the Gulf, 12 miles, so the government dug a canal from Port Arthur to the Gulf of Mexico,

Catching Fish

Boat Trip

206, This man's launch was down to the docks, about a mile from town down
Port Arthur
to the docks. So we walked down, got into his little launch. They
wouldn't let those big ocean steamers go over two miles an hour through
this canal for it washed the banks so if they went faster. Such a
Boat trip
boat as he had had the privilege of probably four or five miles an
hour. This canal was just dug out of the mud, it was all mud around
there and slippery with oil, so that the banks were nothing but the
mud and if the big boats come in front their waves would was the banks
back into the canal and fall it up. On the Gulf end of the canal was
the old Spanish town of Sabine, all there was left of it was a few
buildings. There was a life saving crew stationed there and I talked
with them a while. They had shoots where they could slide their boats
down into the water when there was a call for them. This man said
they had saved a lot of lives there but it was a hard job when the
wind was driving the disabled vessel in to get the crew off and then
it was a hard job to get them safely to land. Our women passengers
was getting anxious they wanted to go so we started. We run out into
the Gulf of Mexico. Was going along quite a little ways from the
shore and I saw a hog that was rooting in the sand. I says to the
captian, "What's that hog after?" and he says "Fiddlers." I says,
"If a fiddler dies here do the hogs bury him in the sand?" And he says,
"Aw, they're a little animal a good deal like a crawfish." We pulled
out into the Gulf and the wind begin to blow and got pretty rough. I
says, "I'd rather be on land than be in here." One woman spoke right
up and she said "I had too" When we got back to Sabine Lake, the
mouth of it, we didn't go up the canal, went right across the lake to
the town, dark as the dickens too. We had a lantern, clean, and a
little compass set on a box right in front of him. At the mouth of the
canal they had great stone jetties piled out into the Gulf to keep

the waves of the Gulf from washing it. When we were out on the Gulf the crew saw a great big fish that looked like hogs, we saw a great many of them, they called them porpoises. The captain said "The wind is going to blow or you never see them fellows rolling around on top of the water." We set there and watched that compass, darker than the dickens and twelve miles across there. Every now and then a big wave would hit us and some of the water would come over in the boat. We pulled the canvas down on the side and fastened it and we set there and didn't have very much to say but I said that if I had a chance to telephone I'd tell my wife that I'm not coming back. All to once his engine stopped and I didn't know where in the dickens we were. Well, he says, people get out for the dock is here and sure enough it was. We came that 12 miles with him just a watching that little compass and we hit that dock square. When we started for the hotel, these women stay at the hotel, I says, set down to my table for I'm going to have fish for my supper and I'll divide. So they did and we had fish for supper. The devil himself couldn't eat them, they tasted just as though they had been rolled in kerosene and then fried, there was so much kerosene on the water. We had quite a time laughing about our fried fish, any of us couldn't eat them. Will telephoned me the next morning. He says, "I'm off tomorrow afternoon and we'll go duck hunting." and I says, "All right" Out west of town a little ways there was a big marsh there, I asked Will how big it was. Oh, he said, "I don't know, 50 or 75 miles up the coast and I don't know how wide it is." We went over to that end the water was about a foot deep in it and warm at that end as far as you could see you could see muskrat houses and thousand of ducks in there, geese of all kinds, white cranes and sandhill cranes. I crawled up on a rat house and took in the scenery and there was about as many mosquitoes ans there was ducks. I shot at a duck but I missed him. Will got a couple. But it

was a grand sight to me to see those old sandhill cranes walking around there in the water. So Bill wanted me to take the ducks but I ### want to take them so he took them home. I said that I believed we would pull out about tomorrow night. We did, we hit for St. Louis. We got in Shrevesport along in the forenoon. We had to stay there until evening. I went up town to see if I could buy me a cigar. I went into several cigar stores but they wouldn't sell me any because it was Sunday. I went into one cigar store, no one in there but the proprietor. He says, "The negroes and the whites had a clash here yesterday and they closed all the saloons, tobacco and cigar houses. $50.00 fine for selling the first cigar." He stepped up to his cigar case. He gave me the price of the cigars clear down to the end and t then walked out to the door. He stood in the door with his hands behind him. I went around behind the counter, helped myself to what cigars I wanted, then I went to the door where the merchant was. I dropped a quarter in his hand and showed him my other hand that had the cigars in. He says, "All right, this is a nice day, isn't it? Call again when you're in the city." I walked off down the street and I saw ten or a dozen negroes looking in a window and I went across the street to see what they were looking at. There was five or six dressed opossums in the window and sweet potatoes laid all around them. I went down to the depot where LaFetra was. He'd been trying to buy a cigar but couldn't. I gave him one and we set there in the depot and smoked, dasn't go up town with a cigar in our mouth. It wasn't but a little while until we pulled out for St. Louis. And from St. Louis we went to Dubuque and there was where we got the Illinois Central train west and we came home.

