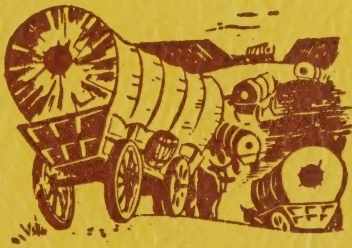


# Our Strip of Land

A History  
of  
Daggett County, Utah



By  
Dick and Vivian Dunham



OUR STRIP OF LAND

A HISTORY

of

DAGGETT COUNTY, UTAH

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Price \$2.00

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Published by  
Daggett County Lions Club  
Manila, Utah

SECOND PRINTING BY  
THE LUSK HERALD  
LUSK, WYOMING



# 1342964

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## Acknowledgment

We've tried to be pretty accurate in writing this account without getting scholarly or stuffy and sticking in footnotes. The story, we feel, is the thing. But if you're a stickler, and want to check up on us, here's a partial list of the books we consulted—most of the ones we got material from. We had a lot of fun reading them, and maybe you would, too.

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We are also indebted to many residents of the county for newspaper clippings; to all the older residents for wracking their brains to recall by-gone days; and especially to Emil A. Gaensslen and the staff of the Sweetwater County Library for their invaluable aid.



# OUR STRIP OF LAND

## I

### First Glimpses

Let's take a look at a strip of land in the northeast corner of Utah. It's about fifty miles long and averages about seventeen miles wide. On the north, it's bounded by the 41st parallel, better known as the Utah-Wyoming line. The Utah-Colorado line is its eastern boundary, and the 110th meridian marks its western edge. These are imaginary lines, set up by politicians and surveyors, and in telling the story of this strip of land, we're going to step over these lines now and then, just as the people did who made the story.

There's nothing imaginary, though, about the boundary line on the south of our strip, for the boundary there is the summit, or watershed line of the Uinta Mountains. It's a very real and effective barrier, and it plays quite a part in our story, as you'll see.

Folks, I'd like to have you meet these Uinta Mountains. Even in a part of the country where mountains are as common as mud, the Uintas are unique. They're the only large mountain range running east and west on the whole American continent. Right now, their highest peak is 13,498 feet above sea level, and their eastern end over in Colorado trails down into the low Escalante Hills. Pretty fair mountains, the Uintas, of course, but you should have seen them when they were young. They were one of the greatest mountain uplifts ever known, the geologists tell us—a solid block of stone, 150 miles long, and 35 miles wide, thrust up more than 32,000 feet above sea level—a mile higher than Mt. Everest. And since at that time, most of the country roundabout was a sea (you can still see traces of the shore line of the great Uinta Sea just north of Richards Peak), it would have strained your neck muscles a little to peer straight up six miles to the summit. Of course, the only necks around then were those of the dinosaurs, pterodactyls, and the like, prehistoric monsters and dragons, whose bones lie buried in the ancient marshes around here. They all seemed to have nice, long, limber necks, so it probably worked out all right.

And anyway, this huge hunk of mountain began to wear away almost as soon as it was formed. Rains did a lot to tear it down. Succeeding cold periods covered the entire summit with glaciers a hundred feet or more deep, and they, too, did a great deal of grinding and wearing. When you stop to consider that somewhere near four

cubic miles of dirt and rocks were peeled off the Uintas for every square mile of surface, you can see that a pretty mammoth excavating job was done. The debris accumulated faster than it could be taken away by streams and rivers, so, for a while, the country roundabout the base of the mountain stood almost as high as the summit. The channel of the Green River, wherever it may have been before the uplift, was completely blocked, and a great lake was formed north of the mountains.

We might have had another great inland sea here, like Great Salt Lake, but the Uintas gave the river a break. In other words, as the geologists put it, a great fault occurred in the rock strata at the northern side of the mountain. You can see the vertical rock layers of this fault line at Palisades Park in Sheep Creek Canyon, and trace its irregular line east to Flaming Gorge. By this fault, ridges were eliminated, the change in contours allowed the new sediments to be carried away to the depth of a few thousand feet, and the Green River began a slow, laborious task of cutting its present canyon more than 3000 feet down into the rock.

Why the river chose the path it did, cutting first a twisting path along the north face of the mountain close to what was formerly the summit line, then turning south to cut straight through what was at that time the highest part of the range, is one of geology's mysteries. In so doing, though, it has created some of the most beautiful — and inaccessible — scenery in the world — the Flaming Gorge, Horseshoe, Red, and Ladore Canyons. Eventually the world will recognize them as such, and beat a path to their door.

The deep, rugged canyons cleaving the Uinta sandstone and quartzite; the steep, narrow hogbacks, with the narrow gaps or gateways cutting through them; these show the work of fast flowing water. The rounded summits of the "Baldies," the great glacial cirques and mountain lakes show the carvings of the flowing rivers of ice. And all these things bear witness to the millions of years of building up and tearing down which have made this 850 square miles of country we call Daggett County one of the most rugged, isolated, and beautiful spots in the nation.

## Columbus Discovers Daggett County

In 1492 an Italian hailing from Genoa stepped ashore on a little island in the West Indies, and claimed Daggett County in the names of Their Most Christian Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. Columbus laid claim to a lot of other land at the same time—the whole Western Hemisphere, in fact. But while the English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese soon questioned other parts of the Spanish claim, nobody else seemed to be interested in Daggett County. Consequently, it remained under the Spanish flag until 1822, when it passed by default to the new republic of Mexico.

It isn't likely that Columbus, Ferdinand, Isabella, or the Utes and Shoshone Indians who lived here, were bothered very much by the claim. The Indians did get a free ride out of it, however. Cortez and the other Spaniards who came after Columbus brought in horses, some of which ran loose and bred in great numbers. It wasn't long before the Indians took advantage of the opportunity to substitute horse power for dog and squaw power to move about the country in search of game.

Just when the Spaniards first came prospecting around to see what Daggett County was like remains a state secret. Somewhere, in some musty and forgotten manuscript in Mexico City or in Madrid, that visit is probably mentioned, and some future historian will unearth it. We know that Coronado, when he came north in search of the Seven Golden Cities, passed many miles to the east. Escalante's famous expedition in 1776 came up the Green River as far as the mouth of Brush Creek, but then turned to the west and passed along the south slope of the Uintas. There are records of numerous Spanish and Mexican traders who came up the Green River to exchange horses, mules, and supplies with the Indians for furs and Indian slaves. Uncle Dick Wooton, early trapper and mountain man, mentions that the Shoshones frequently made war on the Piutes, and sold their captives to the Mexicans (1841). It would certainly be strange if some of these traders did not, at some time, pay a visit to one of the regular winter encampments of the Shoshones at the mouth of Henry's Fork, or of the Utes at Brown's Park.

There are a couple of bits of tradition to back up this supposition. The early trappers on the upper Green River knew it as "The Spanish River." And at Santa Fe, in 1848, Father Ortiz told the officers of the American army that the Spaniards had built a series of forts as far as 500 miles up to the Green River from Santa Fe;

that about 1650 the inhabitants of the forts had been massacred by the Indians, and the forts abandoned.

So, while we have no definite record, we can at least say that it is fairly likely that some early party of Spanish traders followed one or more of the old Indian trails through Daggett County, and that they may have built one of their forts here. At any rate, we must give the Spaniards credit for three things which deeply affected this neck of the woods. First, they introduced the horse to the American continent, which profoundly changed the character of the plains and mountain Indians, and made them a military force to be reckoned with. Secondly, they introduced cattle, and the Mexican *vaqueros* with their stock and their methods of handling them, laid the basis for the livestock industry, which is still the principal business of our district. And, finally, their political claim to the territory remained uncontested until our war with Mexico in 1848.



### III

## We Have Visitors

It was the spring of 1822. The Lieutenant Governor of Missouri was low in funds. He had come out to the frontier from Virginia, and politically he had been quite successful. He had risen first to the position of General of the Militia, and then to the Lieutenant-Governorship. But politics, then as now, was an expensive business, and William Ashley had run up considerable debts along with his popularity. He needed some way to replenish his capital. What better or quicker way than the booming and prosperous fur trade? Big risks, but the possibility of a huge profit from a relatively small investment.

So Ashley hunted up Major Andrew Henry, who had gone to the Columbia with Astor's company in 1807 and knew all about the country and the fur business. They went into conference over a bottle of bourbon, and came out with a partnership. On March 20, 1822, the following advertisement appeared in the columns of "The Missouri Republican":

#### To Enterprising Young Men:

The subscriber wishes to engage one hundred young men to ascend the Missouri River to its source, there to be employed for one, two, or three years. For particulars enquire of Major Andrew Henry, near the lead mines in the County of Washington, who will ascend with and command the party; or of the subscriber near St. Louis.

(Signed)

WILLIAM H. ASHLEY.

That first expedition was fairly successful, but when Henry returned, he and Ashley, after clinking glasses, put their heads together and made a number of decisions. First, they would seek a new field. The upper Missouri was too crowded, competition was too keen, and the Blackfeet were on the war path. Too much risk, and not enough profit. Further to the south and west, the Indians were quieter, and the beaver hadn't been so thoroughly trapped out. Henry also had another brilliant idea. They wouldn't bother to set up permanent trading posts, which cost a lot of money to run, and invited Indian attack. They would simply select a place and set a time, say the first week in July, for all their employees and the independent "free" trappers to meet with their furs. The leaders would settle accounts, collect the furs, and haul them back to St. Louis. Less risk, less overhead, more profit.

So, in the spring of 1824, Ashley himself set out from St. Louis headed for the Spanish River, or the Prairie Hen River, as the Crows called it, or the Bitter Root, as the Utes and Shoshones named it.

Some historians claim that Ashley named it the Green River after one of his silent partners back in St. Louis, but the bulk of the evidence goes to prove that the early trappers had forestalled him, and named it the Green on account of its color.

Henry had rediscovered an easier route through the mountains, up the Sweetwater and through South Pass, and he told Ashley he believed it could be traveled by wagons. Whether Ashley was testing the theory or traveling as befitted a general doesn't appear, but his pack train was accompanied by a cannon mounted on wheels, the first vehicle to cross the mountains.

Arrived on the Sandy, Ashley split his party up. He and one group went north to trap. A detachment under Sublette, with Jim Bridger, Etienne Provost, Williams, and Marshal, went south along the Green. Jedediah Smith, Jackson, and Fitzpatrick took another party west to Bear River.

Provost trapped up Black's Fork, and crossed over the Uintas to the headwaters of the Weber River. Another group trapped the headwaters of Henry's Fork. They were a little disturbed, we find, to discover that someone, probably the Hudson Bay men, had trapped out the streams pretty thoroughly some four or five years earlier. Sublette and Smith and their parties reunited and passed the winter together in Cache Valley. Bridger occupied himself by discovering and exploring the Great Salt Lake, while Provost wandered around getting the river and future city of Provo named after him.

That summer of 1824, two parties of trappers also left Taos with the idea of trapping the Green and its tributaries. Antoine Robidoux with five men, and William Heddest with fourteen. The two parties met on the south slopes of the Uintas. Some of them may have crossed over the mountains that fall. At any rate, we know they were all up there the next spring.

With all this activity going on around it, with the Green River and its tributaries becoming so popular, Daggett County is almost if not quite discovered. It was probably visited unofficially several times that fall and spring. It may have been visited by trappers a dozen or more times even earlier. But now, in the spring of 1825, that discovery is going to break into print.

Early in April the dynamic Ashley came out of winter storage and jumped into action. Unless his maps and notes played him false—and practically all maps of the West at that time did—this Green River, somewhere to the south, joined either the Arkansas, the Red River, or the Rio Grande, and flowed into the Gulf of Mexico. What a neat and easy way to transport his furs to the East! So before the time came for his big rendezvous, he decided to do a spot of exploring. Near the present Fontenelle, Wyoming, his men

hewed out some frames of cottonwood, covered them with stretched buffalo hides, and he and a party took off down the river, telling those he left behind that:

I would descend the river to some eligible point about one hundred miles below, there to deposit a part of my merchandise, and make such marks as would designate it as the place of General Rendezvous for the men in my service in that part of the country, and where they were all directed to assemble on or before the 10th day of July, following.

Since William Ashley, General and Lieutenant Governor, was the first white man to enter Daggett County and tell the world about it; and since historians have managed to leave so many garbled accounts of his expedition, we'll let the general tell you himself about his trip down the Green River from the notes in his own journal.

Monday 25th [April]. The country today under our observation is mountainous on either side of the river for 20 miles, then it resumes its former appearance of elevated and broken heights. A beautiful bold running stream about 50 yards wide [Black's Fork] empties itself on the west side of the river, running N.W. and S.E. Below this junction the river is 150 yards wide, the valley narrow and thinly timbered. We encamped on an island after making about twenty-five miles. Thence we departed on the succeeding morning and progressed slowly without observing any remarkable difference on the appearance of the river or surrounding country until the 30th inst., when we arrived at the base of a lofty and rugged mountain, the summit of which was covered with snow, and bearing East and West. Here also a creek sixty feet wide discharged itself on the West side. [Henry's Fork]. This spot I selected as the place of General Rendezvous, which I designated by marks in accordance with the instruction given to my men.

So far the navigation of the river is without the least obstruction. The channel in the most shallow places affords at least four feet of water. Game continues abundant, particularly buffalo. There is no appearance of these animals wintering on this river; but they are at this time traveling from the West in great numbers.

Saturday May 2: We continued our voyage about half a mile below our camp, when we entered between the walls of this range of mountains, which approach at this point to the water's edge on either side of the river and rise almost perpendicular to an immense height. [Flaming Gorge]. The channel of the river is here contracted to the width of sixty or seventy yards, and the current (much increased in velocity) seemed constantly to threaten us with danger as we advanced. We, however, succeeded in descending about ten miles without any difficulty or material change in the aspect of things and encamped for the night. About two miles above this camp, we passed the mouth of a creek on the West side, some fifteen yards wide, which discharged its waters with great violence. [Sheep Creek].

Sunday 3d: After progressing two miles the navigation became difficult and dangerous, the river being remarkably crooked with more or less rapids every mile caused by rocks which had fallen from the sides of the mountains, many of which rise above the surface of the water and require our utmost exertions to avoid them. At twenty miles from our last camp, the roaring and agitated state of the water a short distance before us indicated a fall or some other obstruction of considerable



magnitude. Our boats were consequently rowed back to shore, along which we cautiously descended to the place from whence the danger was to be apprehended. It proved to be a perpendicular falls of ten or twelve feet produced by large fragments of rocks which had fallen from the mountains and settled in the river, extending entirely across the channel and forming an impregnable barrier to the passage of loaded water craft. [Ashley Falls]. We were therefore obliged to unload our boats of their cargoes and pass them empty over the falls by means of long cords we had provided for such purposes. At sunset, our boats were reloaded and we descended a mile lower down and encamped.

Monday, 4th: This day we made about 40 miles. [Possibly the swiftness of the current, or, rather, its apparent swiftness, made Ashley double or treble the real distances]. The navigation and mountains by which the river is bounded continues pretty much the same as yesterday. These mountains appear to be almost entirely composed of stratas of rock of various colors, mostly red, and are partially covered with a dwarfish growth of pine and cedar, which are the only species of timber to be seen.

Tuesday, 5th: After descending six miles, the mountains gradually recede from the water's edge, and the river expands to the width of 250 yards, leaving the river bottoms on each side from one to three hundred yards wide interspersed with clusters of small willows. We remained at our encampment until the morning of the 7th, when we descended ten miles lower down and encamped on a spit of gravel where several thousand Indians had wintered during the past season. Their camp had been judiciously selected for defense. . . .

After this brief rest at Brown's Park, the general and his party still had high hopes of getting to the Gulf of Mexico. They pushed on down into Ladore Canyon. They made it through, too, with no loss of life, and only wrecked one boat. They got as far south as the present site of Greenriver, Utah. There they ran into some Ute Indians who managed to convey the general idea that the Green River ran into the Western Ocean, and that navigation from there on would be even more of a problem than they had already encountered. So Ashley traded the Indians out of some horses, and set off back north, crossed the Uintas, and arrived back on Henry's Fork on July 1, just in time for the rendezvous.

On the first day of July, all the men in my employ or with whom I had any concern in the country, together with twenty men who had recently withdrawn from the Hudson Bay Company, making in all 120 men, were assembled in two camps near each other, about 20 miles distant from the place appointed by me as a general rendezvous. . . .

On the 2d day of July I set out on my way homewards with 50 men . . . to a navigable point of the Big Horn River.

Jim Beckwourth, a mulatto, accompanied Ashley down as far as the cache at the mouth of Henry's Fork, and later wrote a highly imaginative and fantastic account of his saving Ashley from drowning in "The Suck," as he called the entrance to Flaming Gorge. He tells us that since the Hudson Bay men had their camp "upstream," the rendezvous site was moved up near their camp. So, putting the two accounts together, we can suppose that this first great trappers'



rendezvous west of the Rockies took place either up Henry's Fork, near where Burnt Fork enters; or near the junction of Black's Fork with the Green.

What a pity that Daggett County, after being selected for it, missed the distinction of being the site of the Trappers' First Annual Convention and Clambake, by so narrow a margin! Beckwourth tells us that 200 trappers and 800 Indians attended; that the rendezvous lasted a week. The trappers traded their beaver skins off at four dollars a pound for coffee, and sugar at two dollars a pint, chewing tobacco at a dollar a plug, diluted alcohol at four dollars a pint, guns, ammunition, knives, and traps, at equally inflated prices. Then they gambled with each other for their proceeds, bartered for squaws, ran horse races and foot races, held shooting contests, rassing matches, drinking bouts, free-for-all fights, and gorged themselves on fresh-killed game.

Ashley, the business man, didn't wait around for the fun and games, but set right out the day after he arrived with over \$75,000 worth of beaver skins. That was enough to pay his debts, and set him up in the mercantile business in St. Louis. The following year he sold out his interest in the fur business to a partnership of Henry, Sublette, Jackson and Smith, and never came back to the mountains or to Daggett County again.

On his one trip, though, he had accomplished quite a good deal. He had proved that wagons could cross the mountains, at least as far west as the Green River. He had navigated that stream, discovered that it was a little rough for boating purposes, and that it didn't run into the Gulf of Mexico. He had proved the merits of the rendezvous system of trading. And he had discovered Daggett County, and told the world about it.

Among the distinguished visitors to that first rendezvous were Jim Bridger, Etienne Provost, Andrew Henry, David Jackson, Jedediah Smith, James Beckwourth, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Robert Campbell, James Clyman, Hugh Glass, Antoine Robidoux—all of them mighty mountain men, and famous in the annals of American trapping and exploration.

The following year, 1826, saw the arrival in these parts of another famous man. The well-known Kit Carson came north from Taos to trap along the Green. In his party was also a young fellow named Jack Robertson (usually called "Uncle Jack" Robinson) of whom we shall hear quite a good deal later. Robertson was born in North Carolina about 1809, and had been a teamster on the Santa Fe trail before going into the trapping business. He joined with the American Fur Company and trapped extensively throughout the West for a number of years.

The year 1827, so the story runs (1835 by other accounts) is another, very important date for Daggett County. For that winter

a trapper, one Baptistie Brown, a French Canadian, settled down to spend the winter in the valley at the eastern end of the county which was named Brown's Hole in honor of that event. We know little about him except that he was fond of strong liquor, and had a Piegan squaw. Regardless of which date we accept for his arrival, to Baptistie goes the credit of being the first settler in Daggett County, for he made Brown's Hole his headquarters until 1843.

In 1830, a young recruit in the American Fur Company, Walter Ferris, was a member of a party under Lucien Fontenelle and Andrew Drips which trapped Henry's Fork and Black's Fork from their mouths to their sources in the Uintas. He writes in his journal that they found no beaver, and were "starved one-half the time." Jedediah Smith also passed through Daggett County in 1829 on his way down along the Green River to its junction with the Colorado, but his journal fails to mention more than the fact of his passage.

Antoine Robidoux, in 1831, established a trading post and fort on the Uinta River at its junction with White Rocks River. In 1833 Kit Carson built another fort at the junction of the Green and White Rivers. Trappers from these forts often passed through our section. In 1836 or 37, three mountain men, Philip Thompson, William Craig, and one St. Clair, or Sinclair, built a fort in Brown's Hole, a short distance below the mouth of Red Creek, about two miles west of where the Jarvie store and the postoffice of Bridgeport were later located. They named it Fort Davy Crockett in honor of the famous politician-hunter from Tennessee and Texas. During the winter of '37-'38, Kit Carson was engaged as hunter for the fort, and kept the twenty men who wintered there supplied with fresh meat. In the spring he struck out for Henry's Fork, and joined Jim Bridger and Owen in a trapping expedition.

During the summer of 1839, Fort Davy Crockett had three visitors, each of whom has left us an account of his stay there. We turn first to Dr. F. A. Wislizenus, who was born in Germany in 1810, studied medicine at Frankfort, joined a student rebellion there in 1833, and fled to this country in 1835, settling in St. Louis, where he practiced medicine. He later traveled in Mexico, was U. S. Minister to Turkey in 1850, and died in St. Louis in 1889. Anxious to visit the Rocky Mountain region, he joined a trapping party in 1839, going to Fort Hall on the Snake River. On his return, he passed through Daggett County and visited Fort Davy Crockett.

[Above Black's Fork] the snowy peaks of the Eutaw Mountains were on our right. The grass in this region was very poor, the game very scarce. The nearer we came to Black's Fork, the more uninteresting we found the country. . . . From here the country becomes more hilly. Many steep, conical, naked sand hills alternated now and then with little cedar groves. From there we reached Henry's Fork, a small stream flowing into the Green River south of the Black Fork. On the shores

grew pine, cottonwood, and willows. We followed the streamlet to its mouth. We had warm days, and suffered so much from mosquitos at night, that we often could not get one hour's rest.

On August 15th, we crossed the Green River, which winds its way among precipitous mountains, and at this point can still be easily forded, going slantingly downstream for two more days. The road was generally steep, and led through forests of pine and cedar. The river valley at first was narrow, but widened further on . . . On August 17th we reached Fort Crockett. It is situated close by the Green River on its left bank. The river valley here is broad and has good pasturage and sufficient wood. The fort itself is the worst thing of the kind we have seen on our journey. It is a low, one-story building, constructed of logs and clay, with three connecting wings, and no enclosure. Instead of cows, the fort had only some goats. In short, the whole establishment appeared somewhat poverty stricken, for which reason it is also known to the trappers by the name of Fort Misery. The fort belongs to three Americans, Thompson, Gray and Sinclair. The latter was at the fort and received us very kindly, but regretted his inability to offer us any supplies. For our store of meat was exhausted, and we had hoped to supply ourselves here with new provisions. But the people at the fort seemed to be worse off than we were. The day before they had bought a lean dog from the Indians for five dollars, and considered its meat a delicacy. I, too, tried some of it, and found its taste not so bad. In addition to some trappers and Indians, we found five Americans here, who had started in the spring with a larger party from Peoria, Illinois, to make a settlement on the Columbia River. . . . They had journeyed first by the Santa Fe road, then up the Arkansas . . . the company consisting mainly of novices, was split up into several smaller groups. I had expected to meet an old friend of University days . . . who was supposed to be at this time at the fort . . . unfortunately I learned S had gone beaver-trapping.

On August 18th we started from Fort Crockett. Our next objective was the North Fork of the Platte.

The party of five mentioned by Wislizenus included Thomas Jefferson Farnham, author of a grandiose scheme to take Oregon Territory by force, and end the British fur trade monopoly there. He enlisted a company of young daredevils, who started off with the title of the "Oregon Dragoons," and a flag inscribed "Oregon or the Grave." By the time Farnham had reached Brown's Hole, however, all but four of his party had left him, and these, too, deserted not long afterwards. He has the following to tell us of Brown's Hole and Fort Crockett:

The bluffs opened before us the beautiful plain of Brown's Hole. As we entered it, we crossed two cool streams that tumbled down from the stratified cliffs near at hand on the right [Beaver and Willow Creeks]; and a few rods beyond, the whole area became visible. The Fort, as it is called, peered up in the centre upon the winding bank of the Sheetskadee. The dark mountains around it rose sublimely, and the green fields swept away into the deep precipitous gorges more beautifully than I can describe. . . .

The fort is a hollow square of one-story log cabins, with roofs and floors of mud. . . . Around these we found the conical skin lodges of the squaws of the white trappers, who were away on their "fall hunt," and also the lodges of a few Snake Indians who had preceded their tribe into this, their winter haunt.



Here also were the lodges of Mr. Robinson [Uncle Jack Robertson] a trader, who usually stations himself here to traffic with the Indians and white trappers. His skin lodge was his warehouse; and buffalo robes were spread upon ground and counter, on which he displayed his butcher knives, hatchets, powder, lead, fish hooks, and whisky. In exchange for these articles he receives beaver skins from trappers, money from travelers, and horses from Indians. There, as one would believe, Mr. Robinson drives a very snug little business. And, indeed, when all the "independent trappers" are driven by approaching winter into this delightful retreat, and the whole Snake village, two or three thousand strong, impelled by the same necessity, pitch their lodges around the Fort, and the dances and merry-makings of a long winter are commenced, there is no want of customers.

