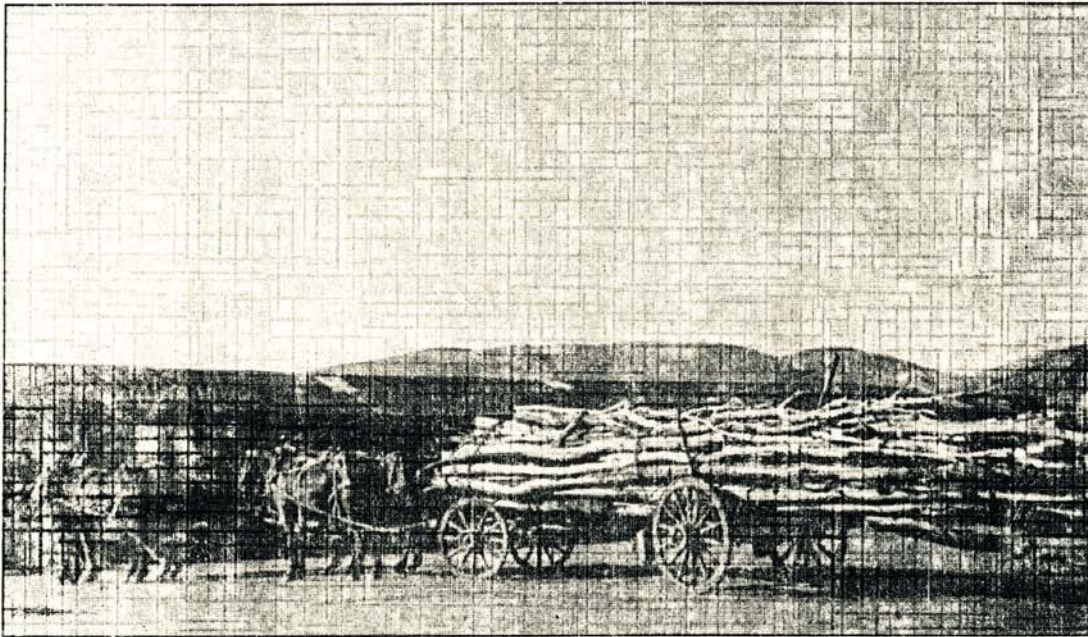


HERMAN'S HOWLINGS

A PERSONAL HISTORY OF SOUTHWESTERN WYOMING



BY
HERMAN
GENETTI

old ways pass on
and are forgotten

Herman

Looking back over time, what changes have been seen.
Looking forward, more to come.
Check God's word and stay on track.
This will end some day.

43/200

This book is dedicated to my wife, Imogene.

Thanks to Ann Noble for the lessons she taught me,
to Noel Tuck for unscrambling all I wrote,
and to Imogene for her patience.

Thanks also to the many relations and friends
who suggested, then encouraged.

Thanks to Irene Kerr.

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CHAPTER ONE THE GENETTIS

Angelo Genetti

As I begin this story I will tell of my father's side up to the present, as much as I know or as much as I was able to find out. I might be a little off once in a while, but it is pretty accurate.

My father, Ermenegildo Genetti, was born in Tyrol, Austria on January 25, 1893. My grandfather Angelo Genetti was born in the same place in 1859, as was my great grandfather Fransisco Genetti in 1794. My grandmother, Teresa (Marchetti) Genetti was born in the same place as was her father Louis Marchetti. My grandmother died in 1902. Not much history was kept of the girls, so there are not so many stories on their side.

The valley in Tyrol was densely populated and the people were there for many generations. Everyone was raised in the Catholic faith. The church was also the government which was not good. Force was more or less the name of the game, when things didn't happen as the Father thought they should. These people were poor, hard working, and had to manage their means very closely.

My grandfather came to Rock Springs, Wyoming in 1887 from Tyrol, but my grandmother never came. They had four small children and she never had the courage. My grandfather returned to Tyrol in 1892 after five years working in the mines, and he lived out his life there. While in Rock Springs, Grandpa batched with one of his countrymen, Frank Guice, who was a blacksmith of about the same age.

Life in Tyrol was hard; living was very meager. Angelo told his sons to go to America where they would have a chance; in Tyrol they wouldn't have any chance. So that became their goal, but it took time. Angelo owned several small pieces of land which he farmed and he had an interest in a store that was kind of a co-op. I am sure savings from five years in America helped him.

Angelo had oxen which they worked and milked as well as a team of mules. All of the livestock was kept in a basement part of the house; the family lived upstairs. If any of the animals got sick my grandfather would say it wasn't so bad, as long as the sickness stayed in

the barn. They never had chickens because the return off them was too small, so they never had eggs to speak of. My dad said the first egg he remembered was a boiled one and he didn't know what to do with it; he never understood to peel it.

These people had very little meat. I am sure when they did have it, it was a worn out ox or mule. They would eat a horse, too, if they had one. Meat was used sparingly. Polenta was common; it is made from coarse cornmeal. Smorm was made from flour. It was a breakfast dish at our house. Canederli was made from dry bread and a flavoring of meat formed into small balls and boiled in meat broth. Nyonki was made from boiled potatoes held together with flour and boiled in water. Cheese was part of the diet, but good old Limburger was not relished by everyone. They loved sausage and baloney. The pig got mixed up with whatever was on hand. Uncle Rico was the sausage maker. Bread was also important; Joe Piz was the baker, as was Gene Bertagnoli.

My father said the first team of horses he remembered was one a neighbor had bought. Everyone was sure he had wasted his money; they felt about horses as so many of the old timers in the states did about tractors when they first came out. They always had horses in Europe but in that area of Tyrol they could only keep what yielded the best return and that was cows, sheep, and goats, and pigs. Today that area has very little livestock, but lots of fruit and lots of tourists.

Every morning a boy would walk through the village blowing his horn. The people would turn their cattle loose and the boy took them on the mountain to graze for the day. Returning in the evening each animal went to its own home by itself. Another boy did the same with the sheep and goats. This is up in the Alps.

On any little meadows they harvested the hay with scythes and wide wooden rakes all by hand, and much of it was carried in bundles on their backs - they cared for every straw. When they cut down a tree they used roots, limbs and all and they planted another tree in its place. My dad said when they butchered a pig they used everything but the squeal.

They raised lots of grapes and made wine. The kids were switched from milk to wine at about five or six years of age. They made cheese from the milk that the children were no longer drinking.

The grape harvest lasted about six weeks. Angelo's mules were hitched to a cart when

the harvest started and not unhitched until the harvest was over. His four sons took turns driving them right around the clock, twenty-four hours a day. The mules ate hitched up. A manger and water trough were arranged at the unloading place so while the cart was being unloaded they ate. They could sleep while the cart was being loaded. A rope was never needed when they put shoes on those mules. The girls helped with the hay harvest and the grapes.

One time the man with the team of horses took them to skid a tree from where he had cut it on the mountain to the village where they would saw it into lumber. The butt cut was more than the horses could pull; they had to pull it up a grade before going down the hill. It was late in the day, so the fellow took a smaller cut of the tree and took it home. Angelo looked this over and decided he would prove that oxen were the answer. At two o'clock in the morning Angelo got his boys up and they took the oxen to the log. He cut some of the bigger limbs to the right length, placed them by the log, rolled the log over onto them, then hooked on and started off. They picked the limbs up from behind the tree and put them down in front until they went over the top of the grade. On the way down they met the man with the horses, and of course this had to be a big deal.

My dad told me that on one of Grandpa's parcels of land there was a large flat rock on the ground's surface. They hauled soil from over the land and covered this rock so that they could raise a crop on it. They used the mules and a cart and hauled the dirt by hand with shovels. This project took all winter.

Uncle Frank Genetti

Uncle Frank, my dad's oldest brother, came to America in about 1905. Frank worked one year in a coal mine in Pennsylvania, then went on to Colorado and worked in hard rock quartz mines there for a few years. It was there his lungs were damaged. From Colorado he came to Rock Springs, Wyoming, and worked in the coal mines there.

Uncle Frank went back to Tyrol for a short time and while he was there the government said he must serve in their army. He headed back for the States but when he got into France he changed his mind and went back and served his time. He said the government would have given his father a bad time if he never.

I don't know for sure the dates, but around 1914 Uncle Frank was working for LaBarge

Livestock on their lower ranch on the Green River. He was married by that time, but I don't know where or when he married. Bucks own this ranch now.

All four of the brothers went together in 1918 and bought the ranch on LaBarge Creek where I was raised. They bought it from Oliver Twichell; it was the place my great-Grandad Whitman homesteaded in the 1890's. This ranch was too small to support one of them let alone four, so that ended soon. They bought during inflated times; they paid thirteen thousand dollars for a thirteen hundred dollar ranch. I am sure they borrowed the money from the North Side State Bank in Rock Springs. That bank was run by countrymen and a bunch of names on a note must have been all the security needed. My dad stayed with the ranch and struggled until the fall of 1941 when he paid it off. He lived there until he died in 1967.

Uncle Frank went to Superior and worked in the coal mines there until 1941. He accumulated three or four small houses that he rented to bachelors and he had half a dozen milk cows and sold the milk. He eventually bought a farm down at Ogden, Utah.

Uncle Frank and Aunt Erminia had five children. Elizabeth and Lena both died young with diabetes, then Frank, Leno and Ella.

Frankie, as he was called, married Flora. They had two children, Georgia Lynn and Frank (nicknamed Bomber). Frankie served in World War 2 and retired as a colonel.

Leno married Vivian. They had two children, Jimmy and Mary Lee. Leno died in 1945 with a bad heart and left a very young family. Jim married Helen and they have two boys, Matt and David.

Ella married Art Caretto. They never had any children. Art died in June 1990. They lived in Ogden at the time and they both worked at Hill Airforce base until their retirement. Ella now lives in Boise, Idaho near Jim and Helen. She is a diabetic and blind from it, but she is a spunky little gal.

Uncle Frank worried a lot about his children doing exactly as he expected, but it never really went his way. He also worried about his health and he convinced himself that he had cancer. The brothers got him to go to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota and they told him to go home and go fishing and quit his fussing - he was in good shape and nothing was wrong.

In 1938 Uncle Frank went back to Italy to visit his father and relatives. Italy got Tyrol in World War ~~II~~, so it was no longer Austrian.

In 1940 Uncle Frank bought a farm just out of Ogden, Utah. He always wanted a farm, and then he wanted Leno to be a farmer, but Leno and his wife never had such plans. It was just a small farm. Aunt Erminia not a ranch woman and she never liked it on a ranch or the farm. Ella became his farmhand. She was small and frail but she did her best. Uncle Dominic's boys helped him a lot; they were raised on a farm not far away and they were farmers. Uncle Frank was too old and only knew old-country farming, so in time he sold the farm and bought a duplex in Ogden. Then he built a triplex and lived in one section and rented the other two.

In 1965 Aunt Erminia died, leaving Uncle Frank alone for several years. He eventually went into a retirement center in Roy, Utah where he died January 4, 1974 at age eighty-nine. He lived to be the oldest of his brothers.

Uncle Frank had his ways and it wasn't always the way Aunt Erminia saw it. Uncle Frank had a difference with a couple of Aunt Erminia's nephews and they were no longer welcome at his house. Shortly after this my dad stopped by to visit and Aunt Erminia met him at the door and let him know he was not welcome. I am sure she felt what was good for the goose is good for the gander. My dad went out to Uncle Dominic's house on the farm and asked what the hell was going on in there. Uncle Dominic smiled and explained. I always liked them both but as a child there were a few things I never realized.

Uncle Frank was quite soft spoken but that soft voice would fool you. He ran things his way with no doubts, but those old-country women could usually hold their own if need be.

Uncle Frank told me once when I was visiting him in the retirement center that my grandmother had told him if he didn't straighten up he would wind up in jail. He said she was right because now he was in jail. He always had to have his coffee Royals every morning and managed to have his bottle sneaked into the home. He kept it in a chest until one morning he was dizzy and fell. They knew for sure he was drunk so that was the end of the coffee Royals. He really wasn't drunk and he was not a drinking man, but he had that nip in his coffee for years.

One day someone had died in the home and his roommate, being a Mormon, was talking to him, concerned about his future. He asked Frank what happened when a person died. Frank said, "Oh, I went to a funeral once. I saw they had dug a hole in the ground six feet deep and

they put the fellow in the box down in the bottom of the hole and that was the end." Well, I said to myself, my uncle is an atheist. Then when he died he left some money in his will and my cousin was to use a certain amount of it each year for flowers for the grave and to give the priest so much per year for Masses until it was gone. I asked a Catholic friend of mine what was going on. The fellow said, "Your uncle was a gambler. He wanted to be sure about his future and in case the priest could help him he wanted him to. Regardless of what he said, he was not sure what happened after death."

The two daughters that died young, Elizabeth and Lena, were buried in Rock Springs but Uncle Frank had them moved to Ogden. So four of them are buried side by side and he wanted Leno there but Vivian would never say to go ahead and move Leno, so he is still buried in Rock Springs.

Uncle Rico Genetti

Enrico was born in 1888, shortly after his father came to Rock Springs and was four or five before his father saw him or was around him. From things I have heard this gap never helped the child-parent bond. It seems Grandpa never gave this son the credit sons have coming. He wasn't sure Uncle Rico would be a success in life. I never heard my uncle make any remarks on this matter but I heard comments my dad made. I am sure my dad never felt that way as he and Uncle Rico always seemed pretty close. They lived twelve miles apart and visited back and forth a lot. I do not know but I am sure that my dad and Uncle Rico came to this country together.

Uncle Rico learned the cobbler trade as a young fellow but he never monkeyed with shoes over here in the States. My dad and Uncle Rico started out in the mines together. It evidently wasn't long before Rico went to work for LaBarge Livestock. He worked with the sheep, he and Pasquini. They were together I don't know how long, but I do know that I worked for them with Pasquini in 1938 and we used the same sheep camp that they used.

From pictures, Uncle Rico was a tall, raw-boned man, but this changed with age and the bar business.

Sometime shortly after the Genetti brothers bought the ranch and then went their separate

ways, Uncle Rico went into the bar business in Superior. After saving a few dollars he went back to Tyrol (now part of Italy) for a wife. What I'm telling now is according to Elda and Rudy, the way I remember them telling me. Uncle Rico married Catterina Cologna in Italy and they came to America shortly after the wedding. I always knew her as my Aunt Catina. my aunt found it very hard to leave her homeland and family. Elda said they shaved all the hair off the immigrants' heads before entering America. Uncle Rico never wanted his wife's hair all cut off so he paid those in charge not to cut her hair, but his was okay to cut and they got by with that. They had three children: Elda, William and Rudy. William died when he was around a year old. Elda was born in 1925.

In 1927 they built a home and bar in Tulsa (now LaBarge). They named it the Eagle Bar, and so it remains today.

Uncle Rico died in 1941 of cancer and Aunt Catina died in October 1941 from a car accident.

In 1929 my dad had an appendicitis operation in Rock Springs. He got an infection and was there a month and nearly died. He asked Uncle Rico to take care of his family if he did die but he never. Then when my aunt and uncle died and left their two young children, Elda sixteen and Rudy twelve, my dad did what he could for them.

Elda married John Brown in 1946 I believe, and they sold the bar and moved to Kansas, eventually buying a farm. They still live there. John and Elda have three children: Eva K, Margaret Ann, and Joe. Margaret married Duane Bender and they have a daughter, Catherine. Joe married Becky and they have two sons, Kevin and Nathan; they all live in Kansas.

Rudy married Lois Peters and they live in California. Rudy and Lois have three children: Kenneth, Catherine, and Carol. Kenneth is married and has three children: ??, Bronwen and Gaten. Catherine married Roy Reinhard and they have two children: Michael and Jeremy. Carol married Paul Campbell and they have no children. Rudy has been a teacher in California and abroad. Lois became a psychiatrist.

Uncle Rico used to give us kids a big silver dollar from time to time and Joe called them big nickels. He gave us candy and chewing gum. Uncle Rico made sausage out of beef, horse and wild meat. My mother being a Seventh-Day Adventist taught us kids that we were not to eat pig or horse meat. Uncle Rico would tell us it made no difference what a person ate; if it

was good, eat it. I don't think he got his instructions from the Bible. Uncle Rico always seemed good natured but George DeGraw told me once when he was working for my dad putting up ice for Uncle Rico that Rudy had done something that he had been told not to do, and Uncle Rico said, "Rudy I tole you once and I tell you again you do dat one more time and I will broke your ass!"

Uncle Rico believed in education for the kids. Elda told me that Rico told my dad he should send me on to school, not out to herd sheep. I see my dad was deeply in debt and couldn't afford to, but I did want to go on to school to be an engineer.

One time I came into LaBarge on horseback and along the highway in the Spur Lane I saw a pile of battered-up slot machines. I was tying up my horse behind the house when my uncle came to the door, so I asked if he had lost any slot machines lately. He put his finger to his lips and said to keep quiet and maybe they would catch the thieves. Later on the barber who had his shop in the corner of the bar paid a \$700 grocery bill with nickels, dimes, quarters, and dollars, but no one was ever caught.

Another time my uncle got a call from the sheriff asking if anyone had stolen his car, and he said no, it was in the garage. The sheriff said you better go look, so he did and it was gone. Two kids had asked him for a pass key the evening before to get in ones of their homes because it was cold and their mothers weren't home yet, they had no key. Instead they opened the garage and took his car and had wrecked it sixty or seventy miles away.

One time Dewey Bakes sold my dad and Uncle Rico some life insurance. They thought they got twenty year endowment, but they got twenty pay life. Uncle Rico found out later what they had so he went to the courthouse to find out for sure and was all excited and came to tell my dad so they were both excited. Uncle Rico kept saying he had made investigation to Kel courthouse and they would go over it again. They had been had and they were mad! Two insurance policies got canceled right away.

In the spring of the year about midnight or maybe later, when the bar was closed, several of their countrymen would come to the kitchen for a last glass of wine and the farewells, and they would top it off with "Springtime in the Rockies". With a little wine those Tyroleans could sing.

One afternoon things were quiet in the bar, and Uncle Rico was behind the bar killing

time. Angelo Borzaga was sitting in a chair, passed out, and Silvio Corazza came in just goofy drunk, and he walked up to Angelo and pulled out his six shooter and stuck it between Angelo's eyes and said, "Shood I pool the treeger?" One jump Uncle was at the end of the bar and the next jump he had the six shooter. He opened it and it was loaded, ready to go. That was a close one. Another time one quiet afternoon, Vincent Guyette came along and for some reason got into it with Uncle, so he pulled a little gun and told Uncle to come out from behind that bar. He said if he didn't he would splatter spaghetti up in that corner and over in that corner. Uncle came out and Vincent jabbed the gun in his back and said, "Let's take a little walk." About that time here came Aunt Catina and she began begging, "Don't shoot my Rico", but Vince had him stepping and sweating. It was great sport but after a bit he let him go. Oh for the life of a bartender. My dad always said he wouldn't have that business if it was given to him.

Uncle Rico liked for my dad to stop in the evening and visit a while because my dad knew a lot of people and was pretty well liked. He never hurt the business even though he very seldom drank. One time my dad told me about being there, it was after dark and a fellow was there right up in everybody's face, making a nuisance of himself. Uncle Rico asked my dad "Can you get him out of here?" There was a cement basement with walls about eighteen inches above the ground just built, so my dad said sure, and he began his job. He got up in this fellow's face, chattering foolishness to him and then he began backing towards the door, exchanging conversation with his new friend. Soon they had gotten out the door and he backed on to the new foundation and it was dark enough the drunk was not aware when he came to the corner. My dad stepped aside and his new friend quietly went over the wall into the basement. My dad listened a bit and the fellow was very much alive but couldn't find his way out.

My dad told me if you don't want to get in trouble in a bar it was simple to avoid: just don't go in the bar. My uncle explained to me how he set his slot machines. He said they always kept his table set and he ate well; he said stay away from them, you will always lose in the end.

There was a family reunion in 1940 in LaBarge after Uncle Rico came back from the Mayo Clinic. Everyone knew but Uncle Rico that cancer was soon to be the end. He never did know. Aunt Catina had a struggle to live through it all and not let it out. In late summer or early fall Aunt Catina had taken Rudy to Piney for a music lesson (if I remember correctly) and

on the way home she was driving much faster than she realized, and she hit some water on the highway. It covered her windshield and scared her and she applied the brakes hard and that Packard took a nose dive and went end over end and then sideways out into the sagebrush. The door came open and her leg went out through the open door and was damaged so badly they had to amputate it. She was in the Kemmerer hospital and was having problems so they took her to Salt Lake but it was too late; a blood clot had gone to her lung. She had gangrene and there was nothing anyone could do.

I remember my dad and I were making the last visit with Elda and John Brown as they were packing the last things to leave the home in LaBarge. They had either just gotten married or were going to be soon. My dad shook John's hand and said "John, make this permanent." I thought how nice for him to say that but why didn't he say the same thing to me when I got married? Elda gave a shower a couple of years before for Imogene and me shortly after we were married. Just before our wedding I couldn't find my suit, and I knew I had one, I had gotten it new at Penney's and picked it out myself to wear to Uncle Rico's funeral. One day Elda told me that she had a suit, and could it be mine? Then I remembered some time in the past I had sent it to the cleaners in Kemmerer and told them to leave it at Elda's. Then I had forgotten it. I don't know how long it had been there.

Uncle Dominic Genetti

Uncle Dominic bought a farm just out of Ogden and moved there in about 1930. He had worked in the mines in Superior for several years and had married Aunt Maria there. They had three boys by then: Henry, Albert, and Guy. After moving to the farm four more children were born: Mary, Ann, Bill and Irene.

Uncle Dominic had worked for LaBarge Livestock a short time with the sheep when he first came to the country. Over twenty years later he and the boys were traveling on the highway out in the Slate Creek area and Uncle was telling the boys of his sheep herding days. Henry was looking out the window and all at once he said, "I saw your tracks there, Pa!"

I remember many picnics and holidays together with Uncle Rico and his family and sometimes Uncle Frank and his family, but Uncle Dominic lived far away, in Ogden, Utah. The first time I saw him was at the family reunion in LaBarge in 1940.

I never went to Ogden until 1949. Then I got to see the farm, my aunt and uncle and all the cousins together. Uncle Dominic had a dairy and at one time had about seventy five registered Guernsey milk cows. The whole family understood farming, depression, and hard work. By the 1960's Uncle Dominic had bought more ground, and had a modern dairy and was doing well.

Henry married Erma, an Italian girl who was Catholic. They had one son, Louis and one daughter, Janice. Louis never married; Janice did and has a daughter, Angelina and a son, Jeremy.

Henry served in World War II; he was in Europe. After the war he worked at Hill Airforce Base, then at the Defence Depot in Ogden. He retired at retirement age with heart trouble and died a short time after.

Albert married Norma Weston, a Mormon girl. They had five daughters, Carol (Clarke), Linda (Applonie), Arlene (Sparrow), Diane (Helms), and Debbie (Hepworth).

Albert worked for Paramount Dairy farm for ten years then for Brewer Tire Co. for twenty one years as a foreman. The company sold out in Ogden and he could have stayed with them, but it would have meant moving to Salt Lake so he chose to stay where he was and work for the Weber School District as a plumber for ten years. He retired with heart trouble and died in December 1992.

Guy stayed on the farm. He married Darlene and they had a daughter, Nancy, and a son, Mike, who is still on the farm. Guy was a good farmer and dairy man. He stayed with it until he died of a heart attack.

Mary married Lloyd Robinette. They had several children. Ann married Granato and they had a son and a daughter. Irene married a Bergman and has three children, I believe. I don't have all the names for the different ones, but anyone who is interested can follow up and get them.

Bill Genetti married Sandra and they had five children: Berlin, Opal, B.K., Vincent, and Andrew. Bill got a higher education, he became a teacher. He taught at the university at Bozeman, Montana, and at the university in Oxford, Mississippi. Sandra was a Morman girl and Bill became a Morman bishop. This is rare: a purebred Catholic to a Morman bishop, but it is nice to live in a free country. Bill died in 1989.

Uncle Dominic loved humor, and I must tell one of his stories. He rented a farm from the Mormon church. One Sunday morning he started plowing and each round he passed right by the Mormon church. At noon the bishop came to Dominic and told him that they would rather he came to church on Sunday. Dominic replied, "Oh, I'll get up early and go to the Catholic church for the good of my soul, then when it's out I'll go to the Mormon church for the good of my milk cows."

My Uncle Dominic was the youngest boy and he had quite a sense of humor. Dominic was called into the Austrian army in the first World War. They had to walk to where they must report and there was another young man with him. As the two boys were walking along they passed two older ladies who were making remarks about how they felt sorry for the boys, it was so bad they must go to war. Uncle Dominic jumped up on a rock nearby and saluted them and said not to worry about them.

Things in the army weren't all roses. In time the Russians captured Uncle Dominic and held him prisoner. The prisoners were forced to work in the wheat fields and they were guarded by soldiers on horseback. They were kept in large barns at night crowded together like livestock and it was filthy. One day Uncle Dominic saw a fellow scratching quite seriously and he asked what the problem was. The fellow replied he was trying to get rid of the lice. Later that day he observed another man scratching and he asked him what the problem was. The man replied he was looking for lice. Uncle Dominic said, "I saw a fellow throwing them away, maybe you can make a deal."

One dark night my uncle and another fellow decided they would leave that outfit and somehow they slipped away unseen. They knew the story was over if they got caught, but after days of sneaking on foot by night they got into Sweden. In Sweden they got on a ship and headed for Tyrol. They made it back into Italy and somehow they both got permission to go to America. Uncle Dominic never made it back to his home even though they made it to Italy. Once he got to America, he never got back home until 1965.

My uncle had enough money to get to New York and the other fellow said that once they got to America he could get money from his family to go where they needed to go, so off they went. Everything worked like they had planned until they got to the point of entry, where they kept my uncle. The friend gave Uncle Dominic the money as promised, then went on to

Michigan to his folks but was quite sad about my uncle. They kept Uncle Dominic for about a month; I believe they were concerned about his health. Dominic was a small, skinny man at best and with all he had gone through I am sure they had reason.

One day they let him go, and he was on his way to Rock Springs to some of the relatives. Uncle Dominic got to Rock Springs in April or early May 1918. My dad never knew he had gotten out here and he was over on Muddy at Alex Bertagnoli's (LaBarge Livestock) the day Dominic arrived. They were eating dinner around a long table, probably forty people at the table. They were shearing the sheep and they had about sixteen thousand head of sheep. A fellow asked my dad if he knew the new man and my dad never knew him. Well, said the fellow, it's your brother. What a reunion. Dominic was sixteen when my dad last saw him; now he was twenty three and had covered a few rough miles.

LaBarge Livestock was owned by four Italians. As near as I remember, they were Victor Facinelli, Alex Bertagnoli, John Rizzi and maybe Matt Bertagnoli or maybe John. They made moonshine, too; it wasn't all sheep and cattle as they had some cattle too. Many people worked for LaBarge Livestock. In the late twenties Alex's wife died and he left there, turning it over to the others. Eventually Vic and Tom Facinelli were the sole owners. I worked three and a half years for them. I was working for them in 1944 when I got married. Tom died in an accident with his pickup; he always flew when he drove. Vic sold out in about 1955. Alex had a nickname, Brando, but his countrymen got to calling him Brand It. He was quite a business man, but he wasn't alone.

Ermenegildo (Joe) Genetti

My father took the name Herman when he came to the States. When he applied for a job in the mines they asked for his name, and he couldn't figure out what they wanted to know. They asked Jack? Bill? Joe? - whatever the names were, when they got to Joe he just said yes. Most People knew him as Joe all his life. My dad said it never mattered what they called him as long as it wasn't too late to eat.

My dad and Uncle Rico started out working in a mine in Rock Springs or Superior. There were two countrymen working in this mine and they worked in pairs; one man worked right handed and the other worked left handed. They had to swing a pick, breaking a layer of

coal loose on the floor. They would start standing up but as this layer came loose it got deeper, so soon they were on their knees. The deeper this layer was picked loose the more coal fell when they shot it with black powder. They drilled holes at angles with long bits to put the powder in.

The two fellows split up, one took my dad for a partner and the other one took Uncle Rico. One of the fellow's name was Gus Cologna; the other one's name I don't know. When the two brothers had worked long enough to feel they could handle it they began working together and the older pair went back together. In later years Gus moved to Hudson, Wyoming. I don't know what he did there. In 1965 I took my dad over to visit with him. My dad was seventy two and Gus was older. Gus could still sit on the floor at that time and take his hands and pull one leg up behind his neck. Among their discussions I remember Gus had trouble answering all the questions to get his social security checks coming and he told my dad that he told the government worker he was pretty sure his mother was a woman, but he couldn't remember the day he was born (his memory didn't go that far back) so he just took her word for it the same as other things he was telling them, but certain things he had no proof.

My dad left Rock Springs to work in a mine near Kemmerer. His Aunt Rose lived in Kemmerer, and I am sure this is what called him up there. Not long after starting to work in Kemmerer a rock fell on his partner and killed him. My dad wasn't in the mine that day but he decided no more mine: he paid a friend five dollars to bring his tools out.

Rose Angeli, my dad's aunt, had three children: Joe, Emma (Thoman), and Lizzy (Bertagnoli). My dad and Joe were near the same age and Joe was a country boy, raised in Kemmerer. He loved the outdoors and livestock. He played with horses quite a bit and he became a sheepman and owned a place out west of Kemmerer near Fossil. Joe influenced my dad to the point that he found a job on a ranch on the Green River near the mouth of LaBarge Creek, Salmon Brothers, now owned by Eubanks.

My dad was working for someone on the old freight road out of Opal to Big Piney. They were working on the dugway on Holden Hill when Dave Salmon came along looking for hay hands. My dad quit the road job and went to work for Salmon Brothers. Later he worked for Jack Howard and LaBarge Livestock. These jobs and his excursion to Utah and Fontenelle all happened in a seven year period.

My dad and Uncle Rico decided to buy a farm after they had worked a while and saved a few dollars. Somehow they connected with a real salesman, and school began. Mr. Salesman took them to Utah, to Park Valley just beyond the north end of Salt Lake. He arranged so that they got to the area just after dark and they crossed a railroad where he told them they were just then putting a railroad in. They went a short ways up to a farm and he showed them a wonderful garden by lantern light. The boys gave him a thousand dollars cash for forty acres and they headed out of there.

Later they went back to look the farm over and get ready to build and farm, as the ground they had bought was very close to the garden they had seen but was just raw ground. When they arrived there it was a poor desert: no water. The railroad was a hoax, just a few feet of tracks where they crossed them, and a garden on a spot where a small stream of water flowed off a hill but there was nothing for the country below. Many foreigners had bought land there and they all had the same thing: nothing.

They kept the farm; it is still in the family. During the depression the tax on it was forty eight cents for the forty acres. Shortly after this my dad bought a small place in Fontenelle Basin, but he soon caught on that it wasn't what he thought it was, so he sold it.

My father, Herman Genetti, married Dola Whitman on June 6, 1921. Their children are Herman, Elizabeth, Joe and Robert. Herman was born May 29, 1922, and married Imogene Sheetz on July 10, 1944. We had one son, Roger, born July 29, 1945 and died of leukemia July 16, 1954. We adopted George, a boy from Greece, in 1957 and he married Brenda Newman in 1971. They have two daughters, Sophia and Monica, and a son, Dimitri.

Elizabeth was born November 10, 1923. She married Clifford Simpson and they had a son, Richard, and adopted two girls, Carol and Joyce.

Joe was born July 13, 1925. He married Marie Fernandez. They had three children: Robert, Bill and Elaine. Marie had a daughter, Margaret, from a former marriage.

My brother Robert was born February 1, 1940. He drowned June 21, 1942.

There were four sisters of my father's in the family, and none of them ever came to the States. My dad's oldest sister Domenica married Guido Dalpiaz; they had two sons. Anna, the next sister, married Guiseppe Lorenzetti; they had five children. One of their daughters is Adolorata who married Germano Turri who had a brother in Price, Utah, for years. My dad

and Uncle Dominic stayed at her home in 1965 when they visited over there. The third sister is Maria, she married a Turri (same last name as Adolorata's husband, but of a different generation). She had two sons and one daughter. One of her sons, Olivo, is married and lives in Norristown, Pennsylvania. He was the only one of the sisters' family to come to the states. Then last there was the sister Nancy (Annunziata). Rudy sent me this record of family members in Italy.

Rose Angeli and Adolorata Corazza

Dad had two aunts who came to America; they were his mother's sisters.

Aunt Rose was single when she came to America. If I remember correctly, there was sickness, and maybe a death in a family in Rock Springs who were related to Aunt Rose, and she came over to help them.

She married and I don't remember her husband's first name. He built the Graystone Apartments in Kemmerer; they have just recently been torn down. He wound up with a bar in Diamondville and one night in the 1890's some trouble got started. One night he offered to buy every one in the bar a drink, except the local drunk. The fellow took offense and pulled out a gun and he got shot and killed in the fracas.

A few years after that the blacksmith that spent his last years at my folk's moved to Kemmerer from Rock Springs and he and Frank Rosenstein were in partnership on a blacksmith shop in Kemmerer. Frank and my grandad batched together in Rock Springs for five years and knew each other well. Aunt Rose was grandpa's sister-in-law so Frank got to going with her and they were planning marriage, but one day Joe Angeli (Rose's son) pulled something and Frank paddled his rear end. That ended the romance. Later Frank and his partner had a disagreement and Frank decided they must split the business in half. In his fit he took a saw and climbed on top of the building and proceeded to saw it in two lengthwise. Rosenstein got the sheriff and they shut that operation down.

Aunt Rose helped out the family she came to help, then she was married and left a widow and raised her own family alone. Then in the mid-30's her daughter-in-law, Joe Angeli's wife, died and left four kids so Aunt Rose helped with them. In 1954 Aunt Rose fell and broke a hip. Everyone thought that would be the end, but she got over it. She never had any plastic

hips either and she came home and lived for a few more years. She took in the son of a relative who died, Fred Marchetti, and raised him with her kids.

Aunt Adolorata (Dora) married Frank Corraza. They had one daughter, but she died at about age ten. Aunt Dora washed dishes in restaurants for years. Frank drank at times and was mean to her but somehow they got enough money together to buy a small farm over at McCamon, Idaho, and they lived there several years. She worked hard on the farm but the hardest work he did was to beat up on her. Finally he died and she sold the farm and moved back to Kemmerer and bought a home there. She washed dishes until it got to where she couldn't. When she died, around 1960, she left about \$10,000 to her heirs, and that was a lot in those days. Dad tried to get her to buy simple things to make life easier in her old age but it seemed she couldn't. She was always afraid of going hungry. She stayed with my folks for a short time before she died.

She was a great hand for making her own medicine, and sage brush tea was a favorite; it cured everything. She made some at home one day and drank it. I don't see how she could get that bitter stuff down. Anyway, that night she belched some of it up and it tasted so bad she got to thinking my mother had put some poison in her food, so she told Dad. Dad said, no there was nothing like that, but could it have been that sage brush tea. Oh, Aunt Dora said, please don't tell any body what I mentioned to you. She was sure it was the tea when she thought about it.

Aunt Rose had a lot of fire; you didn't want to cross her too much. But Aunt Dora was a very mild person.

In the old country the cemetery is by the church and one person is buried above another in the same grave. My dad never liked that, so when he was in Tyrol in 1965 he tried to get them to buy ground in the country for a cemetery like in the States and he offered to help pay for it, but nothing ever happened. My dad did buy a nice headstone and have it set up for my grandparents several years ago, and when he was over there he took a picture of it. He was quite proud to do this. My dad built a cement foundation with pipe post and rail around his mother and brother's lot and a nice headstone and a footstone for Robert. I asked him about footstones for him and my mother but he said in no uncertain terms, he would not do that. That was his kids' responsibility. He wanted me to fence my lot (it is alongside my parents'), but

I said no, I am not afraid of any company.

I had a headstone set and each of the footstones, one complete for Roger and mine and Imogene's all done but the date of death. I would have done this too, if I had known what to put. One Decoration Day Imogene and I found fresh flowers on our graves. I must ask what about these cemeteries. I have asked Imogene if she is the one to direct traffic to send or take me back to old Viola, but I'll settle for Texas if there is no choice. On resurrection morning new and old addresses will all be honored.

CHAPTER TWO

THE WHITMANS AND DEGRAWS

The Whitmans

My great, great grandfather Joseph Whitman was born April 17, 1806 and his wife, Margaret E. was born May 6, 1803, either in Alabama or Georgia. They had a large family.

My great grandfather, George Whitman, was born in Mobile, Alabama, in 1829. George married Julia Ann Smith, who was born in Holland. I don't know much about her; she died in 1872 in Texas. George Whitman and several of his sisters at least, moved from Alabama to Texas. My grandfather, Nelson Whitman, was born in Bellgrade, Texas, in Newton County. Grandpa told of him and his brother Joe watching alligators in the Sabine River when they were boys. Nelson was born December 23, 1858. George Whitman moved his family west in Texas to the Bremond, Grosbeck, Mexia area before the Civil War.

They had a small cotton plantation there and they had slaves. George Whitman and a brother in law David W. Meggs served in the Civil War. They got to come home three or four times on furlough during the war. The Civil War upset many things. Cotton plantations and slaves became history. Nelson Whitman grew up there in that situation. Nelson married Sarah Lindley in this area. She was the daughter of a doctor and plantation owner. Nelson's mother died while they lived here and his father married Rebecca Pruitt in 1877 and they had two sons born in Fort Shadbourne, George in 1878 and Trav in 1884, so by this time George had moved to the west side of Texas.

Nelson Whitman's first born, George Washington Whitman, was born at Mexia in 1880, so he hadn't gone west with his father yet, but he followed shortly, as well as the Lindley family. Fort Shadbourne was about 20 miles northwest of Balinger. Today the remains of the Fort are on a cattle ranch, on private land.

One of Nelson's sisters, Geneva E. (Zib) married George Castle and they had a farm and lived for years at Balinger. Another sister, Perninah Evalyna, married Noah Stanford and they had a large family and always lived in the Mexia area. Another sister, Orndla Georgeann, married George Madison. They had a large family and eventually moved to Chickasha, Oklahoma. There were twin sisters of my grandfather's, born in 1872, Carey and Susan. Susan

died at birth and also her mother. Carey was raised by her grandparents and then by two old maid aunts until they died. Carey was retarded so when her last aunt died she went to a poor farm with a broken hip. When her hip got well she ran away. She was walking along the street and a Mr. Swingler knew her and asked her where she was going and she told her story. He took her to his home - this was probably in Bremond, I can't remember, maybe it was Grosbeck. Mr. Swingler had an epileptic daughter and Carey lived with them helping care for the daughter until they finally had to put the daughter in an institution. Then Carey moved in with an old lady, a widow, who she cared for until the lady had some strokes. Carey was put in a nursing home at Ennis, Texas where she died and was buried in about 1954.

Nelson Whitman had two full brothers that stayed in Texas. Josiah had one son and was married to Virginia. I couldn't find out if she died or they divorced. He eventually moved back to Alabama to Alexander City, leaving his son in Texas evidently with his aunt Jane Meggs and her son Jokey. They had a farm. The other brother Wiley married Anne, a school teacher and she stayed in the Dallas area but he traveled around a lot. They never had any children. He came up on La Barge Creek to visit my grandfather in about 1923. He was killed south of Dallas in 1935. A car went by, pulling a trailer and it came loose and ran over him, killing him. Joe Whitman married Cordelia in Alabama and they had four children: Bernice (Blankenship), George, Preston, and Louise (Shurette).

Nelson Whitman's children in his first family were: George Washington Whitman born in 1880, died about 1964, Julia (Mrs. Sylvester Shideler), Delia (McGinnis), Newton Madison Whitman, known as John, born September 16, 1885, died about 1978, Lena (Danielson), Jodie Whitman born 1892 I believe, and struck by a car and killed in Balinger, Texas August 3, 1926.

Wash, as he was called, married Mary Vickery in 1907. They homesteaded on the Green River (Bill McGinnis owns the place now). They raised their three children there: Buelah (Mrs. John Scully), Evelyn (Mrs. Dean Johansen), and Bill Whitman. They sold the ranch in 1936 or 1937 and moved to Mount Pleasant, Utah where they both died.

Julia Shideler and her family moved out to the Caldwell, Idaho area. They had a large family. They had a dairy there. The youngest daughter of this family now lives in Garland, Texas. There were quite a few in this family who were musically inclined, some were fiddlers.

Delia married Anderson McGinnis. They had three daughters: Lula, Marie and Alice.

They lived on the ranch on La Barge Creek for a short time. Chrismans own the place now. Delia's father, my grandfather, hewed the logs and built the house for them there. It is still in use. Then they moved on to the Green River, about five miles north of La Barge.

John lived in the La Barge area for a while. He married Gertrude Hartley; they had one daughter, Edith. They divorced and John went to Texas and married Effie. They had two daughters, Marie and Lucille. John came back to La Barge for a short time then moved back to Texas where he died.

John and his wife Effie didn't always see eye to eye. In the spring of 1962 John wanted to go to Mount Pleasant to visit his brother Wash. John was digging graves at Grosbeck, Texas at that time and he had to sneak away from home in order to go, so that morning he put his suit on and then his work clothes over the top and went to work as far as Effie knew. But instead he went to the bus depot, pulled off his work clothes and was on his way to Mount Pleasant for a visit after 45 years of separation. John never wrote anyone; he couldn't write.

Lena Whitman married Albert Griggs and they had two sons, Elmer and Arnold. Albert was killed at Opal, Wyoming. He was unloading heavy pipe from a truck when they rolled off on him and killed him. The two boys were quite mechanically inclined. I was told that Elmer invented a device to keep airplane windows clear of ice. He worked on airplanes and flew then until one fell, killing him in the 80's. Arnold became a vice president in the General Motors set up. They sent him to England to help with the building of a plant there in the 70's or 80's. Lena married Harry Danielson. Harry worked in the Opal Merc for years then they retired and moved to Burlingame, California near Elmer. They are all gone now but I don't know about Arnold.

Jodie Whitman never married and lived most of his life around Balinger, Texas near the Lindley family.

A fellow by the name of Ike Johnson married Sarah Whitman's sister and he became part of the family.

In the spring of 1887 the Lindleys, Whitmans and Johnsons, eight families in all, put together a wagon train with 400 head of horses and headed out. They sold and traded horses along the way, making enough to live. Simon and Ross were both Dr. Lindley's boys. Lon Linscum and Henry McDonald must have been among them.

Evidently they went south and west from Balinger. They followed the old Overland Trail till they got into New Mexico, then they headed north and west until they got on the Rio Grande. They followed it up into Colorado then over the mountains on to the west slope and on north past Rock Springs, Wyoming, and up the Green River to the mouth of Slate Creek. There they dug into banks on the east side of the river and lived in dugouts. They had had experience with dugouts in Texas.

They wintered their horses on the Little Colorado desert. The ground was bare all winter so they wintered okay.

Somewhere in Colorado they camped one evening on a small creek. An Indian squaw walked out into the stream to do some washing and one of the boys about eighteen years old shot and killed the squaw. In a few minutes a half dozen big buck Indians rode up on horseback and asked who did this. There was nothing to do but point him out. An old buck grabbed him by the hair and drug him up alongside that horse and they rode off with him and he was seen no more.

The first days of April they gathered the horses and loaded up and headed on west by way of Cokeville, Wyoming. One of the members of the party died near Cokeville; they buried him and went on. Over near Montpelier is a draw named Whitman Draw. I wonder if it is named after them. They traveled on to the Snake River then on to the Boise Valley but they never liked it there so they moved on to Grand Round, Oregon, on the ocean. From here they went to Spokane and there they fixed up winter quarters and spent the winter. While in Spokane Gul Whitman, just a kid, and another fellow took a pack outfit and went over into some cedar breaks in northern Idaho and hunted deer and took them back to Spokane and sold them for six cents a pound. They said they made a little money.

Leaving the Green River that spring those work horses had to be soft, and working them on that dry frozen grass they had to be real horsemen to keep from balking them or just playing them out, then that winter they had a hard winter using some of them to pack those deer.

This turned out to be a very severe winter. Simon Lindley died there. They said before he died he sang the hymn, "Amazing Grace". The Indians stole some of their horses and that deep snow was something those old Texas ponies had never seen before so many of them died. They had about fifty head left by spring.

In the spring they hitched up again and began the long pull back to the Green River Valley, this time going to Green River City. They spent the winter there. Nelson Whitman hauled supplies that winter on ice up the Green River and out on to the Little Colorado for some of the sheep outfits. Gull Whitman spent the winter selling coffee and probably sandwiches to passengers on the train. That winter they met the Twichell family in Green River City.

The winter they spent in Washington was also a very severe winter on the Green River. The Spur outfit had about 15,000 cows going into the winter and they said you could step from one carcass to another and walk quite a ways. Everyone was new in the area and they had not put up any hay. They called that winter the equalizer; by spring big outfits and little outfits were all the same size: no one had anything. This started them putting up hay.

This winter Phil and Oliver Twichell had leased a hundred head of cows from someone down in the Green River City area and took them up into the Kendall Valley where each of them filed on a homestead. They each built a little cabin and put up some hay. They fed all the hay at one place and then began to move the cows to the other place but found out a herd of elk had come down the river and found their hay and it was no more. They said they lost everything but one horse and an old bull. Merle Jones told me those boys learned one thing: up in that country you put up all your hay in one long stack and then set it on end so they could find it and guard it. These boys gave up ranching right there and they came down into the La Barge area.

In the spring of 1890 the group more or less split up. George Whitman went with his family to the horse ranch which is just below the big Exxon plant. They stayed there a year and moved over on to La Barge and homesteaded the place where I was raised. Nelson Whitman and his family and the Lindleys came back to the place on the Green River where they had wintered in 1887 and 1888. Here they operated a ferry across the river. They might have been the first to have a ferry there. Sarah Whitman died there in 1892.

Sarah is buried in the little cemetery on the west side of the Green River just below the Fontenelle Dam on the steep bank overlooking the river. There are a few other graves there.

The DeGraw Family

The best I can remember Fred DeGraw married Mary Woodward in Iowa in 1870. I can't remember what I was told about Fred DeGraw but I have learned from his family that he had been married to Elizabeth Todd. They had four children before she died. Fred and Mary were my great grandparents.

Fred's father was born in New York state then moved to Ontario, Canada where Fred was born. Mary DeGraw's parents came from Vermont. Mary was born in Vermont July 13, 1843. Fred was born June 15, 1837.

Fred and Mary must have worked their way back to Canada then back to Kansas with a team and wagon. Their six children, Bill, Agnes, Meg, Frank, Ethel, and Ruth, were not born in the same area.

Fred and Mary homesteaded at Smith Center, Kansas and a drouth hit there that broke them. The DeGraws decided to move to Oregon or to Sandpoint, Idaho, so plans were made. Even though they went broke, legally the bank had to leave them some things.

The law allowed them to keep one team and wagon and certain household items. Fred took a team and loaded wagon and the three oldest children, Bill, Agnes and Meg, and went to Lusk, Wyoming and found work on a ranch and spent the winter there. Fred DeGraw's youngest daughter from his first family, her husband and their two young sons went to Lusk with them.

In the spring Fred and the three children hitched the team and headed back to Mary and the children. They had planned for Mary to load her wagon, hitch two roan mares to it and follow a certain road until they met. They had it timed because Fred couldn't come back and then leave with two outfits. Mary went north to the Republican River then she headed up it. On the way the children would walk at times when tired of riding. Each mare had a colt and those gentle colts followed along with the kids. Frank made a mistake one day, he ran up behind one of the colts, fell to his knees and barked like a dog. The colt kicked and splattered Frank's nose all over his face. Mother stopped and had to be a doctor. She bunched his nose up as best she could and bandaged his face and they kept on traveling. Frank's nose was quite broad from then on.

One day it started to rain and there was a farm house near the road so she pulled in there

to get out of the rain as well as to watch for Fred; she knew they were due to meet any day now. Fred headed to the same house for the same reason so they were united again. They headed back to Lusk to work a short time before they headed on west.

I don't know if the Birches (Lottie Birch was Fred's youngest daughter from his first family) left Lusk first or the same time or later but evidently they spent a year in the Green River Valley before going on to Idaho. They settled at Star, Idaho, just out of Caldwell. They homesteaded and raised their family there and now there are a number of descendants there.

When DeGraws reached the river at the Lindley Ferry they stopped for a rest and a visit and were told of the Whitmans and the Lindley's trip west.

Nelson Whitman told them of a piece of ground on La Barge Creek that they could homestead so they decided to go north and look at it and if they never liked it they would go to the Piney area and hit the Oregon Trail and go on.

They decided to stay on at La Barge. Mary still had the right to homestead 40 acres; she had used the rest of her rights. They homesteaded and built a house and lived out their lives there. Bill, their son, homesteaded beside them and Nelson Whitman filed adjoining Bill and George Whitman. It was 1892 when the DeGraws came and Sarah Whitman died.