Them days twelve or fifteen feet down was plent of water for us and the wells was dug with the hole about ten feet across, the dirt would be, and round. They would have a platform, plank, across the top of the hole and a windlass and big wooden buckets to put the dirt in and a man on top to manipulate the windlass. He'd let down a bucket and the man at the bottom would fill it and then he'd draw it up and empty it. If they got a well down thirty feet it was an awful deep well. Then it was all walled up with our river stone here, flat stone. They'd start at the bottom, of course, and go right on around and when they got through they had a slick wall clear around. The stones were laid up dry, no mortor, which would leave it so that the water could seep through. They were laid up so that the inside was as near perfectly round and smooth as they could make it for the water was drawn up with a windlass and buckets and where the wall was smooth it left no points projecting that the bucket could catch on to and tip the water out. Then when they were laying it the stones of course were in all shapes and whenever they could they would take a big stone that was kind of pointed on one end they would put the point on the inside with the wide part on the outside, they would lay what stones they could that way, for if the dirt got to settling on the outside and pushing the stones in if they were laid this way they would wedge themselves tighter so that the wall wouldn't fall in. The size of the well inside depended on how much dirt was taken out when they dug it and most of them dug it pretty big for they like to have a pretty good reservoir of water when it finished. The inside of the well was usually four or five feet across when it was finished and the rock wall around was about two feet thick for a little light wall would cave in and it would have to be dug over again. The depth of the well depended upon how far it was down to water and then on how fast

the water seeped in while they were digging. The stones didn't cost anything and usually when a man dug a well the neighbors helped him so it didn't cost anything for labor and while they were at it it was better to dig a little bigger than necessary while they were at it. When the hole was being dug it was made a lot bigger at the top than at the bottom so that it wouldn't cave in and catch the man working at the bottom and then when the rock wall was laid up it was started just as big as they could at the bottom and laid up just as near plumb as they could. As they were laying up the rock wall they would fill the dirt in back of it, what they could, and pack it as tight as they could until they got clear to the top. The men that laid the rock were usually professionals at it for it took a good mechanic to lay a good smooth and stout wall. If any body disputes it they can come up and look at our old well on top of the hill. Down here on the flat in town they would go down to solid rock, about ten or twelve feet deep, but on the hill they would have to go deeper. The first settlers didn't have to dig wells for they always located by a spring and were too darned lazy to dig a well. Boldon's down the river, where Dass now lives, there was a dandy big spring just over the bank. Bailey's were down by the big spring up river what we now call Olsen's Spring (just below Olsen's pond). Then up on the hill where Pleasant Jones lived was across the road and a little north of Where Amon Olsen now lives and the side hill south of him was all full of springs but his main spring was a big one just across the road from him and the stream run by his house. Farther up the road where Leo Nott now lives Thos. Bailey had his second house and there was a big spring just across the road from where he lived.

Boldon's had a little stone house over their spring but when spring would come the river would wash it away. They would keep their butter and milk in this little house. Baileys walled their spring down by the river over so they could keep things in it and keep the cattle out. I don't know whether the others covered their springs or not but presume they did some.

The main water was drawn from the wells by a pail and windlass that was set right over the well. Everything was home made by hand, no duty on them. The frame of the windlass was made of two timbers crossed like an "X" for each end for the standard parts. Then between these upright parts there was about a six inch log placed with and iron rod sticking out of each end that rested in the cross to turn on. One iron was longer than the other and on this longer end a piece of 2x4 was put on at right angles to the iron and in the end of this piece of wood a hole was bord in which a short piece of wood was stuck which was used as the handle to turn the windlass. The rope was fastened to the log in the middle and turned on it. The windlasses that were used to haul the water up were of lighter construction than were the ones used to haul the dirt up when the well was being dug and then the ones used to haul the dirt up with usually had a catch on it so they could stop any time while they were hauling it up and the buckey wouldn't go back down to the bottom. In the summer time the water was usually hauled up hand over hand with the rope but in the winter when your hands would get wet and freeze the windlass would usually by used. The buckets were usually made out of oak and were longer than a common pail and would usually hold about two of our common pails of water. That would make a pretty good lift pulling it up by hand. These were regular "old oaken buckets". They also used about the same time a well sweep to lift the water out. They were made

