

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune



Sunday, April 17, 1938

George Bird Grinnell

The passing of Dr. Grinnell cuts a strong strand in the remnants of the thinning cable that still links America with the age of its frontier. Within six years after the close of the Civil War he had become part of the unmapped West and a familiar of Indians of the Great Plains, who were, not only primitive and unconquered but who had hardly begun even to suspect their approaching doom as freemen. It was only by chance, indeed, that Grinnell himself escaped the annihilation which befell General Custer and his troop in 1876. Unlike Buffalo Bill and many another contemporary, however, Grinnell was not a product of the woolly belt between the Mississippi and the unknown, but a cultivated Easterner with a high Colonial heritage and a Yale education.

No doubt his background in an East that was already being ravaged by industrial development, coupled with his happy and penetrating gifts as a naturalist, gave George Bird Grinnell his peculiar foresight with reference to the fate of natural resources in the United States. During the '70s and '80s, when the fallacy of the inexhaustible was most rampant and slashing exploitation was the order of the day, he could visualize and work toward the everlasting sanctuaries of the Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks, in both of which regions he had been a pioneer explorer. In his first book on wildfowling, published at the opening of the present century, he sounded the alarm regarding dangers incident to ever-expanding human population, more deadly firearms and reduced refuges for the game. His now classic journal, "Forest and Stream," which he edited between 1876 and 1911, contained a wealth of sage counsel of similar nature. Moreover, it expressed a more tolerant and less self-centered point of view and contained more information of abiding value in the field of natural history than is true of any American gunners' and fishermen's magazine that has succeeded it.

The first to link the name "Audubon" with determined restoration movements, Dr. Grinnell served for forty years as a director of the National Association of Audubon Societies. He was thus the first of an unbroken sequence of sportsmen of the highest rank who have always had a voice in determining the policies of that most catholic and consistent of conservation bodies.

Aside from Grinnell's prophetic vision, his forthrightness, his scholarship in the fields of zoology and Indian ethnography and the drive that empowered him to carry so many causes to successful conclusion, his outstanding personal characteristic was that of never-failing dignity, which was doubtless parcel of all the rest. To meet his eye, feel his iron handclasp or hear his calm and thrifty words—even when he was a man in his ninth decade—was to conclude that here was the noblest Roman of them all.

Great Falls Tribune 1938
**George Bird Grinnell, Author
And Indian Authority, Passes**



George Bird Grinnell (right), former editor of Forest and Stream, a widely known authority on mountains and streams of the west, in whose company James Willard Schultz in the eighties of the last century explored the region now included in Glacier park, died Monday. With him is Francois Monroe, Blackfoot Indian.

NEW YORK, April 11.—(AP)—Dr. George Bird Grinnell, 88, author and naturalist, who often was called "the father of American conservation," died today after several years of ill health.

Author of numerous books about the American Indians and regarded as one of the greatest living authorities on the plains Indians, he made many trips into western territory, one with Gen. George Custer in 1874.

Dr. Grinnell founded the Audubon society in 1886 and the Boone and Crockett club in 1887. He was a close friend and associate of Theodore Roosevelt.

In 1925, he succeeded Herbert Hoover as president of the National Parks association.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1849, George Bird Grinnell looked to the west for his life's work and gave his name to a lofty peak in the eternal Rockies of the northwest. The prime spirit behind the creation of Glacier national park, it is fitting that not only Grinnell mountain bears his name but also a quiet lake and glacier that remind one of grinding avalanches of ice that had much to do with the physical creation of the park.

Grinnell's travels into the west began with the Custer expedition of 1874. This trip carried him into the Black Hills but was only a prelude to activities that were to make up his life. In 1885 he wrote and published a series of articles entitled, "To the Walled-In Lakes," which were the products of a trip into the Glacier park country with James

Willard Schultz of Browning, the noted author of Indian stories. He returned year after year to the wild beauty of the wilderness.

In 1891 Grinnell discovered the Blackfoot glacier and wrote about it under the heading "The Crown of the Continent." His experience earned for him the appointment of commissioner in 1895 to deal with the Blackfoot and Fort Belknap Indians.

The legal birth of the region that became Glacier park was ever uppermost in the mind of George Bird Grinnell. It was he who goaded and shepherded the measure that passed congress in 1910 and was signed by President Taft in 1912, making the region a national park.

An interesting item is found in an old notebook of Grinnell's in which he wrote: "How would it do to start a movement to buy the St. Mary country, say 30 by 30 miles, from the Piegan Indians, at a fair valuation, and turn it into a national reservation or park?" The date of the notation was 1891.

Energy of Grinnell in pushing through this much loved project is indicative of activity that unranked his entire life. He was with General Ludlow's reconnaissance of Yellowstone park in 1875. In 1876 he became an editor of Forest and Stream, a position he retained until 1911. Among his prolific books and stories are "Blackfoot Indian Stories," "The Fighting Cheyennes," "Hunting at High Altitudes," "Hunting and Conservation" and a wealth of boys' adventure stories.

His affiliations include Cosmos, Union, University, Authors and Explorers clubs.

Dr. Grinnell, 88,
Dies; Fought to
Save Wild Life

Naturalist and Explorer, He
Led in Drive to Protect
Game and Was a Founder
of the Audubon Society

Dr. George Bird Grinnell, author, naturalist and explorer, long one of the nation's foremost advocates of game and forest conservation, died early yesterday at his home, 238 East Fifteenth Street, at Stuyvesant Square. He had been ill for several years. He was eighty-eight years old. He was the organizer of the first Audubon Society.

Dr. Grinnell, who lived as a boy in Audubon Park, the section of Washington Heights in which John James Audubon, the ornithologist, had his estate, was regarded by many persons as Audubon's successor as the outstanding American defender of wild life. In 1910 Dr. Grinnell brought about the creation of Glacier National Park in northwestern Montana, a reserve of 1,000,000 acres of mountain country. The Grinnell Glacier in the St. Mary's Lakes region in Montana, one of his discoveries, was named in his honor. He wrote extensively in defense of the preservation of such natural beauties and, in 1925, when he received the Roosevelt Memorial Association medal for distinguished service, he received credit from President Coolidge for saving Yellowstone National Park from reckless private exploitation.

Authority on Indians

"Few have done so much as you, none have done more, to preserve vast areas of picturesque wilderness for the eyes of posterity in the simple majesty in which you and your fellow pioneers first beheld them," President Coolidge told Mr. Grinnell.

Mr. Grinnell was an authority on the Plains Indians, writing about the Blackfeet, the Cheyennes and the Pawnees. He wrote authoritative volumes also about game birds of America, particularly ducks, emphasizing the sharp decline in numbers and species. In all he wrote twenty-six books, edited eight more and from 1880 to 1911 served as editor and president of "Forest and Stream," a weekly periodical devoted to outdoor life.

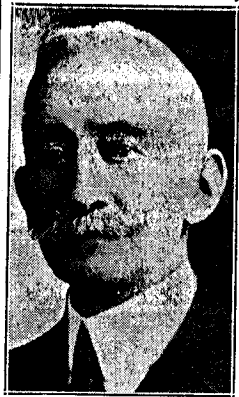
His was far from a sedentary editorial career. In the summer of 1870, after his graduation from Yale at the age of twenty-one, he went West for six months with an expedition of the Peabody Museum, at New Haven, to collect vertebrate fossils in hostile Indian country. His fascination with the Indians began then. He began making semi-annual trips to the West and by 1874 he had built up such a reputation that General George Custer invited him along as naturalist on his expedition to the Black Hills. Two years later General Custer invited him to come along again, but by then Mr. Grinnell was so busy with his work as assistant in osteology at the Peabody Museum that he declined. On that expedition the famous Custer massacre occurred.

Mr. Grinnell first attracted scientific interest in 1875 on his return after a survey trip to Yellowstone Park with Colonel William Ludlow. Zoologists were amazed at his report, which is still considered an authoritative work on the mammals and birds of that region. But laymen were more interested in Mr. Grinnell's conclusions. He protested against the "terrible destruction" of buffalo, elk, mule deer and antelope by unscrupulous hunters for the hides alone and warned the country that "unless the destruction of these animals is checked in some way, the large game still so abundant in some localities, will ere long be exterminated."

Years of agitation followed before his recommendations brought about legislation making the violation of game laws a punishable crime. In 1887 Dr. Grinnell and his friend, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, then a member of the New York Assembly, conceived and founded the Boone and Crockett Club, which soon became one of the most influential groups in the country for the conservation and study of wild life. As a result of the club's efforts, Congress, in 1894, stopped the exploitation of Yellowstone Park.

Through "Forest and Stream" Dr. Grinnell had fought tirelessly for the measure. Its passage became assured in March, 1894, when an expedition he had sent to Yellowstone apprehended a trapper in the As-tington and Pelican Creek districts of the park skinning a buffalo cow, surrounded by six other freshly killed buffalo cows and a yearling calf. Conservationists exploited the incident throughout the country.

FOUNDER OF AUDUBON SOCIETY



Dr. George Bird Grinnell

Crime Was Boon to Cause

"This crime was undoubtedly the best thing that ever happened for the park," Dr. Grinnell remarked later.

Dr. Grinnell later succeeded Colonel Roosevelt as president of the Boone and Crockett Club, a position he held many years until he retired as honorary president for life. Dr. Grinnell and Colonel Roosevelt for a decade were co-editors of the books published by the club, including "American Big Game Hunting," 1893; "Hunting in Many Lands," 1895, and "Trail and Campfire," 1897.

"Hunting in Many Lands" included a proud preface by Colonel Roosevelt and Dr. Grinnell, in which they pointed to the passage of national legislation in behalf of Yellowstone Park and told how one "bear had already developed the habit of frequenting one of the hotels for rations of pie. This, they concluded, indicated that wild animals came quickly to look upon human beings as friends, once the latter made the overtures."

When Colonel Roosevelt became President Dr. Grinnell became the club's sole editor. The latest volume of the series was "Trails on Three Continents," which he edited in 1933.

Goes on Canoe Trip

In 1895 the Boone and Crockett Club organized the New York Zoological Society. Dr. Grinnell helped select the site for the park and was a trustee from the beginning. During these years his explorations and travels continued. In 1881 he accompanied the late Dr. E. S. Dana, of Yale, on a long canoe trip along the coast of British Columbia. In 1895 President Grover Cleveland chose him commissioner to deal with the Blackfoot Indians. Later, Theodore Roosevelt, as President, delegated him to settle troubles among the tribes at the "Smoking Rock" in 1899. In 1899 he went with

the late E. H. Harriman to Alaska, obtaining much new information about the natives and the salmon industry. His impressions on the trip made him a crusader for game laws in Alaska.

His fight for protection of the game in such a distant territory, like his earlier campaign to "stop the selling of wild game," was laughed at when he began it. But the public came around to his point of view and the reforms were made.

Among the associations with which Dr. Grinnell was affiliated were the Audubon Society, organized in 1886; the American Game Association, of which he was co-founder in 1911; the Council on National Parks, Forests and Wild Life, of which he was chairman, and the National Parks Association. In 1925 he succeeded Herbert Hoover as president of the National Parks Association.

Born in Brooklyn

Dr. Grinnell was born in Brooklyn, September 20, 1849, the son of George Blake and Helen Lansing Grinnell. Among his ancestors were five Colonial governors, and Betty Alden, the first white woman born in New England. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Yale in 1880.

Among his books were "Pawnee Hero Stories," "Blackfoot Lodge Tales," "The Story of the Indian," "Jack, the Young Ranchman," "Jack Among the Indians," "The Indians of Today," "Punishment of the Stinky," "American Duck Shooting," "Jack in the Rockies," "Jack, the Young Canoeerman," "Jack, the Young Trapper," "Jack, the Young Explorer," "American Game Bird Shooting," "Trails of the Fishfinders," "The Indians of Today (to 1910)," "Jack, the Young Cowboy," "Beyond the Old Frontiers," "Blackfeet Indian Stories," "The Wolf Hunters," "The Fighting Cheyennes," "When Buffalo Ran," "The Cheyenne Indians," "Ben's Old Fort and Its Builders," "By Cheyenne Campfires" and "Two Great Scouts."

He was the oldest living member of the Union Club. Other memberships included the University, Century Association, Rockaway Hunting, Mayflower Descendants, Society of Colonial Wars, Colony, Authors, Century, Explorers and Narrows Islands Clubs and the Cosmos Club, of Washington. He was a trustee of the Hispanic Society of America and the National Association of Audubon Societies. He was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Ethnological Society, the American Geographical Society, the American Museum of Natural History, the American Ornithologists' Union, the American Society of Mammalogists, the New York Academy of Sciences and a member of the Archaeological Institute of America, the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society and Psi Upsilon fraternity.

Surviving are his wife, the former Elisabeth Kirby Curtis, whom he married in 1902, and a sister, Mrs. Newell Martin, of Huntington, L. I.

New York Herald Tribune
Apr. 12, 1938

Thursday Morning, April 14, 1938

George Bird Grinnell Saved Blackfeet From Starvation

Following receipt of a telegram Tuesday night, James Willard Schultz of Browning, noted Indian author, wrote a sketch of Dr. George Bird Grinnell, who died Tuesday morning at New York. Schultz and Grinnell were early explorers in the Rocky mountains in and near what since has become Glacier park. The wire received by Schultz and the sketch follow.

"James Willard Schultz, Browning, Mont.

"George died at 2:42 this morning. Funeral Wednesday.

"ELISABETH GRINNELL."

Dr. George Bird Grinnell, last member of the noted family for whom Grinnell's Land was named, died at his home in New York April 11. He was in his 89th year. A graduate of Yale university, for a time he was instructor of comparative osteology there and then for some years was owner and editor of Forest and Stream. He was the scientific member of General Custer's "Black Hills expedition" in 1874.

It was due to Dr. Grinnell's great friendship for them that the whole Pikuni (Blackfeet) tribe of Indians did not die from starvation in the winter of 1883-84. Buffalo herds at last exterminated, the tribe turned to their agent, Major Young, for help. But, in his annual reports to the secretary of the interior, he had stated that, under his wise care, his

charges had become self-supporting farmers, so he did not dare reveal their true condition. At Dr. Grinnell's request, I wrote him a full report of the condition of the tribe and he hurried to Washington and gave it to the powers-that-be, with the result that supplies of food were freighted to the reservation from Fort Shaw and from Fort Benton. Before the supplies arrived at the agency, more than 450 members of the tribe died from want of food.

When in 1885 Dr. Grinnell first visited the Pikuni, they insisted that he become a member of the tribe and gave him a chief's name, Pinutoyi Istsimokan—Fisher Hat. Thereafter, while he was physically able to do so, he annually visited the tribe and hunted in and explored their section of the Rockies with William Jackson, J. B. Monroe and myself.

So was it that we were the first whites to penetrate certain parts of the Rockies, and name some of their outstanding topographical features: Grinnell mountain, Grinnell glacier, Gunsight pass, Gunsight lake, Blackfeet glacier, Mount Jackson, Red Eagle lake, Red Eagle mountain, Almost-a-Dog mountain, Little Chief mountain, Fusillade mountain, Goat mountain, Single Shot mountain and others.

Dr. Grinnell was one of the three United States commissioners who made the treaty of 1887 and the treaty of 1896 with the Pikuni—mistakenly named Blackfeet by our Indian bureau. It was due entirely to his insistence that, in each treaty, the tribe got \$1,500,000 instead of \$1,000,000 for land it ceded to the government.

When the treaty of 1896 was ratified by congress, Dr. Grinnell began in his Forest and Stream weekly and in conferences with government officials to advocate that that section of the Rockies relinquished by the Pikuni be made a national park. From the beginning, it had the hearty indorsement of his close friend, President Theodore Roosevelt. So, in time, Glacier national park was created, Dr. Grinnell being the father of it.

Today there is mourning in the lodges of the Pikuni over the passing of their dear friend, Fisher Hat. As old Raven Eyes just now said: "Honest, brave, kind hearted, our

ELI GUARDIPEE, AGED INDIAN, RECALLS WHEN OLD AGENCY WAS BUILT NEAR PRESENT CHOTEAU

Special to The Tribune.

CHOTEAU, Nov. 16.—It's a far cry back to the days of the building of the old Indian agency on Spring creek three miles above Choteau, yet there is today a man living who was here at the time and saw the agency built. He is Eli Guardipee.

Mr. Guardipee, of French and Shoshone Indian blood, was brought from Family on the Blackfeet reservation to assist James Willard Schultz in compiling material for a series of short stories on frontier life which that noted writer, now a resident of Choteau, is preparing. Guardipee was years ago adopted into the Blackfeet tribe and his Indian name is I-lis-se-na-maka, which, interpreted, means "takes gun ahead."

Father a Buffalo Hunter

His father, Baptiste Guardipee, was a buffalo hunter and was born in the province of Manitoba, Canada. There he married a Shoshone Indian woman who previously married a Frenchman who had been in the Rockies and had taken his bride back with him.

The Frenchman died and Guardipee married the widow. They migrated into the Dakotas. Near Turtle mountain in North Dakota, Eli was born May 31, 1857.

Baptiste roamed the prairies of the Dakotas and eastern Montana in the vicinity of Fort Union as a buffalo hunter and eventually brought his family to Fort Benton in 1868. There he learned of the building by the Conrads of a trading post on the Marias and he set out with his family for that place shortly after arriving at Fort Benton.

When they had nearly reached the trading post on the Marias, they met two scouts, Adolph Fellers and Pete Cadotte, who advised them not to go on because of Indian hostility. Fellers and Cadotte told them that the government was about to build an Indian agency on the Teton and a bull train was enroute from Fort Benton to the place where the agency was to be built.

Guardipee, accepting the advice of

the scouts, turned south and camped on the Teton east of the present town of Collins until the bull train came along.

16 Wagons in Train

The train was in charge of Tom Healy. He had about 16 wagons, each with eight yoke of oxen, loaded with material for construction of the agency. In all, Healy had more than 200 cattle and a large number of men in his party. Accepting the additional safety the large party offered, Guardipee put in with them and arrived at the spot where the agency was to be built.

Eli was then 11 years of age and he recalls that they came off the bench into Teton valley just about where the present Choteau-Dutton road ascends the hill east of the cemetery. Reaching here, they made camp east of Spring near the vicinity of the present W. D. Helm place. Across Spring creek it was swampy and some time was spent before a route could be laid out to move the bull train up the bottom to the spot where it had been decided to build the agency.

Carried Mail by Night

The boy witnessed construction of the agency, which was surrounded by a stockade of logs, and lived in this vicinity from that time thence. At present he is in the employ of the Indian service and is a ditch rider on the Two Medicine unit of the Blackfeet reclamation project. His father, who carried afoot the mail from the agency to Fort Shaw, died Oct. 22, 1909, and was buried at Dupuyer.

Mail had to be carried on foot and in the night to avoid hostility of the Blackfeet. Baptiste brought his mother to the agency, where she died in January, 1896 or 1897, and was buried alongside the grave of Chief Bullhead in the old Indian burying ground at the agency. Eli's mother was buried in the Choteau cemetery.

Despite his 77 years, Eli's mind is as clear on events of long ago as though they were yesterday. He is a living storehouse of Indian lore.

CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF D. THOMPSON

Ceremony at City Named for Great Explorer Will Be in September

By FRED J. WARD
THOMPSON FALLS will stage a three-day celebration Sept. 2 to 4 in honor of David Thompson, the explorer who discovered the falls of the Clarks Fork river and built the first trading post in what is now Montana. The activities will be sponsored by the Thompson Falls Woman's club, Sanders county 4-H clubs, the American Legion and the David Thompson Memorial association.
 Funds have been raised at Thompson Falls to erect a monument to David Thompson. This will be made of stream worn boulders set in cement. A plaque of Montana copper with the name of David Thompson and a short legend of his life has been furnished by the Anaconda Copper company.
 Members of the David Thompson Memorial association are Mel Larson, chairman; A. H. Abbott, Ben Saint, James Adams, William Moser and H. R. Arneling. A. A. Alvord is secretary.
Saga of Northwest
 The history of David Thompson is one of the sagas of the great northwest. By some authorities he has been called the greatest geographer the Anglo Saxon race has ever produced. His explorations, which were carried on almost single handed over a period of half a century, extended from Fort Churchill, the most northern post on the west coast of Hudson bay, to the mouth of the Columbia. His name is commemorated by the town of Thompson Falls and by Thompson river in Montana, by Thompson's river, a tributary of the Fraser river in Canada and by the town of Thompson in British Columbia. The Jocko river of Montana was named for Jacques Finlay, a companion of David Thompson.
 Like many great men, he was of humble origin. He was born in the parish of St. John the Evangelist,

Map Shows Extensive Journeys of David Thompson, Early Explorer



David Thompson, considered by some as the greatest land geographer the English race ever produced, traveled throughout the northwest, as shown in the map. He was born April 30, 1770, and died what is described as the first house created with a roof and a fireplace for actual habitation in what is now Montana. The dwelling was erected between Nov. 9, and Dec. 3, 1809, at the edge of what is known as Thompson's prairie on the Clarks Fork of the Columbia River.

London, April 30, 1770, of poor Welsh parentage. He was left an orphan when still a little boy. He was taken in by the Grey Coat school as a charity pupil shortly after his parents died.
The education he got from this school must have been very rudimentary, for at 14 he was apprenticed to the Hudson's Bay company for services in the fur trade in America. From this time until he reached early manhood he was an apprentice clerk at lonely fur trading posts around Hudson bay.
 About that time the Hudson's Bay company was ordered by the colonial office of the British government to survey and map the vast region under its control. The company employed Phillip Turner as astronomer and surveyor. Not much is known about Turner except that he was one of the authors of Nautical Almanac and since 1778 had been active in surveying the region about Hudson bay.
Decided Career
 David Thompson met Turner at the Cumberland house during the winter of 1780. A friendship immediately developed. Turner encouraged Thompson to become an explorer. He taught the eager youngster the use of transit, telescope and sextant. When David Thompson returned to York factory in the spring his mind was firmly made up as to his future career.
The scope of the work performed by David Thompson during years that followed can best be appreciated by reading of his travels in his journal (David Thompson's journal) and by an examination of his maps of the region west of Lake Superior. These maps were published in 1811 after 22 years of exploration. Mountains, lakes and rivers are drawn with remarkable accuracy. Some of the areas have never been explored since David Thompson's day, so his maps, notably those of the muskeg country east of the Canadian Rockies, are still the only authority on that region.

Joined Northwest
 David Thompson never had much encouragement in his great undertaking. Hudson's Bay officials were more interested in making money out of the fur business and in 1786 he got orders to cease his map making. The following spring he resigned and traveled to Grand Portage at the west end of Lake Superior and hired out to the Northwest Fur company, a rival concern. There he met with an adventurous crew, including such men as Alexander McKenzie, Soderick McKenzie and Simon Fraser, later the discoverer of Fraser river. It was while in the employment of the so-called Northwesters that David Thompson charted the territory from the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains to the Pacific.
 He traced all the great rivers to their sources. He was the first white man to discover and explore the upper Columbia watershed. On foot, on horseback or by canoe he traveled not less than 50,000 miles. Later surveyors with infinitely better instruments have attested to the correctness and fidelity of these surveys. Indians regarded him with superstitious awe. They thought that no squaw could mend a pair of moccasins without his knowledge, for to them his telescope was a magic instrument which enabled him to see all things. They called him Koo-Koo-Sint, which means "the Man Who Looks at the Stars."
Died in Poverty
 As said before, David Thompson was never encouraged to perform this great work. Nor did he ever reap a reward for it. For 50 years his achievements were practically unknown. He died in poverty near Montreal in 1807. He was buried in Mount Royal cemetery without even a stone to mark his grave.
 David Thompson's journal shows he spent the winter, from Nov. 9, 1809, to about Feb. 20, 1810 at Salish house. He writes:
 "On the 9th of November, thank God, we arrived at the place we had built a Store and were now to build a House for ourselves. Four of the horses were left behind. . . . Evidently there was not much food at the store, for the next few days were hungry ones. But help was at hand, for, as he says:
 "On the 14th Jaco (Jacque Finlay) arrived and relieved us . . . with 28 dried meat . . . and now, thank God, we enjoyed a good meal. . . . We continued to work at the House. . . . At the close of the month, they were still working on the house, handicapped perhaps by drizzling rains so common in November in this part of the mountains. He writes:
 "November 30. We had not finished building our Houses. This month has been very mild weather, two thirds of it with mild drizzling rain."
 But, under date of Dec. 3, he reports that: "At length I was lodged in my House and put up my thermometer."
 David Thompson spent January and most of February in the vicinity of the Salish house on the Clarks Fork river. By means of the thermometer, which he tells of hanging Dec. 3, he

took a painstaking series of readings, until, as he confesses, he became occupied in other business. Apparently nobody about the place took much interest in statistical information about the weather except himself.
The journal for February is printed entire below, because it furnishes perhaps the best information available as to the location of his "Salish house," the earliest Montana trading post. It also gives an example of the religious fidelity to accurate detail that Thompson displays in all his notes:
 "February. By weighing we found the average weight of the meat of an antelope to be fifty-nine pounds when fleshy, but when fat to be sixty-five pounds.
 "By observations, I found the Latitude of this, the Salish House to be 47 degrees, 34 minutes 35 seconds North and its Longitude 115 degrees 22 minutes 51 seconds West of Greenwich. The range of the Thermometer for the first twenty days of February was, the lowest -11 and the highest 48 and the mean temperature 31."
Notes Give Location
 Dr. Elliott Coues states that David Thompson's field notes (not to be confused with his journal) indicate that his computation of the longitude was the average of 15 observations and the latitude of 50 observations taken during the winter of 1809-10. No doubt the "Salish house" was to be the base point in mapping the region west of the Rocky mountains.
 The project of raising a monument to David Thompson by the David Thompson Memorial association receives a question as to the exact location of Salish house, which had long been a riddle to students of early Montana history.
 The memorial committee of Thompson Falls has spent a great deal of time and effort on the subject. Through John Brauer, one-time surveyor of Sanders county, they have obtained a map of the old flat, which was barren of trees when the first white men discovered it. For many years this was called Thompson's prairie and, according to Duncan MacDonald, a resident of the Flathead Indian reservation, who visited the post with his father, the site of Salish house was on the west edge of this clear area and within sight of the flat by the mouth of Thompson river.
 Members of the memorial committee have explored along the banks of the Clarks Fork river. At the edge of the ancient prairie they found stones in rows like those laid under the walls of a log house. They excavated a heap of stones and discovered charred soil underneath. This is thought to be the remains of a fireplace in one of the cabins of the post.
Computations Accurate
 A hand made trail leads from the front of the site to a cluster of alders by the river bank, where there was a spring before the dam backed the waters of the river over it. The head of a stone maul was found by the fireplace ruins. This is the type of implement pioneers used to drive dowel pins in puncheon floors and timber hewn furniture.
 The site agrees exactly with the latitude of the Salish house as described by David Thompson and within one minute of the longitude.