The DeGraw children all married soon except Bill. Agnes married J.Y. Butler. They had two daughters, Mae (Stacy) and Fay (Miller). Meg married Matt Bocut. They had a son and two daughters, maybe more. Their son got into trouble and changed his name from Bocut to Tex McCleod. Frank married Ruth Hartley. They had four sons, George, Jim, Charles, and Bill. One baby died at birth in the early 30's. Ethel married Nelson Whitman and Ruth married Charlie Miller. The Millers moved to Canada. They had children but I don't know anything about them.

The spring of 1897 the Whitmans and Lindleys decided to return to Texas. This trip there were fewer people than came out to Wyoming. Ike Johnson was still with them.

George Whitman's two youngest sons Gul and Trav were in love with Wyoming and refused to go back to Texas with their parents so their mother Rebecca decided to stay with the boys. By spring they would change their minds and they would get on the train and join their dad. Gul was 19 and Trav was 13. Spring came and they had not changed their minds so they took their mother Rebecca to Opal, put her on the train, and neither of them ever saw their

parents again. George and Rebecca died in Balinger within about three years. The ranch on La Barge was sold. I never looked at the records but Oliver Twichell must have bought it because he sold it to my father in 1918 and the house on it was built from logs sawed on Joshua's sawmill in the late 1890's.

By this time Nelson Whitman had his eye on Ethel DeGraw. Ethel was 14 years old and Nelson was 38. Ethel's parents were not enthused, but... Ethel had gone to a home across La Barge Creek not far away to stay with a lady when a baby was born. When the stay was over she and Nelson had made plans and he came up from the ferry with an extra saddle horse. Ethel wrote a note to her folks and they headed for the ferry where everyone was ready to pull out for Texas. So the trip began. They planned to marry at the first county seat they came to, and that was in October at Carlsbad, New Mexico and they tied the knot there. They used to say Fred DeGraw said "I didn't mind him taking my team, but not my daughter." Nelson never proved up on his homestead.

My grandparents spent the winter working on a ranch at Buffalo Gap, Texas. The rest of the party seems to have wintered at Red Bluff, Texas. By spring everyone felt they had made a mistake. After ten years away, Texas wasn't Texas anymore. Early May found them headed back to Wyoming. On the way down they were traveling too slow for George Whitman. He had a team and a light wagon and could make much better time than the wagons that were loaded so heavy. He kept telling them one day I'll not wait for you, I'm going on. They were in New Mexico and this day his granddaughter Delia was riding with him and he decided to take a different road, a short cut to Balinger. Those horses lugging those loaded wagons filled the air with sweat and hot dust. George told Delia to go over to her dad and he held up until he saw she was with him and he took off and the way I remember they never saw him again. He was an old man and his traveling days were over.

On the way back my grandmother drove a wagon pulled by a two horse team and my granddad had a wagon loaded high with a spring seat and his tool box behind him, pulled by a four horse team. They were in New Mexico crossing the Pecos River. One of granddad's horses got lame so he put a new horse in the lead that morning and put a nervous mare on wheel. The lead horse stopped as they were leaving a sand bar off into the river. Grandpa reached out over the nervous mare with his whip to get his lead horse going. This spooked the mare and she

stepped into the lead bars and the wagon jerked, dislodging his tool box and it hit him in the back, knocking him from his seat and off onto the ground in front of the wheel. The wheel ran over his arm and broke his collar bone. Someone grabbed his team and stopped them. Travis Lindley was a doctor in the party, he was grandpa's first wife's father. Dr. Lindley did what he could do then and they kept on their way. Grandpa was a small man but he had to have been full of grit.

They got up into Colorado and his oldest son Wash got bucked off and broke his arm. They came on this time, they never stopped at the ferry. They came up on the river to the mouth of Dry Piney. There they scattered and homesteaded. Dr. Lindley homesteaded at the bend of the river on the east side. Wash homesteaded on a ways above Lindleys and grandpa homesteaded below Lindleys. Their traveling days were over and they settled down. My granddad lived on three places until Daniel Baker gave him his ranch.

My granddad had a fiddle he called San Antone. He got it out of a pawn shop there. He was a great fiddler but he never played it after his son Elmer died. He let Wes Vickery have it. I've been told George Vickery still has it.

I went to a museum at Canyon, Texas and different places I found history on Fort Shadbourne, Texas and Fort Concha, Texas. These forts were used as shelters from Indians after the Civil War but that was all winding up in the late 1870's, so when Whitmans were there things were being more or less abandoned. The sheep and cattle herds were just starting up. This part of Texas still runs a lot of cattle and their ways are much like in Wyoming, but the country is dry and has no mountains. But they have it figured out where it works and they have some good cattle. Grandpa Whitman always wore a Stetson hat, and that came from Texas, by gum.

CHAPTER THREE

EARLY TIMES ON LA BARGE CREEK

Daniel R. Baker or Peter Weaver

It was one nice early spring morning that Daniel Baker set out to look things over and lay some plans. It was sometime between 1865 and 1875. Mr Baker was a Civil War veteran who had deserted the army, and if memory serves me correctly, he had killed an army officer. He headed west, winding up on LaBarge Creek, alone, now a beaver trapper. Mr. Baker was born Peter Weaver in the state of Indiana. Coming west he became Daniel R. Baker. He was a tall, good-sized man.

Mr. Baker had lived in a tent on LaBarge Creek that winter, where Chappo Creek runs into LaBarge Creek, planning to trap beaver when spring came. This was good beaver country and still has its share today.

Baker had no idea he had a neighbor. This day when he was on a hill above the valley floor, he saw smoke about five miles down the creek. It was at the narrows where the old county bridge is now, between Chrisman's ranch and the old Fox ranch. Someone was there, so Baker went to investigate.

Baker found Mr. Chappo, a frenchman, there. He had been camped there all winter, too, but he was in bed, badly crippled by rheumatism. They had quite a visit, and as soon as Chappo could travel he came to Baker's tent and they visited some more. This was about the time the U.P. Railroad was built so Green River City was their connection to the outside world.

Towards fall in 1877, several families came on the creek, traveling with teams and wagons and looking to homestead. It was late enough that they set up and spent the winter there and in the spring they moved on; but one elderly couple stayed. These people's name was Davison.

They built a little cabin in the draw between my folks' house and the location of the last Viola school house. One of the Davisons died in 1879 and they are buried side by side. As far as I know, nothing more is known about them. (By the way, Viola cemetery is the only one I know of with a name on every grave. Several years ago I did a lot of research on the unmarked

graves. Enger Chrisman, Charlie Chrisman's mother, filled in the last information I needed.)

Mr. Baker filed on and proved up on 160 acres on the south side of LaBarge Creek, directly across the creek from the cemetery. Here Baker lived in a tent under a little hill where there was a natural spring, until he built a house.

Baker was a squaw man, she lived with him either all winter or all summer, I can't remember what I was told. The other half of the year she went with the Indians. They had one son, his name was Jack. I have no idea what became of him.

Baker told of one time an Indian mother with a small baby died. These Indians were passing through and had camped on the LaBarge Creek, near the old gravel pit. They left this baby in the rocks and went on. The baby cried there for a day or two until it died.

Baker leased his place to different neighbors over the years and finally to my grandparents (the Nelson Whitmans). Soon he told them if they would care for him until he died, he would deed his ranch to them. They agreed to this, so Baker and my granddad made the trip to Evanston, Wyoming to do the legal work. Mr. Baker died in 1915. He wanted to be buried on top of the big hill behind his house, but he is buried in the Viola cemetery as is Mr. Chappo. The hill behind the house is named Baker Hill. My mother said the whole family had very high respect for Baker.

Baker always said there would be another war and the government would buy lots of horses, so he had several horses with this in mind.

The Jones family homesteaded adjoining Baker on the west and Mrs. Jones had the post office. Once in a while a letter would come to Peter Weaver. Baker would never accept the letter from anyone but Mrs. Jones.

Joshua Twichell

Joshua Twichell, known as Grandpa Twichell, homesteaded just up the creek from Whitman shortly after George Whitman filed. Alvin Twichell, Joshua's grandson, told me his grandfather drove a team and wagon up LaBarge Creek until it got so narrow he couldn't turn them around, and there he homesteaded. There is a little group of cottonwood trees on the side of the hill above where Mr. Twichell built his home. There is a small spring there. These cottonwoods grow at the highest elevation at which you will find cottonwoods.

My grandfather dug a ditch with a pick and shovel from that spring to Twichell's house. It is almost a quarter of a mile and it was deep. It was dug in the 1890's and you can still see it as they never laid the line or filled it in. Lester Twichell, one of Joshua's sons, told me that shortly after they homesteaded there a wet, heavy snow fell and it bent the willows almost to the ground. His father was sure they would all die and they could set fire to them and have a nice meadow. Mr. Twichell was very wrong, and many willows remain. It took a lot of sweat to get rid of those that are gone.

Nelson Whitman dug the ditch with a pick and shovel out of Rock Creek and around the steep bank alongside LaBarge Creek to get water on a small field near Joshua's house.

Joshua's daughter Nettie married Joe Guyette and they homesteaded across the creek from her dad. The peak there was named Guyette peak. A nice spring comes off this hill and past the house. Guyettes eventually sold to her father.

Nettie told me of an incident that happened, I'm not sure of the date. There was a lady who had a son, probably eighteen years old, and two sons about five years old, and for some reason they were living in the old Milleson cabin, just below the forest boundary on LaBarge Creek. She planned to live there all winter and the older boy would trap. Slim Dyre was the last cowboy to leave the area late in the fall, and he tried to talk her into getting out of there, but she wouldn't listen. Slim killed an elk and hung it up for them and went on his way. About Christmas time they ran out of groceries and the boy had only trapped one coyote. He got on his skis and took the coyote hide and headed down the creek about eight miles to Phil Twichell's store where Betty Wardell lives now.

The boy traded the coyote hide for some tapioca and took it home. The tapioca never lasted long, so they decided they had better move down to where there were people. They had a small toboggan and a dog. They put the two little boys on the toboggan and hitched the dog to it and started out. They made it to the mouth of Long Hollow that day - a little over halfway. There was a little cabin there almost buried in snow. They dug it out so they could get into it, cold, wet, tired, hungry and with no food. They killed the dog and built a fire in the cabin (it had to have had a dirt floor). They couldn't stay in the cabin for the smoke, so they gave up on the fire and ate what dog they could, but she said he wasn't a bit good.

The next day they had no dog to pull the toboggan. They made it to the mouth of Rock

Creek and the woman gave out. The boy skied on down to Grandpa Twichell's and Nettie was there, so she took a work horse of her dad's and a toboggan and headed to Rock Creek. It was dark when she got to them and the woman was partially out of her mind. She had tried shooting off enough sagebrush to build a fire. When they got to Twichell's they were worn out and starved. Nettie put a meal on the table and let them eat all that she felt was safe, then put them to bed, covered the left over food and went to bed herself. This lady (I believe her name was Goddee) got up in the middle of the night and ate everything on the table, but it never hurt her. She took the two little boys and got on the mail stage and left the country. She said she was afraid someone would take her little boys away. The older son joined some bachelors who lived at the Jones house that winter. They called themselves "the Do Little Gang." In the spring he moved on.

Phil Twichell, Joshua's oldest son, wanted a place, so he bought Bill DeGraw's homestead which caused some problems. Fred DeGraw felt his son should have sold it to him, but Phil was quite a conniver and he gave Bill \$200 for it, signed, sealed, and delivered. Bill and his father had a falling out and Bill left the country, never to return. He went to Idaho. My mother knew her uncle married in Idaho and had two children. One parent died and the other remarried but soon the other parent died, leaving the children, who were sent or taken to California.

In about 1970 one of Jim DeGraw's boys learned about some DeGraws in the Boise, Idaho area. It turned out Bill DeGraw's son had come back from California to Idaho when he was old enough, to where his dad and mother had lived. He raised a family and lived out his life there. I believe his sister went to Oregon. It turned out my cousin Ella Caretto broke her leg and was in a home and her roommate turned out to be Elizabeth DeGraw - Bill DeGraw's daughter-in-law.

Gul and Trav Whitman

The two Whitman boys, Gul and Trav, that never went back to Texas with their parents got on with their life. I am sure Gul looked after Trav for a while, but Gul went trapping, hunting and roping elk to be shipped back east, and I am sure Trav worked on a ranch for a while. At one time people were concerned about young folks, old folks, and the disabled.

Later on when they were a little older they were both heading for a dance on LaBarge. Gul had a lively team on a buggy and was taking his girlfriend. Trav and some of his buddies were going on horseback. Trav and the boys caught up with the team and Trav, thinking to liven things up, pulled out his six shooter and fired a few shots. This set the team off and Gul and the girl took a fast ride till Gul got things under control. Trav and his friends rode on ahead at a lively pace with things to tell at the dance.

After a few drinks, Gul decided to get it across to Trav that he shouldn't do such things. Trav pulled a knife and carved Gul a bit, then got scared he had killed his brother, so he got on his horse and left. Trav crossed the Green River and stayed hid a few days then he headed for Montana. I don't know how long he stayed in Montana nor what his connection was on LaBarge, but whoever it was assured him Gul was alright and it was safe for him to return. Trav came back to the Piney area but never back to the LaBarge area.

Trav worked all his life on ranches. He worked for Mickelsons a lot. One time I was told he had quit a job some place and was out of a job and he ran into Jim Mickelson, they were about the same age and old acquaintances. Jim asked Trav if he wanted to come work for him. Trav was a little rough at times so he said, "Well, if I have to work for one of you sons-a-bitches I guess it might as well be you." One time he and Jim had gone to the railroad at Opal with the beef and threw a little party. They had a room in the hotel over the Opal Merc store. It was the practice to lock the main door after a certain time. After the door had been locked they decided they needed to go for another bottle so they figured out how to solve this problem. They tied bed sheets together and one tied to the end and the other let him out the window to the ground. One time Trav was riding a horse that he couldn't quite ride to the finish so as he got up he said, "I just couldn't stay." Another time he saw Jim and George DeGraw, who were both red heads and later he told some one he had seen those two pink-headed DeGraws.

Trav married Stella Bellan but they never had any children. Stella had a daughter by her first husband. Stella cooked on different ranches where they worked. Trav died in October 1945 going down the Hoback trying to get him to the doctor. Stella died in the mid-eighties in the Sublette County Retirement Center. My mother-in-law Gladys Sheetz and Aunt Stella were roommates at the end.

Gul Whitman's history was a little different from Trav's. Gul loved to hunt and fish he

evidently had a head for business. Gul bought a ranch on LaBarge Creek from a Ma Grundy. On his hunting excursions he met a couple of fellows from Omaha who had to have money, so together they bought land and cattle until they had two thousand head of cattle and five thousand acres of land on Horse Creek and the Green River.

Gul married Mae Bess on LaBarge. They had two daughters, Mae and Martha and a son, Arnold. Mae married Charley Clyde in Big Piney. They had one son, Charley. Mae died when young Charley was a baby. Charley died probably in the 50's and young Charley lives in California. Martha is still living, as far as I know. Albert died last winter.

Gul went to Oregon shortly after the turn of the century and helped trail 2500 head of cattle back. He was foreman for the Spur outfit at that time.

Later Gul and Lawrence Bess went together and bought two Ford cars and ran them as buses from Opal to Pinedale. They were just the first to do this. They built the building in Big Piney on the corner of Main Street and the Highway that houses the auto parts store today, and they sold and repaired cars. They moved their home from the ranch on LaBarge up to Big Piney and set it next to the garage. With a new Ford they took a trip to Caldwell, Idaho, and on to Oregon and California and home.

My mother said in 1912 her tonsils were bad and had to be taken out. My mother was twelve years old and I don't remember how she got to Big Piney where the surgery was to be done, not do I remember the doctor's name. My grandparents were not with her and she had stayed all night with her aunt and uncle, Mae and Gul. When the doctor was ready for her he walked to the Whitman house and got her. He took her by the hand and they walked to his office where the surgery was done and then he walked her back to her aunt's where she stayed for a few days before going home. It was the fall of the year. The day she went home her Uncle Gul wrapped her up in a blanket, then put her in his big sheepskin coat in the car he used as a bus. She said she could only see up out of that coat and the car had no top. Some one met her in the area where LaBarge is now and took her on home with a team and wagon. She said Gul always called her father Jack. She said he never charged her for the ride and he gave her a ten dollar gold coin to give to Jack. I suppose Uncle Roy was the one who met the bus; they lived on Birch Creek at the time, about five miles west under the Hogback.

Gul traveled by wagon train as a boy from the Green River valley to the Pacific Ocean

and back a few years later traveled over the same route trailing a herd of steers. Then a few years later he went over the same country in a car. At the end in 1924 he went to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota as he was pretty sick and doctors couldn't tell what was wrong. He made this trip by train. They couldn't tell him what his problem was so he came home and told them to cut him open after he was dead and see what his problem was, which they did. They found he had cancer on the outside of his stomach going in, instead of the other way around.

This was the end of a man who had been trapper, hunter, cowboy, rancher, car dealer, guide and stage owner. He said the open country was over; it was all fenced, the game all gone, and the freedom gone, too. If he could see our zoning, all the government controls and the whole atmosphere today, I'll bet he would be scratching his head.

Nelson Whitman

Nelson Whitman lived a few years on his homestead on the east side of the river. This is where his second family started. Roy was born there, and Dola, my mother, was born while they lived there. The rest were born in different places in the area, thirteen children in all. The children were in this order: Roy, Dola (Genetti), Elmer (he died about age 10), Reta (Carr), Jerry, Herman, Lucy (Bradley), Almeda (Brown), Jessie (Webster), Ben, Edna (Hoagland), Bruce and Marinell (McWilliams).

Bruce and I were more like brothers than uncle and nephew. He was eighteen months older than me and Marinell was the same age as my sister, eighteen months younger than myself.

While Nelson was on the river the ditch out of the river on the east side was lengthened to bring water to his place. He was the last on the ditch and the place had a lot of alkali on it. It raised quite a bit of Wyoming bananas (greasewood - the needles are banana shaped).

Lindleys put in a ferry across the Green River a ways below their buildings, just below where Dry Piney Creek ran into the river.

One year Grandpa ran out of hay for his cattle real early in the spring so he moved them out onto the desert. They camped out there in a tent in order to look after them.

My mother said the tie camp in the Kendall valley was in operation at that time and she said in the fall for days you could look across the river and see freight wagons pulled by four

or six horse teams hauling supplies to stores and the tie camp in the upper country, as it was called.

One winter night, someone was sick at Lindleys and some one stayed with the sick person day and night. My grandparents had finished a turn and were going home with a team and sleigh. It was a cold, bright, moonlit night and halfway home the team started getting nervous. They knew something was wrong. Looking back, they saw two wolves following in the sleigh tracks, trotting quite lively and gaining on the team. Grandpa had no rifle with him and he had to hold the team down, and he wasn't quite sure what was going to happen. Pretty soon the wolves caught up to them and passed them, one on either side, and they went on.

One spring Grandpa and Mac McWilliams, who was about the same age, took a four horse team each and wagons and went out on the desert pulling wool. They had gotten permission from the White Mountain Sheep Outfit to pull the wool from the dead sheep that had been lost that winter. Of course I am sure dead sheep were dead sheep so you took all you found. These days sheep were not real valuable and if a bad winter hit them on that desert they lost a lot before getting to feed and many never even tried to reach feed. They managed the best they could where they were and they took the loss. Then when spring came, so many sheep were weak, they stuck in the mud at water holes and died there. A fellow could pull this wool on shares and make money. They peeled the wool off the top side of the carcass, turned it over and left it for a couple of days, then came back and took the other side. People with weak stomachs stayed home. By the time I herded sheep things had changed a bunch but there was a little loss from time to time and we pulled the wool. I know what it's like. We pulled our own; there wasn't enough for anyone else to do it to make money.

My grandad was a ditch rider, a rancher, and a chuckwagon cook on fall roundups, gathering the cattle from the Snider Basin, LaBarge, and Piney areas. One time on the flats along the river in the fall they were working a bunch of cattle. There was dust, cattle, and cowboys everywhere. His daughter, Delia, who was married to Anderson McGinnis said those cotton plantations in the south have come to an end, and this type of cattle operation will, too. She couldn't have been more right.

My grandad sold his place on the river, and moved on. The better places had been taken up but he located one on LaBarge Creek on Conway Creek, so he filed on it and built a log

home. He was settling in and filed on the water out of Conway Creek, just a small stream, really, only to find that Phil Twichell had already filed on it. So that ended that.

Aunt Lucy was born on this place. It was on the old Indian trail that the Indians used traveling back and forth from the reservation at Fort Hall in Idaho to Fort Washakie at Lander, Wyoming. This was near the DeGraw place where my grandmother spent about five years of her childhood. This was near where she went to school. She told of the Indian camp at the spring under the hill from where my folk's home was. When I was a boy, going to school there was a small area there, loaded with arrowheads. We used to gather them and put them in Bull Durham sacks. We had a number of sacks at the time, but I don't know what became of them.

One building my grandad built on this place he sold to Ira Bailey, my grandmothers' nephew, and it still stands on Ira's old place on the mouth of Dry Piney on the east side of the highway. That area was called Poverty Flats. Harrower has it now. One time Tom Harrower, Sr. wanted to lease that place to me. I asked him about the water on dry years there. He told me that would be my baby. I told Tom he could keep the whole family.

One of the other buildings Phil Twichell got and I think they lived in it a short while before building their new house in 1915. I know they used it for their store and post office. It was the Viola post office until they did away with the post office there in the mid-30's. Doyle Twichell had the mail contract and Phil Twichell became County Commissioner and the government wouldn't allow one family more than one government job each, and Phil was postmaster. This building still stands. It is covered with stucco now but it is built of logs and had a dirt roof at one time.

My mother said one evening they had a little fire out in front of the house and the kids were standing around it while grandpa was working on a building. A buck Indian walked up to the fire, he seemed to come out of nowhere. He grunted and scared the kids quite severely. Grandpa stepped up to the fire with his axe in his hand and told the Indian to be careful not to bluff these kids, and soon he left.

My mother said she and Uncle Roy and Aunt Reta traveled on foot over the short piece of Indian trail up the side of the hill behind the house, then down the draw on the other side to the school house at the mouth of Jones canyon, where the road leaves the main road to go up to what they now call the Bill Roger's place.

After giving up on Conway my grandad went over on the east side of the Hogback and homesteaded on Birch Creek. He proved up on this place and after a few years, moved from there to the Baker place where he died in January of 1937. He sold the Birch Creek place to Phil Twichell. Elmer Whitman died while they were on the Birch Creek place. While they were at Birch Creek grandpa built the house on LaBarge for Anderson McGinnis, his son-in-law. He walked to work lots of times, and once on his way he heard a cow bawling in distress around a hill on the side of the Hogback. He walked around there to see what the problem was and he found three wolves had hamstrung this cow and as she was dragging herself down the hill on her front feet those wolves were eating her alive. He never had a rifle so just went on. My mother said in the winter from time to time they saw wolves on the ridges nearby. Sometimes these wolves would howl and she said it was a blood curdling howl that you would never forget. She said the stock would all come up around the house at these times.

I remember a white horse my grandparents owned named Cloudy. He had several black scars above the hock on his left hind leg. They said a wolf tried to hamstring him as a colt, but the old mare fought the wolf off. I can't remember them telling, but I would say someone came to the mare's rescue.

While they lived at Birch Creek some fellows brought in an oil rig with teams and wagons and set the rig up two miles or so east of their home. There was a place down there that oil came up out of the ground. It was soft ground where a little spring came up and the oil seemed to sweat out into the stock tracks around there. The man who owned the rig was Joe Barianna (I am not sure of the spelling). The rig was powered with horses. That was the beginning of oil in the LaBarge area; that was in about 1912.

There was and still are veins of coal along the foot of the east side of the Hogback. Julius Sales had a coal mine in the draw where a buggy road used to go over the Hogback onto LaBarge Creek. Oliver Twichell had a mine just north of my grandad's place and Thompsons had a little ranch just north of Twichells. Those springs ran more water in those days. They had a school house over there and there were several kids that attended. Nora Thompson was one girl who attended, later she married Sorgs and they moved to Tetonia, Idaho. Today there are several Sorgs over there. I think Mr. Jack Thompson died at this place and Mrs. Thompson wound up living with her son Alfred who lived in Montpelier, Idaho. She and Alfred died there

as well as Nora; she had come to their house from her home in Tetonia to see the doctor and died there. Nora had three brothers, John, Albert, and Alfred.

Speaking of character, Mrs. Thompson (Mary) was a good old soul. I remember her coming to visit my mother. Alfred worked for the railroad and his mother could go anywhere on the train free or almost free. My dad would go get her at Kemmerer and she would stay for several days. She would also visit my grandparents. She was a large woman and could speak her mind. John was short a few marbles and he stretched the truth quite a bit. In the early 30's she was visiting the folks when Ben Calcote, a neighbor, stopped by. He never knew Mrs. Thompson and had no idea she was John's mother. She was sitting in the living room with her back to Ben, doing some needle work. Ben had seen John a short time before and he had told Ben his age. For some reason it came up and Ben told my mother he never believed John. Mrs. Thompson, listening, squared her chair around and said, "John told you right, that is his age. I know for sure, I'm his mother!"

I heard John say one day that he was a better man than George Washington. He said George Washington couldn't tell a lie, but he (John) could tell a lie, but wouldn't.

Mrs. Thompson chewed tobacco. In earlier years she had some kind of health problem and a doctor told her to chew tobacco till she no longer wanted it, that was to be a cure.

One day they said she was driving a four horse team on a wagon and she met a car. In those days horses were still quite afraid of passing cars. The fellow stopped, but left the engine running and the lead team began cutting up, and the fellow just sat there. Mrs. Thompson hollered at him and she told him to shut that damned thing off and get a hold of one of the leaders and lead them past that car. So the fellow did and she was on her way.

When they were having Julius Sales' funeral (he owned the mine Matt Sali got after Sales was killed by a falling rock), Charlie Bird went to Sales' place and loaded up potatoes and carrots and more garden stuff and took it home, throwing off a carrot or potato or something every so often to appear that it was lost off the load, until he got to Thompson's. From there he lost no more, so Thompson's would get the blame.

Sales had no family. He had told someone he was going to inherit some money someday from family in England, and sure enough, a while after he was dead a thousand dollars came. But there was no one to claim it so it was returned to England.

One time while they lived on the Birch Creek place, Grandpa sent Uncle Roy and my mother with a team and wagon up to Wash Whitman's to get a big calf. The calf was from a milk cow. It had been weaned, and was gentle and had been broke to lead. They stayed over night at Wash's home and the next morning they started home. After going a ways the calf got tired and decided not to lead, and threw himself. They got him up several times, then gave up and Uncle Roy went back to tell Wash. Wash came and he loaded the calf in the wagon and tied him down and told the kids to hurry on home. It was almost dark when they got to where the road crossed the Birch Creek wash. The calf died, just tied down too long. Then the team balked in the wash and wouldn't pull the wagon out, so the two kids, about ten and eleven years old, could do only one thing: unhitch the horses, get on them and ride home. They were worried what their father would say, and he was worried, why they were not coming. Kids grew up early in those days.

My mother was never a tom boy like my Aunt Reta. When any of them went from the place on LaBarge to Wash's place on the river with a team and wagon, they would camp overnight at Horse Shoe Bend on the river. Grandpa never took his team off a walk, and nor did his sons; they were taught this way. My granddad traveled so many miles by team he knew how to spare them and always keep them dependable. His horses were part of his family.

I can remember when I was a boy my grandparents still sent two of the older boys with a team and wagon from the ranch on LaBarge to Opal for a year's supply of groceries. This was done soon after haying was done, the cattle gathered, and the beef shipped. They bought flour by the ton, sugar - white and brown - by the hundred pounds, they bought material to make shirts and dresses. The wagon had bows over the wagon box and was covered with a white canvas. Rock and Dutch were the team. That team made good time on a walk when they were empty, but being loaded slowed things up.

After they quit hauling supplies from the Opal Merc they, as well as many other people, could send to the Opal Merc and things were sent by mail or freight. The first bananas I ever saw were in the Opal Merc. It was a big bunch hung on a post just inside the store. They looked upside down to me, but I was told that was the way they grew. Once in the mid-30's my grandmother had gone to Opal with my parents and us kids. Pete Petrie, one of the store owners, shook hands with my grandmother, and I remember him saying to her, "It is a pleasure

to meet you. We have done business with you for many years but we have never met until now."

Fin Petrie worked in the Opal Merc, I believe he was a nephew of Peter and he was quite a card. He used to have a column in the old Kemmerer Gazette, people read them and laughed. One time it was said a lady went to the store to get some straight pins and they were out, but he assured her they would soon have some more in, they had a carload ordered. They ordered much of their merchandise by railroad car loads, but straight pins, that was a little big. Another time some one said a lady came in the store on the fight about something and she proceeded to bawl Fin out. Fin just stood behind the counter and began rolling his sleeves up. Finally the lady became aware of this show and she was embarrassed.

CHAPTER FOUR

NO IDLE TIME...AGREED & DISAGREED...DEALS& WORK

When the Genetti brothers bought the ranch on La Barge Creek they were in business in a country far from their homeland and in a very different setting. The same thing today would be very different from that time.

They acquired a small band of sheep at the same time that they got the ranch and they ran them near the place. One had to be with the sheep all the time as no pasture was fenced sheep-tight. If it had been, there would not have been enough food; they depended on the open range.

To start things off my dad received a letter at the post office with no signature. Phil Twichell was the post master at that time and he also had a ranch and ran cattle. The Genetti's had bought their place from Phil's brother Oliver. The letter said they had better get rid of those sheep or else. When my dad read this he was mad, and he read it to Phil while still in the post office. My dad said, well them Russians had taken all the fear out of Dominic and he was herding the sheep and all he needed was ammunition and he'd use it, and my dad said he'd make sure Dominic had plenty of it. My dad had no idea who sent the letter. It was local so the boys got ready but nothing ever came of it. After a while they put it together, with some help: Phil, their next door neighbor, had written the letter. Little did he know the stuff my dad was made of. Another general feeling in that area at the time was why don't those Wops stay in Europe. They were not too welcome in many places. It wasn't right and it still isn't if everybody is on the up and up, but what is up and up and who is on it? There are lots of good Wops as well as other people but where did the mafia come from?

The Italians that formed La Barge Livestock sized up the situation, then laid plans and silently got things done. They chose the Muddy Creek and Miller Mountain area for spring lambing ground range, to establish a sizeable sheep operation. They acquired Forest Service grazing allotments and U.P. leases. Then they found out who had homesteaded and owned the land where the springs and small springs were, and bought them all out. They homesteaded or had it done on all the land that was open. When this was done, they went to Morris Thomas,

who owned the little ranch on Muddy Creek and told him their plans. They said they would like his ranch to use as headquarters and they would buy it from him for so much money, but if he wouldn't sell they wouldn't allow his stock on their water and they would put him out of business. Thomas saw the light, took the money and left. This never set too well with the community, but it may not have been so bad if someone else had pulled it.

Alex Bertagnoli was the king pin. He had a place now for some cattle and a few whiskey stills. Alex branded on the left shoulder, BA on his private stock. My dad said that stood for Bullshit Alex. Those boys would even work on each other from time to time. La Barge livestock branded with the spear point,

The Genetti brothers split up before too long and the sheep left at the same time. My dad was not a sheep man and he could not handle sheep herders, but he always knew there was more money in them than in cattle.

Then it was spring and Doc Siems had some sheep that he wanted to lamb in the vicinity of my dad's place. He was afraid some of the local cowboys would take things in hand, so he came to dad and offered him \$300 for rent on a pasture. In case trouble came up, he would get his sheep on private land until he could get organized and get out of there. I am sure that in those days there were set boundaries that sheep were not to cross, and Doc was over the line.

The sheep lambled and nothing happened, so they went their way without ever using dad's pasture. When pay time came, Doc said he didn't owe my dad because he had never used the pasture. So dad was unhappy and Doc never realized I'm sure, what was ahead, but this triggered war.

A few years later dad was carrying the mail. He had the mail route from Jack Howard's on the river to Viola, an eighteen mile route that he ran three times a week with a team and buggy.

Jack Howard's wife Mrs. Walters was the postmistress there. Jack's name was Walters and so was his wife's, but for some reason he went by Howard. He was quite a character. Mrs. Walters was the late Don Sparks' aunt. She was a very dear friend of my dad's.

My dad's mother died when he was nine years old. Jack Howard's was one of the first places my dad worked after he left the mines. My dad had trouble with language and mail and Ella Walters looked after him like a son. Freighters and the mail stage used Jack Howard's as

a stopping place for meals and to stay over night. Jack was bad to drink and he caused lots of dreary days. My dad always kept a nice wood pile split for Ella and many times he would help her with the dishes. She had no children and she had forty people to feed at one meal many, many times. When my dad was writing to my mother before they were married Mrs. Walters would help him. At that time my mother was working for Miranda Yose at Midway. They were a stopping place for the mail and freighters, too.

Anyway, one day Doc Siems was at Walters' and they were eating dinner when my dad came in. When my dad saw Doc, he said "If you are a man you'll come outside." Doc came out and behind the house they proceeded to settle things. That Wop was boiling over and he got Doc down and grabbed him around the neck and proceeded to choke him till he wrote out a check. In this rage my dad never realized he never gave him a chance to write a check and in minutes he would be dead. Mrs. Walters, sensing things, came out and when she saw the situation she asked my dad, "For me would you turn him loose?"

My dad said "Yes, for you I will," and when he time to realize he was so thankful to Mrs. Walters. But when he turned Doc loose, he said, "Doc, remember one thing: as long as you are in the stock business you will pay interest on this debt. It will run high and the principal will never be touched." After that different people told my dad be careful, Doc carries a 30-30. My dad said he didn't plan to harm him and he'd not use it in that case. That is the way they lived to the end and Doc paid a very high interest and no one ever interfered and I'm sure Doc knew. This was too bad, neither of those fellows were too bad, they both had lots of friends.

Talking of deadlines for sheep, at one time as I understand it there were to be no sheep north of La Barge Creek. After a while there were, but Dead Line Ridge became the line to the west; no sheep over it onto La Barge. This is how Dead Line Ridge got its name.

John Millison ran sheep and he had proved up on a homestead on La Barge Creek just below the forest boundary. One spring he lambd his sheep in the Dry Piney and Dry Basin area and when lambing was over they decided to take the sheep over Dead Line Ridge to the homestead for the summer. They said Millison put a gun on all the kids and the hired hands and he took the lead and they went over the hill. No one bothered them so eventually the sheep trail onto the forest followed their tracks. Several sheepmen used it for years but now there are

top.

Roy Whitman drove one team some years and some years it was Slim Dyer. Dad said Slim could catch a mess of fish before he could unharness all the horses and hobble them. I remember damp bedding and black dutch ovens and pans scattered in the yard when they got home. They had just returned one year, I think it was 1929, when my dad had a severe attack of appendicitis and they took him to Rock Springs for surgery. That year my dad was in the hospital when it came time to put up the hay.

Earl Jones

My mother asked Fred Bailey and Earl Jones to put the hay up. Fred came first and he gathered the horses and also went to a sheep camp and they gave him a mutton, so my mother had plenty of meat to cook. When that was gone he went and got another. La Barge Livestock had a dry herd in the area and the sheep herders were liberal. They never had quite all the hay up when Earl had to go to work on his own hay but Fred stayed until it was all in the stack. My dad was very grateful for this. He and Earl had worked together a lot but a problem had come up before this and for several years they more or less never rubbed shoulders. It was my dad's fault.

Dad had butchered two beeves in late fall and he took a team and wagon and hauled them to Kemmerer where he traded them for groceries. He stayed at Aunt Rose's house the first night in Kemmerer and she told him the school wanted three Christmas trees and would pay a few dollars for them and if my dad could get them he would have a little pocket change. Next day he headed up into the basin northwest of Kemmerer with his team and brought back the trees and delivered them. The next day he loaded his groceries and got everything ready for the trip home the next day. It had snowed before he started up to get the trees so his team had a pretty big job. My dad never drove his team like my grandad Whitman; he always pushed them hard. He called my mother and told her to have Earl come meet him with a fresh team as he had to make it home the next day and he was pretty sure his team wouldn't make it. When my mother went to Earl he was busy on some project and Mrs. Jones said to call my dad and just tell him to come half way and on the next day. Earl was not a man to argue with his wife and she had a mind of her own. Mayme Jones was a good old soul, though.

My mother couldn't get a hold of my dad and he headed out real early in the morning. He passed Fontenelle and no sign of Earl and by that time they should have met. The team was getting quite weary so when he got into Dry Hollow he unloaded most of his load in some tall sage brush and covered it with canvas and came on. Between two and three o'clock in the morning he dragged in home with a played out team and the Wop was boiling again. He said, "I never asked for advice, I asked for help." I have learned things are not always as important as a man might think and plans can be changed. In later years my dad got over it and they did many things together again.

In June 1936 I came down with diphtheria. That was what took the life of the oldest Jones son, Jack. I got quite sick. I remember Dr. Marquis drove from Kemmerer to the ranch (60 miles each way) three times in one day in his Model A Ford. Mrs. Jones came and took her turn at night sitting with me seeing that I got my medicine and relieving my mother.

Mrs. Jones had been a school teacher. She was a good teacher I am sure, and she always had the good of children in mind. The Jones daughter Mary married Ed Peterson from Utah and he was a school teacher and he started Boy Scouts in La Barge. Mrs. Jones came up to my father one evening asked my dad if I could join the scouts. Boy could I dream, but not for long. Dad said no, we had too much to do. She left and as soon as she was gone my dad said I'll teach you all the scouts can. How can they teach you, look at their son. Influence again: after Jack died they did spoil the son Bob to a point. But dad had too much old country in him.

Believe me, I learned one thing and that was work. I never knew anything else and it lasted all my life. I can see now this can be over done and I have let up but now I'm lost if I'm not busy. You see I have chosen a pen for some past time. All said and done I am so thankful for the parents I had; they were human. I have learned one thing after cutting thousands of fence posts and using a measuring stick. A measuring stick is much faster than a tape. Parents are like measuring sticks: after a while you notice they are a little bit short and the kids can go to the Bible as to a tape measure and learn the true length, but do we?

There were several families on La Barge over the years. The Jones family was all boys: Ivan, Merle, Glen and Earl. Jones had lived in Green River City before they came on to La Barge and homesteaded. Ivan got badly injured while working on the railroad and I believe he lost a leg. I can remember Ivan pretty well, and if his leg was gone he used a wooden one.

As a kid I never thought of it. Ivan's mother got him a set of law books and he studied and became a lawyer. He practiced in Kemmerer all his life. He married a local girl and they had two daughters, I believe.

Merle and Glen never did marry. Merle was a small man and he "dived for pearls" a lot (washed dishes in restaurants), but came home in the winter months. Glen worked for different stock men and he came home a lot in winter. Mayme said in late October you could expect those boys' suitcases and then in a week or two they would show up.

Earl was a very hard worker. He homesteaded and proved on his place in La Barge in 1914. He built a ditch out of Spring Creek, some by hand where it was too steep to use horses, and he grubbed off all the sage brush with horses and a brush grubber. He plowed it and made a ranch of it but he had to leave the ranch at times in the beginning and work for the railroad to get more money to put into his ranch. Earl could do a lot of repair work with baling wire. He was good with work horses and had good horses but he kept up with the times and he got a tractor when he could in the thirties. He could overhaul it and it did a lot of work for him.

Earl and Ira Bailey were good friends from their younger days. Don Bailey was born on the Earl Jones place; for a short time Earl and Ira were together on that place. I heard them talk about when as young men they decided to take a trip through the Yellowstone Park. Earl and Ira and another buddy, Buster McClivain, whose father had a place at the mouth of Spring Creek. Buster became sheriff of Lincoln County in later years. The three boys were going on horseback and taking a pack horse or two, whatever they needed to carry bedrolls, hobbles and a few groceries. They went from La Barge and over by way of Cokeville. I don't know why they took such a long way around, but they were on their trip from spring until haying time. They got back in time to go haying.

When Tulsa was going good, Mrs. Jones built a hotel there and operated it until she died in 1940. She lived in Tulsa, later to become La Barge, and Earl lived on the ranch. Mary came to the ranch and cooked for her dad a lot. Earl ran cattle to start with. One year he and my dad ran out of hay in April and they put their cattle on the Hogback to finish. Till green grass came it was pretty slim pickin's. Later Earl got sheep and eventually an allotment on Horse Creek. He had a long trail from La Barge to his allotment. They trailed up La Barge Creek, then on to Greys River, then down the Greys River to Sheep Creek, on up it and on north in the

high country to Horse Creek, and down Horse Creek almost to the ranches. Earl had a sheep herder that was a lousy herder. He was a trouble maker and just a pure wretch. I don't know why Earl kept him. I guess one reason was he stayed alone all year except when on the forest. His name was Henry Roddy. Henry would trespass on the cow allotments up there and lie and the forest service told Earl you must get rid of that man but Earl never, and he even had Ivan his brother try to convince the forest that herder was going to stay. One day the forest took care of that, they cut the permit in half so it wasn't worth going back.

My great-grandparents Fred and Mary DeGraw grew old and had to give up their home and live near one of their children so they must have sold to Phil Twichell as he wound up with the place. DeGraws went to their daughter Ruth Miller who had a ranch on Hamsfork. Shortly after Millers sold out and moved to Canada so Uncle Roy went over to Hamsfork with a team and wagon and brought his grandparents back to La Barge. By this time grandpa had built a little log house right beside his for them to live in. He fixed a bell in his house and ran a small rope from the bell across into their house so if they needed something they could ring the bell.

Grandma DeGraw had dropsy and in a short time she died. They said she got awfully big before she died but her mind was always clear. Just shortly before she died she told the family if they wanted to bury her with her teeth in her mouth to put them in as soon as she was gone, before her jaws set. She also told them to put weights on her eyelids. She had done this for others.

My dad's place was only a mile and a quarter from Whitmans. When he heard that Grandma DeGraw had died he went over to see if he could help in any way. They had him build the box she was buried in. This is when he became acquainted with my mother. It was May 1920, and in June 1921 they were married. Grandpa DeGraw died that fall of 1920, December, I believe.

Horse Work

The little ranch my dad had would not support a family and pay the debt so Dad worked away from home a lot. He never worked for wages; he always had a team and took on jobs. When they were improving the first highway from Kemmerer to La Barge he had two four horse teams hauling gravel for it. He drove one team and Slim Dyre drove the other team part time

and sometimes it was Herm Shinstel and no doubt others. They would use teams and scrapers and make a deep hole where the gravel was, then they would make a wall on two sides and make a floor of logs over the top, leaving a hole in the center. The ground sloped down from the front and there was a wall in the back. They backed the wagons down the slope under the roof and they had a couple or three teams on fresnos and they brought the gravel onto the roof and dumped it through the hole and it filled the wagons. They called them gravel traps. The boxes on the wagons had 2x6 floors just laid on the wagon bolsters and a big pole for sideboards. When they got on the road where they unloaded they lifted one side pole out, then just turned the 2x6's over one by one by hand, so in a little bit they were on their way for another load and there were teams and fresnos on the road to scatter the loads. Dad had a sheep camp to live at and they stayed on the job.

When the pipeline was laid from the big tanks a few miles west of the town of Tulsa to Opal, the trench was dug with a mechanical trencher but it was all filled with horses after the pipe was laid. My dad had two teams on that project. When that was done, Slim Dyer got a job with the Stanolind Pipe Co. to be one of the riders to ride the line, watching for any leaks. They gave each man a certain stretch of line. Slim sometimes would be running wild horses for a day or two and say all was well on the line, and he never even saw it. This worked for a while but then one day the line broke and they had a crew fixing it and Slim wasn't aware of it and repeated all was well. Slim was out of a job right then. They went as far away as Granger, Wyoming to work building sump around those large tanks. They built some at Opal too, as well as out around the oil rigs.

Dad said once he was working down at Opal when Morrison Kenudson unloaded carloads of horses, plows and scrapers to work on the highway. He said he never saw so many in one place. He said they had a sorrel horse that looked exactly like the one he had, they were even the same size. I remember my dad's horse, his name was Brigham. He was a horse J.Y. Butler raised. Any way, he couldn't buy their horse, nor sell his to them, or trade. They were a construction outfit, not horse traders. Do you see Morrison Kenudson using horses today?

Phil Twichell

The day was coming the horse was going to get a rest. There was a road project in the

area and Phil Twichell was getting a petition out to have it done with power equipment. They could get it done cheaper that way than with horses. My granddad signed the petition and my dad and mother when they heard of the petition said no way, that wouldn't help my dad. When grandpa heard my mother he went and had his name taken off, but it seems to me that power equipment won. Phil said it would, he could see.

It wasn't that Phil was raised so modern. When he built his horse barn it was before my time, but they said he had four good work horses and he took a saddle horse and led those four to the timber on Miller Mountain and he cut four big logs and hooked a horse to each log and dragged them the six miles home instead of fooling with a wagon and he made enough trips for all the logs in his barn.

Phil's name was Philetus. I never heard anyone else with that name. He was the fellow that taught my dad how to hitch and drive a four horse team. All of the Twichells were good horsemen. They were natural bronc riders when they were young. Oliver never fed his horses, nor took care of them like the others. His horses were always thin and pretty wore out. One time he needed to send his son Alvin to Kemmerer on a quick trip with a team and buggy. Oliver asked my granddad if he could borrow his team. He said Alvin was a hell of a good driver. Oliver was quite a talker but he couldn't talk well enough to get my granddad's team.

One time Phil and Oliver Twichel and Frank DeGraw got a slick horse off the Hogback. They had to figure a way to divide the horse so Frank or Oliver suggested whoever took the horse would give the other ten dollars. Phil said no, let's play a game of poker and see who gets him. So they played the poker game. Phil was one of the losers, so the winner gave the other loser ten dollars. Phil said "What do I get?" Oliver replied, "The poker game."

My dad built the road from near the Muddy ranch to the top of Miller Mountain. When they drilled up there for oil it was a dry hole but they worked up there quite a while, that was about 1930. Angelo Borzasa stayed at the ranch and did chores and carried the mail. One day Fred Mortison the cowboy for the area association stopped to see if there were any strays at our place it was late fall. I told him yes, there was a couple down in the barn so he went and he looked and they were there so he turned them in with his little bunch and went on his way. I was in the kitchen when Angelo came in and he told my mother she better teach that boy to keep his mouth shut on such matters.

One time my dad made a deal with Babe Probasco for a Ford that was up at the upper Spur Ranch. I went with my dad horseback to get it. I was to bring my dad's saddle horse home and he would drive the Ford. Vincent Guyette and Joe King and more guys were there at the ranch breaking horses. When dad inquired about the Ford, Vince said, "Why, he traded me that Ford." It was learned that Babe had traded the Ford to two people, my dad and Vince. They discussed the matter a while. Vince told my dad, "I'll trade you this horse for your share," so we left with an extra saddle horse. It was quite a while later before I learned how Babe paid for this deal. My dad found Babe pretty well under the influence of fire water so made a deal for Babe's team and got a bill of sale. The next day Babe met Uncle Roy on a road and he said, "Roy, I sure made a fool out of myself last night, I traded Bob and Shorty for almost nothing." Later if it was mentioned, my dad would always smile. He never made too great a deal, Bob was always to balky to pull a greased soldier out of bed.

One time the canal out of La Barge Creek that carried water over the hill to Muddy developed a big washout caused by a badger hole on a hillside of a kind of sandy ground. Dad took the job to repair the canal. I was to be his teamster. First we had to dig a place in this canal at the head of this big wash with a pick and shovel till we had a trail we could drive a single horse on a slip. We plowed dirt loose on both sides then started with a mare called Dolly. After a thousand trips back and forth dumping dirt in the was we got it filled enough to be able to drive a team across the head of the hole. Eventually then we got it to where we could drive four head across. Then we began to make time. After two long days we had it done and ready for water. My dad said, "Don't tell anyone how long it took us to do this." He said they would think he had charged too much for the job. I'll assure you we weren't overpaid. Job done I was the one to take the horses, wagon and plow slip home. My dad drove a Dodge pickup and took the fresno and small tools. He must have gone to La Barge before going home and he caught up with me as I was going down the hill on the old road just above the county bridge. I was driving one team, leading one horse and Dutch was loose to follow, he led so slow. My dad coasted off the hill right up behind Dutch and touched his horn, just a kid stunt. Dutch let drive with both hind feet and shattered a headlight. Dad passed me and headed on home. When I got there I said, "That'll learn you to spook that old horse." He asked what I was talking about. I said that headlight you got kicked out. "Oh," he assured me, "Nothing

happened, just go look at the truck." I looked and everything was fine, but I knew he had an old truck for parts and he had used some of them.