212. by taking a pole about like a telephone pole, about ten or twelve feet high out of the ground and set quite a ways back from the well. Most of them was before they was set up had a notch cut in the upper end for the other pole to rest in and then a hole was bored through it and the other pole that rested on it and an iron driven through the holes so that the top pole would swing on it but not fall off. This top pole was about 30 or 40 feet long with the lighter end over the well and the heavy end would be away from the well and resting on the ground when not in use. To this lighter end was fastened either a shorter & light pole or else a rope and then the bucket to this, while on the heavier end there was oftentimes nailed some boards and a rock placed on them for the purpose of offsetting the weight of the bucket of water when it was being pulled up. The bucket would be pulled down into the well until it got in the water and then the weight on the other end of the pole would help pull it back up when it was full. The next pump was a makeshift of a log pump but it didn't work at all. They would take logs six or eight feet long, just so they could bore them, and then bore holes through the center of them. They would have to take two or three of these logs and fasten them together so that they would be long enough to reach down to the water. They were small logs, about three or four inches through and to fasten them together they would sharpen one end of one and would cut away the other end funnel shape, so that they could drive the sharpened end of one into the cut away end o the other to make them tight so they wouldn't leak, but it was hard to get them so they wouldn't leak and when they leaked they were no good for they would pump air instead of water. The plunger was also a home made affair put in the top section of logs. These didn't last long for they weren't much of a success. The next pump was a chain pump run on an

endless chain, of course they had to be twice the depth of the well for one part was going down while the other part was coming up. On this chain about a foot apart there was little rubber cups fastened, they clamped right around the chain so they was even, that makes the suction of the water when they come up. When the chain was going down in the well it was free but when it was coming up it run in an iron pipe about three inches through and the rubber cups had to be big enough to fit tight in the pipe. The chain run over a wheel at the top, which was run by a crank. The wheel had a groove in it that the chain fit in and ever so far on the wheel was two little prongs that would catch under the buckets as they would come up, the prongs and the wheel were sized so they would catch the buckts each time. As the buckets would come up they would tip over and spill the water out into a spout and then it would run into the bucket. The faster you turned the crank the more the water would scatter. The cups were tight enough in the pipe so that the pipe was full of water between the cups and it made water run all the time when it was being pumped. Then the wooden pumps, manufactured, come on, which are just like the wooden ones you can get now, and then later the iron pumps came in the market. When these manufactured pumps came on the market they were <u>the</u> pumps for they worked so much better than the home made ones.

When I was about fifteen years old, such a matter, there was an old lady, Grandmother Sperry, living in one part of the house that stood where the house that Sisson lived in, situated on just north of the Illinois Central tracks, part of the old house is in the present house, and in the other end of the house her daughter and son-in-law lived. The old lady wanted someone to stay with her so she got me. All in south and west of the place there was no farms, all sloughs and ponds and that looked good to me for mink and muskrat.

first underclothes

I was to cut wood for the kitchen stove, and that was the only stove they had, for my board and go to school. Twasn't but a few days after I got there before it was wash day. The lod lady says to me one morning"Leave your clothes and I'll pick them up and wash them." All I had to wash was a pair of stockings and a shirt. When I got home that night she says, "You didn't take your underclothes off." I says, "I know that for I didn't have any to take off." She says, "What, no underclothes?" I says, "No, and I never had any." All That I wore was just heavy pants, (home knit) woolen socks, woolen shirt, "Dutch" vest (at least that is what I called it for it was long and buttoned up full lenght in front, clear up to my neck), coat and boats. All my clothes were home made out of good heavy material, mostly woolen. We had no silk deals them days. Nobody but girls would wear shoes them days, the boys and men all wear boots and they were called sissys if they wore shoes. Well, the old lady went to work and overhauled a lot of her sons underclothes and made me some. They were all wool and heavy. Well, I put one on Monday morning and I didn't really like the feel of it. I went out and fed the chickens, carried in some wood, that was before breakfast, and we set down to breakfast and that underclothes begun to scratch. The more I turned and twisted the more they scratched. The old lady fixed me up my lunch and I started for school, about a mile across the prairie. The snow was deep and it was awful cold, the wind was blowing from the northwest. I got part way to school and way out to one side of the road was quite a bunch of weeds. I went out there and kicked the snow out away from the weeds until I got down to the ground, took my clothes all off, and then I pulled off my underclothes. I got back into my clothes, then I rolled my underclothes up, put them down by the weeds and kicked the snow over them. "Now," I says, "Lay there and scratch for all I care."