By 1839, the big days of the fur trade were over. The tall beaver hat had gone out of style, and been replaced by the silk stovepipe. The British Army, too, had given up using tall, beaver shakos as standard military equipment. Beaver were becoming scarce, anyway; the streams had all been pretty thoroughly trapped out. At the rendezvous of the American Fur Company that summer, it was announced that this would be the last of these famous gatherings. Free trappers and salaried men alike were left at loose ends. There seems to have been a spontaneous movement on the part of the mountain men to come together that fall at Brown's Hole. Farnham's journal tells us of his meeting at least ten different parties of trappers bound for there. Among them was Joe Meek, who has left us some account of that winter at Fort Crockett.

There were about sixty trappers in Brown's Hole, and a tribe of Indians. They did but little trapping, for there was neither profit nor pleasure in it any more. Game was scarce, and their food supply was short, even with that redoubtable hunter, Kit Carson, again on hand to procure meat. Late in November, St. Clair, together with Carson, Craig, and Wilkins, made a trip up to Fort Hall to procure additional supplies, especially rum, to trade with the Indians. Life at the fort was so dull, however, that home consumption took up most of the supply they brought back.

As near neighbors they had Jim Bridger, who had set up a trading post that year at Bridger Bottom, on the Green River, a few miles above the mouth of Henry's Fork, and Jim Baker, mountain man, trapper and scout, who now enters our story for the first time. He had set up his lodge on Henry's Fork not far from where Linwood now stands. There was considerable visiting back and forth between the three camps.

Two incidents enlivened an otherwise dull winter. Meek and a party, some time in December, descended the Green River through the canyons on horseback on the ice as far as the mouth of the Uinta. And in January, a group of Nez Perce Indians came to the fort, complaining that a group of white men, including Phil Thompson, who had turned renegade, had stolen their horses. The Indians demanded restitution. So a party of thirty under the leader-



ship of Jo Walker, and including Meek, Craig, Newell and Carson, set out to track down and return the horses. They found the horses on an island in the Green River, and the robbers holed up in Robidoux's old, abandoned fort on the Uinta. The renegades got away, but the horses were brought back and returned to the Indians.

The next spring Meek left this part of the country and joined a group which was going to Oregon. That summer, Jim Bridger, Jack Robinson, Jim Baker, and Henry Frapp formed a trading company, Bridger, Frapp and Baker operating on Henry's Fork, and Robinson at Brown's Hole. The arrangement lasted until 1843. During the winter of '42, old Baptistie Brown visited Bridger's trading post. There he met a young man to whom he took quite a liking, and invited him to come back to Brown's Hole and make his home with him. What the young man's name had been before, nobody quite knows. Baptistie's thick Canuck accent made it unintelligible. But because of his connection with Baptistie, his quiet disposition, and his stooped shoulders, he was universally known as "Bibleback" Brown. In 1843 old Baptistie took his Piegan squaw and pulled out for the north, and vanishes from our history. Bibleback apparently stayed around, however, for he was still in Brown's Hole in the early seventies, as we shall see.

In 1843, Jack Robinson dissolved his partnership with Frapp, Baker and Bridger, and joined with Robidoux in the business of bringing horses and mules north from Taos and trading them with the Indians and with the emigrants who were already beginning to make their way along the trails to Oregon and California. In the same year, too, Jim Bridger picked out a likely spot over on Black's Fork and set up his tourist camp, better known as Fort Bridger. By 1843, there were not fifty men trapping anywhere in the Rockies, where just a decade before there had been thousands. The day of the trapper was over.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the trapper in the development of Daggett County, and of the whole West. Not only did he discover the country, explore it, become thoroughly familiar with it, but he showed others the way to it. He was also the first white man to turn his back fairly and squarely on his former home in the East; to meet the challenge of this rugged country, its visible and invisible forces, and come to terms with it. He was, in short, the first "Westerner."

## IV

### People Move In

Bernard DeVoto, critic, and historian of the West, has labeled 1846 as the "year of decision." The United States went to war with Mexico, settled the Oregon question, laid the foundation of the Civil War, and turned its eye to the development of the West. Certainly the 1840's are years of great unrest and social ferment:— revolutions all over Europe, rebellions in Central and South America; and, here in this country, a vast population streaming westward. It wasn't gold that drew people West, for the trails to Oregon and California were already broken and deeply trodden by 1849.

The routes of four visitors in the early 1840's, along with those of Wislizenus and Farnham, noted in the previous chapter, would seem to indicate that our strip of land was not so far off the regular, beaten line of travel as it might otherwise seem to be. In 1842, Joseph Williams, Methodist missionary, on his return to the States, came from Black's Fork across to Henry's Fork, and then proceeded across the Uintas to Fort Wintey. Williams obstinately refused to profane the Sabbath day by travel, a habit which was most disconcerting to the mountain men who served as his guides. Williams is much more interested, in his journal, in noting the moral lapses of the men with whom he came in contact than he is in geography, so it is difficult to trace his exact route. He does tell us that, at one of the lakes near the summit, "Mr. Miles and his squaw," who were guiding him, became sick, and camped at the lake. Whitman and the rest of his party proceeded to become lost for three days, finally managing to cross the summit and proceed down the Whiterocks River to Fort Wintey, and then on to Taos.

"Mr. Miles" turns out to be none other than Miles Goodyear, the first permanent settler in Salt Lake Valley. He proceeded leisurely down to Fort Wintey, and procured supplies there. While he was at the Fort, the famous Oregon missionary, Marcus Whitman, also crossed the Uintas and rode into the Fort, bound for the States. Goodyear seems to have spent that winter at Brown's Hole, and gone on up to Fort Bridger the next spring. From there he proceeded over to the confluence of the Ogden and Weber rivers, built a cabin, and started farming at that place.

In 1844, John Charles Fremont, "The Pathfinder," with Kit Carson as guide, came east from Salt Lake by way of Fort Wintey, Brown's Hole, the Little Snake, Bent's Fort, and the Arkansas. Since Fremont's reports were widely circulated and read, we can easily believe that a goodly number of west-bound emigrants followed his route in reverse. So at least two alternative routes existed south of the

main-traveled one through South Pass and Bridger, and both of them passed through our strip of land.

The great Mormon trek to the Salt Lake Basin in 1847 and succeeding years was a significant and outstanding part of the great westward movement; but we can give it no more than bare mention here, for it swept by to the north of our strip of land, and left it virtually untouched except in a political way. We last noted the political allegiance of Daggett County in 1822, when it, along with the rest of Mexico, threw off the Spanish yoke. In 1848 it was part of the Mexican cession to the United States. In 1849 it became briefly, by decree, part of the independent Mormon State of Deseret. The following year it was made part of Green River County in the newly organized Territory of Utah, along with most of what are now Uinta and Sweetwater Counties in Wyoming. The 42nd parallel was then the northern boundary of Utah. It probably still would be so, except for some rather tricky political maneuvering, of which we'll hear a little later.

One famous group of emigrants in '49 did enter Daggett County, and made a brief stay here. The Cherokee Indians had been subjugated for a good many years. They had been "civilized" and many of them were well-educated, including doctors, lawyers and writers. They weren't very happy, however; so when gold was discovered in California they petitioned the government to allow them to emigrate there, where they might find a place for themselves, and a new opportunity. The petition was granted, and a large party of them set out. They came north through where Pueblo and Denver now stand, and on north and then west through Bridger Pass. They had made a late start, and it was impossible for them to complete their journey that year; so they turned south and spent the winter in Brown's Hole, resting their horses, mules and cattle.

Resuming their westward journey in the spring, they descended the ridge between Sage and Currant Creeks to the Green River, and, since the river was in flood, constructed rafts to make a crossing. Three men and a number of their stock were drowned. They continued on up Black's Fork. Traces of the old road they used can still be seen on the bluffs just to the north and east of the present bridge on the Linwood-Green River road.

In the early summer of '49, James Clyman, famous mountain man, wrote in his journal of meeting Fitzpatrick, another old trapper, in Independence. Fitzpatrick was just getting ready to start out to conduct a party of invalids to Brown's Hole. We've been unable to find any other mention of this party, or whether Daggett County actually did become a health resort that winter, but the very intention shows the shift that was taking place in people's ideas of the West. And we are left with an interesting question:—was Brown's Hole the first dude ranch?



A young fellow by the name of William Manley was also bitten by the gold bug in '49. He just had to get to California, where the gold was. How to do it was a problem, though, for he had no money. Being just short of twenty, with the determination that goes with youth, he found a way. He got a job driving an ox team for a California-bound 'forty-niner who was more fortunate in worldly goods than Manley. He was not only going to California, but was taking along his wife, family and possessions.

Everything went swimmingly until the party reached South Pass. There Manley overheard his boss telling some Army officers that he didn't think he could make California before the snows, and he believed he'd spend the winter in the Salt Lake valley. This bit of news put Manley into a state of terror. He'd been raised to believe that Mormons were the very devil. His bedtime stories ended with, "The Mormons'll git you, ef you don't watch out." And having absorbed all the propoganda of the time, he was positive that entering Salt Lake City meant one of two things—either sudden death by a Mormon gun, or turning Mormon. Either alternative gave him a fit of the "shakes."

As the caravan halted at the crossing of the Green River, Manley spied a boat. That gave him an idea. He conferred with his boss, and got leave to quit the caravan and start off on his own. Six other young fellows, teamsters, decided to go with him. They'd get to California the easy way—float down there in a boat. The Army officers' maps assured them that the river was indeed California-bound. So Manley and his companions got into the boat and left, amid fond farewells, god-speeds and good-byes from the ex-boss, his wife and family, and the Army.

The maps which Manley had seen were, of course, just trappers' sketches. The West was still unsurveyed. They didn't tell Manley very much. He and his companions observed, though, that the river seemed to get larger and swifter as they went along, but nothing to be really alarmed about. On the fifth day, the little boat and its crew entered Daggett County. Our distinguished visitor, William Manley, was, we're sorry to say, fast asleep at the time. Suddenly his companions shook him awake. They were nearly speechless with terror. They pointed ahead. The river vanished in the rocks of a huge mountain. All Manley could think of, on being thus rudely awakened, was that on those Army maps there was a place called Brown's Hole. This was probably it—a hole in the mountain for water to go through—and he wasn't having any of it. They prepared to abandon ship, when they saw that the river made a bend and entered Flaming Gorge. That didn't look quite so bad, then, and they proceeded. They were kept pretty busy running rapids and dodging rocks, but at least it wasn't a hole under the mountain.

Manley noted in his diary that a fellow by the name of Ashley had put his name up on a rock by one of the big rapids, with the

date 1825 after it. In Red Canyon, he also found a bunch of pots and kettles and equipment, and a note with it, giving the names of the people in the party they had belonged to, and saying it was not feasible to go farther in a boat. Manley copied the note and the names down in his diary, but unfortunately, the diary was later destroyed by fire.

The party got safely through Ladore Canyon, more by luck than good judgment, and built up enough confidence to be ready to tackle anything. This water route was a little tougher than they had expected, but at that it was better than driving ox teams or being murdered by Mormons. They met up with a band of Indians, and Manley thought they'd better pay their respects, and try to get a little information. The head man turned out to be the famous Ute chief, Walker. After some trials and errors in sign language, the Indians finally got the idea that Manley and his companions were California-bound. Chief Walker shook his head vigorously, and indicated a negative in every way he could. Manley wanted to know how come. Chief Walker got down on the ground. Manley got down with him. Walker started piling up little stones in rows, motioning and pointing. Manley finally got the idea—the chief was indicating the course of the river, with its canyon walls. He nodded. Walker pointed back the way the party had come, then to the building blocks he had set up, then held his hand well off the ground, and said, "Ee-ee." Manley got it—deep canyons. Then Walker pointed down stream. He built up more rocks, then stood up, held out his hand to indicate, and said, "Ee-ee-ee." He pointed again, built up more rocks, stretched his hand as high as he could, and yelled, "EE-EE-EE-EE!" The idea finally filtered into Manley's mind that there was a terrific canyon ahead that they couldn't possibly get through. Walker clearly indicated that to try it meant certain death. So Manley and his fellows decided to take a chance on death at the hands of the Mormons, and go overland.

Much to their surprise, they found when they got to Salt Lake that the Mormons weren't ferocious at all, but were very nice to them. Manley made it to California the next summer, but not without almost losing his life in Death Valley. In his old age he wrote a book about his life and his adventures in getting to California. It's called "Death Valley in '49," and it's one of the best adventure stories ever written. Daggett County can be proud that Manley visited it on his way to the coast.

During the 1850's, California, due to the sudden influx of gold seekers, faced a shortage of livestock. A few Texans got the idea of driving cattle west to San Francisco. One of the earliest to do so was W. H. Snyder. It took his outfit two years to make the drive. They followed up the Rio Grande, crossed the continental divide in southern Colorado, crossed the White and Yampa Rivers, and wintered their cattle in Brown's Hole, going on to Bridger, and the



regular California overland trail from there. Unfortunately, Snyder and his trail drivers were too busy with their work to take time to write about it. From W. A. Peril, who drove the California route a few years later, and also wintered in Brown's Hole, we find that his outfit had eleven hundred head of cattle, which were bought in Texas for ten dollars a head, and sold in California for thirty, which, even with strays, deaths and other losses, gave them a fairly neat profit. The stock came through their winter fat and in good condition, proving that Brown's Hole was a good place to winter cattle.

In 1857, Colonel Johnston was sent west with an army to chastise the Mormons for their supposed rebellion against the government. Their supply trains were cut off and destroyed by Mormon scouts, so the soldiers were forced to spend the winter near the ruins of Fort Bridger. Such stock as they had was sent down to winter along Henry's Fork, where it thrived lustily. Who suggested the idea? Obviously either "Uncle Jack" Robinson, who had been wintering his horses and mules there since '43; or else his old friend, Jim Baker, who had been out on the Laramie plains killing buffalo, and was now returning to his old stamping grounds as scout for Johnston.

The animals, of course, fared well; but the soldiers were pretty short of food. So Johnston sent Captain Marcy with a detail and sixty pack mules, Jim Baker acting as guide, on a relief expedition down to Fort Massachusetts in New Mexico. It was a rough trip. They came down Henry's Fork to the river. Baker was all for taking the easier and better-known route through Brown's Hole, but Marcy insisted they must save time by cutting straight over the mountains. The trail was an unfamiliar one to Baker. As they neared the summit they found the snow two feet deep. They ran onto three lodges of Digger Ute Indians and persuaded one of them to go along and show them the way. On top of the mountains, their guide deserted, and they had to wallow along as best they could. They finally made it to Fort Massachusetts, but almost froze to death crossing the high passes in southern Colorado. The relief party followed the longer, but more feasible way back, through Denver and Rawlins.

With Colonel Johnston in 1857 came two men of whom we should take special note. Neither of them actually lived in our strip of land, but they had quite an influence on it, in one way or another. This first was William A. Carter, who accompanied the expedition as sutler. A native of Virginia, he had studied law. He enlisted in the Seminole War, but withdrew when the army failed to give him a commission. He became post trader at Fort Lauderdale in Florida, where he made several influential army friends. He tried farming in Missouri for a while, hunted gold in California, with no great success in either. Finally he received from his friend, General Harney, the appointment as sutler-general to the expedition against

the Mormons. Arriving at Fort Bridger, he was ordered to accompany the dragoons under Colonel Cooke who took all the government stock, horses, mules and cattle down on Henry's Fork to winter. So Carter spent that first winter in or very near Daggett County.

The next year he built himself a large stone house and store at Bridger, procured the appointment of trader, as well as postmaster and probate judge, was awarded a number of government contracts, and settled down to the pleasant business of making money, to the tune of fifty cents on the dollar. It was not long before he found himself wealthy and influential.

The other man with Johnston in whom we are interested here was Philip Mass. Phil, as he was universally known, was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, in 1839. He came to Missouri in 1852, where for three years he engaged in breaking horses. He was one of the original drivers on the Overland Stage, and was on the first stage coach to enter Salt Lake City. The same year he served as guide and scout for General Harney at the battle of Ice Hollow. He came to Bridger with Johnston in that same capacity. Receiving his discharge in 1859, he started in trading stock with the emigrants and Indians, chiefly horses and mules. In 1860 he served for three months as one of the riders on the Pony Express. In 1862 he married Irene Beauveaux and made his home for a time at Millersville, at the junction of Smith's and Black's Fork. He kept a trading post there, and built toll bridges over the streams, which he persuaded emigrants to use at the rate of five dollars a wagon, by warning them of the treacherous quicksands. He also supplied wood and hay to the troops at Fort Bridger on contract. His stock business increased rapidly, and he finally moved to Mentoya Meadows, named for an earlier Mexican dweller there, on Henry's Fork. He raised nine children, for whom he engaged private teachers and tutors. Billy Pearson, who taught most of the children, later taught at Burnt Fork, and had a ranch there.

Phil Pico, just west of present Manila, was the name he gave to the mountain where his stock grazed in winter; and Phil Mass Mountain, a large flat-topped butte to the north, was where he ran his horses in summer. For some strange reason the animals running there were not troubled with flies. In later years, Mass turned to the raising of graded Shorthorn and Hereford cattle. While not exactly a resident of Daggett County, he was a constant visitor, and a force in its development. Ralph Mass, his grandson, still lives in Lucerne Valley.

The events we have noted in Phil Mass's career bring to our attention some of the changes which were gradually taking place in the hundred mile strip north of Daggett County. Along the old Oregon, California, and Mormon trails thousands upon thousands of emigrants, gold seekers and home seekers, were streaming westward through South Pass and Fort Bridger. In 1855 came the



Overland Stage; in 1860, the Pony Express, replaced in 1862 by a transcontinental telegraph line. In 1862, also, the Overland stage was moved southward to run through Bridger Pass, and follow down Bitter Creek, crossing the river near the present site of Green River City. In 1867 gold was discovered at the head of the Sweetwater, causing a tremendous rush to that vicinity. Tent cities sprang up, each having from ten to twenty thousand inhabitants—Atlantic City, South Pass City, Miners' Delight. The mountains, hills and canyons of Daggett County were scoured by eager prospectors working singly or in pairs.

In that same year of 1867, work was started on laying the tracks of the transcontinental railroad across southern Wyoming. By 1869, the road was finished. Freighting by wagon across the plains was at an end. And at each division point and between, cities had sprung up, some long since vanished, others still there, their original purpose being to grab off, by fair means or foul, the lion's share of the construction payrolls.

In the years following the Civil War came another great influx. During the war vast numbers of cattle had accumulated on the plains of Texas. It became generally known that stock would normally winter well on the sun-cured, dry grasses of the north, not only in such favorably sheltered localities as Brown's Hole, Henry's Fork, and Bitter Creek, but even on the great, wind-swept plains of Laramie, the Platte River, Montana and Idaho. So in 1866 and the years succeeding, more and more cattle were driven north over the old Cherokee Trail. In 1869 over a quarter million bawling longhorns made the trip. In 1871 that number was doubled. Horses and mules were also brought into the country from California and Missouri. The great days of the stock industry were at hand.

With the railroad, the gold rush, and the Texas cattle, came all sorts of people, good and bad. Some of both kinds naturally drifted down into Daggett County.

Now right here might be a good place to pause for a little essay on law, order, and morality. The old Wild West has been pretty well publicized. Too well, maybe. Some people applaud its rugged, he-man atmosphere, and others raise their hands in holy horror at the goin's-on. Before we decided to join either the hand clappers or the hand lifters, though, let's look the situation over.

First, let's pick at random just a few of the things that were going on in the polite East at the time of this Western "lawlessness"—the Civil War draft riots, the Tweed ring, the Gould scandals, carpet-bagging, Ku Klux Klan, Tammany politics, the Homestead strike, lynchings in every State, police bribery and corruption in all the large cities, New York, Boston—oh, we could go on and on. But the point is clear, isn't it? Nobody's pointing a finger at the West. After all, it was an era of violent social change; and such eras seem to breed considerable physical violence, be it East or West.

Now some writers wonder a bit about the big cattle barons who ruthlessly grabbed off big slices of what was really public land, and claimed it as their own private range. Were they more honest and law-abiding than the homesteader whose barren cow suddenly had lusty quintuplets, some of them yearlings at birth? There's a lot that can be said both for and against both sides. We find it a little hard, sometimes, to decide, when So-and-So shot Thus-and-Such, whether he was acting in the heat of honest indignation, or whether he himself had been caught in the act.

Well, let's cut the palaver short, and get down to brass tacks. We don't want to say here that *your* grandfather got his start rustling cattle. If we do happen to suggest such a thing, of course it's a damned lie. It was his neighbor, and our sources just got the two people mixed up. But let's not go all squeamish about things. In the days we're talking about now, any man, good or bad, had to keep his eyes open, his lip buttoned, and his gun ready. If we want to try to understand the West our fathers and grandfathers lived in, we're just as far off the beam if we pretend that everything was all sweetness and light, that nothing discreditable ever happened, as we would be if we said there wasn't any truth or honesty at all. Both your grandfather and his rustling neighbor did a lot in the building up of Daggett County as we know it today. We really should be proud of both of them, and grateful to both of them.



## . . . and Settle Down to Stay

Brown's Hole, Henry's Fork, and the surrounding country were, as we have seen, the favorite hangouts of the early trappers and mountain men. Brown's Hole, in particular, was also an ideal hideout for outlaws, and by the late sixties it had plenty of them—horse thieves, wanted men, Civil War slackers, foot-loose Texas cowboys. With its plentiful game, mild winters, a box canyon at both ends, ringed in by rugged mountains 2000 to 3000 feet high, reached only by rough trails, easily guarded against surprise, it was made to order for men who were anxious to avoid contact with the forces of law and order. If any civil or military authorities did try to poke their heads in, they either found a very peaceful resting place, or got out of there in a hurry.

One of the most prominent of the gangs using the Hole in the early days was that of Tip Gault, horsethief, and Teresa, his Mexican lieutenant. They had their headquarters at Charcoal Bottom, about eight miles below Bitter Creek on the Green River. They would watch the emigrant trains, pick out the most likely looking stock, then make a raid at night, and drive off the choice animals. The emigrants might chase them for a while, but usually the prospect of getting lost in the rough, dry badlands made them turn back. Gault and his gang would drive the animals down to Brown's Hole, fatten them up, then sell them to construction or mining camps, or to other emigrants. As a sideline, they stole horses from small parties of Indians when they thought they could get away with it. When the great herds of cattle began to come into the country, they turned their attention to rustling. Their scheme worked fine until one time they tried to work it on a bunch of Texas cowboys who had been warned, and were laying for them.

Another gang under Tom Crowley and Mexican Charlie had their headquarters at Little Brown's Hole (now known as Little Hole), about eight miles up the Red Canyon from the big hole. Crowley lived in a cabin there with his genial partner in crime, a "coupon" woman by the name of Madam Forestall. Crowley had a stand over on Little Brush Creek, where he, Charlie, and one Jack Bennett peddled firewater to the Indians. Gault hauled his liquor in to him from the railroad. This gang had a falling out, and when the shooting was over the gang had vanished.

Judge Conway and Mexican Joe also went in for horse-stealing. Their headquarters was a two-room cabin on the site of old Fort Davy Crockett in the Hole. Mexican Joe got in the way of a bullet, and Judge Conway finally pulled out for Cheyenne and greener fields.

Other gangs, other outlaws drifted in and out. Horse thieves gave way to the easier and more lucrative racket of the cattle rustler. The one man of them who seemed to stay put was a negro, "Nigger Ned" Huddleston, alias Quick Shot, alias Isom Dart. As a lad he had punched cows down on the Rio Grande, and he could ride, rope, and work over a brand with the best of them. He was a dead shot, an expert cook and woodsman. Among other accomplishments, he could take a frozen cottonwood log, and smooth it off with an axe until it looked as though it had been worked by a plane. He is supposed to have originated the Wagon Wheel brand, which could be arranged to cover almost any other brand around, and finally became a sort of universal rustler's brand. We'll hear more of Isom Dart as we go along.

Two prospectors of the late '60's left calling cards in Daggett County. Of "Dutch John," who has given his name to a spring, a canyon, and a flat on the north side of Red Canyon, we can learn no more than that he had an unsuccessful copper claim in that district. But Jesse Ewing, after whom a dry canyon north of Brown's Hole was named, is a little better known. He had been a station keeper for the Overland Stage. He was a moody, crochety, hard-boiled old customer. He had fought holdups, Indians, and grizzly bears, and was so scarred and clawed up that he had the reputation of being the ugliest-looking man in the country. He had no use for a six-shooter, but was a devil with a knife, particularly when drunk. He would get someone with cash interested in his copper claim; then, when their money was gone, chase them out. He carved up one partner who showed fight and left his body on the ice of the Green River. He finally got into a fight with one Duncan or Dunlop, over the favors of Madam Forestall, who was living with Ewing at the time. Duncan saw him coming, and shot him before Ewing could get within knife range. Duncan left the country; Madam consoled herself with a blacksmith over at Fort Duchesne; and everyone was happy.

We might mention, just to round out the record a little, Bender and his Powder Springs gang, with a character by the unprepossessing name of Teeters; Bob Davis, and his Montana road agents, who made frequent visits to the Hole; and Hank Golden and Mexican Chavez, who were finally, in 1876, convicted at Green River for stealing eighty-three horses. These, together with a handful of old trappers and mountain men, seem to have been almost the sole occupants of Brown's Hole until 1872, when stockmen began to come in.