When I was twelve years old I was hauling logs with a two horse team right behind my dad with his four horse team. Frank Guice the old blacksmith that lived with us rode on the loads with me and pulled brake for me on the steep hills. There was one hill on the Big Hill that my dad would drive my team down the first year. When dad went off the hill with his outfit he stood on the load with the brake rope over his shoulder and a rock ready for any lead horse that might slow up. Both of us dragged logs behind our wagons until we got below the steep hills. When we were through hauling from the timber we had several loads of logs to haul that we had left behind. Dad always told me to never holler whoa in a bad place and said to always keep those ribbons tight. Ribbons were the lines. A few years ago I heard an old man over at Dew Lumber talking about "them ribbons". I hadn't heard that expression for years.

One January dad took a job going to the timber and getting four logs sixty feet long and twelve inched on the small end. He took four horses and just the front runners of a sleigh and went over into Black Canyon above where the Exxon camp is now. He said the snow was up to the team's necks where he cut the trees. He would stay with Uncle Roy at the home ranch and leave early in the morning and go up to the timber. He would fall one tree, limb it and top it, then turn the sleigh upside down over the log and chain it tight, then take one team and pull it over on to the runners. Then he would hook his leaders on and head out. He would make it back to Uncle Roy's, spend the night, then the next day deliver the log to Calpet and come back to Uncle Roy's and spend the night before heading up to the timber again. He did this for each tree. After the first tree, with a broke trail it was easier.

I have hauled off Miller Mountain with him in the winter. Every evening when we left the timber we were wet to the crotch but he always took lots of gloves, so we had dry ones when we headed home. As soon as we got out of the timber on to that high ridge our clothes froze solid and by the time we were at the bottom it was dark. The trip was six miles each way. When we left home it was before sunup; the sun always came up as we were climbing the hill. We always had to milk the cows, tend to the work horses, feeding and watering, before eating supper, and the same in the morning. These were not eight hour days. We would do it for about two weeks and not every year, but it was enough.

One spring in dad's beginning years on the ranch he could see he was going to run out of hay and evidently everyone was short that year. Dad just had a few stock and could stretch a load of hay a long ways, if he could get one load. He tried several places with no luck. In desperation he went to Jack Marx who was feeding for Foxes and he asked Jack in case he went to feed some morning and happened to notice strange tracks and a smaller hay stack, would he see anything? I never heard him say what Jack's reply was, but dad went to Opal horseback to see if Jim Chrisman would sell him a load of hay. Jim had a big outfit and this was dad's last hope. He said Jim told him, "I'm going out to the ranch tomorrow and I'll look things over and if it looks like I can, I'll let you have a load." The next day they headed for La Barge on horseback. When they got to Muddy Creek, Jim said dad could have one load, that one load wouldn't make that much difference. Dad thanked him and headed on home. Jim told Harry Wilson to let dad have a load of hay.

Shortly dad hooked up four horses, they weren't in the best of shape, and he went after the load of hay. Dad and Harry were close friends. When dad got there Harry was feeding so dad helped him finish. When Harry was done, he was ready to go home. He said to my dad, "Joe, if you don't get a load it won't be my fault." Dad said, "It won't be mine, either." Dad said he loaded up all he could possibly get on the sleigh, and then started for home. Those poor horses had all they could handle. He had to cross the bridge on La Barge Creek, the old county bridge, and that was it. The load was so wide it hung up on the banisters on each side of the bridge and the horses couldn't pull it off. Dad went home and got another hayrack and he transferred a load onto this rack and the horses still had all the load they could pull.

This hay got him through till spring. He grubbed willows for Chrisman to pay for the hay. He said he earned it all, but he was happy to get it.

CHAPTER FIVE

ALL DAYS WERE SCHOOL DAYS...NOSEARCH FOR RECREATION

When I was about three years old I got out of the yard and went in search of my dad. I saw where the dog crawled under the fence and I followed. There was a ditch about three hundred yards from the house. I got in that ditch and I followed it for about two miles and that was two miles from everybody. The only thing I can remember about this was when I got to the creek where the ditch came out I was afraid of the water. This ditch was on a steep hillside and I climbed up the hill to get away from the water and I remember I was afraid of rolling down the hill into the creek. There was no danger of rolling into the creek but I'll never forget the feeling. My mother said that the last she saw of me I was in the yard playing with the dog at about ten o'clock. At twelve when dad and the hired man came to eat she was looking everywhere. They called in all the close neighbors. There was a ditch full of water that ran by on the hillside. They shut the water out of it and raked the bottom of it for a long way thinking that maybe I had fallen in it, which later a brother did and drowned. No one dreamed I had gone so far away. My Uncle Herman was about seventeen years old at the time and he had his saddle horse there so as kids would, he rode all over horseback and finally got on the road that went up to the creek and he went about three miles which everyone said would have been unreasonably far. Uncle Herm, as he was called, turned his horse around and started back home. He said his horse pricked up his ears and began looking up on that hillside so he stopped to see what he might see and he heard me crying so he climbed up to get me. I remember crying but I don't remember him, but I do remember riding behind the saddle and a sign on a gate we went through and when we got home all the people in the yard and everyone so happy and dad reaching up to take me off the horse. I would have starved and died from exposure and so far from everybody and everything they would never have found the bones.

It was in the summer when I was about five years old. My dad was away from home as he was much of the time as he contracted jobs building roads and ditches, and timber work,

all with horses in those days.

My mother, sister brother and myself came down with a sickness, it might have been measles. My grandmother, who lived on a ranch a mile and a quarter from us came to care for us for a few days.

There was an old man that worked for my dad there, he was too old to do a lot of work but he carried the mail three days a week, it was a thirty six mile round trip, he drove a team of mares on a light buggy.

My grandmother was standing at the kitchen table, cutting cabbage with a butcher knife. The old man, Joe Joe as we called him, was sitting on a chair at the reservoir end of the cook stove holding my brother on his lap while my grandmother finished putting the meal on the table. My mother and sister were in bed. I was standing on a chair across the room from Joe Joe, I was playing with a broken whetstone on a shelf under the window. My brother was crying, he was about two years old, and his crying annoyed me. I threw this broken whetstone at him and hit Joe Joe in the forehead and the blood flowed freely. My grandmother just reached around the table and got me by my shirt collar and pulled me across her lap and she gave me a thorough spanking with that butcher knife and she said young man, we won't put up with any of that stuff and be sure you never pull a stunt like that again and I mean never. I've never forgotten. My grandmother was about forty five years old and had twelve children and had had plenty of practice. My grandmother was a good mother, she always gave us kids a small piece of hard brown sugar when we came to her house. She never had any candy but each fall she would buy brown sugar in burlap sacks with a paper sack inside, it seems to me they were 100 pound sacks, and she made syrup from this sugar, sometimes she put in maple flavoring. I still like that syrup, Imogene makes it sometimes.

Once when I was just started to school my Uncle Bruce and I had a difference and I needed someone to give Bruce a licking, because I knew I wasn't big enough, but I knew dad could. All I needed to do. I was sure, was to convince him. I told dad a pretty good story but dad never said he would take care of it. He said, "Well, there are always two sides to these things. Tomorrow we will be hauling hay from the same stack and I will get Bruce's side." Oh say now, when the truth came out I would get a skinning. There was only one chance and that was if things were forgotten. When we met on that stack the next day I did some serious

entertaining and worked: no questions asked.

Once Uncle Frank DeGraw was at our place and him and dad got to talking horses so I was sent to wrangle the horses in. Brigham was the horse they wanted to see. Brigham had been lame but when I got there with the horses he was lame in a different leg. Horses in the corral I said Brigham is crippled in two legs now. The horse really only had a limp in one leg but they never made a trade. They wouldn't have, even if he hadn't been lame. But after Uncle Frank was gone my dad told me, and he wasn't joking, "Any time I am trading horses you keep your mouth shut and even if you are asked you don't know anything."

Another time dad and Fred Bailey had gone down the road driving a bronc and I was playing around the house. I threw a rock through the pantry window. Mother asked, "Now what will you tell your dad?" "Oh," I said, "I'll tell him the thunder broke it, no problem." Dad and Fred drove up behind the house to unhitch when dad spied the window he asked me what had happened and told him it was the thunder. He grabbed me by the arm and gave me a thorough licking with the end of a line. Tough to figure out.

Along about that same year dad had made a new table to put in his sheep camp and he had painted it and left it on trussels in the shop to dry. I came in there alone one day and sized things up. I had an old bread knife in my hand and I decided I could make a pretty table out of that by trimming it into the shape of a heart so I began. I got tired when I was about half done, so I thought I'd leave it and finish it later. A few day later Herman and Ben Whitman were there and dad went to the shop for something and me right behind him with my uncle following. When dad saw that table he never asked nothing, he just turned around and saw me and there was an empty apricot crate on the floor. He grabbed me with one hand and he stepped in that crate and pulled a slat off with the other hand and proceeded to warm the seat of my pants and when one slat broke, he pulled off another. It never really felt good but the worst part of it was my two uncles standing there thinking it was funny. I decided if my dad didn't appreciate all that hard work then I'd never do it again.

Once I went to La Barge to spend a couple of days visiting my cousin Frankie from Superior and while I was there a vaudeville act came to town and they rented a hall for this show from my uncle. The show was ready to start and I wanted to see it so I asked my uncle if he knew of a way I could go and he said sure, you just tell them that you are my boy and you

can get in free. I went up to the guy selling tickets and I told him "I'm Uncle Rico's boy." He smiled and said he didn't think I was and I'd have to prove it so I went and got my uncle. He went with me and the fellow told him what I had said. They had a laugh at my effort, but I got in. The show was the Red Heifer and she kicked a fellow clean off the stage and another guy on the stage said "I came clean from Calpet today" and another fellow said he never knew anything came clean from that place.

During my stay old man Boyce shot Tom Mahafey in the knee. Tom got gangrene and died and Boyce served sixteen years in Rawlins for it. This happened next door to my uncle's.

One time Tom Ferrel lost a grey mare and he offered ten dollars to anyone who told him where she was. Dad knew so he called Tom and asked if the offer was still good. Tom said no, he'd find her, why, did dad know where she was? Dad said well, for ten dollars he might. Okay, said Tom, "I'll pay," and so he got his information.

Another incident I remember, I was about twelve years old now, and dad had sold some wood to the Tulsa school. Dad took a four horse team and big wagon load and I took a two horse team. While we were unloading at the school the principal came out, he was a middle aged man, Mr. Kanyid, and he invited me in to visit their school. I suppose the entire school wasn't over twenty five kids. I never dreamed he would get an idea like that and I was scared to death to go in a big strange place like that with so many kids, so I told him I never wanted to. Dad said go ahead, he would finish unloading, so then they both began to coax. In a bit there was some tears so they never urged me anymore. Where I went to school there were never more than nine kids, mostly family, and I knew them all, even the teacher. My dad told me later I should have gone in to visit, there was nothing to be afraid of, but to me it was more than I could handle. It would be like putting a coyote in captivity.

In about 1930 dad filed on a grazing homestead for more pasture joining the ranch. It took over twelve miles of wire to fence it, a four wire fence on each side plus a little extra. When you have no money, how do you manage? Dad had Frank the blacksmith make a wire roller that you used by hand. It wasn't very heavy and it worked. It hinged in the center with an iron plate on each side of the spokes in the center, held in place by one small bolt. Take the bolt out when the roll was complete and it came out of the wire. Then lay it flat on the ground, replace the bolt and you were ready for another roll. These rolls were about two feet in

diameter. A half of a quarter of a mile was a nice roll to handle (if barbed wire can be nice to handle).

Dad had it all figured. One morning early he told me that today we had a new job. We got in that Model T Ford pickup and took off with a pair of wire pliers and this wire roller. We went to the county bridge, then over the hill to the fence corner west of the house (La Barge Livestock headquarters) and just out of sight and turned up an untraveled two-track road. Quite a ways up there we came to a cabin in a patch of quaking aspen and here we stopped. We had come through a fence that was in very sad repair. Soon we were at work. Dad gave me the pliers and told me to go ahead and pull all the staples on one strand of wire. Half or more of the posts were laying on the ground. He followed me with the roller, rolling up the wire. At the end of a roll he cut it off and we reversed, taking the next strand. We had no company or help but we kept busy. We had worked at this for several days, each evening taking a load of wire home on the Ford. One day three fellows were riding off a hill west of us. Dad spotted them as soon as they came into sight. He told me to lay down in the sagebrush and stay there, and he did the same. The fellows rode past the truck and on down the road. As soon as they were out of sight he said "Let's get busy," so we were at it again. I said to myself, "Something is haywire, here." That evening we went to Tulsa after supper and was at Uncle Rico's bar and a fellow came in pretty soon. When he saw dad he said "Hello, Joe. We saw your pickup today over at the Plumley place." He told dad who the other two guys were and what they were doing. As I look back, everybody knew everybody else those days. They knew all of the cars and trucks and horses and who they belonged to. The fellow who came in the bar was Warren Harmison, every one called him Haywire Harmison. He was a good natured fellow and he could hold his own. He knew what my dad was doing and dad knew that he knew but they never talked about it. As far as Warren was concerned, one wop was working on another wop. This place belonged to La Barge Livestock. It was one of the original places they bought just for the water and the fence meant nothing to them but they never planned on giving it away. But I'm sure we saved some horse from getting caught in the wire. When the job was done there was enough wire to fence the homestead. For nerve we passed the La Barge Livestock headquarters within a quarter mile twice a day and never got caught. I have no idea how many of the fellows working there that my dad had asked not to see anything. I remember fencing

that homestead, it was rocky ground yet dad dug the holes and set eighty posts a day plus kept me and Frank straight with the fence and that we tamped them well.

One day came a break in things. It was the first days of July and at breakfast dad said that if we wanted to play that day or had anything we wanted to do, the day was ours. My brother was around but he was three years younger than me so he never paid so much attention plus dad never took him out on as many projects as he did me. I thought this over a bit and I went to my mother and told her my dad was losing his mind. He had plenty for us to do he had never said such a thing like that before and on top of that he had taken a team and wagon and drove right up through the middle of the hay meadow, and you just don't do such things. the next morning as we were milking the cows my dad said, "Young man, don't pay so much attention to what I'm doing, it's none of your business." I knew my mother had told him what I had said so that day after dreaming a bit I went to mother and I said "Dad thinks he's fooling me but I'll bet he has a whiskey still out in those willows." Poor mom, as I look back. The next morning dad said "If you are so smart you saddle that old bay horse and watch for a cloud of dust coming up the road." I saddled old Bud and got on that wagon track and went to see. Sure enough, there was the sheep camp in a thick patch of willows and lots of funny things around there. It had to be a still. Next I just prayed for a dust cloud. I was sure there would be some excitement. About ten o'clock here came a big dust up the road so I loped up to tell dad. I met him coming to the house with a wagon load of wooden kegs. Boy, he hit that old team on the tail and they were headed for a soft muddy cow trail coming out of a slough behind the barn. He backed up to that and threw that whole load in there. In a matter of minutes all of it sinking out of sight. Then he drove on to the house. What did he find but it was Uncle Rico coming after a load. They were all excited, talking Chinese a hundred miles an hour. Soon that was over and they took the wagon and backed up to the mud hole. Dad got in there to his waist fishing out kegs and Uncle was in the wagon taking them to the front and loading them. I found the whole deal quite amusing. Finally all the chickens got moved from the chicken house down by the barn and the still had a new home. One day it moved from there into a cellar in the garage in town. One day two guys came, wanting to search the place. They had been doing a little checking. Rudy was a very small boy but he said someone had asked him if his dad had any barrels and he had answered, yes, lots of them.

These officers had everything located as fast as they could walk to it. Next thing they put a little evidence on top of their car. They had a loudspeaker and they had Uncle get in the car with them and they drove him all over Tulsa advertising. Then they took him to Kemmerer and did the same. Then they fined him and let him go.

Doris Housley told me she was born in the house where I was raised the year dad bought the ranch. Dad was always ready to help people; many people were that way, it was what kept them going. Jack Marx and his family were new in the area. They had come from Falls City, Nebraska and at this time were living on the Guyette place and the road in there was a goat trail and they were far from neighbors. It was spring and Doris was due to be born. Dad invited Jack to bring his family down to his place until the baby was born, and so they did.

Another thing I was told by Kay Buston's mother. When she and Eddie Henderson, Kay's father, were married my dad gave them the only wedding gift they received. This was back in the twenties. I told my dad of a family in need one time and he gave me a check for half of the amount he had in his checking account to buy them groceries. These people were too proud to take the money but they appreciated the thought. The last check my father ever wrote was to charity. He always had a big heart for people in need and also anyone that came from a foreign country, regardless of nationality. He loved good children but would straighten one out in a minute if it tired him out. He had no time for lazy people.

CHAPTER SIX

THE MEDIA NEVER GOT IT ALL

La Barge Livestock bought shares on the Rock Springs lease for the sheep in the winter. They also ran some sheep on the Little Colorado desert in the winter. The Rock Springs lease is still used today. Every other forty acres is owned by the federal government and every other one by the U.P. Railroad. The government gave the U.P. a strip of land forty miles wide about half on each side of the railroad, clear across the state when they laid the first track. It is checkerboarded. The stockmen bought shares, that is surface shares, for grazing. They had several allotments on the forest for summertime. They usually ran a dry herd all summer on the lambing ground.

Just after 1900 during the time that Lester Twichell had the mail contract from Kemmerer to Big Piney he took a contract with three sportsmen from England to transport them from the railroad to the Wells' hunting camp in the Kendall valley. These fellows wanted to make the same time that the mail ran. At that time the mail was carried by a four horse team and a stage coach. They used geldings that were in the eight to ten year old range and hadn't been broke until till about that age. They had good endurance and plenty of life. I heard them say they averaged eight to ten miles an hour and teams were stationed every so many miles with someone there to have the fresh team harnessed and ready to go when the stage got there they helped unhitch the tired team and hook up the fresh ones and then care for the used team and have them ready for the next run. They greased the stage at every stop; they had no bearings. The lead team was tied to a hitching rack while being hooked up. When the fellows tending them untied them, all was ready and the driver swung that shot whip over their heads a couple of times and popped it and it was hang on, no stopping. Those old drivers loved this and of course passengers unaccustomed to wild rides had a little nerve problem. Lester hired Ira Bailey to make the trip without laying over for the night. They left Kemmerer at daylight. He said these Englishmen called him driver. which he said he detested, he said he was not their slave. They made it from Kemmerer to the Wells hunting camp in one day up the Kendall valley.

Tom Salmon

Speaking of the Kendall valley reminds me of a story told about Charlie Hiles as a young man before he moved up there. Hiles had worked for Salmon Bros. and when he quit his job Tom promised to meet him in Kemmerer on a certain date and time and pay him. Hiles was there as agreed and he knew Tom Salmon was in town but Tom never showed up. Hiles evidently never trusted Tom so he got on his horse and got where he could watch the road Salmon would take to go home and shortly here came Salmon horseback, headed for home. Hiles got a hold of Salmon's horse and led him back to the meeting spot and he got his pay. As they separated Hiles said "Tom, don't you ever speak to me again, if you do I'll give you a good licking."

Years later Hiles and another fellow were working on the road into the lower Spur Ranch they weren't far from the corrals and Tom Salmon came in with a bunch of horses and he yelled to Hiles to open the gate so he could corral the horses. Hiles went over and opened the gate. The horses inside and gate closed Hiles said, "Okay now, I keep my word," and Salmon paid the price. This brings a couple more to mind.

Dad bought an old dodge car from Tom Salmon for parts on a pickup dad had. When dad got the old car, one of the front seats was missing. One time later on I was at Babe Probasco's homestead cabin on La Barge Creek and there was a car seat on a little platform, used as an easy chair. This chair sure resembled the remaining seat in that old car so kid like I asked him where he got the fancy chair? Babe was getting some meat ready to fry and he never answered for a bit, I was sure he was thinking. Pretty soon Babe said, "Well, sir, I pilfered that."

Another memory I was with dad we were coming home with team and wagon and Tom Salmon passed us, it was summertime before haying. Tom was water commissioner at the time. Dad said there goes that water commissioner and was quiet for a ways I knew something was on his mind. Pretty soon dad said now this morning I went up and took all the boards out of the headgate and filled my ditch, now here he goes and he'll find it. Dad said he'd be coming back a little bit later and he will tell me what he's found. Dad said I'll turn to you and say what in the world did you do and he told me you get scared and get tears in your eyes a cry a bit and say, "Oh, I forgot to tell you but when I took that top board out I had a lot of trouble and when

I finally got it all the rest came loose and washed down the ditch." Well, we got clear home and we never met Salmon. I never minded a little challenge so I figured not to get too far away. After a while here came Tom Salmon and Phil Twichell in Salmon's car; he had picked up Phil as he and dad shared in this ditch. Tom told dad what they found and I was out of sight behind the house. Dad called and I came over there and he asked his question and I put on my show and Phil and Tom both said just forget it, the boy never realized. Case was settled, but what for influence?

The last thing I recall of Tom Salmon was the winter of 1938 and 1939. I was tending camp for La Barge Livestock. Pasquini was my partner and Silvio Corazza was foreman and had been for years. Tom Facinelli was general manager. Victor Facinelli was president of the North Side State Bank and the king pin for La Barge Livestock but he had borrowed too much money so he got let out of the bank. The bank put Tom Salmon in as general manager and foreman of La Barge Livestock. Silvio was taking Salmon around showing him where each camp was and introducing him to the men. They pulled up in front of my camp in a truck and each man getting out on his side. All at once there was a rifle shot I look out the camp door and there stood Tom Salmon beside the truck, not moving and Silvio ran around the front of the truck to Salmon. Silvio was almost hysterical saying "Are you hurt, what's wrong, what happened?" In a bit Salmon said that 30-30 fell out on the running board barrel up beside me and went off. Salmon had blood on the side of his face. After looking things over it was clear. When that 30-30 hit the running board the jolt caused it to fire - it was loaded - and the bullet went up through the sheepskin collar on Salmon's coat and hit the side of Salmon's face making it bleed but nothing serious. Silvio said if that should have killed him everyone would say that I shot him because he was taking my job.

Salmon told us there would be no more trucks bringing in supplies, we would have to take the camp team and commissary wagon and come to the ranch for our supplies. Salmon would ride out once a month horse back to check on things. Just before lambing started Salmon wound up in the hospital and never got out until after all the herds were on the forest. Silvio had filled in for him. That fall when all the lambs were sold they let Tom Facinelli and Silvio take over again. In about 1946 I was in Opal shipping our lambs and La Barge Livestock was shipping too. I heard Vic Facinelli tell a fellow this is the first time in my business life that I

can say that I owe no one. I was well aware war prices made this possible for many stock men.

Tom Salmon was an old man and not long after his job there at La Barge Livestock he died. Tom Salmon was a high flier if he had the money. Tom and Dave owned the old Steed place for years and ran sheep. Eubanks have the ranch now. Salmons always ran an outfit held together with baling wire. One winter they had an old red durham bull that kept breaking into a stack yard. One day Dave got tired of it and he had a dull ax on his feed sleigh. He roped that bull and snubbed him to a post and chopped the bull's horns off with that dull ax.

Both Salmons were small men but Dave was quite a worker but he never learned to drive a car. They had a nice Buick and they took me over west of Kemmerer once to look at their summer range they wanted to lease the outfit to me. Mrs. Salmon drove we were coming off Fontenelle Hill and a tire blew and she was stopping as fast as she could. Dave began yelling at her to stop and she had a short fuse too and Bess was yelling back at him. Dave reached down and grabbed the emergency brake and it was whoa right now.

Jack Howard

Jack Howard was quite a character. He wasn't a very big man and he had a mild voice. Neils Miller couldn't find his milk cow and he was at Jack Howard's one day and he asked Jack if he had seen his milk cow. Jack said "Would you know your cow if you seen her?" Neils said "I'd know her in hell with her hide off." Jack took Neils to the meat house and said, "Pick her out." Jack was teasing that day, but he was capable.

One time Jack Howard had gone to Kemmerer and went on a drunk. He called his wife at the ranch and told her he had a toothache and had to go to the dentist and couldn't make it home that day. Mrs. Walters went out to tell their foreman, Hebe Young. Hebe smiled and Mrs. Walters asked him what caused him to get a sparkle in his eye. He replied, "Jack has false teeth."

It was the practice at their home in the morning when everyone came for breakfast Jack would fill a drinking glass with whiskey and give it to the closest fellow and he'd take a sip and pass it on till it made the circle. One morning there was a preacher in the bunch and he never saw anything like this before. Jack, realizing, gave the glass to the preacher first and he drank it all. Jack filled the glass again, this time handing it to the second fellow, and the glass made

the round. Jack asked the preacher would he like a little more, and the preacher said, "Yes, but this time don't make it so big." Jack handed it to him and said, "Damn you, I never meant for you to drink it all in the first place!" Jack never whispered, either. To make a fool of someone, especially religious, made Jack's day.

One time Jack was at my folk's for dinner. He had bought some oats from dad so he gave him a greenback to pay the bill before they ate; it was to be twenty dollars. Dad took the money and put it away. After dinner Jack asked, "Joe, did I give you the right amount of money?" Dad said sure, and Jack told him he'd better look at it to be sure. It was a green soap wrapper.

Another time someone was caught butchering one of Jack's cows. The law arrested the fellow and sent word to Jack to come to town to press charges. When Jack got there he told them, "Why I told the fellow if he ever needed a beef to just go ahead and butcher one." He turned to the fellow and told him, "If you ever need another one, just help yourself." Jack knew the ways of people and he was sure he had much more to gain this way. There would be no getting even.

Once Jack was caught poaching sage chickens so they were taking him to town. About halfway there he asked, how come they had turned so and so loose for the same thing, what about the money he gave you? They turned around and took him home, and really he was just shooting in the dark.

Jack had bought a new clec track tractor and one day he wanted to use it and couldn't get it started. Mrs. Walters read the instructions over and over. Jack was working the gadgets as she told him and my dad was operating the crank. He was getting tired and his temper was getting shorter and shorter. All at once dad said, "Jack if you ask me to crank this one more time, I'm going to hook Peaches and Brownie on to it and I'll drag it into the river." The cranking was over.

Jack had bought oats from dad and he sent two men with a team and wagon each to haul it. They were to spend the night at my folk's house. The day they came with the wagons Uncle Rico and some friends had come out from Superior to visit and they had a bottle or two in their car. Dad was out working on a fence and Uncle Jerry was helping him. When the company got out to where dad was, he and Jerry came to the house to visit. In the meantime the two men

from Jack Howard's had got there and had taken care of their teams and one of them, and Indian, located the whiskey in the car and had helped himself.

The boys had a nip and were standing around the car visiting. The Indian fellow felt guilty and the fire water had scrambled his brains. He was not in the company but he got a double bit ax and came near the fellows. Then he raised the ax back over his head and headed for dad. Dad's back was to the Indian but Jerry was facing him and he yelled that the fellow intended to split dad's head open. Dad looked around and when he saw what was coming he dodged and grabbed the Indian's ax and took it away from him. He told the Indian not to try that again or dad would use the ax on him. The Indian headed for the willows. He never came for supper or breakfast, he just showed up when his outfit was ready and he came and got on his wagon and left. Dad locked the house that night. He said he wasn't afraid in the light but he never felt safe after dark.

Mrs. Walters died in about 1929. I remember it was after supper some one called on the phone. Dad answered and they told him. Dad sat down and cried after he heard it.

Jack sold his ranch in about 1933 to Joe Bertagnoli, Gus Manifior, Emmet Segna and another fellow. I don't remember his name; he only stayed in the partnership about a year. In about 1946 Guy Jones and Austin Taylor bought the outfit. Joneses still have it.

In about 1936 after Jack Howard sold his ranch he was in Big Piney and got sick. Bill Carr took him to Kemmerer to the doctor. On the way, Jack told Bill, "You can tell the boys you took Jack for his last ride." And Jack never did get out of the hospital.

Slim Dyer

Once when dad and Slim Dyer were working on a job at Opal there was a sleigh by the stockyards that had been there over a year and seemed to be abandoned. Dad asked Slim if he thought anyone would miss that sleigh if he took it home. "Oh," Slim said, "I wouldn't do that. Sure as you do someone will show up and claim it." That was the end of the idea and sure enough not too long after that the sleigh was gone. Not too long after that, Slim had a sleigh to trade to dad.

One year as the La Barge roundup was working the last bunch of cows at the county bridge a big slick showed up. Slim was working for La Barge Livestock and he had a few cattle

of his own. Slim would cut the slick with his bunch. B.M. Fox would cut it out of Slim's bunch and put it in his own. The slick passed back and forth until the job was done and everyone went home. Fox ended up with the slick. Slim sneaked a dry cow of his into Fox's bunch with no one noticing and they all went their own ways.

The next day Slim rode over to Fox's field and he located the slick and his dry cow. He ran them around together for a while and when they seemed to get a bit friendly he took them out the gate right in front of Fox's house and home he went.

One fall late La Barge Livestock sold a bunch of cows to Vigo Miller. At the time, Vigo owned the ranch near Daniel that Schwabacker has now, and they trailed the cows from La Barge to Daniel. The morning they started the drive they counted the cows and Slim helped them to get started. When they got out in the lane and the brush was tall, Slim dropped a half dozen cows back and headed them back home. Then Slim went on a ways until the boys had a good start, then he turned for home and caught up to the half dozen cows and took them on home.

Slim could ride and rope and was an all around good hand, but honesty wasn't one of his talents.

One time La Barge Livestock was having problems meeting a note at the bank in the mid-30's and lo and behold, someone with a big truck pulled into one of their fields and loaded a bunch of steers. Good bye steers, and the story ended; no one could get a lead on anything. Later Slim was horseback and he stopped to visit my dad as he was passing. Dad had mentioned about the lost steers and he would smile and say, "I'd like to see anyone load a load of steers right out in the field after dark." So, this day I remember well, dad asked Slim what had gone on down there. The visit ended on that note and I remember Slim smiling as he got on his horse and he said to my dad, "Joe, funny things happen sometimes," and he was on his way.

Age was finally slowing Slim down. He and Tom Facinelli had been involved in so many schemes together that they were afraid of each other. Slim's wife had moved to Ogden to send the kids to school. They bought a home down there and she lived out her life there. She had been a school teacher. Slim went to Ogden and got a job at a dairy and planned to stay there, but Tom couldn't stand it. He got Slim to come back to work for them a little longer. It was November 17, 1937 and Slim had gone over to Herschler's on Fontenelle to pick up some

strays. Herschler was doing some fall branding and there was a young fellow roping calves and he was having quite a time. They said that Slim told the young fellow that he would get that little mare of his in there and show him how to rope calves. He had roped two or three and everybody was busy with branding one when they heard a thud. They looked up and Slim was on the ground. A bull was tangled in the rope with a calf on the end of it and the saddle mare was on her back. Slim never came to; his head had been smashed and he died two days later. The mare was small and fast and evidently the bull had pulled her over backwards.

Slim's son was never a cowboy. He took a liking to airplanes. He was an airplane mechanic in Ogden for years and he flew them. I was in the Dee Hospital in Ogden in about 1961 with a smashed knee when Slim's son came to visit me and my mother (she was in the hospital, too). Mother and Mrs. Dyer were close friends for years. Slim's son looked and sounded just like his dad. Shortly after the visit in the hospital she stood an airplane on its nose and was killed. His mother died of leukemia, and I don't know what became of the two daughters.

CHAPTER SEVEN

REMINISCING BEATS ANY T.V.

I remember once in the Depression Tom Gordon and Ora Brause coming by the house. Dad was in Tulsa putting up ice, and these fellows needed some meat. Dad had sent them up home and I was to let them have a couple of horses to ride so they could go and get an elk. It was early January. They took off and I went to school.

That evening, after dark, Tom Gordon came back, leading Brause's horse. Tom was all excited. They had spotted a few elk on Lake Mountain and Brause had taken off to get one. It got dark and he didn't come back so Tom headed out. He had my mother call dad and he got the word out for help. I remember dad and Earl Jones taking off horseback at daylight. The word was all over; everybody knew.

Later in the day they returned with Brause and an elk. Brause was a hunter and he saw elk and he got one. When he got back to where the horse had been, he was a foot, so he built a big fire and spent the night there. Not one game warden showed up. In those days the pickin's were pretty slim. Several people came up to my folks' and stayed a night or two for the same reason and no one was ever caught.

Matt Sali

It was about the winter of 1934 and dad was in La Barge, putting up ice. It had just snowed and Matt Sali was out of hay for his milk cows so he came over to get hay, thinking dad was home. Matt got there just as I was ready to go to school. Frank and I always fed and did the chores before school and after school we loaded the sleigh for the next day. I told Matt to just go ahead and get the hay, but he said his team couldn't handle a load all the way home. I told him he was welcome to use our feed team, they were gentle and four head would do it. He could bring our team home the next day. Matt said he couldn't drive four and I laughed at him and told him anyone could drive four. He asked if I could and I told him sure, so he said he would pay me well if I would stay out of school for the day and take the load home for him.

This never took any coaxing; Matt had a blonde daughter a month younger than me.

That day everything went well. We got loaded and hooked up his team in the lead and we were on our way. We had to give them time through the drifts till we got to the county bridge. From there the snow wasn't so deep. When we got to his house I stood up on that load like a real skinner and put them around that house. The ground sloped toward the house and the coal chute was close so I never had a lot of room. We unhitched and went for dinner about three o'clock. Mrs. Sali was a wonderful cook and we had a very good meal. I never saw the daughter anywhere. But when the meal was over and I was ready to go, Matt went to the cupboard and lifted up a drinking glass and it had a stack of silver dollars under it. He gave me four of them. I was the richest boy around.

One time after that Matt and I were visiting, and I don't remember the conversation except Matt said that if it was alright with his daughter it was alright with him. I kept that in mind for a while but we never really did get acquainted.

One time Matt Sali had a sorrel mare they had raised from a colt. She was a pet deluxe and the day came that Matt decided to hook her to the wagon and break her to work. Harry Wilson was there so he helped Matt and they drove down the road below the house. Pretty soon the mare decided she'd gone far enough and she stopped. They couldn't get her started again. They used the end of the lines, the whip, and everything else to no good. She kept running side ways or backing up til she got wiggled around and headed back home and then they couldn't stop her. Matt wound up trading the mare to my dad and she was a good durable work mare. Dad had her for several years, finally selling her and Brigham to Herschel Bondurant in the fall of 1935 after haying. The government loaned Herschel the money to buy them. He gave \$125 for them which was big money then. One of those rehabilitation programs.

In 1935 I used that team in the plunger at Frank McGinnis'. Frank swept big loads; he had a sweep team that weighed a ton each and many loads he stood on the seat so he could see where he was going. One time he got a huge load on the stacker and it had rained a few drops and the hay wouldn't slide up the poles. Dad was stacking and the stack was about three or four feet high and Brigham and Dolly just couldn't push it. Dad came around behind me and spoke to the team. They were shod all the way around and they got with it. Their bellies were getting down towards the ground and pretty soon, stacker, hay and all went towards the back of the

stack yard.

That winter Herschel let Brigham starve to death and Bertie Russell rode Dolly to death. That was the reward for a good team.

Nellie was one of Matt's horses that he used to pull coal carts out of the mines. Coming out of the mine was a short, steep pull. She would come up that and out into the yard. She had her own point to go to, then she would stop and turn and go up that chute and where the track turned to the tipple she gave it a fast pull and stepped out of the way. It would pass behind her and tip and the coal went in to the tipple. She had no bridle or lines. One day after Nellie was past thirty years old Mrs. Sali was driving the team home from La Barge and Nellie fell over dead with a heart attack.

One winter in the early thirties, Albert Bolinger and Herschel Bondurant got the contract to furnish the wood for the school at Tulsa. They came up to my folk's and stayed two nights. Each man had a team and sleigh. They went up on Miller Mountain to get the wood. Herschel was driving a bigger team and Albert had a small team of blacks with lots of fire. Both teams belonged to Albert. When I came home from school the day they were on the mountain my dad's saddle horse was at the corral with the saddle on, so I had to go check things out. Dad was harnessing Brownie. I asked what he was doing. He said those fellers were stuck on the hill coming up out of the timber and all four of those horses together won't pull the load over it. He said, "I'm taking Brownie up there to show them how a good horse will pull the whole outfit over."

That night at supper they were all bragging up on Brownie. Brownie was not a big horse, but he had a reputation for pulling.

Dad had a gray horse that was about two-thirds mean and that evening he made some kind of a trade and traded Albert that gray horse. Albert told my dad the first night they were at our place that his two teams never cost him anything. The blacks he had gotten off the desert as slicks and the bigger team was a stolen team someone had given him.

The next summer Albert leased a ranch on Cottonwood. He was raking with his black team and the rake tongue came down for some reason and his team spooked and began to run. Instead of getting off the back of the rake he tried to hold them. The end of the tongue rammed into a ditch bank and broke in two and threw Albert up between the horses. That broken

tongue either went in him above his hip and came out under his arm or the other way around. The team dragged him a bit that way then this piece of tongue jammed into another ditch bank and broke off, leaving Albert in the ditch with the piece run through him. There were others who saw the wreck and they ran to help him but he said "Don't bother, I'll die in a little bit." He knew it was over. They loaded him into a car and headed for a doctor but he died about the time they got to the highway. He had told the boys to watch that team, that they would kill a man.

When dad heard that a runaway team had killed Albert Bolinger, it bothered him quite a bit and he said over and over, "I hope it wasn't that gray horse," as he never knew which horses had done it until he went to the funeral.

Let these modern folks have those desert cayuses. I've had experience with a few and it just isn't worth it. Even after they are broke they never lose that wild instinct unless they're captured as colts.

One night I stayed over night with Virgil Thoman. We were shearing sheep. Virgil had a young saddle horse he thought was the cat's whiskers. We rode this horse double across the river to Virgil's house. The next morning as Virgil was leading him through the yard gate something spooked him and he ran past Virgil to the end of the bridle reins, but he kicked Virgil as he passed him.

I saw a desert mare Alvin Twichell was driving across a hayfield. She wasn't hitched to anything; something goosed her and she took off. Alvin never let her get away, but the sparks were flying around the seat of his pants as she took him for a spin.

J. Y. Butler

Brigham was a J. Y. Butler horse. Butler had lots of horses and it was said that when they were branding colts every now and again Butler would say that this was one of Becky's colts. They said Becky was the mother of many good colts.

Once a neighbor was riding by Butler's house and it was just as they had finished the noon meal, but J. Y. invited the neighbor in to eat. They weren't close friends but the fellow stopped for good P. R. Butler went into the back room and brought out a quarter of horse meat

and threw it on the table and began to carve a couple of steaks off for his company. The fellow got on his horse and rode off in a hurry.

Butler was my mother's uncle by marriage. Butler had been a freighter at one time. The only time I remember seeing him alive was at Tulsa. Butler was lying on the dirt floor in the back of Guy Decker's filling station. He was wrapped up in some quilts and was quite sick. I remember my dad telling him he was going to die there if he didn't get to a doctor.

The next time I remember seeing him was in the living room at my folk's house and dad lifted me up so that I could see him in his coffin. When mother saw what dad had done she threw a fit. Butler's grave marker says 1927.

Butler was married to my grandmother's sister Agnes DeGraw. They had two daughters, Mae Stacy and Fay Miller. They lived in a dugout across the river in the mouth of Case Knife Canyon on the east side of the new lake. Agnes died about the time Fay was born in the late 1890's. Grandma and Grandpa DeGraw took a team and wagon and went and got their granddaughters and brought them home with them, raising them until Mae was old enough to cook for her dad. Butler had a place leased on Cottonwood. Eventually Butler got a place on Dry Piney; he probably homesteaded it. He owned this place when he died and Mae and Clayte Stacy moved on the place and lived there until they sold it to Riverside Livestock in the early forties.

Shortly after Alice, Mae and Clayte's daughter, was born, Clayte was in La Barge and was visiting with Mayme Jones. Mrs. Jones asked Clayte who the little girl resembled. Clayte said he couldn't tell; she had no teeth like Joe (Joe was their sheepherder), and she had no hair on her head like Ray Whitman. Mrs. Jones told Clayte he ought to be ashamed of himself.

The story was told of Clayte setting out to teach Bill, his oldest son, to get his chores done before dark. Bill had goofed around as a kid and never got the wood in in daylight. Clayte made him take a lantern and go out to the wood shed and split the wood and bring it in. Clayte, thinking to impress Bill, put a white sheet over his head and started into the wood shed. Bill looked up and saw him coming and drew the ax up over his head and headed for Clayte. Clayte was busy getting away from the kid and getting rid of the sheet and making himself known.

Bill was a pretty good bronc rider. In about 1931 he came over on La Barge and spent

the winter breaking horses. He stayed part time with my folks and part time with my grandparents. Bill Stacy and Ben Whitman chummed around some and they liked to show up at school at recess time to put on a little rodeo for the school marm.

I remember once I went with Bill over to my grandmother's to get some eggs. Bill was riding a mare he was breaking to ride and when he got on her with that bucket of eggs she decided to unload him. She bucked down the slope from the house and Bill sat up there and held out that bucket of eggs. He never broke any and he never got bucked off.

Another time my dad got the boys too close to the wine. Dad had a mare he got from Fred Bailey he wanted broke for us kids. The mare wasn't broke to lead but the boys decided one day to ride her. Perhaps they'd have a little rodeo. In the process they pulled her neck down and she was quite a while getting over it. It ruined her. Just riding her down the road she could stub her toe and go end over end. This one day Bill was riding her and I was riding alongside of him and as far as I know, this was the first time she had fallen with anyone. The mare stumbled and ran along a little bit, trying to catch herself. Bill thought she was going in to a bucking spree and rared back for a ride and hooked his spurs into her shoulders. Instead she turned a summersault, rolling over Bill in the saddle. The mare - we called her Virginia - got up and she just stood there. Bill was laying on the ground, alive, but he wasn't getting up. After a bit he got up, with big tears in his eyes and he was sure his back was broken. Bill had trouble with his back for quite a while after that. That mare raised some good colts but she was never safe to ride.

Dad and Jim Wilson and I were baling hay for Mrs. Sali (after Matt died in 1939) when Leo Manski came to help and he told us Pearl Harbor had just happened. It was the first we knew. Jim and Leo were Mrs. Sali's sons-in-law. She had four daughters and a son by a former marriage. Her first husband was killed in a mine accident in one of the Kemmerer mines.

We were baling hay with a horse powered baler, it was an International. The team went round and round but the baler was stationary beside the hay stack. One man pitched hay onto the feeding table, one fed the hay into the chamber with a special short tined fork and another man fed the nine foot wires from one side up along the side and back through behind the bale and tied them. There were blocks between each bale with grooves to push the wires through.

The man feeding hay into the chamber placed the blocks in at the right time and as they fed out the end the one tying the bales placed the blocks back up where the feeder could get it handily.

Some horses would grab a bite as they passed the bale coming out. They could break a bale that way so you had to tie their bit to the other horse so they couldn't do it. Some teams would be bad to stop on the far side of the circle and if you got them scared of you they would jump past you causing the plunger to jump and catch the feeder's fork. Those forks and handles got broken and bent many times.

Once in a while you saw a man that fed the chamber with his foot. A man by the name of Croft that blacksmithed at the tie camp on La Barge when the tie camp first started was one of these men, and he had a wooden foot.

The fellow poking wires was in charge of the team. Some teams were as steady as clockwork. After the men and horses were at it steady for a couple of days they could do ten tons of hay a day. Those bales weighed about a hundred pounds each. Dad baled lots of his hay that way and sold it to the tie camp. He weighed each bale as it came out of the baler and he marked the weight on a tag and the tag was placed under the wire on the end of the bale. He always left his hay hooks hooked into the bale when he weighed it. Those hay hooks got sold over and over. Regardless of those hooks, if you weighed a bale in October it was a certain weight; weigh it again in November and it would be lighter; weigh it again in December and it would be heavier than in October. I learned to buy that hay according to quality; a few pounds more or less wasn't as important as the quality.

Star

Dad had a horse by the name of Star that had quite a reputation as a bucking horse. He took the money at Marlton one year.

Dad was plowing near the house one day with four horses hitched to a riding plow. Star was in the team. There were three or four fellows at Phil Twichell's riding bucking horses for kicks. One of them came up and asked dad if they could have Star for a bit. Dad said sure and he unhitched him and the boys took Star to Twichell's.

Roy Henderson had on a pair of chaps made from a bear hide, and no horse liked them. Roy put on a real ride on Star until he came to the fence. There was a bridge across Conway

along side the fence and there was a lot of muddy red silt under that bridge. Roy landed head first in that silt at the edge of the bridge. That was a big deal.

The history of Star was that someone had him green broke to ride and Silvio Corraza rode him out to a sheep camp on Muddy. On his way home he came across a coyote in a trap. Silvio got off and killed the coyote, tied him on behind the saddle and headed home. Soon the coyote woke up and decided to get loose. This situation uncocked Star and off came Silvio right now. Soon the coyote got loose on one end but was still tied solid on the other end. It ended up with Star back and the ranch and only a portion of the coyote still tied to the saddle. From that day on, Star was ready for battle if someone attempted to ride him.

One year dad let Slim Dyer take him to Piney and enter him in the fourth of July rodeo. I remember that day, when Star threw his rider he proceeded to leave. He got out of the arena and got among the cars and a couple of riders took off after him. Star jumped over the front end of a car and they finally roped him out away from the cars and brought him back to the arena.

Some one brought Star to Tulsa, it might have been Slim Dyer. It was mail day and dad was carrying the mail with a team and buggy. I never saw this, I just heard about it, but Slim rode along horseback behind the buggy. When they got to Fox's there was a young fellow waiting at the post where they hung Fox's mail sack. The fellow asked if that was the horse that took the prize at Piney and they assured him it was. He said "I'll bet you ten dollars I can ride him."

Fox's did have lots of good men work for them but they also had lots of drug store cowboys. Dad and Slim were so sure of themselves they took him up on it. This boy saddled Star in the round corral and mounted and hung his spurs in the cinch right off and he rode the horse. When he got off, Slim didn't want to pay him, but dad said, "No, this boy rode him and I'll pay him," and he did. Star won ten dollars at Piney and there it went, but it was worth it, I'm sure.

Vincent and Gordon Guyette

Once when Vince was just a big boy he was working for his uncle, Phil Twichell. Phil was trying his hand in the sheep business and he had a dutchman by the name of Hans Ott

herding the sheep and Vincent was the camp tender. They were on La Barge at the mouth of Long Hollow, according to Vince's mother, and Vince and Hans had a difference and Hans was going to kick that young kid's rear end. Vince pulled a gun and told Hans he didn't think so and I don't know what all else. It impressed Hans enough that he walked to another camp and was telling those boys about it. Hans said there was a problem with that kid and he knew what it was. He said the altitude was too high and it was affecting Vince's brain.

One time when Vince was just a boy, dad wanted him to wrangle the horses out of the pasture. They got the wrangle horse saddled and ready to go and dad told Vince the horse was gentle and everything was fine. Vince got on and the horse got touched as he started out and he headed for the pasture, throttle wide open and Vince trying to stop him. Dad got all excited and got on another horse as soon as he could and went to gather up the pieces. But halfway up the pasture he met Vince bringing back the horses he went after.

Vincent and Gordon Guyette were both bronc riders from kids up. Gordon rode fancy and they never could jump out from under him. Vincent relied more on strength.

They had a rodeo at Tulsa when I was just a kid, I think the only one they ever had there. Gordon took the money that day but when time came to give it to him, someone had stolen all the prize money and headed south with it. That ended that story; it never came back.

One Sunday at home, it was haying time and it had rained so there was no haying. Gordon was working for dad and dad had a roan mare he had gotten from Birdie Russell in a trade. Dad said, "Let's saddle that mare and take her up in the yard and you put on a show for the women in the house." So they proceeded to do so. Dad snubbed the old mare till Gordon swung on and then he turned her loose. I thought as high as that mare's front end went and as rared back as Gordon was she was going to go clear over backwards onto him, but she never. Gordon kept those spurs in her shoulders and when she was sure her head was free she got with the program.

Several fellows were wintering in Tulsa and they had a corral there and they were breaking horses. Gordon Guyette, Vincent Guyette, Frank Milleson, Joe King, and Roy Henderson: these were more or less the characters. They had a black horse that always wore a saddle that leaked; the rider just came out of it. One day they decided to fix that so they snubbed the horse to a post and Vince got on and the boys tied his feet together under the

horse's belly with a piece of rope. When everything was ready, they turned him loose. The horse bucked down onto the highway where the Valley Service is now and he fell on the icy road. When he got up he headed south down the highway. The law was around there someplace and saw what was going on and he was not in favor of it. He got in his car and went to see what he might salvage. It probably took a little time for him to get his car started because by the time he reached the horse and his rider they had gotten turned around down at Jack Howard's, about nine miles from town. They were headed home; the horse had lost the battle. It seems like Ike Edwards was the law; he cut the rope loose and warned the boys against any more such actions.