215. You'll never scratch me any more." and they never did. Next washday come. "What did you do with those underclothes I give you?" she says. I'd kinder forgot about the deal and then I told her what I'd done and where the clothes were. I says, "Tonight when I come from school I'll fetch them clothes in." The old lady laughed about it and says that "Maybe some day you'll get used to clothes." It was a good many years before I wore any more underclothes. That winter I trapped every saturday and sunday and when spring come I had quite a little bundle of furs for more clothes. I hardly ever wore overalls unless I was out in the snow. I would have my regular pants in the top of my leather boots and then my overalls on the outside and tied the bottoms down so the snow wouldn't get up under and in the top of my boots. Mrs. Draper, the mother of Mrs. Lillian Robbins, made almost all of my clothes when I was a boy and she had plenty of young ones of her own to sew for also. Mysuspenders were all home made with not very much stretch in them, they were usually made out of the hickory jeans stuff that our overalls were made out of and no rubber with them. ##ey###### each end came right to the pants with a button hole made in the ends and each end was fastened with a single button. The only way you would lengthen or shorten them was to take your jackknife out and cut another hole in the cloth where you wanted it for the button to go through. We didn't have any overshoes then, didn't know what they were, but everybody kept their boots greased with mostly tallow and resin so they were waterproof. The first overshoes that come on the market were made out of buffalo hide with the pelt on the outside and the hair on the inside and they were darned warm shoes. They were made solid and were fastened with straps and buckles so that when you got them on you could fastend them up just as tight as you wanted to and when you got them fastened they stayed on. Some of them were jus t about the height of our overshoes but some of them were longer.

All the stage drivers were long ones that came up to about their knees. I suppose these were patterned after the way the Indians wore them for they wore them like this in the winter time only instead of buckles they laced them up with leather. I never had any overshoes until these late years when we could get the rubber and felt ones similar to what we have now. Our caps were home made also. They hd earlappers sewed in them, the sixe according ~~to~~ the size of your ears and when you wanted to use them you just pulled them down out of your cap and there were strings fastened on them that you could tie under your chin to keep them down so the cold wouldn't blow up under so mych. They were made out of heavy wool cloth and had a bill out in front like ours now. They had a piece of heavy cardboard in the bill to make it stand out but it would get soaked when it rained and then when it dried it would be wrinkled but that didn't make any difference.

There was a man by the name of Peterson who used to run a harness shop here, made his own collars and everything, and he traded his shop for a piece of land up near Dows. I used to run around with his young ones and time when I was visiting up there his boy Henry and I were sleeping in a bed when it started to walk off. I didn't know what in the dickens was the matter but Henry did. He jumped out on one side of the bed and his sister went out, from under on the other side of the bed. She was a great big, strapping girl, stouter than a horse. She crawled under our bed and got down on her hands and knees and about in the center of the bed and raised up and started off with our bed wish us in it but Henry put a stop to it.

One day this girl's mother sent her out into the potatoe patch to dig potatoes for dinner. She always went barefooted and she felt something on her heel and look around and a rattlesnake had her by the heel. When she looked around

and see what it was she hit the snake with the hoe and killed him and started for the house on a run and told her mother what had happened. She got a knife and cut her heel open where the snake had bit her and it bled freely and the long and short of it was she had a sore heel and that was about all there was to it. After a while the old lady tied her heel up in a rag to keep the dirt out of it and she went back out and got her potatoes.

A man by the name of Frank White lived in the timber about two miles this side of Dows. He had a few acres of wheat he wanted to harvest, so he took his cradle, all the wheat in them days was cut with a cradle, and he always went barefooted and his pants rolled up. He hadn't cut grain but a little while before there was a rattlesnake had him by the leg. He went right to the house as quick as he could get there, he took time enough to kill the snake though before he left, He cutthe hide a little gash to let the blood out, to start it to bleeding, put all the salt he could get to go in the wound and let it bleed. He told his wife to go and hitch up the cattle,. he was going to Iowa Falls, to see Doc. Foster. He got down as fur as Popejoy's and told where he was going and what he was going for and about dinner time. Mr. Popejoy invited him in for dinner. He went in and got his dinner and visited awhile and started for Iowa Falls. His leg hadn't begun to swell any at all. He got down to Iowa Falls just a little after sundown and he called on the old doctor. He prescribed for him for to let his cattle rest until twelve o'clock that night and then start for home. Old Doc couldn't do anything for it but just look at the wound and since it was all clear and nice that was all that could be done about it. Before he started for town to see the doctor he cleaned his commissary out of all the whiskey he had for then they thought that was a good preventative for snakebite.

