From Missouri to Great Salt Lake: an account of overland freighting - Wm. F. Lane, 1972
Freighting from Utah to Mt. (miss. m'per article)
Diary of John E. Latimer
Dec. 34

Memo book, Nov. 1865—her prices of provisions—including cigars, whiskey, and 14 cans of syrup for $80.

(My note: show that the freight wagon Angus & Rob ride is more like **a local supply wagon**, so that it makes sense for them to ride it rather than walk beside as freighters did with ox teams etc.)
detail on teamstering in Lucier interview, in "Fort Peck ferry" file
May 11, 1984

Ivan:

Here is my copy of Clarence Palmer's recollections of his days as a freighter. The ribbon copy, together with a page or two of explanation, went to the Central Washington College Library (now Central Washington University). It was supposed to be bound and placed in the Northwest Collection, but I have never checked to see whether it is there.

As I recall this experiment in 'oral history' came about somewhat as follows. Mr. Palmer's daughter-in-law, a teacher in the Ellensburg Public Schools, took the history of the west course one summer---1938 I would guess. She stopped after class the day I talked about freighting in the west---and had complained that freighters didn't keep diaries or write recollections the way miners and cowboys and many other did---to tell me that her father-in-law had freighted over much of the west and liked to talk about it. Wouldn't I like to meet him...he lived only a few blocks from the campus. Indeed I would. So she arranged a meeting.

I liked what I heard from him. He agreed to talk to a stenographer if I could find one. The director of the NYA at the College assigned a young man whose shorthand was pretty good. As I remember he could work 20 hours a week and got paid 30 or 35 cents an hour. I don't remember the name of the amanuensis, but I do recall that he was not very good. The two of us would go down to Palmer's house in late afternoon---after I had taught my three classes and he probably had attended his three...we were full of energy! The sessions usually lasted an hour and a half or so. Sometimes I asked questions, sometimes Palmer had a few notes to remind himself what he wanted to talk about.

When the notes were transcribed, a rough copy was given to Mr. Palmer. He made corrections, added information, etc. as was needed. Clean copy was then made.

The project went on for three or four months and as you can see from the copy, it wasn't very closely managed...a good interviewer would have gotten much more from Palmer than I did.

In addition to the copy that went to the library, I think Palmer had copies made for his grandchildren.

When you have no further use for this, why not give it to the PNW Collection?

yours

[Signature]
I was born in Connecticut near Norwich. My folks moved to Illinois when I was one year old to a farm about six or seven miles from the town of Assumption. My father was drafted the last year of the Civil War. He was taken prisoner and came near dying from chronic diarrhea. When he returned to Illinois, he moved the family to Wisconsin, where he secured a farm about five miles south of Menomonee, the town where Mr. Stout, one of the firm of Knapp Stout Company, built the large school and donated the school to the State of Wisconsin. Here I lived until I was about twenty-one. My father bought a squatter's right to the land it turned out to be Railroad land and afterwards bought it. My parents both passed away on this farm.

In the spring of 1877 I left Menomonee on the 15th day of April in company with a man named Henry Snively. We went from Menomonee to St. Paul to Minneapolis to Sioux City. From Sioux City up the Missouri River to Yankton. We laid over one day in Yankton. Bought a few supplies and took the boat on the Missouri River and went up the river to Fort Pierre. They would pull in about dusk to some landing where they could take on wood. The squaw men along the river (mostly French) would cut wood for the boats. They would tie up to a tree for the night and load wood and stay over until morning. For six nights in succession we were tied up to a tree. In one place where the river made a big bend the captain said that anyone who wanted to could cut across and catch the boat on the other side. This area was settled by squaw men. We stopped at several of these cabins. We caught the boat on the other side and went on. The boat contained lots of freight, supplies, and groceries. It was pretty well loaded with passengers. There were about fifty or sixty men passengers and no women. (Supplies carried by boat included—flour, bacon, dried apples, dried peaches, baking powder, coffee, salt.)
One night when we camped all night tied up to a tree, we laid our blankets on the floor and slept there. In the morning a negro mate came in and hollered, "Get out, or I'll carry your heads with a stick."

On the boat we cooked our own food. We cooked a little bacon, boiled some coffee, and had a few crackers. Also had dried blackberries and apples. The stove was continually busy so did not cook very much.

At Fort Pierre we struck a freight outfit headed by a man named Carl Mann who owned the saloon and was playing cards with Wild Bill Hickok when he was killed. Mr. Mann hauled our stuff by the pound across the plain to Deadwood, South Dakota. It took us 18 days to get across. He charged eight or ten cents a pound. We had about 300 pounds of supplies. There were several or perhaps ten or fifteen 2-and 4-mule teams and wagons besides Mr. Mann's outfit. On the way over we slept in a tent. There were not any big freight outfits on the road from Pierre to Deadwood, but from Sidney, Nebraska, and Cheyenne, Wyoming, big outfits went out. Carl Mann only had three six-mule teams. About sixty or eighty men were with us on the trip from Pierre and all of them walked. We passed through Rapid City on the way to Deadwood. In Deadwood, North Dakota, in the Black Hills on the Fourth of July, 1877, three ladies sang the national anthem out in front of a two-story frame hotel on the balcony. They were Miss Martel, who sang on the stage, and Calamity Jane, and Moll Tibbitts. The streets were crowded to hear them sing. After Rapid City we went through Crook City. Rapid City at that time only had about three or four log houses in the town and one of those was a blockhouse. Probably about three hundred people there and lot of those lived in tents. Crook City had about the same number of people as Rapid City.

On the way from Pierre to Rapid City we had met groups of people coming back. They had got discouraged at Deadwood, and, unable to find work, they
were on the road home. Their shoes and clothes were worn and many of them look pretty blue, and they advised us not to go on. One of these groups contained about two hundred people, all men.

We went there expecting work and neither of us had very much money. While we were in Deadwood, there was one family, two men and a woman, fool-hardy enough to start back for Fort Pierre alone with a yoke of oxen and a wagon. Between Crook City and Rapid City the Indians killed them and mutilated all three of them. They were from all reports mutilated too badly to mention.

We landed in Deadwood and went up a creek about one-quarter of a mile where there was a little sawmill and made camp there. I got a job at the sawmill for a while and took sick with mountain fever. There was good sale for charcoal here for blacksmiths. My partner thought he understood the making of charcoal so we cut wood and made charcoal and sold it and got some money. When I had this mountain fever, some old prospector told us to boil sagebrush tea as that would cure one quicker than anything. I laid there for about a week using this sagebrush tea and got well.

One morning along in the latter part of June my partner went to town in the morning and came back in a little while and told me that there was a big freight jam in the streets of Deadwood, and he wanted me to come down and see it. We went down and the jam was at least a mile long and the teams couldn't get out either way—backwards or forwards. There was only one street in the town and the teams came in from Pierre and Bismark and Sidney on one side of the gulch and from Cheyenne on the other. Teams from Bismark and Fort Pier on the northeast end of the gulch and from Sidney on the southeast end just across the gulch and from Cheyenne on the lower end of the gulch. I would think the southwest end.
There were teams of all descriptions. Eight-mule outfits with two wagons to each eight-mule team, oxen trains called Wicher's trains. Eight eight-mule teams, two wagons to each eight mules, was called a mule train. This was sixty-four mules to the mule train. There were eight drivers and a wagon boss and a cook and in the summertime they had a night herder. In the winter they fed their mules hay hauled mostly on their wagons. Some places they bought their hay from a rancher costing four cents per pound at the ranch. The outfit of Mr. Streeter and Small bought 100 tons from two ladies on the Arkansas River one time. There were ten eight-yoke teams of oxen with three wagons to each eight-yoke of oxen. There were more mule teams from Cheyenne than the other places. They would have eight-mule teams in a train of two wagons. There were dozens of little outfits with two horses, four horses, and six horses or mules. The large freighters got together about eight or ten of them and talked it over and there was one large man, raw boned, about six feet two, about sixty years old, with red whiskers tinged with gray. One man in the bunch made a notion to appoint "Dad", he called this big fellow, as captain of the crew. They all voted unanimously and the old man said, "Well, boys, if you want me to, I'll take charge." So they said "We want you to take charge," and one of them said, "Now, Dad, whatever you say is law and we'll back you." This old man had two six-shooters in his belt. They walked with him, and he said, "We might as well start right here," and he started moving the little teams to the sidestreets by hand. This was about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning and it took them till ten the next day to get the jam broken. The teams stayed in the streets all night.

We stayed in Deadwood until the latter part of July and I worked on
a road a few days with a pick and shovel at two dollars a day and did my own cooking—the grub was flapjacks, bacon, syrup, and a few dried apples. I came back to our camp where my partner was just finishing his charcoal and we were feeling pretty blue. He went downtown one morning and came back and said that he met an old man down there with a team and a little wagon who was stranded. He said that if he could get three men at five dollars apiece he would take us out to Cheyenne following a big freight outfit. We found another man to join with us and loaded up and went out with him. We got to a place called Indian Creek or Hat Creek and camped and cooked our supper and this old man had a six shooter on and some way of taking it off let it explode sending a bullet through his calf and on through his heel. We got some old rags and tied him up the best we could and they said the soldiers were camped at Fort Laramie and that there was a doctor there and we should try and get him there to the doctor. So we struck out that evening. It was thirty-five miles. We drove all night. My partner was near-sighted and he couldn’t see the road after dark so I had to do the driving. On the road I would go to sleep once in awhile. My partner would give me a pretty rough shake and wake me up. Finally he gave me an extra rough shake and said, “Darn you, if the Indians were right on top of you, you would go to sleep.”

I managed to stay awake until morning and we got to Fort Laramie just at daylight. The doctor fixed the old man up and did not charge anything and we laid up there that day until the freight outfit came along the next day and we followed them into Cheyenne.

When we got into Cheyenne, we stopped at a big corral and got our washing done by a Chinaman. (The Chinese were already at Deadwood too) He was to have it ready by three o’clock and he brought the washing put
up in folds and took some ammonia and rubbed the ends making it look like it had been washed. After we paid him, I had $1.20 and my partner had $.80. Then we heard a man by the name of D. D. Streeter wanted some men to go out on the railroad and work, and we struck him for a job. I was pretty young, only 21, and I had not traveled much. The man said, "Can you tie up a pair of lines. I don't want to hire you just because you are broke." I was pretty mad. I said, "I'll go out and work for you and if I am not worth my pay after one week, all it'll cost you is my board." He said, "Be here at four in the afternoon." I was there you can be sure.