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Young Desperadoes of Young Montana

(By Sallie Bragg.)

The young desperado harassed the Vigilantes and confused them in their judgment and although an indiscriminate collection of men with the qualifications of officers, they were cautious but determined; their judgment was expedient, highly necessary and effective.

The Vigilante was not a mob law, but dealt summary justice. The road-agents were given a trial quickly, not one mistake being made in regard to guilt. The Vigilantes used the utmost tact in discriminating between the smart aleck desperado and the real criminal, as there were numbers of bands of young desperadoes who rode spirited horses and committed atrocities just one shade lighter than crime and were enemies to society.

Merchants were members of the Vigilantes through necessity. While they took no part in the actual execution, they sat in judgment, and if necessary and called upon, it would have been their duty to help administer justice in practice.

Some of the outrages against society were very terrible without being real crimes. One instance I remember, and think it happened in the year 1876 at the cemetery in Bozeman, which is situated on a hill below which runs Sour Dough creek. At the spring of the year the stream is

swollen and rapid. There were numbers of small palings or fences around individual graves. These were taken from the graves and thrown down the hill into the raging creek. They floated down stream about a quarter of a mile and lodged at the Main Street bridge, in those days a rough log structure with log rails at the north and south ends. This bridge was situated between the present Fleming hotel and the Fire hall. The palings from the graves of infants piled high over the larger ones.

The early citizens were appalled at this desecration and no one knew who were the perpetrators.

At the discussion of the incident, my father made the remark that this outrage deserved chastisement, and the citizens should leave no stone unturned to find out who did it.

That day one of the leaders of the young desperadoes, a man named Butler, came into father's store and said, "Marston I hear you wanted to know who threw those palings into the creek." at the same time poking a long pistol at father's heart. Father exclaimed, "My God man, don't do that. I have a family of little children." Butler replied, "Well, now you know."

Nothing was ever done on this occasion and although many outrages were committed by these men they always fell short of actual murder.

At another time this gang held a meeting and discussed a legal hanging that had taken place that day. Present among them was a young physician who drank and was unprincipled. He said, "If you fellows are so brave and will go with me I will show you how to rob his grave and we will take the body to my office and dissect it."

They all agreed. Visiting a butcher shop to get a pair of meat hooks and tying a rope between them with this tool and digging tools and a cutter sleigh, as it was winter, they proceeded to the cemetery. Digging into the head of the grave slantwise they inserted the hooks beneath the shoulders of the dead man and nulled the body out. They put a fur overcoat on the body, and a hat on his head and put him in the sleigh between them and drove down to the doctor's office, where he was dissected in the presence of all. Later his bones were found in an old beer case in a grove of quaking aspens by school children. Now men and women of Bozeman, M. I. O'Connell of the Gallatin Laundry and I were among the number.

The above article about early days in Montana was written by Sallie Bragg of Bozeman, a pioneer woman who is well known over the state for her oil paintings and stories of the west. This week she presented the local museum with a painting depicting early day justice.

Discovery of a Discoverer

By Jean Ritchie Anderson

THE STORY of David Thompson and his explorations in Western Canada, are subjects one never wearies of hearing about. Thompson was the greatest land geographer who ever lived, having left in note-books accurate observations upon the topography of one million two hundred thousand square miles of North Western America.

Thompson's only instruments were his watch, sextant and candle, and his mathematics and navigation had been learned from books that were published between the years 1655 and 1755. He learned to take astronomical observations in 1789 at Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan when he was barely twenty years old. At that time he had had six years experience in the fur trade.

Thompson remained in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company until 1797, but that year, at Bradford House on Deer's Lake he was given to understand that exploration and survey were not the services expected of him, so he travelled down to Grand Portage and joined up with the North West Company. By these gentlemen he was given the job of determining the location of their posts, locating the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, and of travelling as far as the Missouri to visit the natives and enquire about fossils and ancient modes of living.

Enters North West Company

Thompson left Grand Portage on the ninth of August, 1797. He carried with him orders on all the agents of the company's posts for men or help of any kind. From then until the spring of 1812 he worked in the West. He was forty-two at that time and from the day when he had left England twenty-eight years before he had never been in a place where there were as many as two hundred white people.

For our knowledge of Thompson we have to thank Dr. J. B. Tyrrell of Toronto, who confesses frankly that one of the pleasures of half a lifetime has been the effort he has made to gain recognition of the great geographer's name. In the permanent record the names of Thompson and Tyrrell will be as closely allied as those of Macdonald and Pope, of Osler and Cushing, or Johnson and Boswell.

In a paper he read before the Royal Society of Canada in 1928, Dr. Tyrrell gives the touching story of how he first became interested in David Thompson. In 1833 he was appointed assistant to Dr. G. M. Dawson, Director of the Canadian Geological Survey. Dr. Dawson had just finished work as one of the International Boundary Commissioners whose work had been to delimit the boundary along the forty-ninth parallel of latitude. His new venture, in which Dr. Tyrrell was to have a share, was to make a geological examination of the Rocky Mountains from the boundary line northward to the Bow River.

The Geological Cavalry

At that time the Canadian Pacific went as far as Maple Creek and from there the geologists took their outfits southward to the mountains. In Ottawa the company was described as the "Geological cavalry" and as a matter of fact every one was well armed for bad Indians and horse thieves were supposed to be roving over the prairie. During that summer and fall they explored and surveyed the south Kootenay Pass, which crosses the north-west corner

of Glacier National Park, the north Kootenay Pass, Crow's Nest Pass and the Bow and Kicking Horse Passes, all through the main ranges of the Rockies.

They surveyed also the trail along the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers from the international boundary northward to the present town of Golden, and some of the valleys on the eastern side of the Rockies. Dr. Tyrrell was in charge of geological parties working east of the mountains from the Bow River northward to the Saskatchewan for the next three years.

At that time of very few maps, the one most frequently referred to was one made by Hector and Palliser for the British Government and dated 1860. When the winter season approached the surveyors would return to Ottawa to compile reports and plot their discoveries. The Government was notable for their accuracy and Dr. Tyrrell, when in Ottawa, made it his business to ask for an explanation.

The most remarkable instances were in connection with the courses of the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers, and in such a place name as Mount Nelson. Right back into the first and second decades of the century mountain and river features had been appearing on the maps, evidently just copied from one to another.

An Arrowsmith map of 1813 showed a wealth of detail of the region in question and a comparison with everything else that could be found after the Lewis and Clark expedition (the first explorers to reach the Pacific across the United States) proved conclusively that some one with a rare store of knowledge and some imagination had been on the spot. We will let Dr. Tyrrell tell his own story.

The Search Begins

"Search where one would, nothing tangible could be found about what was surely the strangest mystery in cartography that baffled a young geological geographer. At last, in reading Bancroft's histories of the Pacific States and British Columbia, one came across a footnote which, with other references in the same history, indicated that one David Thompson had done a great deal of exploratory work on both sides of the international boundary. Who Thompson was, whence he came, or what befel him—there was scarcely more than a clue to the intriguing mystery of the naming of Mount Nelson and the faithful plotting of the Columbia.

"You all know how it is in exploration—whether among files or defiles—you keep on going even when sometimes it looks as if there's nowhere to go. In the fourth year after the Dawson party in the Rockies had discovered the undiscoversable, and Thompson's name having been found, inquiry was made of Andrew Russell, retired Surveyor-General of Ontario, who, like myself, was living in Ottawa. Oh yes; he had known Thompson; and his original notebooks were somewhere among the storages of the Ontario Government. Russell also told me that two of Thompson's daughters were living, one Mrs. P. E. Shaw, being at Peterborough, Ontario."

Mrs. Shaw was found and she gave Dr. Tyrrell considerable information about her famous father. She showed the geologist trunks full of his papers and belongings, including the watch with which he used to time his lunar observations and the compass. So much for David Thompson's daughter. It was not so easy to find the explorer's notebooks.

Discovery of the Note-Books

At that time the Ontario archives were not in the fine order that they are in today. The invaluable Thompson material might be anywhere but Dr. Tyrrell was persistent and eventually an old man was found who knew about it. After a lot of hunting he disinterred a certain amount but he could not find all the note-books.

While home on a holiday in 1887 Dr. Tyrrell went every day to the Parliament Buildings in Toronto to study the note-books and on March the third, 1888, he read a paper before the Canadian Institute entitled "Brief Narrative of the Journeys of David Thompson." This was afterwards published as a pamphlet as well as in the Institute Proceedings. Up to that time the Columbia River books had not been found.

Publication of the paper brought the subject to the attention of Mr. Charles Lindsey, biographer of his father-in-law, William Lyon Mackenzie, and author of "Report on the Boundaries of Ontario." In a letter from Mr. Lindsey, Dr. Tyrrell learned that the manuscript in which Thompson described his western journeys was in his possession. Mr. Lindsey said that he thought this the only record available

of a remarkable life and that he had begun to re-write the story for publication. He asked Dr. Tyrrell if he would look over the manuscript.

A Precious Manuscript

Late in the fall of that year Dr. Tyrrell received part of the manuscript from Mr. Lindsey with a suggestion that, as the geologist had personal knowledge of much of the territory covered, he should re-write it, publish it in book form and divide the profits equally with the owner of the papers. The manuscript was returned later and the offer declined, but in May, 1895, Dr. Tyrrell bought the manuscript from Mr. Lindsey and in 1916 he published it through the Champlain Society under the title "Thompson's Narrative." In the interval between 1888 and 1895 Dr. Elliott Coues inspected the original Thompson material and from it he procured material for his book "New Light on the History of the Greater North West."

Dr. Tyrrell explains that the "Narrative," of which only five hundred and twenty copies were printed, is Thompson's own story exactly as it was written by himself. A preface and introduction of eighty-four pages give the fullest account of Thompson's life.

"It was written," says the biographer, "when Thompson was seventy-seven to seventy-nine years old and in need, and it bears singularly few evidences that it is the work of an old man. Like the journal, the story is absolutely bare of egotism and reflect. An underrating devotion to his work. He seemed to care for nothing except his duty—surveying, trading, and gathering information about geography and human beings. You might not guess that he had a young and increasing family, with whom he could spend but little time, but from the whole story you would know that it was written by a man of singularly unselfish character amid surroundings that were often far from elevating. One who has spent many hours with him gets the impression of a noble soul, 'sans peur et sans reproche'."

The Search Continued

Dr. Tyrrell's story of how he searched for news of Thompson reads like a romance. Sometimes he was in the West, where the sites Thompson had occupied, or even just noticed, seemed to take on a glamor of their own. At other times he was in England trying to re-capture some of the color surrounding his early childhood. He visited the Grey Coat School in Westminster, the London charity school where Thompson was living when the opportunity presented itself for a job in the wilds of Hudson Bay shores. There the matron showed Dr. Tyrrell all the records including the list of school books studied by David Thompson.

At the parish church of St. John's in South Square, near Westminster Abbey, the verger told Dr. Tyrrell that the records might be searched for sixpence per search. "As the parish was founded in 1727," he writes, "and I wanted to find out all I could about this Thompson family, I asked him if he would search a pound's worth. He was glad to do it; so I gave him the golden sovereign and when I returned he had discovered that David Thompson's baptism was followed by that of a brother John; and by his father's death in 1772. As no fee was entered on the record, Mr. Thompson was buried by the parish—and Mrs. Thompson was glad to have one of her boys in the charity school. Beyond this there is no record of David Thompson's mother, except one. Thirteen years after he last saw her, he was leaving the Hudson's Bay Company service, and from the Red Deer River, in the far North, he wrote to the chief at York Factory, a letter which began with thanks to him 'for your loan of two guineas to my mother. I have enclosed a bill to you for the above amount.'"

Thompson's Appearance

A contemporary of Thompson, Dr. Bigsby, who worked with the geographer on the International Boundary Commission, described him thus: "Never mind his Bunyan-like face and short cropped hair; he has a very powerful mind and a singular faculty of picture-making. He can create a wilderness and people it with warring savages, or climb the Rocky Mountains with you in a snow-storm, so clearly and palpably that, only shut your eyes and you hear the crack of the rifle or feel the snowflakes on your cheeks as he talks."

In Dr. Tyrrell's search for material bearing on Thompson he found a son-in-law who lived in Evansville, Indiana, and from him learned that, in his old age, Thompson had white hair and a beard. He

talked little, read much, and had few besides the rector. His wife a chief companion. He used to be very of going out at night to gaze at it which were his continual delight.

Thompson was a pioneer prohibitionist when starting out from England for son Bay. The ship in which he sailed signalled by a Dutch lugger. Strangers came alongside they saw had liquor for sale so a bottle was up as a sample. A whole case was and the Dutchmen hurried off for the revenue officers. The sample right but the other bottles were still water.

A Pioneer for Prohibition

He was always against selling it to the Indians. Writing of one of his in the West he said:

"I was obliged to take two kegs of, overruled by my partners, for made it a law to myself that no should pass the mountains in my car and thus be clear of the sad sight of enness, and its many evils; but the tlemen insisted upon alcohol being a profitable article that could be taken the Indian trade. If this I knew it miscalculated; accordingly, when I to the defiles of the mountains I put two kegs of alcohol on a vicious ho by noon the kegs were empty and the horse rubbing his load against rocks to get rid of it. I wrote to a ner what I had done, and that do the same to every keg of alcohol for the next six years I had charge fur trade on the west side of the tains, no further attempt was made to produce spirituous liquors."

David Thompson married a his girl, the daughter of Patrick Small trader at Isle a la Crosse on the River. He left the West for good and he brought his wife and fam him to the East—something that is said about most of the early trad lived at Terrebonne in the Prov Quebec, and afterwards moved Hamtown in Gleggary County, Ont died in his eighty-seventh year at ull, across the St. Lawrence from real. His wife survived him on months. Their graves are in Our Cemetery and they are marked by a tiful shaft erected a few years ago Canadian Historical Society.

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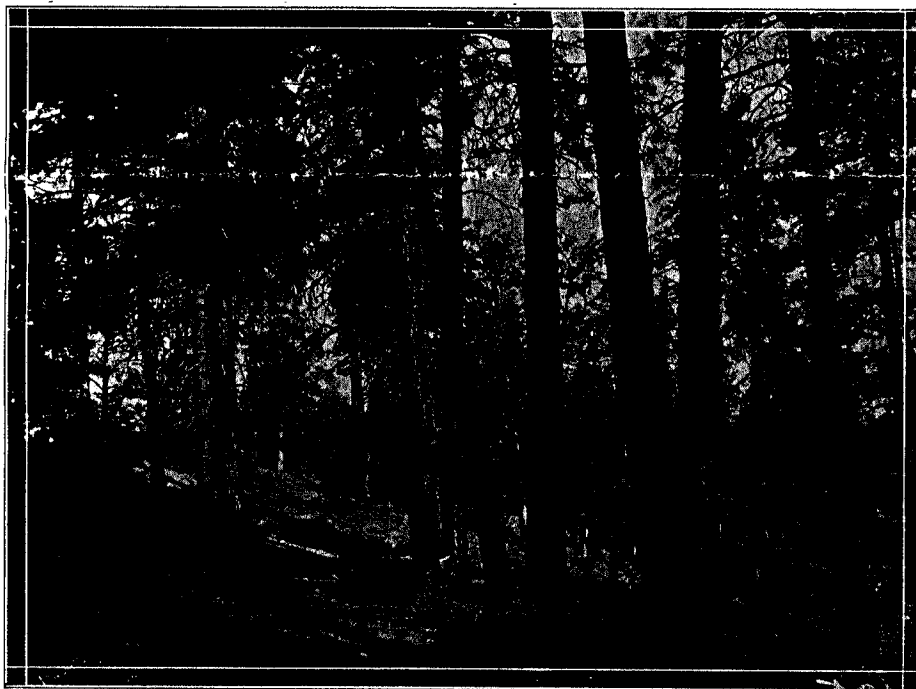
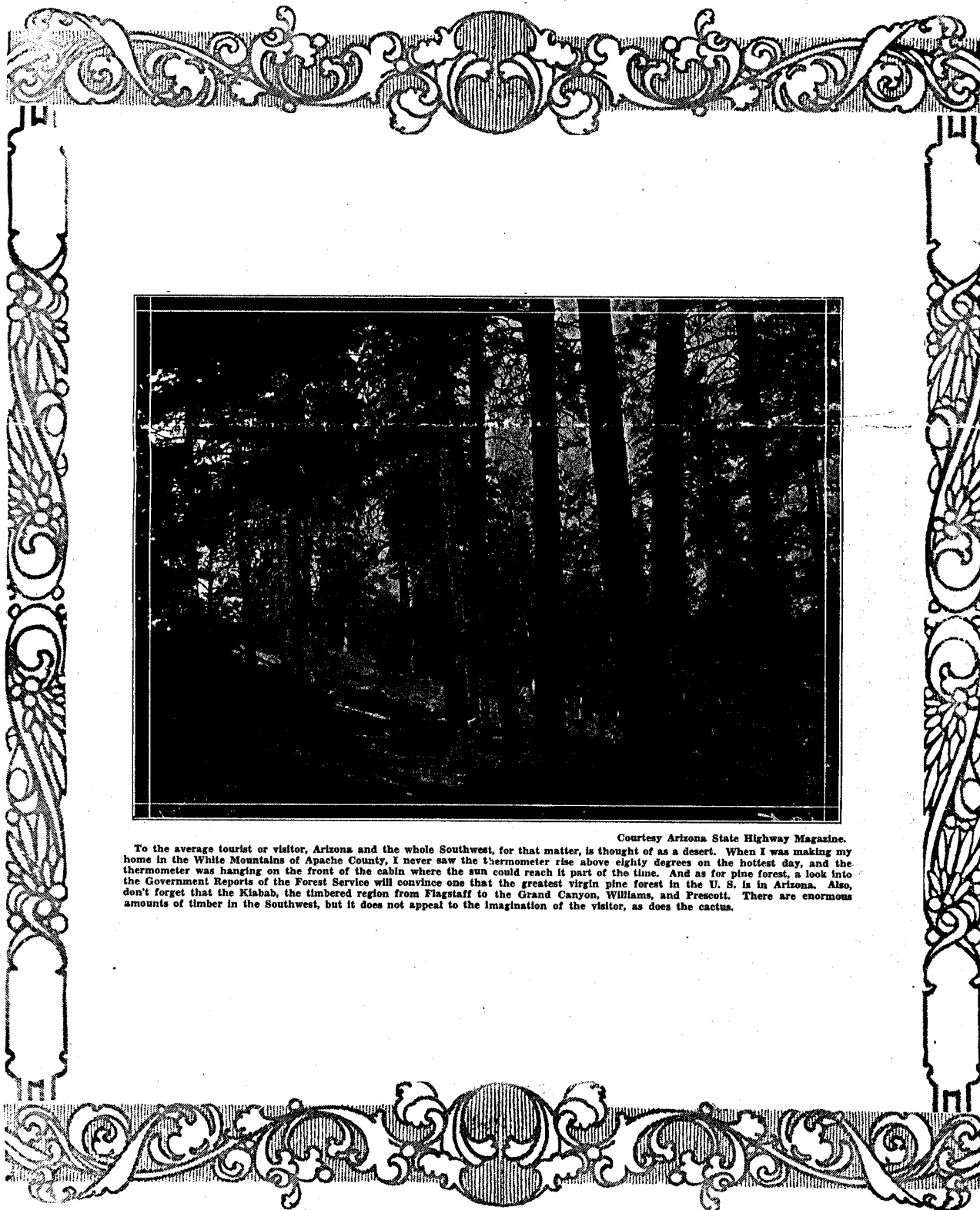
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Hobsons

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TUCSON, ARIZONA, NOVEMBER 20, 1931

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Courtesy Arizona State Highway Magazine.

To the average tourist or visitor, Arizona and the whole Southwest, for that matter, is thought of as a desert. When I was making my home in the White Mountains of Apache County, I never saw the thermometer rise above eighty degrees on the hottest day, and the thermometer was hanging on the front of the cabin where the sun could reach it part of the time. And as for pine forest, a look into the Government Reports of the Forest Service will convince one that the greatest virgin pine forest in the U. S. is in Arizona. Also, don't forget that the Kibab, the timbered region from Flagstaff to the Grand Canyon, Williams, and Prescott. There are enormous amounts of timber in the Southwest, but it does not appeal to the imagination of the visitor, as does the cactus.

HOOPS AND HORNS

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Entered as second class of mail matter July 25, 1931, at the post office at Tucson, Arizona, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Photos must accompany the copy for stories they are intended to illustrate, otherwise photo will not be run. Also features stories must be in this office not later than Friday night previous to the next publication day.—Managing Editor.

Live Stock Market Report

LOS ANGELES LIVESTOCK MARKET
CATTLE: With moderate receipts, trade on the week's opening session was fairly active, only a small portion of the offerings remaining unsold after noon with prospects of a good clearance by the closing hour. Prices were generally steady to a few higher on all killing classes. Quite a few cattle in feeder class were available but very few sold during the forenoon. Asking prices generally showing a higher trend. Bulk of offerings were steers, good heavy ones being combined to a few loads of 100-120 lbs. and a few 110-120 lb. Nevada steers were taken at \$7.40 and \$7.50 respectively, with a few loads of 100-120 lb. yearlings at \$7.00 and a few 110-120 lb. steers brought \$6.50, with a load of mixed 100-120 lb. yearlings at \$6.40 and several loads of medium quality light and medium weight steers cashed at \$6.10 to \$6.25. Numerous loads of intermediate quality steers from all sections cashed \$5.50 to \$6.00 including grassers and improved Mexican kinds. Around 10 cars of high Arizona Mexican steers made \$4.50 to \$4.80 with common intermediate steers down to \$3.25. A few lots of feeders of medium quality brought \$4.15 to \$4.50. Several loads of yearling feeders brought \$3.25 with a short load of sorted kind at \$3.75.

No good fed heifers were offered but several loads of grassy heifers brought \$3.25 to \$3.40 with some feeder heifers at \$4.00. Heiferish cows sold at \$2.75 to \$3.00 with a few lots of feeders of Montana cows at \$4.00 to \$4.50. Bulk of common medium cows turned at \$2.75 to \$2.75 with low cutters and a few cows at \$1.50 to \$2.25, a few very thin cows going down to \$1.00 to \$1.30. Good bulls \$1.75 to \$1.90, with a few better ones around \$2.00.

FLAKES, 800
CATTLE: Season is strong to unseasonably higher rates. Small lots and odd head of better grade milk cows are \$7.50 to \$8.50 with odd head heifer. Two loads of good 204 to 300 lb. Arizona calves made \$6.50, plumper and heavier calves selling down to \$5.25 with very common down to \$4.50.

HOGS: Trade was fully steady in this department with possibly some strength on the feeder and weaners. A load of good 157 lb. Nebraska butchers topped at \$5.85 with several loads of mostly mixed 170 lb. meat type grain fed hogs at \$5.40 to \$5.75. Odd head of parking sows suitable for feeding were unsold.