It's only fair to note in passing that many of these early outlaws had their good side. It was generally conceded, for instance, that Tip Gault, "The Sagebrush King of Bitter Creek," committed his depredations more for the fun of the thing, from daring and love of excitement, than from any desire for gain. He could be a loyal friend, and was generous with his money when he had any. "No one walked while he could ride."

Let's skip over for a moment to Fort Bridger and our friend, Judge Carter. That astute business man, seated at his desk at Bridger, and living the life of a Southern gentleman, continued to do pretty well for himself. He foresaw the withdrawal of the troops from Bridger at the opening of the Civil War in 1861, and managed to convert most of his goods into cash at good profit. Thus he stood ready to invest in new fields. He took up a number of valuable claims in the South Pass region in 1867; with the thin-lipped and efficient Coe of Green River, as the active partner, he went into the business of cutting ties for the new railroad; he set up freight lines from the new railroad up into Idaho and Montana; and in 1869 he had 300 longhorn cattle shipped in by rail from Rawlins, thus laying the foundation for the cattle business in this part of the country. The following year he engaged William L. (Lou) Wheeler as his stock foreman, imported a carload of Shorthorn bulls as well as more longhorns, and the cattle business began to boom.

Judge Carter was quite strongly anti-Mormon. He was anxious to make the Fort Bridger district free of Mormon influence. And this factor, as much as any other, led him to do a bit of one-man lobbying in Congress. At this period, Carter spent his winters in New York and Washington, spending money freely to advance his many interests in this part of the country. And in '67-'68 he used all the weight of his influence to persuade the government to change the southern and western boundaries of Wyoming Territory to make it "a square State." As a result, in 1868, the government changed the southern line of Wyoming from the 42nd to the 41st parallel. Green River County, Utah Territory, was abolished, and the strip of land which is now Daggett County was attached to Summit County, Utah, on the west.

To Judge Carter then, Dagget County owes its peculiar position of being completely cut off, except for a few months of the summer, from any direct contact with its parent State. You have to go well outside Utah before you can get into any other county of it. Strange things happen when politicians draw boundary lines.

And now, let's come back to Henry's Fork. We can judge, if we like, that this district wasn't quite so favorable for outlaws as Brown's Hole. At any rate, we can only find trace of one who was active here in the late '60's, one Al Conner, a horsethief, who had a camp and ran his stolen stock in Conner Basin. He died in bed, we hear, of an acute attack of lead poisoning.

As nearly as we can discover, once Uncle Jack Robinson started in the stock business back in 1843, he kept right on with it. Here, since the records are a little scattered, we'll have to do some detective work, put two and two together, and see what sum we can arrive at.

Now Jim Lamb of Manila, who is 87 as we write this, who came to the Bridger country as a little boy in 1864, and who has a remarkably clear and circumstantial memory of his youth, remembers Uncle



Jack very well. It is his recollection that Uncle Jack—indeed, everyone in the Bridger country—always came down along Henry's Fork to winter. They might put up hay for sale to the soldiers at the fort, but nobody ever thought of doing so for themselves—or at least, not more than a ton or so to have handy for visitors' horses when they happened to come along. So the valleys and benches of Daggett County were the Florida and California of that day. That's the first part of our sum, then:—Uncle Jack is in the stock business from 1843 on, and habitually spends his winters at least on Henry's Fork.

In 1878, when the government surveyor was laying out the township lines in this section, he notes: "A cabin and cultivated field claimed by John Robinson." Now the location given for this cabin (Sec. 14, T. 3 N., R. 20 E.) indicates that this cabin is still standing in Linwood as the north wing of the house occupied by Keith Smith. Jim Lamb is our authority that the John Robinson of the cabin, and Uncle Jack Robinson of Bridger are one and the same person.

Now you put two and two together. If a man is engaged in a business in a locality, he has a home there, and spends at least half the year there, doesn't one call him a resident? The Fort Bridger people are in the habit of claiming Uncle Jack as their first settler; but during his summers there he lived in an Indian lodge; his house was at Linwood.

So until further evidence shows the contrary, Daggett County can claim Uncle Jack Robinson, trapper, scout, mountain man, rancher, and teller of tall tales, as the first permanent white resident, sharing that honor, if you like, with Baptistie Brown of Brown's Hole.

Our Uncle Jack was a very remarkable man in many ways. He was a tall, spare, active fellow with a moustache and beard, honest, jolly, slouchy, dirty, seldom sober. He could down ten drinks of whiskey before breakfast without turning a hair. When the water was too brackish, he mixed a good deal of alcohol with it to make it safe to drink. When it was pure, he put a little in the alcohol to make that safe.

The story is told that when he was a boy back in Missouri, the girl of his choice picked the wrong fellow, and Jack lit out for the mountains. Certainly once here he never went back East. So from 1827, when he first arrived in this neck of the woods, he was a constant visitor. From 1838 to 1843, he conducted a trading post in Brown's Hole. It was he, according to the record, who persuaded Jim Bridger to set up shop at Bridger Bottom, and later suggested the location of Fort Bridger.

Unusually inclined to be silent, he could, on occasion, open up and tell interesting and exciting tales of his adventures. He once told a tale-swapping group of officers at Fort Bridger, "Well, I made three hundred Indians run once." One of the officers asked



how he did it. Uncle Jack finished his drink, waited a moment to be sure everyone was listening, then drawled out, "I was on the fastest horse."

Generous to a fault, he helped many settlers get a start, loaning them money and cattle to the extent of thousands of dollars, and seldom receiving a penny in return. There were always a number of Indians who pitched their lodges near his cabin or camp and sponged on him. Indians were continually bringing papooses to him and threatening to kill them unless Uncle Jack agreed to take care of them. He had a dozen or more of these "wards."

He had two squaws, the first, Old Marook, very dark and squat, while his second, Toggy, was much younger and very good looking. Marook, as was natural, was very jealous of Toggy, and there was always considerable quarreling in Uncle Jack's lodge. When newcomers to this section marvel at the longevity of some of the residents, they are still apt to be told by old timers, "Yes, we had to shoot Old Marook to get rid of her."

In 1882, Uncle Jack died and was buried at Fort Bridger. The whole countryside turned out to do him honor, for nearly everyone had profited in some way from his hospitality, kindness, or advice.

Sometime after his duties with Johnston, Jim Baker drifted down and settled for a while at Jim Bridger's old trading post at Bridger Bottom. His brother, John, who had been hunting buffalo out on the Laramie Plains, came out in 1858 to join him, and settled down on Henry's Fork on what is now the Tom Swett place, and built himself a little cabin there. John had had an injury to his right leg as a boy, and walked with a limp, but he was an active man, and a good horseman in spite of it. He was of a sporting turn, ready to gamble on anything, and spent a good deal of time in that pursuit with the soldiers at Bridger. He was fond of fast horses, and for this reason, perhaps, he went into the horse business. There were usually a number of lodges pitched around his cabin, belonging to other old trappers and mountain men, as well as some younger fellows who were attracted to their free-and-easy-going life. Among them you might find Sam Smith, Ike Edwards, B. D. Smith, Shadrach "Shade" Large, Ben Van Dusen, and Dick Son. Dick Son married John's daughter, Janie, and settled right down on Baker's place to ranch, building the cabin which still stands there. Shade Large also later took up a ranch of his own down the Fork.

Elijah (or "Lige," as he was always known) Driskell came to Fort Bridger in 1863 as a member of the California Volunteers. Some time before that he had come out from the East to go gold hunting. His three-year term of enlistment over, he went into the stock business. He ran a trading post for a while on Ham's Fork, buying up gaunt, footsore stock from the emigrants, fattening it up, and then trading it back to other emigrant trains at a good profit.

A French Canadian named Finch had been freighting for Judge Carter over at Bridger. The story goes that he had been persuaded to go up the river to an Indian jamboree. At any rate, he never came back, so it was generally supposed that the Indians admired his scalp, and chose that way of getting it. His squaw, Cora, had a nice little herd of horses. So Lige married her, and adopting her infant son, George Finch, he came down and set up headquarters near the mouth of Henry's Fork, on what is now the Williams ranch.

From one source or another, we glean the names of a number of other old trappers and mountain men who had settled down and made their homes in and around this section during the '60's:—Jim "Clubfoot" King, "Petrified" Johnson, Jimmy Reed and Jimmy Gladsen (Goodson) who had cabins in Brown's Hole, along with "Spitzy" Spitzenberg, who lived at what is still known as Spitzzy's Springs, and who may very well have been the "S." referred to by Wislizenus in his account of his visit in 1839. We also hear of Ike Prop, Johnny Pare, John and Jessy Bell, Johnny Carnes, Ed Forkner, Duncan and Archy Blair, who had a trading post near the present site of Rock Springs, and, finally, our old friend, Bibleback Brown, who was still hanging out in Brown's Hole in 1872.

These men naturally knew every nook and cranny of the country around; and not the least of their contributions was their service as guides for the rash of scientists and explorers that broke out in this region as soon as the railroad was put through in 1868, and in the years immediately following.

## VI

### Rocks and Bones

During the summer of 1868, a distinguished-looking man, with a fine set of military whiskers, got off the train at the little station of Green River. He proceeded to S. I. Field's store and started asking innumerable questions about the country to the south, its mountains and its rivers. While there, he ran into Johnny Pare and Petrified Johnson, trappers, hunters, and mountain men, and engaged them as guides. With them, he made a trip down through the Henry's Fork country. At the mouth of that stream, where Ashley in 1825 had cached the goods for his rendezvous before entering the "Green River Suck" and the canyons, this man also made a cache, this time of barometers, compasses, and other scientific instruments.

The man was Major John Wesley Powell, Civil War veteran, who had lost an arm at the Battle of Shiloh. He was also, however, Powell, the geologist, who had for years been trying to procure money to explore the unknown and unmapped canyons of the Green and Colorado Rivers. Now the government had authorized him to make the trip, a wealthy group in Chicago was financing it, and Powell was here on a preliminary look around.

In May of the following year, he and his exploring party arrived at Green River, unloaded their specially constructed boats at the railroad bridge, and were ready to start out. Everyone at Field's store warned them not to attempt the trip; the rapids of the river were impassable; no one could possibly get through them alive; and they'd never be able to get as far as Brown's Hole. Everyone by that time had forgotten all about Ashley and Manley, and even Powell was hazy about the luck of his predecessors.

Powell and his party did reach Brown's Hole successfully. Then they went on down through Ladore Canyon, on to the Colorado, and then through the Grand Canyon, the first party on record to make the trip successfully. And in 1871, Powell again went down the Green and Colorado. With him on this second trip was a young artist and cartographer, Frederick Dellenbaugh, who has left us a very interesting and entertaining account in his book, "A Canyon Voyage." Some of Powell's notes and Dellenbaugh's descriptions are important to us for the picture they give of the country at the time, and for the impression it made on the members of the party.

The huge rock through which the river cuts when it first enters the mountains, Powell named Flaming Gorge.



May 29. This morning Bradley and I cross the river and climb more than 1000 feet to a point where we can see the stream sweeping in a long, beautiful curve through the gorge below. Turning and looking to the west, we can see the valley of Henry's Fork, through which for many miles the little river runs in a tortuous channel. . . . For many years this valley has been the home of a number of mountaineers, who were originally hunters and trappers, living with the Indians. Most of them have one or more Indian wives. They no longer roam with the nomadic tribes in pursuit of buckskin or beaver, but have accumulated herds of cattle and horses, and consider themselves quite well-to-do. Some of them have built cabins, others still live in lodges. John Baker is one of the most famous of these men; and, from our point of view, we can see his lodge three or four miles up the river. [Henry's Fork].

The explorers continued along, naming as they went. Some of the names they gave have stayed, while others have either gone back to ones given earlier, or taken on new ones since then. The first sharp bend in the river after Flaming Gorge they called Horseshoe Canyon, the name it still bears, but Kingfisher Creek has gone back to its earlier designation of Sheep Creek, after the numbers of mountain sheep which used to be found there. Red Canyon still bears the name Powell gave it. At one swift rapids in the canyon, they saw painted on the rocks, "ASHLEY 18—" the last two figures being faded out. They named the spot Ashley Falls. Little Brown's Hole, the first real opening in the Red Canyon walls, they called Ashley Park, or Red Canyon Park. The party camped there, and did a little exploring.

The little valleys are beautiful parks; between the parks are stately pine forests, half hiding ledges of red sandstone. Mule deer and elk abound; grizzly bears, too, are abundant; wildcats, wolverines, and mountain lions are here at home. The forest aisles are filled with the music of birds, and the parks are decked with flowers. Noisy brooks meander through them; ledges of moss-covered rocks are seen; and gleaming in the distance are the snow fields, and the mountain tops are away in the clouds.

On reaching Brown's Hole, Powell decided to change its name, too. He knew, of course, that the trappers applied the name "hole" to any deep, sheltered mountain valley where they were able to winter. But he considered this valley one of the most beautiful he'd ever seen; and he was afraid that Easterners might think the word "hole" meant an ugly, disagreeable place. He felt that the valley deserved to be better thought of than that by the people who would read his report to the Smithsonian Institute, so he changed its title to Brown's Park. The people who settled there in the '70's accepted Powell's change; so henceforth we'll drop the more picturesque and typically Western term, and call it by the more highfalutin' one of Brown's Park. One trouble with the change, though, is that Little Brown's Hole, just up the river, has remained Little Hole, but has no big hole to go with it any more.

On his second trip in 1871, the one-armed major was in a truly literary mood. As the party drifted through Horseshoe Canyon,



he read aloud to them from Scott's "Lady of the Lake." At their camp in Red Canyon, he recited, appropriately enough, "Hiawatha." But the high point of their literary navigation came while they passed through the placid stretches of Brown's Park. There the major had three boats lashed together. Then from a seat high on a camp chair lashed to the stern of his boat, he boomed out the cadences of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," while two of the younger members of the party added a festive touch by splashing around the boats, and diving under them. It must have been an impressive picture, if not a very scientific one.

Dellenbaugh was particularly delighted at finding, high on the rock of Flaming Gorge, the bones of a huge, prehistoric monster. They might have been dug out quite easily, he says, but they left them there, since there was no way to transport them. He comments frequently on the "superb views from any high point in the region." And of note for our history, he mentions their finding in Brown's Park the Harrell brothers, Texas cowmen, who had wintered a herd of 2000 cattle there on the way to the West Coast.

Powell returned in 1874, and again in 1875, to make a detailed study of the geology of the Uintas. He roamed all over both its north and south slopes with a pack train. He was particularly impressed by Sheep Creek Canyon, and by the creek itself, which he considered one of the finest and most beautiful mountain streams he had ever seen. He followed it from mouth to source.

In the meantime, Powell's early reports of his first trip had created tremendous excitement among the scientists and geologists in the East, and resulted in a perfect flood of scientific activity in this vicinity. Under the leadership of Professor O. C. Marsh, Yale University sent out an expedition in the summer of 1870 to find out more about the skeletons of the huge prehistoric animals whose bones lie buried in the marshes of the old Uinta Sea. Sam Smith acted as guide and cook for Marsh's party. Near Fort Bridger they found huge fossil beds which kept them busy excavating for a number of years, and from which they obtained a number of valuable specimens.

In the fall of that same year, Dr. F. V. Hayden traveled through Daggett County and the Uintas on his Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories. With him was the famous Western photographer, W. H. Jackson, with his wet-plate camera and cumbersome dark room on wheels. Jackson's pictures of this region are now in the Library of Congress, and, like the ones he took of Yellowstone Park, the Tetons, and the Colorado Rockies, are still the finest and most impressive mountain photographs ever taken.

In 1871, Marsh's colleague and rival professor at Yale, William Cope, also fitted out an expedition to come to the Uintas to collect ancient bones. With him came Joseph Leidy, the founder of American comparative anatomy. Among the interesting and valuable

specimens unearthed by this expedition was the little three-toed *eohippus*, prehistoric ancestor of our modern horse. Dick Son acted as guide for the Cope party; and many of the valuable specimens in the Peabody Museum at Yale bear Dick Son's name as their discoverer. As a reverse compliment, Dick named his boy Willie in honor of his famous and learned employer.

In 1867, Clarence King began his Fortieth Parallel Survey, covering a hundred mile wide strip of territory all the way from the foothills of the Rockies to the Pacific Coast. In 1872, his party was traversing the Uintas. That same year Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, under the War Department, was mapping the territory in this region. S. F. Emmons was investigating the beds of the ancient seas in this region. In the following year, 1873, W. A. Richards completed the survey of the line of the 41st parallel, the boundary between Wyoming and Utah Territories. In 1878, A. D. Farron laid out some of the more level townships in what is now Daggett County for the Government Land Office.

This hitherto unknown and uncharted wilderness was rapidly becoming explored and mapped. These surveys noted many of the negative features of the region—its rough and arid nature, its unsuitability for farming, its lack of any large or significant deposits of minerals. On the positive side, they also mentioned its possibilities as range land, its richness as a field of study for students of geology. And one and all, they agreed on its unique and outstanding beauty. Many of the reports they sent in contain the hope that the Uintas might some day be made a government reservation for the employment of the public.

In and around Daggett County, we find a number of reminders of the visits of these early scientists. There is Leidy Peak, a rounded dome rising 12,013 feet above sea level, right on the southern county line. Four miles south is Marsh Peak, 12,219 feet. Although locally left unnamed, a small mountain of Red Canyon quartzite north of Brown's Park is listed on the maps as Mount Wheeler, and is known to geologists as once a massive headland, 20,000 feet high, on the shores of the old Uinta Sea. Twenty miles to the west are King's Peaks, 13,498 feet, the highest point in Utah. Wilson's Peak, Gilbert Peak, and Mount Emmons, in the same locality, are also named for early scientific visitors.

While these learned men were busily finding out everything they could about the rocks and fossils hereabouts, two other men were also at work here on a scheme which was to give this district world-wide notoriety. For a report on their activities, we take you first to California.

## . . . and Precious Stones

It was late summer of 1871. William Ralston, financial wizard of California, juggler of millions, sat at his massive desk in the president's office of the Bank of San Francisco. Ralston was worried. Piece after piece of paper was lifted from the desk and torn into shreds, as he pondered on his precarious investments in real estate, non-producing factories, and luxury hotels. All of them were crying for more capital. The Comstock mine, whose millions had kept all these dubious enterprises going, was filled with water, and idle. The nervously built heap of shredded paper on the oriental rug by the desk grew larger.

A cashier ushered in two weather-beaten men, successful prospectors by their looks. Their names were Philip Arnold and John Slack. They had a canvas sack with them, of great value, they told Ralston, which they wished to deposit with the bank for safe-keeping. Ralston was curious. He tried to pump them, in his genial, bank-president manner, but they seemed simple men, uncertain, a little suspicious, and afraid to trust him with their secret.

The next day, Ralston happened to mention his visitors to George D. Roberts, one of the directors of the bank. Roberts recalled that he knew the prospectors, honest fellows, both of them—old 'forty-niners. He, too, became curious and hunted the two men up. Arnold, the spokesman, was still reluctant, but finally yielded to Roberts' insistence and told him their secret. He and Slack, in the course of their prospecting, had run onto a large diamond field. He wouldn't say where it was, but offered to lead Roberts to it. That canvas sack contained a few of the samples they had gathered. A much larger sack had been lost in crossing a flooded river, Arnold said.

Ralston and Roberts were elated at the news, and deeply impressed by the diamonds Arnold poured out of the sack on Ralston's desk. They hurriedly consulted with their fellow-directors, William A. Lent and General Dodge, and decided there must be at least a hundred thousand dollars' worth just in the one small bunch of stones. Roberts and Dodge made a rush trip to New York with about half the stones. There, Tiffany, the great jeweler, and his experts unhesitatingly declared the stones genuine, and valued them at \$150,000. Roberts and Dodge came back to San Francisco in high glee. They gave Arnold \$100,000 down, and he promised to lead a representative to the fields.



Ralston was enthusiastic, but cautious. He called in the conservative David C. Colton, president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and asked him to go with Arnold to the diamond field. They left the railroad at a little station west of Rawlins, Wyoming. There they hired a pack outfit, and set out on a devious route through the desert and over mountains. Several times Arnold climbed a peak to check on landmarks. Finally they arrived at "a gently sloping basin, with a small stream running through it." That, said Arnold, was the place. The diamonds were there all right, some of them less than a foot below the surface. Colton unearthed some rubies as well. There were acres of precious stones.

Colton's glowing reports settled all doubts. "The San Francisco and New York Mining and Commercial Company" was formed with a capital stock of ten millions. Colton resigned his position with the Southern Pacific to become general manager. Twenty-five men of national reputation were selected as directors of the new company. As technical adviser, they procured Henry Janin, the leading mining engineer of the day. Samuel Barlow and General Benjamin F. Butler of New York were retained as general counsel. The New York representative was none other than that famous Civil War veteran, General George B. McClellan. The new company was not only highly respectable, but very impressive as well.

The attorneys discovered that there were no laws under which diamond claims could be located and held in this country. The Sargent Mining Bill, allowing wide latitude in staking claims, was prepared, rushed through Congress, and signed by the President May 18, 1872.

Ashbury Harpending, then in England successfully floating American mining stocks on the London Exchange, began to be deluged by frantic hundred-word cablegrams from Ralston, at ten dollars a word, urging him to come back and help promote the new company. He was frankly skeptical of the diamond mine, and inclined to be irritated by Ralston's extravagance. When he talked with Baron Rothschild, the great international banker, however, he was amazed and partially convinced. "Stranger things have happened," Rothschild told him, "and I advise you to go back. I will be most interested to hear your report."

So, right after the Sargent Bill was passed, Harpending, Janin, Colton, and a few others made an official visit to their diamond mine. They again followed an erratic course to the spot. Harpending tried to keep track of their shifts in direction, and figured out that they went generally westward from Rawlins, on a line parallel with the railroad, and perhaps forty or fifty miles south. More than once he was sure that he heard a distant train whistle, but Arnold assured him that they were at least a hundred miles distant from the railroad.

Arriving at the claim, Janin, the ultra-conservative mining expert, was most favorably impressed. He estimated that twenty rough

laborers could wash out at least a million dollars' worth of diamonds a month. The whole field would be worth, at the very least, sixty-five millions, and might run to ten or twenty times that much. Everyone in the party staked out a large claim.

Rothschild was indeed most interested when he heard the report. The House of Rothschild became the European agents of the new company, and A. Gansl, their California representative, became a member of the company. It was all to be strictly big business—no small fry welcome. So the company bought out Arnold and Slack for a total, including their previous advances, of \$660,000. The ex-prospectors took their money and left California.

Everything was going swimmingly, with only one small fly in the ointment. Despite all the efforts of the company to keep even the general whereabouts of the diamond field a secret, word had leaked out. It seems that Arnold had been a little hard up during the winter of 1870-71, and had taken one of the stones into Lou Miller's jewelry store in Cheyenne to borrow money on it. Arnold claimed that the uncut diamond had been sent him from South Africa by a brother who lived there. He redeemed the stone a few days later. Then, about a month after that, he repeated the process. He claimed that it was the same stone the second time, but Miller knew better. When word of the great diamond mine was made public, Miller told his story. Dozens of parties immediately started out to scour the neighboring deserts and mountains. And among the guides engaged by the various parties were our old friends Jim Baker and Bibleback Brown. Many people tried to follow Arnold on his trips, but by wrapping his horse's hoofs in canvas, always approaching from a different angle, leaving his horse at a distance and going to the field on foot, shod in moccasins, he always managed to elude his trackers. Diamond hunters were all over the place.

Then in November, 1872, Clarence King of the Fortieth Parallel Survey, was riding to Green River when his eye was caught by a brilliant reflection on top of a sand hill. Getting off his horse to investigate, he found a large, uncut diamond. Neighboring anthills yielded more diamonds. Nearby he ran onto some rubies and emeralds. He had stumbled on the great diamond field.

King was a little perplexed, however. The soil was a bit sandy, and not at all the sort in which precious stones were usually found. Furthermore, they all seemed to be near the surface. When he found one stone tucked in the crotch of a cedar, he was convinced that something was radically wrong. He examined it carefully, and found unmistakable marks of a diamond cutter's wheel. The mine had been "salted."

A recently dug hole under a near-by ledge yielded some surveying instruments, a map of the field, and an iron rod, which showed how the salting had been done. Holes had been thrust in the ground with the rod, the diamonds poked down, and then covered up. All

the stones King found, furthermore, were the inferior sort known as "niggerheads," of no great value, and useful only to make diamond chips and dust for industrial cutting and grinding purposes. On November 11, King reached Green River and sent a telegram to Ralston. The great diamond hoax was exploded. King's reputation as a geologist, and his knowledge of minerals, made that point clear.

It was a very sheepish and downcast group of men who met in Ralston's bank next morning. The facts were gradually ascertained. Through an accomplice by the name of Cooper, Arnold had procured a large quantity of cheap stones from a gem merchant in Holland. The whole salting process had cost him possibly \$30,000, and he and Slack had cleaned up better than half a million on it. Slack was later located in Kentucky and made to disgorge a hundred thousand, which he claimed was all that he ever received from Arnold. Arnold had disappeared, and was never heard from again.