Gordon and Vincent had taken a log cabin apart and had loaded it on a truck and were on their way to the Snake Farm where they were going to unload and rebuild it. They stopped at my folk's and they had Joe Corraza with them and Joe had had quite a bit to drink. They had some long logs up each side of the cab so they couldn't open the doors; they had to crawl through the windows to get in and out of the cab. Gordon got in under the steering wheel and Joe was trying to get in. He had his head and feet in but his rear end wouldn't quite follow. The window was too small. Joe said, "If I don't go in, give me a push." Vince got up there and got a hold some way that he had his feet against Joe's butt and he gave him a push. The noise Joe made gave me the idea Vince was breaking his back, but he went through the window and Vince followed and they were on their way, and Joe never went to the hospital.

Hans Ott

Hans Ott was not known for his cleanliness. There was something about him I found fascinating. One time I went to visit him, it was in the afternoon. His place joined dad's place but his house was on the opposite side of the creek. Hans was a bachelor. He came from Germany when he was a younger man. Hans ate his supper quite a while before dark, and he invited me to eat with him, which I thought was just all right.

Hans had a log house he lived in, but he just used the kitchen and the pantry. His bed was in the kitchen and he had two dogs and two or three cats and a coyote that lived in the house with him and the dirt on the floor was easier to shovel than to sweep. He heated this room with a wood and coal cook stove; he burned wood.

Hans put a frying pan on the stove and peeled some potatoes, not washing his hands. When the potatoes were ready, the frying pan was hot and it had a spoon in it that was hot, too. He took the hot spoon out of the frying pan and scooped it full of grease out of a bucket on the counter and he started to the stove with it. He was holding the spoon tipped to one side and halfway to the stove the grease slid out on to the floor. Two cats jumped for the grease. He acted quickly, swinging at the cats with the spoon. He tossed them aside and scooped that grease up with the spoon, this time holding it on the spoon with his hand, and put it in the frying pan. Then he sliced the potatoes into the pan. In a few minutes, before the potatoes were quite done, he put half in my plate and half in his and he said, "Eat them fast, they're much better hot than cold." In a short time we had them eaten and as far as I remember that is all there was for supper. I never thought it wise to draw any pictures to my mother. I never told her about that meal till I was grown.

There was a big chopping block in front of his house and every evening at sundown through the winter Hans would get one dog on the block with all four feet, the other dog with just with just his front feet on the block and the coyote following the dog's hind feet on the ground and they would all dance around the block, Hans singing at the top of his voice in German and the dogs and coyote howling. The show would last about fifteen minutes every evening. I remember one time Hans had come over home and got too much beer and he was laying on the floor in the blacksmith shop and the yellow dog was laying there with him. He had given the dog enough beer that he was drunk, too.

CHAPTER EIGHT

DEPRESSION DAYS

Dad made beer and bottled it so he had beer when it was hot in the summer and he kept it in the cellar under the house. During haying he always wanted a beer at noon and if anyone was there they had a beer, too, if they wanted it. Sometimes dad would send one of us kids to the cellar to get it for them and he always told us to be sure not to shake it. We wised up; we found if we shook it well when they took the cap off foam went everywhere, so we would give it the works every once in a while. They got so they would put a soup bowl over the bottle when they pulled the cap off and if we had shaken the bottle, there was a show. Dad would say, "I can't figure out what is wrong with that beer, some is fine and some is really wild!" As far as I know, he never did figure out the problem.

In 1935 dad and I worked for Frank McGinnis through haying. We had a team hired on, too, Brigham and Dolly. I drew \$2.50 a day and the team got the same and dad got \$5.00 a day on the stack. He did all the stacking alone and he had taught me how to place each plunger load right where he wanted it, on any corner of the stack or right in the middle. We stacked 50 to 60 tons of hay per day many times.

One ~~time~~ three fellows from Bear Lake asked for a job and Frank told them okay, and they harness a team for each man and we were ready to leave the barn for the field and Frank said, "I have two fellows working in the field with whooping cough, does that make a difference to you?" They never said anything, they just looked at each other. Frank said, "Fine, I don't need you," and that was it. I told dad as soon as I got to the field because it was he and I that had the whooping cough. Dad told Frank that he should have let us go. Frank said, "They didn't want to work, anyway."

When we got paid Frank gave dad the check for his work and mine and the horses'. Dad asked me if it was all right if he used all the money. We had worked thirty three days. I told dad sure. In 1937 we worked there again through haying and the pay was the same.

I had diphtheria the summer of 1936 so dad worked for Frank by himself.

I lambed the little bunch of sheep dad had the spring of 1937. This took a month, about two hundred sheep on the range, and I did it alone. Then in May 1938 I started to herd dad's sheep and was with them steady, year 'round, till October 1941 when he sold them. I only got board and clothes. Dad paid his debt off that fall and I was proud to have been able to have a part in it. As near as I knew this was the way all families did. There was one bad thing about this, kids like this have no idea how to handle money. Money never did go to my head and I am sure this is part of the reason.

In 1934 when I was twelve years old, I worked sixteen days during haying for Ben Calcote, the neighbor on Joshua Twichell's place, and he paid me \$16.00. Those were depression days. Dad told me to always remember that they could get along without me. Ben was a bachelor and quite cranky. Mother told me to be sure and always help with the dishes, which I did, and sometimes I did them alone. Once after a bad day, I rode down to tell dad that I wanted to quit. I was homesick, too, as I was staying on the job for the duration. Dad said, no, I couldn't quit, I had to stay until the job was done. He said I didn't have to work for him again, but I couldn't quit in the middle of a job. I had a team of dad's and I did all the raking. Once on a rainy day, I weeded a bunch of potatoes. Most of the time Ben was good, but sometimes he was awful cranky. When I got paid, I cashed the check, and bought each member of my family a gift and bought my clothes for that school year. Not long ago, my sister told me that I bought her a doll. It cost \$1.00 and she still has it.

The next spring after I had worked for Calcote there was a fellow batching with Ben. The man's name was Sazurack. One day they took a team and wagon and went to Tulsa to get some seed oats and a barrel of crude oil and they didn't come back as they were supposed to, but in two or three days they came back, drunk as sailors with an empty wagon, except for a gallon and a half of moonshine. They stopped at the folks' and they got the blacksmith pretty well oiled. Then Ben told my dad to take a hammer and break the jug, it had about a quart left in it. Dad did as he was asked and the blacksmith blew up. He said, "You didn't have to break that jug, you could have given it to me!" Dad thought it quite amusing and the blacksmith blacked out in his rage. Ben and Sazurack got in the wagon and headed home, but wound up in the calf pasture behind the house and drove round and round, but they couldn't find the gate.

Finally, they turned the team loose and they came out the gate and headed home. Everyone thought the team would take them home and they'd get along somehow, but it wasn't so. When they got half a mile up the road Sazurack got out of the wagon and laid down on the ditch bank and went to sleep. Ben and the team went on home. It was cold enough to freeze a man full of antifreeze that night. Eventually Ben sobered up enough to realize the situation, so he took the team and went back and loaded him up and took him home. They told the story a few days later. They had gotten all the WPA workers drunk out of that same jug before they got to my folk's place. That moonshine was condensed panther.

One fall dad traded Matt Sali some mine props for coal and I did the hauling on weekends from school. I had a four horse team and made six or eight trips. When I got home with the first load, I was supposed to have around two ton. Dad looked at it and he knew how much that wagon box held, so he told me, "You have Matt weigh a certain one of my team on the next trip," so I did. When I got home, dad asked what the horse weighed. I told him and he said, "I thought so." He knew what the horse weighed and he was checking Matt's scales. This way he could adjust the price on the mine props or any other trade to fit. This was in 1937, the year the Standard Timber Co. moved from Cottonwood over on to La Barge with their tie camp.

A young fellow from Kemmerer by the name of Andy Kovach had a truck he did some hauling with and he rolled his truck over with three tons of coal on it about seven miles down the road from home. Andy was boarding at the folk's for a while as he hauled hay to Standard Timber and he knew I was using a team and wagon, hauling coal. So when I got home that day he was telling his story, and he wanted me to go get his coal and haul it home before someone stole it and got his hydraulic jack that was under the load. Being just a kid, I figured it was too many miles on the same team for one day, so I took a fresh team, only two, and went after his coal. One mare I was driving dad was just breaking and she would quit you on a heavy pull and I never knew this. I had loaded the coal, and it was a big load for one team, and I started for home. It had gotten dark and I met Doyle and Isabelle Twichell going to a dance. They stopped and Doyle told me that if I had any trouble I should unhook and leave the wagon and go home and get it the next day. He said no one would bother anything, and they went on to the dance. When I got to the sand hill at Chrismans that old mare quit about half way to the

top and jack knifed that wagon in the middle of the road. There I was. Pretty soon I heard an automobile coming and the engine sounded wide open. I jumped off the wagon and pulled my coat off and ran for the top of the hill. When I got as far as I had time for and the headlights shone on me, I was waving that coat as wild as I could. At that time the road was not oiled as it is now. When the driver saw me he slammed on his brakes and he stopped before he plowed into that team and wagon. It turned out to be Kovach in a pickup. He was evidently checking on me. We got the team unhitched and he hooked his pickup on to the wagon and pulled it off the road. He took it back a ways to where he could get a run at the hill and he pulled it to the top for me. I hitched up and headed home, but I knew then I couldn't pull Spring Creek hill so I stopped at Fox's. It was ten o'clock then but they still had a light on. I asked if I could use the phone to call home so my brother could bring another team and meet me at Spring Creek. B.M. wouldn't let me use the phone, so there was nothing I could do but try it, so I headed on home. The moon was up when I got to Spring Creek. I gave the team a rest before I started up the hill and when I started I built all the fire I could under that team, but it wasn't any use. Maggie quit cold near the top. I set the brake. It was near a bend in the road and there was room for any cars to pass and I tied the team and walked home. It was about a mile and a half. I got one of my teams and came back and hitched up my first team before hooking on the lead team. The two pulled it to the top. I could have killed that mare. I got home after two o'clock.

The next day, Sunday, before I went to Sali's for more coal, I told my mother I wanted five dollars from Kovach for pay and not to let him take the coal till he paid for it. I never trusted Andy. Dad got home while I was gone and Andy came for his coal, and dad let him have it without paying for it. It wound up that Andy left and he never paid me, or mother for his board bill. Four years later a friend told us Andy had a job in Kemmerer so we tied up his wages and got our money.

Thirty years later Andy called me and asked for a job hauling timber for me. He never realized that I was the kid that had hauled his coal; he had just called Daniel Timber Service. When he told me his name and what he wanted I asked him if he really had a truck and could he drive it, and he assured me he had what it took. Then I asked him if he was honest and he gave me a reference to prove that. I told Andy, "I need no reference, I'm the kid that hauled

your coal that night." That was the end of the phone call.

B.M. Fox

One day in October, this was before hauling the coal by about three years, Bruce Whitman and I had gone down on the flats south of Tulsa and we had gathered quite a few head of cattle. The cattle belonged to my folks and my grandparents and Phil Twichell, and we were on our way home with them. We were just going over the hill at the county bridge and sundown and we met B.M. Fox and a couple of his drugstore cowboys coming down the road with a small bunch of cattle. They had the dogs on them and they were making time. The two bunches mixed right there and they had cattle in their bunch that belonged up the creek, so we wanted to cut ours out and take everything of ours up the creek. Fox ignored us kids and told his help to head on down the road with all of them. I was mad right now and I rode up along side Fox and gave him a cussing. Bruce told me to shut up or I would end up in jail. I was mad, I was brave, and above all I wanted to show off to Bruce so I gave Fox both barrels again. Then we came on home empty handed. The only reason Fox never tanned my britches was because of the wrong he was pulling, he knew he would have dad to settle with.

We hadn't gone far till the sheriff and Ben Calcote passed us in the sheriff's car. Ike Edwards was the sheriff. Bruce said, "I told you, I told you!" I had no idea how anyone could call the sheriff that quick so far away. I bravely assured Bruce there was no problem but really I knew I had had it. But I would pretend brave to the end. Bruce said that when we passed Fox's house they'd be waiting for me. I was sure he knew but I held out and we passed Fox's without running into the law. We got almost home and Bruce went his way across the creek to his house and I went to mine. All was quiet when I got home so I turned my saddle horse loose and sneaked directly to bed. I never saw dad anywhere and I assured mother that I was too tired to eat. I hadn't been in bed long till a car drove into the yard and dad came into the house, talking ninety miles an hour. I knew right then that any minute they would pull me out of bed and I'd be headed for jail. Then the car started up and it ran into the yard fence and there was a big racket and dad ran out of the house. I heard laughter and swearing; it never made any sense. In a bit the car went on and dad came back in the house and was telling mother something for a while. Then they all went to bed and it was all quiet. The next morning I was

scared and puzzled. I wasn't talking, I was listening, and I heard the story. Ben Calcote had called the sheriff on a problem he had and Matt Sali had come and told my dad about it. They had nothing better to do so they went snooping to see what it was all about and they had just gotten home after I had gotten in bed. As Matt was leaving, he ran into the fence. The law never did come looking for me.

Around the first of January, Jim and George DeGraw had come over from Dry Piney Basin to poach some deer, as was the practice for a while in the depression. A couple of my uncles would go with them and they would go up Rock Creek or on the east side of Rock Creek to get their meat. Deer were very scarce then, but those boys were young and good hunters. They divided the meat with my folks, my grandparents, and their parents.

Fox had lots of horses in those days and many of them wintered out on those high ridges. He had mostly pintos, at least five hundred head. One bunch of horses on the rim of Rock Creek were in poor shape, and Fox with a couple of men, went up and got them. The hunters had just finished their hunt and the tracks were all fresh. They had divided up the meat and had their sleigh by our wood house door, ready to load their meat. The meat was in the woodhouse, and were Jim and George. When Fox rode up, they ducked behind the door, out of sight.

Fox told my dad that the DeGraw boys were over here, at it again, and he said he was going to catch them and turn them in. Dad was busy trying to get Fox to sell him a thin pinto colt out of the bunch, but no, Fox sold all those pintos at \$500 a head for polo horses and he would not part with that colt. He sold one pinto one time to some one in California for \$500, so he was in business. He had horses starving to death all over.

Anyway, Fox finally went on and the boys put their meat in the back of their covered sleigh and they followed Fox to his place and passed them and went on. Those boys said as they were leaving the folks' that if that old man wanted his hair parted, he should just try messing with them. George rode in the back of the sleigh with his rifle; he was ready. Fox could see it all, but he knew when to stop.

One time B.M. Fox had a man with a hook for a hand working for him during haying. One day Fox rode up on his pinto horse to where the fellow was on a hay rake, raking hay. Fox told the fellow, "I can only pay you half as much as the other help." The man asked how come? Fox said, "Well, you've only got one hand, you are only worth half as much." The

fellow got off the rake and was putting up a little argument, but he had a plan. When he got alongside B.M.'s horse he reached up with that hook and hung it in Fox's clothes. He yanked him down on the ground and then proceeded to find out more about it. Fox said, "I'll pay you the same as the rest." The fellow said, "And right now, too! And you can take this job and shove it."

Another time Fox had a fellow working with a four horse team and something happened and the fellow proceeded to straighten his team out with a shot whip. Fox was there and he interfered. The fellow turned on Fox and he said, "I can drive four where you can't even lead them." Fox found another man to pay.


When B.M. Fox was ready to build a house and barn on his ranch, he was looking for someone to buy the logs from. Dad and Fox couldn't agree on a price. One day Harry Wilson came along and he asked dad if he could hire a team and wagon. Dad, seeing through this, asked Harry if these logs were for Fox and Harry said yes. Dad said, "Harry, if you charge Fox the same price I would, you can have a team and wagon at no charge, but if you do it for less, you can just go to Fox and have him furnish the team and wagon." Harry went to Fox, so Fox let Harry have a team and wagon to take his tent and all he needed to camp on the job.

In the meantime, dad knew where there was a nice bunch of trees where he could get these logs and they were not far from Harry's camp. Dad got on his saddle horse and took his ax and he went up there and felled eighty trees. Then he went over to see how Harry was getting along. It had snowed a little bit. There was a pot of beans in a dutch oven over what had been a fire and a set of tracks heading down the road. Following the tracks, about two thirds of the way home he caught up with Harry. He was sitting on a rock, resting, when dad rode up and asked how his project was coming. Harry said, "There are not that many logs on that mountain." Dad said, "Why Harry, I just felled eighty of them." Harry said, "Joe, I'll go and tell Fox he better get you to do this." Shortly dad had the job, so he hired a fellow to drive a team and help.

They had all the logs there in short order and Fox almost had a stroke. No man was entitled to make that much money in so short a time, and he said some of the logs were crooked. "Well," dad said, "let's go and roll those logs one at a time and we'll throw out the bad ones." There were some extra logs in the pile. After going through the pile and not finding any bad

ones, Fox said, "That carpenter didn't know what he was talking about," and he paid dad for all of them, including the extras.

One time Fox had a foreman named Oscar Henderson. Oscar felt his oats in that position. He had had John Whitman working for him. When John left, Oscar wouldn't pay him. John was a small man and not a fighter so he was stuck. George Hartly was working for Henderson and John told George his problem. Hartly took John's side and he told John to give him a note asking George to get the money for him. The next day Hartly showed Henderson the note and asked for the money. Henderson said no problem and he just wrote out the check. The limits were understood.

B.M. Fox also had a ranch over on the Bear River for years as well as the ranch on La Barge. It was the N6 branch. They branded mostly with the  brand on La Barge. They bought on La Barge in about 1910 and sold on Bear River in the early thirties. Part of the ranch on La Barge is still in the family, it belongs to Eccles in Ogden. Hope Eccles is B.M.'s daughter and is still living, as far as I know.

CHAPTER NINE
FUN COULD BE WORTH THE TIME YET HARMLESS

The road went between the barn and the house at Osterhouts on North Piney, and her nephew Bill Budd lived on up the creek, so it was the road he traveled to go to Big Piney. Bill always liked a little fun. One day Bill took a pretty good sized cardboard box with him, and as he was passing the chickens scattered between the house and the barn. Bill stopped the wagon and jumped out, trying to catch a chicken. His aunt Sadie Ousterhout came out to see what was going on. Bill said, "The chickens I had in this box got out and I'm trying to catch them."

Sadie helped Bill gather the chickens in a pen, or the chicken coop, and Bill said this one was his, and that one over there. When they got a half a dozen hens or so in the box, Bill said that was all of them and went on his way. Bill never had any chickens when he came but he did when he left, and he never stole them, because Aunt Sadie helped him load them.

Bill Budd had a picture of a moose calf nursing on a saddle mare he had. Bill said anything can happen on Friendly Creek! The picture was rigged.

One time there was a cow moose that spent a lot of time around the house and corrals at the old Charlie Ott place on North Piney. Bruce Whitman lived there for quite a while and in the winter when he would go to milk before daylight in the mornings, it was hard to tell where he might stumble across that moose as she slept around the buildings. It made him nervous. One day, Tuffy Davis was there and he and Bruce were talking about this, and they decided to fix the problem. They saddled up and roped that cow moose and put a bell on her and then turned her loose. After a few days she thought the bell had grown there and she wore it until she died of old age. But they always knew where she was.

When we were working at Frank McGinnis', Frank told us of something that happened when he was a boy at Midway. Frank said there was a freighter that spent the night there quite often and he always had a bottle of whiskey that he kept wrapped in a jacket on his wagon seat. Frank, knowing this, sneaked out while everyone was eating supper and got some grain in a can

and then filled the can with whiskey out of the bottle. That evening the old turkey gobbler was out in the yard, and he would begin to strut and then fall over on his back and gobble and gobble and then try to strut again. The freighter, knowing Frank, went to check on his bottle, and sure enough, it was plain to see what had happened.

Dad made a deal with Frank for a turkey gobbler one time and he sent me with a team and buggy to go get him. The turkeys were out in the barnyard when we went to catch him. Frank got the rope that he tied the milk calf up with and made a loop in it and roped the gobbler by the leg. Frank asked me if I ever thought he could do that, and I admitted that no, I never. He never thought so, either.

Green River Mishaps

One winter Nick Batisti was staying at the old Delany place on Green River where Warren Harmison later lived. Nick needed a log chain so he walked up to La Barge Livestock's lower ranch and borrowed one and headed back home. He had the chain around his neck, hanging over both shoulders. Crossing the river on the ice he was passing an air hole and he got too close to where the ice was thin, and he fell through into the river. The weight of the chain tipped him upside down and then slid off over his head. As luck would have it, he came up at another air hole down river and got a hold enough on the ice that he got himself out. He was all by himself. He had to show his tracks on the river for anyone to believe his story. Alex Bertagnoli said, "Do you mean to tell me you lost my chain?"

About four o'clock one afternoon Joe Profazer was crossing the same river on the ice, on foot, and he too fell into a long airhole. Joe yelled for help as he went down. Pasquini was a short ways from the river on his saddle horse and he ran to the river as fast as he could. He saw Joe bobbing up and down in the river, soon to go under the ice at the end of the hole. Pasquini pulled the bridle off his horse and threw it out for Joe to grab on to. But Joe was enough out of it that he never grabbed anything. The headstall caught around his foot enough that Pasquini was able to pull him out. Joe is still quite serious about it when you ask him how it happened.

Profazer was crossing the Green River once with a sheep camp just below the Dodge Bridge below the mouth of Slate Creek. Joe got too low on the crossing and the river bottom

broke off abruptly into a big hole. He was driving a team pulling a commissary wagon behind the camp, and when he reached this hole, in went the team. The front wheels of the wagon went over the edge and everything stuck there. The swimming team couldn't pull it loose and would soon drown. Joe had gotten out of the wagon. He made a dive for the doubletree pin and was lucky enough to get a hold of it and pull it out. The team swam out and pulled Joe with them.

The swinging bridge Dodge had over the river there would break in two once in a while and drop the sheep off into the river. Many people were afraid to cross a truck or a team and wagon on it. I never heard of a wagon or truck going down, but one night Silvio and U.P. Kearns were coming in from the desert in a truck and were going to cross the Dodge Bridge. Kearns told Silvio to stop before he got on the bridge and he would walk across because he was afraid of it. Before they reached the bridge, Kearns fell asleep. Silvio, noticing this, thought to make the best of it. When they were halfway across the bridge he stopped and woke Kearns, and told him, "We're in the middle of the bridge and I just remembered you wanted to walk across. Shall I go on, or do you want out?" Kearns just about had a stroke.

Harold Dodge had a brother that was down on the river on the east side above the bridge quite a ways. He was riding a bronc. This bronc threw a bucking fit and was bucking towards the river. The bank over the river was straight off for close to forty feet. There was someone with them who saw the horse buck right over the edge, killing man and horse both; they both went into the river.

One time I was crossing the bridge at the mouth of Muddy Creek (on the old Jack Howard place that is now Riverside Livestock) with a herd of sheep. There were several of us there; I was the herder. It was La Barge Livestock's sheep. One sheep got a foot stuck in a hole in the bridge floor and couldn't get loose. She was around the center of the bridge and it was only wide enough for a single line of sheep, so the whole herd was stopped. As the sheep trotted across it, the bridge had just a little up and down bounce to it. When the sheep stopped moving it began to swing back and forth sideways. The sheep trying to get their balance made it worse in a hurry. No one had the nerve to run out there and pull the leg loose. Pretty soon that bridge swung far enough that it flipped upside down and dumped all of them into the river. Sheep were swimming every direction, some to one shore and some to the other and a few just

swam in a circle bleating and swimming. We knew they were goners but as they went down river with the current they neared the east shore and swam out. As best we could tell we never lost any.

A few years later I crossed my own sheep there with no mishap. It was late fall and the river was frozen in from both sides to where you couldn't cross a horse. Gordon Guyette and Burley McWilliams were working for me and I said I would take their saddle horses in the truck around on the bridge at the mouth of Slate Creek, but they said no, they would lead them across on this bridge. I told them I wouldn't expect them to do that, I sure wouldn't, but they said it was no problem. Burley's horse was a bronc, easily replaced, and the mare Gordon was on was pretty as a picture but might buck a man off any time. I had gotten her as a slick and I felt we would be better off without her, but I never wanted these boys to put themselves in that danger. But they went across one at a time with no problem.

Newt Sims crossed a work team on that bridge in high water and one horse hung a foot and the bridge flipped over with him. His foot never did come loose and his front end was in the water. He pawed and swam as best he could for a short time until he drowned. A horse can drown awfully fast.

In 1942 in January, Silvio was crossing the Green River on the ice in a truck, hauling five ton of corn. This was at the Jack Marx place and that year the ice had frozen as slush and thin ice on edge, so it was very poor ice. All at once a front wheel fell through. Silvio got out immediately and got back to where he could look things over. He decided to walk on to Jack's house, which was not far away. Jack came back with Silvio to look it over but when they got there, only the top of the cab was above water; the whole thing had fallen through. It wound up that they called dad to see if he could pull the truck out of there. He had a stump puller that could pull quite a load. Dad went to look at the problem, but he had just had all of his teeth pulled so he never dared to get his face so cold out in the weather right then, but he told them they could use his stump puller. He would show them how to use it and he was sure it would do the job. They pulled a sheep camp down on the job and had dad stay in there by the fire.

This stump puller was very simple. It was an iron drum about eight inches in diameter, about two feet tall. This drum stood on edge, bolted down to a heavy wooden platform. On top of the drum was about a thirty foot log bolted solid center way about sixteen feet from the

drum to either end of the log. Usually a hole was dug and a dead man was buried and the platform was anchored to the deadman, but in this case they anchored to a couple of big cottonwood trees. They fastened a cable to the rear end of the truck and they cut the ice away so they could pull it near the bank and lay down logs from the back or in under the axles and it could slide up on to the bank. They hitched a team on one end of the log on the drum and drove them round and round, winding the cable on the drum. This is a slow method, but powerful. If one team couldn't handle it you put another team on the other end of the log. You could put two teams on each end, but you'd better have a good cable. One team pulled that truck out. This incident was big talk at the time.

Dad pulled a D6 crawler out of a beaver pond one time after it had been frozen in for two or three days. He had four horses on one end of the log and the crawler, and a huge chunk of mud and ice, all slid out together. They had to cut a trench through the frost by hand all the way around the crawler. There was some sweat involved.

This stump puller was used on many projects. If a job took more than a day, Dad would say, "Well, we raised hell today. We put a block under it and we can raise it the rest of the way tomorrow." He was proud of this apparatus.

Income From Various Projects

Dad had a saw that he hauled all over the country and he sawed firewood for people. He got that outfit from Montgomery Ward. It was made in a way that you jacked up the rear end of a pick up or car till both rear wheels were off the ground. This apparatus had a place on top that the car or truck axle would rest on when you slid it under the axle. There was an axle on a little iron frame that had an iron wheel on each end that matched the car wheels. When you let the jacks down the car axle slid down on the sloping iron, putting pressure on the car wheels and the iron wheels so they never slipped. There was a pulley in the center between the wheels with a belt on it that went back to the saw frame, which was a completely separate unit. It had a table that hinged and a thirty inch circle saw on one side. On the other side were three pulleys, one on the end of the saw mandrel, one on a heavy iron weight that helped as you pulled the log in for the cut, and the one pulley was necessary to make it all operate.

One day they were cutting wood for Phil Twichell. The belt was running off to one side;

the saw rig was not quite square with the truck. This saw frame was held in place by iron stakes in the ground. Dad took his sledge hammer and went to pull a stake to correct the problem and drive it further into the ground. He had gloves on. The stake was near the running saw. When he hit the stake a rock in the ground caused the stake to jar towards the saw and it happened. That saw caught the glove and it mangled four fingers on his left hand. Doyle Twichell took dad to Soda Springs, Idaho, over two hundred miles, to see Doctor Kackley. The doctor sewed that mess back together as best he could but that hand was badly crippled from then on. He worked on, though, not complaining much, except when his hand got cold. When the doctor was sewing him up, dad asked the doctor, "Will I be able to play the piano when you finish?" The doctor told him yes, and dad said, "You sure do good work, I couldn't play it before!"

Vint Faler

Freighting down from the railroad out to the ranches and towns was a big thing after the railroad was in and ranches were homesteaded and became homes as well as businesses in the area. This freighting was done with teams and wagons and the new ranch owners made money to feed their families with and have some to put into the ranch. Some people just did it as a business. Out of Rock Springs those freight outfits were pulled with a team of two horses to twenty two horses, one pair hitched in front of the other. Twenty two was the longest team I heard of. One fellow that drove a long team like that was Vint Faler. He had the reputation of being able to turn sixteen head around, hitched to his wagon, in the streets of Rock Springs. Vint was Harold's dad.

These long teams were driven with one line on the lead team. They called it a jerk line, and these were jerk line teams. The line was adjusted in a way that when the skinner (driver) pulled steady on the line it held one horse back and the horse that wasn't held back turned toward the center, walking around the horse that was held back, thus turning. To turn the opposite way the skinner just jerked the line and the team performed just the opposite and turned the other way.

From Rock Springs they had more level country to cross and there weren't sharp curves in the road so they had the long teams. Out of Opal, curves and dugways through the rougher

country made eight horse teams the longest practical teams. Six horse teams were very common. These fellows pulled a cooster behind the freight wagon that had his bed and a stove and a table, similar to a sheep camp, and he live in it on the trip. Some even took their families along. Pinedale to Rock Springs normally took two days going and five days coming back loaded.

Roy Lozier told me of a trip he made when he was a small boy. He went with his dad and Vint Faler was on the trip, too. Lozier and Faler each drove their own outfit. Their headquarters were at Boulder. That day one of Vint's teams was lame when they were ready to leave Boulder so Vint decided to leave the lame horse and put a five year old bronc in his place. He would just start a new horse, and one round trip would pretty much have a new horse broke. When they went to rope this new horse, they missed and caught an older horse. They said he was probably fifteen years old and had never been broke. But they decided to just take him. No horse was a problem to those boys. When he was hitched in one of those long teams he had no choice but to go. If he didn't the other horses would drag him till he made up his mind to cooperate. This pony had a mind of his own and he put up all the battle he could, but he was on his way. Those old freight horses had too many miles on them to do anything but head straight on down the road.

On the first day they were near Sand Springs when that new horse kicked a lead bar and broke his leg. He was in Faler's team. Faler asked Lozier if he had a gun; there was nothing they could do but kill the horse or turn him loose with a broken leg. Lozier said he didn't have a gun, so Vint pulled out his pocket knife and stayed on the side of the gentle horse and began to cut the bronc's throat while he was hitched in the middle of the team. Roy said that horse struck furiously with his front feet and pretty soon blood was flying all over. Roy said it seemed like forever to him before the horse went down dead. He said he was about five years old, but he never forgot it.

One time Vint was turning his team on the street in Rock Springs in front of the Park Hotel. The sidewalks were wood then. One of the lead horses always brought his head low to the ground and then threw it up as he got the signal to turn from the jerk line. That day a lady, all dressed in pink, was walking up the sidewalk and she was disgusted because the lead team had their heads over the sidewalk, almost to the wall. She was determined not to wait until they

moved, she just started to squeeze by those gentle horses. Vint loved a good prank, so he jerked the line. The horse dropped his head and then threw it up, catching this lady with his head right between her legs, upsetting her right there. She got up and headed back the direction she came from and Vint got an earful.

One time Jack Howard was coming through the Spur Lane on La Barge. He was horseback and he came upon a freighter that he knew. The freighter had turned his team loose to graze while he ate his dinner and took a little snooze. Jack saw him laying on his bedroll. Jack quietly rolled the bed to one side while the fellow slept. He tied it on behind his saddle and went on his way. When Jack got to Big Piney he took the bedroll to the fellow's home and gave it to his wife, and told her to tell her husband that Jack had found it along the road.

Oliver Twichell freighted up in the Pinedale area some. Marion Twichell, Oliver's son, told me this story. One of Oliver's freighting friends had the ranch where Larry and Linda Hubbard are now and he had a few cows; he had a little start in the ranching business. One day he told Oliver he was going to sell out. Oliver asked him why, he said he had a nice start here. The fellow told Oliver, "I know too much." Later that fall the fellow was found floating in Fremont Lake with a horse collar tied around him. He had waited too long. Marion told me the name of the fellow, but I don't remember.

Babe Probasco

In the early thirties there were some fellows took up some homesteads on La Barge Creek and some tributaries just below the forest boundary. Tom Facinelli got into an argument down in Kemmerer with Babe Probasco, one of the homesteaders. Babe never listened very long till he slapped Tom's face quite severely. Tom got the law and it cost Babe fifty dollars. Later Babe was telling dad and he said it was worth every penny of it.

One time Babe had a pretty good sized knot behind his ear and he decided to go to the doctor with it. This day we were all going to Kemmerer in the car when Babe came along horseback from his homestead. Babe asked if he could go too and go see the doctor. Dad told him sure, and to put up his horse. Babe asked how long it would be before we were ready to leave, and dad told him fifteen minutes. Babe was riding a horse he called Tony and he was a good little horse. Babe said he wanted to leave the horse at the Spur. He said he'd take right

off and we could pick him up there. He said he'd be there when we got there. It was eleven miles to the Spur. Babe took off and we caught him about a mile from the Spur. He stayed right behind the car till we reached the highway and there was the gate into the Spur. He tied Tony to the fence and he saw Frank Milleson irrigating within hearing distance and he yelled to Frank to take care of Tony. Then he got in the car and we were headed to town.

When we got to town, Babe said that at twelve o'clock we should all meet at the Rock Hotel and he would buy everybody's dinner. In the meantime, Babe went and had a couple of drinks and went to see Dr. Marquis. He told the doctor he wanted that knot cut off his head. The doctor looked at it a little bit and decided to do it, so he went to deaden it. Babe said, "No, don't fool around with any deadening, just cut it off." The doctor never discussed this very long before he got his knife and sliced that knot, two slices in a cross, and squeezed out the center. He put a little medicine on it and a bandage and the surgery was over. When we met at the hotel, Babe was telling us about it and he said, "I'll never do that again! I'll let him deaden it!"

CHAPTER TEN

COURTING DAYS

Then there comes a day that a young fellow decides there might be more in life than sheep and horses.

Willard Miller and I got a hold of a list of girls' names and addresses. We might have sent someplace for them, I don't remember. This gave us a project that would help kill time. We wrote for a while to four or five girls. My letters usually got a reply, but Willard wasn't having any luck so one day I decided I might help him. I picked a name and wrote the letter and put Willard's return on it. When I picked up the mail later, Willard had a return. I opened it and read it and answered, using his return. I gave Willard his letter and he gave me his reply to mail. I threw his letter away and wrote another reply. There were several repeats and all was going well. I questioned Willard about many things but he was keeping much of this fancy news from me. One day he got his reply without me being aware and he mailed his own letter. The next letter came and I missed it, too, then there was a long period with no letters to Willard. One day he got a letter from the postal service asking if he had sent money to that girl. Then it came out that she had asked Willard for fifty dollars to come and see him, then there was no more news after she got it. Willard told the postal department what had happened. They said it wouldn't happen again, this was this girl's habits and she had been caught and it was fraud by mail. Willard never did know how much help I had been.

In time, a girl answered one of my letters that was different from the rest. Later I learned that some of her friends had sent her name to a Heart in Hand club, unbeknownst to her. They said she was Seventh Day Adventist, which was my mother's faith. In time that called for a trip on the train and after some more time and many letters, this girl changed her address and name. This was to lead to many changes but they never came all at once.

The first two dates I had with Imogene, I was late. The first time Imogene met several trains before I got there; I arrived later than we had planned. While I was there, her grandmother Sheetz died and we went to her funeral with Imogene's parents. Imogene's sister

and her husband took us to their home for a visit. I met the whole family at that time; it was quite an experience for a country boy.

I still remember the day I left Rochester to come home. Before we left her parents' house to go to the depot for me to leave, her mother played "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." We walked to the depot. I remember that lonesome whistle when the train pulled into the station from the east. I gave her a silver dollar as I got on the train.

The next trip, Imogene came to Wyoming. She came by train and I was to meet her at the depot in Kemmerer. There was a flood in Iowa and her train arrived late. I had my dad's car and was there when the train should have arrived. I checked for the train every hour till about midnight; then I laid down in the car for a nap. I never heard the train come in, but I woke up at four o'clock and I went into the depot, and there she was, all alone. She had been waiting for a couple of hours and I was just outside the door.

One new thing to her was throwing snowballs on a snowbank on the fourth of July. I borrowed a buggy from my dad and I had the camp team and we made a few trips in the area with a team and buggy. Polly, my pinto saddle mare, became hers.

Imogene and I were married July 10, 1944 and a sheep camp was where our married life began. A city girl from Indiana turned into a camp tender back in the back country of Wyoming. On August 10th we went for supplies and mail, and we received a letter telling us we were not married! We had bought the marriage license in one county and we were married in another. The first wedding was a church wedding, and the second one was August 18, before a Justice of the Peace. We never told any one the Wassermann test was no good after thirty days and we never got a second one. Married twice to the same gal and no divorce - you can't beat that! This year, 1994, is our 50th wedding anniversary.

Sheep Herding Days

One time during the summer, while we were herding sheep, I was working the herd toward camp just before dark, and I saw a bear about half a mile away. He was across a very deep canyon, eating berries off of bushes over there. I was sure he would get into the sheep that night, so I got up at daylight to check on them. As soon as I could see the bear was still over there, I got Imogene up and showed her the bear. I made plans to take the rifle and go a couple

of miles around the head of that canyon, and I would sneak up to where I could shoot the bear. I explained to Imogene how to direct me when I got close, because she could see the bear and would have to go by her directions. I got near the bear and I watched for her directions, but she just sat there. I kept sneaking around and was about to give up when I saw a bunch move right close, so then I really got on the ball. Soon I was looking that bear in the eye. One shot and he was mine. I skinned him and took the hide back to camp. Imogene told me she never could see the bear again after I left. Anyway, we took the bear hide to Leo Ball and he tanned it for us and we sent it to Imogene's folks.

One evening that summer, I was driving the camp horses to a spring for water and a young mare I hadn't ridden yet, but was going to break to ride for a neighbor, was traveling too slowly. I reached down and swatted her on the rear end with a pair of hobbles and she kicked straight in the air, and got me in the teeth with one foot and in the chest with the other. She barely reached my teeth so that was just a little blood, but the one in the chest knocked all the wind out of me. The mare I was riding wouldn't put up with any foolishness, so I jumped off her immediately and held on to her. I was sure I would die, but after a bit I got my wind back and made it with no broken bones and I wasn't too sore. This mare had been gentle-raised but she threw the fellow that went to break her so high that, according to Earl Jones, the birds built a nest on his rear end before he hit the ground. The next day I decided we would get acquainted. All went well; she never did give me any problems.

That summer, I got the word of a horse staying all by himself in a certain area. He appeared to be a broke saddle horse. One day I went to see if I could locate him, which I did. I caught him and brought him back to camp. I rode him some, just short rides around the camp, and decided he would be all right for Imogene to ride. One day we went for supplies and she rode this horse. She named him Pedro. About half way back to camp he just got so slow and she couldn't make him keep up so I traded saddle horses with her. I couldn't do much to speed him up and by the time we were back to camp he had played out almost completely. I decided someone had just bottomed him out and he would probably never come out of it. That fall we legally advertised him and got him for paying costs. We probably kept him for three years and a little at a time he improved until he was a fair saddle horse.

We herded the yearling herd until October when we left the sheep and moved into the

house at the lower ranch and I started breaking horses. We had milk cows there and we skimmed the cream and I got some strawberries and wound up with hives. It wasn't a shepherd's diet.

I was breaking a pretty snuffy gelding to lead, then I was going to ride him. He was leading pretty good and that morning I had untied him and turned to lead him to water and as I turned, he struck with his front feet and he took some buttons off my shirt. I said, "Well, maybe we'll change this a little bit." That day I saddled him and was trying to get him to turn and handle a little and he had only one thing in mind. I had Imogene ride past him to see if he wouldn't maybe follow her horse. He ran into her horse and like to took her leg off, so that settled it. I took him out to some plowed ground and got on him and proceeded to use them spurs. In the process I left a few turkey tracks on his shoulders. Two or three days later the horse was doing fine. Tom came along and he never fell in love with those tracks, so after that and a little more discussion I told him, "It's all yours," and the job was ended right there.

In December we quit La Barge Livestock.

We took a trip by train to Indiana and back and on January 1, 1945 we went to work feeding cows for Arnold Olsen. That winter passed quickly and the first of May dad bought about six hundred head of sheep from Matt Bertagnoli down near Opal, so I left Olsens and went to herd sheep for dad.

On July 29, 1945, our little son Roger was born. Roger was born in the old log hospital in Jackson. Imogene stayed in Jackson with Mrs. Rena Peterson, an elderly widow, for about three weeks. While in the hospital, Imogene became acquainted with Lois Koch, who was in the hospital, too.

Imogene and the baby came home to the sheep camp. I can't remember much about bear problems that year; I had more to be concerned with than ever before.

When we came off the summer range we went to Opal with the lambs to ship them. We never took the ewes that year. We got the lambs on the rail road cars about four o'clock in the evening. As soon as they were loaded, I hitched the team and headed back home. We drove until three o'clock in the morning, then we stopped and fed the team and gave them about three hours rest and then hitched up and went on home. Imogene hung in there all the way and Roger was going to be a sheep herder for sure. After we got home dad sold all his sheep to my

brother and me, so now we were sheep masters.

The winter of 1945 and 1946 my brother and Merle Parker took the sheep to the desert. I took Dave Salmon's sheep on a lease deal along with his ranch. We put all the sheep together and Imogene and I moved in to the bunkhouse at Salmon's. When we went to draw up a legal lease, I wanted five years but Dave would only go for a year. So that fell through and we took care of the sheep until in the winter, when we had to go into feed, for a cash price.

When spring came, Imogene, Roger and I took the herd and we stayed with them till fall. Then we bought Joe's interest in the sheep and we were on our own. Imogene and I herded the sheep the summers of 1946 and 1947. One of those summers Ruth DeGraw, George's youngest daughter, worked for us, helping to care for Roger and being company for Imogene.

Lambing was over and we were preparing to pack the outfit for the summer range. One day we were going for supplies and we came to a closed gate. For some reason, I took Roger over on the mare I was riding and Imogene opened the gate. Usually we did it the other way around. Just as we got through the gate, the mare I was riding decided she never liked Roger up there and she downed her head and went about throwing us off.

She caught me plumb unawares and she was headed down a pretty steep hill. I grabbed the clothes on Roger's chest so I could hold him out to the side, away from the saddle horn, and he was crying his lungs out. Imogene got up on her horse and got up alongside of me, but we couldn't connect with that baby, and I was sure Roger and I were going to the ground together, but I would be on top of him. I was riding for all I was worth. Then I saw the sagebrush was tall and I dropped Roger into the top of one.

Imogene was off her horse and had him in less time than it takes to tell it. Right then, I decided to scratch that mare's shoulders off the map. One good slice and up came her head; she called it off. That mare was gentle enough, but just plain contemptible.

Ranching Days

In April 1948 I finally found a ranch. I bought it from Charlie Wiederanders down at Boulder, Wyoming. I was afraid to ask dad any questions about it because I was sure the price was too high, or some other thing would get in the way, and small ranches were very hard to find. In days gone by I had heard my dad tell of the wonderful crop of alsike clover Jim Sparks

raised on his ranch in Boulder, so I was sure alsike clover grew well on all those Boulder ranches.

Dad was up to see my spread pretty shortly. The first thing he said to me was that when sage brush will hardly grow four inches tall, something is wrong, and if I had asked him he could have told me. It proved that I had made a big mistake. I had to take whatever I could find to do to feed us and make the payments. We kept that place for seven years.

I built fence of all descriptions for many miles. I herded sheep every spring. I guided many hunters. I cut thousands of posts and built slide hay stackers. I made a total of seventeen stackers. In 1951 I had my first treating vat made and I started treating posts and lumber then. The month of October in 1952 I cut and sold fifteen thousand fence posts on Little Flat Top. I felled trees for Standard Lumber on La Barge.

Roger started to school the fall of 1951. Mercy Lovett was his only teacher. On Thanksgiving Day 1952 I took Roger with me to feed and water the skid mare I kept up there to do my skidding. I had to fall a few trees before coming home. I sent Roger to the truck for some tools and I never saw him coming back as I felled a pole tree. I saw him too late and the tree was falling straight to him. I hollered for him to run, thinking he would run forwards or backwards, but he started straight away and the tree top hit him on the back, knocking him down. As I came to him he told me his leg was broken and it was. I will never forget.

Roger was in a cast where he couldn't walk or care for himself in any way. Mrs. Lovett brought Roger's school work to our home and she worked with him as did Imogene, and he never got behind in school. We took him to the school play in his cast.

On March 19, 1954 Roger was diagnosed with leukemia. He had never been sick; only had his tonsils out earlier than the broken leg. Roger died July 16, 1954. We wait now till the day we can meet on the other shore.

When Roger was in the hospital in Salt Lake City, we were staying with him. The nurses and doctor let one of us stay with Roger around the clock. He was in the hospital three different times and we were so broke. Many people did so much for us. Johnny Vible deposited money to our checking account with never a note. We eventually paid him back the money but never could for how wonderful he was. We never had insurance and it took ten years to pay

that debt back, but we could always feel good we gave Roger all that money could do.

We saw one boy about Roger's age die alone in that hospital. We saw one boy whose father had cut his throat when he came home drunk. This little boy had no voice box. He ran all over the hospital; all the doctors made over him. He had hardly any company.

Imogene, my brother and I took two teams, a saddle horse, and two sheep camps on sleighs to the head of Bacon Creek above Mosquito Lake late in the fall of 1954 and went to work to build the log fence between the Green River cattle and the Jackson cattle. We pulled out of there just before Christmas. We went back there in July 1955 and completed the job.

In January of 1955 we moved from the place at Boulder to the Twichell place on La Barge. We leased it from Dad.

Not much happened in ranch life. One time I was building a feed manger on the edge of some willows along the creek, when a game warden came along. I stopped working to visit and asked how things were going. He said, fine, till he found what he found. He invited me to look in the back of his truck. In the truck was a spring lamb with its guts taken out. This was in November.

He explained to me that he had gone up La Barge Creek till the road was blocked by a snowbank and there this lamb was, near the road and no one around. Whoever killed it had heard him coming and ran off to avoid being caught. The game warden had gutted it to save the meat. He asked if it was mine and I told him no. He asked if I could tell by the ear mark who it belonged to, and sure I could, it belonged to Riverside Livestock. I went on to tell this fellow that if I was way back in those snowbanks and I saw a lamb, I would shoot it before a coyote got it, and I'd take it home and eat it, regardless who saw me. I wouldn't run; any one with good sense would know it would never survive.

The dinner bell rang and we went to the house and ate dinner. The Warden said he was going to take the lamb back to the owner and I laughed at him. "Just take it home and eat it, I'll even divide it with you if you feel guilty." The game warden went his way with the lamb.

The next day, Grayson Jones was to out house and I was telling him the story and asked if this warden had taken him the lamb. I said that I had laughed at him and told him to eat it. Grayson said, "If that man had eaten that lamb, it would have been his last." I asked what he meant. Then he told me.

He and the government trapper had taken the lamb up there that morning, killed it, and filled it full of poison for the coyotes and put red flags all around it. Was I ever set back. I learned later that the warden was an extra they had put on for the hunting season. He was from Alabama.

One of these monied city slickers bought the neighbor's ranch. One day a bunch of us were helping brand at his place. A widow woman's slick yearling showed up in the bunch and I recognized it. I said not to brand it, that it had gotten out of my place and gotten in with theirs. I would come and get it and take it home. They put it in the barn by itself.

When we finished branding I stopped at my folks' for a while before going home. When I went to leave the folks', there just through the fence was the widow's yearling with the neighbor's brand on it. I checked in right now, and it was a mistake they would correct.

In a year it still hadn't been corrected and I could never catch the man when he came to the ranch. One day, he was on the ranch and I left word for him to come and see me. He came and we had a short discussion and I explained to him that even though he had money and could pull this, I would take care of it and if he wanted to whip me right there, just get it done. There was no fight and no answer, so as he left I told him, in the morning when he got up and saw two cowhides hanging on his fence under his bedroom window, he could say he just paid double.

Shortly after that he told the widow's family to come and pick anything they wanted from his bunch and butcher it and take it home, which they did. I think the fellow believed me. This fellow owed me money for some crawler work I did for him, but I told him that if he was so hungry I'd never ask for it, but I wouldn't stand for stealing from the widow. He never did pay me.

George

In December 1957 we got a boy from Greece who we adopted. His name was George and he was ten years old the next January. George was a good boy. He couldn't speak English and we were in school again. One of us had to meet George at the airport in New York City. We had been trying to adopt a boy and a girl but were having no luck. Then we got word of George through Madge Funk, the head of welfare in Pinedale. Then everything seems to have

gone dead. One day I was helping work cattle at Bob Linderman's when Imogene called me by phone and said George would be in New York on a certain day real soon.