We went out about fifteen miles about for o'clock P. M. to work on a grade on the Colorado Central Railroad going from Cheyenne to Fort Collins, Colorado, down near Longmont. When we got into camp and unwrapped our clothes, we found they had not been washed and we knew there were some stragglers in them, better known as graybacks, which we had picked up on the road. We were pretty mad but that was all the good it did us. This man Streeter took in a partner named Small, and I worked for them three years and never lost a day's pay. I slept in the wagon and under the wagon, winter and summer. We worked until we got to Fort Collins and then they took a little job near Golden working on a grade near there.

We worked there about three weeks and during that time a severe wind storm came up which blew over three or four wagons and we had a couple of friends one called Big Dick, a man who weighed about 240 pounds, the other a little fellow Jim Banning who weighed about 130 pounds. The wind blew their tent over and Jim came over to the wagon I was sleeping in and said, "Let me come in and sleep with you. The wind blew over our tent and Big Dick rolled the blankets around him, and I am out in the cold." So he crawled in the wagon and slept with my partner and me all night.
When we finished there, the couple partners went down to Colorado Springs and made arrangements to haul freight to Leadville. It was late in the fall. Instead of going through to Leadville that winter we went to the foot of Weston Pass and then unloaded and came back. They took the supplies over the Weston Pass with four-mule teams and sleighs. That was in the winter of 77-78. (Cannot cook beans on Weston Pass because of the altitude. The cooke, Charley Thompson tried it. Boiled em all night)

In the spring of '76 we freighted over the pass with eight-mule outfits. We loaded one thousand pounds of freight to the mule. Our supplies and feed for the mules were extra. This would make eight thousand pounds in two wagons. The wagons were coupled with a trail tongue making them about three feet apart. The spindle next to the shoulder was 4½ inches in diameter and point of the spindle would about 3½ inches in diameter on the lead wagon. The trail wagon would be about 3½ and 2¾. The tire on the 4½ wagon was about 4 inches wide. The floor of the wagon was flat and we used endgates. They were Peter Shutler wagons and were made to order in Chicago. They also used quite a number of Bain wagons. The heights of the bed on the lead wagon was approximately six feet. To drive you would ride your left hand wheeler and would have a jerk line. The jockey stick connected the names of the line mule to the bridle of the off-leader. The team next to the wagon were called the wheeler, and the next team the pointers, the next team were called the swing team, and the next the leaders. From your saddle you would operate the brakes for both wagons with a strap to each brake staff.

The rod which connected the wagon to the trail wagon is called a coupling rod. The rod from front axle to where the mules were hitched is called the tongue rod or crotch rod. From the tongue rod there was a
fifth chain up to the leader. For each span of mules there was a stretcher to hook onto. They would fix up eight 8-mule teams, two wagons to each eight mules, sixty-four mules made a mule freight train. There was one man for each eight mules who was called a mule skinner. There was also a wagon boss and a cook. In the summertime they would also have a night herder.

The man who ran the station at Weston Pass was named Nate Rich. He married a Shields girl. The old folks Shields had some mule teams and this fellow drove for his board to come West. There was a man along with the emigrant train from Omaha who had fifty dollars. He wanted to play poker all the time. There was a young man with Mr. and Mrs. Shields driving one team for his board by the name of John Binkley. He was sweet on one of the Shields girls. He was only eighteen years old. He told Mrs. Shields who said she only had thirty dollars that if she would let him have that thirty dollars he would win that fellow’s fifty dollars. She went ahead and cooked the supper in a Dutch oven and kept thinking the proposal over. After supper she said, "If you think you can win, I’ll give you the thirty." They spread blankets in the tent to play on. Their only light was a saucer with a wick laid in the bottom. This light was called a bitch. This old-lady Mrs. Shields, spread a blanket close by and watched them play. Just about daylight John won the fifty dollars. When he got into Denver, he was eighteen and the girl was seventeen and so they got married. He did not have anything to speak of. Later Binkley had a big cattle ranch in Colorado. Jim McGee married on the Shields girls also and was later quite well fixed. When Binkley came in there, he had never seen a railroad. He had always moved ahead of them.

In the spring we freighted over Weston Pass until fall came again
The next winter we went around by Trout Creek and up the Arkansas river near Buena Vista. On the Arkansas river we went through Granite, and old mining town, on the way to Leadville. That was the winter of '78-'79. We unloaded freight in a store owned by "Silver Dollar" Tabor. His store was approximately eighteen feet wide in front and eighteen or twenty feet long. In the back was another room about fifteen by twelve where he kept his fifty gallon barrels of whiskey. He had groceries, sugar, coffee, tea, dried apples, prunes, men's clothing—gum boots and overalls—, etc. We unloaded goods at his store and a barrel or two of whisky each trip. When we got unloaded, the old man would say, "Now boys there's a barrel there and a tin cup, drink all you want, but don't get full." We got acquainted with old man Tabor so he knew us whenever he would see us. Tabor had a mine close by and Chicken Bill had a prospect hole. He stole some ore one night and salted his mine and Tabor finally bought the mine and after he bought it for $900 he found out that it had been salted, but after going down deeper, he struck it rich.

When we first went to Leadville there was a man by the name of Smith who had worked for the outfit earlier. When we went in, we had trouble to pull out to camp for dinner on account of the stumps. We camped for dinner and Smith came along, too, and had dinner with us. He knew I had a little money. He said, "Clarence, you ought to buy a lot here while they're cheap. They are going to be worth a lot more." I paid very little attention and said that there were too many stumps on it. Before snow flew that next fall, there was a brick two-story hotel called the Clarendon right near there.

The town was built up of rough board buildings mostly. Not any buildings were made with dressed lumber. There was a theater built there that summer.
called Mc Daniels theater. It was a wild and wooly place. In the spring of '79 the firm I was working for, Streeter and Small, took a contract on the South Park railroad in South Park from Naoshia (sp) to Trout Creek. We finished that up along the later part of August. Then they took a contract on the Santa Fe railroad from near Los Vegas down to Albuquerque in the neighborhood of fifty miles. I went down there with the outfit. I worked there all winter till we got near Albuquerque. I hauled supplies on the road most of the winter with a six mule team. In the spring I bought six mules from the firm and started towards Leadville. I gave nine hundred dollars for the mules. I got up near a town called (Canus, Canejos). I went to work there on the Denver-Rio Grande railroad for a man by the name of Benning. I worked down to Caliente Springs and sold my mules to P. F. Rinehart for eight hundred dollars. Then I came up to Buena Vista and I met a man named Jim McGee. He was starting a forwarding and commission house at Salida. I met him at Buena Vista and he says, "Clarence, How would you like to go down to Salida and sell hay and grain for me? I am going to start a commission house down there, and I will need someone to do this for me." He said, "Get your war sack, and a certain man is going to drive down there, and you can go with him."

There was no platform built at Salida yet. He came down then next day and said, "We'll build a platform here. I will get a jack leg carpenter, and you can help him build the platform." He got two men and myself, and we built the platform in a couple of days. He shipped in three or four carloads of hay and grain, and I had it piled up and was selling it pretty fast as I knew all the freighters coming in. I was only there a couple or three weeks when he came in one night and said, "Clarence, where do you sleep?" I said, "Under that cottonwood tree over there."
He said, "Well, I've got to sleep with you tonight." So we went over there and went to bed. About twelve o'clock a passenger train came in, and McGee and I were asleep under the tree. A man came along and said, "Roll over here, I am going to sleep with you tonight." I knew him by his voice, and I said, "Where did you come from Dick?" He said that he had come from Charmour. He weighed about two hundred and forty pounds. By that time McGee had awakened, and he recognized him and said, "Hello, Dick." McGee had two eight mule team trains. Big Dick Rinehart had come up to buy McGee's two wagon trains to freight for the Denver and Rio Grande Rail Road at Charmour. He made a deal with McGee to buy his two mule trains for twenty-two thousand dollars. The feed of the mules for such a large outfit was very high—about seventy-five cents a day per mule was the feed cost. At the terminus where they loaded their freight they would have a cayyard where they would keep extra mules in a feed lot to have them ready in case some came in weak or crippled. The drivers of the mule teams were paid forty dollars a month and board and room. Your room was on the wagon or under the wagon. Before I came West, I worked for a farmer in Wisconsin for twenty-six dollars a month for eight months and at twenty dollars for four months. I had to agree to work on a certain harvester.

The contract for the whole deal between McGee and Big Dick was only verbal. He says, "Jim, what'll you take for your eight 8-mule trains?" Min said, "Twenty-three or four thousand dollars." Big Dick said, "I'll give you twenty-two thousand dollars for your entire outfit." In a few minutes they closed the deal right there. McGee said his mules were mostly in then or would be coming in very soon and that Big Dick could take charge just as soon as they came in. One of the 8-mule teams some way got separated from the rest and came in two or three days later. Jim was
supposed to send them down to Cansus, New Mexico. So when they had come in, Jim says, "Clarence, you will have to take that team down to Dick. There wasn't anyone who came along that I could get except a fellow with burnside whiskers. I never did know anyone yet with burnside whiskers but who was a crook and so you'll have to take them down." So I did. It took me four days to go down, and I came back on the train.

There was cattle outfit called Hutch and Tucker, and at this time Tucker was Sheriff at Leadville, and they had a large cattle outfit which ranged all over South Park and down towards Denver. There came a hard winter which killed a large number of their cattle, and Mr. McGee bought the remnants of what was left. They would have a man to tally the cattle as they rounded up. McGee says, "I have a man you can rely on. Maybe he'll go." He asked me if I would go. I wanted to ride that range a little anyway so I said I would go. We struck out and rode practically two hundred miles square over Cripple Creek and South Park down near Canyon City up to Twin Lakes near Leadville over to Golden and finished a little after Christmas. Then we went to Salida and settled with Mr. Hutch. (was on the range about seven months). I got on the train and went to Leadville. I bought an ore team and wagon from Mr. McGee. I gave $650 for them with the understanding that I could have steady hauling from a mine called the Iron mine. The Iron mine caught fire down in the shaft and was on fire all winter. I had a hard struggle to make a living that winter hauling from other mines as I could get a load or two once in a while. We would haul four or five tons at a load as it was all down grade and would shovel the ore off by hand to the smelter or condenser. All the hauling was done by small outfits. No one had more than three teams. When I worked I made from six to ten dollars a day. I worked there until about the middle of
March, and I traded my team for a horse and got $550 to boot. Ore hauling was getting scarce on account of the fire in the Iron mine, and it was very hard work and working hard and riding in the cold caused a person to catch cold all the time and pneumonia was very prevalent. As I had been down to New Mexico and knew there was lots of railroad construction work going on, I felt I could get work down there. I traded the horse for a little span of mules and harness and gave $250 to boot. A friend of mine and myself put out blankets on those mules and got on them bareback and started for New Mexico. The first night we overtook a friend of mine with an 8-mule team, and he said, "Throw your blankets in the wagon and get in and ride down with me to Allamosa." When we got there, I met two other men I was acquainted with and bought a little wagon and we were all going down to a place called Glorieta in New Mexico. We were going to pull out the next morning. The train came along during the afternoon, and a friend of mine was on the train and he wanted me to go with him to Texas and buy some burros for pack animals to sell to prospectors and bring them back to Colorado. I told him I did not have enough money, but he said that he had enough money and that we would go halfers if I would go with him.

