Description of Rung Cabin, transcribed from notes of 7/13/77:

Clap-board sided, over broad rough boards standing upright; interior of slightly staggered 2' long boards, abt 6" wide. Outside boards now deep brown with age; many worn away, or pockèd with insect holes.

Cabin ceiling a short arms length over my head. Tiny cook stove is just over knee high. Two built-in stands, one near door to hold water bucket and wash basin, one to serve as kitchen work shelf. 4 small windows, on opposite walls.

Cabin stands on small knoll, or knob above grassy shelf about 200 yds long, along S. Fork. Sound of S. Fork burbling past. Partly-forested hills all around; currant bushes with bright orange berries nearby, also taller chokecherry bushes with green clumps of berries. Mtns or high ridges can be seen in all directions.

continued
Bridger Mountain country, near the Rung Cabin: it is rifleshot country, so up and down a bullet is all that can travel direct.
Rung Cabin diagram

Charlie Run Cabin - 5x7 paces

→ N

Cupboard

Bed

Cooking stove

Bunk bed

Table

Sketched 7-13-77

Door

Said up window
Cabin sits north to south, door at north end. Behind it, sharp bank down to creek, with yellow shaley rock. Small spring creek to south used for drinking water.

East of cabin, collapsed remains of barn which H says could hold 4 horses.

No sage in the area--but rattlesnake country. S. Fork comes down brush-tangled gulch.

Hatfield Mtn. rises to east of cabin, broad grassy and timberlined slope.
Rung Cabin description, p. 3--

--on way out from cabin, H showed us collapsed remains of the White Shed, where Dad helped lamb that year; it is on Mule Creek, where Stanton Gulch comes down from Painted Canyon high on the mountain. H said lambing always started about May 10. Then shearing began about July 4. My memory is that Dad stayed on through shearing--evidenced by his hatred of shearer Frank Barnes for remark that Dad should shrug off a little thing like my mother's death--and that then we moved on to Argus's.

H said lupine is deadly to sheep when peas form in October; death camus is deadly in spring, when in bloom.
Notes on Rung Cabin, from Horace Morgan, 7/13/77--

H's dad Frank bought the land and cabin from Charlie Rung; H didn't know whether Rung had homesteaded, or bought from homesteader. Rung did batch there year round--must have been hellish winters. Carried water from seep into Sixteen Creek, abt 50 yds south of cabin. H said Rung had a cache hole on timbered slope west of cabin, where he kept the wine he made and the venison he poached. H showed us a small pile of lumber, said Rung had brought it in to build a house, never got around to it; Morgans used some of it, the rest has been there probably 40 yrs or more. Must have been wagoned in, a helluva trip.

H said the S. Fork area once was full of homesteads; cabins and remains still show up as he drove us around.
Hatfield Mtn. like a half-mile high apartment bldg facing the Sixteen country?

On cabin climb we were @0.5 mile mark in elevation.
barn at the Rung place: blessed relief, it means we didn't have to picket 4 horses.
Very soon the Jack dog appeared at the edge of the clearing in a fast slink, circling in belly to the ground, homing in on Berneta as a gunless bet.

My father regarded the dog thoughtfully, then reached down to join in petting it. "We'll just give Mr. Prince Al a day of handling those sheep without a dog. See if that slows him up on the shooting."
wife in sheep camp who manages to stay well-groomed

(Florence Coslet letter; her memory of my mother)
The English Creek ranger station isn't built straight with the world.

--when Jick learns Stanley was the one who built it, he asks why it wasn't built straight with the world. Stanley tells him, because he wanted the view of...
insert into ch. 5 some reference to the Morgans' camptender Willie, to match the scene in Sky. A deal within the sheep deal, the Morgans would camptend us (to start with) if Dad would fix up the horse pasture etc.
"Daddy, the outh is logs!"

"That's a new one on me," he has to admit. So rambunctiously overbuilt is the log outhouse that it's more like a blockhouse, ponderous and forbidding.
changed in Aug. '92 revise
The saleswoman wants to know what else she can help us with. My father tells her the spree is over, how much are the damages? She adds up the tripling figure as if it was a battle, pair of gifts, he flips his checkbook out and writes the necessary. (In sloppering those days, unless you were a slavering maniac, stores took your check without question.) Away, rich in gifts, we go again.