The so-called experts had been taken in because they were working out of their respective fields. Janin knew all about mining for metals, but nothing whatever about diamonds. Tiffany, although thoroughly familiar with cut stones, had never even seen a diamond in the rough before. When they were consulted as experts, however, their vanity kept them from admitting their lack of knowledge.

Although Ralston took the whole financial burden of the affair on his shoulders, and reimbursed the stockholders to the tune of three-quarters of a million, his reputation suffered. The affair even had international repercussions, and found its way into the files of the State Department. And it marked the turning point in Ralston's spectacular career. For years he had lived like an Oriental nabob and kept his non-paying investments going by plundering the Comstock mines. Now, however, his associates and creditors lost confidence in him. The Rothschilds and the New York bankers refused him loans; and less than three years after the diamond affair, the great Bank of California failed. Ralston died the next day, some people believe by his own hand. Certainly the shock and disappointment of the diamond hoax was a decisive factor in his untimely end.

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Now just where that salted diamond mine was located is a matter of dispute. Colorado has a Diamond Peak, about fifteen miles east of the line in the northwest corner. Wyoming has a Diamond Butte just to the north of that point. And Daggett County has Diamond Mountain as the calling card of a good many prominent men in San Francisco, New York, and even London. We're betting on our own Diamond Mountain. For that's the most likely place to find "the gently sloping basin, with a stream running through it," mentioned by Roberts and Harpending, which is our only solid clue. Then, too, King sent his telegram from Green River. If he'd been going to the railroad from either of the other places, he'd undoubtedly have



headed for one of the stations farther east. No, Diamond Mountain comes a little nearer to filling the bill.

So, if you're interested, we suggest that you go up and look around in Pot, Kettle, or Diamond draws until you find a likely looking spot. And, who knows, if you dig a foot or so below the surface, you may still be able to run across a niggerhead or two that Arnold, the San Francisco boys, King, and Bibleback Brown and the others happened to miss.

## VIII

### With Rope and Branding Iron

Besides scientists and salted diamond mines, the 'seventies brought a number of settlers to our strip of land. The cattle business was now really booming. Big cattle outfits had already claimed vast stretches of public land on the plains of Wyoming and in the mountain parks of Colorado. It was a profitable venture—buy Texas cattle cheap, turn them out to fatten on a range rich in sun-cured grass that was yours for the taking, and then let nature and the cowboys do the rest. Overhead was low, profits were high. Here was a fine get-rich-quick scheme. Eastern, even European capital, was attracted, and great cattle empires were established. John W. Hliff, cattle king of Colorado, for instance, was running 50,000 head along the South Platte. Judge Carter, too, numbered his herd in the tens of thousands, and claimed as his own private range all the land from Bridger east to the Green River as well as a big section around Stinking Water, Montana.

Other men, starting with less capital, went into the cattle business on a smaller scale. They saw that here, in these sheltered mountain valleys and broken foothills, antelope, deer and elk thrived and fattened the year around. They knew that their horses and cattle would do the same. So they settled down with small herds, which soon grew to profitable proportions.

From the beginning, more or less of a feud developed between the large outfits to the north and east, and the small ranchers in this section. The large outfits were constantly expanding, and needing more and more range. They felt that the small men were muscling in. The small owners retorted that it was all public land anyway, and that they had as much right to it as the big fellows.

There was another source of contention, too. The big cattlemen down in Texas, we are told, had always encouraged their cowboys to see to it that as many cattle as possible wore their own particular brand. Many and devious were the devices invented to accomplish that end. When these same Texas cowboys drove herds north on the Cherokee Trail, and went to work for northern outfits, they brought their tricks along with them. The mountain men living here were always long on self-preservation and short on respect for law and order. Many of them went the Texas boys one better, and began to maverick for themselves.

Their self-appointed task of thinning down the big herds and distributing them a little more equitably was made easier by the somewhat haphazard methods prevailing on the early range. With

the huge numbers of cattle that were running free, accurate tallies and strict accounting were impossible. Sometimes an owner only took a rough guess at the numbers he thought he had, or what he called a "book count." The only way an unbranded calf could be identified was for it to accompany its mother. Otherwise, by the law of the range, it belonged to the man with the longest rope.

All sorts of men were drawn into the cattle business and its almost irresistible appeal of getting something for nothing on the free public land—railroad men, miners, business men, honest men, and notorious thieves. Horace Greeley's advice to "Go West, young man," brought thousands of youth, seeking free life and adventure. From claiming mavericks—which was considered perfectly legitimate—to taking calves and working over brands—which was called rustling, and was not—was an easy step for many. Cowboys working for big outfits, by splitting a calf's tongue here and there, could soon create enough mavericks and brand them to set up in the ranch business for themselves.

Honest or not honest, none of these early ranchers could be called angels, by any manner of means. To hold their own against the overbearing tactics of the big outfits, and against the horse thieves and rustlers infesting the country, they had to be plenty tough. By the nature of the situation they found themselves in, they had to make their own laws and carry them out themselves. Many of them were fair and honest in their own dealings; but any man who came into the country with a rigid idea of what was proper conduct, and who tried to enforce that idea on others—well, he just didn't get along very well. Law and law enforcement were still quite a ways in the future.

Now we've often heard the remark made that all the early ranchers on Henry's Fork got their start with Judge Carter's cattle. That's probably a bit of exaggeration. Some of them did buy a few head, at least. And many of these men were scrupulously honest in their later years, and there's no real evidence to show that they hadn't always been that way. We do know, of course, that mavericking was a lot like drinking during Prohibition. It was against the law—the law of the big outfits—but nobody saw any real harm in it. And it was sometimes a bit of a problem to decide where mavericking left off and rustling began. Nobody, of course, big or small, ate his own beef. That was a rule.

That general attitude helps to explain why, even as early as 1867, rustling had become enough of a problem for the big outfits to band together in associations in an attempt to stamp it out. And why, even though they spent thousands of dollars for detectives, and in gaining control of legislatures and state governments, the rustling went right on.

This section of the country was a rustler's paradise. Cattle could be driven off and hidden in any number of secluded and inaccessible



canyons and basins. Few officers of the law ever offered to come into this isolated and rugged district. If they did, cattle in Brown's Park could be driven from Utah into Colorado, then into Wyoming, and back into Utah, all in a few hours time. Henry's Fork was almost equally blest. No one could get into Sheep Creek, for instance, without whoever was there knowing it, and giving their permission. If rustling went on here, the wonder is not that it did, but that there was relatively so little of it.

The big outfits were inclined to be pretty high-handed in their actions. Consequently few people felt badly when someone got even with them by being a little free with his rope and branding iron. The small rancher, no matter how honest he was himself, couldn't help finding his sympathies with the rustler, rather than with the cattle baron whose stock was affected. Since the rustlers usually let the small rancher's stock alone, he gave them the protection of his silence, if not his active support. And when all is said and done, probably the best thing for us to do, having given the situation this brief, general look, is to follow his example.

Up until 1872, Brown's Park was chiefly used for grazing by the Powder Springs gang, et al., and an occasional Texas outfit passing through. Jimmy Reed, Jimmy Gadsen (usually called Goodson), Spitzzy Spitzenberg, and other mountain men, had cabins there, but there is no indication that they ever had any considerable amount of stock. In 1872, however, J. S. Hoy brought in a herd to winter there for the firm of Crawford and Thompson of Evanston. Hoy was impressed by the possibilities, so three years later he set up a ranch of his own over in the Colorado end of the Park, near Ladore Canyon. He brought in cattle from southern Utah, for which he paid five dollars a head for yearlings, and eight dollars for grown cattle.

In 1873, the party of W. A. Richards, surveying the Wyoming line, found George Richards and ten cowboys rounding up about 1300 head of cattle at their cow camp, about three miles north of the river on Red Creek. George Richards had a ranch on Red Creek for a number of years after that, until he moved to Ogden. Richards Peak and Richards Gap are named after him, and we can probably call him the first rancher in the eastern end of Daggett County.

The same year, Hardin and Sam Spicer, and their nephew, Charley Sparks, also moved their cattle into the Park. The Spicers were originally from Virginia. They had located near Greeley, Colorado, in 1871, but had been crowded out by Iliff. With the Spicers came Valentine Hoy, brother of J. S. Hoy. It was their idea to set up a cattle empire of their own, with Brown's Park as headquarters. The Spicers had a ranch on the South Fork of Vermillion Creek, and Valentine Hoy on North Red Creek, but for one reason or another the empire never materialized.

Another early cattleman has also given his name to one of the prominent landmarks in Daggett County. Charley "Goose" Goslin ran his cattle during the 'seventies on the slopes of what is still called Goslin Mountain. He also later moved to Ogden, and married George Richards' widow after the latter's death.

During the 'seventies, W. G. "Billy Buck" Tittsworth established a ranch at the Salt Wells, some miles north of the Park. As a young chap he had roamed all over this part of the country with Jimmy King, acting as hunter for the railroad construction camps, cutting wood for the railroad, and acting as guide for the Texas cattle and California horse herds passing through the Bitter Creek section. He went into the cattle business in partnership with Jimmy Greenhow, cockney blacksmith from Rock Springs. He ran cattle in the Park for a time until J. S. Hoy forced him out. About 1880 he sold out and moved to Iowa, where he bought a farm. Greenhow went along with him. We are greatly indebted to Tittsworth for the book which he later wrote about his youthful adventures, called "Outskirt Episodes."

One of the earliest settlers in Blairtown, the predecessor of Rock Springs, was a Scotch miner named Law. Tittsworth met and fell in love with young Jean Law, and when her family moved to Cache Valley, Jean stayed behind as Mrs. Tittsworth. In 1878 she asked her two attractive, younger sisters to come out and help her with the work at the Salt Wells ranch. Within a year, they, too, were married; Elizabeth to J. C. "Judge" Allen, who had a claim on the river in the Colorado end of the Park; and Mary to Charles Crouse, who bought Jimmie Reed's cabin and squatter's claim on the south side of the river, opposite the mouth of Willow Creek.

Crouse originally came West as a young man, driving a buckboard for a Major Crouse, shortly after the Custer Massacre. He drove an ox team and freighted on the Laramie Plains for a couple of years. Then he seems to have drifted down to Ashley Valley, where he hunted one winter for the new, little settlement there. Crouse Creek (not Grouse Creek, as some of the maps have it) is Charley's calling card in the Park.

The year 1879 was a big year in the settlement of the Park. Doc Parsons and his son, Warren, moved in and started a store and ranch on what is now the Taylor place. Ed Rife and C. B. Sears came in from Denver, Rife taking a claim at the mouth of Willow Creek, and Sears in the Colorado end of the Park. Sears Canyon now bears his name. John Jarvie started a store on the north side of the river in the Daggett end of the Park, and did a bit of prospecting on the side, as well as running a few cattle. Tom Davenport, a Welsh coal miner from Rock Springs, also decided to try his hand at ranching, and took up a claim on Willow Creek above Rife. Davenport soon expanded his holdings by setting up summer headquarters at Little Hole, where he had a cabin, garden and orchard. Davenport Creek

in Little Hole, and Davenport Draw up on Diamond Mountain are reminders of where his cattle used to run.

Another arrival at about the same time was Sam Bassett, from Green River, with his wife and family. Sam was a meek, unassuming man, but his wife had the reputation of being able to outride, outrope, outshoot, and outcuss any cowhand in Utah, Wyoming and Colorado. Her daughters, Ann and Josie, grew up to be chips off the old block.

The early 'eighties brought an additional flood of people to the Park. Griff and Jack Edwards, Englishmen, took up a place on Beaver Creek, and were the first men in that section to run sheep. Harry Hoy, brother to J. S. and Valentine, had a small ranch near that of J. S., over in Colorado. Lewis Allen also had a ranch in the Park, and Mount Lena, at the head of Cart Creek, is named for his wife. Strangely enough, it's the only feminine place name in the whole country.

Martin Goffonti and Lewis Caro, Italian miners from Rock Springs, went into partnership with Charley Crouse and set up the Pipe Brand Ranch at the mouth of Beaver Creek. George Bradshaw had a ranch on Red Creek, below Richards. Other residents during the 'eighties included Frank Goodman, Jim Warren, and Jim McKnight, who took up places on Beaver Creek; James Peterson, who bought Jimmy Goodson's old place on Willow Creek; Alfred Morey, who bought up Rife's place, when the latter moved up on Coyote Creek; George Kelvington, who planted fruit trees, and was the first person to raise apricots in the Park; Angus McDougal, a bachelor, who lived with the Allens; Harry Hindel, a diminutive Welshman, who had a little ranch on Beaver Creek, worked for Jarvie, and was famous for his plum duff; Arthur Carrington, a romantic Englishman, who was friends with everyone, and generally known as "a real gentleman," and "harmless"; Speck Williams, "The Speckled Nigger," who worked for Tom Davenport, ran Jarvie's ferry, and was a well-known character in the Park for many years; Aaron G. Overholt, who earlier had run a livery stable in Green River, and later ran a saloon in Vernal, but at that time was a partner of Charley Crouse and lived at the Crouse home; and Perry Carmichael, an enormous man with an equally enormous appetite, who lived in Spitzzy's cabin, and worked for Crouse. And not residents, but contributing indirectly to the life of the Park by furnishing material for rustlers in the district, were the Scribner brothers, Englishmen, who had a large ranch up on Coyote Creek.

Among those who most often got talked about, we might mention our old friend Jack "Judge" Bennett, who was still hanging around with his equally notorious partner, William Pigeon. And, of course, old man Bender and his gang continued to thrive on their "ranch" at Powder Springs. Another character who arrived in the 'eighties was Joe Tolliver, a feuder of the old school from the Carolina backwoods, half-brother and general nuisance to Charley Crouse. He was con-



stantly getting into scrapes, from which Charley would try to untangle him, including at least one knifing scrape, in which his opponent, young Charley Seger, died. The grave of Segar, near the old Crouse cabin, with four walls of dressed red sandstone around a twelve-foot square, and two polished marble slabs, still stands, and is a unique monument of its kind.

Besides these local bad men, almost every known outlaw in the West used the Park at one time or another for a stopping-off or hiding place. The honest men managed to strike a balance of sorts with the outlaws and rustlers. The rule, seldom broken, was, "no stealing in the Park." So everyone got along. Everyone, that is, but the Hoys. They were all three pretty stiff-necked men, of the type we mentioned earlier that tries to impose definite rules of conduct on other men. As a result, they were fair game for all comers. When Charley Colon walked into a set gun trap and got shot in the leg, for instance, everyone claimed the Hoys had set it on purpose, and proceeded to get even. Between the thefts the Hoys suffered, and the law suits they went into trying to get their property back, they managed to lose most of the money they made. And later, one of them at least, lost his life.

Now, having got Brown's Park pretty well settled, let's go up the river to Henry's Fork, and see what was happening up there at about the same time.

Jim Baker pulled out of his old diggings at Bridger Bottom about 1870, and went over on the Little Snake River. John ran horses and mules, as well as a few cattle on the Fork; but after his Shoshone wife died in 1877, he, too, spent most of his time over on the Little Snake.

We've spoken of Lige Driskell as a newcomer in the late 'sixties. Lige went into the cattle business in an aggressive, two-fisted way, and before many years had passed, he was shipping cattle out of here by the trainload.

When the Richards survey party got up on Henry's Fork in the fall of 1873, they mention passing the "ranch of Charley Davis (supposed to be) at the first crossing of the stream on the Fort Bridger-Brown's Hole wagon road." That would put the Davis Ranch about where Tom Jarvie now is. Some time before 1878, though, Charley must have moved up the Green River to what is known as the Brenniger ranch on Marsh Creek, for that's where we find him and his brother Tom in the last mentioned year. We also hear that W. A. Johnson ran cattle on lower Henry's Fork in the early 'seventies. His Shoshone wife, "Jonny," was generally considered to be the most beautiful Indian woman anyone had ever seen around here.

Dick Son and Shade Large, inspired, perhaps, by the success of Lige Driskell, set up ranches of their own, Dick Son, on Baker's old place, just a few miles up the Fork, from the State line, raising

cattle, horses, and fine mules. Shade Large apparently took up the place vacated by Charley Davis, for that's where we find him in 1878 and thereafter.

Shade at that time was a handsome cuss, a platinum blond, and a fine rider. We hear that the heart of young Annie Hoops (whose father, Jonathan, was the first settler at Lonetree) as well as the hearts of all the other young girls around, went pit-a-pat whenever Shade rode into sight. Nevertheless, when Shade married, he chose one of Uncle Jack's Indian wards. Maggie Large was a real Indian princess—sister of the famous Shoshone chief, Washakie, and granddaughter of the noted Sacajawea, the Bird Woman, who guided the Lewis and Clark expeditions to the Columbia.

It would seem that Shade was a little rough on Maggie at first, for the story is that she ran away from him, and walked all the way up to the Bridger country one summer to find Uncle Jack and ask his protection. Shade came storming up after her in a terrific rage. Finally, though, Uncle Jack managed to calm him down, and then he gave them both a good talking to. Then Shade took Maggie up behind him and they both rode away on the same horse. Apparently their domestic life ran more smoothly after that, for she raised him a good-sized family.

It seems to be human nature, when you find you have a good thing, to invite your relatives to come in and share it with you. Sometimes things work out fine, but other times it just breeds trouble. And trouble it meant to Lige Driskell when he invited his half-brother, Neal, to come out here from the East to help him. Lige's cattle business was booming, and he had also started a store at Burnt Fork, so he had more business than one man could handle. Neal came out, took charge of the store, and married Ginny Hereford.

Now what started the squabble, we don't know; but Neal claimed a half interest in Lige's holdings, and Lige denied Neal's right to it. They went to law about it, and there was a good deal of wrangling and bitterness. Sam Smith, who was clerking in the store, died under suspicious circumstances. It all ended up, however, as most such affairs do, with the lawyers getting the money. Neal Driskell went up to Fort Washakie with his father-in-law, Robert Hereford, and took a government job on the reservation.

Along in the 'eighties, Shade Large, too, was joined by a brother. Bill Large had with him his wife, whom he always addressed affectionately as "Kitten," so everyone around called her "Aunt Kitty." There were also his sons, Billy (W. C.) by a former marriage, and Jim. Jim Large's birth date isn't on record, but it would appear that he was born shortly after his parents arrived here. If so, it would settle a long-standing, if trivial, argument as to who was the first "white" child to be born in Daggett County.

Although Bill and Shade never actually rowed, they also seldom spoke to each other except when it was absolutely necessary. One



story runs that Shade served in the Confederate Army, and Bill in the Union forces, which accounted for their coolness. Mark Anson, however, showed us Shade's old Civil War rifle, obviously a government issue Springfield, which would certainly cast some doubt on the story. At any rate, Bill was a pensioner, and Shade was not. Bill took over the place that Uncle Jack Robinson and Bally Robb had occupied, where the buildings of the Smith ranch now stand. Bill, too, seems to have been more shrewd than brotherly, for he filed and proved up on part of the land which Shade had always claimed as his own.

South and east of the Large ranch, the survey of 1878 notes "a cabin and cultivated field [fenced] claimed by one Ambrose Messier." We should imagine, from his name, that he was French, but we can find nothing further about him. The next year, 1879, that cabin was occupied by Henry Perry and family. Perry was also of French descent, the family name being Paria. He was born near St. Louis in 1830, freighted on the Santa Fe trail, hunted buffalo in Wyoming with John and Jim Baker, went gold mining in Montana in 1865, where he met and married Louisa Wade from Evanston. He worked around Evanston until 1878, when he moved down here on Henry's Fork.

Shortly after the Perrys arrived here, one of those things that sometimes occur even in the best families happened. Louisa became enamored of a handsome stranger known as "Buckskin George," who worked for Lige Driskell, and was so-called from the handsomely beaded garments he wore. She proceeded to elope with him, we are told, leaving Henry alone to raise his family of five. We asked Jim Lamb if he thought she was really willing to go. "Well," Jim told us, "she had her race horse ready, waiting right on the line."

Besides Buckskin George, there was another young chap working for Driskell named George Hereford. Young George had run away from home and come down to work as a lad of seventeen or so. He is generally conceded to have been one of the finest riders the West has ever seen. "Nothing fancy," the old-timers all agree, "just dammed fine riding." He could, we are told, place a silver dollar between his bootsole and stirrup, and ride the worst bronc around to a finish, and the coin would still be firmly in place. When Colonel "Buffalo Bill" Cody started his Wild West Show, and appeared with it in Evanston in 1887, he offered a prize for the best rider. George competed and won the contest, hands down, against the best riders in Wyoming. Cody offered him a chance to go with the show to England and Europe, but George flatly refused. It seems that the idea of the long ocean voyage stopped him cold—the only thing in the world George was afraid of was water.

He was a marvelous roper as well. In a contest at Piney, he roped a hundred calves in a hundred straight throws. If he was set to rope a horse, and the animal suddenly reversed its direction, it made no



difference to George, for he could also reverse his throw, and front-foot it behind him just as easily as he could forwards. Anyone who ever saw him use a rope will swear on a stack of Bibles that George Hereford was the best they ever saw. He was no show-off, however. He rode and roped for the sake of the job he worked at and loved, and hated to do it in front of a crowd.

He was jolly and full of fun. He was willing to take a drink or a chew of tobacco, although neither became a habit with him. He was quick-witted and alert. If he had a fault, it was his quick temper, for he was not in the least slow to speaking right up if he felt anyone was trying to take advantage of him. He never toted a gun, or, at least, never used one in an argument, but nevertheless his opinion was respected. He was handy with his fists, and with his hundred eighty-five pounds, five feet ten of solid brawn, he could paralyze anyone who took issue with him.

The memory of George Hereford stands as an example of what the old-time cowboy was at his best—genial and full of fun, proud of his work, confident in his skill, a good comrade, a loyal friend, and a “square-shooter” in every way. One has only to look at him as he appears in the picture of the gang that rode for Buffalo Bill in '87 to see what he was like. (You can see it in the museum up at Bridger). George Hereford, in the funny, old-fashioned togs of that time, looks more like what everybody expects a real cowboy to be than all the Tom Mixes and Gene Autreys lumped together.

George became very fond of old Lige Driskell, and he and George Finch were boon companions. So when George decided to marry Sara Perry and settle down, he took over Henry Perry's place just up the creek from Finch and Driskell. Although the buildings have long been gone, and the land is one of Keith Smith's hay fields, it is still generally known as “the Hereford place.”

We really should have got around earlier to mention Robert Hereford, George's father, for Robert was the first rancher to settle on Birch Creek, sometime in the 'seventies. He was born 1827 of an old Virginia family, closely related to the Lees, the Washingtons, and the present queen of England. He started studying medicine, but left his college work to come out West, sometime in the '50's. Visiting the Bridger country, he met Lucinda Manard Robinson, Uncle Jack's daughter (or stepdaughter). He worked in Salt Lake City for a while, and he and Lucinda were married there in 1859. George was born the following year. Robert was in Montana for a number of years, finally coming back to this section and going into partnership with Uncle Jack in the stock business. He was probably down here in the Daggett section quite a bit during the early '70's. He took up a ranch on Smith's Fork, but soon moved down on Birch Creek, where he lived until 1896. In that year he moved up to Fort Washakie as superintendent of the Indian farms, and died there in 1903.

We have said that Robert Hereford was the first rancher on Birch Creek. Actually, Wint and Bill Moss were there before him, but apparently not for much longer than it took them to build a cabin—with the first shingle roof in this part of the country—which Hereford bought. Joseph Pierrot, or Joe Parrot, as he was better known, had what is now the John Briggs place, for several years. He sold out to Ad and Frank Stillwell. It was at the Stillwell cabin that the quarrel between Trude Hereford, George's younger brother, and Joe Mass, old Phil's son, ended with Trude shooting and killing young Mass. Trude immediately went into Green River and gave himself up to the authorities. Unlike many other such affairs at that time, which usually ended in a verdict of self-defense, Trude was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for a number of years.

Jean Hickey apparently was the first person to run stock in Conner Basin after Al Conner was rubbed out, for he used to talk about running across scattered portions of Conner's bone structure, and burying some of them. He believed that Conner must have specialized in collecting U. S. government stock, for he found an enormous pile of horse and mule shoes which Conner had amassed as part of his work in mustering the animals out of military service.

Sometime early in the 'eighties, three other men were interested in Conner Basin. They had been working up at the Hilliard tie camp, and decided to move down to this district. Zebuland "Zeb" Edwards, Ike Edward's brother, moved into Conner Basin first. "Chy" Kane started a ranch on Birch Creek. Then, for some reason, they decided to swap places; Chy took over the Conner Basin place, and Zeb moved up on Birch Creek. George Solomon, who came with them, seems to have engaged in lumbering for a number of years, until he finally bought the Conner Basin ranch from Kane.

Joining the ranch that Zeb had on Birch Creek, was Garibaldi "Bee" Gamble. He originally came in to teach school at Burnt Fork, but stayed on as a rancher. Other ranchers on Birch Creek in the 'eighties and 'nineties included Charles Wyman and Clark Logan.

To complete our list, we should probably mention Bally Robb, who worked for Uncle Jack Robinson, and lived in his cabin here on Henry's Fork for a number of years. He was finally kicked to death by a horse in the barn there. Snellen "Cub" Johnson had a ranch up the Green River near Sage Creek for a time in the 'seventies. Dave Washum and his two brothers came in sometime about 1890, and took the place just up Henry's Fork from Dick Son, now owned by the Williams brothers. And old John Proe had a dugout for several years on Zeb Edward's place on Birch Creek.