So I turned the little mules over to these three men and told them to write me at Hot Springs to let me know where they located. So I got a letter that they located at Glorieta and were shuling ties for Levy and Waulson. In the meantime the water got high in all the rivers and bridges were out in a great many places, and we got cold feet and came back and did not buy any burros.

I started for Glorieta from Hot Springs, Arkansas. I sailed a little high in Hot Springs and got a little short of money. Hot Springs was already a well known resort, and there were people there from all over the world.
I stopped over at Los Vegas. I got in there at daylight in the morning and sitting up all night made me pretty tired and sleepy that morning. I ate my breakfast at a restaurant and went up to a cheap lodging house and got a bed and slept all day. I got up in the evening and walked down to a restaurant and ate supper. I walked down the street to go to the depot and heard some music in a building and I went in. It proved to be quite a large dance hall. Lights in those days were poor and the back end of the room had some benches which were darker than the rest of the room. I went over there and sat down alone listening to the music, watching the girls and men dance. A girl came over and spoke to me, and she was from South Park, Colorado, and she knew a great many men that I did. We talked I guess for about an hour. A man came in with a lantern in his hand. He looked over and saw this girl talking to me, and he came over there. He lifted up his lantern and looked at me and said, "Hello, Clarence, what are you doing here?" I said, "What are you doing here, Smithy?" He said, "I'm an engineer here on the Santa Fe. I run down to Albuquerque from here." Then he said, "Where are you going?" I said, "I'm going to Glorieta." He said, "I'm going right past there, and you can ride down with me." I said, "How soon are you going?" "In about thirty minutes," he replied. I bade the girl goodbye and never saw her again. (Whenever you danced in one of these dance halls, you would go to the bar afterward and buy a cigar or a drink and pay fifty cents for the dance. They danced quadrille sets of three changes, waltzes, and schottishes. The girl would receive chips which she could later cash in.)

Smithy said, "How much money have you got?" I said, "I have a little but not very much." "Well," he remarked, "Buy a pint bottle of whisky,
and I'll land you right at Glorieta sometime in the morning." I bought the whisky and gave it to him. We got into Glorieta just about daylight in the morning. I found out where this tie camp was. The tie camp was about one and one half miles from the station at Glorieta. I bid Smithy goodbye. He had been using the bottle all the way down. I walked to the tie camp and looked in the bunkhouse and saw some of my blankets and some of the boys' blankets so I went into the cookhouse and struck the cook for breakfast, but he would not give me any breakfast. I walked back to the station and got breakfast at a restaurant there. When I paid for my breakfast, I had $3.20 left. I walked back to the camp, and went in the bunkhouse, crawled into my blankets, and slept there all day. In the evening the boys came in. They were hauling ties with 6-mule teams and had about ten teams. They were hauling down off a mountain called Glorieta mountain. When they saw me, about four or five of the group with whom I was well acquainted asked me if I had had anything to eat, and I told them of my experience in the morning. They said, "Well, we'll see that you have supper. Come on in." So I went in and we had supper, and the boss saw me there, but he did not say anything. After supper I told the boys I would like to get a job. They said, "We'll speak to the boss." And they did, and the boss said, "Why that fellow can't drive mules, can he?" They said, "He'll drive them don't worry." "Well," he remarked, "there's a 6-mule team out there and tell him to go at it in the morning." So they did and in the morning I hitched up, and we went out. We went in two's, two 7's together. We went up on top of quite a large mountain and the boss started with this other man and me, watching us pretty closely, and we loaded up and started out. Coming out among the trees to get out on the road was quite a nice little job of mule skinning. I was in the lead,
and when we got out there on the road, the old man rode off; and when he met the boys who recommended me, he said, "That feller's all right." and he never watched me any more.

On one of the trips over Weston Pass Adam McCay was the wagon boss. We met this man Bloodworth, and he stopped and told the wagon boss that he had killed the sheriff at Leadville the evening before whose name was O'Connor. Bloodworth had been deputy sheriff and O'Connor and him had a falling out and O'Connor discharged him. In the evening Bloodworth saddled up his horse and put on some lunch and went to the dancehall and killed O'Connor. He went down the Arkansas river and there was a man who had a ranch where the road turned to go over the Weston Pass who had a saddle that Bloodworth liked very much. He got there before daylight.

He went in the cabin and the man was in bed. He said, "John, I have got to ride out and I want to trade saddles with you." John said, "I don't want to dispose of my saddle." Bloodworth said, "I am going to have the saddle," and he threw a twenty dollar gold piece on the fellow's bed. The fellow knew Bloodworth's disposition pretty well and said, "If you are bound to have it, take it." That settled the argument. When Bloodworth went to the Gardner Brothers' cow camp, he slept with one of the brothers that night. They said he was a nice pleasant fellow. Then he went on down to the panhandle of Texas and wrote back and told them where he was and that if they wanted him to come and get him, but I never heard of their going after him. The next party we met was a Marshall of Leadville by the name of Mart Dugan and another man with him in a buggy. They asked the wagon boss if he had met such a man. He told them he had met him a couple of hours before. He says, "Was he armed?" McCay answered, "Yes, he had a needle gun and a pack of cartridges." Dugan said, "Oh, Jaisus, a needle gun and a pack of cartridges!" Instead of going down
towards Canyon City he turned to the left and went to a little town called Golden anyone would have known that he (Bloodsworth) had never gone that way.

Trip to Santa Fe.—At one time I was hauling supplies from the terminus of the Santa Fe track to camp for Streeter and Small. There was another man with me, and we had two-6-mule teams. On this trip the man who was with me, and myself had a little disagreement. When we pulled into camp and unloaded, one of the proprietors, Mr. Small, came to me and said, "Clarence, I want you to go to Santa Fe tomorrow and get a load of supplies and in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars in silver for change." I told him that I did not like to do that. He said, "Why?" "Well," I replied "if that was inked out at all, they would take that away from me in five minutes and maybe kill me and you might think that I stood in." He said, "Pshaw, you go and get that and if they start to hold you up, just give it to them." He continued, "you go on the old Government trail. It will save you one day with an empty wagon, but coming back you will have to go around by Galestic Creek." This was on Saturday. I made the trip through Empty past the noted Indian town called "Pueblo," where the buildings were all adobe and there were no windows or doors, but they used ladders. I would judge there were about two hundred Indians. They farmed a little, raised some of what they called "Flint Corn." The trip through to Santa Fe took one day. The next day was Sunday. I took my order over to Spiegelberg Brothers and found they were closed on Sunday. I had to lay over that day. They had a general store in front and their bank was in the rear end of the store. There was a man came to me in his shirt sleeves who had a red flannel shirt on and wanted to know what camp I was hauling for. I told him. He wanted to know if I thought he could get work. I told him yes. He wanted to know if he could go out with me. I told him yes. So I hitched
up in the morning and drove around in front of the Spiegelbergs store and left him there to watch the mules. I told him they might twist around and break the tongue off. I went back and presented my order to the bank and it was near the alley and there was a window facing the alley. I looked out in the window and saw this man looking through the window. A chill went from my feet up to my ears. But I went around in front and told him, "Now if you don't watch these mules, I will have to get somebody who will because I don't want this tongue broken off leaving me here broken down." So he stayed there. I went back to the bank. The camp was using a great many wheel scrapers and used a lot of axle grease. There were several cases of axle grease ordered and I told them to take out some boxes out of the different cases and put this money in cigar boxes or something similar and put it in these axle grease cases and nail it up, which they did. I took those cases and put them down in the bottom of the wagon bed and got the groceries and piled them on top. Having had to lay over on Sunday made me one day late to meet my partner at the camp and because we were not very friendly I thought he might tell the firm that I was drunk or something and I made up my mind I would take this cut-off back and save that one day. It was a narrow government road and very hard to drive over with a load of six mule team and two wagons. If I went over the cliff and did not get killed, I just figured I would keep on going and let the outfit go. But being a little down grade, I had no trouble making the turns with my wheelers and made the trip all right. I had to camp all night on the road and this man had a little roll of blankets and I did not see any arms on him or anything. We cooked our supper and I made him sleep in the trail wagon. I told him if he got up in the night to be sure and call me because I got pretty nervous sometimes and did not know what I might do. He said he would. I went to bed in the head wagon and I did not sleep good that
night although he never made any moves of any kind. I left him at camp and he got a job and I never saw him afterwards.

The first time we moved camp after we went to work on the railroad out from Cheyenne there was a man, Big Dick Rinehart, who could not get along with the boss on the railroad very well so they put him to hauling supplies with a six mule team of Spanish mules. He had a wide brimmed straw hat as it was pretty hot. The two lead teams pulled in and unloaded the camp outfit threwed over a small pile of wood close to where the cook tent was to be, and an ax with the wood. The negro cook, Nigger Jim and his partner had got some whisky some place and had just drunk enough to be ugly. Mr. Small toled the cook to get some lunch and that we wanted to put up the camp. Nigger Jim said that any one who wanted something to eat would cook it themselves and that he wouldn't cook it. Big Dick stopped his team just opposite and heard what the negro said. He jumped off his mules and ran around to that woodpile and got the axe. "Now," he says, "you get dinnah, and get it right now." Nigger Jim said, "All right Mr. Rinehart, I'll do anything you say." Dick replied, "You bet you will." I think it was the only time he was ever called Mr. Rinehart in his life. So things went on peaceably while Big Dick was around.

Food in the camp:

Breakfast:
Fresh beef, sometimes just bacon, beans, molasses, potatoes, dried apples, coffee and sugar.