I dropped everything and went home. Imogene and I talked it over and we decided that if we drove there we could both go to New York for the same cost as one person could fly. We had a little Studebaker car that did well on gas. I called George Moffat at the Big Piney bank and told him my story and said I needed to get some cash from the bank, but I couldn't get there until about 9:30 that night. George said he would meet us at the bank at that hour, so this we did.

We went on to Rock Springs from there and put new tires on the car in the morning and headed off for New York City. We drove hard and in Pennsylvania got into a bad snow storm in Pittsburgh. We got further on to Greensburg and the clutch needed adjusting. It was evening, about closing time, and I stopped at a garage to see if they wanted to do it. I told them my story and a fellow said, "Do you realize what your chances are, from here to New York City?" He said it was one to eight. I said I'd leave the car and we'd go on by train, which is what we did. We met George on time.

Imogene went into the room at the airport to get him and the woman in charge of him turned him over to her. When they came to where I was waiting, my heart went out to that little boy, so far from home among strangers and not speaking any English. All George had with him was a little toy and an apple and the clothes on his back.

We were walking along a busy street, going to our room with George between us. All at once, George pulled loose from us and headed across that street, right through traffic. He was across that street like a shot. It surprised us but I was ready to chance the crossing, but there was a lot of traffic going both ways. George threw the last of his apple in a barrel he had seen across the street and back he came. You can be sure he never got loose again.

Before we left New York all three of us went to the top of the Empire State Building and then to Staten Island. Eventually we got to the depot and asked for a ticket for George to return with us to where we had left the car. They told me I was at the wrong depot. I explained to them again that what I needed was a train ticket and not a bus ticket. They woke up that I thought any depot would do. I never realized so many trains went to New York, each having its own depot. Soon I got the message so we went to the door of the depot. There were several

taxis there so I asked one driver if he could take us to the depot where our tickets were good. He said he could, so we got in. He was a colored fellow. I told him my story. "Oh," he said, "you're just like a blind dog in a meathouse!" Soon we were to the right depot.

It wasn't long till we were on the train headed for the car. George went to sleep pretty quick. After a while we got to Greensburg. Imogene and I were dead tired so we got a motel room, thinking to get some sleep, but by then George was ready to go exploring. We decided that one of us had better not sleep; if George got away again he'd be gone. Imogene went to sleep and I took George and began to walk to where we'd left the car. It was further away than I had thought. As we walked, a policeman caught up with us and began talking to George. I told him George didn't understand and why. Right away, he said, "Come with me."

A few doors up the street the policeman took us into a door and we were in an old shoe shop run by some old Greek men. The policeman told them to talk to this boy in his own language so one did, but George never answered. The policeman told him to say some more, so he did and then George answered him. Those fellows came alive. Who is this boy? Where did he come from? What's the story? The policeman asked the men to tell George that policemen in America were friends to little boys, not bad guys like in Greece. George asked, how does he know, was he ever in Greece?

We went on to the car and they hadn't adjusted the clutch yet, so I told them I'd do it now, I had my tools and plenty of time. I did it in a few minutes and we were ready to go. George felt the car and rubbed his hands on it and looked it over inside and out and just kept chattering. Not many people in Greece had cars then.

We went back to the motel and got Imogene and headed for Rochester, Indiana to Imogene's relatives for a visit before going on home. While in Rochester we took George to a Greek store and had them get George's mother's name and address while it was fresh on his mind. We couldn't get this information from Madge; she couldn't legally do it. George's records were supposed to be kept in Cheyenne until he was twenty one, and then only he could get them. They told us not to even try to correspond. We took a short cut and wrote to his mother soon after we got home. We kept in contact until George was older and decided he wanted to write himself. We took her answers to a Greek man in Kemmerer and sometimes in Rock Springs to have them translated. We were always happy that we did this.

Everyone was George's friend where ever we went in Indiana and at home in Wyoming. They gave him so much candy in Indiana that he got sick from it. He was not used to candy let alone so much of it, but he liked it.

One day George and I were riding in the car with Imogene's dad. He was just pulling out of a farm yard onto a county road with a deep ditch on the far side. Grandpa took his false teeth out quietly. George was talking in Greek, not noticing. Grandpa handed George his teeth, and George, not paying much attention, reached to take them. When he saw what it was he let out a yell and turned them loose and was ready to turn inside out. It tickled Grandpa so that in the ditch we went.

The day came to come on home. I drove for a long ways. Imogene's mother had given us chicken and sandwiches for lunch so when noon came, Imogene ate and then took the wheel so I could eat. George was seeing funny things again; he had never seen a woman drive. Evidently he hadn't ridden around Rochester when Imogene drove not had he noticed other women driving. George made quite a fuss about this; he thought it was funny.

We got home in time for him to start school after the Christmas holidays. The first day I took him to school. A neighbor lady was driving the bus that George would be riding. I introduced them and then told her that if there were any problems on the bus it was for her to take care of. She said, "George is a good boy, I'm sure there won't be any problems." I said, "Mary, that is the problem: he is a boy." I told his teacher at school I expected him to keep order too, and I would take care of things at home. There never were any problems.

Soon George was speaking English. He learned fast, sometimes too fast. My little nephew got busy and taught George a few words one day and that evening when they got off the school bus at Grandma's house, George ran to the house. He was beaming; he knew some new words and he wanted to tell my mother. Robert was right behind him. George said, "You son of a bitch!" My mother's mouth flew open and immediately she said, "Robert!" Robert evaporated. Then Grandma had some explaining to do.

Soon George was in the swing. He would go to school empty handed and borrow a marble and the marble game began. Soon he had his own marbles and returned the borrowed one. He would sell the pretty ones for pennies or for pie out of someone's lunch who had to have the marble and had no money. Back home in the evenings he put all his marbles and

money in safekeeping and went back to school the next day empty handed.

George always liked garlic on his pancakes instead of butter. One day on the bus the bus driver smelled an odor so she spoke to her daughter about breaking wind, as she thought that was the problem. Jerry Anne said, "Mother, that is George's garlic!" That ended garlic for breakfast on weekdays; George wanted none of that.

George was old for his grade and he was a good athlete and a good sport and they always wanted him on the ball team. Sports were his main interest in school.

One time we went to a circus in Kemmerer, the first summer he was here, and I gave George the money to pay for the tickets. There was a line of us and when he got the change, he said the man had cheated him out of a dollar. I said no, he just didn't understand how to count money and we would just step out of the line and count the change. George was right.

Haying time came and soon George wanted to drive a team. We were in Star Valley; I had contracted to put up Homer West's hay. I put George on a rake with a real gentle team. I knew better, and right off I could see that that was murder for him, so I explained to him that not this year, but next year when he could speak better and understood more, we'd try again when he was more used to horses.

During this time, Homer would come to the field with his ton and a half truck from time to time just to watch us. He liked kids and he and George would visit. Soon Homer told him to drive that truck around the field and learn how to drive. George needed no coaxing. One day when George got out of the truck they were joking about something and Homer said, "You crazy Greek, you've lost your marbles!" George reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of marbles and said, "No, I no losa my marbles."

We got back to the ranch on La Barge, putting up our hay and one morning George never wanted to open the gate to the meadow as he had been doing. I knew what the problem was, so I opened the gate. After I got back in the truck I asked George what the problem was. There was no reply. I asked, "Do you want to drive a team?" That was it. I explained all the dangers and that he could get killed, but that if he just had to, I would let him. We were mowing with horses. I gave George Imogene's team. They were gentle but he couldn't get them to go. I was using a big percheron mare and a small mule. They were gentle and worked down but they still got out and mowed hay so I gave him my team and I took the tractor. This

was a very rough meadow with ditches. I took the lead around a big bunch of willows, Imogene following me and George following her. It was a nice day with just a couple of clouds in the sky. All at once it thundered quite loudly. I looked back and here came Imogene's team with no one on the mower. They passed me and the runaway was on. Next came my team, they were following the swath as if they were being driven, but there was no one on the mower. I shut the tractor off and spoke to my team. They stopped and I dropped the tugs and went around the willows to see what had happened. There stood Imogene, holding George on his feet. He was skinned up and scared to death. There was a deep ditch they had crossed and George had been thrown forward off his machine and the machine ran over him and the pitman stick gave him the licking of his life, but only breaking off one tooth. "Now," I said, "George, I explained all of this to you and I let you do as you wanted. Do you think now that I know best?" We never had a problem like that again.

Next was the trip to the dentist. I took him to Pinedale to Dr. Smith. In the dentist chair he began to perform. I stepped in beside that chair and told him to knock it off and let the doctor fix that tooth or else. He was shouting and biting, both. Dr. Smith told me to go on back and sit in the waiting room; he could handle it. So I did. There was no more noise and after a bit here came George with his tooth done and ready to go home. I asked George, what did the dentist do? He said, "He filled my mouth so full of cotton that I couldn't talk or bite." A short time back I was telling this story to the grandkids and they said their dad had never told them that. They thought it was something. Dad was grinning with a sparkle in his eye.

George wound up going to Vietnam. I'll tell of one incident there. George was all man. As a Seventh Day Adventist he was a conscientious objector so he never bore arms. He went into the medics. He was on the front lines one day when a soldier was shot, nicking the jugular vein. George and a partner were close, they saw it and saw the young fellow begin to run. Firing was going on overhead. They ran that soldier down and caught him and got the bleeding under control. They got him on a helicopter and saved him. George said a scared person is hard to catch and a sweaty, bloody mess like that is so slick it is almost impossible to pinch off the wound.

George has a wife and two daughters and a son. The oldest daughter is twenty one.

George has been on the same job for PG&E since before he was married.

George went to Greece to visit his family once before he was married and once he took his family. He arranged for a brother to come over with his family and they don't live very far apart. He helped his mother come over for a visit and just this year his half sister came for a month's visit. I am so glad we always kept contact it has just been one big family.

Fencing Days

I had contracted to build a fence for Rube Fox. Every couple of days, Rube would come to me with some wise remark to make me throw a fit. One day I asked him for some money to pay my help, and he said, "I never knew this was a pay as you go deal." Another day he asked when I would be done with the fence; he had just changed his mind and added another mile. I said, I never did quit in the middle of a job, but if he asked that question again, I'd show him how fast I would be done. He never asked that again.

One day, after we had hit almost solid rock and my helper went and set in the truck all day until I got through to decent digging again, Rube came along and said he wanted to change the fence line and we would abandon that portion where the hard digging was. When I started a fit, he said he'd pay me for what I had done, but he wanted the rest of the day to decide where he wanted the fence.

While he was deciding, I went to clear up a question on another job and I found myself telling that man to keep his job and get someone else to do it as I wouldn't put up with his cheap ideas. It turned out he told me he would accept my terms.

I got back to Rube not in the best of moods and he still never knew where he wanted his fence, so right now he got both barrels. Rube and another fellow just stood there listening, Rube smiling all the while. When I got it all said, he asked if I had any more to say? I said no. He said, "My, my, you should feel much better, getting all that off your chest. We won't change anything, just go ahead on the old plans." Which we did.

When the job was done and we were settling up, I asked him what he thought of the fence. He said it would have been better if I had set all those posts a little deeper. I said that if he paid me \$75 extra, I would do the repair work on that fence for five years. I got no extra pay. Forty one years later that fence is still standing with very little repair, but now it has about

served its time.

Another time, I went to get Rube a hundred, eight foot corral posts, twelve inches in diameter, untreated. I went and got him a nice bunch of eight foot corral posts, eight to ten inches in diameter and took them to him early one morning. I even got him out of bed. I asked him how they looked and he said fine, but I couldn't keep my mouth shut, I had to show his ignorance. So I said, "Did you notice that none of them are twelve inches?" Right away he said they were too small; he couldn't use them. Then I got mad and told him he could get his own posts and I drove off.

After I thought about it, I decided how stupid it all was, and I would go get him twelve inch posts, or bigger, and they would be as much grief to him as they were to me, so that is what I did. They ranged from twelve and a half inches to fifteen. He had some Swedes treat them and dig the holes and set them, and they were disgusted at such logs. After they were all set to the space to fit the poles, he discovered that whoever cut his poles, they were all a foot shorter than what he had thought, so they had to pull all those posts and reset them.

I finally figured out that Rube loved to tease me just to listen to me carry on. He loved to chirp so he could listen to my melody.

In January 1964 I bought the fence post business that Charlie White had started after he sold his sawmill. I was forty two years old and I combined it with my business and within a year I quit building fences. I have had a good business and wonderful customers all this time, but with so many birthdays and all the government garbage it will soon be over.

One day a big man, turning grey, came up to me as I was changing posts in a vat. I was ready for a little rest. This man asked me if I knew of anyone who would make him some swinging pole gates. I never wanted to do it, so I said let's go sit down and talk this over. We set down on a post pile and I asked who in the world had sent him to me. This he never answered. "Well," I said, "I would have to have a hundred dollars each." I was sure that would settle the problem. He said that would be fine. Then I showed him the material I would use; it was a crow's nest that no way could someone get a gate out of it. He said that would be fine and he wanted to pay me now. Oh dear. I said I wouldn't have time to build the gates until fall. That was fine, too, and he had his checkbook out. Well, I said to myself, I can't run that man off even with a wet rope. I went to the house so I could make him out a ticket, and

I asked him who the ticket should be for. He said, "Slim Pickens." I said, "That's a handle and a half, where did you get that?" I was sure he was pulling my leg. I noticed that was how he signed the check, so that was who I made the ticket for and he went on his way. Before long Doug Vickery came along and I told him my story. I wondered if he knew of anybody like that. Doug said, "You needn't worry, his check won't bounce." He asked if I had ever watched television, which at that time I hadn't, so he told me who Slim Pickens was.

I made the gates and delivered them during the summer. A fellow told me later that Slim Pickens had told him he got those gates half price and that I delivered them. The first man he had hired to build his gates had charged twice as much and had never made a gate. He evidently paid that fellow in advance like he did me.

A number of different people worked for me. Once two boys from Chile and one boy from Centennial, Wyoming were working for me. They were all three about twenty one years old. It was about the second of July and the ground was very soft if you took the truck off the main road up in the timber. We had cut five hundred posts and piled them in different piles along a little back road through the timber. One day we went to haul them home. I took my skid horse and a small post sled that would haul about twenty posts a trip. I told the boys the plan when I parked the two ton Chevy on the road: I would drive the horse and they could load the sled as I drove to each pile and then load it on to the truck off of the sled. This was too much sugar for a dime to those young fellows. They thought they would back the truck along the timber road and load from the piles directly on to the truck, saving much work and much time.

The first problem, I told them, is that they would run over a stump and ruin a tire. Oh no, they assured me, they would watch for all the stumps and go around them. The next thing I explained to them was that the truck would sink on that soft ground until it was thoroughly stuck. Oh no, if the truck started to sink, they would stop loading and take the truck back out to the solid road. I knew then that I was a cranky old man, being very foolish and slaving these boys for no reason at all. I told the boys they could do it their way, but I took my horse and sled and began loading posts on the pile farthest from the truck.

Then everybody was happy and these boys got right with the program. Those boys were eager to show this old man the much better way. The boys backed the truck to the first pile and

loaded it while I went on with my own plan. Instead of backing past three or four piles and going forward as they loaded, they backed to the second pile and then on to the third. When they went to back from that spot, down went the truck to the axles. They put a jack under the load and went to jack it up but the jack went down, down, down and the truck never went up.

Now it was, Mr. Genetti, what can we do? I told them it was simple: just pull a log over under the rear of the truck, place the jack on it and begin raising the truck bed. Then keep blocking it up till they could get under the axle, then get everything a foot and a half above the ground level. Then place eight foot logs side by side under the wheels, making a floor up to the front wheels. So the boys got with it. They didn't unload the truck, which caused them more problems, but I never stuck my nose in, I just watched the show. By ten o'clock that morning it began to rain, and by noon it was snowing. The snow was melting and dripping on them; it was plain miserable and hard work.

Eventually they had it ready to go, so I cut a twenty five foot log and pulled it alongside a solid standing tree about eight feet from the bumper of the truck. I chained the end of the log to the bumper and hooked the horse to the other end. This made for a lot of leverage, as I used the standing tree as a pivot. We gave it a try, but the boy in the truck gave it too much gas and spun the logs out from under the wheels and down it went.

They started all over and eventually I had all the posts skidded out to the road, so then I unloaded the truck and piled the posts the boys had loaded beside the road. By dark they were ready to try again, this time only idling the truck, and we pulled it out. Then I said, "Boys, we never go home empty." By midnight we were home with a full load of posts and we were eating our supper. I am sure those boys will never forget that day.

One October I was moving my equipment down from the timber for the year. There was quite a bit of snow. I had Dew Lumber's skidder on my truck and I came on a semi truck loaded with horses, stuck in the road with no room for me to get around them. They asked my to unload the skidder and give them a pull. The skidder had a winch on it, plus it pulled from all four wheels, but it was not my skidder. That would be a stiff pull and I was afraid of tearing something up, so I said no. It was all foolishness that they were in the predicament they were in. Finally I saw I had to do something or we would still be there the next day. The fellow told me they were a big tool company from back east and they had plenty of money and would pay

my price.

I unloaded the skidder and tied on and anchored the skidder to a tree and began the pull and pulled the tree over. So then I chained to two trees and bit by bit I pulled them to the top of the hill. I charged them two hundred dollars, which they paid.

I tried to give Dew Lumber part of the haul, but Bob Dew said no, that he wouldn't have had enough nerve to charge a price like that. I was the winner all the way.

The next fall, I was up in the same area and the same people were up there. This time, I stuck my pickup, so I went to their camp for help, not knowing it was the same people. When I got to their camp and saw who it was, I said to myself, the chickens have come home to roost! I never told any of them my problem, I just visited a bit and then went back to my truck. I decided that I hadn't tore anything up yet and I would try again, and if I couldn't get out, I'd just walk home. That try I got out.

Ouch!

With all the timber work I did, there were some mishaps. The first major one was in about 1961 in the fall. I felled a tree that fell a little wrong and I came out with the bottom of my knee joint smashed on my left leg. The doctor told me that knee would be stiff for the rest of my life. I told him to do his best, and we'd have to settle for that. He took bone from the hip area and ground it up and made a joint for me. It was never 100%, but it is not stiff.

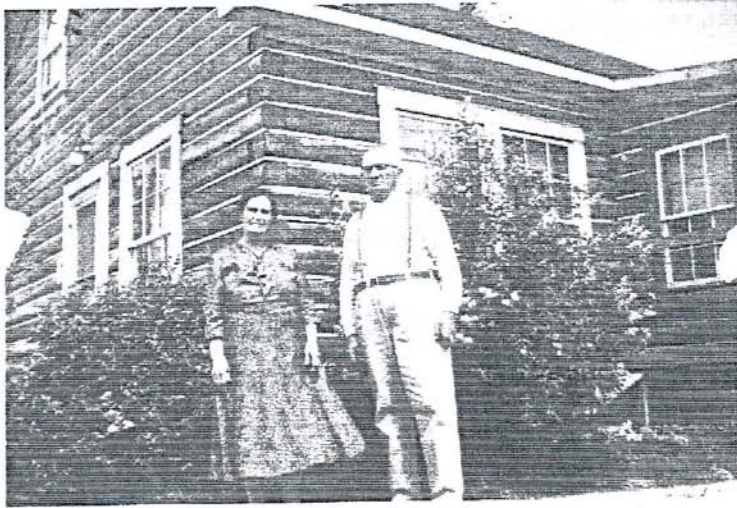
About fifteen years later, I got my left ankle. It still has a screw in it. A few years later, I snapped my right wrist in two by dropping a trailer house frame on it.

On September 7, 1989, came the big one: I got hit across my back by a dry falling tree that I saw too late. I came out of that with both hips broken, and one squashed vertebrae. My esophagus was torn loose and my lungs were bleeding. I lay in the timber alone for thirteen hours before they got me to an ambulance.

As they were taking me to the Jackson hospital, Imogene was following the ambulance and had been up for thirty one hours with no sleep, she fell asleep at the wheel and hit a ten inch standing green tree at about fifty five miles and hour. Imogene came out of this with two broken ankles, a broken nose, and a broken sternum, plus all the bruises.

Forty five days in the hospital, and we both came home. This has headed us on the

down hill road, as far as work is concerned. For living we have made some changes, but we are enjoying it all. City living, music lessons, senior citizen activities, plain old goofing off and above all, specializing in answers and not worrying about the problems. I still do a few fence posts, but I don't go alone to the timber. I tell my piano teacher as long as I keep coming back and keep paying her, don't worry about the progress. I'm half blind, I can't see the notes, but I can sure hear the noise!



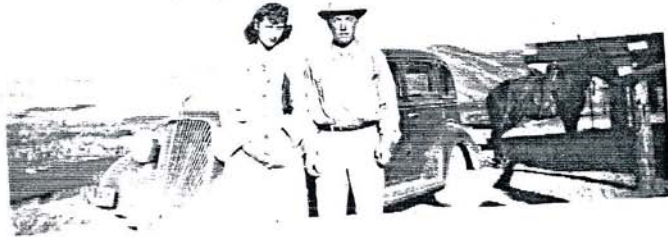
Regis and Margaret



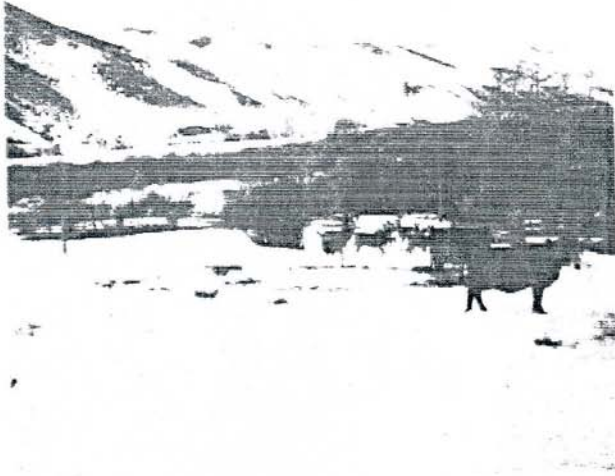
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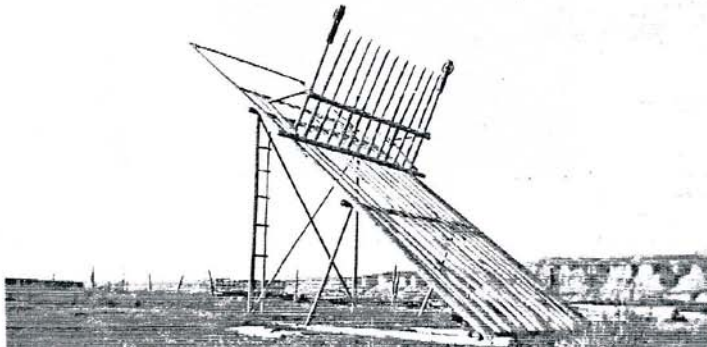


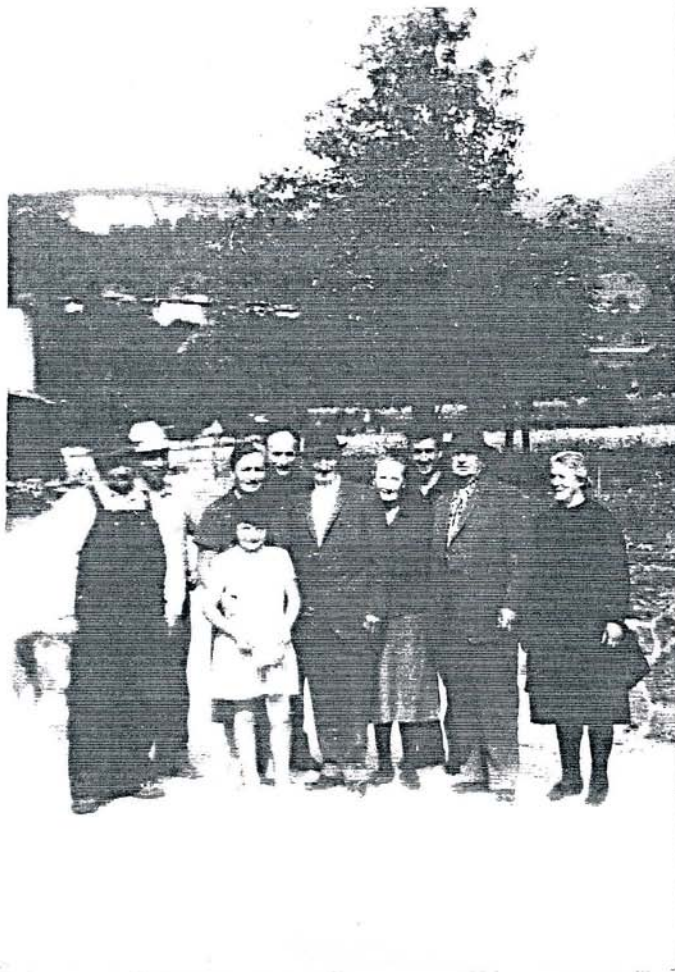
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Winter of 1950





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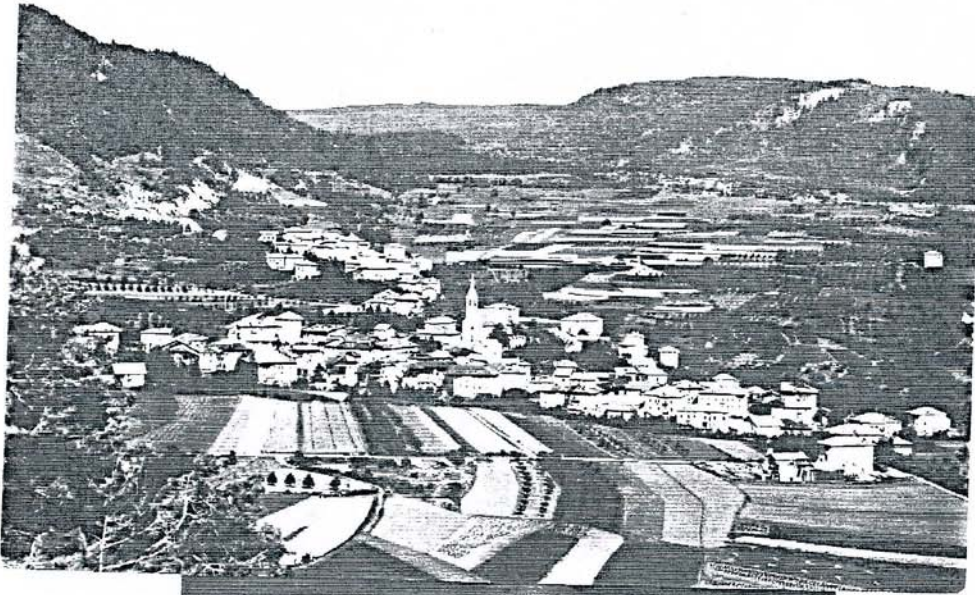
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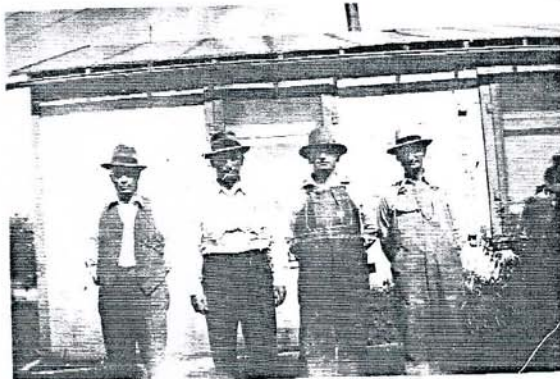


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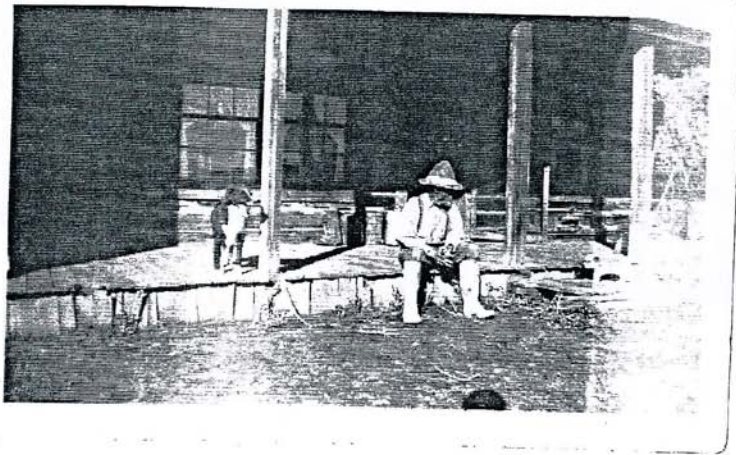
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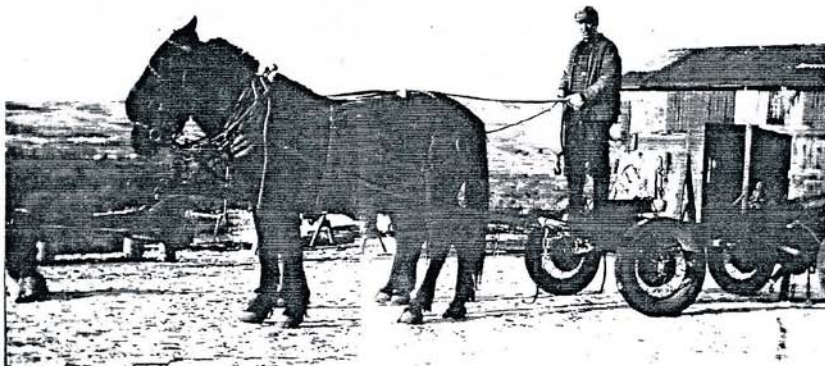
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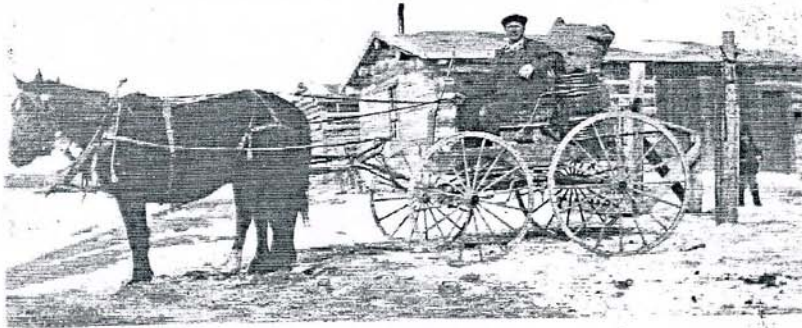
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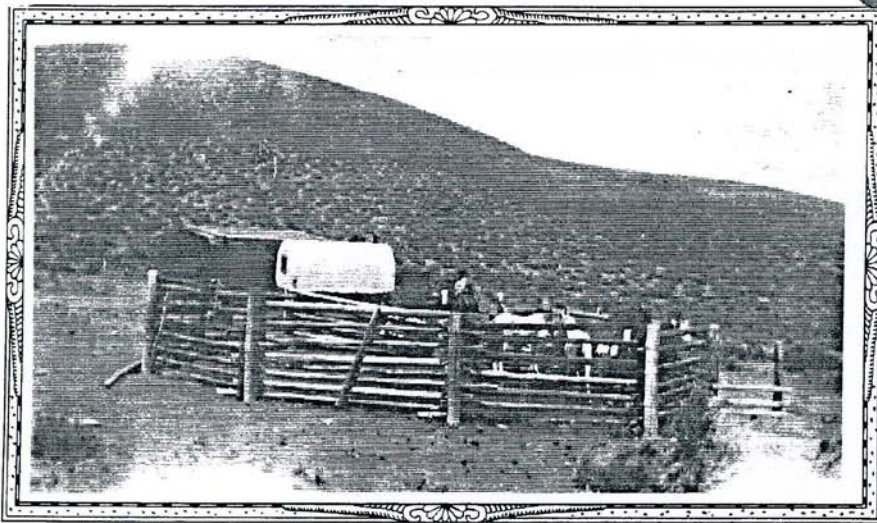


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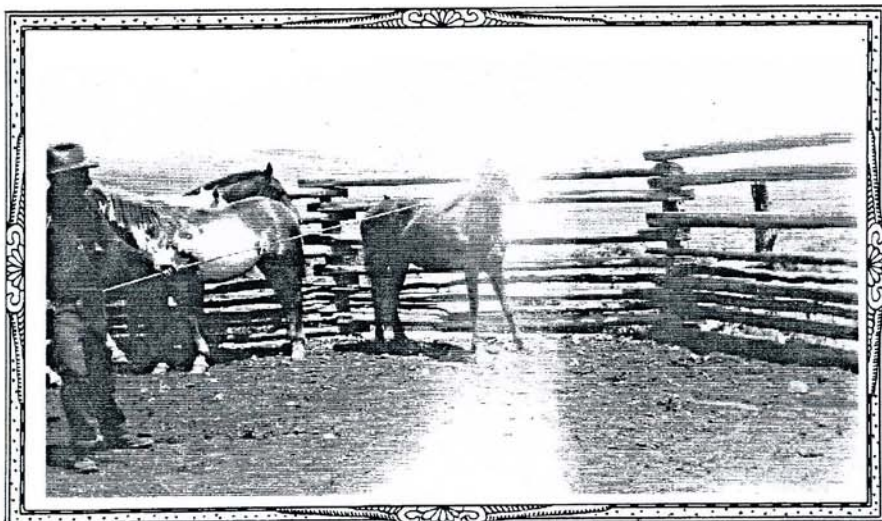
The on chief the year 1930 & Tuesday & old Camp.

26



1940 Corral at Homestead station & are taking for the country.

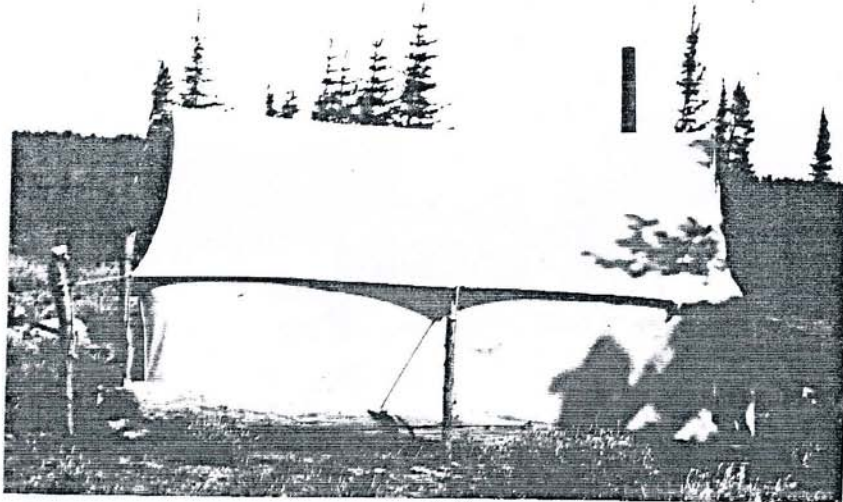
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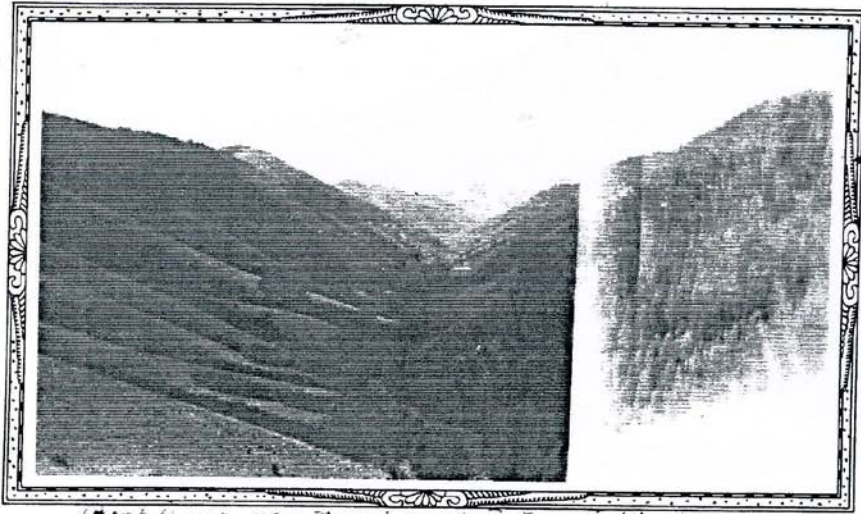
Visit at Homestead Corral & into to break his man.

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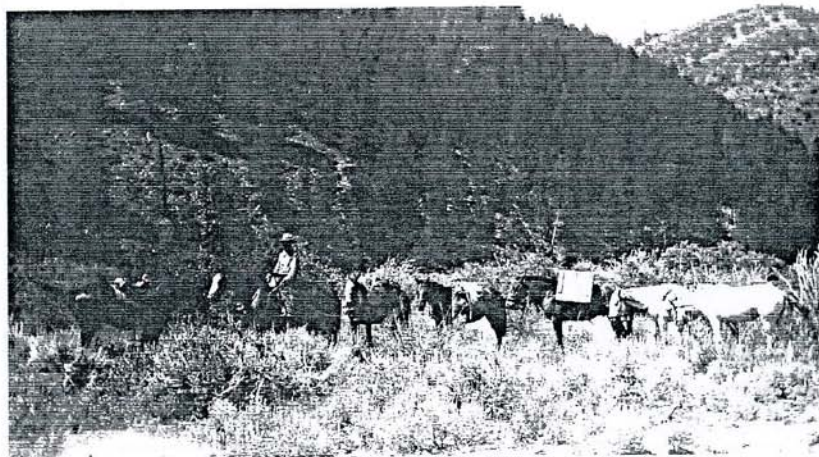


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View from New Camp to Taylor Park

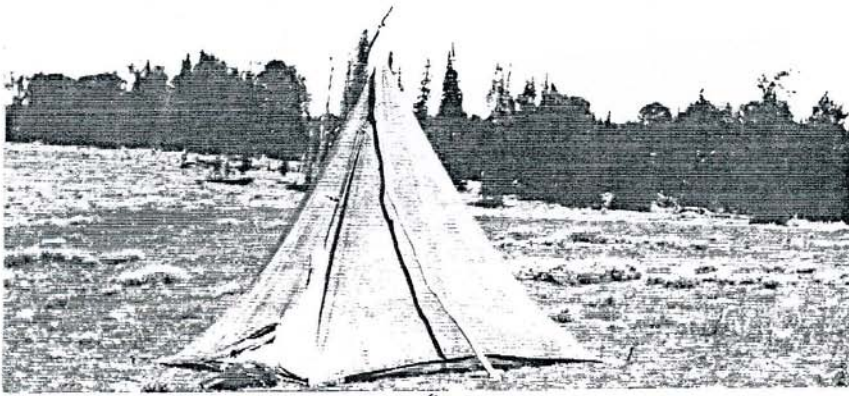
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found my pack outfit Aug. 1, 1871

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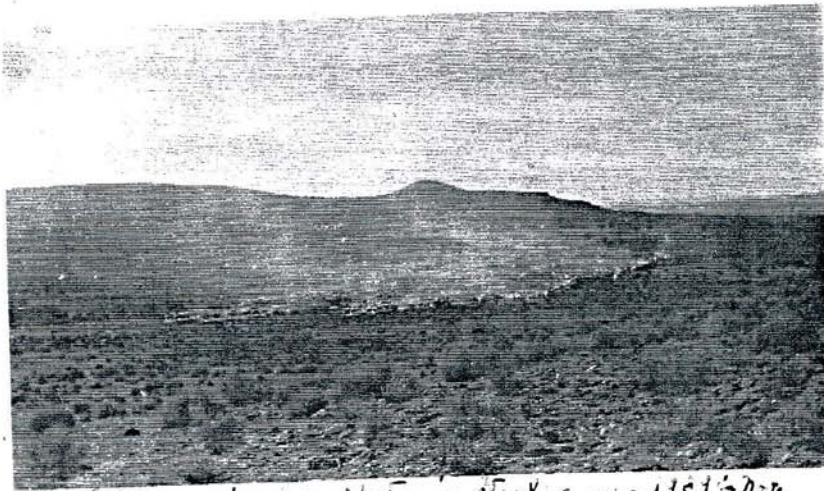


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Mc cutting Virgils Hair at New Corral

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Blas

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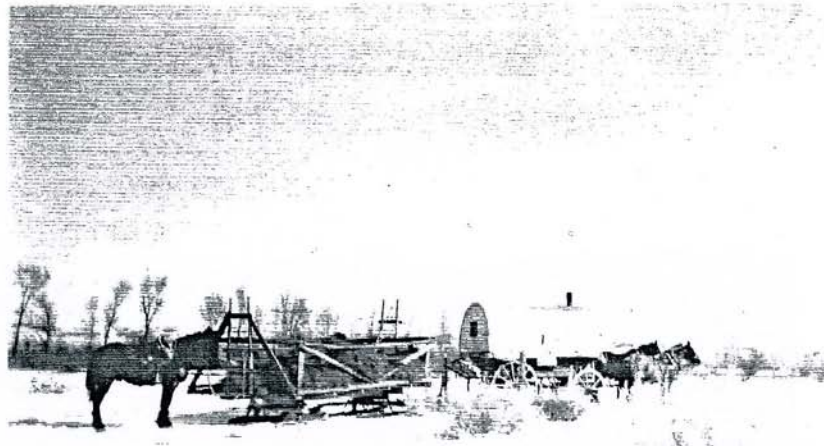


at Rock L. S. sleep going through T. mesa 1942 Feb.

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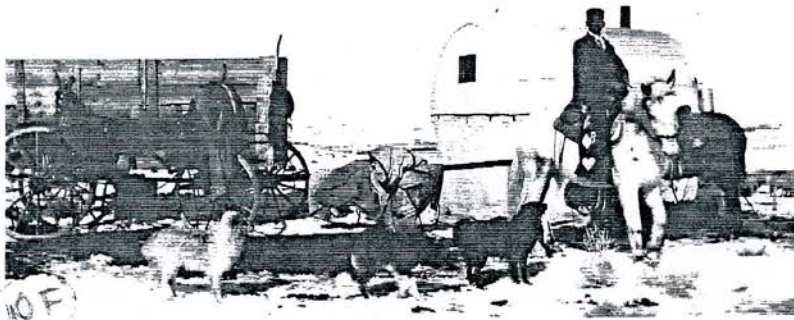
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Thomson in Cole (Riding horse for a distance)

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130 43



47-17



St. Johns Hospital - Jackson in Winter *Rogers' Birth Place*

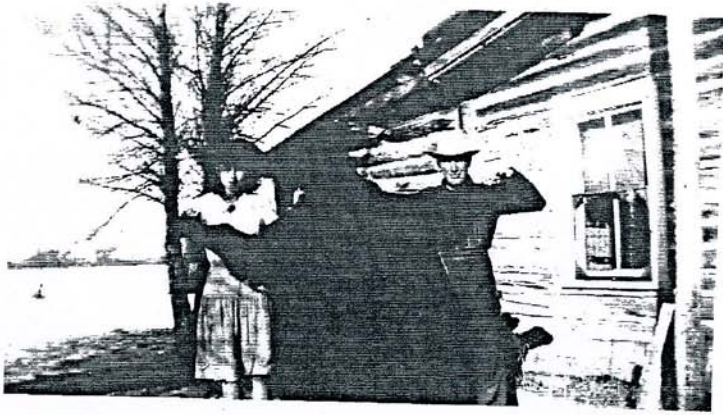
47-18





Crossing a slough at Jack Marx

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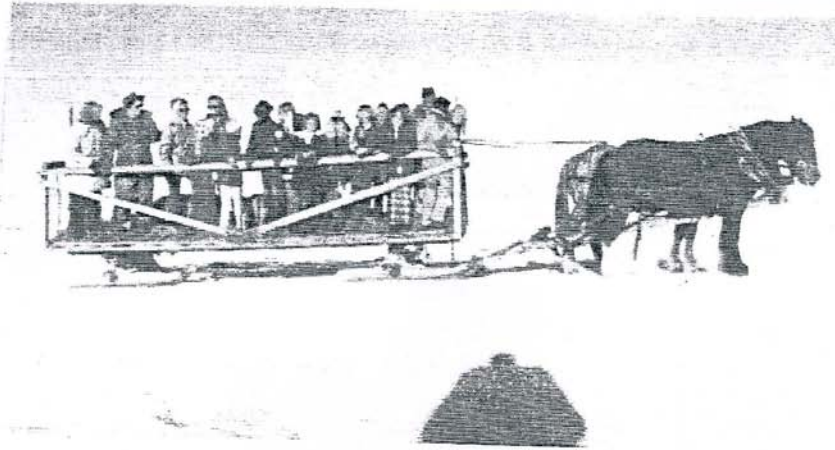
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Viola School about 1907 or 1908 maybe even
1904 or 1905

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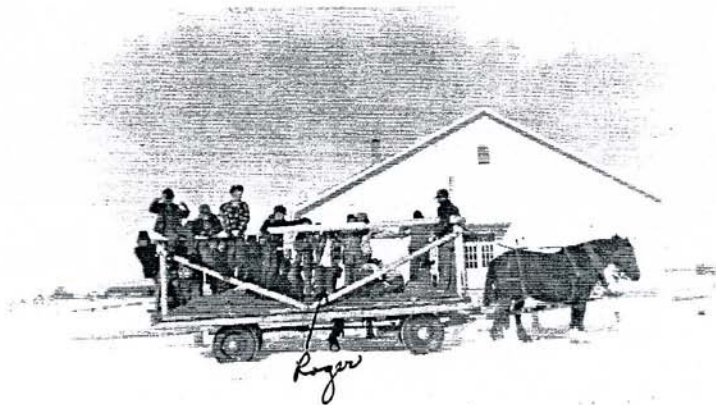


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Last day of school 1953 2nd grade

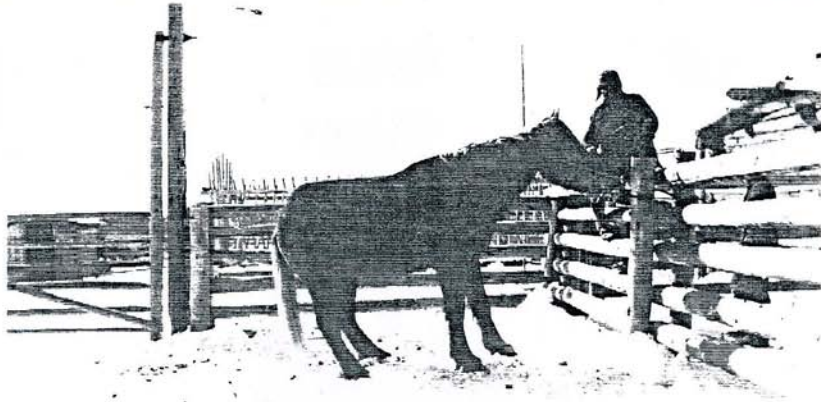
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Christmas 1953
L Dec 1-8
Lynn Blue & Son

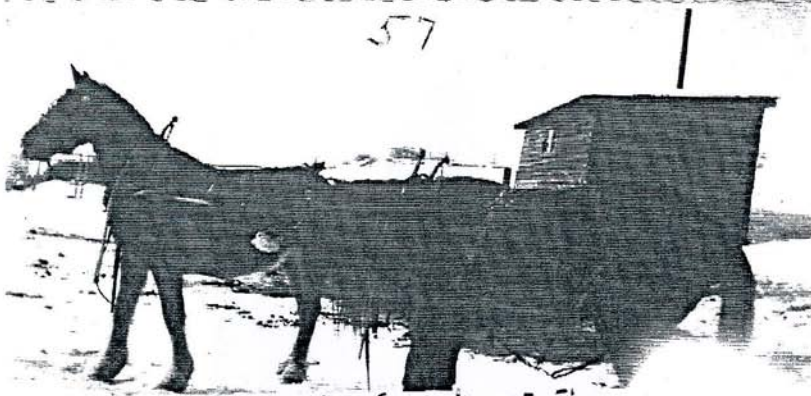
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Tom De Witt's horse was awfully

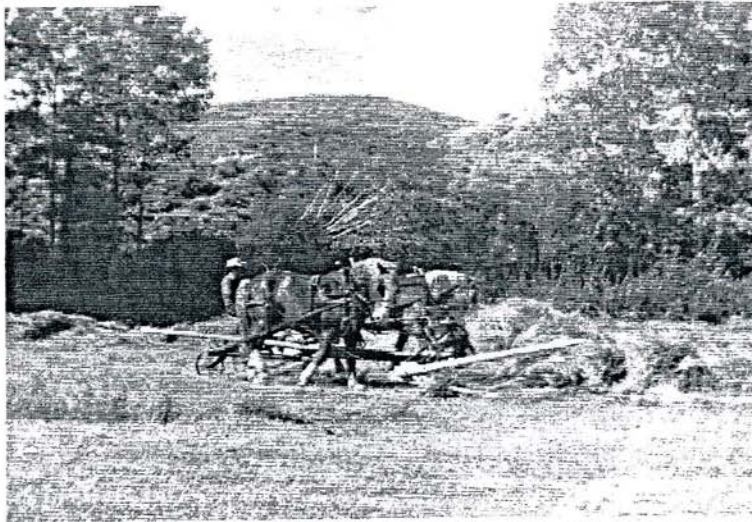
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to a spring to work out time