These early days we lost some stock here by rattlesnake but not

much. There aint but very few horses that will smell a rattlesnake if it is around in the grass anywhere near where it is. A hog can get bit a dozen times a day by a rattlesnake and keep right on a rootin' without hurting it any. The hogs didn't give the poor old rattlesnakes any show at all fir it didn't make any difference with them what end of the snake they got hold of for they would grab it anyway and down it.

In the winter of 1858 or 1859 there was a man come across the river horseback and called father. He says, "I've chased an elk from way up the river clear through to Boldon's timber and my horse is getting tired and I haven't got a shot at him and I'll turn the trail over to you, Bigelow." So father started out without a horse or a gun elk hunting. He found the trail about where this man told him that he had left it. He went up to a man by the name of Bye's, who lived where Charley McMillen does now, to borrow a gun. The old man says, "I wont lend my gun but I've got a good horse in the barn you can take." That horse would follow a trail just like a dog and all father had to do was to set still and keep from getting scratched off by the limbs. He followed that elk clear through the timber, got down near Georgetown and run onto a cattle path and the elk followed that to a barnyard and went into the yard. Then he turned around for a fight, he didn't want to go any further. Father hollered and yelled, a man came aut and wanted to know what he wanted and he told him. He says, "I want your gun." The man saw the elk. Father left the horse standing at the bars of the yard, got the gun and killed the elk. Then he gave that fellow a hind quarter to take him and the meat up as fur as Bye's place. Then when he got up to Bye's place the man turned and went back home. Then father gave Bye the other hind quarter for the use of the horse and to fetch him home with the rest

219. of the meat. The hind quarter is considered the best of the meat, there is more of it, and that is what them fellows wanted. That left father with the front quarters and the hide. That was the last elk that was ever seen or killed around here to my knowledge. (Insert at page 122 or 123.) While the men were doing their trading at Council Bluffs, this was really the final outfitting for the trip across the plains where they got their little sheet iron cooking stove, fry pans and other things, I was herding the cattle down along the river bottom. Along in the afternoon I heard quite a hubbub quite a ways from me in the timber. Along towards night father came down and I told him what I'd heard and he could hear the noise too. He says, "Let's go over and see what's going on." There was quite a band of young indian boys and men there, probably 40 or 50. They had a piece of ground ########### cleaned off, leveled and packed down solid, I should judge about a hundred feet long and about 6 or 8 feet wide. They had an iron ring about a foot in diameter and then they had a wooden shaft about four feet long with iron prongs at one end. These prongs were spread a little wider than the diameter of the iron ring and the ends of the prongs pointed back along the shaft. The game was for one of them to take this ring and shaft and throw, roll, the ring down this beaten path in front of them and then take the shaft, with the prongs on the back end, and throw this shaft through the ring while it was still rolling so that the prongs would catch the ring and it would stay on the shaft. They would throw this ring like the dickens and then they would run perhaps a rod or so before they would throw the shaft at the ring. The ring had to stay on this beaten path and the man throwing at it couldn't get off from it either or it didn't dount if they made a "ringer." They would throw this shaft like lightning and they quite often caught the ring with it and when they did make a bulls-eye nothing

 was said but if they missed it all the rest would whoop and holler and have a good time about it.

While we were still in the Gallatin Valley one of our neighbors, he lived four or five miles from us but he was still a neighbor, says "Let's go up in the mountains and get some elk, we can get one down here on the valley but that is too tame hunting, we want to get them where they are thick." So Tom Bailey, Fred Schlegemilch, father and this Kreitzer, started one morning for the mountains. Before they got out of the valley they run onto another outfit and there was a young fellow that wanted to go with them so they took him along. They was going up for three or four days hunt and left me and one dog down at the ranch. They got way up the side of the mountains quite aways and saw lots of elk signs. So they made up their minds they would camp there. The next morning father started back down to our place, he had just gone up to take them up with the team, I just put in one night alone, so that morning they started out, the hunters did. They had good luck, they knocked down three elk. They had taken their belt axes with them and they had taken poles and sticks and piled them around the carcasses to try to keep the wolves away from them. That night they had got all the meat, that is elk meat, at the camp that they wanted for then, they left the carcasses right where they fell and were going back after them with horses when they got ready to go back home. This young man that they picked up on the way had his horse with him and after they got these elk they sent him back after father to bring up histeam and wagon and some pack animals to carry the meat back to the ranch with. After this young man left this Kreitzer took his rifle and started out hunting along and Tom and Fred started out to see how their elk meat was. Fred left his rigle at camp and took his shotgun, one barrel was loaded with buckshot,