Dinner:
Had what the cook called Slumbullion, beef, potatoes, onions, and maybe a little piece of bacon or pork in a stew, bread, molasses, beans, dried apple sauce, coffee.

Supper:
Would have bacon instead of beef, potatoes, beans, molasses, dried apple sauce, bread, sometimes when we had a good cook, he would make dried apple pies.
The first load of powder we handled we took in three 8-mile loads of black powder in cans and what they called Giant Powder. I happened to be one of the skinners who had to take this powder. It was going from Colorado Springs to Leadville and going up the Arkansas River was very rocky and I was young and inexperienced with powder and scared to death and holding my brake letting my wagon down easy over a big rock it would go down k-chug in spite of the brakes and I would shut my eyes and imagine I was going to go up in the air, but it did not happen that way. The powder was in cans, and we would put in a row of cans and then hay and then another row of cans. Sometimes they got bigger prices than at other. They made good money as most fellows were soon able to add to their teams. We hauled everything from groceries and small pieces of machinery, whisky, and one time we had four or five trail wagons loaded with apples in barrels. Hauled some furniture but at a premium. The terminus got from Naosha to Leadville, and we loaded there one trip from Naosha to Leadville. Then the outfit that I was with took a contract of about 15 miles from Naosha to the head of Trout Creek. They put the train I was with and a six mile train on that grade. I drove a plow team of six miles until the contract was finished. I bought 4 miles from Mr. Streeter and went down to New Mexico. They had a 50 mile contract there in sections between Los Vegas and Albecue. They gave me a job with my mules at a dollar a day per spand and feed and myself $40 per month. I worked there about one month and sold my mules to a foreman friend of mine for $600. They put me then to hauling supplies from the terminus of the Santa Fe railroad with six miles and two wagons. The terminus was near Los Vegas. When we landed in Los Vegas in the night, we unloaded the mules in the middle of the night and three or four of us herded them all night and they ran and wound around all night long through
a creek. Half the time we did not know where we were, but we found them all the next morning. There was a man there by the name of Bill Garland who was a contractor and who had shipped in two carloads of mules from Missouri. While they were herding them at noon a couple of bandits came in and cut out 12 or 14 miles and struck down towards panhandle Texas. They followed them one day and turned around and came back. They never followed them any farther on account of the fact that one fellow kept coming back to get anyone following from ambush. We pulled out about 15 or 20 miles from Los Vagas and pitched camp. I drove a plow team for a while and then they put me to hauling supplies from the terminus. This man Garland had his supplies unloaded at the terminus under some Pinyon trees. A man by the name of John Allison looked after his supplies. He was a brother of the noted cattleman and shooter of that country—one of its toughest characters—Clay Allison. John Allison and myself we had a campfire and he smoked his corncob pipe and we sat and talked until late at night. I hauled supplies all that winter with a man by the name of Dave Graham. The same fellow who had disagreed with me at the time I went to Santa Fe after supplies and change.

I sold my miles to a friend of mine. We worked together and slept together for over two years. His name was Adam McCay. I sold the miles for $300. They started me out the next morning after supplies and Adam did not pay me. After two or three trips I came in one evening and found one of the miles was sick. I unhitched my team and fed them and doctored the mile all night and it died early in the morning. I went on after another load of supplies and when I came back, I met Adam McCay and told him that he had had bad luck and that I would split the difference with him on the price of that mile. He said, "You will do nothing of the kind. That
mile was working for me and I'll pay you one hundred cents on the dollar." And he did.

I worked until towards spring and bought six more miles from the same firm, Streeter and Small. I got six miles, harness, jerk line, and jockey stick. I worked three or four weeks with my miles until we finished that section of the contract and were going to move camp farther down towards Albequerque. I bought a small wagon and quit the outfit and started back towards Allamoosa, Colorado. They were going to move down to a place called San Mo Shell below Albequerque. At that time Old Victoris's Band and Ceronimo were coming through there quite frequently, and I did not like the climate very good anyway. That was my reason for pulling North. I liked the climate near Colorado much better at that time. I met a man there by the name of J. B. Bohning who had a contract on the Denver and Rio Grande near Kanaus. I worked for him two or three months and my old friend Big Dick came along and had a big contract hauling ties so I quit and went down. I hauled ties about a month. The big ties were made in double lengths and were awfully heavy to load and I got kind of sick of my job and he offered to buy my miles. I asked him what the best he could give was and he said, "Seven hundred dollars." I told him he had bought some miles. This happened about 25 miles from Kanaus. He paid me in currency. The next morning a young friend of mine by the name of Hank Bubaker and myself started for Kanaus afoot. We gave away most of our blankets and carried just one blanket apiece. We walked the 25 miles that a day. In the meantime when I was hauling ties another man and myself with six miles each were working one day and Big Dick Rinehart came along on horseback going to Kanaus. He had a little pop bottle about two-thirds full
of Mexican wine. He was a man who never drank anything himself to speak of. He rode up to me and said, "Have a drink of wine, Clarance." I intended to drink it all, but it did not run out fast enough. He grabbed the bottle. He said, "You damned drunkard you would drink all of that." That was the last I saw of Dick for about a year.

When I got into Kansas there was a dancehall going there, and I was scared to death of being held up and maybe shot for my money. There was a man playing the bass viol called Broken Nose John. He saw me and when he got through playing he came down to see me. He had been driving a plow team in the camp where I was working and I knew him well. He says, "Clarance, what are you doing?" I told him I was going back to Leadville or up in that country as I had sold my mules. He had to play another set right away and pretty soon when he got through, he came to see me again. He says, "Now, Clarance, I'll tell you how you can make some money." He continued, "You can buy this place here. This man has got to leave. He wants to sell and sell quick and you can get this place for $500." It was a combined dancehall and saloon. I looked around like I might buy it which I had no idea of doing and I said, "Why, he wouldn't sell this for $500." John replied that he would not if he did not have to leave. I pretended that I was anxious to buy it. I told him I had a check for my mules and I would go to Allamosa and cash it and come back the next day, but I had no intention of doing this. We could not get a train until the next morning, and we had to sleep out in the shed all night along with several others and I was just about as scared as a young fellow could be all night. By the next morning we struck the train and went on through Allamosa and forgot to come back. I went clear to Buena Vista on the Arkansas River. There I met a freighter by the name of James McKeel, and
he told me that he was starting a commision house at Salida forwarding merchandise from there to Gunnison City.

After hauling ties at Glorieta Hill there was a lot of railroad work going on at Chama and towards Durango. Three young men about my age wanted to go over there, and I had this little span of mules and a light wagon and I wanted to get over there too so I could get work on the grade with my mules. When we got to Chama a man wanted a party to haul some beer down to Durango and said he would give eleven cents a pound to deliver the beer to Durango. It took ten days to make the round trip. The twenty-two hundred pounds was too much for my little team so one of the fellows bought another team and took half of it. We delivered the beer and three days before we got into Durango the Stockton Brothers, cattle desperadoes, had a grievance against the town and they shot about twenty-five or thirty shots from a hill close by right down into the town. There was a friend of mine there at the time who owned a four horse team and he just had his horses led out to the wagon to hitch up. When the shooting began he turned the three horses loose and was leading one which he called Jim. Jim was slow to lead. He says, "Come on here, Jim, do you want to get us all killed?" So he finally got in the corral and did not set out until the next morning.

We started back after unloading the beer and after we got pretty well to the end of our trip we came to a slough. There was slough grass there. A man was standing there with his saddle horse letting it eat the grass. He had a fine physique straight as an Indian, nice boots, silver mounted spurs, a silver hat band, and his saddle was partly mounted with silver. My partner was in the lead and the stranger stopped him and asked his how far it was to the settlement. My partner, Hank Wisdom, told the stranger how far it was and that he thought there was a good many teams on the road.
We drove on about a mile and Hank stopped his team and asked me. "Do you know who that was?" I said, "Yes." "Who was it?" he queried. I said it was Billy the Kid. He said, "That's who it was." Hank had seen him before. Wiseman had $550 on him and I had about $15, but we did not want to give it up so we drove on till dusk and Hank saw a big patch of willows off the road a ways and we pulled around behind that and camped all night. This was in the spring of 1881. We proceeded on to a place called Terra Maria and there was a blacksmith there and man by the name of Peters. They were partners and had a saloon together. They wanted to move their outfit from there to San Jose, New Mexico. We loaded their goods and took them over there. We wanted to go there as construction work was going from Espanola across the Chama and we wanted to go to work with our teams on the railroad. When we unloaded my partner's wagon, they could only pay for the freight on one load so I took my load back to the railroad camp called Tate and McCaugh's. We got a job there and in about three weeks they sent us word to bring the other load of blacksmith supplies up to San Jose. We worked there until they moved the camp to Espanola, and we moved with them. In about a week they sent an old foreman of theirs to take charge of the camp. He was a man who had been with Quantrell's gang and was in the same company with Jessie and Frank James during the later part of the war. His name was Parker Bowman. It was at this camp that I first met my old friend Mr. J. E. Burke, and we became very close friends and stayed together most of the time until this date.

They had a heavy rock out there and quite a lot of scraper work. During the time we were in camp there came along a man by the name of John Anderson. He had two six mile teams and had three men and two women along with him trying to run a little show troupe. They asked Mr. Bowman
if they could stay all night and he told them they could. He gave them supper and they said if he had a tent and a few boards for a platform, they would give a little show. Mr. Bowman fixed a tent and platform for them and the boys went in and they collected $10 or $12 show money that evening. Mr. Bowman had an office made of adobe bricks and he had hung his pants up there with $550 in the pockets. There was a Mexican saloon adjoining the camp and after the show they went in and drank some beer and my friends and I went to bed. Mr. Bowman and these showmen were drinking beer. In the meantime he thought about his money and his pants and he stepped into his room to see, and the money was gone. He sent a man from the saloon down to awaken J. E. Burke and a rock foremen called Dirty Face McGovern and a man named Darwin Bennett and myself. We went up as soon as we could and he told us about the money being gone. He had the show crowd together and he told them, "Now if that money isn't dug up some you folks are going to die." He took them out in the tent where they were to sleep and accused one of the two women of stealing the money and she cried and said God knew she did not take the money and came near fainting, etc. and he put J.E. Burke and Bennett and myself to watch the tent with guns. One of the smaller men this woman claimed to be her husband. J.E. Burke and Bennett and myself watched the tent and Dirty Face McGovern took this woman to the office to see if she could not find the money. Mr. Bowman sat outside the tent on a log. McGovern and the woman came back and said they could not find the money. Mr. Bowman had two six shooters on his belt. He got up and cocked one of them and said, "I'll kill that little son of a gun anyway." I was standing at the door of the tent and I knew that he would do what he said. I motioned to this little fellow to crawl out under the back of the tent. He ran out and Mr. Burke was standing at the corner of the tent and he hollered for him to stop. But he did not and Mr. Burke
shot up in the air because he did not want to kill anybody. The fellow ran down a little cornfield. Then this woman who was still going through her sobbing and crying said that she would like to have one more look in the office. So Dirty Face McGovern took her back. On the dirt floor was an old sock and when they picked it they found in it the money. They came out then to the tent and Mr. Bowman gave them a talk. He said, "Now, haven't I treated you folks well. What made you do this?" The woman denied that she did it but the head man of the show troupe told her: "Minnie, I cautioned you several times about this and that you would get us into trouble. Mr. Bowman had got cooled off by this time and he sent a man to the saloon after a dozen bottles of beer. This was about two o'clock in the morning. We drank some of the beer. There were two rough boards lying in the center of the tent and the troupe started their music. The old man was feeling pretty good and he was quite a dancer and he double shuffled up and down those boards until he would get a little tired. He had his two six shooters on him. He would say, "It's a long time between drinks," and would tap a few more bottles of beer and then they would start up again. In the morning we ate breakfast and John Anderson and his show crowd pulled out and we never saw them afterwards. Later we sent a man down to the cornfield and he hollered around till he found the little fellow and brought him back.