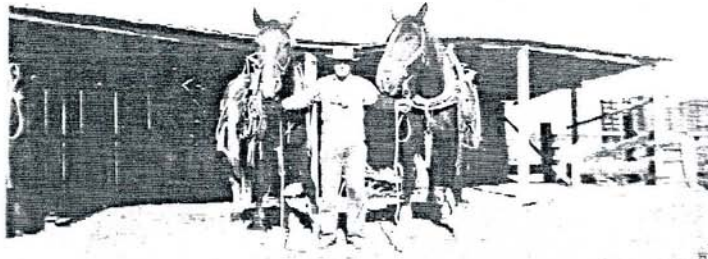
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• MAY • 60



59

Summer of '77



Tom, human and King at Harroville

60



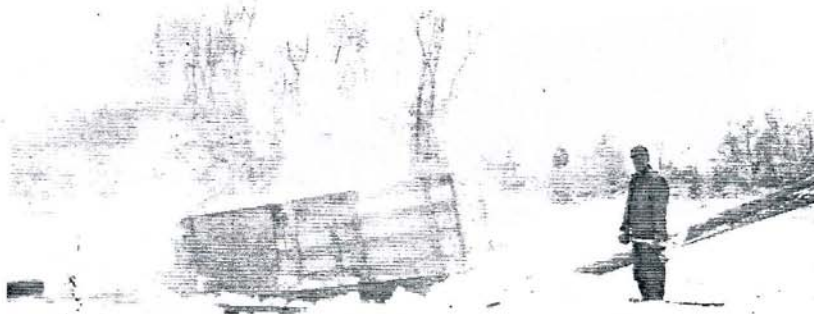
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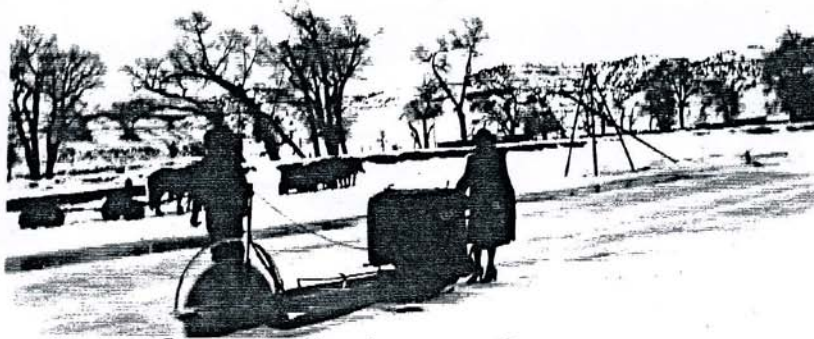


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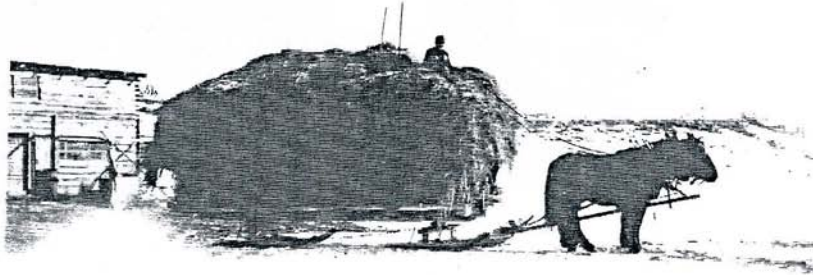
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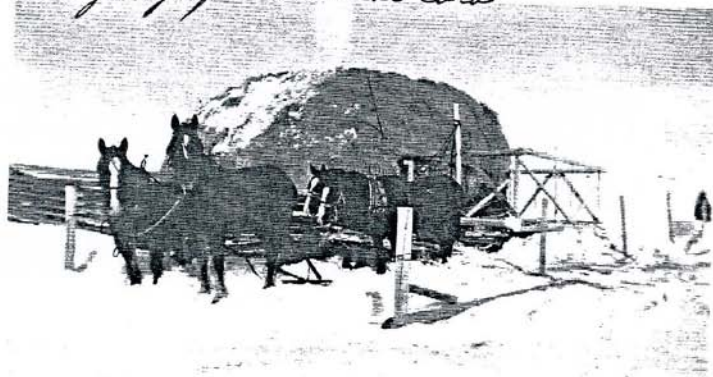
Grand Pulling ice saws Feb. 1942



Load of Hay for 10 feet given a mile here. 1972 Feb. 8 off 1 Dick

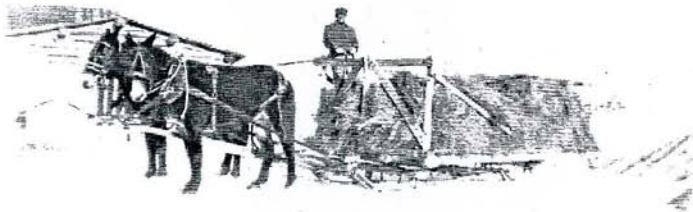
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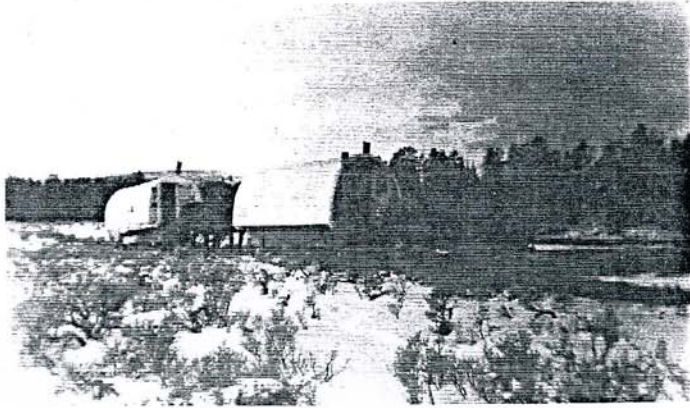
Hauling hay from ~~around~~ Cara



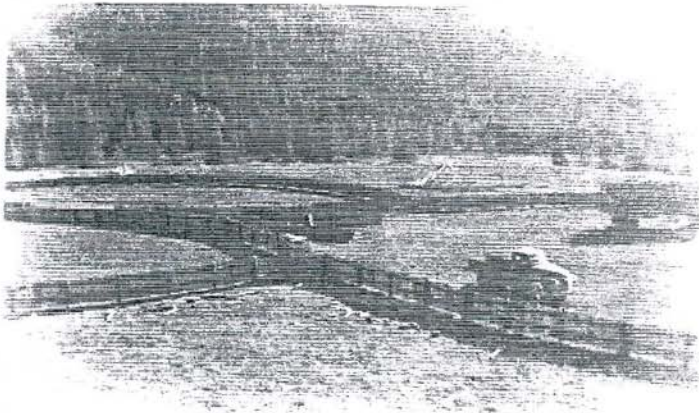
kins & Sally and Martin's team

67



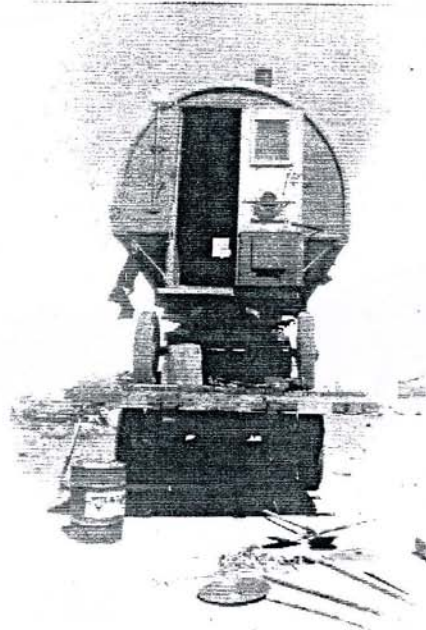


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Summer 1953
Ship River Ship Corral



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Ready to move to

Winter of '79

January



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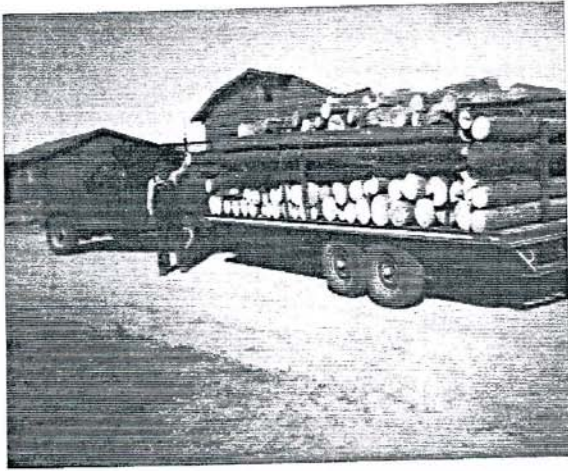


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*John Richard's 40' Buick
Stranger 1988*

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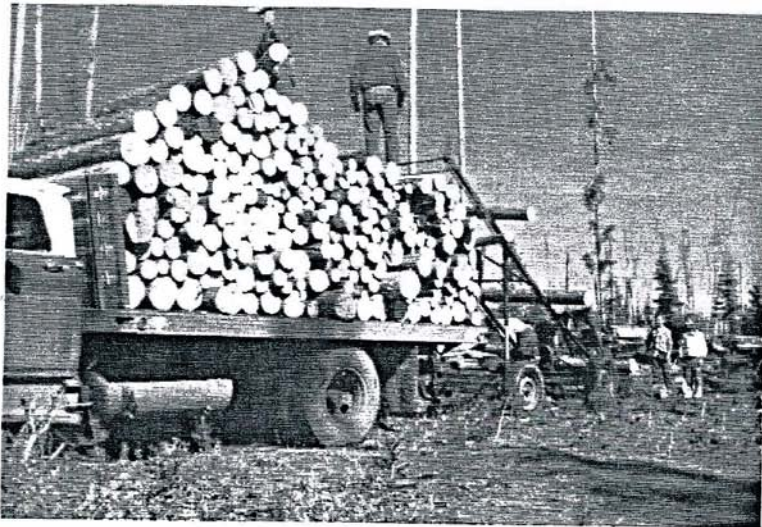
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October 1944



82

Up Hunting Sheep Creek

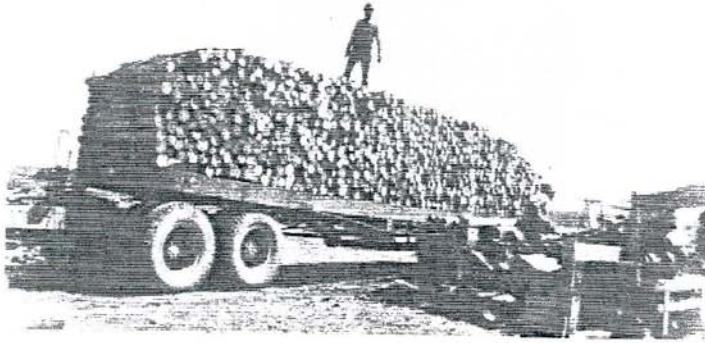


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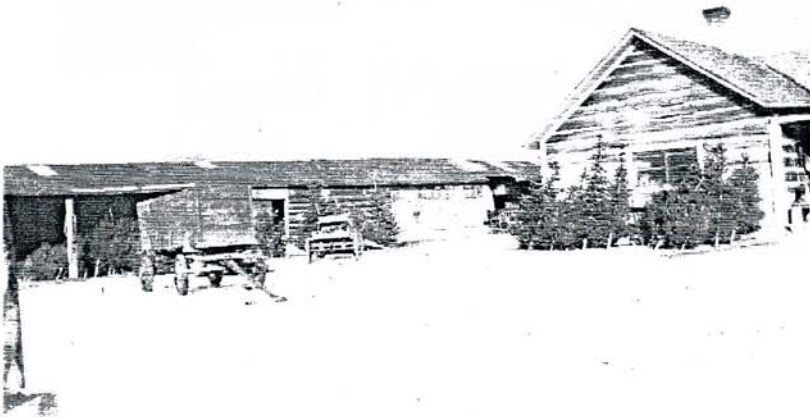
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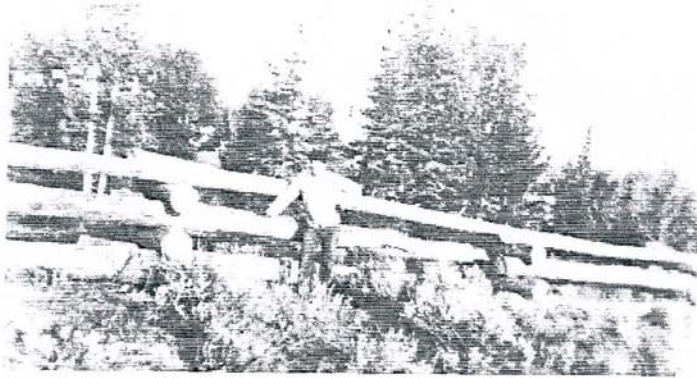
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Herman Genetti was born and raised in Southwestern Wyoming. He and his wife live in Daniel, Wyoming and winter in Amarillo, Texas. This is the first time he has written down his stories, and this isn't even half of them!

PHOTOGRAPH CAPTIONS

1. My parents, Herman and Dola Genetti, in front of their home on the ranch on La Barge Creek.
2. Roger, our son, and his cousin Margaret.
3. George Genetti in uniform. He served in Vietnam.
4. Imogene and I on our wedding day. We borrowed dad's Teraplane car to go to Casper for the big event. The horse in the background is Tarzan; Imogene rode him a lot.
5. Deer in the feed lot on the ranch at La Barge.
6. Imogene on Polly in front of the house we lived in at La Barge Livestock's lower ranch.
7. A beaver slide stacker I built for Newt Sims.
8. Genetti relatives. The picture was taken in Italy in 1965. From right to left: Cousin Fiorentina Yanes, my father, unknown, Aunt Maria, Uncle Dominic, Cousin Adolorata Turri, next three unknown, last Germano Turri, Adolorata's husband.
9. From left: Dominic Genetti, Aunt Anunziata Genetti, Aunt Maria Turri, my father, Herman Genetti.
10. Family members in 1939, in front of a house on Uncle Dominic's farm out of Odgen, Utah. From left: Uncle Dominic, Uncle Rico, Aunt Maria, Aunt Catina, my mother, Dola Genetti. The children are: cousins Guy, Albert, Anna and Mary and two neighbor kids.
11. This picture was taken in the 80's in Italy. From left, Rudy Genetti, Marco Turri, Aunt Maria Turri, Teresina Turri, Elda Genetti.
12. The little town of Castelfondo, Italy, birthplace of my dad. The different strips of land are each one someone's farm. The white building alone on the far right is the Castle. This is in Tyrol in the Alps. Beyond this valley are high rugged mountains.
13. Angelo Genetti, my grandfather, taken in 1938.
14. From left: Uncle Frank Genetti, his wife Aunt Armenia, Aunt Catina, Uncle Rico, Dola Genetti, Herman Genetti, Uncle Dominic, Aunt Maria. Taken in 1940.
15. Uncle Frank, Uncle Rico, Herman, Uncle Dominic.

16. From left: Cousins Leno Genetti, Elda Genetti, Rudy Genetti, Ella Genetti, Anna Genetti, Mary Genetti, Albert Genetti, myself, my sister Elizabeth holding our little brother, Bobby Genetti.
17. From left: Dola Genetti, Aunt Catina, Aunt Maria, Aunt Armenia.
18. Ethel Babbit, my grandmother. She remarried after my grandad Nelson Whitman died.
19. My grandfather Nelson Whitman on the porch of his home on the ranch on La Barge Creek in about 1936. He sat for hours reading his bible. He wrapped his feet in burlap and wore those rubber boots a lot and that Stetson hat.
20. Taken in about 1918 on the Hamsfork on the Charlie Miller ranch. Standing from left: My great-aunt Ruth Miller, my great-grandmother Mary DeGraw, my mother's cousin Fay Miller holding her son Glen, Willard Miller, Fay's son's child on left, my great-grandfather DeGraw holding Dee Miller, Fay's daughter. The Millers had just sold this ranch and were moving to Canada. Grandpa and Grandma DeGraw had been living with them for a while; they were Ruth Miller's parents. Uncle Roy Whitman had gone over with a team and wagon to bring his grandparents back to Viola on La Barge to live near my grandparents, where they died in 1920.
21. The house I was raised in on La Barge. They tore the house down in 1943 when they built the new one. The picture was taken in 1941. My timber wagon was ready to go again.
22. Me on the wagon, ready to head for the timber in 1941. Bud and Prince were the team. This was more or less trial for a rubber tired wagon, which was no good for the timber.
23. My father in a buggy ready to carry mail about 1930. Joe is in the background. Prince and Betty were the team. The old bunkhouse is in the back.
24. My dad with a fresno building a road in 1930 for Frank McGinnis about eight miles from our home. Dolly is on the left, Brownie on the right, Brigham next to Brownie, I'm not sure of the fourth horse.
25. The same job, just hitched to a plow. He worked there several days and lived in a sheep camp on the job. He had a hired man to drive the team. When they finished, my dad hitched George and Mollie to the camp and told me to take them home. I was eight years old but a man grown. I took it home alone.
26. Me on Chief, a horse I broke on the lambing ground in 1938. Teddy, Virgil Bailey's horse is standing by.

27. The horses gathered, ready to take everything we need out of the sheep camp and packing the horses ready for summer with a pack outfit.
28. Virgil Bailey roped a black mare he got from Joe Whelan, ready to break her.
29. Our summer kitchen and dining room.
30. Rock Creek, part of our summer range.
31. Joe, my brother, with pack outfit on La Barge on summer range.
32. Our bedroom; rarely two nights in the same place.
33. Barber shop: I'm cutting Virgil Bailey's hair.
34. On the fall range trailing the herd from the river up Steed Canyon in 1939. So dry and so late all the feed was gone near the river so the sheep got water once every six days. We trailed for two days to the river and two days going out to feed and staying two days on fresh feed. It got cold enough the ice was freezing near the banks of the river so we had to get to the river ahead of the herd with a team and an iron-tired commissary wagon and drive up and down the river's edge to break the ice so the sheep could reach the water and get back without sliding into the river. The last half mile those sheep were so thirsty they began to trot and bleat and the rear of the herd would push the leaders out into the water. It got so bad that at Christmas La Barge Livestock put their part of the herd on hay on the ranch and I took my dad's part of the herd up on the Hogsback till it snowed on New Year's Eve. Then we went to the desert. The sheep ate snow for water all winter, every winter. We loaded ice in the commissary wagon and hauled it with us to melt for our horses and camp use. We would sweep snow into little piles with a broom and put it in a ten gallon cream can that we kept in camp and let it melt at room temperature. We kept skimming the brush, leaves, and rabbit droppings off the top of the water. If we melted the snow on the stove it became a sorry tasting stew or tea. It had little to be desired at best. We cut sagebrush to feed the fire under a half barrel to make water for the horses and at night we put a big stick of wood in the barrel on end so that when the water froze it would climb the stick and not break the bottom of the barrel. It took lots of snow and sagebrush; the camp tender had his work cut out for him.
35. Trailing through La Barge in winter, in front of the Eagle Bar.
36. Dave and Smokey on camp trailing the hay rack on the Glen Johnston place on the Green River above the old three bridges where La Barge Livestock had bought hay. We fed hay when the snow got too deep on the desert to graze anymore.
37. Dick, my saddle horse.

38. Hay scattered, ready for the herd when they got there. It was the day we got into the ranch to start feeding.
39. Pasquini on his horse and his dogs, the commissary wagon attached to the rear of the sheep camp. We pulled two wagons at one time all winter. Sometimes we hung the harness on the side of the commissary, sometimes on the side of the sheep camp if the camp had hooks for it. We kept a mutton in a sack on the side of the camp. We always had meat; we butchered whenever the last one was gone. No meat shortage or price problems. To butcher a mutton we hung it on the end of the wagon tongue with the mutton on a gamble stick. The other fellow helped lift and placed the neck yoke on end under the tongue to hold it up, but you had to make sure to secure the front wheels so the tongue never went sideways. If it fell off the neck yoke it could part your hair while you were butchering.
40. Me on Cannonball and Pasquini. Cannonball came from the Burr Bud outfit at Big Piney. He was an older horse and had been half spoiled. Tude McWilliams started him and then I wound up camped on him for many miles. You were mounted until he got that head down; then it was a gamble. This horse had a history. I corralled him at the Riverside Livestock ranch with a bunch of horses in the spring of '43. I roped him and saddled him. He had won the battle the fall before and left a man with a broken collar bone and I figured he hadn't forgotten. I was alone and I lost my nerve when I was about to mount him but as luck would have it, along came Charles and Jim DeGraw. I asked them if they thought I could ride him and they assured me I could with no doubt. It was either chicken out or find out, so I stepped on him in that round corral with all the other horses. I felt like I was on one big muscle when I got seated but when I went to turn him he exploded. About the second jump I had lost one stirrup and one bridle rein. It was over and I was thrown, I was ready to come down but he pulled his head up and thought he was rode. "Well," I said, "Boys, hand me the lead rope on the saddle horse I rode in here and open the gate and let me out. But don't turn the other horses out until I get far enough away that he doesn't want to go with them."
41. A nice horse I broke for Earl Yeaman.
42. Imogene holding Roger. The pack outfit on summer range in 1947.
43. The herd in 1947.
- 44A. Imogene by her new home in 1944.
- 44B. Roger's birthplace, the old St. John's Hospital in Jackson, Wyoming.
45. Roger on his horse, Kid.

46. The ice broke on the river bank with the team. The wagon tongue came down in the scramble and went under the ice. Time not to cross the river on ice. Spring of 1950.
47. The bear hide from the first bear I killed after we were married.
48. The bear I shot when Imogene hollered, don't shoot, it's me! Roger and Imogene by the bear.
49. Me by some bear.
50. Bum lambs nursing on a milk cow on the ranch at Boulder.
51. Roger and his pet kid goats at Boulder.
52. I took the Pinedale campfire girls for a sleigh ride in the 1980's. Madge Funk is the adult near the rear.
53. The Viola school about 1907. The horse hitched to the cart as Sugar Babe, belonging to Vernice and Ellis McNish, cousins to Doug and Clay Price.
54. The Viola school around 1932. From left: my sister Elizabeth, teacher Emma Bailey, Marinell Whitman, Edna Whitman, my brother Joe, Bruce Whitman, and myself.
55. Mercy Lovatt and Roger.
56. The Boulder School. I took them for a Christmas ride around 1953. No snow, no sleigh.
57. First halter, dad on fence.
58. Not anxious to be hitched to the sleigh.
59. Gordon Guyette sweeping hay on dad's ranch about 1953.
60. The team I broke for Tom Harrower in 1949, full brothers Tom and King.
61. Last working four on La Barge Creek in 1968 in March. Imogene is in the rack. We pulled the truck out from the ranch over some snow drifts four feet deep.
62. My last skid team, Babe and Dolly. I used the fresno to clean the road and yard in 1988.
63. Pulling the truck out of the river - it's almost out. Silvio Corraza.

64. Plowing ice on the Green River. Mollie the mare, my dad driving her, sitting on the plow to cut faster. Tom Ferrel holding the plow. There are four ice saws stuck in the snow.
65. A new invention: an ice saw run by a Chevrolet motor. Dad standing by Rena Sungren. In about 1942. The tripod at the end of the pond is to load ice. Two teams and wagons ready to load. Near the Whelan Ranch. We worked in weather to fifty five below that year, in January for two weeks it never got above 45 below in the daytime.
66. January 1942, me on the rack.
67. Hauling hay at Cora I had bought from Rob Lozier, around 1952.
68. On the ranch on La Barge n 1955. Jack and Tom, full brother mules hauling hay.
69. Pulling out in December 1954 from the Mosquito Lake fencing job.
70. Sheep corrals I built in 1953 on Sheep Creek, a tributary of the Greys River.
71. Our home on the truck, heading to a fencing job in Fontanelle Basin in 1954.
72. In the winter of 1948-49, south of Farson on the highway, waiting for the rotary snow plow. These new comers would have a lifetime of experiences if we got one of those winters.
73. My first load of timber alone, 1941.
74. My last full load of logs, 50 years later in 1991.
75. A load of firewood on a gooseneck trailer, 1992 or 1993.
76. Forty foot bridge stringers for John Wardell.
77. Jug and Kate rode many miles with no sides on this truck. They loved to ride. They were one of my skid teams.
78. Taking supplies into Signal Hill where Boyd Whitman and I cut sixteen thousand fence posts in February and March, 1967. The team is on a sleigh road.
79. Skidding on Chall Creek with Steel.
80. At Boulder, getting ready for a hunting trip on the Gros Ventres.

81. The hunt is over: one moose and one elk on the first day. Sportsmans Ridge, heading home.
82. Bringing in meat on La Barge.
83. My brother hauling posts for me over on Beaver. A home made post elevator is in the rear.
84. Joe with his two trucks loaded. His daughter Elaine on hood of truck.
85. Bruce Whitman hauling posts for me, Bruce on the load. We were located at Daniel then.
86. In the fall of 1941 we sold Christmas trees, too. My sister went to school in Kemmerer that year and she took the orders. I delivered them while my dad had his teeth pulled, we were in town for three days. I handled the cash and I dropped by the drug store quite frequently for an ice cream cone. When I turned the money over to dad when the job was done, I was short about \$5.00. I said I bought a few ice cream cones but they were only ten cents each. Dad said to just forget about it. That ice cream was good and I did have an appetite!
87. A finished fence in 1965. Imogene's nephew is by the fence. John Crawford worked for us that year.
88. A crawler and operator working for Mountain Fuel plowed the road so I could clear the trees from a well site. Snow was four feet deep in the timber in March and we worked on top of the snow. That snow drift where he is stopped is about 10 or 12 feet deep. That man started on top and plowed it off in layers and never high centered that crawler. He was a good operator.
89. Our camp near Signal Hill in 1967.
90. Three and a half feet of snow, hauling posts with a team.
91. On Beaver in July 1967, skidding posts with a team and skid sled. Earnest Yount and I skidded two thousand posts that day, about a quarter of a mile, average drag. We played the team out that day.
92. Sylvester Schideler, left, and Julia Schideler. Their three oldest children in center.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE NEW CAREER BEGAN

As I look back, it was May, 1937. I turned 15 that month. The teacher had given me my tests and I passed from the eighth grade before school let out for the summer. I was alone in the class, so she could do this. This was arranged so I could lamb the little herd of sheep Dad had acquired. A new school began for me. Dad was not a sheepman and as time went on, I became aware of this. I had about 300 sheep in the herd, nearly 200 were yearlings with lambing ewes. This caused me many problems. I had one saddle horse and a dog that was fair but I had to learn how to use him and what I could expect from him. I slept every night in a teepee with the sheep bedded near. The first night I set my teepee in a shallow draw and tried to bed the sheep in the tall sagebrush behind the teepee. Those old pet ewes from a dozen different homes around the barnyards, and the yearlings that only know a big corral to bed in since they left their mothers the fall before, kept me up and down all night as they would start to feed off every time I got in bed. I learned soon to bed them on the ridge tops always and to put my teepee on the uphill side--it solved some problems.

Those yearlings wanted to travel all the time so the ewes lambing had lambs scattered all over. Then, to top it off, many times when a lamb was born, those yearlings would want to play with it. So the ewe couldn't mother it as she wanted to.

Lambing started in a pasture about a half mile from the folks' house and as time went on, I got as far away as a mile and a half. I went to the house for meals, some of them pretty late, but mother always had them ready when I came.

The next experience, one morning I went to check on about eight ewes I had left near water and some tall sagebrush with the lambs about three days old. When I got there, there wasn't one lamb and the ewes running around everywhere bleating and looking. In a bit I became aware of the problem. A coyote had come by, killing all the lambs. I found them scattered around, only one was eaten. After that I rode around those little bunches of ewes and lambs most of the night, building little sagebrush fires and I put out scare crows and flares and occasionally I would fire a shot. I would get sleep partly in daytime and partly at night.

The next problem was the weather. Sometimes it rained and sometimes it snowed and

my bed was damp most of the time and I was sure what lambs the coyotes never got would freeze. I remember well on the fifth of June, 1937, it snowed about a foot and those little lambs sure worried me, but after that storm, the weather turned nice and the grass grew tall and all went well for the next 10 days. Then Dad told me to take all the sheep to the Riverside Livestock's herd and let my bunch mix with them and I could go home. My shepherding was over for that year and what a relief. The Riverside herd came within two miles of where my bunch was. That morning at daylight, I started the sheep that direction and by noon I was there.

We docked all the lambs a few days before that, including castrating the buck lambs and ear marking them. The earmark was a swallow fork in the right ear. The ewe lambs had an under slope on the left ear and on the wether lambs the left ear was left full.

In spite of weather and coyotes, the per cent of lambs turned out well. There was 115 lambs to each 100 ewes. I have had lambings on the range up to 125%. Big outfits figured a 90% as average. I have had 175% shed lambing just a small ranch flock. Earl Jones got as much as 200% in February with the registered Suffolks. They had more triples than singles, mostly twins, but they were top quality sheep with top quality care.

Then came May 16, 1938. That was my last day to school in a schoolhouse. I was promoted shepherder for several years then. That year I had three dogs and three horses and the sheep camp, so I cooked for myself. Mother sent me baked bread and stews and beans and many other dishes for a few days, then the old fellow that had herded the sheep all winter came to help. This old man was simple. He was some help and some company, but I had a pretty set mind about those sheep and I thought no one else could do things quite right, so I made certain hardships on myself. That year, Dad had bought 200 old ewes from Frank Pomeroy and the 200 yearlings were two-year-olds now and they would lamb, plus Dad had gathered about another 100 from different ranches around. This lambing went pretty smooth. The weather was good most of the time and a bunch of those coyotes had been poisoned, some trapped, and some shot.

The 25th of June that year we left the lambing ground, took a pack outfit and moved onto the summer range, which started on top of Dead Line Ridge, a short distance from the ranch.

While we were on that high ridge, the sheep handled fine and the horses stayed around good, but early in July, the mosquitoes came in swarms and I saw the lightning strike a tree one

day. It was far away, but one day it hit the ground in some badger holes real close to me. I never liked that, but I got to where lightning never worried me. The snow banks were where the sheep got water, also the horses, and we got our camp water there, too.

About the 25th of July, we would have to move off the ridge into Rock Creek. Rock Creek seemed to be a haven for bear and we had to always be on guard.

The first bear to show up was on Dead Line Ridge. I was sitting on a half rotten log when I saw a brown bear coming directly towards me. He was sniffing the air. As long as he kept coming, I said to myself, the closer the less danger of missing him. The bear got on the opposite side of a big tree and I couldn't see him. I kept thinking he would come back in sight, but he never, so after a bit I went sneaking to see what he was doing behind that tree. When I got to where I could see behind that tree, there was no bear. The more I looked, the more I was sure he'd just evaporated. I never did find him.

The next bear, we were camped down on the creek. It was near sundown and this was a black bear. He was cautiously angling off the hill heading for the sheep. I fired a shot at him and he jumped in a half-circle and seemed to stick his head between his hind legs and he rolled end over end, straight off the hill into the bottom of a steep draw, maybe 50' from where I shot at him and he ran into some timber and he was gone. I could never find any blood.

In a few days, still camped in the same place, a ewe came by camp as we were eating breakfast. She was a sad sight, the hid on one side of her face had been torn loose and was hanging down from her jaw and a large piece of hide was missing from her back. In a few more days, at the next campground, it was about sundown, I was sitting on the open hillside watching the sheep feeding in the bottom of the valley and a bear that looked to still have patches of his winter coat came ambling along. There was sheep all around him that never seemed to see him until he started to slap at one with a front foot. I fired at him but he was in the trees instantly. His track was bigger than any bear track I had seen and I am sure as any I ever saw since.

Several days later, at the next camp, I had the teepee up right next to the herd bedded in a park on a knoll. I heard the sheep run. They came up all around the teepee. The moon was about down. The moon was shining so I could see the herd, but beyond them in the trees, it was dark. My dog was growling, the hair standing up on his back. I grabbed my rifle and

flashlight and went through the sheep to the dark side. As soon as I was through the sheep, the dog dived into the timber and I turned the light in there. I saw the bear with a dead lamb at his feet and a mess of downed timber behind him. The dog ran up pretty close, barking and throwing a fit. That bear came after the dog and slapped him a pretty good lick with a front paw. The dog passed me doing 90 and he passed the teepee and went on to camp. The bear turned and vanished in the downed timber. When I told Dad all of my problems, he got me a different rifle. It was a used 25-35, but after that all the shots weren't misses.

There were no more bear contacts that year. I got my Dad to let the goofy old man go that was with me. Dad hired Virgil Bailey to come up with me and finish the summer till he had to go to school. We spent time fast together. Virgil was about a year younger than me. His dad was my mother's cousin. Virgil's mother lived alone on a little homestead she had just below the mouth of Rock Creek on La Barge.

Virgil left his dog Ginger with his mother for company. This one afternoon, Virgil rode down to visit his mother. When he left, his mother took Ginger in the house so he wouldn't follow.

When Virgil got to camp, I had all the sheep near the bed ground and I was at the teepee. When Virgil got there, we hobbled our saddle horses and turned them loose. About that time a hard wind came up, then it started to sprinkle a little rain and the sheep all ran together in a small bunch and became very quiet. We were in the teepee ready to go to bed when all at once, something started to jump on the teepee. It scared me till I was about helpless. Bear was all I could think of. Finally, I got my rifle after it seemed 10 minutes, but now I was ready. I don't know what Virgil thought. All at once, here came Ginger through the door. To start with, he couldn't find the opening. Later that evening, the sheep started to feed up the hill behind the teepee. They scattered on that steep hill in the mahogany brush. Virgil went one way and I another to get above the lead sheep and bring them back to the bed ground. I got off course with that flashlight and I walked over the edge of a ledge of rocks and I fell down through those rocks for 8 to 10 feet. When I got gathered up and hurting pretty much, I was done gathering those sheep for then. I whistled, turning most of the sheep back to the bed ground. In the morning we went to check if any had stayed up on the hill. Some had and a coyote found them and he killed five big lambs, one after the other, down the bottom of the

draw. We figured each lamb was worth five dollars and five dollars was lots of money then.

The next campground was the last one that year for Virgil and I till he went to school, but a couple things happened there.

I had a sorrel and a white pinto mare that I had broke several years before; she was a nice little mare. Sometimes, when the horses were in camp, Virgil would get his shoulder under her neck and push on her and stick his thumbs in her shoulder. He was just playing, but I could see Polly was getting tired of it and she would lay her ears back and get a cranky look. I told Virgil, "You'd better watch. That mare is going to bite you sometime." But he never paid any attention. One day, Polly felt just right and she reached down and grabbed him right by the seat of the pants and she had much more than pants. She picked him off the ground and her teeth just popped as they slipped off his rear end. His head and his heels almost met and the look on his face told me that pain almost meant death.

The next thing we did, we set our teepee in a hole between some low knolls where a small lake had formed many times, causing a very flat bottom. It was dry and level and we never thought of a rainstorm. That night it was dark when we went to go to bed and we had gotten a good rain earlier in the evening. When we got there, our bed was floating in a foot of water. We rode down to my folks to spend that night.

One evening, the folks came up to eat supper with us. They could get to our camp in a wagon. I decided to make sourdough bread in a dutch oven, baked in the ground. Mother had always made our bread and I never had. I was sure I knew how. I filled the dutch oven clear to the lid with the bread sponge and put it in the coals and I covered it over. When supper was ready, I took that bread out and opened the dutch oven. There it was, solid as lead, brown outside, raw in the center. Mother said, "I can see you need a lesson in bread making." It got so I could do it. I just did it a little differently.

I spent the last 10 days alone with the sheep in Rock Creek after Virgil went to school. When he and his mother left their summer cabin to go to La Barge, there was a sorrel rooster they couldn't catch, so they told me I could have him. One day I went down and shot his head off and I had chicken.

About a month after leaving the summer range, it was time to ship the lambs. I can't remember who went with me, but we took the sheep camp and trailed the whole herd from La

Barge to Opal. We cut out the lambs and sold them to a buyer there and we trailed the sheep back out on to the Green River down below where the Fontenelle Dam is now and put our sheep in with a herd belonging to La Barge Livestock and I went with that herd. Pasquini was the herder and I was the camp tender.

They were working the sheep in the flat on the west side of the river by Dodge Bridge. I had never heard of a canvas corral let alone set one up. There was a crew setting up the corral. I was standing with my hands in my pockets watching as they started the project, trying to figure out how they were going to do it. Silvio Corazza, the foreman, walked up to me and quietly took my hands out of my pockets and put them down by my side and he said, "It looks a lot better dat way." I shifted gears and got some action going. It was a short time till I got the drift of things.

When we got our herd put together there, we crossed the river and headed north. We stopped for dinner and I left the team and my saddle horse standing not tied after they had eaten their grain and I had taken off the nose bags, while I finished packing the camp. They had grazed away from camp a short way. When I went to get them, here came more schooling. They had a different idea. I tried and tried for three hours before I could catch the first one. I learned you either tied them or kept them hobbled. I learned any horse that was around Pasquini very long became almost impossible to catch. I was used to horses that were easily caught.

I got hitched up and caught up with the herd. The second night out it was a moonlight night and our herd left the bed round scattering and grazing. Another herd did the same. When Pasquini went out to gather them back in the middle of the night, he walked and walked. They had a big scatter. Pretty soon he heard two fellows talking. Soon he met them and it was clear both herds had mixed. In about a week they brought the canvass corral and set it up and separated the two herds.

The next fall I saw 10,000 sheep mixed in one bunch at that CCC bridge across Green River below the mouth of Slate Creek. Eighty thousand sheep crossed that bridge that October. The sheep numbers are much smaller now than then.

This particular winter, we only fed the sheep hay for about two weeks. We bought hay from Jack Musgrove. He had the old Lindley place at that time. Jack was a store owner in La

Barge at that time.

A little lamb was born in February before we started to feed hay. It was born early one afternoon on a nice day and it never froze. While it was too young to run away from me, I would catch it and the ewe would come close and I would feed her oats. By the time I couldn't catch the lamb, she had learned to come for her grain and we raised that lamb.

These are incidents that happened after the first summer, but they are not in sequence up till the time I went to work for La Barge Livestock.

After my first year with the sheep, Joe, my brother, would come up and spend time with us and Virgil was there too, so we could get a break once in awhile. One time I had been gone a couple days and when I got back, I saw something that never looked right. I can't remember what I found, but after awhile it came out. Joe had shot into the hill high above the camp and had shot a ewe through the belly. I can't remember if they butchered her or found her later. Joe wasn't proud of it and he wasn't talking.

Bears

One morning I left camp on foot with the dogs. I went to find the horses and catch a saddle horse. The sheep were spread nicely on the east side of Rock Creek in a very rough area. As I walked by the mouth of this deep dark draw that came down the east side, one dog began to growl and his hair stood on end. This was the same dog the bear had slapped that night. I was sure there was a bear in there in the center of the herd. I could hear the horse bell not far away so I hurried and caught the saddle mare for the day and headed to camp bareback to get the rifle. When I got to the mouth of this draw, the dog took off up this canyon just throwing a fit. In a couple minutes, out came a bear running around the hillside, the dog in hot pursuit. When the bear got to the open ridge and the dog right behind him, he just began long lunges straight down the hill. I had no rifle, but I loped the mare over so the bear would run into us at the foot of the hill and I hoped he would climb a tree. It was all quaking aspen in the bottoms. That mare saw the bear coming and she decided to leave. Before I could get things under control, she went under a big limb and off I came behind her, plop on the ground and she was gone. The bear saw it all and he was in a tight spot--a dog on his heels and a man on the ground in his face. I saw him do it. Just one long jump and his feet was wrapped around that

tree and he was above the dog's reach right now. By then another dog was there and the bear as high as he could climb. I yelled as loud as I could over and over trying to call the camptender's attention so he could bring my rifle. Virgil wasn't the camptender, Whiskey Dick was. Dick never answered. The camp wasn't far away, but it was over a little hill. I hung my jacket on a little tree not far from the bear and left the dogs under the tree and I ran to camp and got the rifle and came back. I met the dogs coming to me and when I got to the tree the bear was gone. I tracked him a long way, but he was gone.

Another time, we were camped in the same place. I had set a bear trap in the bottom of South Rock Creek. This day I went home for supplies, leaving Dick at camp. Dick got curious about my trap so he took a rifle and went to see what he might find. Up in the center of trees and steep hills, things came alive. One bear was close to him and there was bears all over, he said. He shot the close bear. The rest vanished, so he headed back to camp, not stopping to examine the dead bear. He had quite a story when I got back, so I went up to see what I could. I found the dead bear. She was a mother and she was in my trap. I reset the trap and went back the next morning. This time I had a cub in the trap. The cub was caught by the cheek with this number 5 trap with teeth. I shot the cub and I had been told that bear meat was good to eat, so I thought we'll find out. I took the entrails out of the bear and cut his head off and I hung it over a limb at the right height to ride a horse under it to take it on the horse to camp. The cub weighed 40 or 50 lbs. I went to camp and got my saddle horse. He was naturally a gentle horse, but I had just broke him to ride that spring. When we got near the bear, he could smell bear all over and he became quite nervous and was walking as though he was stepping on eggs. Old dumb me, I urged him under the bear and reached up and got it by the leg and pulled it down across that horse's neck in front of the saddle. Things came alive. No horse ever came out of a chute with more fire. The ground sloped quite steep from the bear and there was lots of big rocks. That horse gave a wild snort and downed his head and I never got throwed so hard in all my life. I lit among those rocks and when I got up, there was a streak of dust towards camp. I looked for the cub and I found him back in the trees. That horse had kicked as he came down, but he could have kicked me and done me in. I figured out I had made a mistake. That horse was afraid of any wild meat for a long time after that. We tried to eat the cub, but that never worked either. I gave it to an elderly couple that loved bear roast

and they thought it was good. There turned out to be a two-year-old bear with the mother and cub.

Another time I set the bear trap and the next day I rode up to find I had a bear. I got off, shot the bear, and dropped the reins on my saddle horse. I took the bear out of the trap and was looking around when that bear made a loud gurgling sound. I looked and the bear was breathing. My horse left on that note and I was afoot and where was my rifle? The harder I looked, the more rattled I got. Eventually, I spotted the gun leaning up against a tree. I made short work of that bear. He may never have gotten up, but I wasn't anxious to find out.

One clear moonlight night we were sound asleep in the teepee, quite a ways from camp. We were near some pine trees and on the uphill side of the bed ground. The first thing I knew, kerthump on my head. When I went to throw the covers back, nothing gave. It was like I was bound in bed. This really brought me to life and I was for getting out of there. By the time I got out of that jam, I began to realize I must have gotten turned in bed with my feet on the pillow and my head at the foot of the bed. The tarpaulin on the bed was twice as long as the bed. It was laid out flat and the bed was made on one end, then the long end beyond the foot of the bed was brought up over the top of the quilts, so both ends of the tarp was at the head of the bed--one on the bottom of the bed, the other on top of the bed. Adding to this, the teepee ropes that hold the teepee to the two poles that holds the teepee up were broken and all the teepee was laying on the bed. So, after getting out of the covers, I had to find the door of the teepee in that mess to get out of it. When I got out, all was quiet except I could hear the sheep bells far up the hill. The sheep were scattered, feeding, but at the teepee it was nice and light and quiet. The next morning, there was cub bear tracks around the teepee. I am sure a cub tried climbing the side of that teepee causing the little ropes to break and everything landed on us in a pile. If that wasn't it, then anyone could guess.

Once, I went to put a half a mutton in the sack in the morning and it was gone. In the cool of the evening, we always took the meat out of the meat sack and hung it by a rope over a limb high in a tree so the cool air all night around the meat helped to keep it from spoiling for quite a few days. I began looking around and soon I found tracks where a bear was dragging the rope. Quite a ways from camp in the trees, I found the rope, but the meat had been eaten. Many times we saw tracks where we had company, but never was aware anything was close.

Other things happened besides bear problems. One day, I saw a ewe all alone a quarter of a mile from me, standing on an open ridge high on the side of the mountain well to the west. I had a good dog with me, but she was pretty tired at the time. I kept telling her to look up on that hill, but she looked every place but where I was pointing. After awhile she decided I wouldn't give up so she looked where I pointed and I could tell when she saw that ewe so she started across the canyon and up to her. The dog never went very fast and that ewe watched her all the way. The dog named Lady went around when she got up to the sheep, so she would come down at her from the uphill side. When Lady made a dash at her, off the hill she came doing ninety. At the bottom of the hill, the little creek flowed by. It was five or six feet wide there and maybe ten inches deep. The ewe was out of wind when she reached the bottom. Lady was quite a ways behind her, but the ewe jumped into the water and thinking to play possum, put her head down in the water and she got a quick gulp of water and she drowned right there.

One spring my sister was coming up to our camp horseback. It was June, lambing was over. She had a camera with her. Virgil and I was sitting in the sheep camp and we saw a dark animal come over a high ridge about three-quarters of a mile from us. It came down and jumped the fence into the pasture. I had never seen a moose before. They were almost unheard of to us then in 1939. We decided this was a moose. We weren't aware of my sister coming. This moose was heading towards my sister, but they couldn't see each other. I told Virgil, let's try to chase that moose down towards the folks' house and maybe dad would be out irrigating and he might see him. I was riding a green horse, but Virgil was riding a good horse--it was his own--his name was Teddy. We headed out and before long, that moose saw us and he speeded that trot into a fast one. Virgil said, forget it, and he slacked off and soon stopped. Nothing to lose, I speeded up and in a bit, I was near him and we crossed in front of Beth and she just gazed at the sight, forgetting all about a camera. We passed her and when we got where that moose could see the ranch building, he decided to turn west. I had my rope down by then and kept trying to turn him. My horse was getting winded, but so was the moose and even though the horse wasn't afraid of him, I could do nothing to turn him. All at once, that moose set the air and the hair stood up full length of his back and I was sitting there swatting at him with that rope. Oliver and Rose Twichel came along horseback on the road not far from where I was. When Oliver saw us there, he said, "Young man, it is time you let that animal

alone. Things are about to happen." So I backed off and it never happened. How dumb can a kid get, as I look back.

This reminds me of trying to turn an elk one time in the spring down on Slate Creek way out in those flats. It was a big old bull. I got up to him. I was riding a good horse, but I couldn't turn him.

It was October, just before we trailed to Opal to ship the lambs. It was a nice clear quiet morning. I was sitting on a sharp knoll across a canyon from the herd, watching them as they were grazing, drifting along a slope. I noticed a coyote just sitting waiting for the herd to come to him. I never saw where he came from. I thought, "I'll see how he plans this." It was just a nice shot to get him, but no hurry, I could spoil his plans anytime and I was curious. When the lead got within a few feet of him, I saw an old ewe spot him. She stomped a front foot quite sharply and up came all their heads and they all looked at him. They stood a bit looking at him and he never moved. Soon they began feeding and they fed forward till he was in the center of them. All at once, he headed for a lamb. Then I saw how dumb I was. He was in the middle of the herd and I couldn't shoot for hitting a sheep. At this advance, all the sheep turned and headed back the way they came and Mr. Coyote running right with them. I came to in a second and I fired a shot in the air. Of course Mr. Coyote knew he was seen so he headed out of the herd and over a hill too far for a shot.

Later that day, I spotted this coyote. I am sure it was the same one. He was lying on a sharp ridge where he could watch the herd from a long distance. I began a sneak on him. I went way around and kept the wind to me. Eventually, I was very near him, just over the edge of this ridge. I sneaked very quietly and after what seemed like quite awhile, I could see over the crest of the hill and there he was, only a few feet away. I pulled up, aimed and fired, and I am sure I overshot him, but he was kicking dirt for fifty feet before he really got gathered up to leave and I never got another shot.

Seasons

One spring, we left the ranch April 1st, heading to Bird Draw. That was our range for the month of April. Dick took the camp and me the herd. I cut over the Hogsback before I got to the county bridge. It started to rain at noon and the ground was soft and muddy right away.

I got the herd to milling in a circle on a snow bank and no way could I get them to lead out over the edge. I tried for quite awhile. After awhile, here came Dick horseback. He had bogged the camp in the mud and said he couldn't make it up the draw to the sheep. I left Dick with the sheep and I headed to Mrs. Salli's to borrow her team. I got them and hitched all four on the wagon and commissary and pulled them to the herd. Then we were headed downhill. It was dark by then and those sheep just balked on that snow bank. Dick was sick and chilling, I thought he might die, but I decided not to go for help unless he got worse. I took Mrs. Salli's team home and came back to camp and made supper and at one o'clock, we got to bed.