and the other was a lead slug. The first pen they came to hadn't been disturbed and the next one hadn't been disturbed only that a wolf ran away from it when they came to it. So Fred says to Tom, they had got down pretty near to the third pile of meat, the meat was in a spruce thicket, the trees were thick and you wouldn't see but a little ways from it. He says, "Tom, you stay here and I'll go way around and if there is a wolf there it will run down that path and I'll get a shot at him with a load of buckshot. So Tom waited till Fred got around fur enough out of sight so he moved on down careful down to the pile of meat but he couldn't see it when he got near enough so that he should see it, it was gone. Off one side there was a bear setting on the meat, he had knocked the pen all down and dragged the meat out on one side and set there on it, lord of all he surveyed. He had eaten what he had wanted and had scratched leaves up around it and on it to hide it until he wanted some more of it. Tom hollered to Fred, "There's a bear, look out for a bear." When he hollered the bear jumped off his perch and the first thing Tom knew the bear come out right behind him and he whirled and shot the bear right in the sticking place, throat, knocked the bear down, it was a big grizzly, it wasn't more than down before it was up and started for Tom again. It was a muzzle loading gun of course and Tom didn't have time to load before he had to move out and he started right down the line for Fred, he didn't know where Fred was be he was going somewhere and right away. Fred saw Tom all the time, just stood there and never said a word and watched the race. The come down the path## where Fred was standing beside a big pine tree. Just as he got opposite of Fred Tom caught his toe on something and fell down and the bear didn't intend to ########## catch him quite so soon and the bear jumped with his fore feet over ahead of Tom's head and as he went over his right paw caught Tom in the pants and he come pretty

near taking pants and all as he went over. About that time Fred thought he'd better get his work in. He just stepped a step out from where he was standing and he shot the bear with that heavy slug, that chunk of lead he had in the gun. The slug hit him right in back of the fore shoulder, went diagonally through, and going yet for all I knew. That let the bear, the bear raised up on his fore legs and settled back on his haunches right on Tom's back, that was too much for Tom for he couldn't hold him very well that way. Then the bear raised up and went right over backwards off of Tom and Tom jumped up and started down the path just as tight as he could run. There was a little pine tree about as big as a telephone pole down there and Tom would beat any quirrel in the woods going up that tree until he got up to the top where the tree begun to bend, he was scared and wanted to get out of the way of that bear. He begged fwr Fred to climb a tree for the bear would kill him if he didn't. Well, Fred said the bear did look a little ferocious. The ball going through had paralyzed the hind parts of the bear so he couldn't use then and he set there bleeding at the mouth, frothing and blowing the blood all over the snow and growling and he did look ferocious. The bear dragged himself off into a bunch of those spruce trees. Fred says, "Come on, Tome the bear'll never bother us any more, he'll never get up." So Fred went back and got Tom's rifle, Tom didn't bother to carry it with him when he was running for he was in a hurry and threw his gun away, he was running light when he started out. Fred went and got the rifle and got his gun, there wasn't a gun loaded and they could still hear the bear growling and rolling in the brush. Fred, says, "Come on, Tom, let's be a going." Tom says, "I can't stand up, I've hurt my back." Fred says, "I guess you had quite a load on your back at one time." Fred got the guns together, Fred was a man that would weigh about 150 pounds,

223. Tom would weigh about 180 lbs. Well, ## Fred got Tom on his back and started for camp, about two miles, and Fred lugged Tom and the two guns into camp. They got into camp allright, Fred was a little tired but he got his load in there. This man Kreitzer got into camp that evening and he had shot a bear, wounded one, and it had got into a windfall, poles that a fire had run through, and he left him there. Course, Fred and Tom had to tell him about their bear fight. Kreitzer says, "Fred, I'll go with you in the morning to see what has become of your bear and then you go with me to see what has become of mine." So they went over to Bailey's bear as they called it and he was dead, they estimated it weighed about twelve hundred pounds. Then they started to go over to Kreitzer's bear. They got over to the windfall where the bear had went in. Fred had a single barrelled rifle, Kreitzer had a double barreled rifle, they were all muzzle loaders then. Kreitzer says, "Fred, that bear is going to get up right in these poles and I want to break his fore legs if I can when he gets up because he is going to show fight until he is killed." While they was talking the old bear stuck his head up through the poles and Kreitzer shot him and now he says to Fred, "Don't shoot until I get my gun loaded, keep one gun loaded all the time." The bear had got out on ### top of the piles and every time they'd shoot they'd knock him down. He was crawling their way all the time and they were backing up. They kept a shooting that way and the bear kept a crowding them and about the time they got out of the windfall the bear died. They had shot some five or six times and every ball had counted. They looked the old fellow over it was another grizzly and they thought it would weigh about ten hundred it was smaller than the other one. Father got there that night with some pack animals, so the next morning everybody, excepting Bailey, Bailey had the rheumatism in his back then, went to work packing the meat into