SHEEP: The moderate supply of Shropshire and lambs sold in fairly good steady prices. Two decks of mostly good quality 71 lb. woolled Utah lambs brought \$3.65 with choice kinds of similar weight quoted around \$2.25. Two decks of rather plain 67 lb. Nevada lambs suitable for feeding went to a killer at \$4.00. Two decks at \$2 lb. Arizona wethers including a small percentage of yearlings brought \$3.75 with a big deck of 104 lb. wethers at \$2.25. Two decks of good 111 lb. ewes brought \$2.60.

KANSAS CITY MARKET
HOGS: 3,000, including 250 direct. Fully active; mostly 15c lower than Saturday's average; top \$4.60 on choice 210-230 lbs.; bulk good to choice 170-200 lbs. \$4.50 and \$4.75; 140-160 lbs. \$4.25 to \$4.50; sows \$3.75 to \$4.25; stock pigs steady, \$4.25 to \$4.75; 170-230 lbs. \$4.50 to \$4.60.

CATTLE: 15,000, calves \$6,000. Killing classes in limited supply, generally steady; packers going slow on short feed steers, stockers and feeders fairly active, steady to 25c higher; good to choice stockers in liberal supply; short feed steers early \$3.25 to \$3.50; show cut-outs up to \$11.75; bulk stockers and feeders \$4.50 to \$6.00; choice Texas yearlings \$7.00; stock steers calves up to \$7.25.

SHEEP: 6,000. Lambs around 25c lower; sheep steady; top native and fed lambs \$2.50, most fed lambs \$2.30; medium to good short wethers \$2.50; top ewes \$2.50.

DENVER MARKET
CATTLE: 15,000, calves 1,800. Stocker and feeder steers predominating; early sales mostly 15c to 25c lower, better grades \$2.00 to \$2.25, some held higher, common kinds \$3.40 to \$4.10; beef cows steady to weak, better grades \$4.00 to \$4.45, others \$2.90 to \$3.75; other killing classes around steady; grass heifers \$4.00 to \$3.00, short ribs \$6.00 to \$7.50, long or top kinds held above \$8.00; bulls \$2.50 to \$3.00, all cutters \$1.50 to \$2.75; weathers \$2.50 down; other stocker classes: top grade cows \$2.75 to \$3.50; steer calves \$6.00, some held higher; mixed calves \$5.50 to \$7.75; heifer calves \$2.25.

HOGS: 4,000. Seven cars direct, 18 to California, 2 doubles to Arizona; fairly active; mostly 25c to 45c lower than Friday; instances low to \$4.80 on 210-240 lbs.; few \$4.75; bulk 180-250 lbs. \$4.50 to \$4.70; 110-160 lbs. \$4.00 to \$4.40; packing sows 15c to 15c lower at \$4.50 to \$4.25, few smooth sorts \$4.30; feeder pigs unsold.

SHEEP: 30,500, including 3,000 thru, strictly choice lambs scarce, about 80 per cent feeders in addition to 10 cars holdovers; fat lambs slow; packers bidding 25c or more lower; few sales better grade natives about steady at \$5.25 to \$5.50 to city butchers; feeder lambs steady; 100 lbs. \$4 lb. thin whitefaces \$4.00; asking around \$4.75 for best blackfaces; sheep unsold.

But Anton has the intestinal fortitude to try anything "twice."
We got one from E. E. Snook, of the Snook Art Co., of Billings, Montana, sending in a nice ad for them reproductions of pictures of the only real western artist there ever was, the late Chas. M. Russell. He also says Hoops and Horns is "very unusual paper and is like a voice from the past. It also seems like a personal letter from people who 'savvy' and it must be a great comfort to ranchers in isolated districts who have grown old watching the West change. There are also thousands of tired business men back east who, having spent the summer out West, turn to your little paper for a breath of the sage and juniper. These folks do not consign it to the waste paper basket, but read it all. The advertisements as well. I remember seeing the Alexandria Hotel ad being read by people glancing through it while it was lying on my desk here in Billings." It is such letters as the foregoing that encourage an old hand to do his best.

Now here is one from one of them Eastern fellers that Mr. Snook writes about. This here young fellow is one of them multi-millionaires over here in Chicago who wrangles them black diamonds back there. This old kid has been west as his letter will show and he aint got it outa his system yet—and never will. Now, I'm going to give you his letter just like he wrote:

J. K. DERING COAL MINING CO.
Chicago

Frank M. King, Managing Editor,
Hoops and Horns,
Tucson, Arizona.

Dear Mr. King:



Frank M. King

MY OLD FRIEND Alec Chapman, who wrangles accounts for the S. P. Railroad company, mostly on construction gangs, is a "southernner." He claims Kentucky as his home and I reckon I don't get the fine points of it like I oughta, and besides I never was crazy about history anyhow. I noticed what the professor said about them Eastern Western story writers and how their stories go over better with the Eastern reading public than those written by Rhodes, Adams and a bunch of others that KNOW THEIR COWBOY, their cattle ranges and the whole West, and write about 'em truthfully. A heap of people do appreciate the real thing though and are demanding more of it every day. Them Eastern fiction writers just sorta got the start on our Western writers, that's all.

I BEEN ASKED why these here Eastern folks like to come West and leave their comfortable homes to ramble around in places where they can't be so comfortable. Well, I don't know, unless it's like some of 'em have told me. They say they like to get out where the air is fresh and pure and the scenery is not cluttered up with sign boards an' everything. There is lots of room out here in the West to move around and enjoy a little freedom from the bright lights and the smell of grease and gasoline. Even if 'em want to stay in town, there ain't no towns out here big enough to cramp 'em. And yet the country isn't as wild as it once was. You can drive a car to all important points and yet in a few minutes run and from any given point you can go to where civilization has stopped.

IT'S A GOOD THING for folks to remember that no one likes to listen to your troubles, and any how what you think are troubles is about all in your mind. Now you take this here so-called depression they say we got. It ain't nothin' but plumb foolish talk. One feller remarks that he thinks times is hard and the next feller says times IS hard, and first think you know a heap of folks is cryin' hard times, and they all get scared and go bury their money in a deep hole and won't even look towards it. Like an old cow that's hid her calf. The history of the world is that we've had ups and downs and have had a heap of whiners and about the time them crepe hangers got to enjoyin' it good, all things would start movin' and every body was happy but the pessimist. You can do any thing you WANT to do, even to cultivating a cheerful, optimistic disposition. It's a fine feelin'. Just try it!

I don't know to whom I am indebted for a place on your mailing list, but who ever he may be, he certainly deserves a vote of thanks. I notice however, the mention of Hal Kerr's name, and suspect him guilty. If he is supporting your paper, I sure am for it. But that paper can stand on its own feet without any help from myself.

All I can say is that I read it from cover to cover, including the ads. The only way it could be improved is to have more of it. More news, and personals. More stories by old timers. More of Bruce Kiskaddon's poems, and more advertisements, by outfitting houses, etc. The latter is a selfish vein as I used to be a good customer to houses in Pueblo, and Pendleton, in the days when I lived in Old Mexico and California, but in the years that I have been wrangling the Black Diamonds and 'herding them into coal bins, I have forgotten their names, and cannot even get a saddle catalogue.

Well, any way, here's my check or subscription. I hope to change my address Southwestward before I could use more. I have been hoping that for 10 years, but the prospects begin to look brighter. I know I can get you several customers as soon as I show them your paper. Some Western "nuts" like me, (if that is possible) and the best of luck to you and Hal.

JACK DERING.

MORE FAMOUS PEOPLE WRITE TO US TELLING HOW GOOD IS OUR PAPER

I been gettin' a lot more nice letters about this here cow paper we are gettin' out every week. Just had one from that famous writer Porter Emerson Brown, who is busy workin' out something or another with them movie folks over in Hollywood, but he says he will 'sho' be to our party here durin' the Rodeo in February. He sends in some good advice about Hoops and Horns and wishes us all sorts of success.

Then we got one from Gene Rhodes sayin' he reads Hoops and Horns, every line down to an' includin' the advertisements like he uses to read the wrappers on the Arbuckle Coffee packages when he was ridin' range over there in New Mexico. Hoops and Horns, he says, being the only publication he receives that gets that sort of readin'. He also says his Christmas presents this year will be subscriptions to this here "Almanac" we're gettin' out for we gotta double our circulation by Christmas. I see where that old Rannahan writer for the El Paso Times, H. S. Hunter, takes a fall outa Gene for turnin' poet, he publishes the poem just the same Course Hunter bein' born and raised down here in the Southwest don't know any better. He aint been civilized yet.

Anton Mazzanovich, the old scout who wrote "Trailing Gerónimo," writes from "the quiet" retreat in Hollywood that he is trying to entertain his brother Max, who is visiting him from New York. Imagine that old ex-plainman and scout trying to entertain an old hand from New York that's been with George M. Cohan, for 26 years as manager of his string of theaters.

A GIGANTIC FEEDING PLANT FOR LUBBOCK

Lubbock, Texas. — A gigantic feeding plant that may be one of the largest of its kind in the Southwest when it is completed in 1933 is under construction at Yellowhouses canyon, east of here.


The completed plant will cost around \$100,000 and will accommodate between 50,000 and 60,000 cattle, sheep and hogs. About 1,000 head of cattle will be placed in the pens now under construction.

Ask Dad, He Knows
"Say, papa, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?"
"We are told so, my son."
"Then, if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"

MODERN WAY TO MARKET YOUR CATTLE

The Los Angeles Union Stock Yards is one of the most modern central marketing plants in the United States, offering to the livestock growers of the Southwest a daily cash market for all kinds of merchantable livestock, and an opportunity under competitive bidding to supply more than three million people in metropolitan Los Angeles with their daily meat ration.

LOS ANGELES UNION STOCK YARDS
The Great Western Market



California

The California Meat Producers To Push Choice Meat Sales For Christmas Holidays During Livestock Show

Southern Californians are looking forward to the greatest supply of prime beef, lamb and pork in this section's history as a result of the heavy consignments of prize baby beef, lambs and hogs to the fat stock division of the Sixth Annual Great Western Live Stock Show and Rodeo, to be held at the Los Angeles Union Stock Yards, November 28th to December 5th.

Southern California meat producers and distributors are determined to push sales of choice steaks, roasts and chops as the principal item on Christmas holiday menus. They

take their cue from the old English custom, calling for a prime roast of beef, roast lamb or roast pork for the holiday season.

Retailers are showing immense interest in featuring prize meats from the prime fat stock to be exhibited at the Show. A campaign is also being waged to encourage large institutions and individuals to make practical Christmas presents to employees and patrons, consisting of prime roasts, steaks and chops which can be appreciated by the entire family. The support of such buying power at the auction

BLIZZARD

You take a good look at the rim of the sky
A queer feelin' comes in your gizzard.
You notice your land marks: right well you know why;
You're about to lock horns with a blizzard.
You wrop up your ears and you tie down your hat,
Your hoss gives a worrisome nicker.
It comes with a rush and it's sweepin' the flat
By the time you git into your slicker.

The force of the wind and the dust and the snow,
Has you and your hoss a most strangled.
You drift along with it because you both know
That you and a blizzard has tangled.
Through the gloom on each side you see shadowy forms.
The wind makes you reel in your saddle.
There is no critter livin' will face such a storm,
And you're driftin' along with the cattle.

The night settles in, it is awful and black,
You know several hours have passed.
You go up and down hill, then, the wind seems to slack,
You are into the cedars at last.
The night is so dark that a feller can't see
But then and how he can feel.
You pile up dry twigs at the foot of a tree
When you've scraped the snow back with your heel.

One hand's in your shirt. You've been keepin' it there;
And now it is warm and plum steady.
You bunch up some matches and rub in your hair,
And crouch where your kindlin' is ready.
You strike them a ketchin' the edge of your teeth.
About then you are thinkin' a lot.
And you sure give a plenty big grunt of relief
When you see that your kindlin' is caught.

All night in the storm you keep feedin' the blaze
At daybreak it's just about quit.
Them storms mightn't hurt you but then anyways,
They don't help a feller a bit.
You climb onto high ground till you find where you are.
It is tough breakin' trail through the snow.
There's smoke from some timber, it looks mighty far.
It's the ranch of a feller you know.

—Bruce Kiskaddon.

The Holmes Live Stock Commission Co.

Los Angeles Union Stock Yards
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
SHIP US YOUR LIVESTOCK
CATTLE — SHEEP — HOGS
Market Information Gladly Furnished
Hartford Bonded

sale of prize fat animals is expected to do much towards adding to the competition and thus bolstering the prices.

The most expert breeders and feeders in more than twenty states are preparing their finest animals for exhibition and sale at the Los Angeles show, where champions of the East will meet champions of the West for the highest honors in the livestock kingdom.

Railroads are offering special excursion fares to Los Angeles and return during the period of the show.

Better times are ahead for the stockmen, in the opinion of sponsors of the Show. They believe that the turning point in livestock prices is now at hand and that the publicity attendant to the Show in advertising better meats will do much towards raising price levels and bringing prosperity back to the stockman.

Prominent officials of the Mexican government will be honored guests the Show, according to announcement made by J. A. McNaughton, Executive Director of the Show.

Heading the list of notables from Mexico will be Senor Don Francisco Elias, newly appointed Minister of Agriculture. Minister Elias is a cousin of General Calles and is one of the most prominent cattlemen in Sonora, Mexico. Several large cattle operators South of the border will accompany Senor Elias on the visit to the Los Angeles Show where they will inspect the exhibits of registered beef cattle from more than twenty-four different states, with the idea of importing some of the prize American breeding stock to Mexico.

Leading Western cattlemen are planning elaborate entertainment for the Mexican officials during their stay in Los Angeles, with the idea of cementing friendly relations with stockmen in the sister Republic. Governor Rolph of California will personally greet the Mexican delegation.

THANKSGIVING CUT FARES

Thanksgiving "homecoming" rates again will be put into effect by railroads and bus lines.

Southern Pacific lines announces the rate of one cent a mile will be effective Nov. 24 to Dec. 3. Round trip tickets, good on all trains, will be sold on a basis of three-fifths of the customary one-way fare. These will be sold in the territory from Portland, Ore., to El Paso and from San Francisco to Ogden, Utah, with Salt Lake City included.

Nut So Many

Scotchman—There's a fine building for ye. What dae ye think of it?
American—Say, that's nothing. We've got hundreds of buildings like that.

Scotchman—I expect ye have. 'Tis an asylum.

Hoofs and Horns, \$2.00 per year.

Zach Lamar Cobb ATTORNEY AT LAW

Telephone 3907
929 Citizens National Bank
Building
Los Angeles, California

The Livestock Situation

By J. A. McNAUGHTON

Los Angeles, November 20.—With the Southern California retail trade developing more and more along a demand for better quality

beef, there is greater interest in the feedlot finishing of both cattle and lambs than at any previous time. It is estimated that there are about 25,000 cattle on grain and other concentrate

feeds within a 200 miles radius of Los Angeles, and many thousands of cattle will be finished on grain in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, and in Imperial Valley of California.

This is a very welcome trend, and represents a huge increase over five years ago, when the idea of finish-feeding cattle was just getting under way in the Pacific Southwest. On the Los Angeles market, there is a daily demand for several hundred "feeder" steers, all of which are going into feedlots. This opens up a market for thin steers of desirable breeding and holds off a great volume of inferior beef from retail channels.

There is no better method of sta-

bilizing beef values than through utilization of the feedlot. When we depend entirely upon the range, there are more than enough cattle during the season when grass is good, and a shortage when feed is short. By the same token, there is a great variation in the quality and finish of our beef, between good range feed years and the dry seasons. Through both supplemental feeding of the range and the use of feedlots, the flow of cattle to the market is equalized and to a great extent, the market values are stabilized.

There is a big field for feedlot finishing of both cattle and lambs in California and Arizona. This does not mean an increase in the beef supply, but it does mean improvement in quality. The practice is developing of taking the half-fat cattle from the range and finishing them in the feedlot. At the same time, this opens up a profitable, stable outlet for hay and grain and other supplements such as sesame meal, copra meal, dried beet pulp and cottonseed products.

To the average farm operator, the placing of livestock on the place means an additional cash income and an invaluable supply of fertilizer with which to improve the soil.



J. A. McNaughton

"We Sell 'em High and Weigh 'em Full"

Established 1918

D. H. LILLYWHITE COMPANY

Bonded Livestock Commission Merchants

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LOS ANGELES

We Specialize also in Stockers and Feeders

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BE SURE TO SEE...

The 6th Annual GREAT WESTERN LIVESTOCK SHOW and RODEO

SEE THE premier registered breeding stock, championship rodeo events, junior activities, nationally-famous band, judging, auctions, farm equipment displays—and a long list of other entertaining and profitable features crowded into eight exciting days! See especially the extensive and greatly-increased display of valuable registered Herefords, under the auspices of the American Hereford Cattle Breeders' Association. See the choicely-bred Aberdeen Angus and Shorthorn beef cattle—and all the modern breeds of swine and sheep—in the greatest livestock show ever held in the west! Reduced railroad and special coach rates.



Auction Sale
Registered
Herefords,
Thurs, Dec. 3

LOS ANGELES Union Stock Yards
Nov. 28---Dec. 5



Arizona State Fair Closes After a Successful Week, Regardless of Daily Rains

The 27th Annual State Fair of Arizona closed officially last Sunday night. This was the greatest state ever held, but on account of heavy daily rains the attendance was not up to expectations, though many thousand brave elements daily to see the number of exhibits from all over the state. The Livestock Exhibit was the best they ever had at the State Fair.

The fair officials all worked hard to make the show a success and no did more than Joe Dillon, who about tuckered out when the "15" closed.

During a fine day racing program that couldn't be beat on any track, the fair closed Sunday with an auto speed program that was the best ever seen there.

Yet weather made the race track very hot but some fast time was made. Had been intended to hold a 10th's racing meet at the fair grounds some time next month, but the plans have been cancelled and there will be no more races till next time.

The automobile races were sanctioned by the American Automobile Association in agreement with the International Motor Contest Association.

The finest herds of Ayrshire, Jersey, Holstein-Friesian, Guernsey, Hereford cattle ever shown in

the state, the prize stock of 59 owners from the principal dairy and livestock states of the West and Southwest, were seen there.

Thousands of chickens, pigeons, pheasants, ducks, geese, and rabbits were shown in the poultry department exhibit buildings.

Sheep, goats and swine pens contained some of the finest animals of that class ever shown at the fair and give some idea of the progress in those industries.

The agricultural wealth of the state was displayed in the main agricultural building, where 12 of the state's 14 counties had exhibits.

Indian Exhibits
Indian arts and crafts were demonstrated by the Hopi, Navajo and Maricopa tribesmen. Silversmithing, rug and blanket weaving and pottery making were shown, while outstanding examples of this kind of work were shown in the exhibit booths.

The state game and fish department display showed wild animal life native of the state, as well as varieties of reptiles.

Minerals abundant in the state were displayed in the mining building—gold, copper and silver ores; lead, and all kinds of semi-precious stones.

The midway program and carnival section of the fair included 20 different kinds of shows and half as many riding devices.

ARIZONA RANGE NEWS

C. A. Baldwin, general manager of the Chandler Improvement Co., at Chandler, Ariz., bought 300 steers from the Glenn Ranch Co., at Benson through M. S. Plummer, of Phoenix.

Frank Rendon sold a half interest in his cattle and ranch. Carlos Ronstadt tallied out the cattle.

Carlos Ronstadt bought 100 head of the Manual King two-year-old heifers from Roy Adams, for W. S. Lackner of Tucson.

M. S. Plummer bought two cars of fat calves and two cars of fat steers from Frank Rendon, for the Tovrea Packing Company.

Bud Parker recently shipped four cars of his Ellas fat three year old steers to the Los Angeles market. These steers were all white face cattle and were extra good. They weighed 881 at Amado at the loading station and weighed 865 on the Los Angeles Market.

They were so solid there was very little shrink.

Land & Shepherd received two cars of yearling steers and one car of calves at the Southwestern yards in Tucson this week.

THE HOTEL ALEXANDRIA AT LOS ANGELES, HEAD-QUARTERS FOR STOCKMEN

The 1931 Great Western Live Stock Show and Rodeo will be held at the Los Angeles Union Stock Yards, November 28th to December 5th and the greatest show ever held is predicted.

Hotel Alexandria has again been made official hotel headquarters and special rates for rooms have been authorized—Rooms without bath, \$1.50 Single, \$2.50 double. Rooms with bath, \$2.50 Single, \$4.00 Double. Reduced rates for finest foods on Pacific Coast in our Cafeteria, Coffee Shop and Main Dining Room. Garage service to and from our entrances without charge—2 large parking stations across from the hotel.

You will feel right at home here at the Alexandria where a real hearty welcome awaits you if it is your intention to take in the Live Stock Show. Don't miss it!

Fay Smalley, assistant manager, writes: "Anticipating the pleasure of having you as our guest and hoping to receive your reservation at an early date, we are, 'Cordially and hospitably, F. R. SMALLEY.' (Continued next week.)"

LESS NOISE, PLEASE

"Doris," said the harassed mother, "what a noise you made on the stairs. Now go back and come down properly."

Two and a half minutes later Doris re-entered the room.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mother?"

"No, dear, you came down like a lady."

"Yes, mother; this time I slid down the banisters."

HARRISON DIDN'T CATCH SAM BASS — BUT HE STARTED TO TRACK HIM

By H. Harrison

The story and song of Sam Bass you published recently in Hoofs and Horns sure got my memory working. I was stationed at Fort Elliott, in the Panhandle when I got a telegram from Jerry Digger, marshal at Dodge City, Kansas, telling me to look out for some train robbers traveling in pairs. Two of them crossed the railroad at Grande. I was just fool enough of a gink to think I could bag some of them alone.

I struck the road and crossed to the Canadian River, crossed over and made for Jinny Creek. Found a friend of mine camped in the road. Being then about dark, he insisted on me camping with him. He being an old bar tender, I sure accepted. I finally told him I was on the lookout for some train robbers and that there was a big reward for them.

Well, he just looked off and as much as to say, "You damn fool, do you want to get killed?" As I picked my horse out, I noticed two horses and a mule track going down to the creek. The next morning I followed down the creek and found where they crossed. I reckon they had been gone about two hours. They proved to be Sam Bass and one of the Collins brothers. I never overtook them.

Joe Collins and his partner was killed about 4 miles east of Buffalo Springs by the Sheriff.

Collins stopped at the station to water their horses. His partner stepped into the station and the operator, the only man there, for I was at Elliott at the time. He being posted to look out for any one that looked like train robbers, he at once telegraphed to the sheriff at Elliott. The sheriff, with Deputy Sterlec rode to meet them about 10 miles out. They saw the outlaws coming toward Elliott. In meeting them, the sheriff and deputy rode right past them, one on each side, then wheeled around and fired, killing both men. The man, Collins hung to the saddle for about 100 yards before he fell off his horse. The officers got about \$45,000, it is said and I believe it. I got well acquainted with the sheriff at San Antonio on the border of New Mexico and he gave me the full details of the capture. He always had plenty of money after the capture. The railroad company never got much of it.

Your friend Jim Doherty had the story about right as to Bass. Doherty got the beef contracts after Tom Stockton and Frank Wabasse lost their 8000 head of cattle in 1872. He got the contract through Fritz and Murphy at Fort Stanton.

Sam Bass' career was that Murphy (not Jimmy Murphy), got in with Dutch Henry at and around Dodge City. Dutch had a trial under a cottonwood tree near Trinidad, Colorado, and Murphy went over the road from some town up in Kansas.

RANCHMAN OWES LIFE TO HORSE IS BIG BEAR ATTACKS

Alamogordo, N. M.—Carmen Baca, farm foreman at the Oliver Lee ranch for many years, today owes his life to the alertness of his horse.

An enormous female bear which had lost its mate from a hunter's bullet and who was out for vengeance was lying concealed in a mountain canyon yesterday.

Baca was on his rounds checking fence repairs, and did not know that Mrs. Bruin was within a few feet of him. But his horse did, and the animal swerved and bolted, just as the bear emerged to take a swipe at the ranchman.

FOUNDER OF CARLSBAD IS DEAD IN DENVER

Arthur Eddy, 75, Colorado pioneer and founder of Eddy, N. M., now Carlsbad, died in Denver, Colorado last week.

Eddy came west 50 years ago and engaged in cattle raising in Colorado and New Mexico. He and a brother financed and promoted the El Paso and Northeastern railroad in Texas, now a part of the Rock Island.

CATTLE SHIPMENTS GAIN

Alamogordo, N. M.—Alfred Hunter, cattle inspector for Otero and Lincoln counties, reports more active cattle movements during October, with 3013 cattle and 230 mules moved. The latter were shipped to Memphis, Tenn. The shipments were by Prather brothers and J. D. Swope.

Subscribe now for Hoofs and Horns. One year \$2, three years \$5.