Next morning, at daylight, we got up. Dick seemed okay so we made breakfast and ate and those sheep headed off that snow bank by themselves and we were on our way. We stopped early that day, near the Rainbow oil camp. We let the herd feed and rest for the night. Neilo Hacklin came along and stopped to visit and ate supper with us. During the conversation, he said that last winter he had sure scared some poacher up La Barge Creek at the mouth of Heart Gulch. There came my answer. I had poached a deer up in Rock Creek and I had gone after it with a team and light sleigh and on my way down the road, I saw those car lights coming and I had pulled up above the road near a wash, thinking not to be seen. But this car stopped before leaving the road and several fellows got out. It was a moonlight night and they saw me and one turned a flashlight on me. I thought maybe it was a game warden so I heaved the deer into the wash, put that team in high and headed for a gate where I could get off the road before they could get turned around and follow. After I got off the road, I was out of their hair, but no one turned around. The car went on across the creek, so I turned around and got the deer, but I was very leery of someone stepping out of that wash and greeting me, but no one did. I told Neilo, "You sure put a spook to me." We had a laugh.

One time La Barge Livestock got a herd of 3,000 lambs milling on a flat about 10 miles north of Opal. They tried two days to get them to spread and feed off. Finally, they took a dozen older ewes to the bunch in a pickup and took an old herder and they turned those ewes in the herd. Then after awhile, the old fellow took a gunny sack and went a ways from the bunch, then called like he was feeding grain and those ewes came from here and there out of the bunch to follow the fellow and the lambs began to follow the ewes and everyone stayed quiet. After they got far enough ahead, they were strung out, then there were no dogs, no

whistling, or any loud noise and the lambs moved on, but they had to handle them with care clear to the stockyards or they would have done it again.

Just a short time before that happened, we were camped on Slate Creek near where the old highway to Green River City crossed Slate Creek. I was working for La Barge Livestock and we had set up the canvas corral and was cutting out the lambs to ship. It looked like storm. Tom Facinelli came with his pickup and a load of hay to go out in the flat to another camp. It started to rain, so he told me to take the truck and deliver the hay and he would help cutting out the lambs. Tom's problem was, he was afraid of getting stuck, so he sent me. Well the storm came hard and furious and I got stuck. The chains were on the floor under that load so I had to unload, chain up in the storm, and reload. I got the hay delivered and was back to camp by dark. The lambs were in that corral, but by morning, they had tramped a side of the corral down and mixed with the herd again, and by morning we had a bunch of snow. Nothing more to do but wait till the weather cleared and lick the cat over again.

About ten o'clock, Buss Fear rode up to our camp and asked if we had seen any steers going by. Well, steers had been stringing down Slate Creek all morning, it seemed. They were about all by when he came. We couldn't figure out where they came from or was going or who they belonged to, but we found out then. Buss and Junior Fear and Tud McWilliams was somewhere around Cravening Creek headed into Opal with that bunch of steers when that blizzard hit. Those boys had left in the heat of day without all the necessities in a situation like that. Before they froze, they quit those steers and headed for Opal. Those boys put a pretty good strain on those saddle ponies by the time they reached Opal. Their dad was in Opal with his pickup but he couldn't get to them and he was worried.

Anyway, Junior came along and took a mare belonging to La Barge Livestock. They called her Scarf. She was a far cry from a cowboy's top. I took a camp to the Sammy Martin place, then I helped Junior to the camp with a bunch of those steers and we put them in an old makeshift wire corral and they stayed there all night. I fixed a big supper. Several were there to eat. I can't remember who all. I remember Tom was there. Junior and I slept all night at the corral and he kept close check on those steers and the next day, we all went our own way. Buss had to have been back on the scene but I don't remember. Tud had to be around someplace as well as Grandpa Fear.

One fall, we were about ready to leave my folks' place to go to the winter range. I had gone to the folks for something and I was riding a Palomino mare that I was going to use that winter and take a few kinks out of her. As I was going out the lane before getting on the main road, something set her off and she proceeded to buck me off. I set up for a ride and seemed to have things going my way as we went through a swing gate. That pole over the gateway seemed to come close to my head and then I was headed for the rocks. I was still in the saddle, but I was in the rocks and I was sure the mare was falling on me when she yanked the saddle away from me. I got up and there laid the mare, kicking my saddle to pieces. I grabbed a pretty good rock, thinking to kill her. I hit her in the head with all I had, but in a bit, she was on her feet. I looked things over and soon I had it figured. I had a hackamore on her as well as a bridle. I had the hackamore rope half-hitched to the saddle horn. Some way, both the latigoes were broke. I had skinned off over her head. The weight of me and the saddle threw her. I wound up with a bloody nose and hand so I tied her to the fence and went to the house and cleaned up the blood. Then I put on two new latigoes and never had a problem till I went to untie the mare, then my right hand had swollen out of commission.

Once before in the spring, I had rode her to a spring where I met my Dad. We were going to clean the spring out and put in watering troughs. All at once, in the middle of our project, that mare came uncocked. I had dropped the bridle reins and left her to graze around. She took to bucking with that empty saddle. Those stirrups were popping as they came together over that saddle. Dad told me then to "get rid of that thing," to send her to the canning factory. But she was a challenge. I couldn't do that. Now plans got changed and I took a different horse for the winter.

In a few days I went to the doctor and I had two broken bones in my right hand, each bone broke twice. I rode the mare some the next spring and in the summer, I traded her to Alvin Marx and I never knew where she went from there. I got a nice gelding for her. I used him for several years.

I believe it was the winter of '39 and '40 that it very nearly forgot to snow. Willard Miller and I took my Dad's small herd and La Barge Livestock's old biddies for the winter, but no storm all fall. Eventually plans got changed. We started out feeding out Steed Canyon and Delaney Canyon and watering in the river. As fall lengthened out, we had to move farther from

the river for feed. We got to taking the sheep to the river for water every other day. By Christmas time, we were watering once every sixth day and our range was turning to dust and the sheep were doing no good. So at Christmas, we pulled into the lower ranch and cut out the old ewes and they put them on hay and kept them on the ranch. Willard and I took Dad's sheep up in the Hogsback. New Year's eve, we got about six inches of powder snow, so we headed for the desert. That was the most snow we had all winter. Usually, we had enough snow by November 17 to quit watering.

That spring, in early March, we were out of moisture, so we crossed to the west side of the river. We crossed on the ice at Ira Bailey's place. I took the sheep camp across and when the front wheels of the wagon reached the bank and the team was on this short, steep bank, a large chunk of ice broke loose and started to turn over with the rear end of the wagon on it. I had a good team and I built a fire under them. I was on the ground beside them. I had walked across the river staying clear out to the end of the lines, because I was afraid of the ice. The team drug that wagon up over the bank. We went to the ranch and fed hay till April first then. Then we went to Bird Draw. We left there early for the lambing ground. We had quite a dry spell then.

La Barge Livestock

After Dad sold his sheep the fall of 1941, I did a little of this and that till April 8th when I went to work steady for La Barge Livestock. The first two weeks of January, I fed cows for Chrismans and for those two weeks it stayed 45 below day and night. It was hard on livestock and hay diggers. We drove a team, one horse weighed 1900 lbs., the other 2100. One day, pulling out of the stack yard with a big load of hay, an old bull, all froze up, was standing crosswise in front of the team coming out of the yard. The tongue hit the bull in the side, tipping him over. The team just walked over him. The bull, struggling to get up, threw his head up, jabbing the horse on the left in the belly with his horn. The horse jumped and pulled the left front runner of the sleigh on top of the bull and over went our load of hay. The team dragged the outfit on off the bull. The rack straightened back up, leaving the top of the load in a pile and cows all over it. The bull got up, peeled up a little bit. We went ahead and scattered the rest of our load. When we got back, most of the top part of that load was devoured. We were

feeding 1200 cows, just two of us with one team and milking about 12 milk cows. Christmas were selling cream.

I can't remember the other fellow's name. He was from Oklahoma. I remember him telling me of a neighbor in Oklahoma making moonshine. The moonshiner had a Model A Ford and was in a hurry one morning on a back road. It had snowed a little skiff. The law was on his trail and there was an old sow pig asleep in the middle of the road. The fellow ran on top of her with his Ford and the pig was squealing, trying to get up and a rear wheel was off the ground and couldn't go and there was quite a stir out of the deal.

The first summer for La Barge Livestock, I tended camp. They sent the herd I was with to Miller Creek to start lambing May first. An old outfit like that, I don't know why they pulled such a stupid thing. All we had for those sheep was snow banks and mud. We made a 65% lambing and everyone was on the fight. The 15th of May, we got an 18" snowfall and I got snow blind and that was a real misery.

We had a little Mexican fellow in the lambing crew they called "Twenty-two." He had twelve fingers and ten toes. He had an extra thumb on each hand. Twenty-two had the reputation of being a bronc rider. Dad had a pretty good sized grey horse that had been half spoiled in the harness, so he got Tud McWilliams to break him to ride. Shortly after Tud had him broke and turned over to Dad, he bucked Dad off in the middle of the road. Dad thinking a cure for that, brought the horse, named Cannonball by Tud, over to our camp for Twenty-two to use for awhile. I was quite sincere in getting my saddle on him, but Dad never wanted me to get killed, so I had to watch. Cannonball threw a pretty good fit when Twenty-two mounted and his friend Luna had him snubbed pretty short to his horse. Soon they were headed up the creek and out of sight. Later, here they came, Cannonball free. Luna stopped at camp, but Twenty-two rode up to where I was watching the drop herd. Cannonball was sweaty and Twenty-two had his rope down dragging a pretty good sized sagebrush on the end of the rope. He was showing off to me. Cannonball was uneasy and kept stretching one front leg, then the other. I couldn't figure why. I interrupted Twenty-two's bragging and asked "What is wrong with that horse?" "Oh," he said, "You don't know? I show you." Twenty-two had placed a fairly long chunk of firewood under the cinch in the center of the brisket on that horse and cinched him to a fare thee well. The stick wasn't very big around, but jagged and the end was

far enough back that the end jabbed his belly if he went to buck, plus all the pain under that cinch, it softened those jumps considerable. Twenty-two rode Cannonball for about two weeks and the horse was showing quite a bit of wear. One day, the outfit took Twenty-two down on the river to another herd and Cannonball was left with us. There was my time, so I asked no questions. I took him over. Cannonball and I got along fine. Once in awhile, Cannonball would want to balk and not leave camp or not want to cross a bad place. I had fixed a stick far under the cinch and had it tied on my saddle at all times, as well as a pair of hobbles tied on. At such times, I'd put that stick in place, then build to him with those hobbles and he would straighten right out. Soon I just got to using the hobbles with no stick and all went well. Just before we went to the forest, Dad sold Cannonball to a herder working for Riverside Livestock, so he was gone.

That fall, just before we left our allotment on Grey's River, we were camped near the trail where the Riverside herd would come out on. I was out riding on that trail and I came upon a place where a dutch oven and canned goods were scattered all over. I could tell by the tracks some horse had scattered a pack and no one stopped to pick it up. A couple days later, I was telling a fellow what I saw. I asked if he knew what had happened. I hadn't heard anything, so he told. Cannonball had kicked the camp tender on the summer range and broke his collar bone. So they took him to the doctor and replaced him with a fellow that was a painter by trade and knew less than nothing about a horse. The day they left the allotment, the herder, who owned Cannonball, was afraid of him, so he put a pack on him and sent Pete on his way. On the way, Cannonball just scattered the pack all over and got the pack saddle under his belly. A fellow came along and saw the show and when it was over, offered to help Pete gather everything and repack. Pete said "No," if the horse felt that way, just leave him alone. He could take what was left of the pack saddle on to the ranch under his belly and for the stuff that was scattered, they never needed it anyway. He wasn't hired to put with such foolishness and on down the trail he went, Cannonball following. Ten days later, they reached the ranch, someone took the remainder of the pack saddle off and Cannonball was a free horse.

More Bears

During this summer we saw a bear occasionally. One day, Pasquini and I was riding out from camp and on a hill quite a ways above us we saw a bear walk behind a tree, but never came in sight on the other side. I had the binoculars so I took a peek see. That bear had stood up on the far side of the tree and would look around one side at us and then the other. We went on and left him as it was quite a ways to him and we was sure he'd get away anyway.

One day Pasquini lost a little bunch of sheep. Early the next morning, just getting daylight, I went after the horses and I had to go through a long patch of heavy timber. It was a good trail but in that timber, it was still dark enough you never saw everything clear. I never had my rifle but my dog was always with me. All at once, I saw I was almost up to a bear sitting up in the trail, so I turned to backtrack and there was a cub beside the trail almost the size of a big porcupine, it seemed. I knew I never belonged there, so I got in a hurry and behold I was running into a bear sitting up by the trail on the opposite side of the first one. There was a pretty good sized limb laying on the ground. I grabbed it and headed up the hill through the trees to give those bears all the room they wanted. I was out of wind in a few steps up that steep hill, then I became aware my club was quite rotten, so I dropped it and headed for those horses. I could hear the bell in the park beyond the trees. I caught a horse, then headed back to look that bear family over. By then the bears had evaporated, but I could hear them calling the cubs and they were leaving as fast as they could. Then I woke up I had no dog with me.

After that episode, I was out riding a black mare I was breaking and I heard a bull elk bugle so I tied the mare by the bridle reins to a tree in some thick timber. I went sneaking on the elk to see what I might see. After a lot of following and time, I came to an opening in the trees on the edge of a hill and there I saw the old bull that had been bugling, and two young bulls, and a small herd of cows and calves. The old bull would charge one of the young bulls and run him off. The other young bull was among the cows right now. back came the old bull after him, so away he would go and back came the first one. This went on and on. Then the old bull would stop to rest, then they went at it again. Finally, it got late enough, I decided to go get the mare and go to camp. By the time I got to where the mare should have been it was

dark in that heavy timber and I couldn't find her. After quite a bit of searching, I became aware of some movement on the ground quite close to me and it was making a low noise. All I could think of was a bear but why wasn't it leaving? I was tempted to shoot at it, but then maybe it was my saddle mare. I just stood there on a log leaning against a tree with rifle in hand all ready. After a bit, I got to thinking, "that is my saddle mare and she is laying on the ground," so I got up courage to get closer. Sure enough it was her and she had got the bridle reins over the saddle horn and threw herself and couldn't get up. She was in some downfall. What if I had shot my saddle mare?

At haying time, Silvio came to our camp and took me to the ranch to help hay. The first thing off, they gave me a team of mules to mow with. One mule was gentle and good. The other was spoiled. She had killed a man in a coal mine at Rock Springs. I hooked the mules to the mowing machine and went to mow. The spoiled mule gave me plenty problems. When I kicked that mower in gear, that spoiled mule got in high gear and there went the pitman stick, so back to the house to replace it. Back to the field, where a fellow was mowing with an Allis Chalmers tractor. I got those mules right behind him when I kicked things in gear. Those mules stayed with that tractor till noon. At noon, neither one would drink so I tied them in the barn. When I went to get them to go back to the field, there stood Billy Joe Bell against the manger between those mules. He was probably five years old. That mule never paid a lot of attention to him. By four o'clock, I was running out of mule power. The spoiled mule had just used too much mule, so I got the whip out to coax her along, but soon it was over and I had to take them to the barn. The next day, all went well and the mules were still working well at quitting time.

To start with, Tom wanted me to rake with those mules and I refused to, so he insinuated I was afraid of them. That is when I told him I would mow with them. Next Tom said half a day on the mowing machine was enough for those mules. I told Tom mules were made to work and if he felt that way, I was done with his mules, so I turned them loose and no one else took over. Then they put me on a rake with a gentle horse and a green mare. All went well for awhile. Then, in turning away from a fence, the old rotten neck yoke broke and the rake swung around hitting the mare in the ribs with a wheel. She jumped and around went the rake hitting the horse in the ribs. By then, I was off the seat with my feet against the frame with a good

hold on the lines and doing my best to hold that team, but in short order, I lost control. So I let them go. They headed for the stack. A fellow on a sweep stopped his team. He seemed preparing to catch my team. I could make him hear "hang onto what you have, don't have two wrecks." They passed that plunger team packing the mail and the fellow driving the plunger team had been asleep on the job and the first thing he knew, his team was entering the race. But he ran them into the stack yard and got stopped.

Another team was hooked to a rake and their driver was not near and the team wasn't tied, so they took off with my team and both teams headed for the barn over a mile away. A fence was in the way, but never slowed up anything, and at the barn those rakes were in shambles. Eventually, I got my team and got back to the field and Tom said, to take an extra rake no one was using. I took the neck yoke and wrapped it a good one over the wheel and it busted in two, so I told Tom, "I've had it." If he expected me to use such junk and make a fool out of me, he could take his job and shove it. I headed to the highway to catch a ride. Tom caught me before I got to the road. He said forget it, he would take me wherever I was headed and Silvio would take me back to the sheep the next day, but he asked me not to quit.

The next day, Silvio came to the folks and picked me up so we headed to Greys River, but Silvio had a little too much firewater to drink so he was having a few problems. But we made it till we started down Greys River. At that time, the road down Greys River was pretty much a goat trail. We were in a ton and a half Reo truck and Silvio was driving slow and crowding the inside bank. Finally he hit a rock almost as big as the truck with the corner of the truck bed. The rock was solid enough to rearrange the truck bed. Finally, we got to camp on Kinny Creek. Silvio thinking to correct things, found a good solid pine tree and tried backing into it pretty hard to put the bed back in place. Nothing worked as it was supposed to and eventually the firewater fading, he gave up and the next day he wasn't talking about it.

That summer, I packed the groceries to the man the forest had hired to live in the cabin on top of Wyoming Peak, watching for forest fires. This fellow could see all over up there. They had a telephone line up there and certain times each day he had to report to the headquarters. Our allotment was right under Wyoming Peak.

The summer of 1943, my brother Joe and I took the yearling herd. We stayed on the river till the last days of June then spent the summer on the lambing round. At the shearing

corral on Muddy they put our herd together. We had La Barge Livestock's yearlings, Doc Sims's yearlings and Joe Whelan's all throwed together there plus the buck herd. No sheepherder in his right mind would allow them to mix the buck herd with the yearlings, but we were in war and help was hard to get, so we took them. But we knew we had our hands full. The first day we went from the Muddy ranch to the highway on Fontenelle. We got there early in the afternoon. My saddle horse and dogs were well used.

During the winter, Alvin Marx and I had done some horse trading and he had gotten Cannonball from the Riverside herder and I traded Alvin a gentle horse I had for Cannonball. Alvin wanted my horse for his wife. Alvin's dad ended up with the horse and kept him till he died, I guess. Cannonball was running with a bunch of horses on the east side of the river, but at times they crossed the river and would be in the Riverside field for awhile. I got word those horses were in the field and I had need of a good horse, so I turned the herd over to Joe and I went after Cannonball. I corralled those horses in the round corral. Cannonball was fat and had some rattles in his nose. No one at the ranch. I was all alone. My memory started coming back and I remembered how hard that horse could jump.

This was going through my mind when I saw two fellows coming from nowhere walking to the corral where I was. When they got closer, I could see it was two brothers. They were mother's cousins. When they got there, we visited a bit and I don't remember what their errand was. It was Charles and Jim DeGraw. I asked, "Do you boys think I can ride that pony?" Charles was a brother-in-law to Tud and he knew about this horse. They both answered at the same time, "Sure you can, no doubt." I was stuck. I wasn't too sure, but what does a young fellow do in a case like this? Last fall, Cannonball was a winner and I was sure his memory was good.

I roped him and saddled him. That saddle stood on end. I never wanted to turn those horses loose because he would want to go with them. I stepped on him in that corral among the bunch. That horse was all muscle and he was all there and that neck was stiff and he never remembered how to rein. I set up there a bit, trying to gently get him to remember, when all at once, his head went down and he made a move backwards and then things began to happen. All that saved me was he gave up on about the third jump. I had lost a stirrup and a bridle rein. I was throwed, I just never fell off. I was mounted. He was all horse if I could handle him.

The horse I had rode up there was tied outside the corral. I said, "Boys, open the gate" after they handed me the bridle rein, "and hand me the rope on my other horse," and I'd see them later. "Wait till I'm down the highway a ways. Wait to turn those horses out of the corral." This they did and all went well. By night, I had a pretty good ride on him. That night I put him in Polsen's pasture and hobbled him. The next day, I saddled up and wasn't plumb sure of the response, but all went well. In a few days he needed shoes. Out in that flat, we would have to throw him, but when we attempted it, he would rear up and pull his front feet forwards and he handled us with ease. He'd been thrown before.

We pulled the commissary wagon out on the edge of a hill. Then we got the horse on this kind of steep hillside, tied solid to the wagon and his front feet. We shook a sack at him and he went to jump downhill, but the wagon never gave and over he went with his back downhill. We had his feet tied in short order and he got shoes all way around. By fall, he was just a plain good horse. It seemed he forgot any wrong ideas.

That fall, a sheepherder working for Ivan Dearth gave me a big pile of money for Cannonball, my saddle, and a buckskin horse I broke that summer, and a brown horse that was fair, and a brown mare that never amounted to much. This herder threw a big party down at Kemmerer after shipping and turned those horses loose on the little flat at Frontier. The two brown horses left town. They never found them, and one sick sheepherder went to work for Earl Hagerty and he asked a friend of his to bring Cannonball and Don down to Fossil for him. I don't know what became of Don, but there wasn't enough sheepherders in Kemmerer to ride Cannonball, so they loaded him in a truck and took him to Hagerty's place at Hay Hollow and his owner went to a hospital in Salt Lake with a sore lip, which was cancer. He never did come back and where Cannonball went, I'll never know. Two years later, the brown horse showed up on La Barge well used and I found out later the brown mare died over in Fontenell basin. A rancher there had them till the horse got away and the mare died.

The spring we had the dry herd south of Slate Creek, the herd got the big head. I had heard of it, but it was my first and only experience. There was bucks and yearlings with their heads swelled so big and their eyes swelled shut. They were scattered over a very big area with their heads stuck in clumps of greasewood. We got word to the ranch. Silvio came and he told us all we could do was wait. In a week or ten days, they would start losing skin on their faces,

the swelling would leave, and they could see again and as soon as we could move them, we were to head for the lambing ground. He said when we got them to the quaking aspen, we would have no more problems and we never did, but it looked bad for awhile. I believe it was caused from the stagnant water in the little lakes where they were watering.

CHAPTER TWELVE THE KUTCH FAMILY

There was a family by the name of Kutch, his name was Tilford Kutch, that homesteaded on La Barge Creek joining Grandma and Grandpa De Graw. They were down below De Graws. The Kutch family is still around in Teton and Sublette Counties.

This I must tell from memory of what I remember my mother telling until it gets up into my time. Tilford was over in Idaho on the Snake River and he did some deed in favor of the Bannock Indians and the chief of a tribe there gave Tilford his daughter for a wife. They came over on La Barge Creek and homesteaded. This had to have been in the 1880's, it was before the De Graws were there and it was before Opal was the place where people from the upper country got groceries. Kutch got his from a store in Green River City. At that time they bought on credit, paying up once a year. I can't tell you Mrs. Kutch's name nor how many children they had, except they had a daughter named Minnie.

Tilford went up in Dead Line Ridge with a team and wagon to get a load of timber in the fall, and he took his rifle so he could bring back a deer, too. After his wagon was loaded he was ready to find a deer. At some point he had an accident with his rifle and shot himself in the abdomen. He hitched his team, got on the load and came home. He had to pass De Graws. Whether he stopped at De Graws or went the other quarter mile home I don't remember, but Grandma De Graw did all she could for him. He died in two or three days and he is buried in the Viola cemetery.

This left Mrs. Kutch a widow with her family and a bill at the store. The store man's name was Barrett. When Mrs. Kutch couldn't pay he took her ranch for the grocery bill. She had no education and it was easy for him to do, but he never did have any legal transaction done. A short time after the foreclosure, Phil Twichell bought the place from Barrett for almost nothing and no papers.

The daughter Minnie wound up marrying Eddie Edwards, who I believe was a full-blooded Indian. They moved into the Pinedale area and raised a large family. One boy I knew was Percy Edwards and another was Ike Edwards, but there were more. Ike married Mary Faler's sister; they were Wilhelm girls and they looked alike. Ike was quite a cowboy and he

became deputy sheriff in Lincoln County for a time in the 1930's.

I remember once the roundup was camped in the lower end of Fox's place. I was just a kid but I was there with someone. We had dinner; it was a big day for me. Marion Twichell was the cook.

They rounded up the cavvy in a rope corral. They were ready to cut a bunch of cattle that afternoon and the boys were all getting fresh horses. Ike was sitting on his horse outside the corral with his lariat, and a fellow would call out the name of the horse he wanted and Ike had him in one throw, and so on until every fellow had his horse and they turned the rest of the bunch loose.

One time Ike had to go up La Barge Creek on beyond the end of the road, up among the homesteaders and whoever else was up there, and was gone two or three days. Ike borrowed a saddle horse from Dad. Dad gave him a tall, rawboned black horse that wasn't exactly a lady's horse. I asked Dad if he thought Ike could ride that horse, and Dad replied that the Indian would take the kinks out of him and it would do that horse some good. I had to see how this was done, so I kept pretty close watch. Ike roped the horse and petted him a little and then saddled him and never seemed to notice those eyes nor the hump in the horse's back. Ike led the horse to his car and tied two or three things on to the saddle and when he was ready he stepped on him. Anchor's eyes showed a little white around the edges and he was ready. Ike easily turned him this way a little bit and that way and after a circle or two they lined out with no show at all. The day they came back, Anchor had no hump in his back and his eyes weren't rolling. Ike was driving a Model A Ford coupe.

While Ike had this job, he evidently checked some records and decided his mother might have her parents' ranch after all, so they took it to court. Phil was wiggling that mustache for quite a while; he never felt too secure about this, but in the courtroom when the time came for the decision, with the judge thumping his pencil on the desk, and Phil being a pretty good politician and having a little weight, the judge said that as Mr. Twichel had had the place for so many years and all was so quiet, he thought Phil should have it. That ended it. Many people said that if Ike had jumped up and said, "I'm sorry, I don't agree, we won't stop here," his mother would have gotten the place. She very nearly had it then. Unfair deals even happened before our time. On resurrection morning some winners will be losers. Eventually we get on

the waiting list and too late for any changes.

Ike Edwards' business up La Barge Creek was on account of a couple of things I'll mention, but I'm sure that a few friendly visits was all he gained. Funny things happened from time to time and really, what could be done?

Herb Booth was one of the homesteaders and on his door he carved the words "Rustler's Roost Ye Who Are Faithful May Enter."

Herb's mother-in-law was going up to visit the kids for a while and she wanted to take something to them. Her daughter told her not to bring any meat because they had plenty.

Another case (I'll not tell his name, he is a friend who is still living), he told me one evening just before dark he was riding up a canyon. There were a few cows and calves feeding in a draw and a little patch of pine timber just ahead of him, and he needed some meat. All was in line, no one around for miles, so the cows traveled ahead of him into the trees. There was one shot. One cowman a little short on friends paid the price.

That winter the butcher was visiting with the government trapper. Ed Mahafey was the trapper, and he asked my friend what should a fellow think when he sees a lone rider near dark push a few cows and calves into some trees and then hears a shot? Oh, the fellow said, what if it had been the owner of the calf? He knew he had been seen and he realized you might never know who might see what.

I lost a grown cow and a yearling right out of a pasture within a mile of my house. I know who it was but it would have been a little hard to prove and no use to raise a stink. I don't care how good a horse they rode, how well they could handle a rope, and the open opportunity they had, I could easily square that account over several times. When the figures are all in it will take care of itself. Two people were involved; one is dead and if the one living reads this, they'll remember.

In days gone by a cowman had his crew butcher a beef and hang it in the meat house. That night after dark one of the crew went to the meat house and took a quarter of it home and told his wife the boss gave it to him. The hired man's wife sent a thank you note to the boss. I doubt if anything was ever said and I'll bet it never happened again. In this country we had more fun steering the ship than we do now.

If we are going to really tell how it was, let us talk about a big one.

There was a cowman on the Green River that was an old man with no family, only a few distant relatives in Kentucky. The fellow owned about eight hundred head of cows, plus horses and a good ranch. One day that old man died and his cows had this brand: ~~4~~ A short time after the funeral those cows wore the brand ~~4~~. They had to buy the deeded acres. The new owner was always afraid to be put out in case of surgery; he was afraid he might tell something. None of them are talking now, they are all gone. This man was an uncle of mine by marriage and one of the people that explained it to me was also my uncle. The two were brothers-in-law. Sometimes it happened to the best.

Ice Harvest

There was one job that we used to do every year until electricity came into the area in 1952. That was harvesting ice and storing it in ice houses. I was the last fellow to cut, haul and sell ice at La Barge, this was in 1952. I don't remember how many years I did it, but not many. I started when dad quit.

In the thirties you first cut holes through the ice with a bar and shovel, checking where the ice was the right thickness. You wanted it eighteen inches to two feet thick. Then you took scoop shovels and cleared all the snow off clean and laid a long plank down on the ice, headed the direction you wanted to cut, which was lengthwise of the river. We had one ice plow with handles like any plow but instead of a point and mole board like for plowing dirt, it had a blade like a saw blade but quite heavy, about seven feet long and with the handles mounted to hold the blade on edge. The teeth were kept quite sharp. It was pulled by a horse with a singletree hitched to the front end with a ring and a clevis. But to mark out the rows, one pushed on the handles and another pulled on a chain from the front and it was pulled alongside the plank serving as a straight edge. Usually you pulled it back and forth two or three times to make a clear mark. You went full length of the pond to be and several rows wide and then marked it crosswise.

When the marking was done you hooked up the horse and plowed up and down lengthwise of the pond until you were as deep as the plow would go, which was about ten inches. When the rows were plowed you cut one block out in pieces so you could start with ice saws. You followed the markers crosswise of the pond with the saws cutting through to the

water, then used a spreading bar and broke the cakes loose with it where the ice had been plowed. They always broke off square and floated to the lower end of the pond where they were pulled out and loaded. To pull the blocks of ice from the water there were a pair of ice tongs with a long rope on it and a chute from the rear end of the sleigh box down to the ice near the pond. One man stood in the sleigh box with the end of the rope in his hands and the other man stood on the ice with the tongs. He reached down and hooked the tongs into the block of ice and raised it halfway up out of the water. Then he let it down fast so the block would go back down into the water then the water would start it back up and both men pulled and the bounce in the water helped start it up and out into the chute and up into the sleigh.

In about 1940 George De Graw suggested all of this could be done an easier way. He and dad figured out how to mount a chevrolet car motor crosswise on a sled with about a six foot frame with a mandrel on the end, mounted crosswise with a thirty inch saw blade on it. This was balanced so that with not much effort you could push down of a pair of handles and lift the saw above the ice and this frame was on runners so it slid easily any way you wanted. With this set up you sawed the rows lengthwise and then crosswise. You only had to saw one way by hand and it was just six inches of ice below the cut. It was much easier and faster and it worked like a dream for us.

Then they made a tripod of poles that stood at the corner of the pond with a long pole that balanced from the center of the tripod with a set of tongs fastened with a light chain to the end of the pole. On the other end was a rope with knots tied about a foot apart. One man hooked the tongs and the other man pulled down on the rope, lifting the ice to the height that was needed to swing it around into a truck or sleigh. Ranchers came from all around to get ice from us. Dad always laughed about one rancher that came every year with about six inches of frozen cow manure on the floor of his truck.

Most ice houses were a building on the ground but some businesses had eight to ten foot basements with a building on top. There was about eighteen inches of sawdust on the floor and the ice was placed in layers. About two feet was left between the ice and the walls and then the space was filled in with saw dust. The top of each layer of ice was chipped off to make a smooth base for the next layer of ice and the chips were scraped into the cracks, causing each layer to become solid ice. A two or three foot layer of sawdust was placed over the top of it

all when all of the ice was in. Many of those basement ice houses would have the same ice in the bottom for three or four years before it was used or thrown away to make a new start.

Jack Marx and Joe Whelan cut ice too, and sold it in the early thirties. Guy Decker, Jack Musgrove, Jack Gregory, Brown's Bar, Eagle Bar and Zagars Bar were all our ice customers in La Barge. Many years we put up three hundred tons of ice and a little more.

One time Mollie, the mare pulling the plow, stepped off into the pond in water halfway up her sides. We had to saw a trail in the ice clear to the bank where she could jump out.

The last year I cut ice Walter Vickery and Victor Guidati were working for me. I was delivering a load to the ice house. On my way back I saw a white object walking down the highway. When I got to it, it was Walter. He had fallen in the pond and the water was up to his armpits. Victor got Walter's hand and helped him out and Walter headed to town. It was about sundown and twenty below zero. That water froze to ice as soon as the air hit Walter's clothes. I took him home and he put on dry clothes. Then we went up to George De Graws for supper and George gave Walter a couple of shots of whiskey. Walter said he wasn't cold through all this and then all at once he started to shiver and I thought he'd fall apart. With hot soup and supper he quit shivering and he never so much as caught a cold. One year when snow was short dad used rubber tired wagons to haul the ice. When the job was done, tools loaded and ready to go home, Rudy my cousin sneaked out and put a spike in front of a wheel, thinking a flat tire would keep Uncle Joe another night. Rudy loved the special meals his mother put on when dad was working there plus he enjoyed the company, but the flat tire never held my dad back much and no ever knew what Rudy had done, until Rudy told me.

All the kids in town rode Mollie while they were plowing the ice and they always had several hand sleighs tied on behind the sleighs loaded with ice.

One year, in the summer, Uncle Ricco wanted to turn his house halfway around and add more on to it. They jacked that house and placed timbers under it and hooked Mollie on to the end of the house and she pulled it around by herself to the position they wanted it. That house still stands.

Speaking of moving buildings, Bill McGinnis, Sr. wanted to move the old community hall from down near the highway where the old La Barge Creek road took off the highway. He offered a hundred dollars to any one that would do it. Herb Booth jacked it up and got skids

under it, and then went to the different ranchers and arranged to get a total of sixteen teams, thirty two horses. His plan was to hook them all to this building and move it on the snow. All went well till they spoke to the horses, then it never went as planned. They never had one of those old freight teams used to pulling together. Some started soon and some started late and by the time the last ones tried to start the first ones had given up. They did all they could but they failed; they just got the building off of its foundation. Later Bill asked dad if he wanted to try it. Dad said sure, but if he moved it he'd have to have one hundred and twenty five dollars. Bill said no, he was paying Herb a hundred dollars. Dad said Herb never moved it either, so they settled on the one hundred twenty five. Dad got Louie Bartlett with a small crawler tractor and borrowed an old White truck, chain driven with hard rubber tires. They jacked the building up and put wheels under the back end and the front end on that truck and they took off up through the meadow, soft spots and all. They took it a couple of miles or so and put it where Bill wanted it. Mrs. McGinnis fed them a big supper and they came home. The old White truck belonged to Oluf Polson, the Reese boys at Big Piney's granddad.

One fall Joe Profaizer and Pasquini were pulling the sheep camp up out of DeLaney canyon taking a shortcut and climbing out on the south side. The hill got too steep so Joe, riding a big roan saddle horse that pulled good on a rope, decided to tie on the end of the wagon tongue to pull. All ready, they said, "Get up." That roan horse was doing his best when out came the saddle horn peeling leather back and that peeled Joe off over the rear end of his horse and hit his head on the end of the tongue. There he went to sleep for a bit. About that time, they decided the road was best.

Another happening, Babe Probasco and Slim Dyer decided to go down a steep hill at an angle with a sheep camp. Knowing the camp might tip over, Babe rode his horse up close on the upper side and threw his rope over the top of the camp and tied it solid on the far side, then tied solid to the saddle horn and they took off. In a bit, that camp began to tug on that saddlehorn holding Babes leg between the horse and the camp, then picked his horse off the ground. Babe hollered at Slim to stop. Slim says, "Tough Babe, I can't stop. We're on our way." They made it to the bottom and Babe and horse never went over but Babe got enough of that.

One time Dick Thompson and I were going down such a hill. But we were brighter.

We would go straight down the hill with rough locks on the wagon. We put on the rough locks and I got in the wagon pulling forward and Dick watching to be sure the knots came into place. When Dick saw the rough locks had to be lengthened, he hollered "Stop" but the wagon had gone over center and we were on our way. That team slid and bounced off the hill to the bottom. There was a road alongside a deep wash at the bottom. When we got there, I turned them down the road almost tipping over. The cupboard door broke open and out came a stew all over me. Nobody was hurt, but we were a little sharper. Put that rough lock in position before getting to the edge of the hill. This was Whiskey Dick Thompson not Cora Dick Thompson.

Elda, my cousin, told me that she never did call Dick "Whiskey" as everyone else did. She always called him Dick. She said Dick gave her money one time and thanked her for not calling him Whiskey Dick. Dick was a good natured old man and in his day he had been a good herder and a good camp tender. But age and whiskey had worn him out pretty well. When we were together I always enjoyed his company and he gave me many good pointers in handling sheep.

One time Dick and I were camped in Reardon Draw in the winter. We were on the north side of the wash and Henry Roddy working for Jones was on the south side and we got into an argument. Dick evidently could see and hear from the camp so he went down into the wash carrying my 25-35 rifle and he came up the wash to where we were. Henry had his back to the wash and I was facing it. All at once here came Dick up out of the wash holding the rifle by the barrel. I saw him but Henry was unaware and we were making a lot of noise. When Dick got up just right behind Henry he stepped around in front of him and it appeared he was going to knock Henry's head off with the stock of that rifle. The noise ended right there and Henry left and nobody got hit. Usually, shepherders were like their dogs; they made a lot of noise but no battle scars.

This year in Reardon Canyon was where I met Gus Erickson the first time. Gus was tending camp for Chrismans. Jim Chrisman used to run a couple bands of sheep. Later, after Gus married Mabel, I was eating at their cafe in Big Piney and Gus told me he had had a restaurant in Salt Lake City and he said he had to leave there because everybody got to coming there for breakfast and he couldn't cook for all of Salt Lake. Mabel Erickson always made such

good peach pies I'd buy a piece or two. Gus was sitting at the table and as we were visiting as I ate my pie. I asked Gus, "Do you make these pies?" Gus said, "Oh yea, sure." Mabel heard him and she said, "I'd like to see the pie Gus ever made."

This reminds me of one time he wanted the car but Mabel had the keys and wouldn't give them to him. Gus got to talking to Ben Whitman and he had a scheme figured for Ben to steal the car for him but Ben never fell for that.

One time in the early 30s in the fall, we went to La Barge for something. Fred Baily was with us and there was a herd of sheep camped beside the road. Fred said, "That's Fears on their way to Opal to ship their lambs." At one time there were several sheepmen in Sublette County. Doctor Lanzer ran sheep. He owned the place where Floyd Oxner works. Those deadlines all failed in time. Someday soon, if Uncle Sam, tourists and newcomers have their way, cowboys and timber beasts will become extinct too and I doubt if they will ever be on the endangered species list. All the funny things don't just happen on Friendly Creek.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

SNOW IN JUNE

We had the sheep camp on a high ridge. It was about June 18th. The sheep were scattered on the north slope of Conway Creek when a blizzard came up. I tied my saddle horse to the commissary wagon and I got in the camp out of the weather. The storm got worse and worse. By evening, I unsaddled the horse and turned him loose so he could go to shelter. By morning we had a foot and a half of snow and the sun came up clear. The storm was past. Those little lambs were stuck. They couldn't go anywhere.

I heard a coyote howl about a mile northwest of me so I went to get my saddle horse. I found him in a fence corner about half a mile away. I saddled up and went to check on the coyote. I found her track and followed it quite a ways up into some timber on a high ridge. I was coming near a huge rock about 8' tall when I saw several coyote pups at the base of it watching me. I knew I had found a den. I headed for camp, got some cyanide guns and took them to that rock and set them. I only got one pup. The mother had moved the rest.

In a couple days when the snow had gone, I was packing the pack horses at the sheep camp on this high ridge to go to the first camp site with the pack outfit. One mare I was packing last, I had her green broke to ride, but she never had been packed. Something goosed her before I had the pack tied and she got away from me and she began scattering her load. The sourdough jug came off and canned good flew all over. Imogene was standing there holding Roger. Things never looked very encouraging to her but I was assuring her not everyone can enjoy those free shows and in a bit I'd have everything together and we would be on our way, which I did and we were. A few days later a snow storm came up again so I headed for the tent. When I got there, Imogene was in tears and was certain Roger would freeze to death.

I assured her there was no problem, I would take care of things. I set the tent post in holes, lowering the tent, and shoveled dirt on the bottom all the way around it, and put more wood in that little tin stove. Then I explained to her this was as comfy as Hotel Utah. The tears stopped, but I'm not sure what was on her mind.

While camped there, I was riding a green horse I was breaking for Oliver Twichel. This

day I was on a trail leading through some trees. There was a pretty good sized dead log laying across the trail. As Chub stepped over that log, he spied a brown bundle lying by the log. He reached down to smell it. I never mentioned before we got to the log, a cow elk jumped up and took off. She had been laying on the far side of the log. The two dogs, Whisker and Lady, took off in pursuit of the cow. When Chub got a whiff of that brown thing, he jumped as high in the air as he could, almost losing me. That brown thing was a newborn elk calf. I got gathered up and went on, not to bother it. When we got out of the trees, here come that cow elk after those dogs. Lady could outrun her but Whisker could only out dodge her. The dogs came to me and the old cow watched us leave with hair on her back standing on edge.

Around the middle of July we were still on Dead Line Ridge. I went for supplies, then moved the tent before going after the sheep. I always told Imogene anytime she went out near the sheep always to take the rifle with her because some bear might not run. This never did any good. She always said she coldn't hit anything, so no use to carry it.

I went to move the herd closer. The day was cooling off, the sun getting lower, and the sheep scattered feeding through the trees. I had three dogs, one working to the far right, one to the left and one in the center. I noticed they were all together to the left off in the trees and I couldn't call them to me so I rode over to see what was going on. I soon found out. I rode around a very bushy balsam tree and there a bear was sitting up with a dead lamb beside her. The dogs were close to her, barking, and she was preparing to take a slap at them. When the mare I was riding saw her, she nickered at her thinking it was her colt that we had had to shoot a few days before because it had broken its hip. The colt and bear were about the same color. When the mare nickered, the bear sat still for a bit. I stepped off that mare pulling my rifle from the scabbard as I got off. I took one shot hitting her in the heart. She was 13' from me. Imogene was out on the open hillside carrying Roger in her arms. She called to me, "Don't shoot. It's me." I called back to come see if it was her. We were happy she never walked up on that bear with no rifle.

A few years before, Joe Corazza and Frank Millison were herding sheep for Doc Sims and Frank had gone for supplies. Joe walked to camp, ate his supper, and was walking back to the herd with his dogs. Frank hadn't got back yet. Joe had a new 30.30 rifle with him. Joe's dogs smelled a bear close by in some scrub quaking aspen, so they took after the bear. The bear

ran off a ways, then turned after the dogs. The dogs headed for Joe. Seeing the bear coming, he threw his rifle down and began to run. He had a jacket under his arm. In a bit he dropped his coat and in a few more jumps, he came to a small pine tree so up it he went. The bear stopped to work Joe's coat over. That was all that saved him. She came on to the tree and started up the tree, but it was small enough she couldn't get up very high. As she came up, Joe climbed higher. After so high, the bear would slide back down and Joe would slide down a ways. Joe kept yelling for help. Finally the bear just waited at the base of the tree. Eventually, Frank heard Joe as he was coming back so he went to see and he shot the bear. Joe said he threw his coat down on purpose and he chose a small tree so the bear couldn't climb it. It was the only tree for quite a way and I wonder if he even thought of the coat. Why did he throw his rifle down?

I had bought a grey horse from Austin Taylor, one of the new owners of River Side Livestock. This was a good horse but in younger years they had bucked him in a rodeo down in Utah and he never forgot those days, so you always had to be on the ball. He kept his head about him unless you goosed him. This day I was riding him and I went to the hobbled horses thinking to change for a fresh horse. The fresh horse was wearing the bell. I made all the change and I had Rex hobbled and the last thing, I took the bell off the fresh horse and put it on Rex. Thinking back, I had never put the bell on Rex before. The bell on, he reached down for a bite of grass and that clapper hit the side and rang. Rex let a loud snort out, reared straight in the air striking, and when he came down he went down over the side of that steep hill fighting that bell furiously. He plowed through a thicket of young quaking aspen and stopped just past them with his rear end against a big rock. Everytime he moved his head and the bell would ring, he would kick that rock. Soon he got so he never hardly moved his head to speak of. He stayed there the rest of that day and all night till along the next day. I rode to him and put my saddle horse between us and I got his bell off, he would strike too. His hind feet were badly swollen and he looked like he had been drug through a knothole. Eventually he left the rock and went with the other horses and I never put the bell on him again.

We made our last move with the pack outfit and was camped at the head of the water in Rock Creek. The next move would be into the sheep camp. I had set up the teepee where I planned to bed the sheep. It was nearing dark and it looked like rain any minute. I went to

camp and got Imogene and Roger on their horse and we rode to the teepee and hobbled our horses and off they went to the other horses. Imogene put Roger to bed. We had air mattresses. Just a minute in bed, Roger would cry. Take him up, he would be quiet. By then it was pitch dark and a repeat everytime we laid Roger down. I took the flashlight to see what I could find wrong with that bed. There it was. That bed was loaded with big black ants. By then it was thundering and lightning and it began to pour down rain, and the horses were gone. Our mind was made up right now. Imogene took the rifle and flashlight and I took Roger and we headed down that muddy trail. We headed for the sheep camp that was about a mile away off that steep hill and around a steep hillside. Eventually, we got there soaked and chilled through. That looked like Hotel Utah even to me that night. We never moved back into the tent.

At this campground I went to the folks and got our Jersey milk cow I had traded for. She had a pretty good sized calf. I had built a corral to keep the calf in. That way the cow would hang around. This would be right up town. When I got the cow to camp, no way could I get that calf in the corral so I put the cow in there for over night, thinking to get the calf in the next day. In the night I heard noises out in the corral so I went to check. The cow was down and very sick. The next morning the cow was dead. That calf was wild as a deer so I shot it and we had veal. I cut the cow open and found her stomach full of mud. She had been in a pasture where we had salted the sheep on the ground. She had no salt so had licked up a bunch of that dirt. Driving her that seven miles or so, all the feed had pretty well gone through her leaving that mud concentrated. That was my diagnosis, right or wrong. The next thing, Mr. Bear wanted that dead cow. I moved the camp off a ways and I placed a coyote cyanide gun there. Evidently the bear bit, but never got enough to kill him, but he never came for more.

That fall when we shipped the lambs, we left a man with the ewes out at Dad's place and Imogene and I took the lambs to Opal to ship them. Imogene took about 600 head of them all the way. I took Roger and the camp. This was the last lambs we ever took to the railroad. Today when you see Imogene in her doll shop, you would never guess where her tracks were made in the past. She has been there all the way and she has never asked to go back.

The first summer we were married, Imogene had two kittens at camp. One

morning I got up early and mixed the sourdough hotcakes before going around the sheep. That way, when I got back, they would be raised again and better. This was an everyday practice. This morning when I came back, I was sitting talking to Imogene. She was still in bed and the camp door was open and no fire in the stove. In a bit a kitten came through the door onto the stove, checking things out. Those mixed hotcakes was on an open shelf lower than the stove with a long-handled spoon in the dough and against the side of the kettle. The cat headed for the spoon. Imogene told me to stop that cat. "Oh," I said, "leave it alone. This could get good." The cat put its front paws on the spoon then began going down the spoon to check the sourdough. Pretty soon the hind feet is on the spoon. All at once, all four feet slipped and in went the cat head first, clear behind its ears. All four feet, too. Out it came, its tail as big as its belly and it was shaking head and feet all at the same time and sourdough all over. Out the door it went.

Another time, I was shoeing a horse in front of the camp. Imogene was preparing breakfast. Mary Ruth DeGraw was there at the time. She is Jim's daughter. Imogene came out and said "What shall I do? I just broke an egg into the hotcakes and the egg was spoiled." "Oh," I said, "any good cook knows that was the place for spoiled eggs--they make the best hotcakes." Soon she calls breakfast and the hotcakes were delicious, but she never ate any. The best I could tell, she believed me.

Another time we were living in George DeGraw's bunkhouse and we had planned to go some place that evening, but I had to take some supplies to the sheep camp in Bird Canyon. Bruce Whitman went with me. We had a pickup. We got to visiting at camp and I forgot all about the date back home. Later when we got home, Imogene asked how come we were so late. What could I say? "Oh," I said, "we had a flat tire, then we got stuck in a mud hole." Then I said, "The truck quit us." In my mind, all of that in such a short distance would tell her I just visited too long. Years after, I was telling someone about the incident and the first thing I knew, she was on my case for lying to her. She took it serious. I guess we are young only once.