camp, the three elk and the two bear. The bear had eaten some of the elk meat but there was a lot of good meat left. It was a fat old bear, the first one, it was an old devil with his hide all scratched up where he had been fighting. Fred wasn't afraid of the devil and he was so close to the bear that was on Bailey that when he shot it the hair was all burned around where his bullet had gone in. I think if it was me I would have wanted to get around back of the tree to look on. They packed the meat all in that day to camp on the animals and that night loaded it all up in the wagon and thennext morning they all went down to our pàace and from there each one took what meat he wanted and went to his own home. It was about a month beforeBailey got around good again. A day or two after we got back Bailed said to me "I haven't lost any bears and I'm never going to hunt any more." After the rest took what meat they wanted we kept out what we wanted and then father took the rest to town and sold it. Bailey kept the bear hide that had hurt him and brought it back to Iowa with him and the last I knew or it he had it out in Oregon with him. That was all the bear hunting we did that winter and we kept enough of the bear meat to last all the rest of the winter, even when we had nothing but meat to eat. My business was to see to the wood around our home, do the cooking and the likes of that. The men did the hunting and there was plenty of meat, deer and the likes of that around there, right at home within a mile or two. The elk were more in the foothills and further back unless the storms drove them down nearere the valley in the brush where we were. The beaver along those streams is what took us there for the winters trapping. We ate a lot of the hind quarters of the beaver and they ## were darned good too. They had a flavor of their own. The beaver would get to be anywehre from twenty to fourty pounds in weight and the hind quarters were the meaty part and best eating. The rest

 of the meat went to the dogs for their feed and they got fat before spring. They caught over 200 beaver that winter, all caught in steel traps and they were all Nos. 3's and 4's and all double springs, all Newhouse make. My father baught a pony just after we got there and I rode that around quite a little and used it to get our two cows that we had to drive them back to the camp. One time I was out and when I came around a bunch of brush there was a bear rooting away in a rotton log. I set there watching it a while and then I hollered at it, "What you doing there?" It reared up on its hind haunches and showed fight and I said that it could stay there if it wanted to, I wouldn't bother it, so I rode around it and left it there. Onee in a while there would be a trap or two left at the cabin and they would let me use it until they wanted it. Right out in front of our babin was quite a log. I got a couple of sticks about three or four feet long, I'd stick them under the log and then put the trap with the springs under these sticks and then I'd step on the end of the sticks and that wauld press the springs down so that I could set the trap, I wasn't heavy enough to press the springs down with my own weight. They I'd take the trap after it was set and head for some beaver dam. I'd set my trap and fasten to some pretty good sized little tree and I caught quite a number of beaver that winter. Them days the beaver hides was sold by the pound and if I remember it was about $2.00 a pound for dry beaver hide and a dry hide would weigh anywhere from two to four pounds each. The hides were all stretched open and flat and round. The way they would strecth them was to cut a little slit in one side of the hide and then drive a peg through it into the ground, then do the same thing on the opposite side of the hide, strecthing it all the time, and then they would keep doing that and working around the hide until they had it all staked down to the ground and the outside edge was nearly round. In this

part of the country where we could get grapevines we used to stretch the beaver hides on them, making a circle of the vine and ### fastening the hide to that but out there we didn't have anything like that so had to stake the hide to the ground. They had to keep the snow off the hides, there wasn't very much snow in the valley that winter, and after a day or two they would be dry enough so they wouldn't pucker and then they could take them in the cabin where they would dry faster. You would skin a beaver just like you do a cow, beginning at the front legs and slitting down them and along the under side of the body and down the hind legs so that it would make an open pelt, instead of a closed pelt like we skin the muskrats around here. Just under the beaver skin was a fine membrane that always came off with the hide and we had to cut that membrane off and we had to be careful not to cut the hide when we were doing it. Without this membrane on the hide would dry quite rapidly but with it on it would take quite a while. To begin with the indians put it all over us for they would get a bar of lead, four bars to the pound, and then they would pound this bar of lead out very thin and slip it between the membrane and the hide of the beaver and then when it dried it stayed in there and you couldn't see it but it made the hide weigh more. The fur buyers got onto it and then they'd take their knife and scrape through the membrane tosee if there was any lead under it, an that was the reason why we had to take the membrane off the hide when we dressed it. That lead deal first started around Ohio and then worked west and it worked good for a while but they soon got onto it and that ended it. There were quite a few coyotes, timber wolves and the big, white buffalo wolves around there out they didn't bother us much. That winter there were a lot of cattle run into the valley for feeding and a number of them died, which made good eating for the wolves. Beaver was the main thing but they got a few otters.