Tait and McGovack had two camps. There was Bowman's camp and Kelly's camp. From sixty to a hundred men in each camp. Their head bookkeeper was named Shropp and he had an office at Kelly's camp. In those days they paid the men in cash. The camps were about ten miles apart and Harry Shropp and Mr. Bowman would go to Espanola to get money to pay off the two camps. They would come back with the money and Shropp left enough with Bowman to pay his and Mr. Bowman went on with him to Kelly's camp and then came on back.
During this time Billy the Kid was roaming around this section. A young fellow came in and hired out. He had a little blanket and a sack with some stuff in it that morning. That evening was pay day. They gave him a team to drive on a scraper and Mr. Bowman and the cook went down and went through his blanket. He had a sixshooter Colt and some repair parts in case anything went wrong. That evening just after supper Mr. Bowman was going to pay off and he put out five or six guards. This young fellow was there. I was appointed one of the guards. Bowman told us, "Now if anything turns up, you shoot and shoot to kill." This young fellow in the night pulled out and we never saw him again.

The men were paid once a month in cash. If a man quit before pay day they would issue him a time check due pay day the first of the next month. If any of the men had money saved up they would buy the time checks at a discount of from ten to twenty per cent. If they did not have enough money in camp to buy the time checks, people in town would buy them at a discount. The camp always had a little commissary where the men could get overalls, shirts, and tobacco on account.

Two or three weeks later at Espanola there was an old gentleman who was running a store and two men came in there one evening and ordered the old men to throw up his hands and deliver his money. The old man kind of hesitated a little and one of them shot him through the shoulder. They grabbed up what little money they could get and then ran on foot up into the hills close by. Some of the townsman gathered together and went up in the hills and caught one of these men and the other one got away. They brought him down to Espanola sometime during the night and the mob got an engineer and an engine and they ran back on the track about three miles near the junction where the Charmour road switched off and hung him to a telegraph pole. The next morning when we went to work Mr. Burke was the
foreman and I was driving my mules an a scraper. We all looked at the man in surprise and Mr. Burke says, "We'll cut him down and bury him." As he was hanging there he was a young man with an almost perfect physique. We buried him right at the edge of the dump and as we scraped the dirt and covered him as we made the fill.

It took us about six weeks or two months to finish Mr. Tait and Mr. McGavock's contract. From there the firm took a fifteen mile contract out from Denver about thirty miles on the Denver and New Orleans railroad. We shipped from Espanola to Denver. We had to lay over one day at Allamaosa, Colorado, and then from there we went to Pueblo, Colorado, where we laid over again to feed. We got to Pueblo in the evening and there was a Saloon there called the Wedge saloon which tapered into the front. Dirtyface McGovern, Mr. Roman's rock foreman, a big Irishman, when he had a few drinks he wanted to fight. A crowd got against him and shoved him right out through the glass onto the sidewalk. Instead of coming back to fight as he usually did, he ran uptown as fast as he could. The boys joshed him about it and he said he knew there was going to be a big fight and he thought this was the easiest way out of it.

The next morning we shipped to Denver, Colorado, and pulled out thirty miles from the town to camp. We were there until the middle of the winter and Mr. Burke, one of the foremen, wanted to go to town and the boss Mr. Bowman told him to take a six mule team and bring back a load of supplies. This was the fall of 1881. There he met my brother who had come out from the East in Wisconsin and brought him out to camp and my brother and myself stayed together continually until 1920 when he passed away here in Ellensburg. When we finished that contract we pulled into Denver and they had another contract of fifteen miles towards Omaha on what was called
the Omaha short line. We put our mules up in the big elephant corral overnight. There were four foremen, J.E. Burke, Billy Fox, Darwin Bennett, and Johnny Clifton. The next morning when we were to start out with the outfit these foremen were drinking a little and having a good time and they did not want to go so Mr. Bowman came to me and asked me if I wouldn't take the outfit out and pitch the camp which I did. There were about one hundred head of mules. The work where the contract was was about thirty miles and we had to camp overnight before we got there. We got out there and pitched the camp. We put up the cook tent, sleep tents, blacksmith shop, fed the mules, built a manager to tie the mules to, and did some plowing so that the scrapers could go to work in the morning. The plowing was hard to do because the ground was frozen about a foot deep. The next morning the foremen came straggling in with a livery rig and took charge of the works. We worked there all winter and finished in April. They had no more contracts on hand so we put the mules in a big feed lot and I took care of them for about a month. Mr. Burke and the other men went out to a camp called Tait and Slavin's camp. They finished up there and my partner Hank Wiseman who was with me down in New Mexico and my brother and a young man they called little Jack Roberts and myself, we made arrangements with Kilpartick Brothers to ship out to American Falls, Idaho. I had four mules and one horse. As I was leaving Mr. Bowman's camp, he said, "Clarence, you have four mules and only one set of harness." I told him, "Yes." He says, "There's a set that has never been on a mule. You have been a good man for me and I want you to take them and put them on your mules." They were worth at that time about forty dollars. Today they would be worth sixty or seventy dollars. I thanked him very kindly.

We went to Greeley, Colorado, and shipped from there to American Falls
There were several freight wagons on the freight cars and my brother and I made our bed under one of the wagons. When we shipped from Greeley, we went to Laramie City and laid over one day there. At that time there was a rolling mill at Laramie City for rolling out railroad rails. It was a wonderful sight to us. They ran the rails through just like you run clothes through a wringer. The next morning we started out and went straight through to Pocatello.

As it was the terminus at that time we unloaded there. It was about thirty miles from American Falls. At that time Pocatello was mostly all tents and there were very few Frame buildings. There were from three to five hundred people in Pocatello, now there are about twenty thousand. We drove from there to American Falls and hired out to Burns and Chapman who had a contract about fifteen miles out on the Idaho Desert. Some places along the desert they had to haul water thirty miles. We pitched camp fifteen miles out from American Falls. I worked for them until their contract was nearly completed. I got another job at Shoshone on the Little Wood river. I worked there with a man named Frank Ludington. We finished there late in the fall of 1882 and I bought two more little mules making me six mules. My partner, Hank Wiseman, and myself went freighting after we bought a few wagons. We freighted from the terminus on the desert for a while to Shoshone. I paid as high as ten cents a gallon for water for my mules. At times I thought they would never quit drinking. Usually a private individual would camp near a railroad camp and he would have a six mules team or two and big water tanks and would haul water from the Snake River twenty or
twenty-five miles to the camp on the railroad. They would unload
their water into a big water tank and start the teams back after more.
Each mule would usually drink about two gallons and sometimes three.
We freighted there until the winter weather began to get cold and some store
men wanted us to go to Kelton, Utah, and get some freight for them. We
hauled two or three trips from there to Shoshone. We were hauling general
merchandise such as men’s clothing, bacon, flour, coffee, sugar, molasses in
barrels, some whisky, and some canned salmon and sardines and canned corn
and condensed milk, sacks of beans. Later we went freighting from the term-
minus on the track out in the desert quite a ways. There was a freight road
crossing they called the Kelton Crossing from Wood river mines to Kelton and
there was a large amount of mule freighting on this road. There was a station
there and a little store at this crossing and Smith and Hale’s camp was about
ten miles from this crossing towards American Falls. There was a man who
came to Smith and Hale’s camp and my friend Billy Fox was the foreman there.
This young fellow hired out and told Billy his name was Watson. At the camp-
fire Billy saw this man standing around and Billy asked him if he had any
blankets and the fellow said, "No." Billy said, "You can sleep with me a few
nights until you get money to buy some blankets." So he slept with Billy
until pay day and they paid off their time checks at Shoshone. Billy always
kept a little money and would buy their time checks at a discount. Pay day
morning he told the walking boss that he would like to go to town that day.
He was going there to cash his time checks. This man Watson found out that
he was going to town and knew what he was going for and he told the boss he
wanted to go too. So they told him to go ahead. Shoshone was about ten miles
from Kelton Crossing. When Billy go to Shoshone, he had his time checks chased
and being afoot was in a hurry to start back. This man Watson had picked up a
friend called Tex and Tex had a rifle. Watson told Billy that his friend Tex wanted to go out and go to work. So Billy told him that it was all right. They started out, the three of them and got past this freight junction about one-half mile and Billy was ahead of them away walking as fast as he could. All at once they hollered at him to hold up his hands. He thought they were joking and turned around and looked and they said, "We mean it, Bill." So he started to run and reached for his six shooter in his hip pocket. They shot at his arm and the bullet splintered his arm by the elbow. When the shot struck his arm, it threw the six shooter from his hand into the sagebrush. He walked over to the bank and he sat down on the bank. They came up to him and took his money and this man Watson said. "I ought to kill you because if we ever meet again, it will be all off with one or the other of us." Bill said, "There's no use killing me now. You've got my money and shot me." He had a nice watch and chain, but they did not take these. He walked about nine miles into camp with his shattered arm. These two men took the Wood river road crossing towards Wood river mines. They got to Little Wood river and the wind was blowing so hard the ferry couldn't take them across.