And we might add, too, "Dutchy" Stoll and his family, the earliest ranchers on Burnt Fork, and the Ansons and the Widdops who came in there shortly thereafter. Frank Easton, who also married one of the Wade girls; Ben Van Dusen (Van Scully) and Dan Levitt, hunt-

ers and trappers:—these men had cabins on Burnt Fork, and used to come down and work for Lige Driskell. We might mention Billy Duncan and John Hughes, a self-confessed bad man from Bridger, who also used to come down occasionally to the Driskell ranch. One night they pulled out and went to Fort Washakie. It may have been a coincidence that Lige missed his best harness at the same time; but when that same harness showed up at Washakie, some people thought that coincidence was being stretched just a little too far.

We've mentioned Jim Lamb. His folks lived, or wintered, up on Lamb Creek along Henry's Fork, and he used to come down here quite a bit hunting stock that had strayed, and later broke horses and rode for Judge Carter. We're indebted to him for a good deal of the material about this period. And Mark Anson, too, who was born and raised up on Burnt Fork, and was for many years Sheriff of Daggett County, has contributed considerable material.

No history would be complete without mentioning the mail. For a long time, anyone coming down from Bridger just brought the letters along, and dropped them off at the various ranches. In 1888, a postoffice was established at Burnt Fork, and Mark Manley took the contract to bring it from Bridger down to that point. Then old man Berry set up a postoffice at Shade Large's place, and carried the mail in from Burnt Fork. That was, as nearly as we can find, in 1893. The road crossed Henry's Fork seven times between the Larges and Burnt Fork, and in the high water of '94, Berry was drowned in the ford right by Shade's house. After that, the postoffice was located at Dick Son's place, with Dick as postmaster, and was called "Washum." C. B. Stewart, who came to Burnt Fork from Colorado in the 'eighties carried the mail after Berry died, for quite a number of years. He was so methodical and kept to such a rigid schedule that he was known as "The Regulator." Washum was the postoffice for the district until 1903. An attempt was made to change the name to the more poetic one, "Lucerne," but everybody insisted on calling it Washum, so Washum it remained, right up until it was moved to Linwood.



## IX

### Roads and Ranches

If Judge Carter, as we stated a while back, is largely responsible for the political isolation of Daggett County, he is also responsible for the first road over the Uintas, which may be a partial compensation. At any rate, that road has quite a story.

In 1878 the government figured that the Indians in this section were all pretty well subdued, so they withdrew the troops from Fort Bridger and abandoned the post. That move, of course, cost the Judge a tidy bit of his income. So when, after the Meeker Massacre in 1879, the Colorado Utes there were moved over to the White Rocks Agency in the Ashley Valley, and Fort Thornburgh was established near the present Vernal, Judge Carter saw an opportunity. Raids were being made on his cattle, although it's doubtful just how "Indian" they were. But Jonathan Hoops, in the spring of '81, heard that the Utes were on their way over the mountains to kill the settlers here, and, spreading the word, caused a general stampede of the ranchers up to Bridger. Carter didn't wait for confirmation, or lack of it, but hopped the next train for Washington. There he stirred the authorities up to re-garrison Fort Bridger. He also suggested that the best way to supply the new Fort Thornburgh would be to have him build a road over the mountains from Fort Bridger and Carter Station. Furthermore, he would be glad to haul the supplies.

It was a successful trip. The Judge returned with several contracts in his pocket, one to supply the troops the government was sending to Bridger, another to build the section of road from Bridger to the summit of the mountains (the soldiers from Thornburgh were to do the rest), and another to furnish and haul the supplies over the road when it was built. So the Judge hired men, and they set to work at once. In his efforts to stir the men to a speedy completion of the road before winter set in, the Judge stayed on the spot to supervise the work personally. Unfortunately, the cold and exposure were too much for him. He contracted pneumonia and died in November of that year, 1881. The road was completed, but could not be put in use until the following spring.

Willie Carter, the Judge's son, came home from Cornell University to take charge of the Carter interests. He appointed William Summers foreman of the freighting operations, sent to Missouri for a carload of mules, and early in the spring of '82, the freighting started. Tom Welch, who later bought up several of the ranches on Birch Creek, was one of the teamsters.

The outfit of ten mule teams and heavy freight wagons started off from Bridger. It took days to cover the first few miles, for the blue,

badland clay mired the wagons down to the hubs. Teams would have to be uncoupled, hitched onto the lead wagon to haul it along a ways, and then brought back to double up on the other wagons.

At Smith's Fork, the teamsters camped for a week, hoping that the mud would dry up. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a very wet spring, and the mud grew worse rather than better. The outfit managed to move on ten miles, and then hung up again. It took another several days to get over Henry's Fork Hill. Then, when they got up Birch Creek in the timber, the going got really tough. The mules simply couldn't pull the wagons out of the deep, black mire. Summers was forced to return to Bridger and report that the wagons just couldn't get through.

Young Carter was anxious to carry out the contracts; so he went to Rawlins and purchased a number of ox teams. The oxen did the trick—they could manage in the mud where the mules couldn't. Summers started off with a new set of wagons and supplies and the oxen. They managed to pass the stranded mule outfits, take their load over to Fort Thornburgh, and return in time to help pull the original loads over.

By putting long stretches of corduroy over the marshes and swales up in the mountains, and over the worst of the muddy stretches down below, the wagons kept going, and Carter finished up the contract that fall. The next spring, 1883, the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad was completed, making possible a shorter and easier haul to Fort Thornburgh from the south, and no more loads were hauled over the mountains. The road was maintained for the passage of troops from one fort to another until the final abandonment of Fort Bridger in 1890. The army did try again to use it for freighting for a brief time in 1887, when Fort Duchesne was established. They found, however, that the hay, grain, and supplies that were hauled that way, cost almost fabulous amounts, and the attempt was soon abandoned. When the Dyer copper mine over on Little Brush Creek was operating, ore was hauled over the old road one winter, and bullion another. The marshes then being frozen, sleighs could be used for the worst part of the haul, and the ore reloaded into wagons at Young's Springs for the balance of the trip to Carter Station.

Imp practicable — and nearly impassable — as the road was, the ranchers in western Daggett County were grateful for it. While they couldn't use it to haul heavy loads, they could at least get over the mountains to Ashley Valley in a buckboard to get honey and apples, or to take a sack or so of grain to the grist mill to be ground into flour.

In 1880, Daggett County had again changed its allegiance, being shifted from a part of Summit County to Uinta County, with Ashley, or—after 1885—the brand new, little town of Vernal as their county seat. So to Ashley or Vernal everyone had to go to file on their land,

pay taxes, get married, serve or answer a writ, or any other official business. For this purpose, the old military road came in very handy.

Much of the road has long since been abandoned, but its route can still be traced, if one cares to go to the trouble. It came down from Bridger over the Henry's Fork Hill where the road from Lone-tree now runs, but then it followed right along the Fork, mostly on the north side, down to Burnt Fork. Then it crossed, and ran southeast to Birch Creek. It followed up the east side of Birch Creek, then up through the timber along the Creek on what is still known as "the Carter Dugway." Thence it followed along down Beaver Creek to its junction with Carter Creek. Here the Judge had a log house built with a fireplace, as a station for the freighters who were to use the road—which explains how the Creek got its name. From Carter Creek, the road ran over to Young's Springs. Here there was a station on the telegraph line between the two forts, which was run by Lieutenant Young. From that point the road ran up along one of the upper branches of Deep Creek, climbing 1500 feet in less than two miles, to the summit. Here, at Stroup Cabin Park, you can still see the remains of an old way station where whisky was dispensed to the thirsty teamsters. The road passed down the ridge east of Ashley Creek to Fort Thornburgh, a couple of miles west of Vernal.

As we have said, much of the way lay through slews and marshes, and had to be kept corduroyed to be passable. Blocked by heavy drifts from November to May, it was a morass most of the remaining months. To travel it required a good team and plenty of courage. It was far from a pleasure trip. "Nobody used it unless they absolutely had to," all the old timers agree.

The only other road officially noted as such in the eighties, was the one mentioned earlier, from Fort Bridger to Brown's Park. The route had been laid out in 1865 by Major Noyes Baldwin, who was stationed at Bridger at that time. It followed the same route from Bridger to Burnt Fork as the road we've just described. Then it followed down Henry's Fork, staying pretty well on the creek bottom, and crossing the stream whenever it was necessary—seven times, as we have said. From Robinson's cabin, or the present Linwood, it went on down the Fork to Lige Driskell's ranch, then turned north and crossed the Green River at Spring Creek. It went up what is still called Road Gap, along the south slope of Richards Peak to Red Creek, then down into the Park. There was also an unofficial road, little more than a trail, from Rock Springs into the Park, passing down through Jesse Ewing Canyon, across and up south through Sears Canyon, and then over the slopes of Diamond Mountain to Ashley Valley. People from the Park got their mail from Ashley in the summer, and Rock Springs in the winter, and usually did their trading the same way. There was a road—or trail—from Shade Large's ranch north to Green River City, but the Henry's Fork outfits preferred to go to Bridger, or even Piedmont, to trade. Most of



them had friends at Bridger and along the way, so they could make it a social as well as a business trip.

For the most part, however, ranchers just made their own roads. They'd pick out the bare ridges, dodging whenever possible the swales where the sagebrush caught the snow and made drifts. Where it was necessary to cross a deep, dry wash, they'd dig down the steep banks enough to make a passable grade. Occasionally they might scratch out a dugway around the side of a steep bluff. Sometimes they'd drag a log behind the wagon a few times to smooth out the sagebrush bumps, but mostly they just let time take care of the smoothing process. A dozen trips, tossing out a few big stones, would make a good-enough highway. Horses were plentiful, so if the grades were steep and the wagon heavily loaded, they simply hitched on two or more extra teams.

Most freight outfits used eight horses to haul two wagons, but twelve or even more horses might be used. Most six to twelve horse strings were handled by a "jerk line," and were known as "string teams." The lead team was trained to respond to a certain number of jerks or pulls. The horses behind just followed the leaders. That way any number of horses could be controlled by a single line. Even then, it took plenty of skill to handle the heavy loads weighing up to four or five tons that might be hauled.

At the end of the roads branching off to the various ranches, you might find any sort of a home from a dugout to a log cabin. Along creek bottoms, cottonwoods or aspen logs were customary. Otherwise they hauled logs and poles from the mountains or timbered gulches. The cabins were always roofed with poles covered by dirt. There were no board floors in the 'seventies, the doors were made of rude puncheons, and flour sacks were used for windows—if the rancher could afford flour at a dollar or two a pound. Beds were shakedown on the ground, or two-story bunks made of willow poles with a chopping axe and a two-inch auger.

Stoves were unknown until along in the 'eighties. Cooking was done over fireplaces in camp kettles, dutch ovens, skillets, and other such fireplace utensils. People lived mostly on fresh and dried meat. Flour, as we noted, ranged from \$100 down to \$50 a sack. Everything else—bacon, tea, coffee, sugar, butter—was a dollar a pound. Canned goods were scarce and equally expensive. Very few cowmen would stoop to such a thing as keeping a dairy cow, so fresh milk and butter were practically unknown. Coffee was bought as green beans, and was roasted and ground fresh as needed. You drank it black—and black is the right word for it—or with a little sugar in it. Sometimes a rancher might have a few chickens, but since they ran wild, the egg crop was uncertain and sketchy. Gardens were mighty uncommon. Old Jimmy Goodson usually planted a few rutabagas and potatoes down in Brown's Park, but he was the only one there that did until much later.

There was plenty of game, though, in great variety. The buffalo were all gone by the 'seventies, but there were still plenty of deer, antelope, elk, geese, duck, sage hens, bear, and fish. Add a sack or two of flour, a few bushel of spuds, salt, pepper, a slab of bacon, and throw in some sugar, coffee, and dried fruit as luxuries, and the winter's supplies were complete. And people were surprisingly healthy on that diet.

The two principal recreations were dancing and horse racing, with plenty of liquor at both. Under the stimulus of the little brown jug, hidden grudges were apt to come to light, and shootings were common occurrences at either festivity. The principal difference was that when you went to a horse race, it was a good idea to take a shovel along. Ranch houses, where the dances were usually held, naturally had their own grave-digging equipment.

The Fourth of July was always celebrated by a big double header, a race and a dance. Other races took place whenever one man got hold of a good fast horse, and felt like challenging the man with an established champion. Races were usually a quarter mile, and were run on a straight track. Any stretch of level, or nearly level, road would do.

For many years, Phil Mass had the fastest horses in this part of the country, beating all the officers from Bridger, and all other comers. Charley Crouse was passionately fond of racing and good race horses. He had a good deal of success in other parts of the country, but whenever he'd send up a horse to run against one of Phil Mass's, somehow Phil's entry would always nose it out, even the Eastern thoroughbreds which Crouse imported especially for the occasion.

Nobody thought anything of riding sixty or seventy miles to go to a dance. Everyone would have supper, then the whisky jugs would be picketed out in the sagebrush, with some reliable person to ride herd on them—Speck Williams usually held that job at dances in the Park—and then the fun started. There was usually a musical family around, like the Larges, or Sam Smith or John Chew would be around to fiddle. George Law did the fiddling at the Park dances, and John Jarvie added life with his concertina.

Women were always scarce, so some of the men tied handkerchiefs on their arms, and the dance moved right along. Square dances usually predominated, with an occasional reel, waltz, or polka to add variety. As the evening wore on, and visits to the jug grew more frequent, tension usually mounted. Sometimes one cowboy would have to touch hands with his deadly rival in a square dance, and then the sparks would fly. Fist fights and slugging matches were the usual occurrence, sometimes ending up in a free-for-all. Once in a while the contestants would step outside to shoot it out, and then the shovels came into play. If it was winter, the fellow who stopped the bullets might be put under the dirt floor of an old cabin, where the ground had been protected from freezing.

Some hardy souls always kept the dance going until daylight, however, and those who could still navigate had breakfast before starting for home. Almost everyone traveled on horseback, although some family parties might come in buckboard wagons. It was a strenuous business, going to dances, but nobody missed one if they could help it.

In between times, ranchers drank and played cards to while away the long winters. Poker was the standby, of course, though slough, or solo, ran it a pretty good second. It was customary to take your six-shooter out of its holster and lay it on the table when you were dealt into the game. That gave everyone fair warning that they'd better not let you catch them dealing from the bottom of the deck, or slipping aces out of your boot top.

The ranchers' work was entirely concerned with the management of his cattle and horses. Calves might be driven in and branded in corrals, but it was more often done right out on the open range. "Cowboyin'" and hunting were the early rancher's chief occupations. Cattle wintered on the range. A rancher usually cut a little wild hay on the meadow bottoms to feed a saddle horse that was kept in overnight to drive in the other horses in the morning. It also came in handy when a dance was held at the ranch, or when visitors happened along. "Farmin'" was practically unknown. Few furrows were turned in the country until after the hard winter of 1887-88 killed off most of the stock on the range, and convinced the more progressive ranchers that they'd better have some feed for their animals in case a similar catastrophe happened along.

Haying was generally done with an "Armstrong mower"—in other words, a scythe—and cocking and stacking with a fork. With that equipment, it was a husky job to get up even a ton or two of hay, and it's little wonder most ranchers were satisfied with doing no more. Lige Driskell is credited with having the first mowing machine in these parts. It had wooden wheels, a four-and-a-half-foot blade, and had to be tinkered with every few minutes to keep it going. It did make possible, though, getting up a respectable amount of hay as protection against hard winters.

Tittsworth claims that Charley Sparks was the first person in this section to see that sagebrush land might raise something else besides meat, and to plow, plant crops, and irrigate. Phil Mass, however, always raised oats to feed his horses and keep them in top condition. They were cut with a scythe and cradle, and threshed out with a flail as needed. And Shade Large and Uncle Jack Robinson led little ditches out of the Fork to water a little corn and a few potatoes.

Irrigating dry land is a practice almost as old as the human race, running back to the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians. The Mormons had introduced the practice in this country, applying it extensively in the Salt Lake Basin, and everywhere else they'd settled since 1847. But the majority of people in the West had scouted the idea until the



tide of emigration had settled the fertile regions of Oregon and California, doubled back to fill up the few parts of the intermountain region where there was sufficient rainfall for dry farming, and left only the arid districts. The gradual drying up of the country, the overgrazing of the range land, finally brought the rancher to the realization that he'd have to provide winter feed for his stock if they were to survive, and so he added a certain amount of farming to his duties.

Throughout the 'seventies, though, and most of the 'eighties, if a certain section of range gave out, or got too crowded, a rancher simply moved his herd onto one with better grass. That practice, pretty generally followed, accounts in part for the primitive nature of ranch equipment, and also the primitive way the rancher lived. He was essentially a wanderer. And it also explains why it's a bit difficult to say just who were the men that settled in any given locality. They drifted in, stayed a year or two, or three, and then drifted on. A few, like Lige Driskell and George Finch, George Hereford, Shade Large, Charley Crouse, Tom Davenport, John Jarvie, and several of the others we have mentioned, tended to stay put here. And that makes them the central and important characters in the development of Daggett County during the period we have been speaking of here.

## Robin Hood in Brown's Park

The 'nineties, perhaps more than the decades before, were marked by a number of social changes. In the first place, there was the shift we have already mentioned, from semi-nomadic ranching to the more settled state of ranching-farming. The same period also saw the general intrusion of law and order into a district which had formerly been pretty much a law unto itself. It saw an influx of homesteaders, and their not-always-successful attempt to set up farms in a primarily stock-growing district. It brought to a head the tensions which had been mounting between the small rancher, the rustler, and the big cattle outfits. And conflict was further intensified by the coming of great herds of sheep to this part of the country, and the sheep and cattle wars which followed. And, most spectacular of all the developments, the 'nineties brought to our district the last and most colorful flowering of the wild lawlessness which characterized the old Western frontier, in the form of those Robin Hoods of Brown's Park, Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch.

George LeRoy Parker was born in Beaver in 1867. While still a young boy, he moved with his father onto the old Jim Marshall ranch, twelve miles south of Circleville, formerly the headquarters for a gang of horse thieves and rustlers. Mike Cassidy, leader of the gang, stayed on to work for the Parkers, and from Mike, young George soon learned riding, roping, branding, and shooting. Before he was sixteen, he was known as the best shot in Circle Valley. He was arrested once and jailed, presumably for the theft of a saddle.

Mike had managed to get together quite a bunch of cattle, holding them in the breaks of Bryce Canyon. When the herd got too large, he moved them over to the Henry Mountains near the Colorado River, a section better known as Robbers' Roost. Mike finally got into trouble with the law, and lit out for Mexico. Young George Parker accommodatingly took over Mike's cattle and his name as well, and from that time on was known as George Cassidy.

Shortly came his first exploit of note. He stole a small bunch of horses near Circleville. Two officers pursued and captured him, slapped on a pair of handcuffs, and started to jail with him. George went along cheerfully enough. They stopped for lunch under some cottonwoods near a stream. One of the officers went to the creek for water, the other began to light a fire. Just as the first man dipped his bucket into the stream, George gave the man squatting by the fire a quick push, grabbed his gun, and covered them both. He disarmed them, got the keys to his handcuffs, mounted his horse and rode off with the stolen horses and the officers' as well.

Now comes the Robin Hood touch which marked all of his exploits. He had gone only a short distance when he noticed that all the canteens were still on the saddles; the officers were afoot and alone there in the desert; so he rode back, gave each officer his canteen, and then resumed his getaway. That generous action was typical of his career as an outlaw. He was arrested three times, served one term behind the bars, but he was never mean or vengeful. Although a dead shot, he seldom used his gun, and never killed a man until his final stand against a whole troop of soldiers.

After this known job of horsestealing, Circleville wasn't healthy, so George hit out for Colorado, where he worked for a while in the mines, and then joined the McCarthy gang, which at that time included the famous bandit, Matt Warner, alias Willard Christensen. Matt, at thirteen, had conked one of his playmates over the head, and believing him dead, had lit out for Brown's Park, where for five years he had served his apprenticeship at the fine art of rustling, then joined up with the McCarthys. George and Matt both participated in the Denver & Rio Grande train holdup at Grand Junction in 1887, the First National Bank robbery in Denver in 1889, and the Telluride bank robbery in the same year. Matt Warner later claimed that he taught Butch everything he knew about bank robbing, and there seems to be no reason to doubt the truth of that statement. He certainly must have told Cassidy of the advantages of Brown's Park for anyone interested in illegal activities, and so was probably responsible for him setting up his headquarters there in 1896.

The McCarthy gang was pretty badly shot up and dispersed during an attempted bank robbery at Delta, Colorado, in 1893. Cassidy, however, had left them a year or two before. He worked as a cowboy around southern Wyoming, and spent one winter in Rock Springs working in a butcher shop. At that time he received the nickname "Butch," and the name stuck. Older residents there still remember him. He liked to gamble and drink, but always in moderation. He always liked to be in a crowd, and was usually the life of the party. One night at Rock Springs he was accused of rolling a drunk and arrested. At his trial no evidence could be found against him, and he was released. He felt the insult of being arrested for such a petty crime very bitterly, and rode out of town swearing vengeance against Rock Springs, Sweetwater County, and the whole State of Wyoming. No one paid any particular attention to his threats at the time, but they were often reminded of them later.

Since Butch was known as a skillful rustler, the big outfits tried to get him on their payrolls. He never stole from the outfit he was working for, and to hire him was a cheap form of insurance for their herds. Tom Benson, who then had a big ranch east of Opal, claimed that Butch was the best man he ever had working for him. Butch also rode for the 2-Bar outfit for a time. In 1892, he and Al Hainer established a "horse ranch" near Lander. It was some time before it was noticed that they never bought, but always sold. Bob Calverly,



foreman for the Carter outfit, was then doing detective work for the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. He trailed a bunch of horses to Star Valley, and surprised Butch and Hainer there. In an exchange of shots, one of Calverly's bullets plowed a deep furrow in Cassidy's scalp, stunning him, so that Calverly was able to slip the handcuffs on. Butch was brought to trial, and was prosecuted by J. L. Torrey, of the 2-Bar Company, later the leader of Torrey's Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War. Some of Cassidy's friends tried to come to his rescue with a bill of sale for the horses, and for a time it looked like an acquittal. Unfortunately for Butch, however, the rancher whose name was signed to the bill appeared in town, so the document was never presented in court. Butch was sentenced to the pen for two years, in July, 1894. He was pardoned by Governor Richards, after making a promise that he'd keep out of Wyoming. And that was the last time Butch ever saw the inside of a prison.

On his release he went down to Brown's Park, and proceeded to make it his headquarters. His friend, Matt Warner, was there, with a ranch on Diamond Mountain. Isom Dart was back, after a vacation in Oklahoma, and had a ranch on Cold Springs Mountain, doing a spot of rustling now and then in partnership with Matt Rash, Con Dresher, Judge Bennett, Pigeon and others. Bender's gang at Powder Springs was still operating.

Butch had hatched quite a number of ideas while he was in the pen. He was through with rustling and horse-stealing, and such small-time activities, and planned to go out for the big money in the holdup game. He started looking around for helpers, and when Elza Leigh, former head of a Robber's Roost outfit, and Bub Meeks from Huntington, Utah, drifted into the Park later that spring, Butch chose them for lieutenants. The new gang established a hideout on a rocky point on the face of Diamond Mountain above Charley Crouse's ranch, still known as Cassidy Point.

The gang made themselves comfortable by packing in plenty of whisky, decks of cards, and ammunition from Rock Springs. They attended all the dances around, and by their practical jokes and daredevil stunts, soon came to be called "The Wild Bunch." The membership of the gang changed from time to time as various members were rubbed out by the law, or left for other reasons, but Butch continued as their leader. He was clever, quick-witted in tight places, and above all, he was a canny drinker and never let women interfere with his work. He was a snappy dresser, and popular with women, but not a woman chaser. He gave Josie Bassett quite a rush for a while, but when she got around to settling down and marrying, she chose young Jim McKnight.

Matt Warner had retired to Brown's Park in 1893, and had kept away from any brushes with the law for three years. In 1896, however, he got involved in a shooting scrape. Reports had come in of a new copper deposit on Dry Creek, even richer than the Dyer mine on Little Brush Creek. E. B. Coleman and Bob Swift located

the shepherd who had reported seeing the outcrop, learned its location, and started out to stake claims. Dick Milton and the Staunton brothers, prospectors from Vernal, began following on Coleman's trail. Coleman tried to shake them off, buy them off, and finally went back to Vernal, and, meeting Warner and William Wall in the saloon there, engaged them to frighten them off. In the frightening process, Milton and one of the Stauntons were killed, and the other lost a leg.

There was talk of lynching Warner and Wall, so they insisted on being locked up for safety. Sheriff John T. Pope came back from a prospecting trip on Goslin Mountain, built a breastwork around the log jail, and defied the mob. At a preliminary hearing in Vernal, the defense attorneys asked for a change of venue to Ogden, and it was granted. Pope had a tough job facing him to try to get his prisoners there safely. The vigilance committee threatened to capture them and hang them: Butch and others of Warner's friends sent word they would take Warner from the sheriff somewhere along the road. The Governor told Pope to deputize a hundred men if he needed them; Colonel Randlett offered an escort of troops from Fort Duchesne; but Pope, probably the best sheriff Uintah County ever had, calmly started off with a couple of deputies and his prisoners in the middle of the night, crossed the old Carter road over the Mountains, and was well on his way to Ogden before either the mob or Butch knew what had happened.