I worked making a ring nearly all winter on the valley. I took a penny and a file and I drove the sharp endof the file down through the penny till I got a hole in it, then I got a nail through it and I kept working at it until I couldn't strecth it any more with a common nail and then I got a bigger nail, a spike, and got it through the hole. Then I'd put the spike on something,with the penny on it and I took the hammer and kept hitting the penny on the edge and kept turning it around, all the while stretching the hole in the middle. When I'd spread the outside edge too much I would have to take the penny off the nail and flatten it out, and then I'd start again pounding and turning and stretching the hole until I got the hole big enough so that it would go on my finger. Then I had to take the file and smooth it down and shape it up so that it made a pretty good looking ring out of it. When I had it finished it was smooth and round on the inside but on the outside I had about eight flat sides, that was for looks. That fall coming down on the steamer from Fort Benton I was sitting up on the hurricane deck and a nigger came over to where I was and was looking at the ring. He had a silver ring, heavy thing. He says, "I'll give you this ring for yourn." So I traded with him. He got a "gold" ring, or at least that is what he thought he got, and I got a silver ring. The ringw as a little bit large for me and I was admiring it when it dropped out of my fingers, rolled off from the upper deck, struck the lowe deck and one bound into the Missouri River. I lost both rin s.

When we come here all grain was cut with a cradle, that was a regular scythe with about five wooden fingers fastened above the blade, these wooden fingers were about the same lenght and had the same curve that the cutting blade did. When the wheat was cut it would fall back onto these wooden fingers and at the end of the stroke it would be dumped off onto the ground. It took some strenght to swing and pull

one of them things all day in a hot sun. A man with a rake would follow the man doing the cutting and he would rake up this cut wheat until he got enough for a bundle and then the would tie the bundle up, using the wheat straw for the band to tie the bundle with, then he wouldnstart raking again until he had another bundle to tie. All the labor was done by hand in the fields then. The next improvement was a machine mower that was called a dropper. The machine would cut the grain and the stalks would fall back onto a platform. When there was enough on the platform the man ## running the machine would step on a lever and that would drop the grain onto the ground. Then another man would come along and tie the bundle as before only he had to throw the bundle out of the way or the machine would run over it the next time around. These droppers were of short life and then the self-rakers come on. They wasn't a howling success because they sould scatter the grain so when they raked it off the table. This was worked by some iron claws that raked the grain off the platform and then they went up in the air and back to rake off some more grain. The Marsh Harvester was next. This had a platform on which two men would stand. As the grain would be cut a canvas belt, with cleats on it, would pile the grain up on a table and when there was enough piled up to make a bundle one of the men would pick it up and bind it with ### a band made out of it's own straw, you wouldhave to make your own band as you went along. While this man would be binding a bundle the grain would pile up enough so the other man would have a bundle to bind also. When they got the bundle bound they would throw it off to one side. It cut the grain fast enough so that it kept the two men darned busy to keep up with it. That is where I shined, and I got good wages too, for I was good at tieing the bundles. The next was a self binder bound with wire but the wire wasn't a success

and then they got onto the twine and that is what they used today. The greatest thing we had to contend with when we were bindingby hand were the little wild roses for we would get the thorns in our hands. One day we were out in the field binding grain and the total eclipse of the sun begin to come on and it commenced to get a little darker and darker and the chickens went to roost and you could hear for miles but you could hear the harvesters begin to stop all around the country, I suppose to admire the eclipse, but 'twasnt long before you could hear a machine start way off in some other field and it wasn't long before we all got to work. If I remember rightly the eclipse was along in the middle of the afternoon. One year after we were through harvesting here I went up in the northern part of the state and helped a man who was stacking his grain. When we would pick up a bundle with the fork there would sometimes be a rattlesnake under it and maybe two snakes. I was darned glad when I got through there for I didn't like the looks of the snakes. I usually drove the wagon and hauled the load and once in a while the man that was pitching the bundles would say, "Here, take this." I would look around and he would have a snake on his fork, he would see it under the bundle and jab it with his fork. The men that was pitching was very careful not to throw any on the wagon. I started with a load of grain for the stack and he says, "Tell that pitcher to be careful for I think there's a rattle snake in the load. But as far as I know I don't think there is any in the load." It was just a joke with him. So when I got my load to the stack I said to the stacker that that pitcher thinks there is a rattlesnake in our load here and for you to be a little careful. So he got off from the stack and put his boots on, he was stacking barefooted. Now he says, "George, be a little careful." That was good news to me for I could go slower and not have to hurry. I throwed the