Standard Garage
(Herbert Lewis & Sons)
55 N. 6th Ave. Phone 346
Tucson, Ariz.
Storage, Repairs
LUNCH ROOM
Never Closed

Y TO HOLD UP COWBOYS. GET SHOT FULL OF HOLES

Aul Fodge and his brother made mistake the other night up there Yavapai when they put on a dance and tried to hold up a dance over on Lynx Creek that was attended by a bunch of cowboys. When the stickup men threw n on them young waddies and 'em to stick up their paws, they a fusilade of bullets which mow wounded Paul, and the boot-lauded in jail. James Spring of Prescott was shot in the n by a stray bullet, but will r. Them range fellers didn't ot from their HIPS, but got their o men just the same, like cows always do. It always makes plumb angry to have any body to hold 'em up with a gun.

LIKE RESERVATIONS EARLY

When the Arizona Cattle Grow meet in Tucson February 16th 17th, 1932, the Santa Rita Ho here will be the official head-rters, so you folks who want o there better get your room r-ervations made early, 'cause there going to be a big crowd here. Rodeo Association of America ts right after the Cattlemen's vention and then the Tucson winter Rodeo will start on the l.

Hoofs and Horns, \$2.00 per year; e years \$5.00.

STOCK PEN CASE SET FOR HEARING DEC. 14 AT TOMBSTONE

The Arizona Corporation Commission has set the hearing of the Tombstone and vicinity cattlemen's complaint against the Southern Pacific railroad company for December 14 and the hearing will be held in the Tombstone city hall on that date.

The case grew out of the refusal to provide shipping pens for some 15 or 20 cattle shippers whose income would be appreciably increased by having shipping facilities at this point.

The merits of the case will be presented on the above date and the railroad officials will be here to contest the claims of the cattlemen.—Tombstone Epitaph.

PACKING COMPANY CITED BY BOARD

Phoenix, Ariz.—The state livestock sanitary board today ordered the Tovrea Packing company to show cause why its license to slaughter should not be revoked.

Charles T. Francis, secretary of the board, said the packing company was being cited "because of failure to comply with the state law pertaining to a stamping fee."

When you are making up your Christmas present budget, it would be a good idea to include a few subscriptions to Hoofs and Horns for your friends and relations.

FRANKLIN

BLACKLEG VACCINE

Life Immunity With One Dose!

YOU get protection—safety from loss and freedom from anxiety or risk. Franklin Bacterin means death to Blackleg germs, but life for your calves.

At Drug Store Agencies, otherwise direct. Send for new 5th edition Call Book, Free!

O. M. FRANKLIN BLACKLEG SERUM COMPANY
Denver, Kansas City, El Paso, Marfa, Amarillo, Wichita
Fort Worth, Alliance, Rapid City, Santa Maria, Calgary



'Billy the Kid' Was First to Sue For Peace, Old Letter Shows: Wrote Governor Lew Wallace Asking Chance to Be Peaceful

Santa Fe, N. M.—A new conception of "Billy the Kid," as a Lincoln county "gangster" who got tired of fighting and wanted to go to work, is presented here by M. G. Fulton, of Roswell, English instructor at New Mexico Military Institute.

Mr. Fulton is researching in Santa Fe for information on the life of "The Kid." He holds no element of sympathy for the notorious New Mexico outlaw, but raises a new issue of whether it was William Bonney, alias "Billy the Kid" and William Antrim, who first sued for peace.

Most of those who have written in the past, have had that it was Governor Lew Wallace, who offered to forget about the Kid's past crimes if he would put up his pistols.

Fulton also raises the issue of whether it was the Kid or Governor Wallace who really violated the terms of their agreement when the Kid surrendered.

Fulton is preparing a magazine article on "Governor Lew Wallace and Billy the Kid," in which he treats in detail the relationships between the two men, and is likewise working on a new book for future publication.

"I have no wish to fight any more," Bonney wrote Governor Wallace, in a hitherto unpublished letter which Mr. Fulton obtained from Lew Wallace of New York, nephew of the New Mexico governor and general.

This letter, Mr. Fulton said, was written by Bonney to Governor Wallace in March of 1879, at a time when \$1,000 was posted for the arrest of Bonney in connection with the killing of Attorney Chapman of Lincoln county.

This letter which follows, is believed by Mr. Fulton to represent the real beginning of negotiation between Governor Wallace and the outlaw—and it is Bonney, not the Governor who sought peace.

The letter read:—

March 13.
To His Excellency the Governor
General Lew Wallace.

Dear sir:—

"I have heard that you will give one thousand dollars for my body, which as I can understand it, means

Steam Heat
Reasonable Rates
CATTLEMEN'S
HEADQUARTERS
Arizona Hotel
Mills Jans, Prop.
WEEKLY AND MONTHLY
RATES
TELEPHONE 1690
35 N. 6TH AVE.
TUCSON, ARIZONA

alive as a witness. I know that it is as a witness against those that murdered Mr. Chapman. If it was so as that I could appear in court, I would give the desired information, but I have indictments against me for things that happened in the late Lincoln county war and am afraid to give up because my enemies would kill me. The day Mr. Chapman was murdered I was in Lincoln at the request of good citizens to meet J. J. Dolan, to meet as a friend so as to be able to lay aside my arms and go to work. I was present when Mr. Chapman was murdered and known who did it, and if it were not for those indictments I would have made it clear before now. If it is in your power to annul those indictments, I hope you will do so as to give me a chance to explain. Please send me an answer telling me what you can do. You can answer by bearer. I have no wish to fight any more. As to my character I refer to any of the citizens, for the majority of them are my friends and have been helping me all they can. I am called Kid Antrim, but Antrim is my step-father's name.

waiting an answer, I remain,
Your obedient servant,
W. H. Bonney."

Windy Bill

By CHARLES L. BIRK

(Continued from last issue)

"He took all the hosses so I had to make it back to Cow Springs on foot. Wounded an' bleedin' as I was I came damn near not gittin' there, but I finally pulled in 'bout dark.

"They sent out posses an' scoured the country but never found no trace of that robber.

"Not long after that, word came to us that there had been a gun fight over in Lordsburg. One man was killed an' the other wounded bad, so bad that he was slowly dyin', but 'fore goin' across, he confessed to bein' one of the men that held up the stage. He said the gold was buried at Hogback Mountain, but 'fore he could give the right location, he died. Wal, as you know, Hogback is here on the Diamond A range and its pretty big. The gov'ment knowed they'd have a hard time diggin' all over that mountain so they offered a good sized reward to anyone that found the gold. Wal, that started a stampee fer Hogback an' I'm here to tell you that that mountain was popular as a free drink saloon. People from all over the country come to dig, but they never found nothin', only the pack saddles that were used to carry

the gold. The gov'ment finally seen it was nigh a hopeless job so they offered half the gold to anyone that found it.

"A rumor started floatin' around that somebody had seen the dead outlaw's ghost and it tole 'em it meant to pect that gold and was goin' to keep sinkin' it deeper an' deeper so they would never find it. In them days people was mighty superstitious and some of 'em believed that wild tale, so they stopped diggin' sudden like, an' to this day that gold ain't never been found. You can go around Hogback Mountain right now an' see big holes that's been dug by the gold hunters."

Windy Bill was silent for awhile, and Spence Hill spoke up. He was an old timer, cooking for the roundup and had spent most of his life in New Mexico.

"That story is shore the truth boys," he said, "I know, 'cause I was one o' them that dug the biggest hole."

"Several years after that," Windy continued, "I was punchin' cows for the Diamond A's spread an' one day I was herdin' a bunch over Hogback. I was right on top and had to get off my hoss to tighten the cinch.

"I happened to look down and lyin' at my feet was the biggest roll of bills I ever seen. Bein' in a hurry I jes' stuffed 'em in my back pocket without payin' no 'tention to 'em. When I got back to the ranch that evenin' an' we was all in the bunk house, I tole the boys 'bout my find an' reachin' in my pocket where I had put the money I found nothin' but a handful of dust. Them bills was so old they had jes' turned to nothin'. We couldn't even find pieces big enough to get the serial numbers from. I was shore let down some, but it was my fault, an' I spent the rest of the year cussin' myself."

The roundup was over in about a month, an' we shipped the last steer East so that them city folks could have fresh beef fer awhile, when Windy an' me decided to go on a deer hunt. The Diamond A had laid us off fer the winter an' we didn't have nothin' special to do, so we figured that a deer hunt would be a nice little vacation fer us. Windy said he knew some mighty good deer country down around the Gila River an' in the Malpais Range so that's where we decided to head fer.

We started out one cold mornin' with a couple of pack horses, plenty of grub an' enough ammunition to kill every deer in the state of New Mexico. Windy was leadin' the procession an' he took me through about the wildest country I ever seen. Over high rugged mountains; across deserts; through deep gorges an' canyons where the walls on either side rose to thousands of feet. The brush was so damn thick in places, I thought shore it would pull me from my horse. That evenin' about sundown we entered a

long narrow canyon which was probably two hundred feet wide and about ten miles long. After makin' our way down this fer awhile we came to an old tumble down cabin with a pole corral out in front, an' a few feet from the corral was a spring of mighty clear water.

"Reckon we'll camp here fer the night," said Windy, dis mountin' "we'll unroll our beds in that corral."

I was shore glad he had called a halt 'cause I was just about as saddle galled as any man could get, an' when I slid from my saddle an' my feet hit the ground I thought shore my knees were gonna buckle under me. But I didn't let on to Bill how I felt. He woulda made fun of me. Me, mein' a cowpuncher, I wasn't supposed to get saddle tired from a day's ride.

We unpacked the horses an' turned them loose, all but one which would be used as a wranglin' horse in the mornin', an' after carryin' our packs into the corral we prepared supper. Flapjacks, beefsteak, fried potatoes an' coffee. That food tasted mighty good an' we shore lost no time in gettin' rid of it.

"What's the name of this canyon?" I asked Windy, after we had cleaned the dishes an' was sittin' by the fire, smokin'. The moon was just risin' an' it shore was pretty; floodin' everything with a soft mellow light.

"This here place is called Dead Man's Canyon," answered Windy.

"Where did it get its name?"

"Wal sir, years ago they was two families of immigrants from Missouri settled here an' built this cabin. After diggin' out enough gold to live comfortable on fer the rest of their lives they prepared to leave. A band of outlaws learned in some way about them findin' the gold, an' the night before the settlers was aggerin' to pull stakes, the outlaws raided 'em an' shore pulled a bloody massacre. Kilt off ever' last one, even down to the women an' children, then made off with the gold. Them outlaws was never caught, even though folks here-'bouts hunted 'em fer years after-ward. From that time on the natives called this place Dead Man's Canyon."

"The name shore fits it," I remarked.

"Yes sir, it's well named, an' some say the place is haunted. I don't believe in them things myself, but I camped here alone a few times, an' it shore give me the creeps. Felt like somebody I couldn't see was a-watchin' me. I've heard wallin' sounds like a woman cryin' straight up on my head, but I don't s'pose it was nothin' but the wolves an' mountain lions—this country is full of 'em."

"A cheerful place to spend the night, Windy," I said, shiverin' an' pullin' my leather jacket closer around me. "Has anything funny ever been seen here?"

(Continued next week)

CHAMPION STOCK JUDGING TEAM OF NEW MEXICO AWARDED SANTA FE PRIZE

The four members of the champion livestock judging team of the state and their coach, William O'Donnell, Raton vocational agriculture director, were awarded prizes today by O. J. DeHaven, division freight agent of the Santa Fe railroad.

The prizes were awarded by the Santa Fe railroad and consisted of a check for \$50 to each of the four members of the championship team and to the coach. Members of the team are Farren Gray, Harold Wingo, O. J. Thompson, and John J. Phelps.

The money will be used to pay the expenses of the team and the coach to the American Royal livestock show in Kansas City. It will pay all railroad fare, hotel rooms for four days, and incidentals of the trip.

The boys left last Saturday—The Raton Range.

MITCHELL'S HEREFORD VISITED BY AG CLASS

Recently the Mitchell ranch at Albert and their feeding ranch at Springer were visited by the livestock judging boys. At the Springer ranch the boys looked over 100 head of very uniform Hereford bull calves that were being fitted for the market. At the Mitchell ranch the boys judged several classes of registered Hereford cows and received much value from this work. While the classes were being arranged the boys looked over the ranch. The Mitchell Hereford ranch is one of the largest Hereford ranches in New Mexico and has a very large herd of registered cattle.—O. J. Thompson in Raton Range.

FAVORABLE RANGE CONDITION SHOWN

Las Cruces, N. M.—Range conditions in early November in New Mexico are good with the exception of a few locations that were not benefited by the October rains, according to the report of the New Mexico Crop and Livestock Reporting service. The condition of the ranges were reported at 87 per cent normal compared with 88 per cent a month ago.

Cattle and calves held up well, the report says, their condition is estimated at 91 per cent of normal as compared with 92 per cent on Oct. 1 and 88 per cent a year ago.

The condition of sheep and lambs on New Mexico ranges is about normal for this season of the year.

Movement of lambs will probably be later than last year. Sheep and lambs are reported as being 90 per cent normal, compared with 92 per cent last month and 87 per cent a year ago.

We want every range cow man in the country to send in at least \$2 for Hoofs and Horns. It takes money to keep up a paper. You folks need this paper and we need the money to keep it going for you.



Mixed Calf Prices Go Upward; West Texas Glad Over Raise; Drummond Buying Cattle

By L. C. SLOAN

San Angelo, Texas.—With mixed calves weighing 50 to 75 pounds more than was expected, a price rise of one cent a pound during recent days has brought smiles to cattlemen of West Texas. Mixed calves are going at 5 1-2 cents a pound now, which looks a lot better than the 4 1-2 cents paid a few days ago.

Many calf transactions are being completed in the Big Bend Country of Texas and the first of December will see all of the desirable calves gone from that territory. Feeders have contracted most of the calves with the bulk of the trading done in the last 15 days. Prices are fair and calves are weighing on the average and some better than in recent years. The range is still dry in the Big Bend, in Presidio, Brewster, and Jeff Davis counties, and rain is needed badly.

W. B. Mitchell and Sons of Marfa, whose names are synonymous with cattle, have shipped out sev-

eral thousand head of cattle. Shipments on Nov. 15, 16, 17 and Dec. 1 of some 3,000 calves and yearlings will finish their shipping this fall, with the exception of a few scattered loads in December.

R. O. Ridler of Oklahoma City has purchased about 1,000 calves in recent days while W. E. Young of San Angelo has bought 1,400 calves in the Mason-Menard area to go to Illinois.

A. A. Drummond of Hominy, Okla., is in West Texas making purchases of cattle. He grazes each year about 32,000 head on his place, buying 10,000 in the spring and leasing out pasture for the other 22,000.

F. C. Mellard, representing Letts and Talkington of Letts, Kansas, has sent out a large number of calves to Iowa feeders. W. Oliphant of Wichita, Kansas, has sent a great many to the feed lots of that state.

Dozens of other cattle buyers arrived in San Angelo during the week.

WEST TEXAS REPRESENTED AT KANSAS CITY SHOW

San Angelo, Texas.—West Texas is well represented at the Kansas City Royal Stock show opening on Nov. 15 in Kansas City.

Those from West Texas who have heretofore in carlot divisions at the show are: W. D. Garran and Son, Lobo; John D. Hughes and Son, Haskell; George Jones, Marfa; Means Brothers, Valentine; Smith Brothers, Marfa; R. R. Smith, Lobo; W. C. Allison, Alpine; Estate of Mrs. Lee K. McCutcheon, Alpine; Reid Brothers, Alpine; Swenson Land and Cattle Company, Stamford; Claud Benton, Hereford; W. E. Driggers, Thompson Brothers, W. R. Harris, J. R. Driggers, Santa Rosa, N. M.; Western Hereford Exchange, Midland; R. C. Williams, Fort Davis; L. B. Hapgood, Henrietta; W. K. Dickinson, Sr., Lubbock; Fred Hobart, Canadian.

FEED 300 BABY BEEVES

AT WILKERSON RANCH
300 highbred Hereford calves, excepted from the middle of July to October 8th are carrying 100 pounds of extra flesh at a cost of \$3.00 according to S. C. Fisk, in charge of H. H. Wilkerson ranch in the western part of the county.

The calves were fed a mixture of 40 parts of wheat, 50 parts of oats, ground and 50 parts of ground barley and alfalfa hay in mangers.

74 steer calves out of this group have been weaned, dehorned and put on a fattening ration containing wheat, oats, barley, falfa and cottonseed meal and ground hogari and cane for roughage.—Big Springs, Texas, News.

TEXAS CATTLE BEST SHAPE IN YEARS, SAYS GOVT. REPORT

Austin.—F. E. Finley, livestock statistician of the Texas and United States departments of agriculture, said today in his November report that livestock will go into the winter probably in the best condition in years.

Ranges have improved during October and moisture conditions are favorable in all but the south, southeast and the southern portion of the Edward's plateau region, the report stated.

"In localities shrinkage has occurred, but in the majority of sections cattle have held up well," Finley's report said. "The condition Nov. 1 is reported at 80 per cent of normal, the same as on Oct. 1."

Range conditions have improved over most of the west and northwestern portions of the state during October. Good rains fell over the eastern and northern portions of the Edward's plateau region in north, northwest and northeast Texas. However, it is still dry in the southeast and south districts and the southwestern portion of the Edward's plateau."

LIVESTOCK FEEDING BRINGS IN REVENUE

Brady, Texas.—Much additional revenue is expected to be brought to this section by a livestock feeding program this winter.

With 6000 lambs and 1000 steers already in the feed lots of McCulloch county, it is expected that this county will feed out about 30,000 animals this winter.

Hoofs and Horns, \$2.00 per year three years \$5.00.

BIG BEND CALVES

MOVING TO FEED LOTS

San Angelo, Texas.—The movement of cattle from the Big Bend Country of Texas to the corn belt is increasing in volume, and hundreds of head are moving out. W. B. Mitchell and Sons of Marfa have sent several hundred head from their ranches to Battle Creek, Iowa, where they will be auctioned off. November is perhaps the biggest month of the year for cattle movements from West Texas.

In the Big Bend some calves are being sold at 5 to 5 1-2 cents a pound mixed, but prices in general over the section are 4 1-5 to 5 cents a pound. Some contracts for calves at 6 cents a pound have been repudiated.

Between 500 and 600 calves have been shipped out by the Drake Commission Company of San Angelo.

SHIPPING CATTLE

FROM BIG BEND

Alpine, Texas.—Buyers from the north have been active in the Big Bend country the past few days.

Practically all of the calves that were for sale have been sold.

Kincaid Brothers loaded out 1150 steer calves to Norwich, Kas.; C. B. Price 1100 heifer calves to Latham, Kas.; Cap Berkeitt, 350 mixed calves. Other shipments are to be made in the next few days. Ranges are good and stock in good shape for the winter.

A REVIEW OF WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHALL

by
ANTON MAZZANOVICH
(Author of "Trailing Geronimo" and
True Short Stories of the South-
west Frontier)

I have read Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshall, by Stuart N. Lake, but it took me a number of weeks to build up courage in order to read this most remarkable story through. Now if it were not for the 18th Amendment, one could gather enough courage by gulping down a quart of cowboy delight. Outside of Wyatt Earp, most of the gun men on the frontier mentioned in the story did the same thing in order to kill their man. According to Earp's story he is "it" throughout the book. With the help of Stuart N. Lake the book has a carload of dime novels nailed to the mast.

To my mind Wyatt Earp is the Single O of the one or two gun artists that ever walked in high heel boots. Surely a guardian angel and the bullet proof armour saved his life on many occasions. Most of the story is an insult to the hard riding bunch who rode the trail from the Texas Panhandle to Abilene, Dodge City, Elsworth and Wichita. Most of them are described as gun men and killers, and this superman Earp made all of them from Ben Thompson down hunt for cover.

As far as Tombstone and Cochise County goes, Wyatt does not live up to his reputation gained else-

where. The Curly Bill killing as described by Earp is the biggest dream ever drawn from an opium pipe. As the story goes, it was a hot day and in order to ride with more comfort he loosened his cartridge belt. When Curly Bill's gang opened fire on the posse lead by Earp, he dismounted in order to get the bead on Curly Bill with his shirt cut. After he killed him he tried to remount, but the cartridge belt held his legs together. Any hombre knows that if he let the belt slip two notches, as soon as he hit the ground the belt full of cartridges would hit the ground about the same time. I rode that part of Graham and Cochise County from 1881 to 1883, and no one in that section ever showed me where Curly Bill was buried. And none of the oldtimers living today can show the location of the grave. Johnny Behan and my old friend William Breckenridge sure ket a dirty deal in Earp's story. No doubt a number of oldtimers will resent it. In fact it would have been better if the book had never been placed before an intelligent reading public.

Much has been written about Tombstone and Cochise County in the past and all stories are conflicting. Now Wyatt tells his story entirely different from all the rest that we have read. Some day perhaps some one will come out with the truth. To me the story is simply impossible. However, Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshall, has William S. Hart, the noted two gunman of the silent pictures, skinned by one hundred miles. Too bad that Wyatt Earp was not able to join our brave boys for service in the World War. It would have been easy for him to start out from the trench in the shank of the evening with a 45 frontier cannon in each hand and one in each boot leg, and by morning compel the whole German Army on French soil to throw up their hands and surrender. He held five hundred armed miners at bay with only a short cut gun in in Tombstone, Arizona, and saved Johnny Behind the Deuce from being lynched. A most remarkable stunt, if true.

An article published in the Los Angeles Times, issue of November 3rd, by Stuart N. Lake, author of Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshall, states that America's gangster problem could be solved within fifteen minutes, "if we had a few men with native courage such as Earp had." You are wrong, Mr. Lake. Wyatt Earp would not last overnight against our present day gun artists. He also said that he would bring out another book on the "he men" of the sixties, seventies and eighties. Impossible, Mr. Lake. Wyatt Earp killed them all long ago.

One good thing about Hoofs and Horns is that it is not in competition with any other publication because there is no other one like it. The field is unoccupied, or was till we entered it.

RANGE WOMAN'S COLUMN

By HELEN HUNT

When Mrs. Phoebe Hearst bought the San Jose de Babicora Ranch in western Chihuahua, Mexico, she was the first American woman known to own a ranch in Mexico.

Mrs. Hearst purchased the Babicora so as her nephew Jack Folidansbee, nationally known sportsman (horse racer and sailor and a friend of the late Sir Thomas Lipton), might manage this million acre domain—which he did for awhile. However, he tired of it and Mrs. Hearst put J. C. Hays in as manager.

Mr. Hays was the only American in Mexico who successfully repulsed Revolutionary forces in Mexico—Villa, Orozco and others—the Babicora vaqueros were loyal to their employer.

The Babicora is a magnificent ranch. Has run 60,000 head of the finest cattle in Mexico. The largest leopard ever known in Mexico was killed on the Babicora.

Mr. Parks, who is so universally liked in Mexico is present manager.

Mrs. Hearst left the Babicora to the well known William Randolph Hearst.

Mrs. Hearst was delightfully western in all her ways.

Some months ago I promised my Hoofs & Horns readers recipes and toggery suggestions, but have decided not to do so, as there are so many magazines you "cow girls" can get to give you all the ideas you want about eats and dress.

Anyway seems such recipes would be like serving barbe cue festooned with camembert and a demi tasse royale after a mulligan stew. They just wouldn't mix—would they?

Owing to severe illness in family, am cutting my column down a little.

Somewhere amid the branches of my ancestry there must have been a love of the open. If this is not true I am at a loss to know why the mountains, plains and the people who live among them fascinate me so.

Maybe it is the fine free air they breathe or it may be the simple unburied life they lead.

It may be the very greatness of nature, but whatever the reason, I like to think, talk and write about them.

Mrs. Wood, mother of Frank J. Hagenbarth, President of American Sheep Association of the United States and former owner of the famous Palomas Ranch in Mexico, truly a pioneer woman. She made a fortune in cattle, often telling how her husband, Mr. Wood, with his cowboys, drove their cattle from Colorado to Chicago market on foot. Once Mr. Wood and his cowboys drove their cattle in to Chicago. This time they had mounts, and after delivery attended McVickers Theatre with boots and spurs on.

Mrs. Woods was a woman of great strength of character. She even in her advanced years was in love with life—life of the west. While taking a woman's tender interest in all sweet and gentle things, she had an imagination that in strength and boldness was splendidly masculine.

She died rich. No words of praise could add to her fame. She was beloved by all who knew her.

My friendship with Mrs. Wood will always stand out as a bright oasis in memory's golden waste.

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Rodeos

Championships to Be Decided At Big Los Angeles Rodeo; Next Great Rodeo at Tucson

World Championship bucking, horse riders, steer riders, wild horse riders, ropers and all around cowboys will be decided at the Sixth Annual Great Western Livestock Show & Rodeo, to be held at the Los Angeles Union Stock Yards, November 28th to December 5th. This was announced today by Fred McCargar, Secretary of the Rodeo Association of America, who says that inasmuch as the Los Angeles rodeo is the last of the year, unquestionably the grand champion cowboy will be decided at this rodeo.