Butch had visited Matt Warner at the Vernal jail, and promised him help and money. Being broke, he had to do something in a hurry, so he, Meeks, and Leigh robbed a bank in Montpelier, Idaho. They pulled it off neatly, and, by means of relays of fast horses, were back in Brown's Park so quickly that their being there was practically an alibi, if anyone had ever asked for one. Despite their efforts, and the high-priced legal talent they hired, Matt was convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. On his release, he returned to his home town, resumed his boyhood name, started a saloon, and even ran for sheriff. Nobody knew anything about him under the name of Christensen, and he was defeated. Before his death, he had his adventures written up in a book, but those who ought to know claim that it is much more interesting for what it leaves out than what it has in it.

Butch's holdup at Montpelier had another result. Enthused by his success, some of the young fellows in the Park decided to form a Junior Wild Bunch, and they set out to rob the bank at Meeker, Colorado. They entered the bank, fired a couple of shots at the cashier to show what really bad men they were, and on coming out, found themselves completely surrounded by armed and irate citizens. The boys put up a battle, but were all shot down by the determined posse. And that was the end of the Junior Wild Bunch.

In 1897, the Wild Bunch was augmented by the arrival of a delegation from the Hole-in-the-Wall gang, including "Bignose" George

Curry, Lonny and Harvey Logan, and Harry Longabaugh, all experienced outlaws and bandits. With them, Butch organized the Train Robbers Syndicate. They planned and carried off successfully the Castle Gate payroll holdup, and then holed up for a while in Robbers' Roost in southeastern Utah. The money was burning a hole in their pockets, however, and they had to celebrate. They returned to their Brown's Park headquarters, and from there descended on Dixon and Baggs. They rode into the towns whooping and yelling, and shot them up in approved style. They bought new clothes, and rode back to Brown's Park with suitable headaches, leaving a goodly slice of their money behind them. They paid a dollar a hole, for instance, for each one they shot in the bar. All the outlaws, rustlers, and hangers-on from Brown's Park had been included in the binge, and a good time was had by all. No one was seriously hurt, and the merchants of the towns used to talk wistfully of that visit for many years afterwards.

One of the gang missed the blowout. A few weeks before, Bub Meeks had acted as scout and come-on for a robbery of the store and postoffice at Bridger. He was suspected, captured, and taken to Evanston. There the cashier from the Montpelier bank identified him as the man who had held the horses for the robbers' get-away. Meeks was tried, convicted, and sentenced to 32 years in the pen. He feigned tuberculosis by swallowing small pieces of soap, was sent to the hospital, and tried to escape by jumping two stories to the ground. One leg was shattered and had to be amputated. The prison authorities released him, believing that a one-legged bandit couldn't do much harm. Meeks returned to Bridger, and was a well-known character around there for some years.

From Brown's Park, Cassidy engineered the Wilcox train robbery in 1898, and then went south to pull off another holdup at Folsom, New Mexico. Then he seemed to have a desire to reform, for he tried, unsuccessfully, to obtain a pardon from Governor Wells of Utah. He also entered negotiations with the Union Pacific to take a job with them as express guard, the idea being that his presence on the train would scare any other outlaws away. Right in the middle of the negotiations, however, Butch changed his mind. He held up a train near the little station of Tipton, Wyoming, in August, 1900, with the idea of getting a stake for a fresh start, and skipping the country. Although a spectacular and skillful job, it netted the outlaws a total of exactly \$50.40.

That was the end of Butch Cassidy's reign in Brown's Park. He, Harvey Logan, and Longabaugh held up a bank at Winnemucca, Nevada, and then went over to celebrate at Fort Worth. While there they decided to have their pictures taken, together with a couple of members of Black Jack Ketchum's gang. A Wells Fargo detective saw it on display in a photo gallery, and got on their trail. The gang scattered and beat their way up to Montana, where the Wild Bunch



pulled off its last job by holding up a train near Wagner in July, 1901. Early in 1902, Butch and Harry Longabaugh—the only ones of the gang who were then still alive or out of prison—took separate boats to Buenos Aires.

The story runs that Butch and Harry started a ranch in Argentina and went straight for a while. Whether they got bored, or detectives finally got on their trail is uncertain, but they shortly started out on an amazing series of holdups and raids which baffled the South American authorities for seven years. Arthur Chapman, author of the poem, "Out Where the West Begins," tells a thrilling and well-authenticated story of Cassidy's last stand, fighting off a detachment of Bolivian soldiers, and, finally, using his last two bullets to put an end to Longabaugh and himself. Nevertheless, numerous people claim to have seen Butch Cassidy in Utah about 1915; running a saloon in Mexico in the '20's; living on a ranch in Idaho; and finally dying in Spokane in 1937. You can take whichever version you like.

Butch Cassidy was the idol of all who met him, and of the whole countryside. Pleasant, jolly, well-spoken, generous, he had the easy, confident air of the natural-born leader. Men respected him as much for his personality as for his acknowledged skill with a gun. He is reputed to have been able to ride at full speed around a tree, empty his six-shooter into it, every bullet landing within a six-inch circle. And yet he was unique among the bad men and outlaws of the West in having no notches on his gun. He may have winged a couple of men, but the record is clear that up until his last stand—if he really had a last stand—he never killed anyone.

While we've set down the record of his exploits as well as we could, it must be remembered that there were dozens of holdup gangs operating in the same territory at the same time. Some of the jobs we've attributed to Butch may have been pulled off by others; and many of the jobs that Butch and the Wild Bunch actually did may have gone completely unsuspected. Those who knew Butch well claim that he never broke his word, and so he couldn't have done any robberies on the U. P., since he'd promised Governor Richards to stay out of Wyoming.

At any rate, when all is said and done, you can have all your famous outlaws—the James boys, Billy the Kids, John Wesley Hardins. But for downright likeableness, ability, and romantic appeal, Butch Cassidy stands head and shoulders above them. Some day, we hope, his story will be written the way it ought to be. In the meantime he still remains—sometimes a bit shamefacedly, usually right out in the open—the idol of Daggett County. "You can't get me to say anything against Butch Cassidy," people will tell you. "Suppose he was an outlaw. All he ever did was steal from the rich and give it to the poor. Nothing wrong with that, is there?" And all the old timers who knew him will concur in the verdict: "Butch Cassidy—a swell guy."

## Murder in the Park

The story that Jesse Ewing had made a rich copper strike before his death kept popping up for years. In the fall of 1897 a prospector named Strang arrived in the Park, and spent the winter searching the old diggings. Along in February he ran short of supplies, so he went to town, leaving his young son, Willie, in the care of Speck Williams, who at that time was running the Jarvie ferry. Willie found life on the ferry boat rather dull. So when a cowboy named Pat Johnson came by and asked Willie how he'd like to go along with him and learn to rope steers, Willie struck right out with him.

Now Johnson worked at the Hoy ranch, but he was also a member of the Powder Springs gang, and not at all an ideal companion for a young boy. Willie, though, became quite a favorite among the hands at the ranch. He had a grand time until one day, when Johnson had a few too many aboard, Willie playfully knocked a dipper out of his hand. Johnson whipped out his gun and shot Willie in the back as he tried to run away. Willie died within an hour.

The boys didn't approve, and Johnson, a little disturbed by the resulting indignation, lit out for his old hangout at Powder Springs. There he ran into Harry Tracy and Dave Lant, who had escaped not long before from the Utah penitentiary. They agreed to help him escape. They decided that the best way would be out through Colorado, so they went back through the Park, and started up Vermillion Creek to the east. They hadn't gone far when they saw two horsemen approaching, and Johnson recognized Sheriff Nieman of Routt County and his deputy. None of them was particularly anxious to face the law, so they left the trail and struck out over Douglas Mountain.

Nieman saw them, and suspected that they might be outlaws, but it was getting dark, so he hurried on to the Bassett ranch, expecting to come back and pick up their trail in the morning. Anyway, his main business in the Park was to serve a warrant issued by J. S. Hoy for the arrest of Johnson and Judge Bennett for alleged rustling.

At the Bassett ranch, Nieman heard of Willie Strang's death, and doped it out that the men he had seen were probably connected with the crime. He sent out a call for help, and in the morning Valentine Hoy, Eb Bassett, Jim McKnight, and one Longhorn Thompson, and also—of all people—William Pigeon, rode up. Nieman deputized them, and the posse set off in pursuit. During the afternoon they ran onto the outlaws' camp, where everything—horses, bedding, camp stuff—had been left behind, and indicated a hasty departure. Up the steep hillside were caves, protected by talus rock. It was a



bad place to attack, so Nieman and his posse decided to play a waiting game. They retired to the Bassett ranch with the outlaws' horses and equipment, figuring they could starve and freeze them out.

In the meantime, the three outlaws tried to get down the mountain, cross the river, and escape into Utah, but what with the ice going out of the river and the almost vertical west wall of Ladore Canyon, they found themselves trapped. So they returned to their former hiding place in the cave to await the return of the posse, figuring that they might be able to shoot their way out, grab the horses, and then escape.

When the posse, fresh from their comfortable night at the Bassett ranch, finally arrived, they climbed up over the rocks toward the cave. Valentine Hoy was in the lead. He knew that Johnson was a weak sister, so he showed himself and called on them to surrender. Tracy, however, was a different sort of person, and immediately shot Hoy through the heart. He crumpled up against the rock, and the rest of the posse retreated and took shelter. They waited there until evening, when they decided it would again be best to retire to the Bassett ranch. On their way they surprised Judge Bennett coming up with a loaded pack horse, apparently to relieve Johnson, Tracy and Lant. They took him prisoner, and escorted him back to the Bassett ranch.

Sheriff Nieman again had an idea. He decided that Hoy's killers must be the recently escaped convicts from Utah, so he sent William Pigeon riding post haste to Vernal for Sheriff Preece of Uintah County. Nieman's habit of seeking a comfortable bed at the Bassett ranch each evening allowed the fugitives to escape that night from Douglas Mountain; but anyway, the posse was busy all the next day bringing Valentine Hoy's body off the cliff and back to the ranch.

Deputy Sheriff Farnham had been left behind to guard Bennett. About noon, Farnham was sitting in a chair against the wall near the door, when two masked men entered and covered him with revolvers. He was instructed to keep his seat and not get excited. Other masked men came in, placed a burlap sack over Bennett's head, and carried him out, telling Farnham to just stay there quietly for ten minutes. Farnham waited a bit, then walked to the door and looked out. Not a living soul was in sight; but there, under the crossbar of the gate, swung the body of Judge Bennett.

One story runs that everybody was too busy chasing the fugitives to bother, and that the body swung there for several days before it was removed. The other is that Farnham waited a couple of hours, then cut the body down, wrapped it in a blanket, and buried it in a gulch near the house. When Nieman returned, Farnham met him at the corral. "Where's Bennett?" Nieman asked. "Buried him," Farnham replied, briefly. "Didn't want to see him. Did you?"

Some people maintain that Bennett was one of the worst of the Park's rustlers, and hand-in-glove with the outlaws, and thoroughly



deserved what he got. Others are just as sure that he was an inoffensive character, and was simply chosen as the goat to divert the attention of the law by a group of men much more guilty than himself. And it may be that some people were afraid that Bennett knew too much, and might squeal. But anyway, nobody particularly regretted his passing, and Farnham's comment might well be his epitaph.

That evening, Deputy Sheriff Swanson of Sweetwater County arrived. Since Willie Strang had been killed in Wyoming, he had been called in on the hunt. Willie's death had occurred on Monday, February 28; Hoy's on Wednesday; and although the fugitives were on foot, and trailing was easy, they were not run down and captured near Powder Springs until Saturday. Sheriff Swanson, Farnham, McKnight, Joe Davenport, and Isom Dart got the credit for being in the party which made the capture.

Late Saturday afternoon, a large posse under Sheriff Preece and including ex-Sheriff Pope, arrived from Vernal. That made a total of sixty man-hunters gathered at the Bassett ranch that night. Naturally there weren't sleeping accommodations for that many, so they built a huge fire in the yard. Some of them dozed around it, while the Vernal boys, possibly miffed at not being in time for the capture, talked of lynching. Nieman was successful in convincing them to let the law take its course.

Johnson was turned over to Wyoming for the murder of Willie Strang. Although Utah claimed Tracy and Lant as fugitives, Colorado insisted that they'd certainly hang for the Hoy murder, and there was no sense in turning them over to Utah, and risking another jail break. So off they went with Nieman to the Hahn's Peak jail. They escaped, were recaptured, and then escaped once more. Tracy made his way to Oregon, where he committed a number of robberies and cold-blooded killings, shot his way out of jail, and finally, surrounded by a posse, shot himself rather than be captured. Lant, on the other hand, volunteered for the war and served in the Philippines, receiving a citation for bravery in action.

Johnson was tried in Rock Springs, where it was decided that the killing of Willie Strang was accidental, and he was acquitted. Sheriff Nieman immediately arrested him again as an accomplice in the Hoy killing. He was convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Public excitement and indignation over the two killings ran high. Brown's Park made the headlines in all the papers, East and West. Editorials excitedly urged sending troops in to clean up the Park. J. S. Hoy retorted by sending a letter to the Denver News, insisting that the outlaws in the Park were not residents at all, and that the solution was to offer \$1000 reward for each one of them. If that were done, "the men living here, or knowing the country and acting in concert with resident citizens of good repute," would make short work of getting rid of the outlaws. This letter, read by the members of the Powder Springs gang, was considered an insult, and a decided

breach of Park etiquette. They rode straight out in a body to one of Hoy's cattle camps and stole everything in sight, destroying what they couldn't pack or drive off.

Meanwhile, however, the Maine had been sunk, and everyone got busy remembering it. War news drove outlaws and Brown's Park out of the headlines. By the time the war was over, the excitement was pretty well forgotten. Some of the outlaws, like Dave Lant, enlisted. There is a story that the Wild Bunch met to form a troop of Rough Riders and enlist as a body, but were discouraged by the thought that they might be arrested when they showed up at the recruiting station. The idea died a natural death.

It would be well to note that there are almost as many versions of the killing of Valentine Hoy and Willie Strang as there were people in the Park at the time. In the present account we have followed chiefly the record supposedly set down by J. S. Hoy, whose brief account of this incident, if authentic, is all that remains of his voluminous and carefully written "History of Brown's Park." The rest has been lost or destroyed.

Outside of the notoriety it brought, the importance of the event was that officers had finally entered the Park. The outlaws and rustlers there could no longer feel completely immune; and the honest residents, aroused by two brutal murders and public condemnation, felt less inclined to give the outlaws a free rein. The invasion of the tri-State posse was a start towards cleaning up the Park. And in 1900, the job was pretty well completed, not by an army, but by one man. That sounds a bit incredible, until we mention the man's name; then we can understand it. For that man was—Tom Horn.

Tom Horn, the legend, was probably an even more deadly force than Tom Horn, the killer. For so publicized had he been that the mere mention of his name was enough to send the cold chills running up and down a rustler's spine. Just the suspicion that he might be in the neighborhood made guilty men scuttle for cover, fly the coop, or even reform. No one knew just what he looked like, or where he might strike next. And both the cattle association and Tom Horn himself took great pains to see that his name was rumored as the perpetrator of every "dry-gulching" that took place.

This is not the place to take sides in the old argument which still goes on, as to whether Tom Horn was a ruthless, cold-blooded assassin wiping out small homesteaders, or a brave hero defending the property of association members; or whether or not his confession to the murder of Willie Nickell, and his subsequent trial and conviction were framed. His activities in Brown's Park seem to be quite clear; and the results of his visit are even clearer. So, for the present, we'll confine our attention to that occasion.

Tom Horn, under the name of Tom Hicks, came to Rock Springs about the first of April, 1900. Posing as a horse buyer, he visited the E. H. Rife ranch and picked up what information he could by

visiting all the ranches in the Park. He seems to have selected two victims, Matt Rash, and Isom Dart, as the most flagrant rustlers in the section. Matt had worked for Tom Kinney, and was supposed to have stolen several hundred head of cattle in revenge for being fired. He had a ranch on Cold Springs Mountain, not far from Isom Dart's place at Summit Springs. Tom Horn went to work for Matt, and certainly gathered whatever evidence of Matt's activities he felt that he needed.

Sam Spicer had a bull which seemed to have taken a personal dislike to Isom, for the negro had frequently threatened to kill it. One day, as Rash and Horn rode up to Isom's ranch, they found him butchering out the bull in his corral. Matt took the opportunity to curse Isom out, and quite a war of words followed. Horn loudly advised Matt to "kill the damned nigger." Isom, pretty scared, went to Spicer and arranged to pay for the bull. Horn saw to it that the quarrel became generally known. He then went over to the 2-Bar ranch on the Little Snake River and took a job there for a while.

On July 10, Felix Meyers and Billy Rife rode up to Matt's cabin. Thinking to startle him, Meyers burst in the door, whooping and swinging his hat. He stopped suddenly and his jaw dropped. There on the bed was Matt's body in a fairly advanced state of decomposition. Investigation showed that he had been shot three times with a thirty-thirty rifle. His watch lay on the bed; his purse was stuffed between the logs over his head; and a blood-stained notebook lay on the floor near the bed. There were no signs of any struggle. An inquest was held, with no findings, and Matt's body was buried near the cabin.

Tom Horn shortly appeared in the Park, and spread the theory that Matt had been killed by Isom Dart. Anne Bassett, whom Matt had been courting, and to whom it was found he had willed all his property, accused Horn of the murder. He took the charge so coolly, however, that everyone just laughed it off, and Anne didn't persist. Matt's cattle, stolen or otherwise, were bought up by Sheriff Nieman.

Early in September, many residents of the Brown's Park section woke to find notices tacked on their doors to leave the country within ten days or suffer the consequences. Since that was one of Horn's favorite tricks, they felt pretty sure who Matt's murderer had really been; Tom Hicks had disappeared; and so he was undoubtedly the killer, Tom Horn. Matt Rash had been the first on the list. Who would be next? There was plenty of excitement in the Park. Some of the young men around settled up their affairs and lit out in a hurry.

At daylight on the morning of October 11, Isom Dart came out of his cabin on a necessary errand. There was a rifle shot, and Isom fell, a bullet through his heart. George and Eb Bassett and Gail Walker, who had spent the night with Isom, tumbled over each other in their haste to get back inside and join Con Dresher, Isom's partner.



They were ordinarily brave men, but the thought of Tom Horn out there with his deadly rifle held them panic stricken in the cabin all day. Along toward dusk, they sawed a section of log out of the back of the cabin, sneaked out, and hit the trail for the Park. And for a long time after that, men were careful how they strolled out of their cabins of a morning.

Just why the delay we don't know, but it was ten days before a cautious party climbed back to Summit Springs to investigate. They found Isom's body just where it had fallen. They dug a grave nearby, and there they buried one of the early residents of the Park, and one of its best-known characters. In the burial party were Josie McKnight (nee Bassett), Joe Davenport, George and Eb Bassett, and Speck Williams.

After the funeral, there was quite a sizeable exodus from the Park. Among those departing was Jim McKnight; although it was whispered that the real reason for his sudden urge to see other parts was that his wife, Josie, who later had a number of husbands, had speeded him along by sending a few bullets in his direction. At any rate, Tom Horn had accomplished his purpose, and pretty well cleaned up rustling in Brown's Park.

Before we leave the subject of outlaws and rustling, we probably should mention one of the most spectacular rustling incidents that took place in the Park. "Queen Anne" Bassett is rumored to have been the leader, but nothing definite is really known. At any rate, six or seven hundred stolen steers, belonging chiefly to the Scribner Brothers, had been stolen and driven down into Zenobia Basin. A posse got on their trail, and were following the rustlers pretty closely. It looked very much as though they'd be caught with the goods. So rather than be found with the evidence, the rustlers drove the whole bunch over the wall of Ladore Canyon. The cattle were all killed by the fall, or drowned in the swift current of the river. The great pile of bones can still be seen there if one looks down from the top of the cliff.

With the passing of the outlaws at the turn of the century, relative peace and tranquility came to the Park. The visit of the tri-State posse when Valentine Hoy was killed, and the deadly menace of Tom Horn, left the valley pretty well civilized, but also depopulated. Sheep gradually took the place of cattle, and most of the residents moved out. Valentine Hoy's place was taken over by W. H. Gottsche of Rock Springs. Charley Crouse sold his ranch to Mark Whalen and Augustine Kendall, who organized the Park Livestock Company, devoted to wool and mutton. Crouse started an ambitious irrigation project and built a bridge opposite the mouth of Jesse Ewing Canyon. The postoffice at John Jarvie's store was known as Bridgeport, and is still so marked on many maps. Unfortunately the project failed, and the bridge was washed out after a few years' service. Crouse moved up to Linwood and started a claim at Grindstone Spring,

where he remained until his death in 1906. He left his remaining interests in the Park in charge of his son, Stanley. His daughter, Minnie, now Mrs. George Rasmussen, resides in Linwood.

Doc Parsons and his wife died in the 'nineties, and their son, Warren, moved away. J. C. Allen went back East but his family later returned and lived at Linwood for several years. Harry Hoy died and was buried in the Park; and J. S. Hoy sold out his interests to Ora Haley of the 2-Bar outfit. Tom Davenport sold out to Tom Kelly. Ebb and George Bassett remained in the Park, and for several years, they, Stanley Crouse, John Jarvie, and Charley Taylor, who came in about 1902, were practically the only permanent residents there.

One more bit of violence came in 1909, when two shearers entered the Jarvie store, ransacked it, killed the proprietor, and set his body afloat in a skiff. Some months later it was discovered by two engineers drilling at a proposed dam site in Ladore Canyon. And an echo of the old, wild days came in 1927, when Eb Bassett was arrested for rustling. Before the case came to trial, Eb committed suicide.

In the last few years reports are heard of new and streamlined rustling methods in this section, using large, refrigerated vans. One thing about these modern rustlers we can be sure of. Of them, at least, J. S. Hoy's old statement that the men doing the work are outsiders and not residents, would find universal agreement. For, as the once popular song went, "Annie doesn't live here any more."

Now over to Henry's Fork for a brief visit in that section. Starting west from the river and going up the Fork around about 1890, you'd probably have stopped to say hello to Lige Driskell, George Finch, and George Hereford, not far from each other. You might have stopped to visit at the little school just between the Finch and Hereford ranches, where Charley Driskell, Neal's son, was teaching, or at Jim Large's cabin close by. Then, where Keith Smith now has his home at Linwood, you'd find Bill Large. Going up the stream a ways, you'd come to Shade Large's ranch. Then if you turned off up Birch Springs Draw, or "Dry Valley," to where Cliff Christensen now lives, you'd find the Finch horse ranch, with a small cabin and corral; and where the C. F. Olsen ranch is, you'd see a similar setup, the Shade Large horse ranch.

If you had time, you might go over to Conner Basin to see George Solomon, but more likely you'd cut back over to the Fork to Dick Son's store and postoffice. Then, going up to Burnt Fork, you'd pass the ranches of Dave Washum, John Wade, John Stouffer, Si Erdley, Alec Hayden, C. B. Stewart, Clark Logan, Henry Perry, Jim Hauser, Tom Welch, Will Harvey, Phil Mass, Billy Pearson, and Robert Hereford. Then, as we've said earlier, if you cut back over to Birch Creek, you'd find the ranches of Zeb Edwards, B. Gamble, and Charles Wyman. These men were all cattlemen, running outfits



varying in size from a few hundred to several thousand head, as well as numerous horses and mules.

In 1885, a mystery man moved into the country, one Cleophas J. Dowd. He was born in San Francisco in 1857, and brought up and educated by a relative or friend of the family in Salt Lake City. That much of his life is on record. Of his movements previous to 1885 we know little, except that he met and married Ella Colten, niece of Bishop Colten of Vernal. In the year mentioned, he brought his family, cattle, and horses and settled over on Sheep Creek on what is now the Bennett ranch. There was no road in at that time. A wagon could be taken down the steep slopes by snubbing it down over the rocks and ledges by means of ropes, but Dowd usually relayed his supplies in by pack horse.

As might be supposed of a man picking out that remote place to live, he was as independent as a hog on ice, and soon made it apparent that he wanted to be left pretty much to himself, and resented anyone sticking his nose into the Dowd affairs. He was always courteous and well-spoken to women but a bit of a bully. He had few friends. Visitors to the Dowd ranch were made welcome, but few people availed themselves of the opportunity. He bought up every fine saddle horse he saw, paying a good price for it. No one ever saw him drive them out, and the horses weren't running with his bunch, so there was considerable speculation as to how he got rid of them. Nobody, however, dared try to find out.

Then things began to happen. The facts of the case seem to be as follows: Some time in 1896, a man by the name of Charles Reaser moved in with his wife and family on the Dowd place and went to work there. After a short time, there seemed to be bad feeling between the two men, and it was generally conceded that one of them would eventually "get" the other. And on April 11, 1897, Reaser appeared before Justice of the Peace Solomon, and gave himself up for the murder of Dowd. Solomon investigated, decided that Reaser had acted in self-defense, and released him. Reaser later left this section, moved up into Wyoming, became a game warden, and lived quite circumspectly until his death.