The last fall we had sheep, we were on the lambing ground and Arvil David came along and wanted to go deer hunting, so we went across Conway and onto Dead Line Ridge. In the head of Graphite Draw, we came up on a big bunch of sheep Guy Jones had lost. They were

headed down country. As we followed back on their tracks, we found a bear track. He had been following the sheep. We finished the day hunting.

The next day, I went with two fellows from Riverside to help gather their sheep. The fellows started following the sheep tracks and I went to follow the bear tracks. Soon I came upon fresh diggings in some trees and out came the bear. I shot the bear, but away he went, leaving some blood. The direction the bear went, I was sure he was heading for a pass into Conway, so I ran my horse to that point and I met the bear face to face. I jumped off and shot at him and he turned, went off the north slope of that ridge and my horse headed off the south slope. Finally I caught my horse clear down on Conway Creek at a beaver pond where one large leaning fir tree stood alone. I got on the horse and took to the bear tracks. The bear went clear down around the end of that ridge and back up the south side and crossed the creek on the beaver pond. When I got under that tree, I thought maybe he is up this tree, so I looked up and there he was. I shot him and blood dropped all around, but he never fell out of the tree. He had two legs hung over big limbs so I climbed up to push him out of the tree. When I got near him, he went further up the tree. Boy, down I came. I shot him again and more blood, but no bear falling out. I decided the bear was dead now, but he was fine where he was. I went on to help locate the sheep. The next day I told Arvil and he wanted the bear. Imogene knew where the tree was so she took Arvil to it. The bear was dead and still in the tree, and Arvil went up and pushed him out.

The next to last summer we had sheep, Joe and I had gathered a little bunch of wild horses and we got four slicks. One was a grey stud that Joe took and he turned out to be a real good horse. Joe kept him till he died of old age. I took a black mare that was pretty as a picture, but even though she was gentle, you never knew when she would buck. Joe was riding her on a steep slope and a dog set her off and she threw Joe and kicked him, breaking his collarbone. I had to finish lambing alone so I never took a chance on riding her. I asked Gordon Guyette if he would ride her for the summer. He was herding Whelan's yearlings. He said if I would shoe her all the way around he would take her. She was fat when I went to shoe her and she was pretty full of fire, so I decided to give her a hard ride and wear her down, then shoe her. I saddled her and went to camp to tell Imogene my plans. Imogene had a camera and wanted a picture. Nettie Bailey was there visiting Imogene. Imogene got her camera and I

located the horse where Imogene should get a decent shot. I got on and the action began and Imogene stood there with her mouth open and soon we were too far away. By evening, she had shoes on. She was always gentle and never could buck hard, but the last I knew of her, she had never changed.

Unreliable Horsepower

I borrowed a ton and a half Reo truck from George DeGraw to take supplies out on the desert to the sheep camp. On the way home, about ten o'clock at night, I ran out of gas. It never entered my mind that you could burn so much gas so far from anywhere. I had never had much to do with a truck at that time. I drained the water out of the truck as it never had any antifreeze and I headed down the road on foot. I came to a sheep camp and asked if I could borrow a saddle horse to ride to the highway so I could catch a ride to La Barge. They had some excuses not wanting to let me have a horse, so I walked on. I knew I would be walking all night, but before long, here came a pickup, so they picked me up. Those two boys were hitting the bottle quite hard and their truck was heating up because it was low on water. In a little bit, we got to the CCC bridge on the river, so they stopped and took a bucket and walked out on that ice to the edge of an air hole and filled the bucket. It was a moonlit night but it took nerve to get on such thin ice at the edge of that hole. Soon we were on our way. Just as we got to the highway, the pickup quit. A car came along shortly and I caught a ride in to La Barge. The Eagle Bar was still open so I got someone there to take me back out to my truck with gas and water. I remember Elda, my cousin, went with us. I got home by daylight.

Another time later, I borrowed the same truck from George and I was driving over a large iced-over area, just overflow on solid ground, when I came to a place the water had cut a channel in the ice. The front end of the truck bounced through and broke a front spring, then in went the rear end and I was stuck. Imogene was with me. I got one side jacked up and got a solid floor under those duals, then I got a long plank under the other duals and I could stand on the end of the plank and raise those wheels up to where they could roll on across the channel to solid ice. I got Imogene to stand on the plank and I got in the truck to drive it across. When I let the clutch out, that plank just shot backwards and down Imogene came, full length on that ice. I had made a pretty bad mistake. No one has ever had to tell me that doesn't work.

Just before I left La Barge Livestock, we bought a used DeSoto car from Charles Stacey. It was seven years old. We drove it very little. It was war time, we couldn't get much gas nor tires, plus we never had time or money. One day a fellow told us the rods were loose in it, but he was sure new inserts would cure it. We were at Olsens' then. Chuck Davis was feeding cows at the Rich place at Big Piney and working for Skinny Covey after feeding. Arnold had made arrangements for me to go help Chuck finish his feeding, then he would put the new inserts in for me. This we did. Later I sold the car to Jud Witherspoon who owned the Ford garage in Kemmerer and we had no car for quite awhile.

I must tell of Chuck Davis. A lady went to Chuck's service station to buy bait to go fishing. Chuck asked, "Do you want to catch male or female fish?" so he would know what kind of bait she wanted. The lady replied, "I don't know. How do you tell the difference?" Chuck, all smiles, says, "Lady, I don't have the answer to everything."

The fall of 1947, I bought a one-ton Diamond T truck from Dayel Twichel. I gave him \$1,000 for it. Dayel paid \$1,035 for it brand new in 1938. Inflation has never stopped since. I hadn't had this truck but a short time when Rube Fox came along and asked me if I would haul some hay to the cowboy cabin in Snider Basin for the cowboy there. Wayne Marx was the cowboy doing a bunch of back riding after the fall roundup. We agreed on a price. Dayel had told me there was a short some place and it would blow the fuse to the headlights. It was almost dark when I left with the hay. I had Imogene and Roger with me. Going down into Snider Basin from the La Barge side, out went the lights and no fuses. It was moonlight so I eased down that crooked muddy road through the trees and down to the flat bottom. The beaver had dammed the creek and that bottom was flooded quite a ways. The road was straight so I drove as fast as I could through that water, hoping to get across. No such luck. Just before I came out the far side, front and rear both high centered. There we were. I took Imogene and Roger back a half mile to Whelans' cabin. There was no one there. I built a fire in the stove and left them and I walked another mile and a half to the cowboy cabin and got Wayne and we spent the night getting that truck out. We got out and unloaded and back to Imogene a little while before daylight. We headed out of Snider Basin the Big Piney way and met a string of cards headed for a rig. It was shift change. We pulled off the road and waited till all was clear and got to Piney shortly after daylight. When I sent my bill, I told them, "You guys could have hauled

that hay earlier in good roads. Either pay me double or never ask me again." They paid double.

Speaking of changing times. When Dad first started in the sheep business, you never needed a range permit. If you could find a school section any place that you could lease, you leased it. Then if you knew anywhere on government ground that there was water you could legally exchange the section for a section where the water was. Then you could keep everyone else from watering there and the range was free to everybody. After it snowed, you could go anywhere on the Little Colorado desert. Shortly, the Taylor Grazing began to take over. Not long after, it was known as B.L.M. You couldn't go in the forest, but you could go anywhere else. The forest had been farmed about thirty years earlier. When the forest began, many people had the idea if a new man wanted a forest permit, all he had to do was apply and if he met a few requirements, they gave him a permit and would cut the bigger outfits to compensate.

I remember in the very early years of the Thirties, Dad went to the Forest in Kemmerer to apply for a forest permit and they told him, "No," that the government felt that a few big outfits making money was much better than a bunch of small ones going broke. End of story. Many people never knew what they were talking about.

In 1933, Ben Calcote bought the Joshua Twichel place and Guyette place from Oliver Twichel for \$1,900. It was 500 acres. Good soil, plenty of water, and plenty of willows. It was the first place in the valley to take water out of the creek, so the water rights were okay. There was dishonesty in those days too. Joshua Twichel had homesteaded his place and his daughter, Nettie, and husband Joe Guyette, had homesteaded theirs, the two places joining. Eventually Joshua bought Guyette out. As time went on, Joshua loaned his sons money which they never paid back. One day, Joshua, being quite old, and his wife dead, made his will. Joshua willed his ranch to his two daughters: Nettie Guyette, later Nettie Bailey, and her sister Mary Batty. Later, the old man's mind failing, Oliver got him to will the ranch to him. Story finished it went that way. When Joshua died, he was at Oliver's home in Idaho. Oliver loaded his Dad in a box, put him on a two-wheel trailer, hauled him to Green River City. They had the funeral and it was over with. Ben let Oliver have the ranch back in about 1938, maybe 37. In 1943, when I was herding yearlings for La Barge Livestock, we were camped not far from the ranch and I wanted that place, so I offered Oliver \$4,000 for it. I had dreams how I would

finance it, but Rose said no way would she sign any papers. They had come near enough to starving to death in the depression, she would not give up her home now. She also knew Oliver could not handle money. Oliver had made good money when he had that coal mine, but he paid for too many dinners for Marion at Tom Ming's restaurant in Kemmerer.

My Dad told me I was nuts, that was way too much money. All in all, my dream went by the wayside. A little incident that happened this time. Oliver had been quite a ways back up on the mountain behind his house chasing a cow. He was horseback. As he rode past a small tree, a limb caught his watch chain, flipping the watch out of his pocket and breaking the chain. Oliver searched and searched, but couldn't find the watch, so he built a little fire, leaving some ashes to mark the spot. It was Oliver's father's watch. In a day or so, I rode down to Oliver's house and the first thing he asked was had I found his father's watch. I knew nothing of it, but I had seen his little pile of ashes so I knew where the spot was. The next day just after sun up, I rode to the place to look. As I rode up, the sun shone on that crystal and I had found father's watch, so I took it to him.

Before haying, Oliver came to our camp after a mutton for meat during haying. Many people did this and the custom was the sheepherder would butcher a stray sheep and give it to them. This happened the next year after trying to buy the ranch. Imogene and I were married by then. Imogene thought that was a strange way to do things. I was raised this way and that is how we did it. One thing Oliver did, that we never did, only Oliver: I never had shells for my .22 to shoot the mutton so Oliver let me have a couple shells, but told me when I got more I could return his. Cheap, cheap, cheap.

Anyway, the fall of 1948, both Oliver and Rose Twichel had died and Dad bought the ranch from their children. He paid \$10,000 and he never seemed to think he over paid. In 1963, I gave Dad \$19,000 for it and felt it was a partial gift from my parents. In 1969, I sold it for \$65,000. In 1993, it sold for \$350,000. Has inflation increased?

Sometime back, about 1980, Bob Dew took a truckload of three-sided house logs to northern Idaho. He sold that load of logs for more money than the Twichel ranch sold for in the Thirties. The rest of the story is Bob sold those logs in an area where they have many, many more trees than Sublette County, but the government had run things to the point of all the little mills that sawed logs like that were out of business and the big mills never bothered with

little things. This all happened in less than 200 years after the Louisiana Purchase and Lewis and Clark had gone to see what had been bought. Goodbye Indians, here came education and money. Are we going forwards or backwards?

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE MCNISH STORY

The Viola School and Post Office

There was a family on La Barge about the turn of the Century by name of McNish; John, Lillie, Venice and Ellis. Their family owned the ranch that later B.M. Fox bought, then Lindermans bought, then Yore Cattle Company, and on till I don't know who has it now.

McNish had the first Viola post office. This is where the address Viola began. They also had a little store. John had a brother Albert who never married, nor do I think he was ever in on the ranch. Lillie was a sister to Alex Price, Sr. My mother, Dela Whitman, was a close friend to Venice. They were near the same age. Lillie contracted tuberculosis at an early age. They went to doctors all over but to no avail and she died young. Awhile after Lillie died, John married the lady that had been keeping house for them, Mary Mott. I believe Mary Mott came from a family up on the Green River.

One fall, it was about 1905, John and his second wife and two children went to Kemmerer with a four horse team for supplies for home and the store. On the way home, pulling out of Fontenelle Basin on the east side and on the south side of Fort Hill, one of the lead horses balked and began to throw a fit. Mary was afraid and wanted off the wagon with the children. John laughed at her, but let them off before he went about lining his team out. When he reached out to straighten out that lead horse, the horse had different ideas and got the whole outfit tangled up and out of control and tipped the wagon over, killing John right there.

Someone else came along not long after the accident and took over. Mother said they took John to Herschler's home and laid him out there. Then later, Mary married Bill McClure who was working for her. Phil Twichel took the little store over and moved it up to his place. Earle Jones's mother took the post office and it was moved to their place about three milkes on up the creek and on the south side. At that time, the schoolhouse was at the mouth of Jones Canyon and that was where the McNish children went to school. Their uncle, Alex Price, always had lots of horses and he gave his niece and nephew a gentle little horse they called Nigger Babe to drive on a little cart back and forth to school. Mother said Ellis was quite a mischievous boy and one day he put his arm around the school teacher's neck and took the water

bucket with the other hand and tipped it upside down over her head. This done, he ran and jumped the schoolyard fence and hung the seat of his pants on top of the picket fence; the teacher caught him and gave him a thrashing. Mother said she was sure he was not a bad boy but without his true father, he did have some problems. This one fall, finishing up haying, McClure was short of horses so he put Nigger Babe on the rake and the kids had to walk to school. Immediately, Venice wrote to her uncle and as soon as the mail made the trip, the kids had their horse and cart back. One day after they got to school, Nigger Babe ran off with the cart. He ran straight up and over the top of the steep hill near the east side of the schoolhouse. When he got on top and out of sight, he turned and came back, watching Venice as she climbed the hill after him. When she got to him, he just stood there. She took him by the bridle and led him back down straight off the hill to the schoolhouse, him half sliding all the way, holding the cart back.

Mother said she saw when they took the large marble stones to the Viola cemetery that still mark the McNish graves. They used a four horse team on a lumber wagon.

In about 1910, McClure sold out to B.M. Fox and they moved to Canada. Mother said the day they left, she told Venice goodbye, never to see her again, but they wrote for many years. Ellis died not long after they left, but Venice married and raised a family in Canada. The day they left, Bill and Mary were on a heavily loaded wagon and the two kids were horseback, chasing two or three milk cows along behind the wagon and they had three or four extra horses.

Phil Twichel ran this little store until in the 1930s. My grandmother, Ethel Whitman, eventually took the post office in their home in about 1918. From there, the post office went to the Oscar Henderson home. All three of these places were on the south side of La Barge Creek. When Hendersons sold to Hans Ort, the post office went to Phil Twichels on the north side of the creek. They had it in the old store building and it stayed there until it was discontinued in the mid-thirties. After there was no more post office, they made a big wooden box and set it beside the road in front of Twichels' home and all the neighbors brought mail sacks and put them in the box where the mail carrier picked them up. The mail route continued until in the mid 1970s, but now it is no more.

The schoolhouse was moved to the south side of La Barge Creek just west of

Hendersons' to be at a central point for the Guyette kids. One day the schoolhouse burned down so then it was rebuilt back on the north side of the creek across the road from Phil Twichel's home and that is where it was as long as I went to school. It was discontinued in the early 1940s, maybe 1940.

I heard the schoolhouse above Henderson burned from a banked fire left in the stove. I also heard there were some unhappy parents. In about 1934, the parents wanted a change in teachers. The same one had been there two years. I am not sure how much was qualification and how much was family feud. I think some of both, but all the kids were kept out of school the full school year and the teacher still stayed on with only her niece and nephew in school.

One time my dad raffled off a horse and gave the money to the school to buy us a Victrola and some records. We had nothing in the yard for recreation so Dad and the blacksmith at home built a swing and a teeter totter for us.

One year in the mid-30s, they had a schoolhouse below Fox's. The Fox children went there and the Henderson kids came up there from the old county bridge. Carolyn Stepp was the teacher. That year, Emma Bailey taught the Viola school. At Christmas vacation, Emma hired Dad to take her with a team and sleigh to the county bridge to meet Ira Bailey with his car so she could spend vacation at her home on the river at the mouth of Dry Piney. The road was snowed in for the winter above the county bridge. Caroline wanted to go to her home at the same time, so asked Dad if he would pick her up, too, so he told her yes. Then he told Emma the plan. Emma threw a fit. Caroline could not ride with them. Dad said that was no problem, in that case he would take Emma down and then he would come back and get Caroline. Before the day came, Emma softened and they rode together.

In October of 1914, Albert McNish shot himself over on Dry Piney at the gate at the lower end of the Home place of McGinnis's. He left a note tied to the saddlehorn and his horse had gone on to the barn. They always felt he was in a state of depression over his brother and family.

Anyway, about five years ago, a fellow back in Michigan, put an ad in a small magazine here in the state of Wyoming, asking for any information he could get on Viola, Wyoming and anything from Albert McNish's family. He also wanted spurs or any antiques pertaining to the area. I got the word, so I answered him and he came out and paid me a visit and he went

through the museum at Pinedale. It turned out that the young man worked for Ford Motor Company in Detroit and he was no relation to McNish, but a friend of his had come up with a saddle that was still in good shape. It had been made by the Walker Saddle Company in California in about 1905 for Albert McNish of Viola, Wyoming. All of this was stamped on the cantle of this saddle. How in the world did this saddle survive so many years and show up so far away and no family connection anyone knows of? This young fellows' last name was Clark. He was a distant grand-grandson of the Clark of Lewis and Clark who came west on the government expedition in 1803 or whenever the date. If I remember right, his first name was Bob and he was just curious. He had been out here before checking things, but could find no one to tell him much.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

A MINING CAMP IN ALASKA

When I was a boy, going to my grandparents for Thanksgiving or Christmas were fun days. My grandmother made the best creamed turnips I ever ate, as well as sweet potatoes and all the rest. They had a long table in the kitchen. Between the table and the wall was a long bench to sit on instead of chairs, then there were chairs on the other side and both ends. There was always room for everyone. One time my brother and I were eating dinner there and Joe got carried away telling of a problem Dad had with a drunk fellow. Joe said Daddy almost had to kick his butt. Grandma came to at that remark and said "Young man, we don't talk that way at our house and don't you let me hear such language again." Grandma was always good to us but we were taught to heed what she said.

On Christmas we went with a team and bobsled, usually bells on the team. The snow would go from the ground to the roof on the west side of the house, then blow over the house and be from the roof to the ground on the east side with a tunnel shoveled in to the diningroom door. It was pretty dark inside in the middle of the winter, for a home. Dad would say, "Nelse, this looks like a mining camp in Alaska." Grandpa's reply was, "By gum, in the spring I am going to hitch those old mares up and I'm going back to Texas. If that woman and them kids doesn't want to go they can just stay here." Grandpa never did make the trip. My greatgrandad had gone back to Texas years before, leaving his wife and kids. That is what put the thought in his head.

Accidents and Sickness

One time, it was February of 1935, Dad got a severe belly ache right after supper and it got worse as time went on. The snow was deep. The only way to get help was by team and sleigh over a snow road. About three in the morning, mother came to the bedroom where I was and told me I'd better go for help. I hadn't gone to sleep all night. I was worried because Dad had groaned and was up and down all night. He was in the livingroom on a daybed. I dressed right now and when I came into the livingroom, he was on the bed on the back of his neck and his feet was up in the corner under a shelf. He was sweating and in bad pain. He told me don't

be afraid to hit that old team on the tail. He said if I didn't hurry, he wouldn't be here when I got back. It was a bright moonlit night. The team, Frank and Molly, were loose in the corral. They had hay in the manger in the barn. They were a gentle, slow, black team. I had the harness on them and hitched to the sleigh in record time. The sleigh had a wagon box on it with a spring seat. I had grabbed the whip off the barn wall and I built a fire under them and in a few minutes I was to the neighbor's house. It was a mile from home. I knocked on the door and Fred Johnson came to the door. I told him the problem and he told Mrs. Johnson. I don't know if Mrs. Johnson was a nurse or had just worked around sick people. They were from Iowa, and she was good around sickness. She was ready in minutes and the team had got a little wind and we were in the sleigh headed back. The sleigh was just hitting the high spots. "Oh," she said, "Slow down some. It is better to take a little longer than get throwed out of the sleigh and get hurt." From there I let that team coast a little and we made it. When I got the team tied, I went in the house. As soon as Mrs. Johnson saw the situation, she asked mother, "Have you been putting heat on his stomach?" Mother said yes, she was using a hot water bottle. Mrs. Johnson said, "Let's try wet towels as hot as he can stand." The tea kettle and reservoir were both full of hot water so that is what they did. It wasn't long till Dad felt some relief and after awhile he was much better. They decided it was a gall bladder attack, so when daylight came, we got Dad to the county bridge with a team, and a car met him there and took him to Soda Springs, Idaho to Dr. Kackley. Dr. Kackley told him gall bladder was the problem and to go home, get things in order, then come back for surgery. Dad never had surgery until about 20 years later.

Anyway, when he came home, the road at Round Mountain north of Kemmerer was closed. He was coming home from Kemmerer on the mail sleigh. The mail carrier borrowed a team and sleigh from a dairy on Hams Fork, loaded the mail on it and Dad drove them past Round Mountain and met a truck there to take the mail on north as the rest of the road was open. When Dad turned the team over to the mail carrier to go back, he said, "I can't handle them through those snow banks." He was quite unnerved. Dad told him just more or less turn them loose and if one did lay down in the deep snow, to just leave him alone and after a little rest if he spoke to them, they would take him home, which they did.

From then on for about a month, they brought the mail by truck around by Rock Springs

and Pinedale to LaBarge. That was the way all the traffic went till they could get the road open over Round Mountain. They never had a highway then like now or the snow plowing equipment they have today.

It was about 1934 Dad and George Whitman from Alabama, one of Mother's cousins, was hauling timber with horses and wagons. Dad was skidding full length green trees pole size and George was standing in the wrong place and the end of one of those got in a bind on a bend in the skid trail and when it passed the tree holding it, it turned loose hitting George in the leg, breaking it. There was no ambulance in those days. Dad boomed a layer of logs on the wagon, got George on top and they headed off the mountain for home, six or seven miles on a wood wheel wagon, then 50 some miles in a 1928 Chevy car over a washboard road to the doctor. There was a little pain and a little sweat, but George lived, but it did sound pretty serious.

In 1942, Robert, my two-year-old brother, fell in an irrigation ditch and drowned. The folks tried to get a doctor but no one ever came. Finally everyone gave up and said he was dead.

When I think back of those things and what it cost our ancestors, even in my day, to make this country what it is, then have the newcomers come in, take all our freedoms and take over. We paid some dear prices for what we had, but it's gone now.

Horse Trades

One time during W.P.A. days, a fellow that took poor care of his livestock was working four very thin horses on a plow and on a fresno on the road. Dad came along and saw the situation one day and thinking square up on a sneaking deal this fellow had pulled, he asked the teamster if he would like to trade one of the team for a mule that was fresh and in good shape. Warren asked Dad what kind of trade they could make. Dad picked the poorest horse of the four and asked how about trading straight across, so it was a deal. Dad had gotten a team of mules from Buster McIlvaine. One was a dandy, the other was spoiled. He'd kick and fight till he played out, then he was done. You couldn't get anything out of him. Dad hitched this spoiled mule with a big shire mare the next day and headed down the road the five miles to make the trade. That mule kicked and carried on till he was wore out, but that old mare got him to the destination. When Dad got there, he unhitched the mule and unharnessed him. Warren

unharnessed his horse. They traded. Dad harness his prize and headed home. He wasn't interested in seeing any performance. The next day, Dad went to town in his car and when he got to the job site he saw a sight. There were about 20 loaded gravel trucks in a line on the road, just sitting, and about 20 empties returning. They were stopped and here Warren was with his three horses tangled up in the middle of the road and the mule was down and everybody was throwing rocks at him, trying to get him up to get him off the road. Before the mule got down, he had run away, tearing down some of Chrisman's fence. Warren never did get that mule to work and he got fired off his job.

Dad had said there would never be a road built up LaBarge Creek, but in 1937 the CCCs came in with three Caterpillars and about 200 boys and in two years, they had a road up the creek and over to Star Valley. The tie camp owned by Standard Timber Company moved from Cottonwood over on to South LaBarge. In the spring of 1938, when the water was high, here came the ties--thousands of them. In the fall of 1937, Standard Timber sent a crew of men to take out all of the rock dams that ranchers had in the creek to get water out into the ditches and they replaced them with wooden structures that worked much better than the rock and they let the ties float through freely, yet never let them go down the irrigation ditches. In about 1940, the creek got extremely high and ties floated out into sloughs and in the willows and they couldn't get them back into the creek before the water went down, so the next spring, they had a double job, but they got them back. They lost very few. After that, they began hauling the ties by truck from the Forest to Frontier where they loaded them onto railroad cars. The Union Pacific had decided the ties took the creosote treat better if they weren't in the water that much. When Standard Timber put in the headgates, they also cleared a trail on the banks of La Barge creek so they could walk up and down the banks, working with those ties. That made it a fisherman's paradise, but now the brush has grown back. Those headgates have deteriorated, but they are not needed so much because irrigating has gone out of style. That is hard work and it is inhumane, plus it doesn't pay.

The other day, as I drove up LaBarge Creek, I probably saw a hundred cows and maybe a hundred tons of hay. In the 1930s you could see a couple thousand head of cattle above the county bridge and enough hay to feed them all and you saw teams and hayracks out doing their jobs. Those old feed teams were the sweep teams and plunger teams during haying. The

mowing machines were where the new broncs started and the best were picked to replace any wore out feed team. There were mares that raised a colt every year that all they ever did was pull a mower or a rake. Some of those mares, as they got older, would be so stubborn and hateful that they were a headache, but we had good horsemen in those days that could use them and get the job done. Some ranchers had so many horses that when they went out on the range to gather the haying horses, they quit gathering when they had enough and some horses never saw a harness for two or three years at a time. When they were finally brought in, sometimes the older ones were worse to handle than green broncs, but many of the boys thought it to be great sport.

Bill Pape told me one time you could manage to keep three mowing machines cutting hay pretty steady, but if you had four, you could feel quite lucky if you could look up at any time and see them all mowing. Usually one would be broke down or a runaway would be taking place, and so it went. Some of those big outfits put up lots of hay. Ira Bailey told me he had a good crew one year and they finished where they were haying and Harve Scott, who owned the Scott place that Millers have now on the Green River, asked Ira to bring his crew up there and hay for him. Ira said his crew was extra as Scott had his own crew and they hayed till the fall weather stopped them. Those were the days that the Green River Valley ran the best cattle of the best. They had lots of hay and so much snow they couldn't haul it out and sell it, nor could anyone move in to feed it, so they just doled it out all winter and they had cows to be proud of as a whole.

Cowboys

Ira Bailey told me one time when they were on the spring roundup putting cattle on the Forest on the Upper Green that the boys got to giving the cook's choreboy a hard time. The boy was Harry Danielson. He was 14 years old and an orphan. Harry became my uncle by marriage in later years. He married Mother's half-sister, Lena. The cook was a Dutchman. The boys kept asking Harry for a gopher pie. One day the cook told Harry to shoot a bunch of gophers and skin them and clean them and they would have gopher pie for supper. Harry was to save all the hides, heads, and entrails so this he did. At supper the boys started the gopher pie idea again and Harry told them that is what you are eating. The boys got a bang out

of that, so on came more harassment. The cook told Harry, "Go get the proof." Say, what a time then. Some laughing, some heaving, some plumb put out, but one pie did them and the cook just said "Tough."

There were other things more serious went on those days. Ira said the drive was in the vicinity of New Fork Lake and there was a dance someplace near the lake. Ira Bailey and Harry Danielson were left to watch the cavvy that night. Evidently they figured there was need to watch the cavvy. About the middle of the night, the two young fellows decided the horses were o.k. till morning and they would go to the dance, too. As I remember, Ira said Prof Sommer was the boss on the drive. When daylight came, the horses were nowhere to be seen so Sommer and Ira got right on the tracks. These horses were headed out of the country. Ira said they rode hard and when they caught up, the cavvy was in the pasture at Hudson. They were wet with sweat and still getting their wind, but no one was around, but the catching was close.

This reminds me of a story my mother told. It was haying time and the crew was eating dinner when someone went by chasing a bunch of horses. No one thought anything of it till shortly after they heard a bunch of work horses from a ranch nearby had just vanished. They were stolen, but who did it and where did they go? The horses were found in Idaho later and maybe a year later, a local cowboy was working in Kansas City for a garage. He was under a car working. He had changed his name. An officer tapped him on the bottom of his foot, called him by name, and told him he might as well come out from under there. He knew he had had it and he served time in the pen for it. No names mentioned, his kids and grandkids are respected people still in the area.

Another man who stole some horses and was caught and served time was a Swede known to all as Ole Murphy. He spent his later years around Big Piney and Pinedale. Bill Carr asked him one time how come his last name was Murphy. Ole told him no respectable Swede went to the pen.

Ole would go to the brick church in Big Piney after the bars closed and go inside. The door was never locked and there was always plenty of wood and coal to fire up the old pot bellied heater. Swede would lay on the floor behind the stove and spend the rest of the night. One Wednesday, some ladies were gathering at the church for something and the first lady to get there had her little son with her and he knew Ole was in there asleep behind the stove, so

he ran in to wake him up so he could vacate. When he woke up, he was a bit confused and he thought it was Sunday and he knew it was Tuesday night when he went in there. Something had to be wrong for him to sleep so long. Rip Van Winkle, almost.

Another time Ole was at Daniel. The Swedes on the tie drive had their tents pitched there with their beds and knick knacks inside. Mrs. Yarger was cooking for them and they were all in eating dinner when Ole came along feeling hungry. He went in some of the tents and helped himself to cookies or whatever. When the fellows returned to their tents, they found Ole, so they got after him, telling him he was not supposed to do that. Ole said, "Well, I have to live, too."

One time I was eating in Klein's Cafe in Pinedale and in came Ole. He sat up to the counter and as he was eating, he got to talking to his plate and the language could stand a little improving. There was people in there that never head of Ole. Tony Klein growled at Ole and told him to knock it off, and he did.

The first winter, 1937 and 1938, that the tie camp was on LaBarge, Billy Chall from on Horse Creek built a saloon at the forest boundry. This was eight miles from my folks' ranch and it was my last year in school. I was 15. Standard Timber had put in a telephone line to the tie camp and Challs hooked on. It was January and Mrs. Challs called Twichels for help. She needed to get out to go to Pinedale. Billy was in trouble. Twichels told her to call Genetti's; they couldn't help. I came to the house from feeding to get ready for school. My mother told me so I said I'd go get her. The road was blown in with snow, so I harnessed the team and hitched them to a light sleigh covered with canvas and headed up the creek. Mrs. Challs told me Nelse Shoberg was on his way down the creek on snow shoes and I was to take him back so he could keep fire in the house and be company to a woman and small girl that was there. In about a mile, I met Nelse. He was clop clopping full speed ahead. I told him the story so he got in the sleigh and on we went. The snow kept getting deeper as we went and about a mile and a half before we got there, one of my team was getting awful tired, so I decided I'd better tie him to the fence, leave the sleigh and ride the horse that seemed to be able to make it. I asked Nelse when shall I tell Mrs. Challs he would be there. It was my first experience with a Swede on snowshoes. "Oh," he said, "I'll be there when you get there," and he was. My horse had to rest in those drifts and was slow between the drifts, but Nelse just

clomped right on, leaving me. When I got there, a big muligan was ready, so I ate my share while my horse was resting.

The stove pipe needed cleaning before we left, so I went about taking care of that. I found a long slim pole and a gunny sack so I tied the sack to the end of the pole, climbed on the house and rammed that down the stove pipe with the fire still in the stove. All at once, everybody came out of that house, making quite a bit of noise. By that time, the sack had reached the stove and I was pulling it out. The job was done in one pass and the house was full of smoke and soot all over the place. I learned later Mrs. Challs had a short fuse, but she never complained at all and soon she was on my horse with a couple suit cases tied on and I was going to follow on foot. Nelse insisted I wear his snowshoes.

Another experience was on the way. The first step I took, things got in the way and down I went. The more I tried to get up, the worse off I was. I had never seen snowshoes till that day, let alone wear them. I gave up shortly and reached up out of that snow and got them contraptions off. I gave them back to Nelse and I got ahold of that horse's tail and down the road we went. After awhile, we got to the sleigh and by night, we made it home with one wore out team. Somebody took Mrs. Challs by car from there. I learned afterwards Billy was in jail in Pinedale and she went up to get him out.

Late that winter, Babe Probasco took the job to carry the mail to the tie camp. From my folks' place, his homestead was half way. Babe had three teams and he used them all in their turns each trip. I don't remember how often, but there was several days between each trip. The next year, one of the Swedes from the tie camp, Elmer Molander, carried the mail once a week. He had a team belonging to Standard Timber. They were long legged, quite rangey and full of grain and they would come all the way from the tie camp, about 15 miles, in a short day and back the next day. They never seemed to tire and Elmer was proud of them.

Elmer Molander was falling trees up on Beaver for Beaver Creek Timber Co. that was owned by Charlie White, in about 1955 when a dry pole tree came down and hit Elmer over the head. Eric Edeen found Elmer laying in one place, his saw several feet from him and his brains between the saw and Elmer. Once in awhile, falling trees can come out of nowhere and they spare nothing. Nelse Shoberg retired and returned to Sweden.

The first winter the tie camp was on La Barge, different ones would get the idea they

could make a dollar selling grain or potatoes or whatever to the tie camp. This time it was Warren Harmison. He had a two-runner sled loaded with potatoes. Warren was driving one pretty good horse he called Wizard and a green pony he was breaking for Earnest Danvers. By the time he got to the tie camp, all of his potatoes were frozen. On his way home, he stayed over night at the folks' place. Warren gave Dad two sacks of the frozen potatoes as he left the next morning. There was a short dugway to climb about a quarter mile from the folks' house and it was near the schoolhouse where we went to school. I was on top the hill where I could see the schoolhouse and Warren climbing that dugway with his team. The green colt Warren was driving was quite leg weary and Warren was yelling at Wizard and warming his rear end with the end of his lines. Old Wizard dragged the whole outfit to the top of the hill.

Bruce Whitman, my uncle, had brought the school teacher to school that morning. He was driving a high lified team and he headed them into the fence, not tying them while he walked the teacher to the school house. Bruce was unaware of anything but Harmison and all his noise had the attention of Bruce's team. As soon as they saw Harmison's outfit coming into view and all the action, they decided to leave that place. Bruce turned to leave the schoolhouse door just in time to see his team leaving and they were packing the mail. I could see them most of the way home and all they had left the last quarter mile was the neck yoke and part of the double trees. Haywire, as many people called Harmison, wasn't aware of any of the show he had set off when he got on top of the hill. He got on his sleigh and went on down the road. That school mom became my aunt later that year. She is a good aunt but that son-in-law of hers is quite a character. From time to time he denies being my cousin. Then I have to remind him that when he told that fellow I do or I will, whatever he said, he got me whether he claimed me or not. So life goes on. That cousin is Tom Thompson.

Then came the fall of 1941 and Dad traded a work horse to Phil Twichel for four loads of hay. Dad had all his teeth pulled and was staying inside for a few days. During this time, he told me and my brother Joe to go haul that hay. There was two boys thinking the sky is the limit, so we took the feed sled to the stack we were told to. It was a new bent and long timothy. We loaded and loaded and loaded, then headed home. As we passed Twichels' house, Doyel went in to call his Dad's attention to that load. Phil said if they can haul that bent in four loads it was four loads and that was it. When Dad saw the load, he said you boys should be

ashamed of yourselves but he never said don't do it again, so we did it a second time. Then we waited till Twichels fed the bottom of that bent as we had taken half of it. When it was gone, we took the top half of the next bent in two loads. Phil got a good horse.

From Herding Sheep to Breaking Horses

The fall of 1944, we left the sheep and moved into the house on LaBarge Livestock's lower ranch on the Green River. The house was dirt roofed and had a dining room, kitchen, and two bedrooms. One bedroom was used mostly to keep extra supplies for the sheep camps. There was a bunkhouse there. Right off, I started breaking horses. I tied four broncs up to break them to lead. Three of these horses I would break to work and one to ride and a fifth horse was already broke to lead and pack, but he was big. He was draft stock, but he was plain mean. He would strike you in a second. I never wanted to fool with him, he was dangerous and half spoiled, but Tom wanted him broke to go out on a camp. I told Tom I would work him for a month, then that was it because I felt then he would be all right till something would set him off and I would have my guard down and he would get me. Tom showed me the bronc horse I was to use. She was a one-eyed mare, 27 years old and small. I knew right then that would be changed. When they were all leading and ready for the wagon, I went to see Bruce Whitman. They were living in LaBarge at the time and he wasn't working. We were at the height of fun then. We gathered all the horses from the pasture, about 135 head, and we picked a new bronc horse. It was an 8-year-old mare they had broke the year before and she hadn't been worked a lot. This mare was sorrel with a wide bald face and four white feet, well built. Mrs. Jim Chrisman said, "A horse with one white foot, buy him; one with two white feet, try him; one with three white feet, deny him; one with four white feet and a white nose, take off his hide and feed him to the crows." Anyway, the spoiled horse would be the first to drive. We never drove the bronc mare first to prepare her a little. We just harnessed them both, took them out and tied them to the corral fence and hooked up when all was ready. One of us in the wagon, the other untied them and hung the ropes on the hames and got in the wagon, too. With a little coaxing, we got them turned away from the fence and that wagon made a little noise. That bronc downed his head and left there bucking and running. This spooked the bronc mare and she took wings to fly and that bronc got the message and there wasn't a bit of control. We

were out in the meadow in nothing flat and a tour of the ranch began, ditches and all. In a short time, they ran out of puff and everything was still together and we drove them till they were tired. We came in and unhitched the bronc and brought out the next one. Same deal. When he threw his fit, the bronc mare took off again, but in short order her nerves calmed down. That drive over, we took the bronc to the barn and hitched up the next one. That time out, our bronc mare couldn't see anything exciting about it. That drive over, we hitched the fourth one with her. This time, she more or less set her brakes and from there on, she was a dandy bronc mare. After a couple days, I had it all to myself. Bruce went on to another job. After about a month, I turned the first four loose and started four new ones by myself. They took the striking horse out to a camp. He never struck again and turned into a good camp horse.

The year before we were married, I took a nice big gentle bronc out on the desert and started him on the commissary wagon and worked him on it everyday and he turned into a dandy horse. The next fall when they were just out of the mountains with the sheep and the camp tender put away their pack outfits and supplied the sheep camps and got their teams to go onto the desert, Babe Probasco got the horse I had started on the desert and he balked that horse right there in the yard. Babe pulled that so quick and stupid, I couldn't believe it. He got to jerking that team around and hammering on them and the other horse was young, too, and that was it. I learned right there what was meant when some old horsemen spoke of balky drivers. That young team wound up going to the canning factory.

This reminds me of one winter before this. Jack Marx had a middle-aged work horse that had been a good horse and someone had balked him. His name was Smokey. Tom Facinelli had a nice big gentle work mare that was honest, but they never sent mares out on the camp. Wayne Marx came to me and asked if his dad traded Smokey for that mare, would I take him on the camp that winter and not let anybody know he would balk. I said sure I would take him, so they traded. Tom was plumb in the dark. I had a good honest horse by the name of Dave. He could and would pull for four horses. Everytime I moved camp, I'd be careful how I started them and after they would warm up, I'd wrap Smokey over the rear end with a pair of hobbles a couple times and speak firm to him. He got the message right away. We always pulled two wagons together, the camp and the commissary trailing. We got along fine and Smokey held his end on every pull. Some hills we climbed and washes we crossed took

everything they had.

The middle of January they came and set up the canvas corral and cut out the wool blinds and we were ready to start shearing the wool from around their eyes, so they could see again. It began to snow and it settled in till it looked like we might get a lot of snow.

Silvio and Bill Mau said we better turn their sheep loose, load this corral on those trucks, and head for the ranch before we got snowed in. So that was what they went to doing. Silvio came to me and said, "You go get the camp team. I can't get my truck started, and you give me a pull." The team was a couple miles from camp so I went after them thinking I better not make a bobble a cold horse that would give up so quick on a cold heavy truck, a dead pull from the start. I ran the horses to camp with the hobbles on and they were warm when I harnessed them. I hooked to that truck and swung them as they pulled. That truck began to roll and I held a tight line swinging them back till it was rolling, ready to let the clutch out. That team hung right in there and in a bit, the truck started. Silvio got out as the truck was idling and I was unhooking. He said, "You've got a wonderful team there. I wish we had more like them."

The next fall, another camp tender let Smokey balk in the yard when they were ready to leave the ranch and there was another battle. No one would take Smokey after that so he went to the canning factory. I might be bragging a bit, but when I worked for LaBarge Livestock, I had the reputation of being the best all around camp tender. I could even bake a cake. I was always promoted to cook when someone had to cook for extras. Tom told me to always boil the dishes when I washed them. Some of those fellows could be carrying germs. Dirty Jack Leady and Indian Joe and a few more was something else. On the other hand, Lee Booth, the Romero brothers and Dick Thompson were very clean. Their dish towels were always white. Wayne Marx was a good cook and clean and a good teamster, but put very little straight time pulling camp. He usually drove truck and helped the foreman. One time cook --- running camp --- I went to another camp. I left a stew and I asked Wayne if he liked garlic in stew and he said yes. "Well, I said, "I put a little garlic in that stew." The next time I saw Wayne he said, "Did you say a little garlic?"

When they got the canvas corral loaded and was ready to head for the ranch Silvio told us, "If this storm puts down a lot of snow where the sheep need feed, you boys start moving to the ranch to the hay." When the storm quit, you couldn't see a sagebrush anywhere, so we

began pulling the camp and trailing the sheep to the ranch. Wayne showed up horseback riding Badger to be sure none of the herds had any problems. One of the camptender's saddle horses got away with the saddle on and got in with a bunch of wild horses. When the fellow told Wayne, Wayne said, "That's all right, I'll just rope him. You fellows are doing fine. Just keep on your way and I'll catch Tony for you."

Wayne got as close to the wild bunch as he could, keeping out of sight, but when he came in sight, they took off. Wayne turned them towards the river and they were drifting right along, Tony right with them. They ran west along the north side of Steed Canyon for quite a ways, then they broke off into the canyon and across the bottom, then turned back towards the desert. Wayne opened Badger to full throttle with the idea of Tony falling behind and he would rope him. There was a wide, deep wash in the bottom of that canyon and everything was white. Those mustangs seemed to float across that wash, Tony and all. When Wayne and Badger got there, there was a big puff of snow and Wayne and Badger were gathering themselves up in the bottom of the wash. That project ended right there. In April when we went back to the desert, we spotted Tony with the wild bunch and still had the saddle on. On that run, Badger caught Tony pretty quick. Those oats were long gone and so was the saddle blanket.

This reminds me of one spring I rode horseback to where they were working sheep to get a dozen eggs and a few potatoes. On my way back to camp with the eggs wrapped in a sack hanging from the saddle horn and tied down with a saddle string and the potatoes in a sack tied evenly behind the cantle, I came upon a young desert stud. This stud was feeding in the bottom of a draw and he was stiff and chewed up--an older stud had run him off. He was a pretty good looking horse. I was riding a pretty good horse and had a soft twist rope on the saddle and a pair of hobbles. When I saw the condition of this stud, he was going to be mine. At first my saddle horse was right on his rear and I was throwing that soft loop all over him. I never could handle a rope and I really never had a rope to handle, but I thought I'd snare him pretty quick. On we went, faster and faster. Pretty soon the eggs came untied and the sack flew over my shoulder and broken eggs were leaking out of that sack and I was a mess, but I got rid of them and kept trying to get the rope on the stud. Then the taters came loose on one side, so I got rid of them. By that time, my saddle horse was losing ground and that stud was gaining and as I looked around, I became aware that I was going through the center of a herd of sheep and I saw

the sheepherder waving his arms. Goodbye, pony. I headed back where I came from. I never wanted to meet the sheepherder, but I did want those potatoes and I found them, but the eggs were history. When I got to camp, I had to tell my partner (he was an older man) and he thought it was crazy and he was right.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

BITS AND PIECES

Once Vince Guyette and a friend were going over old times. Vince made the remark, "It was the year I dug the channel for the Green River." "No," the friend said, "it was the year before, when I cleared the brush off."

One time, visiting at Clayte Stacy's, Clayte said, "Me and Mom and the little girl was up all alone tending to our own business and so and so down there was rolling his big red eyes around like a bullfrog in a hailstorm."

Uncle Dominic said when he was a Russian prisoner, all they got to eat was soup. They had it in large kettles and each man had a spoon and as many could get around the kettle ate out of it and there was never enough.

Tom Ming ran the restaurant in the old rock hotel. I heard him and Oliver Twichell laughing one time, telling about days gone by. Marion was just a big kid but when he was in town, he would gather his friends and treat them to a meal and tell Tom to charge it to his dad, which he would do and when Oliver was in town, he would check in and pay up.

One time Russian Pete had gotten an unbroken horse from somebody. Uncle asked, "Pete, are you going to break him?" Pete said, "I size up if I no see fit to set on it I'll take it to Bill Stacy."

When I quit breaking horses for La Barge Livestock, they hired Claude Long. Tom Facinelli came along in his pickup one evening as Claude went to lead a green colt over the end of a set of bars. The colt was giving him a few problems and Claude got mad right now and began mistreating the colt and Tom started to interfere. Claude grabbed a short rope, cinched it around the colt's neck, tied it solid, and choked him to death right there. Tom cleared out, fearing he might be next.

When anyone had a job he wanted Frank Guice, the blacksmith, to do, the best way to approach him was to ask Frank, "Do you think you can do this?" Frank would say, "If I can't do it take it to the baker." No problem if you left it at that, but if you said, "I want it this way or that..." he would say, "Who is doing it, me or you?" and you'd better get the message right then. One time Joe Profazier handed Frank a bridle bit and said, "Frank, I don't think you can

fix this." Frank took it and threw it down over the hill. Joe asked, "Why did you do that?" Frank said, "You said I couldn't fix it, so why waste time?"

This is an old story I heard as a kid. It happened long before my time and I don't remember who it was, but two fellows butchered a beef about dark out in the willows on upper La Barge on probably McIlvains. Then they went into a neighbor's barn after dark and took the saddle horse that was there to transport the beef home. They got half the beef loaded, going to make two trips, and the horse got spooked and got away from them. They spent all night trying to find him. They found him about daylight and took the meat off and had the horse home before anyone saw them. They had to finish the project the next night. "Boy," they said, "we're sure glad we found that horse." It wouldn't look good for the owner if they hadn't.

Baling wire was quite handy for the old timers to use for mending all sorts of things. Two freighters, one was Mun Vickery, the other was Alexander, called it "freighter's companion," the other called it "man's friend."



Standing

- 1. Zia Maria Cologna .2 Bazilio Marchetti . 3 Viola Marchetti
(Mamma's sister) (Joe Marchetti's father)
- 4. Francelin Marchetti 5. Teresa Marchetti Genetti
(Mary Marchetti's father) (Dominick's Mother.)
- 6. Katina Marchetti Yori
Camilla's mother + Cousin to Viola + Teresa
- 7. Dolorata Marchetti-Corazza

Seated

- Stefan Marchetti Luigi Marchetti Frank Marchetti
(Our Grandfather) (Dominick's grand- (Grandfather of
father. died 1908) Joe Marchetti
died 1903 or '04)

* Little girl is Fiorenta Ferrari

Stephano Marchetti

Married

Daughters were Maria Marchetti - Cologna
" " Angela Marchetti - Menghini

Maria's children were Fred, Max, Joe,
Drafino + Anna who married a Battisti
Angela who married Pete Menghini children
were Mary, Lina, Leno, Emmitt + Renaldo

Louis or Luigi Marchetti Brother to Stephano

Children were Teresa Marchetti married Angelo
Benetti whose children were Frank, Dominic
Rocco, Joe, Anna, Dominica, Maria,
Annunziata. These are my great grandfather grandmother
and aunts + uncles.

Teresa's Sister + Brother were (now this is according
to what ~~A~~ Pierina Cologna told me.)

Viola who never married Angelo not married
Giuseppe married but mentioned no children
Dolorata who married Frank Corazza they
had a daughter who died about age 9.

Rosa who married Angeli whose children were Emma, Lizzie & Joe and a son that was killed in Kemmerer by a run away team.

Francelin Marchetti (3rd brother)

One son Basilio Marchetti and he had a son Joe Marchetti

I don't know where Freddie, Joe Marchetti's wife Mary or Macrandi's wife fit in the picture. Maybe some of you know more of this family than I do. This page I just added in the books the family got and if any one wants more of these books I can have them made up as I have the master copy. I never went through a publisher, I did it step by step like a blind dog in a meat house. I enjoyed it.

Herman