As a result, all of the high point winners in the Rodeo Association of America are making plans to compete in the big Los Angeles eight day show.

All rodeo managers in California will take part in a meeting of the Rodeo Association of America at the Stock Show, November 30th. Maxwell McNutt, San Francisco, president of the Association, will preside.

Leading cowboy and cowgirl contestants from western America are

already sending in their entries for the Los Angeles show. Thrills and spills are assured spectators, for Bob Anderson, veteran rodeo manager in charge of the show, has acquired a string of the wildest, orneriest examples of horseflesh from the open spaces where wild horses roam in California and other western range states. Over in Texas, Anderson has acquired a herd of wild Brahma steers which the boys will try to ride.

The next big outstanding rodeo will be at Wickenburg, February 12, 13, and 14, 1931 and the "La Fiesta de los Vaqueros," America's Midwinter Rodeo at Tucson, Arizona, on February 20, 21, and 22, 1932, at which time, or the two days prior, the Rodeo Association of America will hold its annual convention. At the same time the Annual Convention of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association will be held and the Southern Arizona Fair will be in session during the whole of this time, so its going to be an interesting week at the Old Pueblo.

BIG CONTEST RODEO OUT WICKENBURG WAY FEBRUARY 12, 13, AND 14 By Frank King

Jack Burden, owner of the Remuda ranch near Wickenburg, writes in that they are making elaborate preparations for the big Rodeo to be held there February 12, 13 and 14, 1932. This Rodeo will take the place of what was formerly the Wickenburg Rodeo, and is now known as "Pioneer Days Rodeo." It is a Rodeo Association of America Show, so that all hands who contest will be given their proper ratings with shows whose prizes amount to \$2,000 or more.

Coming, as it does, a week ahead of the Tucson Rodeo, contestants will get a chance at two big outstanding Rodeos close together, which will be a big help to hands, especially where they come a long distance. There will be thousands of dollars in cash prizes to be distributed over the period of the three days. This show is the same as the old Wickenburg Rodeo, only it will be much faster due to better equipment and wilder and faster livestock.

Wickenburg is going into this show with a big Fiesta. Three big parades with prizes and 49 days each night with all the old time trimmings and drawing each night. There will be plenty of entertainment night and day and there won't be any chance for anybody to get lonesome.

Them old boys around Wickenburg are good sports and they never do things by halves, whether its entertaining, or sticking to their traditions in the time of need.

Harry A. Alrich, former director at Wickenburg and Winslow will direct this Midwinter Rodeo and he has no peer at the game. He keeps things moving and there is never a slow moment while he is in the arena.

THE PORTERVILLE RODEO WAS A PLUM GOOD ONE. EARL THODE MILKS COW By Frank King

The first annual Rodeo of the American Legion, held at Porterville, California, on Armistice Day was a bigger success than its sponsors had hoped for, and this insures its repetition next year, when it will come out under the sanction of the Rodeo Association of America.

Dr. R. D. Parrish, commander of the American Legion was in charge of the Rodeo and Frank H. Pratt, who guided the affair as first assistant was largely responsible for the great success of the show.

The judges were Ed Pratt, Porterville, Dr. Van Sant, Bakersfield, and Harry Orrison, of Tulare.

The steers were wild and frisky. Not many of the boys kept their seats except the one they took to the soil. Casey Patterson of Calgary, Canada, took off first honors.

The calves used in the calf roping contest were wild and fast. A heap of the boys failed to connect with them, let alone the prize money. Smimet Gill, of Exeter took first money in 22 1-5 seconds, and J. C. Shawn tied his'n up in 41 second and secured second money. Time on other ropers got lost in the dust.

In the bareback riding event Casey Patterson got first money, same as he did in the steer riding. He is good.

The steer team roping was won by Raho and Blend in 28 seconds. Thode and Hunter were second in 48 seconds, which wasn't so fast.

Our informant didn't say who won the bucking horse contest. Cactus Pete, and Floyd Adamson, got dumped. Nick Millichuck rode his'n. Cical Henley and Earl Thode both stayed on, so did Clay Carr, but Jack Meyers was pried up by a big gray hoss called "Blue Heaven."

Earl Thode won the steer decorating contest in 6 1-5 seconds. Clay Carr was second in 7 1-5, and Frank Arroyo came draggin along third in 18 1-5. Joe De Mollo had a match race with his steer but never did overtake the bullock, 'cause his hoss couldn't run fast enough.

Seems like Earl Thode is a good milker. Any way he got first money in the wild cow milking contest, in 30 1-5 seconds, which proves he is a pretty rapid dairyman.

LOUISIANA RODEO CONTEST
Alexandria, La. — A sure-enough cowboy sports contest is slated for Ball Park here with the American Legion and Chamber of Commerce behind it, November 26-29, with Earl Gamble as arena director. Heavy attendance is assured, favorable weather permitting. Day-money purses in all events \$25, \$15 and \$10. The opening on Thanksgiving is considered an asset. There is to be free chuck on the grounds for all taking part in the rodeo.

RANGE WAR VICTIM IN HOSPITAL AT EL PASO
Frank Burris, Jr., of Chambray, N. M., who suffered a fractured skull last September 9, in a Dona Ana county, N. M., range war, has been received at the Masonic hospital at El Paso for treatment. He is suffering from pressure on the brain, attending physicians said.

PIONEER CATTLEMAN KILLED BY AUTOMOBILE WHILE RIDING ON ROAD

Montrose, Colo.—Al A. Neale, 73, pioneer cattleman and rancher, was killed last week near here when an automobile struck the horse he was riding on the highway. Neale was astride a coal black horse, leading a white horse. The driver of the automobile swerved to pass the white horse, striking the animal Neale was riding.

Neale came to the western slope from California in 1883. He won the grand championship for car-load lots of fancy steers at the Chicago international stock show in 1910 and 1911.

Hoofs and Horns would make a nice Christmas present for anybody who is interested in the old west.

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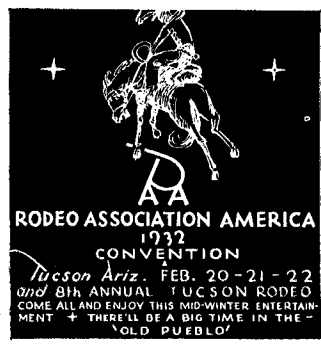


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"La Fiesta de los Vaqueros"

America's Midwinter Rodeo at Tucson, Arizona

February 20, 21, 22, 1932



Since the days when man first rode a hoss the proudest names of civilized languages, when literally translated, mean horsemen; sques, caballero, chevalier, cavalier. Until just yesterday "the man on hoss-back" had been for centuries the symbol of power and pride. For a hundred years though the hoss culture of the Southwest, the west half of the United States, was almost exclusively a population of horsemen; and never did the man on horseback ride more proudly or harder, or farther than in the place and time that has come to be called the OLD WEST. The Rodeo is doing more to preserve these traditions than any thing else, and while a lot of modern stunts are pulled, the old west is there cropping out at all times.

For Information Write Secy., Chamber of Commerce, Tucson, Arizona

COMING EVENTS

- November 14-21 — American Royal Live Stock Show, Kansas City, Mo.
- November 28-December 5 — International Live Stock Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
- November 28-December 5 — Western Stock Show and Rodeo, Los Angeles, Calif.
- January 16-23 — National Western Stock Show, Denver, Colo.
- January 27-29 — Convention American National Live Stock Assn., San Antonio, Texas.
- March 5-12 — Southwestern Exposition and Fair Stock Show, Fort Worth, Texas.
- March 15-17 — 56th Annual Convention Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Assn., El Paso, Texas.

RODEO DATES

- Tentative dates of shows issued by the Rodeo Association of America.
- November
- 28 to Dec. 5 — Annual Great Western Livestock Show and Rodeo, Los Angeles, Calif.
 - Feb. 12, 13 and 14, 1932 — Pioneer Days Rodeo—Wickenburg—under Rodeo Association of America Rules. Big Prizes. Jack Burden, Manager.
- Make your plans now to attend the next Rodeo Association Convention at Tucson, Ariz., February 19 and 20, 1932.
- FIESTA DE LOS VAQUEROS**, February 20, 21 and 22, Tucson, Arizona. Southern Arizona Fair at Tucson, February 19, 20, 21, 22.
- February 16 and 17, 1932, annual meeting of Arizona Cattle Growers' Association, at Tucson.

DUDE RANCHES



Official Publication for Arizona Dude and Guest Ranch Association.

Kellogg Getting Publicity In Cow Paper: Jim Converse Didn't Steal That Saddle

By M. A. KUHN

Got a letter the other day from "Cap" C. M. Joyce. Cap is still down at Spur Cross Ranch, about forty miles north of Phoenix, and of course it is a Dude Ranch yet, but you wouldn't know it from his letter. He is moaning about that "old yaller buckskin" of his'n bucking him off again. This time breaking a few ribs. He also lets out a wall, that would discourage and put any mountain lion to shame, and the subject of his moaning, is that lightning struck "Jermian" an Arab stallion, he had on the ranch for the purpose of getting some half Arabian colts which he hoped, some day would make excellent saddle horses for his dudes. This Arabian was a present from Mr. Kellogg, the "Korn Flakes King," and Cap's wall was evidently long and loud enough to reach him, as he has promised to send him another stallion when he comes to his California ranch this winter. Also he complains about the lions getting all of his colts, from this same stallion, except "Korn-Flakes, son of Dimples." The above, is a fine example of what lengths a cereal manufacturer will go to, in an effort to get recognition in a perfectly good cow paper, that will not even admit that cereals are good to eat, only for cattle, and then of course it makes good red beef. Now "Cap" was in the cattle business once, before he went wrong and got to be a dude rancher, but I never expected to see him get so low that he would connive with these cereal people in an effort to get publicity in a cow paper. Personally I don't think that old buckskin bucked him off at all. He is so old there ain't a good jump left in him. (I mean the horse).

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My guess is, that his bones got to rattling so badly, that Cap thought he had the ague, and got sick and fell off. And about those over-sized house cats feeding on his colts, I'm betting that if he would put out plenty of feed for his cats, and that "old houn' Deacon" I'll gamble that the rest of his colts get along. And if it is his house cats that are feeding on his colts, he has no one to blame but himself. I remember about a year and a half ago, when he fed his wife's pet canary to a kitten, (which is probably a good sized cat by now) and then had me lie like a gentleman, and swear that the wind blew the cage over, and the door flew open, and the cat just naturally got the canary when it came out. That was the beginning, and the cats have probably craved blood and red meat ever since, and look what that craving has developed into. Moral, Truthfulness and honesty is the best policy, and chickens come home to roost.

I have letters from Arizona, California, and New and Old Mexico, from people who have saddles for sale, or known of Mexican saddles that can be bought or rented. These saddles range from special saddles that were made for and owned by Gen. Roberto Cruz and General Terrazas, on down. The one formerly owned by Gen. Terrazas is said to be silver mounted and hand carved with the story of the bible engraved on it, and is now owned by Walter Cameron, Culver City, California, P. O. Box 234. The one formerly owned by General Roberto Cruz, is now the property of Jim Converse. Jim called me up by long distance to tell me about it. I had heard about it before, but understood that he had sold it, and so I said, "Oh, I understood you sold it." The connections were not so good and the line was buzzing, and Jim came back with this, "The hell I did, who said I stole it." I hope that old boy ain't carrying his guns when I meet up with him next time. I will hold the letters and descriptions I have on these saddles a few days longer, and then mail them all to Dick Randall, and let him do the choosing. I only agreed

to locate the saddles, and I sure don't want the job of choosing which one to buy, as from the looks of things it's going to be a pretty tough job.

I note by the local daily paper, where James Willard Shultz, the noted author, is in Tucson. James Willard Shultz, the author, he may be to you pale faces, but to the Blackfeet, with whom he lived for more than twenty-five years he is "Far off white buffalo robe" or "Apikuni" in Blackfoot.

Willard Shultz has written thirty-some books, all of them about Indians, the Blackfeet mostly. His books are authentic always, and mostly historic, as far as Indian lore and legend go.

Willard Shultz was written thirty-some books, all of them about Indians, the Blackfeet mostly. His books are authentic always, and mostly historic, as far as Indian lore and legend go. Willard Shultz was written thirty-some books, all of them about Indians, the Blackfeet mostly. His books are authentic always, and mostly historic, as far as Indian lore and legend go.

This was a love marriage, and a happy one. Hartman Shultz, or Lone Wolf as he is better known, is the only child born to Apikuni and Mut-si-ah-wo-tan-ahki. Lone Wolf, as the child was known to the Blackfeet, was much alone, as he had neither the inatinct or desires of the Blackfoot children, nor the ways or desires of the few white children at the fort. His visions, dreams and desires, as he watched the grazing of the horses, the recognized wealth of the Blackfeet, formed a natural setting for his future life as an artist, and if Lone Wolf would confine himself to pictures and modeling of historical Indian scenes and lore, he could make of himself an artist apart from any

other artist of the west, for he would have no competition, as no other artist could possibly have the ground work and setting that Lone Wolf has had. He could be alone in his field as Charley Russell was, a product of a time that no artist of today can duplicate. Lone Wolf and I have lived and worked together long enough that I believe I know his possibilities.

Lone Wolf's mother died about 1903, and after her death was the first time Willard Shultz left the Blackfoot country.

He has generally gone back each year during "ripe berries" moon, but since the death of his friend Joe Kipp, his visits have not been so frequent or lasted so long. He has, however, managed to take in most of the important ceremonials, and sits at the council fires of the chiefs.

He is a familiar figure around Cutbank and Browning, and Apikuni mountain, alongside of Chief Mountain, at the north end of the Glacier Park, was named for him. I have not seen Lone Wolf or Mr. Shultz to find if they returned this past summer or not. Al Bessette and I stoped to visit Lone Wolf and Naomi, on our way to Montana, early in July of 1930, and he told us at that time, that he was leaving about the middle or the end of the month, to meet his dad on the Blackfoot, and that they would see us either at Glacier or Browning. However, for some reason their plans were changed, as they never reached the Blackfoot country that season at all.

It is men like Willard Shultz and Lone Wolf, along with other writers and artists who write and paint the "Old West" that keep the romance and traditions alive, and it is this same tradition and romantic color that keeps the Dude Ranch Business alive.

Mrs. Hal Prince and Jack Drum, of Rancho de Los Encinos, dropped in the other day to give me an idea they wanted me to work out for them in the form of a pen and ink drawing for their Christmas Cards this season, and also to look at the Charles M. Russell prints and sketches.

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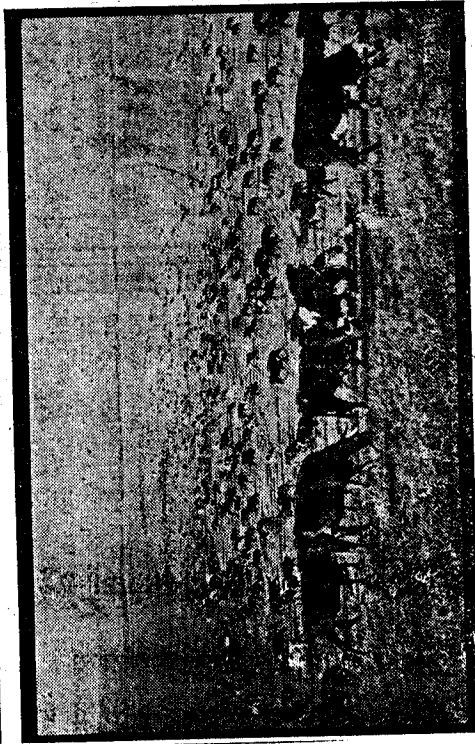
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"Life on the Plains," by Horace DeWitte Brewster

Cattle on the Range



Cattle grazing in the foothills of the Bear's Paw mountains south of Chisnook.



It was a building similar to the above that housed the first Indian school at Poplar back in the eighties and nineties.

Horace Brewster, old-time cowboy who died early in the year at Hot Springs in western Montana. The story gives a true insight into life on the range during the days of Montana's great cattle herd.

By A. L. JORDAN
Tribune Historical Writer
(Copyright, 1933, The Great Falls Tribune)

WAS greatly amazed at the growth of Helena. We unloaded our freight, rested for a few days and were ready to start back to Carroll bottom. We had no cargo except our rationals. But there was a delay. Dixie, our wagon boss, got drunk. We could not get him sobered up, so a fellow by the name of Bob Taylor took charge of the outfit. He hired a fellow by the name of Wallace Bell for night herder. He took all animals in charge on the Horace Brewster prairie to feed from the time we made camp until we were ready to break camp the next day.



There was, as a rule, little whisky on these trips and never a man was drunk while enroute. When we would get into places with our freight, it was hard to keep enough men sober to look after the outfit. Many people presumed we were a drunken, lawless and immoral bunch all the time, which is a mistaken idea.

Bob Taylor got the outfit started for Carroll bottom and we camped for dinner at the Missouri river crossing. While eating a fellow rode up, leading a pretty sorrel horse. He said he would sell it for \$40.

Taylor was stuck on the horse. "I'll take it if I can find anybody to break it to ride. But there is no one in this outfit I know of who can ride."

"Well, Taylor, I'd ride him if I had a saddle," I said.

"Borrow Wallace Bell's saddle. That's the only thing you can call a saddle round here and that's a good one," one of the bullwhackers suggested.

Borrows a Saddle
"Wallace is asleep over there in that wagon box. I'll get the saddle from him. Taylor, and I'll ride the horse," I said.

Bell was a good rider. He had broken broncos for the Travlers, who ran a livery barn at Helena. They often drove in a bunch of broncos from California and it was Wallace Bell's job to ride them out.

Taylor went over to the wagon box and asked Bell about the saddle. Bell got up and looked the horse over.

"I don't like to let the boy have the saddle. That horse will throw him across the river," he said.

"Taylor, I'll take a chance on the horse, if you'll go good for the damage done to the saddle," I replied.

It was agreed. While the man stood around eager for excitement, I saddled the horse. I had nothing but a curved bit, there was no snaffle nor hackamore in the outfit, but I said I'd ride him any way. I got Bell to let me have his spurs, which I adjusted and took up the stirrups. For a blind I used a bandana handkerchief.

Bell was curious as to the outcome of the ride and watched every thing I did. When I was ready I led the horse out from the wagon and asked Taylor to have. I pulled the handkerchief out. Up we went time and time again. The horse was a high jumper. Bell was satisfied I could ride.

"You can have any of my outfit any time, kid. You must be a Mormon boy. Most of 'em are good riders," Bell said.

I made no reply.

Left with steers
We worked down to Carroll bottom and loaded our wagons for the return trip to Helena. We had no trouble except the usual ordeals.

We left Helena this time with a bunch of beef steers, part of an order for the Indian agency at Fort Peck on the Fort Peck Indian reservation. Sam Pepin was in charge of the cattle. He had no outfit. So he camped and boarded with us.

One warm evening we were camped on a flat about seven miles from You Bett gap (now spelled Ubet). The sky was clear and not a thing could be seen except the mountains about a mile away. We unhitched our teams and the herders took the horses over a sharp ridge to the springs to water and left them to graze on the flat below.

There were three horses tied to the wagons, Sam Pepin's and the other two day riders. Mess was called and while we were eating a band of Indians slipped along under the edge of the ridge and drove all of the horses, about 20, away, leaving the outfit only three horses tied to the wagons. The Indians made for the mountains and got away with our horses all right. The outfit was left with 800 cattle and only three horses for the riders to handle them with.

I could not quite understand why the Indians took the horses and left so many fat beef steers unmolested. The next morning we started driving the cattle as best we could.

Bought Some Horses
On Beaver creek, about 20 miles from where Lewistown now stands, we met some trappers. Pepin bought four horses from them and soon afterwards he got a fifth from another trapper. We got along pretty well with this addition of horse flesh.

When we reached Carroll bottom, we learned that the boss could not get up the river because of low water and we would have to make the trip to Fort Peck to get our freight. This was not a grave disappointment, for

cross the river; a rope was stretched in two and badly scattered. We got across the river to guide the moccasin as a ferry and the wagons were taken over. The oxen and beef cattle were made to swim over. Our land- ing was on land owned by Jake Rog- ing who now lives near Columbia Falls.

A short distance after we passed the Little Rockies we came to the present site of Malta, where we hit the road the soldiers used between Fort Peck and Fort Belknap. After we passed into the bad lands east of Hinsdale's present location, we camped. This was our second night out from Malta.

That night, when we were all in our bunks, the night herder suddenly discharged his rifle. We jumped up, dressed and got our rifles. Our outfit had been thrown into corral the night before in case we should be attacked by Indians. Two of our men went out to where the steers were; they were quiet so we concluded there must have been a false alarm. When we found the night herder, whose name was Dean, he said he shot at an Indian. The next morning we looked the ground over and found no bloodstains. If Dean did shoot at the Indian he didn't hit any. Philipson was that Dean got scared and wanted company.

Not From Missouri
The next day we came down to the Milk river to Tom Campbell's house, where we found Jim Scott, Mike Walsh and Henry Brooks. During the night, Frank Casique, their night herder, who in later years, with John Gorman, was killed by the Indians, discovered Indians were upon them and roused the camp by a shot, which was the signal. The horses were impeded; Henry Brooks' mule team ran to camp. The mules were tied before the Indians made their attack. The wagons were shot full of arrows and bullets in large numbers. But the curious thing was that, with all the shooting, not a mule was hit.

The outfit was, of course, on the lookout for Indians. When we came out of the jungles, with the bullwhackers yelling and cracking the whip, Brooks' outfit was sure another band of Indians was coming zigzag for another attack, so they remained on guard in their wagons.

Henry Brooks took on some more freight and the rest was divided among other outfits hauling freight for Tom Power at Fort Benton.

Here Jim Scott told about the time he left Helena with a freight team and the wagon boss rode up along side of him and said:

"Jim, what part of Missouri were you from?"

To which Jim replied: "I'm not from Missouri."

At that reply the wagon boss stopped the train, rode back to Helena, hired another bullwhacker and fired Jim because he was not a Missourian.

Saw 5,000 Antelopes
After leaving camp we heard a rumbling noise that sounded like a rumble of a sudden, out of the brush along Milk river, came a drove of antelopes. There were so many we were guessing on the number. Some of the bullwhackers guessed there were at least 5,000. They rushed in ahead of us and nearly stampeded the steers. I then understood why the Indians had taken the horses and not the beef. Soon after the antelopes disappeared, we met Howell Harris, a brother of John Harris (John died at Fort Benton recently), who was taking freight to Fort Benton for Tom Power. He was not heavily loaded and when he was informed of the plight of Tom Campbell's cargo, he was glad to take some of it along with him to Fort Benton.

We wound our way on to Fort Peck but had to wait there a few days for the boss to arrive with our freight. I went on herd. In this part of the country there was not much wild game and the Indians were hungry. They maneuvered around the herd and killed and carried away, at different times, about 150.

The day the steers were rounded up, counted and made ready to turn in, something mysterious happened that did not come quite clear to me for some time. It worked out later, however.

The same herd was run back from Fort Peck a few miles into a coulee, where they were kept. Bill Wright was on night herd. I went out to help Bill round up the steers for the night, as it was understood we were to count them again the next day.

It was just before dark. Bill Wright went to tell Pepin where the steers were. As I was riding around the steers, I noticed three Indians riding through the middle of the herd. My horse jumped and snorted. There were more Indians back of me. I put the spurs to my horse and made it safe to the fort, found Pepin and told him what happened.

Pepin Gets Mad
Pepin was mad.

"What th' hell did you leave the cattle for?" he asked.

"I thought I was going to be surrounded and ran for safety," I replied.

"Well, you get back there and do it now," he said. I did.

I was somewhat scared, I'll admit, for when we were at the river watering the cattle during the day one of the riders got down on the sand bar to drink and an Indian shot him. The fear was in me. This happened

Jim Watkins was on his way with 1,000 steers to turn in on this contract. When we met him, on our return trip, we out out 800 and took them back with us.

We stayed here about two weeks before we got loaded up with our freight and ready to start back. It was late in the fall of 1873. Cold weather increased hardships we endured on our trip up Milk river.

445 Miles, Winter Near Helena was our destination; a trip of about 445 miles with oxen loaded with freight and winter upon us. There were no railroads then nor were they thought of. The country was a vast wilderness, with great herds of buffaloes, antelopes, and Indians.

We met no trouble until we came to what was called Lard creek, near the location of Hinsdale. That night the night herder, Whitmore, let some of the oxen go down to a deep hole in the creek to drink and three of them slipped into the hole, which was so steep and slippery they couldn't get out. The water was so cold they froze to death and it made the boss so mad he fired Whitmore and made me herd at night and drive a wagon team till noon. Then the boss drove and I slept on the wagon. That day we made it over to what was called Medicine lodge, a big bend in the valley south of Bowdoin and about 20 miles east of Malta.

That night we had a feeling something was going to happen.

During the day Indian scouts were sighted several times off on the ridges some distance away. They came to take our freight. There were 50 or more. We were camped under the bluff and made a wagon corral. The Indians approached from the west end of the corral and acted as if they were going to attack but could not just locate where we were.