When Billy went into camp, they organized a small crew of three or four with my friend Burke as the chief and they went to this place where Billy had sat on the bank and stayed there until daylight came so they could follow the tracks. They followed the tracks down to Little Wood river crossing where the freight teams crossed from Kelton to Wood river mines. The wind was blowing awfully hard and the bandits were still waiting for the ferry. They arrested them and took them to Smith and Hale's camp. They were going to hang them right away when they got there and the hold-ups said they were hungry. One of the partners of Smith and Hale was called Smithy and he was a small fellow who only weighed about one hundred-twenty. He said. "Give the boys their breakfast." They ate a hearty breakfast. They took two wagons out a little ways from camp and raised their tongues up high and tied them together. They also tied the front wheels
of each wagon to those of the other so they could not roll back. They hung
this man Watson on the wagon tongues. They parried over Tex and a few minutes later
told him to go and never show his face back in that country again. The
hold-ups did not deny the charge of holding up and shooting Billy Fox. Tex
never was seen again in that country. The wagons that Watson was hung on one
of them was brought to this valley but nothing was ever said about the one
that the man was hung on.

Billy Fox had his arm so splintered that they took him to the hospital
in Ogden. They found that one bone was so shattered that it had to be
removed and left only one bone from his elbow to his wrist. The doctors
fixed him up the best they could and in a day or two he took the lockjaw.
They gave him some chloroform. The next morning he was no better. Billy
lay there conscious but couldn't speak a word. The doctors examined him and
said, "Well, he will not pull through. Give him a good dose of chloroform."
They started and he said, "Give him a good dose so he will die easy." Billy
said he could understand every word they said. In two days the lockjaw broke
loose and he got well. In about six months he came back and took his job as
foreman with the firm again. He worked for the firm until they completed
their contract at Weiser, Idaho. He went then to Prosser with a friend of
his named Johnny Brown and took up 320 acres of land near Lone Springs in
the Horse Heaven country and Mr. Brown did the same and they went in the
business of raising horses. He stayed there until Mr. Bennett started a tunnel
up on Snoqualmie Pass and came up there and got a job as one of the foreman
for Mr. Bennett and worked there until the tunnel was finished. Then he
went back to his horse ranch and lived there several years and sold his
land for $7,000, sold out his horses and went to Prosser to retire. The
bank went broke and he finally received forty-eight cents on the dollar and he died in Prosser in about 1928.

The freighter carried with him and itemized statement of everything he was carrying and this was his bill of lading. The party giving you the goods would hand you this statement and you would turn it over when you delivered the goods and if everything checked all right, they would pay you for your freight. The freighters themselves kept no books. Shortages seldom occurred except once in a while a little whisky might be missing.

From the camp where they hung Watson, my partner Hank Wiseman, and myself took a load of freight from there to Glens Ferry. On the road we had to camp on top of King Hill on a bitter cold night. We had no way to tell how cold it was, but we thought it was anywhere between thirty and forty below. We went down to Glens Ferry and unloaded and came back after another load the firm Hale and Smith was just going to move camp to Boise, Idaho. I struck them for a job with my mules. They said, "All right." They told me to load some of their stuff and go with the outfit. My partner stayed there and kept on freighting. Mr. Burke and Clifton were with them at the time and had eight mules apiece. I had six mules. We went on to Weiser which took us three or four days and worked on the grade there a while and they put me to hauling barley that they had bought from a man on the Boise river by the name of Boone. He claimed to be a descendant of Daniel Boone. The firm gave him four cents a pound for this barley on ranch. I hauled four or five 6-mule loads and there was a 4-horse team with me. One can see that Mr. Boone must have made some money. We worked there in camp at Weiser until the contract was finished. Then my friend Burke and Johnny Clifton and myself pulled out for Pendleton over the Blue Mountains. When we got to Pendleton I got a job on a threshing machine with a man by the name of Croft Stanton.
Mr. Burke and Clifton went to hauling wheat from a big wheat farm to the railroad depot. We split up there and I did not see them again until the next summer. I met a man in Pendleton by the name of P. C. McGrath. He wanted me to go over to Ainsworth below Pasco on the mouth of the Snake river and go in with him and take a sub-contract on the Northern Pacific railroad.

We went over there and took the contract. We finished up and they wanted us to go over across to the Columbia and Snake river and work on the approach of the big steel bridge there with our mules which we did. We were there only four or five days when the railroad shut down on account of money. We had our camps pitched and the grass was good on the Snake river and we turned our mules and horses out up there. We camped there all winter. But Mr. Bennett had not settled up with us or paid us. The money was sent to him by the railroad company by express, $20,000. The depot agent's name was Johnson. He was known as a winderful accountant. He could run up two columns of figures in his head while and ordinary person was doing one. The supposition was that this man Johnson stole the $20,000 for he went around to two or three saloons the evening before with a $1,000 bill in his vest pocket. He would treat a crowd and throw this bill on the counter for change. But no one changed it that evening as far as anyone found out. Mr. Bennett couldn't pay so we could get supplies to live on and we stayed there all winter and the 4th day of March it commenced to snow and snowed three feet and one inch on the level. We thought our mules were gone. A big chinook wind came up, however, and took the snow off the south side of the hills so the mules could get grass. They pulled through but they got very thin. Shortly after some more money came in and Mr. Bennett paid us off. They gave Johnson a trial but everyone said that he stood in with the sheriff of that county at that time and he got clear.

Next we hitched up our wagons and pulled over to Pendleton. We took
a contract plowing two hundred acres of sod land. We were not to receive any money but could get plows, feed and our grub at two dollars per acre. I bought a Utah gang plow which cost $140. My partner and brother bought walking plows at $35 apiece. We bought feed for the mules and turned them out on grass at night and got all the grub we wanted for ourselves. We finished up that job and settled up and took what little there was left in supplies and got another job of fifty acres from another man. We finished it and took feed and supplies for this also. We pulled over to the horse heaven country between Prosser and Bickleton near Lone Springs where McGrath filed on 160 acres of land, my brother filed on 160 acres, a friend of ours, Jack Roberts filed 160 acres, and myself, 160 acres. These totaled a section of land in a square. It was all quite level land with bunch grass six inches high, not a rock in the whole section. We staked it off with stakes and flags and I struck it off with my six mule team and jerk line and gang plow. McGrath followed me with his walking plow, my brother Arthur with his, and Jack Roberts with his, which made five furrows around a mile square. Then the railroad started a few small camps down near Prosser. McGrath went down there and got a job as foreman for one of Mr. Bennett's head men, Tom Taylor. My brother Arthur, Jack Roberts, and myself all pulled out to go to the Dalles. We were going to see if we could get freight from there to the silver mines over in Oregon. We took Arthur's new walking plow along. When we got to Bickleton, we had to have the mules and horses all shoed so we soaked Arthur's new plow to get the shoeing done as we had very little money. We pulled out the next morning and got as far as Dave Sprinkle's sawmill and camped there for the night. I went and struck Mr. Sprinkle for a job to haul logs. He said he would give me a job for four mules and furnish me with a logging truck and feed my mules and myself and give me four dollars
a day and pay me in lumber and that he would let my brother and Roberts
haul lumber to Prosser for so much a thousand and pay them in lumber. We
all had land in Horse Heaven about fifteen miles from there so we went to
work. The first day I hauled logs the ox teamster they called the skidder
told Mr. Sprinkle that he ought to let me put on my other span of mule.
He says, "That fellow can drive six just as good as he can four." "Well,"
said Mr. Sprinkle, "if you think that best, tell him to put them on."
So I did. We hauled there about six weeks and then the railroad started up
again and we got a little contract on the N.P.R.R and moved down there and
went to work. We worked all fall and took another little contract near
Toppenish. We finished that up and I went to the town of old Yakima on
horseback. The boys wanted to know if I would let them hitch up a team to
a small wagon there and come to town if they put the team in a livery stable
and paid for the feed. So when I got to town, the headquarters of Mr.
Bennett's camp at old Yakima, the track was crowding them pretty close and
they wanted me to pull in right away and do a little piece of work just this
side of Union Gap. I went to the boys that came in with the wagon and asked
them if they would go out that evening and be ready to move camp the next
morning. They said they would if I would buy them a quart of whisky. I
told them I would. I went to the saloon called Josh Clair's saloon and told
them I wanted a quart bottle of whisky. He took a bottle and put a funnel
in it. As he went past a water bucket with a dipper in it, he put a little
water in the funnel. I told him he needn't fill it. He says, "Now just
hold on. This whisky isn't for you at all. See those drunk fellows there
on the floor. This 100-proof would put them flat. This is for them. He
talked me out of my notion and filled the bottle and we were good friends
until he passed away two or three years ago.
The first contract we had was a tolerably heavy cut near Kennewick. We had over 30 head of mules and horses and Mount Pleasant scrapers, slip scrapers for each one of the teams. We had a couple of 4-mule plows and we kept one 4-mule team plowing all the time and the rest of the teams were on the scrapers. We had a cook outfit. We worked thirty to thirty-five men in the first camp. Our first contract was about one mile with one pretty heavy cut. It was a fourteen foot cut. We received thirteen cents a cubic yard for our work. The contract called for what they called classification. If you struck cement or hard pan, that called for forty cents per cubic yard. If we struck solid rock, it was $1.25 per cubic yard. We got our contract from Mr. Nelson Bennett and he was the main contractor from the railroad company. He had the contract from Ainsworth to Yakima which is about one hundred miles. When that was finished, he took the contract from Yakima up to here. He had about one hundred mules of his own and he ran these in one camp and the rest of the road he sublet to small contractors like myself.

Our work was checked by railroad engineers. The company would have an engineers' camp which would cover about ten or fifteen miles. They would have a head engineer and four men in addition. They made a preliminary survey and would cross section every fifty feet all along the line afterwards. They would use the stakes to figure up the cubic yards. Each stake would have the number of feet that had to be built up or cut down. The cross section stakes would not be set up until you moved your camp on the ground.