No evidence has ever been brought forward of any rustling, outlaw, or other criminal activity on the part of either Dowd or Reaser, but because of Dowd's secretive nature, many stories have been circulated, and the name of Dowd is almost a household word in this district. His grave can still be seen on a little knoll just below the Bennett ranch, together with the graves of two of his children who died there. Aside from the stories, Dowd's Hole, where he used to run his cattle, is the only calling card that remains for Daggett's mystery man.

Dowd, soon after his arrival, began to run sheep in the section north of Henry's Fork, which may help to account for his unpopularity. For here, as elsewhere in the West, the cattlemen looked at the



intrusion of sheep with great distaste, if not, indeed, a much stronger feeling. Sheep, they said, were dirty, smelly, stupid animals. Their sharp hooves and close-biting teeth rooted up the grass. It was a general belief, too, that cattle wouldn't graze where sheep had once been. And, more practically, as the once free range land was gradually filled up, the cattlemen were tied to the range near where they raised their hay and wintered their cattle. The sheep men, on the other hand, could roam at will all over the countryside, wintering anywhere on the desert land, and summering their herds anywhere they found water.

The Western Wyoming Sheep Company of Evanston was the first outfit to bring a large number of sheep into this country, as far as we can discover. Dick Hamilton from Bridger had a couple of hundred head kept by old man Moon on the Haney place up Henry's Fork, and Tom Widdop of Burnt Fork also had a few sheep. But at any rate, several big outfits followed the example of the Evanston company in running big bands of sheep in the badland country to the north. The cattlemen in this section all agreed that sheep were not welcome. At first, sheepherders were simply moved on, forcibly if necessary, one cattle outfit escorting them to the boundaries of the section of range that they claimed, and letting the neighboring outfit take over and evict them from there. Gradually, however, as the number of herds grew, and the sheep became too numerous to deal with in that fashion, the cattlemen got together and established an arbitrary deadline. It ran across Phil Mass Mountain, then north of Twin Buttes, and then in a general easterly line to the Green River. Every sheep outfit was supposed to know where the line was, and woe to the herder who brought his flock over it. The line was first marked by a row of old bones—deer, buffalo, antelope (and human)—and later by a plowed furrow.

The grass, however, always seemed to be greener and sweeter south of the line, and more often than not, when a herder got his flock near the line, the sheep, and sometimes the herder and his wagon, would be found on the wrong side. Some cowboy would see them, there would be a night raid, and plenty of shooting. Herders were shot, sheep slaughtered, camp outfits burned up and destroyed. The best known of these raids occurred in 1902, when Ernest Garside, foreman of a sheep outfit, was shot and killed in his wagon at what is now called Garside Knoll, just north of Henry's Fork. Trouble kept up, off and on, until 1907, when John C. Mackey of the Wyoming Wool Growers Association, bought out all the small cattle ranchers up Henry's Fork, and the deadline was finally abolished.

There's little point in rehashing here the old arguments about whether sheep are harder on range land than cattle, or whether the country has just naturally dried up, or, as conservation authorities claim, severe over-grazing has tended to lower moisture content and

the water table. We do know that what were grasslands in 1870 are barren sagebrush flats now, and that the range will support only a fifth of the animals it would then. So while we admire and appreciate the courage and industry of the pioneers who settled our strip of land, we must also express a bit of regret at their mad scramble to grab off the public range, and run as many animals on it as they could, without any regard for the future.

To protect the Uinta watershed from careless lumbering and from overgrazing detrimental to the public interest, the Uinta Forest Reserve was created by proclamation of President Grover Cleveland in 1897. Little supervisory work was done, however, until the Ashley National Forest, named after the famous politician-fur trapper who made the first recorded visit here, was established by Theodore Roosevelt on July 1, 1908. John Bennett was the first Ashley ranger for this district, and he helped put into effect conservation practices to restore the grass, timber, and game resources of the Uintas. Although many residents grumbled at the restrictions which were placed on them, most of them soon came to realize the benefits that come through use as opposed to abuse. When the Taylor Grazing Act was set up in 1934, the local boards set up to control the use of the public range land voluntarily adopted restrictions somewhat like those already in use on the Forest Reserve.

With the help of the Federal Reclamation Service, quite a bit of work has been done on re-seeding with grass, creating reservoirs, and checking erosion. We can now hope that the district may before long return to a productive state comparable to the one it enjoyed before the white man came, and this strip of land of ours could support almost countless herds of buffalo, elk, antelope and deer.

## Sandtown

In 1878, when A. D. Farron was surveying this part of Utah, he kept putting down in his notes, "On account of the unavailable mountains, I here abandon further survey." He probably took one look, and decided he was a surveyor, not an eagle. So he stuck pretty well to the valley floors. Had Mr. Farron been the courageous mountaineer type and finished his job, the history of Daggett County might have been quite different.

In 1893, Ellsworth Daggett, the first surveyor-general of Utah, decided that the survey ought to be completed. So he selected Adolph Jessen, mining engineer of Salt Lake City, an astute gentleman, and a shrewd business man, to complete the survey in this region. When he arrived on the scene, he was quite impressed with the agricultural possibilities of "Dry Valley." It needed only one item—water, and Jessen set to work to see what he could do about making the valley a wet one. He discovered that water from Sheep Creek could be carried along the mountain side in a canal, turned loose in Lodgepole Canyon, caught in Conner Basin, and then brought into the valley by means of another canal. Believing that the soil was well adapted to alfalfa, or lucerne, he named it "Lucerne Valley."

Back to Salt Lake City he went, full of facts, figures and enthusiasm. He found that Daggett was tremendously interested in his scheme, as was also the financier, R. C. Chambers, who, being heavily endowed with this world's goods, became the "angel" of the project. These three men formed the Lucerne Land and Water Company, and each took out large blocks of land.

Jessen started right to work, more enthusiastically than ever. He hired a Salt Lake outfit to dig the upper canal, and took time out from his survey to buy the rights for the Finch horse ranch, and re-name it the Birch Springs Ranch. Jessen was the active member of the promotion company, spending his summers here supervising the work, while Daggett and Chambers handled the Salt Lake City end.

Meanwhile, during the summers of '93 and '94, Jessen went right on with his survey. On his crew were Zeb Edwards and B. Gamble, and the chainman in '94 was a young Danish lad Jessen had brought with him from Salt Lake City, Marius N. Larsen. Young Larsen went to work on the Birch Springs ranch, and stayed on for the winter. It was a pretty lonesome job, so when he visited relatives in Salt Lake City for Christmas, he brought his young brother, Louis, back with him.



In the summer of '95, Jessen hired South, a contractor from Fort Bridger, to complete the canal from Conner Basin to the Birch Springs ranch. Larsen was busy on the ranch, putting up fences, while an old fellow from up Bridger way, named Patterson, brought his teams down to plow and put in crops.

On November 6, 1895, in a raging blizzard, Frank Ellison and his family arrived from Grantsville. Jessen had hired Ellison to be foreman of the Birch Springs ranch, and had had Ike Edwards build an extra room on the cabin there. So the Ellisons settled down with young Larsen there to spend an agreeable and comfortable winter. Old man Patterson, however, must have found it a little crowded, for he built a home of his own—the famous “dugout” cut out of the side of the hill just above the present Manila, east of the schoolhouse. This dugout turned out to be a very handy place for the next couple of years, as we'll soon see.

Jessen had been busy trying to get settlers for his new real estate development, and the company looked forward eagerly to the spring of '96 to see what luck they would have from the snappy pamphlets they had sent out broadcast, and their extensive newspaper advertising. Their pictures showed hay meadows, “so thick and lush,” one old timer said, “you felt a cow could eat the picture.” And in June of that year, three excited prospects did arrive. They were Sam and Joe Warby, and their friend Edward Tolten, from Beaver, Utah. They found it a pretty dry place; nothing much growing but prickly pear and greasewood; but the fenced fields of alfalfa at Birch Springs must have looked good to them, and Jessen's salesmanship must have done the rest. For back to Beaver they went to spread the word that this, at last, was the land of golden opportunity.

While he was here, Tolten had a talk with Frank Ellison, and found that the job of foreman would shortly be vacant. “Hell of a hard fellow to work for, that Jessen,” Frank grumbled. “Has to have everything done just his way. Now he wants me to sign a three-year contract. ‘Contract be damned,’ I says. ‘If my word ain't good, my work ain't either,’ I told him. And I'm quitting.”

So on his way back to Beaver, Tolten stopped off at Salt Lake City to have a talk with the company. When he left, he had a signed contract as foreman at Birch Springs. Joe and Sam Warby, and Tolten, too, when he arrived at Beaver, spread glowing accounts, and several families set out almost immediately. They traveled with their wagons through Heber City, Chalk Creek, Hilliard, Bridger, and down the old wagon road along Henry's Fork.

This first group of settlers were as follows: George Warby, his wife, Caroline, and one child; James (Nen) Warby, unmarried; Steve Warby, unmarried, Joe Warby, unmarried; Franklin Twitchell, his wife, Maria, and two children; Daniel Nelson, his wife, Matilda, and eight children; and Alvin E. Smith, unmarried. Each party had

brought along a small number of cattle, a few poultry, stoves, and household goods. Before fall, they had selected their homesteads and built rough, log cabins for shelter.

In October of the same year, Edward Tolten arrived to take up his duties at the Birch Springs ranch. He was accompanied by his wife, Emma, and six children. Before winter set in, the following families also arrived from Beaver: Sam Warby, his wife, Mary Hannah, and four children; James Reid, his wife, Hattie, and five children; and Axel Anderson, unmarried.

Most of these families built shelters of some kind before snow fell; that is, all except Sam Warby. They tell us that Sam and his family were unfortunate enough to have to live in old man Patterson's dugout. And it seems that Sam had to spend a good deal of each night chasing the huge rats that vigorously contested the Warbys' occupation of what they seemed to consider their property.

Thus the new little Mormon community began its first, long winter in Lucerne Valley. What did they eat? Well, there was plenty of game. We hear that Frank Mann, passing through, killed twenty-eight deer for them. And it seems that Shade Large and George Finch helped them out. Whenever one of their riders came across a "cedar buster"—a seven or more year-old steer which had repeatedly escaped roundups—it was delivered to the new homesteaders with their compliments. And we are told that Shade Large also helped out by sending them sauerkraut and other supplies.

Did they want to hear how the folks back home in Beaver were doing? To find out, they had to go on horseback over to Dick Son's place on Henry's Fork, where the mail came in once a week. There they could visit a bit, too, and hear a bit of news from the outside world brought in by C. B. Stewart who carried the mail.

For it was a lonely life, especially for the women, after the daily social contacts with friends and relatives they'd been used to back in Beaver. Once in a while, the families would all load themselves into their wagons, and away they'd go up the old wagon road up Henry's Fork to a dance up at Burnt Fork. This started an interchange of dances between the two communities which kept up for a number of years. The Burnt Fork people would ride down to Dan Nelson's cabin (just below "The Tunnel" on the property now owned by the Williams brothers), and there the kids would sleep in one room, while Jim Large or James Reid fiddled, and Edward Tolten called for the dances in the other. So there were good spirits and merry times, even if the homesteaders did have to grind up their seed wheat in the coffee grinder to make just a taste of that winter's scarcest item—bread.

They must have been a pretty healthy, hearty bunch, these charter members of the new community, for they got through that first winter without any serious illness, accident, or death, according to the



records. One birth is recorded, a son, George, to George and Caroline Warby. Little George was the first child to be born in the new community, and by a coincidence he was also, a year later, the first to die and be buried in what became the Manila graveyard. The Ellisons also had a boy, John, born that November, up at the Shade Large horse ranch where they were spending the winter. Jack Ellison still lives in Manila.

What were their prospects when spring came along? Could they produce crops so that life would be easier? Well, that depended entirely on the water supply; and, frankly, the situation didn't look so good.

The labyrinth of laterals and ditches which now traverse the valley simply weren't there in the summer of '97. The upper canal brought the water to Conner Basin alright, and a north lateral had been constructed to bring the water into the valley past Birch Springs ranch, and almost but not quite to the present site of Manila. From there, however, the water simply ran down the valley in the "Wash." East of Manila, there was no water; and it was there that most of our charter members had settled, just why, it's hard to tell.

The Lucerne Land and Water Company was selling one share of water—supposedly enough to irrigate one acre—at five dollars. If the homesteader was short of cash—and who wasn't in those panic days of the 'nineties—he could deed eighty acres of his claim over to the company in return for eighty shares of water for his remaining acres. To give up half your land to get water for the other half seems a bit like cutting off your nose to spite your face; and it surely must have seemed so to these early homesteaders, for there was a general reluctance to part with any of their precious land. So there were no extensive crops raised that summer of '97. Sam Warby (his claim was where the present Ylencheta ranch now is) did manage to lead enough water out of the wash to raise some seed wheat, potatoes, and a few vegetables. But it looked very much as though that winter would be fully as tough as the one preceding. Out of this situation, however, grew a new idea for developing the eastern end of the valley by taking water out of Henry's Fork. This idea finally bore fruit, as we shall see, in the People's Canal, but that was to be several years in the future.

In the meantime, these first homesteaders managed to keep going by working for the contractors digging the canals for the Lucerne Land and Water Company, or riding for George Finch or Shade Large. Salaries weren't high—a dollar a day for a ranch hand; twenty cents an hour for a man, thirty cents for a man and team on the canals—but that was better than nothing. No ice cream and crackerjack for the kids, just a meagre existence; yet Jessen nicknamed these men, "never-sweats."

There was enough money that fall for some of the settlers to make the long hard trip over the Carter road down to Vernal to get apples



and honey, then as now two of Ashley Valley's agricultural specialties. And at least one other trip was made that fall over the mountains, this time to procure a license for the marriage of Sarah Ann, daughter of Dan Nelson, with Alvin Smith.

It was a gala event, this first wedding in the new community. Everyone was there, including the recent arrivals, Willis and Annie Twitchell, and Henry and Elizabeth Twitchell. The Finches and Herefords and Larges were out in force, and a large delegation came down with Mark Anson from Burnt Fork. It was a gay affair, with plenty of spirit. A barrel of whisky stood on a box at one end of the room, with a tin cup hanging invitingly on the spigot. Whisky was cheap and plentiful in those days. Three dollars and fifty cents would buy a gallon of "pretty fair" whisky, two fifty for "not so good," and a dollar would buy a whole gallon of "omygawd" quality.

The men of the community managed to have a pretty good time the first couple of years in the valley, even if they did have to snug their belts a bit. It's easy to imagine, though, that they received a nightly sermon from the female members. It probably ran something like this:

"Bill, I just won't live in this uncivilized, out-of-the-way place. Dirt floors, sand blowing all over, nothing fit to eat. I wish I was back in Beaver. Why, just look at my children! No church, no school—they'll grow up to be idjits and heathens! You better do something about those kids."

"I guess you're right, Mary," the Bills would say, feeling a little ashamed. "I'll talk to Dan Nelson about it."

The Marys must have worked pretty hard on the Bills of Lucerne Valley, for in the summer of '98, Dan Nelson made five trips over the mountains to Vernal, trying to arrange for a school and a church. He was finally successful. On August 7, 1898, the Uintah Stake authorities gave permission for a L.D.S. church organization to be established. Willis Twitchell was chosen the first presiding elder. Nelson also persuaded the county authorities of the necessity for a school, and that fall learning began in earnest for the small fry of Lucerne Valley, with Ben Soglowksi as teacher. He met his pupils in a little cabin where Archie Lamb's place is now. It wasn't a fancy school. It had a dirt floor, and the seats were boards laid across packing boxes. But it was a good one—Ben Soglowksi saw to that. He was a forceful teacher, we've heard, with a good, strong arm. He had to be, since the youngsters, on the very first day, tried to "chuck 'im out the window."

Besides schoolteacher Ben, many other people arrived in the valley that year, some to stay, others to move right out again after a few months. We can't name them all, but we might mention Willard Schofield, E. J. Briggs, Fred Robinson, Charles Potter, J. K. Crosby, Billy McKnight, and Jim Merchant, as some of those who stayed on.

With so many people coming in, Jessen felt it was time to lay out a townsite. He surveyed it, and decided to name it Chambers, in honor of the H. C. Chambers who had put up the money for the company. Just as the plats were completed, the news came in of Dewey's great victory in Manila Bay. So Jessen immediately decided to change the name of the townsite, and call it Manila.

The townsite was laid out with four streets running east and west, and three running north and south. The three latter were named Jessen, Chambers and Daggett, while the others were numbered. First street is the present highway. Third is where the postoffice now is, while Second and Fourth were never cut through. Each block was divided into ten lots.

Water for the new town was quite a problem. It had been discovered that the rocks just north of the town had a strata of shale through which water seeped. Jim Merchant dug a tunnel and built a cistern to collect the seepage, and then the water was piped down into the town—but not to a faucet in each house. The pipe ran to a big 2000-gallon metal tank right in the middle of the intersection of Chambers and Third streets. The tank was enclosed by a log crib, and there the people brought their stock to water, and barrels on drags for their household supply.

Jim Merchant not only had an eye for water; he also brought a banjo with him, which was a great addition to Jim Large's fiddle at dances. And one of the first buildings in Manila was a little dance hall put up by Edward Tolten. The floor wasn't finished when the first dance was held there, just a section down the middle. So boxes were placed between the beams at the edge of the boards to mark the limits for the dancers, the kids were parked out at the sides, and exhorted to stay there, the music struck up, and the dance was on. The taller men had to duck a bit to miss the lanterns hung from the low rafters, but everyone was having a grand time.

Suddenly two of the Mass boys appeared in the door, and started shooting out the lights. There was quite a bit of excitement, and when order was restored, every last child was missing. Hysterical mothers and frantic fathers rushed around on a mad search. Finally they were discovered. True descendants of the hardy pioneers, the kids had, at the first gunshot, simply crawled down and hidden under the dance floor.

Most of the homesteaders bought lots in Manila. Slowly but surely they erected cabins. Papa might have to live out at the ranch all winter to take care of his stock, but mamma moved in with the kids so that they could go to school. Up to that time, life had been pretty hard for the women, and very lonesome. The men could get on a horse and go off for a visit but not their wives. "Women didn't party much in those days," one of the early wives in the valley told us dryly. And another early member of the feminine community

asked, with great vigor, what was obviously a rhetorical question, "Can a sow with ten pigs go very far?"

Now, however, the women could spend the winter months together in Manila, where visiting was handy, and being in the center of things, it was easy to get the news. The grapevine worked as fast as the telegraph, and spread quicker; it was as good as the modern radio. Almost before it happened, all the women knew that Willard Schofield had bucked a four-foot snow to go over on the Fork to get Mrs. Son to act as midwife for the McKnight baby over at Birch Springs.

Yes, the population of Lucerne Valley was growing, and not only by births. Other homesteaders came in—Manfred, Ancill, Marion, Hugh, and Jim Twitchell, with James Twitchell, Sr.; Steve and Joe Warby, and James Warby, Sr., Peter Wall, John DeSpain, and others. The valley floor was plowed, the wind blew, and much of the newly turned sand sifted into the new cabins, into the hair, ears and eyes of the homesteaders. Almost from the beginning, Manila had a nickname, "Sandtown." But no one minded too much. When two neighbors met at the Four Corners to get water, you might have to yell a bit to be heard against the wind; but you soon learned that to keep the sand out of your mouth, you followed the simple rule, never spit or talk against the wind.

It wasn't very long before Manila found that it needed a postoffice. But even a little thing like a postoffice couldn't be had just for the asking. In order to establish it, it was necessary for someone to ride horseback over to Dick Son's and back regularly for a year before the route could be approved. Willis Twitchell offered his services, on condition that each family pay him a dollar in token of services rendered. He finished out the year; but it seems that only one family ever paid him. We hesitate to mention this slight blight on the credit of the community, but then, it's only a small blot on the escutcheon. Willis served out his year, the route was established, Manila got its postoffice, and James Warby, Sr., was the first postmaster.

Such was the birth of Manila. We've chosen to speak here of that birth, rather than its growth and development, for that slow, gradual process has been taking place over five decades. It's intangible, almost an imperceptible process. Unlike so many towns in the West, though, which started off with a hurrah and a boom, we don't have to speak of its death, for slowly but surely, Manila keeps right on growing, in all sorts of ways.

If someone were to ask us for information about a place to live where life could be peaceful and quiet instead of fast and hurried; where the people are progressive but not jittery; where a person can live, and find time to enjoy living; we'd say, "We know just the place . . . it's Manila, Utah."



## XIII

### Boom Town

Looking at the drowsy, little settlement of Linwood today, it's a little hard to see it as a rip-roaring, hell-raising, wide-open town, with two stores, two hotels, two blacksmith shops, a number of boarding houses, gambling hells, blind tigers, a dance hall, and plenty of tight men and loose women. But that's the way Linwood was in the early years of the century.

Linwood, like Manila, got its start from the settlers who came into the valley in 1896 and the years following, in response to the efforts of the Lucerne Land and Water Company. But there was a difference, as we have seen. A number of the newcomers were dissatisfied with the arrangements of the company for providing water. They investigated the possibility of bringing water from Henry's Fork into the lower part of the valley, and decided it was feasible. So they formed the People's Canal Company to carry this scheme out.

The new company was organized in 1899, with George Solomon, Edward Tolten, M. N. Larsen, George M. Stevens, and Daniel Nelson as the incorporators. Each person was to receive shares of stock and water rights in exchange for work done on the construction of the canal. The original shareholders, in addition to those already named, were Frank Ellison, Ben F. Marsh, John DeSpain, J. B. and Hugh Hughert, Daniel Nelson, Sr., Frank Twitchell, Joe, Sam, Steve, James H., and George Warby; Charles Large, George Finch, Alvin E. Smith, James Reid, William McKnight, Fred Robinson, and Willard Schofield.

Water rights were filed on in 1899, and an engineer was engaged to lay the canal out, and construction was started the following year. It proved to be a bit more difficult than had been anticipated, and the canal wasn't finished until late in 1902, and the first water was brought through in the spring of 1903.

In the meantime, George Solomon had bought out the Ellison claim, and laid it out as a townsite. He and Ellison planted numerous cottonwood trees along the various laterals, and Solomon chose the name "Linwood" for his proposed town, that being another common term for the cottonwood trees.

In 1902 the growth of Linwood received an impetus, as well as a change of direction, from the arrival of three newcomers from the East, who had decided to ranch in this section. They were Keith Smith, his brother, Sanford M. Smith, and their father, Frank W. Smith. They first investigated a project to irrigate what is known as Red Bench on Lower Sheep Creek, but, deciding it wasn't feasible,

they settled at Linwood, where they bought the ranches of Bill and Charley Large and George Hereford, and the claims of Alvin Smith, and several others. They also bought up Solomon's proposed town-site, and since they weren't particularly interested in founding a town, Solomon's idea was abandoned.

Nevertheless, a town grew up. In 1903, Larsen and the Smiths started a store in a red tin building on Larsen's claim, now owned by George Rasmussen. The firm, known as the Smith and Larsen Mercantile Company, is still active. Dick Son was losing his eyesight, and was no longer able to sort letters. So the postoffice was moved down to the new store, and given the name Solomon had suggested, Linwood. Keith Smith was the first postmaster.

For a number of years, the district between the deadline established by the Henry's Fork cattlemen and the Union Pacific Railroad had been used by big sheep outfits from Evanston, Kemmerer, and Salt Lake, for winter grazing. The new store was a convenient place for them to obtain supplies, and it immediately began to do a thriving business. Larsen started a hotel for the sheepherders, camp tenders, and managers and owners, who began to make Linwood a regular week-end resort.

Utah was a strongly temperance State; license fees were high; but Wyoming was pretty wide open. Linwood, being right on the line, was favored. Bob Swift, who had come in along with the DeSpains (Bob married one of the DeSpain girls) started a resort popularly known as "The Bucket of Blood," on the creek bottom, just over the Wyoming line. Professional gamblers drifted in, and high old times were had. Dan Mackey, commonly called "The Millionaire Sheepherder," would come in every Friday, with a bunch of his men, and stay over Sunday. He usually figured on dropping at least a thousand dollars a visit over the stake gambling tables. In addition, it was not uncommon for him to stake several of his herders to a hundred or so apiece.

Business became so brisk that in 1906, the Smiths moved their store down to the old bunkhouse which still houses the firm, keeping the original name. The Smiths also started a rival hotel and blacksmith shop. Larsen, however, started a store of his own in the old building, under the name of the Linwood Mercantile Company. Since the sheepmen patronized both stores, splitting their business equally between them, they each did better than a forty thousand-dollar business a year. Larsen also built a splendid octagonal dance hall, and for many years, it was the pride and wonder of the whole countryside. There were dances every weekend, and if just dancing got too tame, the gang could always go over and shoot up the Bucket of Blood.