A fellow by the name of George Herondean and I were at the east end of the outfit and the rest were near the west end. Herondean and I all we were upon them. We helped them out. Henry Brooks took on some more freight and the rest was divided among other outfits hauling freight for Tom Power at Fort Benton.

Is Nearly Shot
I was ahead of Herondean, going up the bank, when Herondean accidentally discharged his rifle. The bullet went between my legs and struck the bank about even with my head. Dirt and leaves filled my eyes so I couldn't see. I turned around and cursed him and then went on. We got up where we could see the Indians had swung off out of reach and were holding a powwow. We watched them for a few minutes and soon they disappeared. While I was on herd that night I had no trouble with them.

Having lost the oxen the night before, we had to yoke up some wild steers that morning. Among them was a long horned Texas ranger on the lead yoke that was excitable and got pretty hot during the day. Evenings and nights were quite cold and

I came upon him during the night. He was down and could not get up. I worked with him trying to make him get up to move around to warm him. He was chilled and died before morning. We yoked up the next morning, using wild steers from the herd to fill in to make up our teams.

By night we made it to where Malta now stands. That was a hard drive for the oxen, but it was cold and windy with some snow flying so we could push right along. We caught up with the Story outfit. It had been previously arranged that we would bring what freight there was for them on the belated boat into Fort

Shot Came Close to Brewster While on Indians' Trail

His Companion Accidentally Discharged Gun; Story Outfit Met on Trail; Wintry Blasts Caused Discomfort Among Riders

Peck and they waited for us. First we transferred the freight and then made camp for the night. As Story's outfit was going to Bozeman, they took the trail we came in on crossing the Missouri river at Carroll bottom and following our trail towards Helena to the Musselshell. We were to make this trip over the Fort Benton trail. We moved on up Milk River and camped where Exter is located.

Bought Moccasins
Here we found a camp of Cree half-breeds. We bought a supply of moccasins and such other clothing as we could get. It was getting mighty cold and we had to dress as warm as we could. The next morning we crossed Milk river on the ice. One of the oxen slipped and straddled himself so we had to shoot him and catch a wild steer and yoke him into the team.

I was driving the lead team. The driver behind me got stuck and, while I was helping him out, my leaders swung around and broke the front axle tree. We were delayed in making repairs. It was very cold and work was slow, so we did not get far that day before we camped. This trouble made us late in finding a place where we could get water.

I had worked all day without sleep. I was tired but I went on herd for the night. The oxen milled around in a coulee and soon almost all of them lay down and were quiet. I was so sleepy I could not stand it longer so I crawled up by the side of a gentle old wheeler, out of the wind, to sleep a few minutes. When I awoke the ox had left. Even my saddle horse had strolled away so I had to hunt him in the dark. The oxen were badly scattered and some of them had gone up a coulee. After getting the work steers back to camp and yoked up ready to start, Jack Matkins came with 1,600 steers headed for Fort Benton to fill the rest of the order.

Cut Out 800 Head
Bob Taylor asked me to take a riding horse and help cut out 800 steers and help drive them back with the freight outfit. That night we made camp five miles east of where Chinook now is located. The steers were put up a bend in Milk river and bedded down for the night. This bedding down meant that the cattle were watched carefully and not disturbed, giving them a chance to lie down. However, they got up during the night and some of them strolled off.

The next morning I went after them. I was bringing them back down the river and they stopped to drink where the bullwhackers had cut a hole in the ice to water the work oxen. While I was standing on the bank watching them drink, I felt a jerk of the bridle rein. I turned and saw an Indian, his rifle full cocked and stuck right in my chest. I stood looking over the muzzle of that Indian's gun; my rifle was on my saddle horse. I tried to think

of something to say or do. I was alone; I was sure that if I struck him there were other Indians to help him. I accused him of being an Assiniboine. He shook his head and said, Honke-tonke-pompe-sioux.

I was exceedingly excited for a spell as I thought this meant he was a Sioux warrior. I stared at him and did not move, except to shake. It seemed like a week to me. Suddenly it came to me he was an intruder, skulking on the native Indians, as well as the whites, and he was from a war party. I realized it was the wisest thing I ever did—not to do anything. By my actions the Indian

didn't know what I was planning and backed away in the brush. The saying is, "There is nothing slyer than an Indian but a coyote." There is once I slipped one over on the Indian.

I had not had much experience in this kind of an ordeal and it made me quite nervous. I had previously concluded to go through with what-ever I met up with and not flinch. The outfit was yoked up and ready to start when I got back to camp. On reaching the next trading post, Chinook's present location, we unloaded some freight for Thomas O'Hanlon, the operator of the post. We told the interpreter, an old man by the name of Culbertson, about the Sioux war party and he informed the Assiniboine Indians but we did not stay long enough to learn what what was done.

We went up on Clear creek before we camped for the night. The next day we passed through where Havre is now located. There was nothing there then. Before we camped that night we made it to where Fort Assiniboine was afterwards established.

I was on night herd again. It was a stormy, windy night with some snow in the air. This made the herd uneasy and hard to handle. Buffaloes were so thick it was hard to keep them away from the stock. In spite of my continual riding, two of the work oxen strayed off with the buffaloes. The next morning the storm was worse and Taylor came to me and said:

"Horace, I want you to drive the head team today as I will have to ride ahead and guide the outfit. I want to make it across Lonesome prairie to Twenty-Four Mile springs by night. You get Fony Clark and Charley Hawley to drive the steers."

40 Below Zero
We made it to where we crossed the Big Sandy for dinner; it was at least 40 below zero and the herd was traveling behind the train.

Our direction was about due south-west and the storm was from the northwest. The buffaloes were traveling with the storm and the riders were working all the time to keep the steers from following the buffaloes. At times the buffaloes would rush ahead of our teams and that made it hard to keep our course even though Taylor was ahead and signaling to me. It was in the Lonesome lake country where the storm was the worst and the buffaloes were so troublesome.

A yell went up from the drivers behind; a wheel oxen had dropped dead. We stopped, unyoked the dead ox, pulled the dead ox out of the way, turned his mate in with the herd, dropped the other oxen back, which left seven yokes in the team, and started on again. We were hungry and cold and I had been up all the night before but camping was impossible. So we continued on our weary journey with slow progress. By daylight we made it to Twenty-Four Mile springs and camped.

The next day, as we were going down on the Marias river, the rough locks on one of the wagons would not hold and the team was going like the devil to keep ahead of it when one of the oxen fell. He broke his bow and the wagon killed him. Since we were then within a few rods of where we were going to camp, this did not delay us much. We crossed the Marias and went to where the roads forked, one leading to Fort Benton and the other to Sun River. There we camped and met the Diamond R mule team sent from Helena to meet us. Our freight was transferred onto their wagons and they started for Helena on the Fort Benton road.

Wintered at Ford Ranch
The weather was so cold and the snow retarded our progress so much it would have been impossible for us to have made it to Helena before spring.

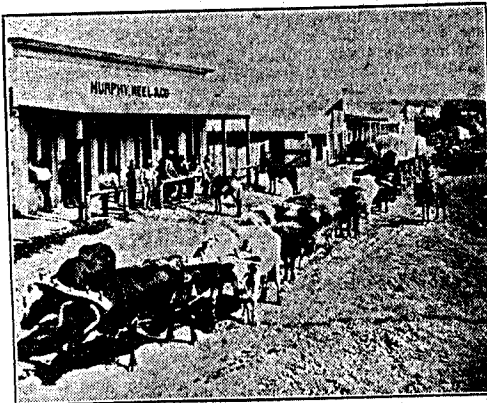
We went the Sun river road with our outfit, empty except for supplies left us for the winter. We could make much better time without the load and we stopped at the Bob Ford and Tom Dunn ranch on Sun river. We put the steers in a big corral, bushed their tails, heated the Diamond R branding iron and slapped it on the hips of the steers. After this was done we yoked up and crossed the Missouri river near where Great Falls now is and went into winter quarters during November of 1873 in what was known as Wilson bend south of Great Falls.

I was 18 years old January 9, 1874. The work oxen were turned out and I went on herd for the winter. I herded the buffaloes more than I did the oxen as they came up through Belt gap into this country in great herds.

Once I had to drive back a herd of at least 1,500 and, in getting them over the ground now occupied by the city of Great Falls. The men around camp spent much of their time in gambling and, according to common talk, Sam Pepin took about all their money. There was no whisky in camp, so it was rather quiet. I was too busy with the herd and did not care for gambling and was, then, not in the habit of getting drunk.

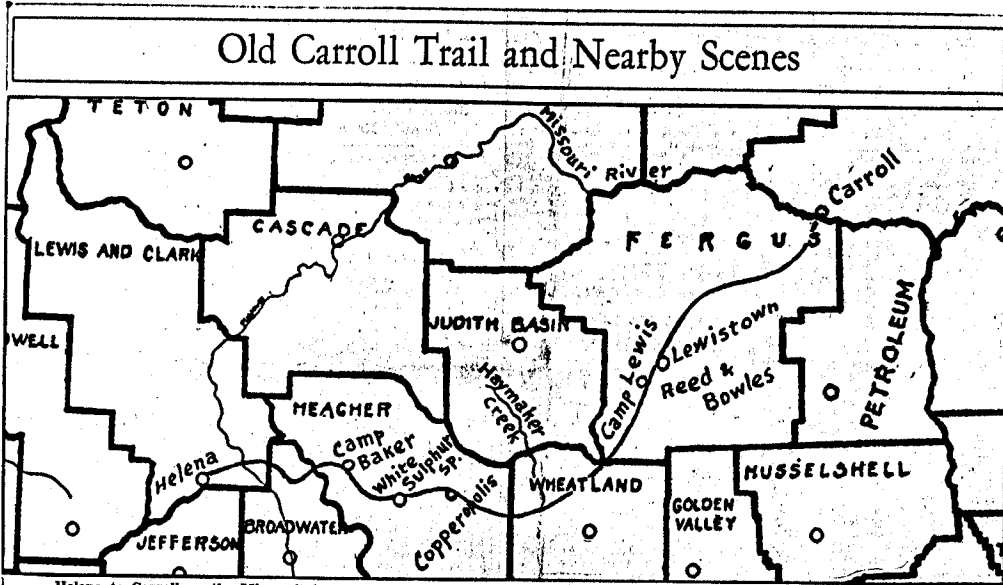
Diamond R Owners
I learned from listening to conversations around camp during the winter just who the Diamond R was. It was owned then by Matt Carroll, Ed. G. Masley, Charley Broadwater and George Steel, all of Helena at that time. I also learned that Matt

Early Day Bull Team



Much early day freighting was done by bull teams. This picture was taken in front of the Murphy-Neel store at Fort Benton in 1879. The man standing in his shirt sleeves at the entrance to the store is W. P. Wren, present city treasurer of Great Falls.

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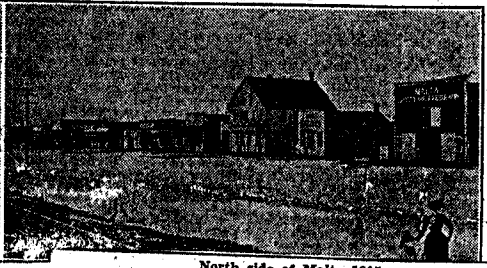
Helena to Carroll on the Missouri river by way of Camp Baker, White Sulphur Springs, Haymaker creek and Camp Lewis.



This picture shows a bunch of cattle brought into the corrals after a spring roundup.



South side of Malta 1905.



North side of Malta 1905.

A Reminiscence of Kootenai Brown

(By Joseph C. Cosley)

Jack Street had ridden a sea-bitten colt to my shack on Bolly River, to see if I would go and break some young horses for him and Kootenai Brown, his partner on a ranch in the Waterton Lake district. He would have returned home in the late hours of that same day if I had not persuaded him to remain over night.

That evening we sat before the fireplace and exchanged remarks about hunting big game in the Rockies. Then his conversation drifted upon an incident which had occurred to him and John George (Kootenai) Brown at some point west of the Mountains. As he refilled his pipe, he said:

"Do you know Kootenai, the old scout and frontiersman of those days?" I answered that I did, but not enough to know him as I would a closer friend.

"Well, he is a queer fish, a good sport, a great hunter; but at times he makes a great blunder of things when excited. No, I should say he does even when not excited. He is a funny man, hard-headed as I ever knew, to have his own way and disregard everything that is possible to be right that you say to him. Now, for instance, he made the foulest blunder in my presence that almost cost him his life." Jack turned his face away to hide the severity which he assumed in the very thought of it.

"That's nothing; we all make blunders, more or less, in the course of our lives, even though we are perfectly normal in nature and having clear conception to see straight," I remarked. He looked at me and smiled.

"That is so," he said. "We can see other fellows' faults, but we cannot see ours. But there are fellows who are habitually blunderers. Yet Kootenai is not a man of that sort; still, when he makes one it is very noticeable."

"What sort of blunders does he usually make that you should perceive with disgust?" I asked by way of starting him on with an explanation. He cleared his throat, shrugged his shoulders and crossed his legs as he adjusted himself to begin with his story of old Kootenai Brown.

"No, he is not a slow-witted fellow; he's a smart man. Kootenai is; but I guess he is unable to think quick when something springs up suddenly that requires lightning, issuing thought for quick action. Now, here is one mistake I want to tell you that was sure a blunder." He turned and faced me; his eyes twinkled lightly.

"It was in the spring of the year while yet the snow lay in patches in the timbers and a few large drifts still in the flats that Kootenai and me had outfitted and left for Kootenai Plains on a prospecting tour in search of placer gold that he had found some 30 years ago. We came to the mouth of a cañon through which we had a stream of water trickled down northward with an extension of gravel flat on both sides. Things looked good to us as we pitched our tent at the base of a high bank to the left of the creek. Kootenai said that there was gold and it could easily be taken out of these gravel beds. We had seen plenty of signs of large game—yes, and some grizzly tracks in the sand just a few feet from our tent."

"The next morning we moved our things to a shack on the brink of the bank and with our pick, shovel, gold pan and rifle, we proceeded for the bank which lay not more than a quarter of a mile westward. We prospected all right and found some colors, too; but we grew tired of racing about on those flats. Our ambition for the yellow stuff had worn out for the present, so we proposed to go up the creek and investigate farther up. The country had been burnt after Kootenai had been there, and now a forest of lodgepoles had sprung up with amazing rapidity until some of them had attained the height of 80 feet or more. West of the creek from the bank to the foot of the mountain was a space about 500 yards, untouched by fire, and in this heavy timber moose and elk had yarded up during the past winter."

"We didn't go far. As a matter of fact we found nothing up there. So we returned to the shack pretty well in the afternoon. As we rounded a

clump of heavy spruce trees to the right of the cabin and below the high bank, we saw something move on top of the cabin roof which formed a shelter to the porch. Now, this shack was built so close to the edge of the bank that the roof of the porch projected some few feet beyond, and a railing had been built on the ground floor of the porch to prevent anyone from walking out over the bank. The railing was 40 feet high and quite steep. Steps were made from the door to the bottom, where a spring of clear water flowed down through the heavy spruce trees."

"We saw at once that the moving object on the roof was a large grizzly and he was removing snow which lay only on that spot. We stood and watched him until he had completed his bed and presently lay down in it. We could just see the hair on his back over the mound of snow he had piled around him. If we hadn't seen him moving up there we would have mistook him for a pile of reddish-brown moss put there. We laid our things down quietly, and I whispered to Kootenai to shoot him from where we stood. It was only 40 yards distant to the cabin."

"No," he said, "I can't see his head, and I fear a clean miss if I give him a random shot. Let's go quietly to the cabin and shoot him from under the porch through the cabin roof." "But, Kootenai, the covering of the cabin is a scoop roof," I protested. He paid no heed to that as he examined his .30-40, now cocked and ready for instant use. He walked a few steps toward the shack and looked back to see if I was coming.

"Yes, but I can shoot between the cracks and get him sure," he said. That was his final remark, and I knew he was bull-headed.

"We advanced cautiously, climbed the earthen steps and got under the porch as he had designated. Strange as it would seem, neither of us had thought of unlocking the door to seek refuge in the cabin in case the bear was wounded and made for us. I stood near the door and watched Kootenai, who was now pointing here and there with the muzzle of the rifle about where he thought the bear would likely be. Then he took aim and fired."

"Suddenly we heard the shuffling of feet, a loud groan which indicated a growl, and the creaking of the scoops under his heavy weight with a heavy sound as if a sack of sand had suddenly fallen to the ground. Bruin had jumped down, probably wounded. And what next would follow? We hadn't thought quick enough to solve that problem. We were at the mercy of the bear if he came after us."

"Now we're in for it!" I quickly turned to Kootenai, who was turning his back to me, pocketing the rifle. "Unlock the door!" I had no time now to look for that key which Kootenai had in his own pocket.

"Climb the cabin roof or run around the corner!" I yelled. "The bear is coming after you!" At the same time I scaled the roof in an instant. I looked down and saw the bear now approaching the porch with mouth open. Kootenai Brown at this moment took to his feet around the corner in the opposite direction from whence the bear was advancing rapidly.

"Run for your life!" I yelled again to Kootenai, and the bear heard me. He turned and started back to get at me from the side of the shack. Waving my hands to attract the bear, I shouted to Kootenai to turn back, as the bear was coming to meet him. Just then the grizzly leaped on the side of the roofings and clawed hard to get on top. He had succeeded in pulling himself half way up when I spied a stick lying near my feet. I picked it up and slammed three or four strokes on the bear's head and paws which made him let go his hold, and he fell back to the ground just as Kootenai came running under him, and the bear and Kootenai went rolling down the bank to the level ground below."

"I jumped off the roof just as he yelled out to me: 'Shoot him, he is biting me!' I picked up the rifle where he had dropped it, and in an instant I was 10 feet from the bear,

took aim at his head and fired. The huge beast straightened, quivered and died quietly."

"Kootenai Brown got up, smiling; but he was pale. He laid a trembling hand on his shoulder where the bear had bitten him and said: 'Quick work, quick work! You fixed him just before he did his work on me.' And I noticed the wound wasn't serious. But Kootenai wouldn't stay there to look for his yellow metal which he had discovered 40 years ago."

"Why didn't you shoot the bear in the head when he was trying to climb the cabin to get you?" I said. "You had the finest opportunity to blow his brains out at that short distance. I knew he had made a gross blunder which he as yet had not given a thought to."

"Oh, I didn't think of that," he retorted, as he spoke, for he knew what I had in mind; but I didn't say it. He turned his face away and said: "I had the confounded thing strapped around me, too."

"Poor man, I feel sorry for them. Jack Street lies buried under an avalanche of snow which has now turned into glacier in Goat Canyon, at the head of Waterton Lakes, and John George (Kootenai) Brown slumbers on a hill close to the lower lake in Waterton Lakes Park."

The Lethbridge Herald
Mon. August 13, 1937

SPEAKING OF BOOKS

By J. DONALD ADAMS

YESTERDAY, as I came down through the great Judith Basin (one-time stamping ground of Charley Russell, the Montana cowboy artist, many of whose paintings—the most authentic ever done of the old West—enliven the lobby of the Northern Hotel here) I fell to thinking that maybe I shot a bit wide of the mark in what I said two weeks ago about “the homogeneity which, as a nation, we once had, and lost.” Have we ever really been a homogeneous people? We were once, to a far greater degree than now, in our racial components, but were we ever fully so in our attitudes and in the values by which we lived?

In America there has always been friction. It has been friction in the West, in the South, in the Midwest, in the East, in the West Coast, even though the West Coast cities are not Western in the sense that Spokane, Denver and the smaller communities of Wyoming, Montana and Idaho are. If the West Coast looks back to the Eastern seaboard culturally, economically it has always been conscious of the lands across the Pacific.

ONE of the inevitable reactions of the traveler in the Northwest is a sharpened sense of the fundamental unity underlying not only the states which compose it but embracing also the Canadian provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. The interests are identical; they are parts of a gigantic and rapidly growing whole. They feel with a mounting intensity that their problems and even their attitudes toward life are not understood in the East and that the capital of the United States is gradually being moved from Washington to Europe. They are as aware as anyone else of the contracted world we live in and of this continent's unavoidable global involvement, but their ideas of how we should conduct ourselves in this new situation are far from identical with those prevalent on the Eastern seaboard.

WHAT I have been saying in my review of *Peasants* (or, more accurately, *Peasants, Their Makers*) is in equally urgent need of understanding one another and the chief burden of that need I think rests on the shoulders of the East. The East simply doesn't know enough about the West and makes insufficient effort to learn. In the same way the Canadians are far better informed about us than we are about them; we forget that the big brother is getting to be a fairly and more intelligently than ourselves (as was the case with rationing in World War II and has always been the case in the treatment of that most important upon minority of them all—the American Indian).

READERS are accustomed, at this time of year, to lists of recommended books, culled from the season's print. Some of them hardly but with the thought of those who may be disappointed in the hierarchy of them. Of that hierarchy Christmas stockings, this department keeps the book on older ground than the current publishing season offers today a few not so recent titles as a native or supplementary fare. The books to which I shall refer do not constitute a list of favorites, but they are all, to my mind, exceptionally good ones that for one reason or another readers of this column have been overlooked by me.

GOOD books about the American Indian are few, particularly those which make it possible for us to see him as a human being. One year ago, is still in print, though it is not widely known. This is *My Life as an Indian*, by James Willard Schultz, author also of a large number of Indian stories for young readers. Mr. Schultz, who is still living, went out from his base at Fort Benton in the Southwest, married a Blackfoot woman, and lived the life of the Indian on the plains. George Bird Grinnell wrote in his foreword to the book, “Such an intimate revelation of the domestic life of the Indian has never before been written.” and so far as I know, the same statement could be made with equal truth today. *My Life as an Indian* is one of the most fascinating pieces of American autobiographical writing.

In the story, essentially of a man who died in a desperate struggle after an ideal of conduct which had suited him in life. A responsible officer, he abandoned a despised ship and its passengers against principles of conduct which were sacred to him. The situation, as Conrad contrived it, is difficult for any reader to say what he would have done in Lord Jim's place. In a time when the element of moral conflict has been notably absent from our fiction, *My Life as an Indian*, for many who do not know it, should be of exceptional interest.

Readers of *The Education of Henry Adams* are legion. Those who know him as a better writer are considerably fewer. The two volumes of his correspondence are among the best reading of that kind. Not only are they exceptionally readable as letters, they form also an admirable supplement to the “Education,” analyzing, as they do, a close knowledge of the man who wrote that most reticent of self-analyses.

This is a random little list, but there is appeal in it, I believe, for a diversity of tastes. **DO NOT FORGET THE NEEDLEST**

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LaBarge Piloted Boat; Culbertsons Known by Author

Alexander Culbertson Met Craft at Old Fort Peck Landing; Mosquitoes Harassed Passengers Day and Night

By MARTHA EDGERTON PLASSMANN
Tribune Historic Writer

BUILDING of the Fort Peck dam across the Missouri and numerous articles and pictures regarding it bring to my mind recollections of the place, the people and incidents connected with it and the trip down the river when steamboats stemmed its formidable current all the way from St. Louis to Fort Benton long years ago.

In the summer of 1873 the United States marshal, Charles Hard, attached a boat whose captain was that famous river man, Joseph LaBarge, accusing him, I was told, of having sold liquor to the Indians, a federal crime. Whether the charge was justifiable is not for us at present time to determine, but I may say, if Captain LaBarge were guilty, his was by no means the only boat that indulged in the trade.

It then being August, with the river falling daily, unless he could be economized and the boat released soon, it meant that under any circumstances it could not leave Fort Benton that season. Colonel Sanders acted as his lawyer, with the result that he won the case and could leave at once for St. Louis, his home, but delayed to await the arrival of Colonel Sanders' family, who were going east on a visit.

The company consisted of Mrs. Penn, mother of Mrs. Sanders, who bitterly opposed her daughter's going to Montana 10 years earlier. "I shall never see her again," she exclaimed. "Oh, yes you will, mother," her son-in-law replied. "We shall have you out with us in a very short time. This prediction, unlike many, came to be true. Mrs. Penn discovered she preferred Montana to Ohio, living in Helena for most of the remainder of her life.

The river journey being comparatively easy, she seized this opportunity to return for a few months to her old home at Tallmadge, where she had only other child, Mrs. James Upson, resided. (It may be of interest to note that James Upson was a great uncle of William Hazlitt Upson, a magazine writer. Judge James Upson, son, grandfather of the latter, and my father were law partners for several years.)

Mrs. Sanders took with her her three children, James and Wilbur and Louis, the youngest, a little boy with a large voice. I, who had visited in Helena since February, accompanied the party.

By Coach From Helena
We traveled by coach from Helena to Fort Benton, passing through Frisky Fear canyon, over the toll road owned by King & Gillette. Aside from this road, which greatly contributed to the safety of travel, the devastating hand of man and nature had yet destroyed the beauty or wildness of this part of our way.