The next contract we had was about ten miles this side of Prosser. We had one and one-half miles there. The next contract was just this side of Union Gap and the old town of Yakima. We had about one-quarter of a mile. My crew ranged from twenty-five to forty. My partner had been in a livery
stable with his brother when he was young and he had livery stable on the brain. He struck some fellows in the old town of Yakima who had a small livery outfit who wanted to sell. We made a little money, and I told him I thought that if he believed it was a good investment, for him to buy and I would run the contracting outfit from then on and he could run the livery stable. He bought the insides of the livery stable for two thousand dollars. Then we took a contract in the Yakima canyon. We moved up there shortly after Christmas and worked there until Spring. We finished up there and Mr. Bennett wanted me to take charge of a railroad camp he had down there in the canyon and they wanted ten head of my mules. I took charge and in about two months my brother went over to plow on our claims to hold them and he plowed about twenty acres and took sick with malaria fever. He had a four horse team and got on the wagon and started to town. When he drove into the livery stable, he was so sick and weak they had to lift him off the wagon. When I found out he was sick, I quit my job and went to town and took him to Mrs. Durgan’s rooming house up in the new town of Yakima. I stayed with him night and day for seven weeks. I gave him up. I thought he was going to pass on. I went two different times to the telegraph office to telegraph my father to come out, but I knew my mother wasn’t well, and I was afraid it would excite her, and I got cold feet and came back without telegraphing. There was a doctor there called Doctor Hill. My brother got so bad that I spoke to Dr. Hill to have another doctor consult with him whose name was Dr. Beebe. They agreed on a certain kind of medicine. Dr. Beebe came alone the next day and changed the medicine. Dr. Hill came up shortly after and noticed the new medicine and being a fiery little fellow, he flew in a rage and said, "If you want Dr. Beebe to doctor him, go ahead, but I can cure the boy and it won’t cost you one cent." I told him that I didn’t want him to doctor for nothing, but I surely wanted my brother cured
if possible and Arthur preferred him to Dr. Beebe. So he met Beebe on the street and abused him pretty badly and from that time on Dr. Hill took charge and he commenced to get better shortly after that, but he was a very sick man and did not get so he could work for about six months.

Between Ainsworth and Wallula Junction the railroad company during the fall and winter had about fifty Chinamen or more who were shoveling the sand off the railroad track. That is all they did. Many of the contractors had a Chinese cook. The labor in these contracting camps was from all parts of the country. In this section of the country all the labor was white. Down in the South some negro and Mexican help was used. In the mountains where there was mostly rock work, there were quite a few Italians but the earthwork and grading in the lower lands was by all nationalities such as Irish, Germans, Swedes, Americans, etc.

Description of New Mexico as it was in 1879 until I left in 1881. The Mexican farmers used a wooden plow with a steel point riveted on the nose part that went into the ground. The plow had only one handle. Most of the farmers had their plows pulled by ox teams and the yoke was a stick put across the front of their horns against their head tied to the horns with a piece of rawhide. Their wagons were two-wheeled carts, the wheels being made of a sawed-off end of a log and with a wooden axle and the body was a woven willow basket as large as they could make between the wheels. Their harrow was made of wood with wooden picks put in holes for the harrow teeth. Their dairy stock was all goats. I did not see a milk cow while I was down there. They raised a great many game chickens and a great many families had two or three game roosters and kept steel spurs for them and put them on the roosters when they took them to a cock-
fight. These cockfights occurred quite often.

They used a community gristmill which was two round stones, one on top of the other, fixed with a small water power paddle wheel and the women would bring a little sack of corn or wheat on a burro and grind their little grist with every part together, the bran, shorts, and flour, with nothing separated whatever. They made their bread out of this. I never heard of their making any cake or pie. Their bake ovens were made of adobe and were in mounds resembling a hay shock with a small vent in the top and a small door on one side. They would build a hot fire in that and get the oven hot and take most of the coals out and put the bread in and stop up the vent and the side door and let it bake until it was done. When we first went down there, we thought these bake ovens were doghouses. In some towns they brought their wood several miles on burros. The older people would come to town. The old man and his wife looked to be 70 or 75 years old and would both be riding one burro. The man would sit in front and would have in hand a sharp stick which resembled a shocking peg and when he would want the burro to go faster, he would stick him in the shoulders with that stick and make a sound with his mouth like "chu-uh." When they were bringing the wood to town, they would load so much wood on the burro that one would only be able to see his legs and ears. The wood was tied on with a narrow piece of rawhide, but it always stayed on. I never knew of a pack load breaking loose.

Near Albuquerque the Mexicans made a quite a little wine. They stored a lot of it with rawhide bottles. I do not know how long it would keep, but it was pretty good tasting wine. It was a very treacherous country and they did not think anything of shooting or stabbing someone in the back, and it was very seldom that anyone was arrested for doing such a thing. My partner, Hank Wiseman and myself were camped near a bunch of
willow brush for dinner one day. We were eating and heard a sound down the road, and I got up and looked and there were about eight or ten Mexicans coming along double file and a priest ahead of them with his book talking Latin. These Mexicans had a piece of heavy rawhide about four inches wide and six inches long with a piece of string tied to the middle of it. They were stripped to the waist and would flip this rawhide over one shoulder and let it strike the middle of their back and then over the other shoulder to strike again in the middle of the back. Where the rawhide had struck their backs, it was raw and blood was running down their backs. I had never seen anything like that and I was tolerably scared, but my partner had been there before and had seen such things and he made it appear to me that it was pretty bad, but finally he said, "They are what they call 'tenites' and they are repenting their sins." We went on to a place called Terra Maria.

To show how treacherous they were in that country I am giving you the following incident. There was a man from Los Vegas who had a couple of race horses and the Mexicans had stolen the horses and brought them to Terra Maria and put them in an adobe stable. This man who owned the horses and been partially raised in Mexico, and he got a friend of his by the name of McPherson, who had no fear of guns or knives. They trailed the horses to this town and left their saddle horses in front of El Calda's store. El Calda was the equivalent of a justice of the peace here. They started on foot to the stables where the horses were and there were some Mexicans on the roof of an adobe building. They shot this man who wanted the horses. The bullet struck his back and came out through his stomach. His partner, McPherson, dragged him back to the El Calda's office and store and bought some muslin and made a couple of little packs to put on each
side of the wound and wound the muslin around him three or four times. The man told him, "Put your foot on me and draw it tight as you know how." Frank did and got a needle and thread and sewed the end fast so it couldn't come loose. The man then said, "You go and get those horses, and we'll ride out." Frank said, "My God, man, you can't ride." The man replied, "It's either ride or die. We'll both get killed tonight if we don't get out of here." McPherson said that he went and got the horses, but that he expected to get shot every step he took. McPherson continued, I helped this man on his saddle horse, and we rode thirty-five miles before we got to a doctor. We went on later to Los Vegas and the man eventually got well.

Hank and I next went to work in a railroad camp where there were three or four Mexican houses nearby. I had a friend in camp called Missouri Bill. He had two span of horses working on the grade. In one of these houses there was a beautiful Mexican girl and Bill got badly infatuated with her. There was no way for him to get acquainted with her or talk with her as the girls were closely chaperoned. The only way an American man could meet a Mexican girl was at a fandango and then you could not talk to her but just ask her to dance. Then you would go to the counter and pay thirty cents for the dance and she would get fifteen cents of it which she would take in red peppers or cigarettes, etc. They were figuring on extending the D. and R. G. railroad down towards Alberquerque and Bill had a cousin of this girl driving one of his teams who was named Antone. He got confident with Antone and told him he was going to go down there and he wanted to start a little store and asked Antone how he would like to take charge of the store while Bill worked on the grade. This struck Antone very favorable. Then he broached the subject how he was going to get Antone's cousin to marry. Antone told him that he thought he could fix it so Bill could steal her and that he
would help him to steal her. Bill would have to take her to Santa Fe and give the priest $25. to marry them. "Aw," Bill says, "I'll give the priest $50." So when the contract of Mr. Tait and McAvoy was completed they shipped their outfit from Esperanto to Denver, and we both shipped with them and Bill lost his girl. That's my career in New Mexico.

Down in New Mexico they did not build their houses separately but would build them in clusters. Each one would have one or two or three goats and they would send their children out to herd them in the pinion timber and bunch grass. The children all the way from six or seven to ten or twelve would only have a sort of a nightgown for clothes. Most of them had a flint rock and a piece of steel and some punk with which to make their fires. The minute they would strike an American or a white person, they would want "phosphorus" which was matches and some "tobacco." Each one had a little package of corn shucks cut especially for cigarette papers.

************

I had a gang plow that I had given $140 for and my brother, McGrath, and Jack Roberts all had walking plows, we had about two thousand feet of lumber and some logs for a log cabin, and we had started to dig a well out near Lone Spring near the glade where we had filed claims.

Why we selected this particular land, was because we had heard at Pendleton about Horse Heaven country being a bund grass country similar to the Pendleton which was a wonderful wheat section. So we rode over there and looked things over. The nearest we could get in the Horse Heaven country was near the glade. So we struck this section of land that had not been filed on. The grass was up to our horses' knees and there were no rocks on the land and it was just as level as the town of Ellensburg. We filed our claims at the land office in the old town of Yakima. One of the land commissioners was Colonel Kenney. Then followed A. L. Slemen and the last
one was Captain Steinman.

After my brother had this sick spell, and old pioneer by the name of Jock Morgan came up to Yakima and put his team up at our stable and he said, "Clarence, you got a good gang plow out there that I saw the other day. If you will give me the gang plow when the spring roundup comes, I have thirty or forty head of horses out there on the range and you can come down and pick a span out of the whole bunch." I told him, "All right, Jock." He was an old time stage driver, chuck full of hot air. In the spring I wrote down to him and asked him when the round up was going to start. He wrote back and said the hard winter had killed all of his horses and that he did not have any left. So I saw I was strung and we never paid any more attention to the stuff that we left on the ranch.

About three or four years after this a man came up here by the name of Ed Hooker and started a butcher shop. He put his saddle horse up at our stable one evening. We got to talking about Horse Heaven, and he said that he had a stock ranch down near the Columbia River, and I told him that we had taken up some land out in there and did not tell him where. He says, "Some damn fools came in there near the glade and plowed around a whole section of land and started a log house and left some lumber and some plows and one fellow took one of those plows and carried it on his saddle way down to the Columbia River." He continued, "I got the finest set of three-horse eveners I ever saw." We had given $14. for them. I let him tell his story and then I told him I had been looking for the parties that had gotten that stuff for quite a while and he threw up his hands and said, "Was that yours?" I said, "That belonged to the bunch of us." "Well", he said, "I supposed that they had just gone off and left it and that I might as well have it as anyone else;" I kept him worried about this for about an
hour and then told him to forget about it.