Near the southern entrance to the canyon was located the ranch of Malcolm Clarke, where James Ferguson and his wife then were living. In the summer of 1873 a party from Helena, consisting of Chief Justice Lucius Debus, J. Wade and wife and daughter, Major Hall and family, Marshall Hard and his future wife, Benjamin Stickney from St. Louis, Frank Marsh, and the Sanders family, Mrs. Penn and myself, took week's outing in the canyon, making headquarters at the home of Mr. Ferguson. We had a delightful vacation, unmarred by recollection of the grim tragedy enacted there four years earlier, when Indians killed Malcolm Clarke and seriously wounded his eldest son, Horace.

I have heard Horace tell of this incident. Accompanied by an Indian, the two started to round up some horses, when Horace heard his companion singing the death song, and knew at once what fate probably awaited him, as he was in no position to defend himself from the shot that passed through his face, coming out near the ear. He fell from his horse, but did not altogether lose consciousness.

Indians came to see if he were dead, and, finding he was, hastened away, leaving him to painfully crawl within hearing distance of his home, where his cries brought his sister Helen to his assistance. She dragged him to the house, barricaded the door of his room and dressed his wound. He recovered, dying but recently, when well over 80 years of age.

At Sun River Crossing
On our last morning before reaching our destination, we breakfasted at Sun River crossing, my first view of that river, or of the valley through which it flows. That afternoon we arrived at Fort Benton and went directly to the boat, which lost no time in taking in its cable and making a few hours downstream before darkness.

I do not remember the name of the boat, nor whether it was the property of the LaBarges, although it was certain they were in full control of it, because under Captain LaBarge his two sons served, one in the capacity of steward and the other as pilot.

The name of LaBarge is intimately connected with the early days of Montana and also with Great Falls, it being asserted on the best of authority that Mrs. Joseph LaBarge was the first white woman to view the Great Falls.

I was told that our captain brought the first steamboat to Fort Benton. It was many years before I learned it was not Joseph, but his brother, who accomplished the remarkable feat, only to meet death not long afterward on the same river he so successfully navigated.

In 1862 came organization of the firm of LaBarge, Harkness & Co., for trading in the upper Missouri country. The boats were purchased, one of light draft, the Shreveport, and a larger craft, the Emilie. Harkness' diary records that the Shreveport left for Fort Benton April 30, 1862, the first of the trip from port to port.

Mr. Harkness had his daughter Margaret with him on this initial trip, who shared with Mrs. LaBarge the first sight of the falls. It was quite a distinguished party that left Fort Benton June 30 on the trip. They were Eugene Jaccard, father of Eugene Jaccard, Sr., and Frank, Madame LaBarge, Margaret Harkness, Mrs. Culbertson and her son, Jack, W. G. Harkness, Tom LaBarge and Odette, the guide, the last three on horseback and the others in an ambulance drawn by four mules.

They started at 4 a. m. and in the afternoon met some Blood Indians, relatives of Mrs. Culbertson, who were friendly under the influence of Father DeSmet and Mrs. Culbertson. An antelope was killed and cooked for supper, and the party camped for the night.

They started the next morning at about 4 a. m. and reached the falls about 10 a. m. Madame LaBarge and Margaret Harkness left the ambulance, ran to the point where the first glimpse could be had, and are the first white women to have seen the Great Falls of the Missouri. They found the way down to the river with difficulty, and, looking up, saw the falls in all their beauty and grandeur.

I have quoted the Harkness diary at some length, as comparatively few persons now living here and at Fort Benton are familiar with the events narrated.

A fort for the Indian trade was built by LaBarge, Harkness & Co. at the upper end of what is now Fort Benton, and named for Captain LaBarge. The matter, with his wife, visited the town of Cottonwood and was so pleased with its location that he thought of transferring his business to that place. Encouraged by the prospect of a real estate boom, the few persons living in Cottonwood promptly enlarged its boundaries and rechristened the town LaBarge City, the expansive mind of the pioneer, ever hopeful, seeing in every collection of log cabins a future metropolis. This "city," after being surveyed by W. W. Delaney, once more took on another appellation, Deer Lodge, that it managed to retain.

The morning after we left Fort Benton I had the first opportunity of seeing all three of the LaBarges, and make the mental picture of them that time has not blurred. Captain LaBarge was of medium height and stockily built. He was dark of complexion, as we generally expect Frenchmen to be, temporarily forgetting that many of them are as fair as Scandinavians. With good features, black hair and eyes and dignified bearing, he looked the commander he was; an appearance gained from his lifetime effort to learn the moods of the temperamental Missouri. In this he was fully versed. No other river captain or pilot knew them better.

His son, the pilot, contrasted strikingly with his father, being tall, slender and a decided blond. He was a handsome man, but his looks did not detract from his ability as a pilot. His brother, the steward, seemed to be a compromise in size and complexion between the captain and pilot, although bearing a closer resemblance to his father.

I remember little of the passage of our boat carried, with the exception of Fannie and Joe Culbertson, who were going, the one to Bismarck and the other to St. Louis. Their mother, a Blood Indian, mentioned earlier, is said to have been remarkably handsome, and report stated that she, like many of her race in the northwest, had a strain of French blood. Her children inherited their good looks from their mother, and not from their father.

Our trip down the river would have been delightful but for the ceaseless attacks of a host of mosquitoes that harassed us day and night unless the wind blew. They were terrible. Captain LaBarge declared that in all his years of river travel he never saw them so bad. We rarely breakfasted anywhere but on the forward deck, trusting the breeze there would keep them in check. It was useless. We generally took our hot cakes with syrup liberally beset with mosquitoes, which for protection and should have been provided with mosquito nets. The flying pests tortured the children and Louis Sanders lifted his voice in angry protest, much to the concern of his grandmother, of whom he was the idol.

At Old Fort Peck
Once a few buffaloes were sighted, when every male passenger hurried to get his share. There ensued a fusillade that did not harm the buffaloes, while doing the men a world of good. It is unfortunate that we could never hear the stories they told of their prowess.

We tied up for a short time at the Fort Peck landing, not long enough for any of us to see the fort, which was not visible from the landing. However, we did see Alexander Culbertson, who came on the boat to bid his children goodby and entrust Joe with a sack of dried buffalo tongues to be carried to friends at St. Louis. The friends never received them all, as Fannie, Joe and I sampled them on the rest of the journey. Beef tongues are not to be despised, but buffalo tongues were far better.

This was the only time I ever saw Alexander Culbertson, and I did not then know the important part he played in the drama of the fur trade. As I remember him, he was a small man and decidedly Scotch in features and coloring that matched his name, for it was sandy. There appeared to be nothing about him to indicate the forceful character he must have been in his history shows. Seeing Major Culbertson proved to be the last notable occurrence of our river journey.

We left the boat at Sioux City and, while awaiting the train, thought to rest at a hotel. Unfortunately, we were to discover the insect pest was not confined to the out-of-doors. No one dared lie down because of eggs bugs the bed disclosed, thirsting for blood. That evening we took the train for Ohio.

Some Agents' Worthy
Before closing, I cannot resist narrating what I heard at Helena regarding an Indian agent at Fort Peck that admirably illustrates the pioneer attitude toward the Indians. This man, of whom I have read laudatory articles, was reported to have saved (?) from the meager salary of \$1,500, or about that, the marvellous sum of \$300,000.

I told this story once to an old timer who knew the man, remarking that it exemplified a remarkable instance of thrift, and I wish to record his reply. It was as follows:

"When a man holds such a position he takes his life in his hands and has to do something to get even. And they, agents and traders, did so with a vengeance, as we are just beginning to find out. Sitting Bull made the discovery earlier and the defeat of Custer was an abortive attempt to equalize matters for his race. The result we know."

Mrs. Martha Plassmann Recalls Early Day Journey Down River

Page 10 THE GREAT FALLS TRIBUNE Sunday Morning, April 14, 1935

Bryan's Chief 11-42

SILVER MINERS SAW HARD TIMES IN THE NINETIES

SMALL WONDER MONTANANS
LOOKED ON BRYAN AS
THEIR CHAMPION

The late Williams Jennings Bryan was the hero and savior of the silver miner. Bryan's place in the history of this republic will be among the mortals who had a hand in shaping the nation's destiny.

In the early nineties nearly every operating mine in Montana was a producer of silver. The white metal was the livelihood of a large proportion of the population and the very existence of many mining camps, and it was naturally with uneasiness that the workers especially, watched the quotations steadily fall from the high peak of \$1.20 an ounce to \$1 and less. It was a time for apprehension.

And then the young meteor from Nebraska flashed across the political zenith, delivered his famous "Cross of Gold" speech and raised the hopes of the silver miner to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The democrats of the Rocky mountain region were with him to a man, while so many republicans were deflected that it was found necessary to formulate a new party which became known as the "silver republican" party. It was a losing fight as everyone now knows and the consequences were extremely unpleasant for many in the "busted" silver camps.

The Trend Was Downward

In the summer of 1893 whenever a mail arrived in the more or less isolated mining camps, the financial columns of the newspapers were the center of intense interest. By the first of May silver had dropped to about 90. Once in a while it would go up half a point or so and there was great rejoicing only to give way to sombre gloom when the next mail would show a sag of a point or more. When it reached the low point of 85, hope fled and at 83 the world dropped from under, for the mines began to close down and there was no place to go. It's a mighty serious thing to yank one's livelihood away and who can blame us for a vociferous support of our only spokesman during that period of blank despair?

Other sections of the country suffered from the effects of the panic of 1893, but the silver miners were on the rocks "for fair." Cash and credit were practically wiped out in a day. The copper, lead and gold mines were operating. It is true, but they could not begin to absorb the workmen thrown out of employment in the smaller camps. It was a cataclysm of disaster, and it required the passage of many years before the participants could discern any humor connected with the situation.

In a silver producing camp of the Little Belt mountains a prominent businessman of unimpeachable integrity found himself in a temporary hole. The one bank of the town recognized nothing but cold cash in all transactions. Paper not bearing Uncle Sam's endorsement had no value during this period of stress. Our friend had sound eastern connections, but he had two pressing bills which must be settled in order to preserve his credit, one from a firm on the west coast and another from an eastern city. A brilliant idea was evolved. He merely drew checks for the amounts, attached the checks to the bills, but transposed them in the envelopes and sent them on their way. It was only a few days' time he sought for pending arrival of funds from his eastern connections, and it worked. By the time the checks were in the hands of the rightful parties the funds were in the bank to honor them. It was the only trick of his long and unblemished career.

Nelhart was and is, primarily a silver camp. The proof is ample when it is stated that the election in the fall of 1893, out of several hundred ballots cast, the straight republicans scored eight votes. The mines of Nelhart closed down in June of that year. Miners who had saved a few dollars out of their wages, and they were few, drew their bank deposits and drifted out, the rest with no place to go, did the best they could; prospected some, used their credit to the utmost limit or sponged on friends if any could be found with substance. There was gloom in large chunks cast over the community and apparently a future of no promise.

Breezy Stranger Appears

A couple of months dragged by until one day a breezy stranger drifted in. Prosperity fairly oozed from his personality and things began to brighten up. He was a promoter and at once put a few men to work on the Broadwater, a mining property that had lain idle for many years. There was some ore in sight and the work was rushed by Mr. Clark, the prosperous individual upon whom hopes now centered, and who had seemingly gotten a hold on the property in some manner which none took the trouble to question.

More men were added as the old workings were cleaned out and in a few months Nelhart was showing some of her old form, with over 100 miners in steady employment. The ore was shipped as fast as mined; the paydays were regular and welcome. The price of silver, which continued to decline, seemed to worry Clark not at all. People wondered how he could pay a royalty on the ore and realize a profit, but he evidently did it and in addition lived like a prince and spent like a fuddled sailor. He established a home in Helena, made frequent trips to Nelhart, mostly by special train, as a regular schedule of three trips a week was entirely too slow for him; and he succeeded in practically exhausting the ore on the Broadwater in some two or three years of operation, for there has been very little found there since.

Unquestionably Clark took a fortune from the Broadwater, though it is rumored that the owners failed to fully share in the proceeds. The people of Nelhart who benefited from this prosperity and enterprise at a most opportune time, were not insistent as to whether the source of their windfall

was tainted or not, wisely concluding to accept without question the favors of Providence.

Clark's career was meteoric. With the exhaustion of the Broadwater he was no more in Nelhart. He operated in other sections of Montana with varying success and finally drifted into the lead and zinc districts of Missouri.

Clark proved that some silver ore could be made to yield a profit in spite of a low market, and his enterprise gave heart to others who were fortunate enough to possess high-grade leads.

Old Timer Gives Lowdown On Really "Tough Winter"

During the winter months whenever men congregate you will find the conversation to be the hard winters they have seen, and how the Chinook wind broke it up.

Now having seen 57 winters in this part of Montana and checking back, I find that the last old-time good Chinook occurred in 1909. Since then they have been getting colder and shorter. We have had the Chinook wind every winter but not like we used to have where it would take off six inches of snow in two hours.

Now the hardest winter that I have seen in this country was the winter of 1886-'87. It started in November and quit in March. As to how cold it got we did not know as our thermometer quit tallying. Cattle were worn out and dead all up and down every stream and coulee. Antelope by the thousands were scattered up and down the Marias river breaks, their legs raw up to their bodies from breaking through the snow crust and trying to find feed. No doubt but that the most of them came from Canada.

That winter we were living on the Willows Round ranch belonging to Sol Abbott on the Marias river. Blizzard after blizzard, and we had one that lasted six days and nights. Snow was 18 inches deep on the river bottoms; coulees drifted full. Dan Sullivan, Sol Abbott and Henry Powell had taken all of their cattle north in the fall to Rocky Ridge to hold for the winter, at what afterward became the Goeddertz sheep ranch about six miles west of where the town of Sunburst now stands. Mickey O'Leary and Jeff Pruet were left there with the cattle. Along in January we ran out of meat and Abbott and a man by the name of Harry Chambers left for the cow camp with four horses on a 3¼ wagon and two horses to a spring wagon to

kill three beeves, as the cattle we had at the ranch were too poor to eat and so were the antelope. It took them two days to make the camp, some 30 miles, but they got there in good shape, got their beef killed and loaded one on the 3¼ wagon and one on the spring wagon and started for home.

The blizzard hit them before they got half way but they made it to Healey coulee. There they dug into a snow bank, hauled in their blankets and all the beef suet they could, and there they had to stay for three days with nothing to eat but frozen suet or meat. Finally the storm broke and they each hooked a team to a hind quarter of beef, put their blankets on the horses and started home, using the meat for a sled. They walked and rode the meat to the ranch, and you can bet that the under side of the meat was worn down quite a bit, but we ate on what was left and were glad to get it.

I remember when they arrived Abbott came in singing his old song and hollered out "Hello, got any whisky?" Chambers had nothing to say and was very sick. He was in bad shape; his insides seemed to be frozen from living on that meat. Abbott finally had to take him to the agency doctor at Badger creek, 45 miles west of the ranch. Chambers lived, but was sick for a year afterward.

In the spring the large cattle outfits issued permits to anyone who would skin the dead cattle and deliver the hides at some given point, and they would receive 75c per hide. It took three years to haul the hides to Fort Benton and Great Falls out of the country from the Missouri river to the Canadian line. Some hard winter, you bet—nothing like it up to date. Tell you more about that winter later.

—THE OLD TIMER.

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They Worked on The TIMES



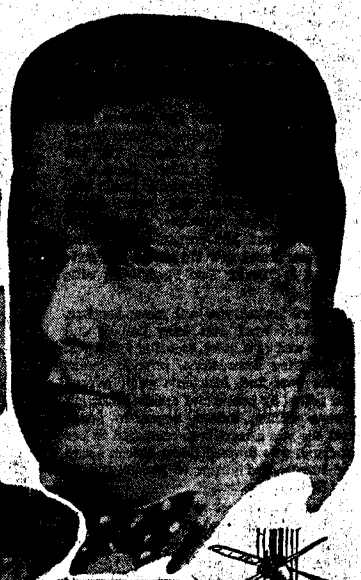
Gordon R. Young



Charles F. Lummis



James Willard Schultz



Julian Johnson



Carl Clausen

By Harry Carr

AS AN author factory, The Times has been notably successful. Graduates from the local news room are sitting among the elect and the famous as writers of books, plays and poems.

Perhaps the most notable was Willard Huntington Wright, whose writing name is S. S. Van Dine. He has just come back to Los Angeles, unable longer to resist the blandishments of the movies.

The way Willard happened was this: John Daggett—"Uncle John" of the radio—was a committer to and from Pasadena. A young man who took tickets at one of the gates at the Pacific Electric depot attracted his attention. He looked sort of intellectual or something.

Finally John led him around to The Times and introduced him to Harry E. Andrews, the managing editor of The Times. Mr. Andrews was a man of "hunches" and instant decisions. He put Willard to work as the book reviewer of The Times. Thereafter every shuddering author was afraid to come out from under the bed until his friends told him that the worst was over.

He wrote a story for an eastern magazine that won him instant national fame. It was called "Chemically Pure Los Angeles." It was high treason and the least that should have happened to him was to be boiled in oil. It resulted in an offer to edit the Smart Set Magazine in co-operation with two co-conspirators—H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. So Willard left town, and it's lucky for him that he left. And in a hurry.

After fussing around with the Smart Set for a while, he retired to write a book on art. Willard knew a lot about art. This book still stands as the standard work of critical artistic analysis. But it didn't make any money. No fooling, Willard was a hard-up young man.

During the World War, he lightly fingered the pages of the solemn Encyclopedia and it pleased him not. Thereupon he fell upon that offending work with force and violence. He tore the old thing limb from limb and danced a war dance on the bleeding shreds. The result

was that Willard nearly got himself into jail. Some of the half-witted morons who were doing gum shoe for the Allied forces saw at once that the world could not possibly be made safe for democracy unless Willard Wright liked everything in the Encyclopedia Britannica. There were investigations and gum shoes and cross examinations.

In the end, Willard went to bed—literally a nervous wreck. While an invalid, he got to studying detective stories. The result was Philo Vance and the Van Dine series of murder mysteries. It proved to be one of the greatest single-barrel hits in the history of American literature. In a year, Willard was rich.



Constance Lindsay Skinner



Willard Huntington Wright (S. S. Van Dine)

Another graduate from The Times news room was Lanier Bartlett—co-author of "Adios," which threatens to become another "Romona."

The Author of "Adios"

Lanier was a good reporter and hated it. He could do it because he had brains and high ability, but newspaper life was foreign to his instincts. He was a sensitive, cultured student. Lanier bowed out of the newspaper business one day when he was sent to interview Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada. Sir Wilfrid was one of these monocle Englishmen who was shocked at the rough and tumble methods of American news men.

He gave Lanier a frozen glare and Lanier indignantly retired. The city editor told him to go back and try again. Lanier promptly resigned the job. He is now on the way to great celebrity. He knows California (where he was born) and he knows the Spanish language, which he learned under the tutelage of Charles F. Lummis.

Another man who left The Times to become famous was Richard Barry, who is an author of national standing.

Richard was just a kid when promoted to be dramatic critic of The Times. One day he wrote a youthful and freezing article about Lawrence Hanley, the Shakespearean actor. Dick told Larry that he didn't know a darn thing about reading classic lines. Whereupon the actor wrote one of these attempting-to-be-sarcastic articles. "Perhaps you will be good enough to show me how to read Shakespeare." "Sure," replied Dick cheerfully. I well remember going into Dick's office one night. Here was the actor sitting all doubled up in a corner. He looked as dejected as a wet hen. In the middle of the floor was Dick with a copy of Shakespeare in his hand walking up and down and ruminating "To Be Or Not to Be" like a pipe organ.

Afterward Richard went to China for the Russo-Japanese War and pulled off one of the great scoops of all time on the fall of Port Arthur. It made him world famous.

He went to New York to live and was elected to be a member of the snuffy Players Club, the youngest member of which—so far as I could observe—is 108. Dick signalled his election by writing a magazine article on actors in which he stayed all actors alive. He didn't leave

(Continued on Page Nineteen)

On to Beaverhead

Promise of Gold Draws Miners to New Lands; Commonwealth Born In Montana Gulches

By Clyde McLemore

PREFACE
HEREIN readers with imagination will see men in motion—young men, 20 to 45 and averaging 30 years of age. A few forty-niners from California, but more from other and later districts, and as many more without mining experience.

Skilled laborers and common laborers from towns and cities; farmers and farmhands; the unlettered and the educated; unionists and confederates; artisans, tradesmen, merchants, lawyers, doctors, engineers; the health seeker and the holiday excursionist; gamblers and thieves.

Missouri river steamboats, teams, mules and horses, wagons and pack trains. Long tedious, expensive journeys to the new El Dorado; restless going hither and yon, threading devious mountain passes, trudging over divides, down slopes, across tiny, secluded parks; pushing on the heads of creeks, coulees and gulches; prospecting sand and gravel bars for float gold—always prospecting.

Men vaguely expectant of sudden riches, credulous of rumors of newer placers. Frenzied, individualistic, dogmen; some with family ties and loved ones behind, with whom a necessarily intermittent and irregular correspondence is carried on; others striving to forget and conceal the past; all planning to go "back home" or to settle elsewhere in the states as soon as a desired amount is obtained.

This is the story of the gold rush, which in 30 months of 1862-64 brought to the previously unfrequented country of the Beaverhead no less than 45,000 people, produced \$23,000,000 of gold and incidentally put Montana on the map. First, a panorama; then, in the contemporary material in part 2, closeups of detached scenes.

To David Hilger and Mrs. Anne McDonnell, librarians and assistant librarian of the Historical Society of Montana, to the staff of the Helena public library, for many courtesies extended, to Judge L. L. Callaway for valuable suggestions, and to the public libraries of Chicago, Denver and Salt Lake City, where newspaper files were examined, the writer expresses his sincere thanks.

CLYDE McLEMORE.

STEAMBOATS AND COVERED WAGONS

IT WAS May, 1862. The military wagon road from Walla Walla to Fort Benton was all but finished. Its builder, Capt. John Mullan, U. S. A., broke winter camp at the mouth of Big Blackfoot river and, with a party of soldiers and civilians, started to the eastern terminus. Sixty miles from the Blackfoot he came to the crossing of the American fork, near its mouth, where were two or three cabins, occupied by the Stuart brothers, Granville and James; Resin Anderson, and Thomas Adams. Five miles above the settlement and near the foot of the mountains, on a tributary of the fork, the Stuarts, Anderson and Adams were carrying on placer mining operations, as was another party consisting of A. S. Blake, B. W. (Bud) McAdow, W. B. S. Higgins, Dr. Munroe Atkinson and Henry (Gold Tom) Thomas.

Captain Mullan stopped to visit and to make observations of the mining activities. On the 26th and 27th, he found the Blake-McAdow party took free gold from their sluice boxes at the rate of \$10 a day a man. The Stuart party was not doing so well; for the two days their boxes yielded only \$4.25.

These were the Deer Lodge mines. Gold had been discovered here 10 years before by Francois Finlay, a Scotch-French-Indian. Four years later a small group of traders had casually prospected the creek, when they, too, found gold. In 1858 the Stuarts and Anderson verified reports of the earlier prospectors and since the fall of 1860 had been residing continuously at their settlement, trading with the Flathead Indians, farming on a small scale, and mining intermittently. Optimistic about the diggings, they wrote to their brother, Thomas, in Colorado, suggesting that he join them, a short time prior to Mullan's visit. Blake, Higgins, McAdow and Atkinson had come over from Fort Owen. Henry Thomas had been panning sand in the vicinity since the summer of 1860.

Mullan thought the American fork ought to be named Gold creek and the suggestion was adopted.

Their Neighbors
For neighbors the folks at the Deer Lodge mines had, in the Bitter Root valley, Maj. John Owen, agent for the Flatheads and proprietor of Fort Owen, established as St. Mary's mission by Fr. Pierre J. DeSmet in 1841, sold to Major Owen nine years later and by him converted into a trading post. Contiguous to the fort lived a few settlers. In the valley of the Flathead river was St. Ignatius mission, established by Fr. Adrian Roques in 1854. Six or eight miles north of the mission, on Post, or Crow, creek, Michael Ogden was in charge of Fort

Connah, a trading post of the Hudson's Bay company, established in 1847. On Jocko river was the Flathead agency. The brothers, O'Keefe, C. C. (Baron) and D. C., resided in Coriarian pass.

Six miles below Gold creek, on Hell Gate river, was Robert Dempsey's cabin, dignified by the name, Dublin. Farther west and just beyond Hell Gate, Frank L. Worden and C. F. Higgins were conducting a store, the place being called Hell Gate, or Wordenville. Some 15 miles farther west lived Baptiste Ducharme, Louis Brown and a few others at Frenchtown.

Eastward, at the mouth of Little Blackfoot, was Grantville, where lived John F. Grant, a person of some affluence, with two or three cabins and 500 cattle. South of Grantville, at the confluence of the Cottonwood and the Deer Lodge, Thomas Lavatta and Joe Hill had cabins, the place being called Cottonwood, or Spanish Fork, interchangeably.

Such were the settlements in the extreme eastern part of Washington territory as of June 1, 1862.

Other neighbors, but less numerous, lived on the eastern side of the Rocky mountains, in Dakota territory. Where the Mullan road crossed

Sun river, the Blackfoot Indian agency and government farm were located. In a puny fashion, an attempt was being made to teach agriculture to the natives. In the Missouri valley, a few miles below the mouth of Sun river, was the mission of St. Peter, established in February by Fathers Joseph Gloda, Camillus Imoda and Joseph Menetrey. On down the Missouri, 76 miles from the Sun river farm by the Mullan road, was Fort Benton, a trading post of the American Fur company, established in 1846, where Andrew Dawson was in charge. Further eastward along the Missouri, between Fort Benton and the older and larger Fort Union near the mouth of the Yellowstone, were a few small and widely separated outposts, temporary migratory and too far east to be neighbors of the miners on Gold creek.

Coincidentally with the building of the Mullan road things had been happening in the Nez Perces Indian country west of the Bitter Root mountains. In the summer of 1860 Capt. E. D. Pierce and five companions discovered gold on the northern tributaries of the Clearwater river. That fall a small quantity valued at \$800 was carried out by packers on snowshoes and shipped to Portland, where, and also at Walla Walla, the

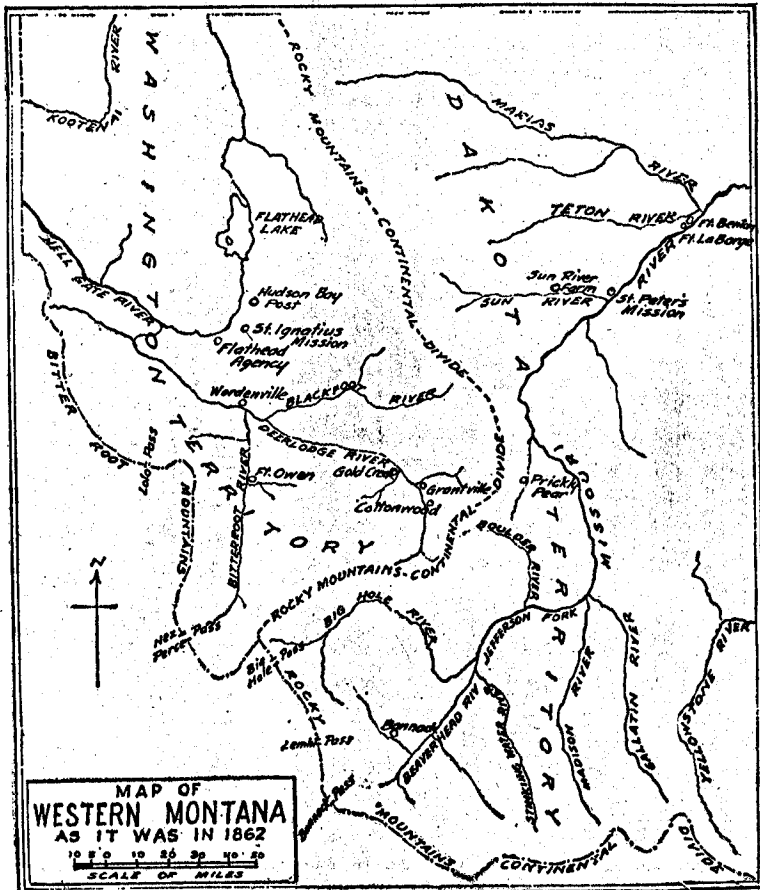
news was published in the papers. The following spring came many hundreds from California, most of them traveling by steamer to Portland, 642 miles from San Francisco, and thence up the Columbia and Snake rivers to the mines. Others flocked in from Oregon and Nevada. By June the towns of Oro Fino and Pierce City had come into a lively existence and the mountains and streams were being overrun by perhaps as many as 3,000 gold hunters. Discoveries were soon made on the south fork of the Clearwater, before Elk City was started. In the fall rich placers were found still farther south, on tributaries of Salmon river—on a small northern tributary where Florence sprang up, and on a southern tributary where the less important Warren's, or Warren's Diggings, was located.

Those at the north were called the Clearwater, or Nez Perces, mines and those at Florence and Warren's were known as the Salmon river mines.

Migration of '62
Early in the spring of '62 began a great immigration from the east and particularly from Colorado, or Pike Peak, as the entire region was commonly called. The gold strike in the vicinity of the present Denver occurred in 1858 and the area had become populous. It was believed that all the desirable locations had been claimed. Many who had been disappointed and the newcomers constantly arriving from the states were moving or preparing to move on to the much heralded mines on the Clearwater and the Salmon, far to the northwest.

Here is a descriptive letter:
"Elk City, Washington Territory, August —, 1862.
"E. S. Curtis, Esq.
"Dear Sam:

"Lum Nuckolls is about to start back, and I will drop you a few lines in haste. We arrived here the 15th of July, safe and well. Trip out generally pleasant. Encountered considerable high water. Snake river on a bend. Crossed in our wagon beds. We came in by the old Mormon fort, on the head of Salmon river. Left our wagons there and packed 250 miles here, and are still about 100



Man Who Helped Great Falls Also Erected Kendall Quartz Mill

By MARCELLA RAWE
Tribune Historical Writer

FOUR of us sat around the hospitable table in the ranch dining room and exchanged stories of pioneer days. Perhaps I should have said three of us for the old-timers told the stories while I, the tenderfoot listened. The old-timers were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Farrent in whose home we were, and Louis Wunderlin, nephew of one of the men who discovered the Kendall mine at Kendall in Fergus county. Mr. Wunderlin's experiences date from the time of the Kendall mine to the present, he is now working a claim high up among the pines on the west side of the north Moccasins. Mr. Farrent, who came to Montana in the eighties, has helped build two of the state's most important cities as well as two of its once important mining towns.

"I came to Great Falls with construction camps on the Great Northern railroad," said Mr. Farrent. "It was mostly a tent city then, though every one was building houses as fast as lumber could be supplied. The first logs came down the Missouri river from Craig and were sawed in a little portable mill on the west side of the river. The logs came down from Deep and Sheep creeks, but they could only be depended on in the spring, or when high water would wash them down into the Missouri."

"For four years I worked for the Montana Central railway getting out bridge timbers and then I had a chance to work for one of Montana's great historians, the man who built Great Falls—Paris Gibson. He had a ranch on the outskirts of the city then, called Sand coulee. There were 125 acres of wheat planted where the water tower now stands and those 125 acres were what proved that the ranchers in the state could raise wheat."

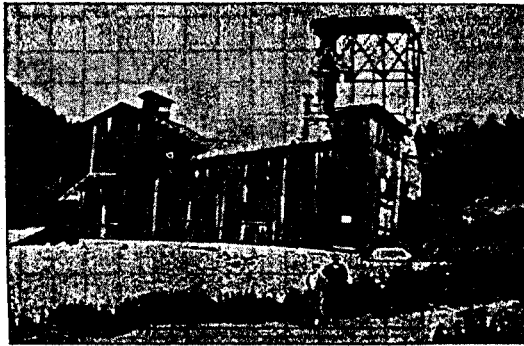
"Gibson came to me one day while the grain was still green and said, 'Henry, you'd better cut that wheat for hay. It's never going to be worth anything.' I tried arguing with him but he was set on it, so I got a crew of men, put up a tent for them to live in on the spot and started to cut the wheat. We only worked one day when a big storm came up and we had to stop. The rest of that wheat field made 35 bushels an acre."

Back to Lumbering
"I stayed with Gibson until the city began eating into his ranch, and then went back to the lumbering game. I think the greatest thrill I ever had came one time when I helped to break a log jam that piled against the Great Northern railroad bridge. They had a locomotive and 25 men out there trying to pull the logs away but they piled up faster than the engine could remove them. Finally Mike Lyons and a Spaniard, named Pete, and I, volunteered to find the key log and break the jam. We broke it alright but I was caught in the rush too far from shore to jump and had to ride a log from where we were to the wagon bridge. I tell you that I had to do some pretty fast footwork on that ride and I was mighty relieved when they threw me a rope from the wagon bridge and hauled me ashore. It was a quarter of a mile of rough-riding and that's longer than a cowpuncher can stay in the saddle!"

"I don't know about that," objected Mr. Wunderlin. "I've seen a cowpuncher ride a bucker for 20 minutes or more and I'll bet that's longer than you rode that log."
"Yes, but I don't know how a horse could buck as hard as the Missouri," answered Mr. Farrent.

"From Great Falls I went to Gilt Edge to help build the mill for L. G. Phelps and E. W. King. That was in Oct. 1898, and before the stage was half way there we ran into a terrible blizzard. All the travel was held up and Powell's stopping place was so crowded even the barn lot was full. I slept out there, I remember, though none of us really did much sleeping. The weather was too cold and the snow kept blowing in on us through the cracks but it cleared up soon and I went on to Gilt Edge and started to work. At Gilt Edge I met

Old Quartz Mill at Maiden



The mill at Maiden, erected in the nineties, did much to develop mining in both the north and south Moccasin mountain ranges, in the area where Henry Farrent did much mining work.

two remarkable women—my wife and Calamity Jane."
"Mrs. Farrent interrupted to say, 'Never mind about meeting your wife. Tell about Calamity Jane. She's more important.'"

Meets Calamity Jane
"Well, she was not a lot of money in Gilt Edge and that's more than anybody else has ever done," said her husband. "I was sitting in a poker game one night and a tin horn gambler was taking my money away from me right and left. I didn't have sense enough to realize that the game was crooked until I had lost nearly everything. I had and was pushing my chair back to leave."

"A deep bass voice spoke from behind me; 'stay right where you are, young fellow. I'll see that you get fair play.'"

"It was Calamity Jane and she had a nice little gun poking right into the middle of our card game. Well I stayed where I was and some-

how or other, my luck began to change, and I came out the winner by a whole lot. I can thank Calamity Jane for that."

"She always sat up on the box with the driver whenever she read the stage," put in Mr. Wunderlin. "And she smoked big, black cigars. I remember once her cigar was pretty nearly smoked up and the driver had just lighted a fresh one. She borrowed his to relight her own and when he got it back the driver had the stub and Calamity Jane was smoking the new one."

"The mill at Maiden was built by one and working clothes in the mine for the miners and Frenchmen. I saw Mrs. Farrent at the old Kendall mill."

"Next we moved to Maiden where my brother-in-law and I put in the first pumping plant. The cement reservoir near the country club is still in use. When that was finished we moved back to Great Falls. It was there that E. W. King found me again and hired me to put up the mill at the new Kendall mine."

"It seemed as if every time I started from Great Falls to the mining country I ran into a blizzard. This time it was in March, 1901. The grass was green in the Falls but there was snow at Bell, which was then called Rocky ridge, and when we got into Utica it was 40 below zero. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb ran the eating house and we were glad to see the inside of it after fighting steep icy roads all day in the freezing coach, with its flapping, curtained sides."

"News of the Kendall strike had got around so that when we arrived quite a number of tents were up and many miners and workmen were already on the ground. Joe Wunderlin and a few others had a log cabin but most of the town was of tents. Even a year later looking down from above the gully, you could count 67 of them."

Busy Mining Camp

"Kendall was a pretty busy place from the time we started to build the mill. Road into the mine were awful—especially for the few months in the spring."

"A number of claims were staked around the Wunderlin and Kendall properties and there were several placer mines farther back in the hills. Buck and Bill Buchanan owned one of these. I remember one of the first books ever written about central Montana told quite a bit about the Buchanans and about places they had seen. They had a chance to examine the book one day when they were sitting in Jim Stafford's store. Buck would read a page and then say to Bill, 'Is that so, Bill?' and Bill would reply gravely, 'I reckon it is if the book says so.'"

"Miners at Kendall had a good story they used to tell on a rancher

in the valley below," remarked Mr. Wunderlin. "He had a pet beaver and one night some of the miners coming from town with provisions stopped there all night. Among the provisions was a large jug of syrup and during the night it began to leak. The miners said the beaver cut all the legs and rungs out of the chairs and made a dam and when they woke up in the morning all the syrup was backed up in a corner and they didn't lose a drop."

"There were a lot of queer characters in Kendall but among the queerest was a man named Livingston, whom everyone called 'Libby'. He came from Maiden, where they named the jail after him. It seemed they took up a collection to build a jail and Libby donated \$3. The citizens decided to name the jail after the first person to be locked in it and Libby was the one. He spent most of his time in and out of that jail. Everybody decided he wanted to get his money's worth. When he got to Kendall, he didn't wait to be put in the local 'jug'. Whenever he got drunk, he went there and stayed until he sobered up. If I remember rightly, they called that jail 'Libby prison', too."

"What provision did they have for guarding gold when they shipped it out of Kendall?" I asked.

"None whatever," answered Mr. Farrent. "There was a small safe in the office; nothing more. My wife rode down to Lewistown one day with Robert Henderson, the mine secretary and she had her feet on \$20,000 worth of gold bricks—about \$2,000 in each brick."

No Guards or Guns
"And no protection? No guns or anything?" I asked, turning to Mrs. Farrent.

"Not a thing. Of course no one knew that the safe was in that particular place but the safe was in that particular place."

"I walked around the mine and saw the safe. I was sure they had some guards or guns."

"I was sure they had some guards or guns. I was sure they had some guards or guns."

"It was better to digests than to shoot or send it another way than to shoot and having a lot of good men killed," said Mr. Farrent. "No body ever knew how the gold would be taken out. They used the same methods. I remember a stage driver brought two kegs of nails from Great Falls to Lewistown one day and nobody ever knew it was money until he stopped at the bank."

"After Kendall began to slow down, a bunch of miners and business men financed me to go to Nevada and look up mines down there and I saw another time when the road agents were fooled. The stage usually took the gold out to be shipped to the mint at Denver but the authorities got wind that a holdup was to be staged so they sent it in the day before with a freighter. He had a gold brick in each of the Nevada. He should have hung onto his share of the Kendall mines and waited a while. Kendall would have come back. There are 150,000 tons of ore looking you right in the face at Kendall today. Isn't that so, Louie?" Mr. Wunderlin nodded slowly. "People are beginning to see that Kendall isn't dead by a long site. And as for me—Mr. Farrent looked very grave and winked wisely. "I'm waiting to get a call any day to come on up and build a new mill."

SCHULTZ

(Continued from Page 14)

hospital, in Phoenix. When my book was published, I was assisting Dr. Fewkes, of the Smithsonian institution, in the excavation and restoration of Casa Grande ruins, 40 miles east of Phoenix. Alternately, I lived in Los Angeles, and in my shooting lodge, Apuni Oyls (Butterfly lodge), that I built in the White mountains, Arizona, 115 miles from a railroad. For a time was literary editor of the Los Angeles Times. My son joined me, began his long years at art schools. In the art world, by his Indian name, Lone Wolf, he is well and favorably known. Some of the owners of his paintings and bronzes are: New York Academy of Design, Philadelphia Art museum; the August Heckscher gallery, now willed to the city of New York; Ex-President Herbert Hoover; Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, and other prominent easterners.

Well, years passed; years of longing to go to Montana, even for a short time, to visit my Montana friends, Indian and white. In the spring of 1915, I received a letter from Mr. Louis Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway Co., inviting me to summer in Glacier park, and write what I would about it. At once I wrote Mr. C. S. Warden, asking him to send the state game warden in my behalf. And soon came Mr. Warden's wire: "All is forgiven. Come on."

I was a happy man when, on June 15, I got off the train for the opening day of Glacier Park hotel. And happily, that summer, I wrote, "Friends of My Life As an Indian."

The End.

Al Wilkins Helped Conquer West; In Montana More Than 62 Years

By AL H. WILKINS
As Told to
Grace Stone Coates

BOYS who grew up in Minnesota when I did felt the strain of two conflicts; the greater one with the south, and the lesser one with the Sioux Indians, who had gone on the war path in the spring of 1862 and were killing white settlers and burning their homes.

I was born at Faribault, Rice county, Minnesota. My father, G. D. Wilkins, was a prosperous merchant and land owner before the war of the rebellion started. He furnished supplies for the families of enlisted men as long as he had a sack of flour in his store, for my two brothers had enlisted in the Union army; and when the war ended my father found himself financially ruined. He was making a living hauling supplies for the northern forces, but no worse off than many other one-time wealthy men whom the war had reduced to poverty.

After the great conflict between the states was ended, the troops were sent north to settle the Indian troubles. The main stronghold of the Sioux Indians was at Camp Release, now a government reserve. Here they met a decisive defeat from General Sibley's forces, and 37 white captives, women and children, were recovered from them. Their warriors, what were left of them, were taken prisoners and tried for murder, and 39 of them, found guilty, were hung on one scaffold at Mankato, Minn. My brother and half-brother, William Wilkins and Robert Starbeck, and my father witnessed this execution. Some of the Indians sang their war chant as they mounted the scaffold; others made derisive pantomimes of the way they had handled their white women captives; and some were dancing their war dances as the great trap was sprung. These Indians were of the tribe known as the "Cutthroat" Sioux. The remnant of them were driven into Canadian territory, and I shall have more to tell of these later on.

In the spring of 1868 my father moved to what is now known as Montevideo, Minn., and started to lay out a townsite which he called Chippeaway City. The name was afterward changed. Here white settlers were often surprised by war parties of the Cutthroat or Santee Sioux.

We had one of the largest houses in the old town of Chippeaway City, built of hewn oak logs so thick they were bullet proof. The house served as a fort many times during the Indian troubles. My first memories of my brothers are of seeing them in this house, with one Albert Green, who was reared by my parents, and served through the war in the Union army with my brothers. Robert Starbeck came home without a scratch, but the other two boys received slight wounds that remained noticeable through life.

Proves in Homestead

My father proved up on a homestead adjoining Chippeaway City, where we lived until 1870. In that year my father and mother separated. My mother remained on the homestead with my baby sister and next older brother and my half-brother, Robert Starbeck. My father and I, three half-sisters and a half-brother moved west to the Otter Tail river, seven miles west of Fergus Falls. We soon went farther west, settling at last on Red Lake river where the city of Crookston now stands. The Pembina branch of the Northern Pacific railroad was then under construction and Crookston, at the crossing of the Red Lake river, gave promise of becoming a thriving young town. A year later the federal government brought suit against the railroad company, and all the rolling stock was taken off the Pembina branch. All contract work was brought to a standstill. Father had been working teams on the road grading contract, and supplying cord wood on contract for the wood burning engines. With the shutting off of this work he was again left without resources. He had also run a ferryboat that did a flourishing business as long as the construction work was going on; but with everything shut down, and only part-pay

for the work already done, conditions looked bad.

Freight and supplies had to be hauled 70 miles. We had teams on the road hauling supplies for the village in the spring of 1872, when a deputy United States marshal charged us with freighting in whisky contrary to law, claiming that Crookston was on the Indian reservation. For this violation he was going to arrest father and confiscate his teams. A little trouble took place right there, and the officer went away with a sore head. While he was deputizing 20 men to storm our home and make the arrest, father was just as diligently getting himself and teams across the Canadian line, down the Red river to old Fort Gary, now the beautiful city of Winnipeg.

He found employment for himself and teams that summer, and in the fall sold all but one team. In the meantime he had communicated with the secretary of the interior at Washington, D. C., and received official assurance that he had violated no law, that his case had been looked into and he exonerated, and the marshal dismissed. He came back to Crookston in the fall of 1872, loaded all our belongings in our old ferry boat, and we floated down Red Lake river to Grand Forks, N. D., and down the Red River of the North to old Fort Gary.

Six Days on River

We had built a little cabin on the boat and arranged sweep oars at bow and stern, so that we could keep the boat in midstream or hold it against the shore for landing. I don't remember the exact distance from Crookston to Winnipeg, but I remember well that it took us six days to make the voyage. We made the journey without accident, pulling ashore at Grand Forks to get supplies. I remember counting the buildings at Grand Forks—seven of them: one small store, a saloon, a hotel and four dwelling houses made up the city in 1872.

Many of the inhabitants of the lower Red river valley were Scotch half bloods. It was a usual sight to see these half bloods, morning, noon or night, out with their dipnets dipping away to catch fish for the immediate meal. There seemed no thought for the morrow to disturb them; and as we floated past them they would often shout: "Have you got any flour?" Some of them did not see flour once a year. They lived on fish and wild meats.

The Red river was navigable as far as Crookston in those days. Small steamboats plying the river did quite a business until the advent of the railroad. It seemed strange when I was back there for a visit in 1923 to see the bottom of that once great river plainly visible, with hardly enough water in the stream to supply the towns along its banks.

At Winnipeg we sold our flatboat, rented a house in a little settlement on the south bank of the river, called St. Boniface, and lived there until spring of 1874. Once settled, father loaded his wagon with Indian trinkets and supplies, headed into the British northwest territories and established a trading post in what were then known as the Riding mountains, 150 miles northwest of Winnipeg. Here he traded with the Sioux tribe that had been driven out of Minnesota in 1862. These Indians were good hunters and trappers, and father came home twice a year with loads of furs.

One by one my three half-sisters had married during the two years father had been making trips to his trading post, and when he returned in the spring of 1874 I was the only one left at home. Father had faced the danger of these journeys alone; but this year he heard that a strong force of British police were to be sent up into the northwest territories. In view of this additional protection he decided to take me with him rather than leave me at Winnipeg alone. He intended to go back to the post, transfer the remnants of his winter stock of goods to his wagon—drawn by a team of big mules—and under the protection of the British police force go as far west as they went, trading with the Indians on the way.

On this return trip father had hired half-breeds to bring in him and his furs with a string of Red river carts. These vehicles would be a novel sight to the present generation. There was not a scrap of iron on them, nor on the harness used with them. Spokes, felloes and hubs of the six-foot wheels were made of hardwood. Rawhide was stretched over the felloes for tires. Hardwood pins through the outer ends of the axles held the wheels on. The shafts were 2 by 4 inch hardwood sticks, which formed part of the bed timbers. The cart beds were perhaps 4 by 6 feet. To these enormous looking vehicles the Indians drove dwarf horses or cattle, with a load of 800 to 1,000 pounds to each cart. One man usually drove three carts. With this caravan of Red river carts we left Winnipeg.

Picture a father and son breaking home ties! My three half-sisters and half-brother bade us goodbye, knowing well that our intended trip through the wilds was a dangerous one. All of them—Huldah, Virginia, Georgia and my brother William—stood waving to us until we were lost in the distance.

We were on the road eight days with the half breeds and their carts, making about 20 miles a day. It rained on us half the time, and we had no protection but the clothes we wore. The cargo on each cart was shielded by a rawhide cover stretched down tight, but there was no room

under the rawhide for a person. At camp and on the road we were as wholly exposed to the storm as the dumb brutes were.

Stricken With Measles

On the third day out I came down with the measles. I had been in the rain all day, and the chill of the storm made the measles strike in, and I was a very sick boy. We were 150 miles from a doctor. Fortunately for me, we reached our trading post on the eighth day; and I lay in a comfortable bed, unconscious, for five days. Our only medicine was a quart of brandy. Father mixed this into hot drinks, and gave it to me with a spoon. The brandy and the warm blankets did the business, and on the fifth day the measles broke out on me, and consciousness returned.

I remember my father as the happiest man on the plains that day. It didn't take me long to get well after that, and by the time the mounted police arrived at our post we were ready for the long trip into the wilderness. We were to cross great plains where there were only buffalo and other wild animals, Indians, and a few white traders like ourselves.

The detachment of mounted police reached our post May 10, 1874, and camped there over night. They were nearly all men under 30. As I remember them they remind me now of any college group on dress parade. Their uniform was khaki colored pants and shirt and a bright red coat, topped off with a red and white cap. We learned later that many of the boys were sons of aristocrats, boys who had been a little wild, whose titled fathers had crowded them overseas and into the police force to quiet them down. They were a jolly bunch, well met, and the evening of their arrival we called on the officer in command, Colonel Walsh. When we told him of our intention to go into the northwest territories he advised us to stay close to his command, and not take the risk of being in that savage country by ourselves. The colonel was a real man, a born officer, who held the esteem of his little army.

First Real Adventure

When the command broke camp and started off on a rutted half breed cart trail we pulled in behind them with our mule team pulling our covered wagon, loaded with trading goods. Here was my first real adventure as a frontiersman. We had two guns and a six-shooter. I had been taught in early boyhood how to use them. We had a supply of ammunition, and considered ourselves well armed. We felt secure, too, with such a large body of men going in advance. We stayed with the police command until we got to Shoal lake on the west slope of Riding mountain.

This was a beautiful place. The lake covered 15 acres, and was sur-



A free trader of the early days in the northwest bringing his furs to the trading post in midwinter. Dogs drew sledges of the toboggan type. The dogs were of the Eskimo breed, many of them half wolf, and were capable of enduring great hardship of extreme cold and perilous trail. Outfits of this kind were much in use when Al Wilkins, as a boy, traveled the prairies of northwest Canada.