During the summer of 1885 I was busy taking care of my brother and did not do any contract work until in the fall of 1885. I got a little contract near the Ellensburg N.P. Depot which was about one-half miles long. We finished up about three days before Christmas. We worked like slaves for about two months in the mud and frost down here with thirty head of horses and guns. I bought a new tent from Nelson Bennett which cost $40. Two days before I finished the contract, the tent caught fire and burned up. When I settled up, I was just about even. If I had saved the tent I would have cleared a little something. I next stored the outfit and took the mules and horses over to Perry Clemens ranch, and he fed them for the rest of the winter. Then I went down to Yakima and stayed there until about the first of February. A man here in Ellensburg had a livery property on the corner of 5th and Main Streets just across from where the courthouse now stands. The courthouse ground contained a jail which was called a "skokum house." The owner of the livery stable was named Elliott and he was hounding us to buy his livery property. My partner came up and told me that any deal I made was satisfactory with him. So I came about the first of February, 1886, and closed the deal for $4,000 with a small payment of $1,000 down and the balance on installments. As far as I can recall this was the largest real estate deal made in Ellensburg up to that time. There was property worth more than that but no sales had been made. We moved up here the 16th of February. We brought up about twenty-five horses, harness, saddles, three or four sleighs, a couple of heavy wagons, two small stage coaches, ropes, and whips. There was a small blacksmith shop alongside of our livery stable, and we also purchased this from Mr. Elliott.

In the fall of 1884 just before Christmas a man by the name of Al Katz and myself were sent by Mr. Bennett to buy hay for his mules and find a suitable place to feed them. We came up on the Wenatchee and did not find any
thing suitable. Then Mr. Katz went back and I came up and bought some hay
from the Smith ranch known as the Schnebly ranch now. When I got into this
valley, I struck a house known as the Bud Coleman ranch and it was just
getting dark. I rode in and a man called Arkansas John had his horse and
sleigh hitched up there. I asked him if he could keep me all night. He
said, "I'm just going to take my wife out to a dance." "There's a kid
here, if you can stay with him, it's all right." I told him that I could
stay all night with anybody. So he called the kid out and we went and fed
my saddle horse. At that time the kid was small and I guessed him at ten
years but he told me afterwards he was thirteen. I asked me if he could
give me a little bread and butter and some milk or something for a lunch
and he did. Then afterwards he asked me if I could play checkers. I told
him I had not played since I was a boy. He got his checker board down and
we played until 11 o'clock and I never got a game. His name I found out
afterwards was Marcus Brown. He still lives close to that same place and
owns a place out there. Just fifty years from that time I sent him a Christ-
mas card and wrote a note on the card that just fifty years ago that day I
had stayed with a kid named Marcus Brown and gave him a few good wishes. Next
time I saw him he said that he was going to keep that Christmas card as long
as he lived.

The next morning was Christmas morning, and I rode into Ellensburg. I
came across the lower bridge into town. At that time it was a toll bridge.
A man named Jake Durr owned the bridge. I believe he charged twenty-five
cents for my saddle horse and myself. He charged fifty cents for a team
and wagon. There was a little hotel on the corner where the N. Y. rest-
aurant is now. I stayed there the next night. There was a feed stable which
was also owned by Durr. There was a blacksmith shop right across the corner
from the hotel which was operated by Jacob Becker. Becker’s daughter is Mrs. Charles Suver. There was a restaurant run by a man named Frank Forest. The big Johnson hotel was started but not finished. It was a three story frame hotel which stood right where Elwood’s Drugstore now stands. As nearly as I can remember there were three or four saloons. John A. Showy had a frame building housing a general store and grocery. Walter A. Bull and the Smith Brothers had a general store in a frame building on the corner where the St. Regis hotel is at the present time. John B. Foyalty was manager of their store.

On the 4th of July, 1889, Ellensburg had a big fire which burned all off the business district and part of the residences of the town. There was only one store left. It was the Bluebird store.

Description of Hotels:

It was a little five or six room, frame structure on the corner of Fourth and Pine called the Shager Hotel. The Valley Hotel stood right where the New York Cafe is now. They had good rooms for those days and beds with a common mattress and no springs, but they considered them all right. A pitcher of water and a bowl were furnished and also a candle for light. There was no heat nor running water. All the water came from wells in those days. There was spring down on Water Street and later on much typhoid fever was traced to its use. The Valley Hotel also served meals at certain times and I believe their charge was 25¢ per meal. There was no ordering—everything was brought out on the table and served family style.

There was the one restaurant here and they served short-orders. You could order ham and eggs or chops or soup or steaks. In the summer of 1885 they started the town ditch and they finished it up in the spring of 1886 and used the water that spring. The farmers themselves made a sort of
stock company of it and built it themselves. There had been smaller irrigation projects even before this. The first ditch was the Bull Ditch, and it covered about seven thousand acres of land. The head of the Bull ditch was a little below the lower bridge. The next ditch was the town ditch, and it covered about eleven thousand acres of land. The next ditch was the town ditch, and it covered about eleven thousand acres of land. The next one was the West side ditch. It covers several thousand acres of land. The next the Cascade Canal covers between eleven and twelve thousand acres. The next ditch was the Highline Canal supposed to cover seventy-two thousand acres but not all of it good land. In 1884 S. R. Geddis was the biggest rancher and stock raiser in the valley. Hank Schnebly had three of four hundred acres of land and had not got very well started. The Smith Brothers had 1240 acres of land known as the Fred Schnebly ranch today and they had cattle and cows and raised hay and irrigated from the creeks. There were no sheep men located here at that time they used to bring their cattle up here from Yakima. About the first sheep men to locate here were the Pearson Brothers and they started a sheep ranch over in Johnson anyon over towards the Columbia River. Along in 1887 J. H. Smithson started a sheep business here. From then on various sheep men came in from all over until the railroad company began to sell their range land. Most of the government land that was located on the creeks had already been taken up but had not been improved very much. Most of them homesteaded. A few of the settlers got their land on timber claims. The railroads tried to claim four hundred feet of right-of-way and there was some litigation about that but most of the time the farmers won their point. They finally settled and gave the railroads one hundred feet of right-of-way or fifty feet on each side of the track. The railroad lands in the valley sold at a standard price of ten dollars an acre.
There was no railroad opposition here with the farmers complaining about the rates. It seems to me there was a case or two of a man who had squatted on some land before the railroad grants were given, and there was litigation because of it but usually the squatter won out.

In Moxee Valley which is just across the river east from Yakima Mr. Thorp was one of the first settlers. There is talk at present of putting up a monument on this range in memory of the first settler in the valley. He later sold out and moved up to the Tanum above Thory and bought up a lot of land there. He made his home there until he died. He used to loan money at 2½ per month. His original business was raising cattle and he drove cattle clear up to the Cariboo Mines in British Columbia, and he sold them up there to the miners for beef. Because he charged so much interest on his loans they used to call him "Old 2½ per month." He always rode a saddle mule with saddle bags in front of his saddle, and he wore barn-door pants. The real old pioneers used to wear these pants, and they had a flap in front which buttoned on each side. One of his sons, Willis Thorp, took two men with him and went up to Okanogan and brought down three Indians supposed to have murdered the Perkins family. They camped at the mouth of the Okanogan river, and five or six Indians came down and wanted to talk with these three captive Indians. Willis told them if they would leave their guns, they could take them out and talk with the three Indians, but they wouldn't agree to this. Willis made a grab for the Indian's gun, and the Indian was too quick for him and backed off and commenced to shoot. Pless Bounds stuck his six-shooter up against the Indian's stomach and he dropped over dead. Then Wild Goose Bill happened to be coming along on horseback and heard the shooting and spurred his horse and ran over there. When the Indians saw Wild Goose Bill, they got on their horses and pulled
out. Then Pless Bounds pulled up his camp and they rode all night down and never stopped until they got to Wenatchee. They came over the next day from Wenatchee to Mr. C. P. Cook's and stayed all night and brought their prisoners with them, and they had a rehearsal of the fight at Mr. Cook's that night. Mr. George Cook was a boy at that time, and he said it made his eyes stick out to watch the play. They landed the prisoners safe the next day in Yakima.

Wild Goose Bill in the early days had a pack outfit and an Indian wife. The Chinamen had quite a big mining camp between the mouth of the Clockum and Wenatchee sluicing for gold on the Columbia River. Wild Goose Bill packed supplies from Wallula Junction up to the Chinese mining camp. Afterwards he started a ferry on the Columbia river near Grand Coulee where the dam is being constructed. His ferry was used on the Spokane and Okanogan road. Wild Goose Bill separated from his Indian wife and took up with a white woman. A cowpuncher alienated her from Wild Goose Bill and went over on Crab Creek and located in a cabin there. Wild Goose Bill trailed them up and went to the door with his rifle in his hand and the cowman and Bill both shot and once and killed each other. Thus ended the career of Wild Goose Bill. Whenever he had any difficulty with the Indians, he would not hesitate to kill two or three of them, and he was a dead shot so they were all deathly afraid of him. He hunted some and trapped. He usually wore high boots with overalls in his boots in a regular frontier costume. He always had a good horse. He never was in Kittitas Valley to speak of, but he was continually going up and down the Wenatchee and Okanogan valleys.

Mr. P. H. Schnelby, one of the early settlers here, when a young man took up and bought some land up near the Nanum together with his cousin
Dorse Schnebly. Dorse Schnebly was at that time Sheriff of Kittitas County, Yakima County, Kittitas County, and Okanogan county. Chelan County was at that time a part of Okanogan County. They were in the stock business a few years, and F. K. Schnebly took over Dorse Schnebly's interest. He later became quite wealthy. But to show the hardships that they went through in those days, Mr. Schnebly told about being out with a man on the range in a severe blizzard and storm. When a man is freezing, as a rule, he gets sleepy. This man who was with Mr. Schnebly dropped and as he was wearing a big mitten, he reached over and pinched the fellow on the nose real hard. Then he would get mad and chase him for a way with his quirt in his hand. When the fellow would start to go to sleep again, Schnebly would repeat the process and he finally got him into camp in this way. Mr. Schnebly raised a large family of six boys and four girls. He married Representative C. P. Cook's daughter. C. P. Cook was the first representative from Kittitas County. Mr. Schnebly's children are all prosperous and highly respected citizens of Kittitas County.

When Mr. Schnebly was courting his wife, he went to see her one Sunday. He had his best clothes on and his silver mounted spurs. At Mr. Cook's house they were branding cattle. He climbed up on the fence watching them brand. He still had his spurs on with one foot hanging loose on the corral. A cow went past him switching her tail and caught the hair in her tail in his spur. She dragged him off the fence and across the corral, which wasn't very clean. He got up and shook himself and got on his horse and rode home. He didn't get a chance to see his girl that day.