There was plenty of excitement, plenty of fighting, plenty of horseplay. One incident may give you a sample. A young buck from Brown's Park got feeling rather high, and started riding around with

another young chap, both of them in their birthday suits. They spied old Pete Miller who was blacksmith at Larsen's and doubled at the gaming tables. Pete was on his way to visit the outhouse, and these two barebacked riders thought they'd have some fun with him. The Brown's Park Apollo roped old Pete and started dragging him, while the other cowboy whooped in glee. Pete, luckily, was able to grab his knife and cut the lariat before anything serious happened. He forgot his original errand, swore bloody murder, and rushed in to get his rifle. One shot, and the Brown's Park strip-tease boy left these parts. For all we know, he's still going.

Known and unknown outlaws occasionally stopped off at Linwood for a visit and a good time. Tom McCarthy, last survivor of the old McCarthy gang, was seen there more than once, as well as lesser known lights. We've heard that Harvey Logan (Kid Curry) and Ben Kilpatrick spent quite a bit of one winter around Linwood, holing up, when necessary over in Hideout. Whatever dark deeds of rustling may have taken place over in Hideout and given it its name, that's the nearest we've been able to come to accounting for it.

The sheep outfits not only gave the people here a real taste of wild life, but they also allowed the ranchers to turn quite a few pennies in a little more reputable way; for they purchased a large share of their hay and grain here. For a number of years, people sold most of their crops to the sheepmen, rather than raising stock themselves.

The sheep boom gradually died out. The range got steadily poorer. One after another the big outfits gradually went out of business. Up until the first World War, freighting was done almost entirely by wagon, and the short haul from Green River City made Linwood as good a base of supply as any. When trucks began to come into general use, however, it was easier and cheaper for the big outfits to haul their supplies directly to the camps from towns on the railroad. Then, too, sheep outfits began to frown on the idea of their herders taking a long weekend off, and leaving the sheep to shift for themselves. Several of the sheep companies went bankrupt; the Mackey brothers lost everything they had.

Linwood's boom was over. Larsen sold out his store, and moved up to Cedarhurst, where he still resides. The dance hall was torn down, and the hotels and boarding houses were empty. The Bucket of Blood fell into Henry's Fork one spring when the stream decided to change its course. Quite a few of the old buildings are still standing, but their original significance has long been lost.

A few other developments deserve mention here. The most notable and ambitious was a project to establish commercial navigation on the Green River, in the form of a steamboat line to run between Green River City and Linwood, and carry passengers and freight. The Green River Navigation Company was formed, and a boat built. It was a stern-wheeler, twelve feet wide and sixty feet long, with a 60 h.-p. boiler, and two 20 h.-p. engines. It was duly



christened "The Comet" and launched July 4, 1908. The fare was \$5.00 and tickets were to be procured at the office of Hugo Gaensslen in Green River, or of M. N. Larsen at Linwood.

The maiden voyage down the river started on July 7. The crew was listed as H. Larsen, pilot; M. N. Larsen, purser; J. W. Chrisman, chief of commissary; Otto Kaehler, chief engineer; George Solomon, anchor man, and J. H. Crossen, coal detective. It was a jolly crew, and everyone had a fine time. It kept the chief of commissary busy placing bottles of beer handy for the pilot to draw inspiration from in moments of stress. And there were plenty of such moments, for the water was low, and the boat kept hanging up on shallows and sand bars. Even then, however, the boat made good time, and the crew and company were both assured of the success of the project.

Steaming back up the river, however, was a different matter. Going with the current it was possible to avoid some of the sand bars, but bucking it, the boat seemed to develop a habit of heading straight onto every bar and getting stuck fast. The only way it could be dislodged was by staking out lines to the shore, and pulling the boat over the bar with a winch. It ran out of coal, and fuel had to be packed down to the river bank by pack horses. Further trips were attempted, but the situation grew worse rather than better, and finally, regretfully, the company decided that navigation on the Green River was impractical. The Comet was tied up at Green River City, the engines removed, and the old hulk finally floundered there.

Still another venture was established to ease the long two-day journey to Green River from Linwood. About 1912, Pete Wall started a hotel and ranch at Buckboard. Everyone had been in the habit of camping there, and it seemed like a splendid idea. Unfortunately, it came too late. The automobile and motor truck were coming into general use, and before long, not only the whole trip, but even a round trip, could be made in less than a day's time. So the hotel scheme failed.

M. N. Larsen, after leaving Linwood, started the Antelope Land and Livestock Company. It was an ambitious project involving an irrigation scheme to store water from Henry's Fork and the tributaries of Burnt Fork and Beaver Creek in the Basin, a large natural depression between Beaver Creek and Burnt Fork. Unfortunately, it was discovered that the Basin would probably not hold water, and the scheme fell through.

Ole Nielsen, who had lumbered over on Bear Mountain, started a small ranch down on the Green River near Horseshoe Canyon, about 1903. Ole was quite ingenious, and rigged up a water wheel to irrigate with, which raised and lowered with the amount of water in the river. Its capacity was small, but allowed him enough to raise a patch of grain and a garden. He also built himself a bridge across the river by the simple expedient of chaining logs together, and laying them across on the ice. When the ice went out, the logs floated,

and there was his bridge. Ole also discovered and cleared a trail over the practically impassable ridge between South Valley and lower Sheep Creek, still known as the Nielsen Trail.

And while it came a good deal later, we might as well mention here one of the leading commercial ventures in the county, and one which contributed greatly to its general prosperity while it lasted. In 1924, Keith Smith and a number of other residents subscribed for the amount necessary to build and equip a creamery, and Cliff Christensen was brought in as manager. Although it never paid dividends, it did reach a peak production of 1000 pounds of the finest quality butter a week. Unfortunately, the creamery burned down in August, 1944, and since it was uninsured, the fire resulted in a complete financial loss.

Finally, we come to the last section to be pioneered in the county. For many years, Lewis Allen had run his cattle in the parks, benches, and basins on the north slope of the Uintas between Eagle and Cart Creeks. Early in the present century, William R. Green, the first Forest Ranger in this section of the old Uinta Forest Reserve, together with his brothers, Sanford and John C. Green, had a cabin up near Allen Creek, which they used for hunting and trapping. About 1916, they conceived the idea that the larger of two small lakes there, then largely a marsh, could be converted into a reservoir, several small streams diverted into it, and the water stored there could then be used to irrigate a number of ranches. Together with James Swett and their young nephew, Orsen Burton, they filed on the land, built the ditches and canals, and established homes there. Today the fine ranches of the Burtons, Oscar Swett, the Trail Creek Ranch, and the Green's Lakes resort, show the fruits of their efforts.

## A County is Born

Ever since the Daggett district had been ceded to the United States by Mexico, it had been kicked about like an unwanted stepchild. As part of the old Green River County, Utah Territory, it had been most at home but being attached to Summit County had been bad, and to be coupled with Uintah County after 1880, simply made the situation worse. The Ashley Valley people were busy with their own concerns, and didn't care much about roads or schools in the strip north of the mountains. The people here paid taxes, but got little or no benefits. Consequently, they felt that they were getting the short end of the deal, and as the years went on, that feeling had plenty to feed on.

For years the residents here grumbled about the situation, but apparently nothing could be done about it. In 1913, however, the Utah Legislature passed an act setting up a method by which new counties might be established. It provided that any section of an existing county might petition its Board of County Commissioners to become a separate unit. If the petition were signed by one-fourth of the electors in that section, and one-fourth of the electors in the rest of the county, and presented to the commissioners before the first Monday in May, then a special election would be called in July to submit the issue to the voters of the whole county. Duchesne County was established by that method in 1914.

Early in 1916, Pete Wall and a group of other men met to see what they could do. The immediate occasion was a refusal by Uintah County to appropriate some seventy dollars to fill up one of the worst mudholes in the roads. Indignation ran high, but there was some reason to doubt favorable outcome. Would the Ashley Valley people agree to divorce proceedings? After all, Uintah County had just lost a sizeable chunk of territory when Duchesne County had been formed, and might feel a little sensitive about letting another slice go. The group made a trip to Vernal, and were delighted to find that a number of influential men there were favorably interested in their project. A petition was prepared, duly signed and submitted early in 1917. At the election that July the results were: in the Daggett district, in favor, 74; against, none; for the rest of Uintah County, in favor, 325; against, 156. The election was carried.

What was the new county to be called? Two possible names were selected and submitted to the people at the November election. The first was Finch County, in honor of George Finch, then the oldest living representative of the original settlers on Henry's Fork, and



the oldest resident. The other was Daggett County, after Ellsworth C. Daggett, first surveyor-general of Utah, and the only surviving member of the Lucerne Land and Water Company. The latter received the most votes, and Daggett County it became. On November 16, 1917, Harden Bennion, secretary of state, as acting governor in the absence of Governor Bamberger, issued the proclamation creating Daggett County, to be effective the first Monday in January of the following year.

So on January 7, 1918, Daggett County finally came into its own. At the election the preceding November, the citizens of the new county had chosen the following officers: George C. Rasmussen, Nels Palleson, Marius N. Larsen, county commissioners; A. J. B. Stewart, clerk and recorder; Daniel M. Nelson, assessor and treasurer; Ancili T. Twitchell, sheriff; and C. F. Olsen, county attorney. Since there was no one here to administer the oath of office, the new officials had to make a trip to Ogden to be sworn in before Justice Pratt of the District Court. And on January 16, the Board of Commissioners held their first meeting in a log room on the back of the old dance hall, which served as the county Courthouse until 1922.

Two big problems faced the new commissioners. The first was to take the complex, cumbersome system of county government they had inherited from the State and adapt it to their simpler needs and limited income. In this they succeeded admirably. The offices of county clerk, attorney, treasurer, recorder, and auditor were consolidated into one office. Other simplifications of offices and functions were made, so that Daggett County now has an unusually efficient and economical system. Where most counties are burdened with a complex, expensive, bureaucratic organization, and a constant overlapping of functions between State, county, town and city units, Daggett County is almost unique in having proceeded in the opposite direction, and having streamlined its government.

The second problem was that of the southern boundary line. According to proclamation establishing it, the boundaries of Daggett County were declared to be: "Commencing at the point of intersection of the boundaries of Utah, Wyoming and Colorado, thence west to the one hundred and tenth meridian of west longitude, thence south to the watershed of the Uinta mountains, thence east along said watershed to the Colorado state line, thence north to the point of beginning." A dispute arose almost immediately when Uintah County questioned the original line across Diamond Mountain, which supposedly lay between Pot and Diamond Creeks. No compromise could be reached, so the dispute was referred to the State engineer's office, which finally located the boundary just north of Pot Creek.

Due to the fact that there is no clearly marked watershed line in the eastern section of the Uinta range, the boundary question kept cropping up as a permanent issue. So in 1943, the Utah Legislature finally clarified the boundary lines of Daggett and Uintah Counties.

stating them technically in terms of sections and townships, making a few minor adjustments. If you look at a map of the present outline of Daggett County, and use a little imagination, you can see that it vaguely resembled a pistol, pointed toward the west. If there's any significance in that, you can make the most of it.

One of the first achievements of the new county was to provide its residents with adequate schools and roads. As soon as possible, bonds were issued to build a new and larger schoolhouse at Manila. The building was completed in 1922, and that step also gave the county an adequate courthouse, for the commissioners then took over the old school building for that purpose.

In 1918-19, the Utah road commission was induced to build a road from the Wyoming line at Linwood through Manila, and then west to the State line, joining the road to Burnt Fork, Lyman, and Mountain View. At about the same time, the Wyoming commission constructed a better road south from Green River to Linwood, thus making travel by motor vehicles a possibility.

In 1922, the county, in co-operation with the Ashley National Forest, started work on a much-needed road from Manila south over the mountains. Up to that time, Sheep Creek could only be entered by a rough trail. No machinery was available, so the whole road was built by manpower and teams, under the supervision of John Bennett. It followed the route of the present road into South Valley, and down into Sheep Creek through a dry canyon that previously had been passable only on horseback. Then it turned east down the creek to the old Nielsen place, and ascended the mountain by a series of steep switchbacks, laid out by Jim Lamb, and led on over past Green's Lakes to Allen Creek. The road was completed in 1926. The same year, the Forest Service completed a road from Allen Creek down to the southern forest boundary; and Uintah County furnished a linking road from there to Vernal through Steinkaker draw. For the summer months at least, Daggett County had a road over the mountains that could be called passable, and over which loads could be hauled.

In the fall of 1934, the Civilian Conservation Corps, under the supervision of John Bennett of the Forest Service, started work on a new scenic road up Sheep Creek Canyon to Summit Springs, then connecting with the Vernal road. They also constructed a branch leading over through Hickerson Park and connecting with the old Carter Dugway up Birch Creek, which was completely rebuilt, and then down to join with the main highway near McKinnon. They also built another road from Sheep Creek Park down through Sol's (Solomon's) Canyon and Conner Basin.

Once finished, the new road up Sheep Creek Canyon soon supplanted the old switchbacks, which are now only used as a stock driveway. Finally, in 1943, the State Highway Department took over the maintenance of the road from Manila to Vernal. And as



this is written, the first surfaced road in the county, from Linwood to Manila, is in process of construction.

Let's take a brief look at Daggett County today. It will probably be fun for our grandchildren fifty years from now to look back and chuckle about how things were way back there in 1947. It is one of the smallest counties in area in the West, and has the second smallest population of any county in the whole United States—546, according to the 1940 census. The figures work out so that each man, woman, and child has about three and a half square miles to himself, if he wants to use it that way.

Agriculture, primarily livestock, is the chief industry. That may be one explanation of why it is the only county in the United States with no incorporated towns. The county boasts three stores—the Smith and Larsen Mercantile Company at Linwood, run by George Rasmussen, and the Manila Trading Company, run by Elbert and Hillis Steinaker, and Ken and Myrt Reid's store, both in Manila. There are two garages operated by Nels Philbrick and Levi Reid, respectively. Nels also has a diesel power plant which supplies Manila with electric lights. Bill Steinaker carries the mail, and runs a bus service to Green River. Further contact with the outside world is furnished by the trucking firms of Levi Reid and Marion Campbell. There are two sawmills operating in the Ashley Forest, and two resorts, one at Green's Lakes, and the other at Spirit Lake.

Mabel Philbrick serves the county as nurse. For further medical service, the people of the community must go to Green River or Rock Springs, in which latter city there is a fine hospital. The records show that no one is born, and no one dies in Daggett County. The people here are healthy, of course, but the real explanation of this curious situation is that these two events usually take place at the hospital in Rock Springs.

Daggett County has no library, newspaper, doctor, bank, or telegraph station. It is one of the six in Utah not reached by railroad, but the only one not reached by a surfaced road. This last condition is now being altered, since 1947 sees the beginning of work on a paved road from Green River to Linwood. When completed, it will undoubtedly effect changes in the character of the community.

Another unique feature is that Daggett County, in spite of its narrow mountain roads, and although it has a high ratio of car ownership per capita, has had only one fatal automobile accident. That occurred in 1939, when the car of Mrs. Marion Twitchell left the road in Sheep Creek Gap, and hurtled down the hillside. Mrs. Twitchell was killed, but her son, who was driving, escaped without serious injury.

Still another unique thing about Daggett County is that it has had, since its organization, no illiteracy, a record no other county can boast of. There are at present two schools in the county; one, the Central School in Manila, gives instruction on both grade school



and high school levels, and is serviced by two school buses which cover all but a few of the outlying ranches; the other is in Clay Basin, which has replaced Brown's Park as the center of population in the eastern end of the county, since the gas wells were drilled there in 1942. Until recently there were also grade schools at Greendale and Brown's Park, but they have been discontinued for lack of both pupils and available teachers.

The only religious organization in Daggett County is the Manila Ward of the Latter Day Saints Church, which maintains a chapel in Manila. In addition to religious services each Sunday, this chapel also serves for community meetings and functions, and presents a movie every Saturday night. The Mutual Improvement Association of the church meets there on Tuesday evenings during the winter, the Primary for children each Wednesday afternoon during the school year, and the Relief Society, all church organizations. Other community groups include the Homemakers' Club, which meets monthly at the homes of its members, and the 4-H Club which is active during the summer months.

There is an annual Manila Rodeo held on Pioneer Day, July 24. A fine rodeo ground has been laid out near the Courthouse, and there riders from Daggett County and neighboring communities compete for prizes in roping and riding. For this Utah's Centennial year, a grandstand was erected, and a record crowd attended.

Daggett County has felt keenly the effects of two World Wars. In the first, fifteen Daggett County men served their country in the armed forces, and five lost their lives. In the second, forty-three young men went into active service, and four of them were killed. On the home front, the ranchers here achieved a notable record of production in helping to feed, clothe and shoe the nation at war, with the majority of the young men gone, and little or no outside labor available.

What of Daggett County's future? Well, the old Western saying that "only fools and tenderfeet predict the weather," probably holds true in this field, too. But let's have a try. Certainly improved roads will mean an increased flow of tourists, who are bound to make this scenic district one of their favorite stamping grounds as soon as they are able to do so without having to brave the present hazards of mud and bumps. So dude ranching will probably, as elsewhere in the West, become an important industry. Good roads, too, will make feasible a greater activity in lumbering. They may also, by providing easier access to markets, make possible a greater variety in agriculture; and this, in turn, make it economically possible to construct the long-projected reservoir in Hickerson Park, insuring an adequate supply of irrigation water even in dry years.

There have been numerous surveys of the Green River by the Reclamation Service, and by private power companies. Various dam sites, for the control of the river, for irrigation, and for develop-

ment of power, have been suggested in the county. One of these sites is in Horseshoe Canyon, another in Red Canyon at the mouth of Dutch John Draw, another in Ladore Canyon, to flood Brown's Park. At the present time, none of these are considered economically profitable, and priority has been given to a scheme to build a dam just below the junction of the Green and Yampa Rivers. The Horseshoe Canyon Dam, if built, would unfortunately flood the present site of Linwood, and would not help the country's irrigation problems, although it would encourage industrial development by providing convenient access to hydro-electric power.

A clue to possible industrial development is found in the oil and gas wells now active in Clay Basin. Geologists are confident that the section just north of the Uintas is rich in oil, and the coming years may bring an extensive development of the fields there. It is possible, too, that the large manganese deposits here may be developed, and that new processes of refining low-grade aluminum may bring the extensive deposits of that ore into prominence.

In the main, however, we would probably be justified in guessing that Daggett County would probably remain much as it has been since it was first settled—a district primarily devoted to the raising of fine beef, mutton and wool.

## Uinta Yarns

We've finished our history now—the serious part of it, anyway. We've tried to be as accurate as we could, and tell the story pretty much as it happened, as well as we could dig it out of books and records, and put it together from what the old timers around could tell us. And now that part's over, let's have some fun and swap a few yarns. Some of 'em are gospel; some of 'em have been touched up a little; and some of 'em are just plain (or fancy) tall tales. People have told 'em to us, off and on, while we were around collecting material. We found 'em mighty interesting when we heard 'em, and we sort of hope that you will, too.

Did you ever hear how Spirit Lake got its name? Jim Lamb told us this one, as he got it from the Indians.

A group of Shoshone bucks went off on a little hunting party up in the Ballies. One of them was following an elk trail, and along toward dusk, he came to a big lake surrounded by pines. He decided he'd better spend the night there, and go on hunting in the morning. He wrapped up in his blanket at the foot of a pine and went to sleep.

All of a sudden, a noise woke him up. It sounded like a bell ringing, deep and sort of muffled. The moon had just come up, and was slipping along behind some clouds, and the lake was all sort of misty. He got up and looked out at the water where the sound seemed to come from. There, down under the black surface of the lake, he saw a herd of white elk moving along. The leader was wearing the bell that gave off that solemn, muffled note.

Terrified, the Indian plunged off through the woods, not looking or caring where he was going. Two or three days later the rest of the party found him. He was still pretty much out of his mind from fear of what he'd seen. After he'd been fed and rested a bit, he managed to tell his companions what he'd seen. The poor chap was never quite right in his mind after that. The other Indians recognized the lake from his description, and named it Spirit Lake. The Shoshones always gave it a wide berth, especially at night time.

Nobody else has ever seen those white elk, as far as we know; but if you listen on a still summer night, you can sometimes hear that muffled bell ringing, way down under the surface of the lake.

Joe Parrot, who settled on Birch Creek, and later moved up to the Lonetree section, used to tell a story about Cora Driskell and little George Finch. It seems that Joe was crossing the river down below the Driskell place, and he saw Cora come out of the willows



along the bank. She grabbed the baby by the heels and plunged it head first into the water. He naturally got the impression that she was trying to drown it, and rushed over to stop her. She gabbled at him excitedly and Joe finally gathered that she was telling him that she was merely following an old Shoshone custom to toughen little George up, and make him strong. Joe, however, always had his doubts of her real intentions, and believed he'd saved George's life. At any rate, George survived his dunking all right, and grew up on Driskell's ranch.

The first time any officer of the law was ever known to stick his head into Brown's Park was when one of the Hoys swore out a warrant for the arrest of Isom Dart. The sheriff in Rock Springs didn't like the idea of trying to serve the warrant, so he deputized Joe Philbrick, who was supposed to be the toughest man in town, and was said to be wanted in three States.

Just how Joe handled it isn't known, but he got his man and started back to town with Isom in a buckboard. On their way in, the buckboard slid down a bank, and Joe, Isom, the horses, and the buckboard all landed in a heap at the bottom of a wash. Joe was out cold, but Isom caught the frightened horses, pulled the buckboard off Philbrick, patched him up, and drove into town. There Isom surrendered himself to the sheriff, who promptly clapped him into jail.

When Philbrick came to and heard about it, he was plenty mad. Any man, he figured, who'd do what Isom had done, deserved to go free. When the trial came along some weeks later, Joe testified, and the jury agreed with him, for they promptly acquitted Isom, rustling or no.

Anne Bassett was often called "Queen of the Rustlers," and many are the stories of her escapades. One of the best (and tallest) is that one time Anne, driving a buckboard into town, saw a herd of about five hundred cattle along the way. The opportunity was too good to be missed. So, unharnessing the team, and using them as saddle horses, she proceeded to round up the herd, and then drive them into town from the seat of the wagon and sell them. Do you think she could have done it?

While we're on the Bassetts, we might as well reprint the following, exactly as we got it, from an article prepared for publication in the Green River paper. Whether it got printed or not, we haven't been able to discover:

Green River, January 10, 1913. Information has been received from Linwood of the death of Emerson Wells, on the morning of January 1. He is said to have been on a drunk the day and night before and early the morning of the first his wife gave him a drink from a bottle of

whisky. In a very short time he was seized with convulsions and one followed the other until he died a little after eight o'clock. There were no available officers nor physicians near at that time and the body was conveyed to the Wells home on Willow Creek, near Brown's Park, without an inquest having been held. The burial took place January 7, as nearly as can be learned.

It is the opinion of those who saw Wells just before he died that he swallowed poison, perhaps strychnine, as his actions were similar to the actions of men who had been known to die of the effects of an overdose of that drug.

It is possible that in a fit of remorse, rage, or discouragement, he committed suicide, but people who ought to be in the position to know do not believe it. Mrs. Wells is said to have made the statement that her husband was subject to convulsions or fits.

Dec. 30, Emerson Wells with his wife and two or three men started from the Willow Creek ranch for Linwood to a big dance advertised for New Year's Eve. The distance is about forty miles, and they arrived there either that night or early the next morning. The hotel at Linwood, kept by Minnie Crouse, was full at that time and the visitors were lodged in a small house near the hotel.

The men folks were drinking a great deal during the day and Wells took on too much. When dance time came he was in bed and asleep. The others got ready to go to the dance hall and before leaving they covered the sleeping man up and left him. He didn't sleep very long and as soon as he awoke he got up and went over to the dance to fetch his wife back to the room. When they reached the little rooming house they are said to have had a fuss. She returned to the dance and he went back to bed. When the dance was over, sometime between one and three o'clock, Mrs. Wells returned to the room. Her husband, who was awake at the time, or soon afterward, called for a drink of whisky, which she gave him according to information received. In a few hours he was dead. Whether he had taken a drink before that or after has not been learned.

Wells was a familiar character in northeastern Utah. He resided on what is known as the Davenport Ranch on Willow Creek, which is now owned by August Kendall, president of the First National Bank, Rock Springs, Wyo. A few weeks ago, Wells was arrested along with Peter Derrick, on the charge of removing marks from sheep. That case was dismissed at the last term of the District Court and the men were then charged with grand larceny. The case against Derrick was dismissed in the Justice Court and Wells was bound over to the District Court in the sum of \$500.00. He was to have had his trial at the coming term.

Mrs. Well's maiden name was Bassett.

Well, all we can add is that Josie always seemed to have bad luck with her husbands.

Joe Tolliver was finally made town marshal down in Vernal. Presumably the idea was that one Brown's Park bad man could handle any number of local toughs. Joe was a good marshal while he was sober, but unfortunately he seldom arrived at that condition more than once or twice a year.

One day, so the story goes, Joe was in the tonsorial parlor getting himself spruced up. He starting boasting about what all he was

going to do to clean the town up, and started to brandish his six-shooter around to emphasize the point.

"Better put that gun away before you hurt somebody," the barber suggested, mildly.

"Hell," yelled Tolliver, "the damned thing's perfectly safe. Look!" And with that, he pointed the gun at his head and pulled the trigger. And that was Tolliver's last shave, close or otherwise.

From Jim Lamb we got this incident about our early settlers:

Old John Baker had gone up to Bridger, as was his custom, to visit a bit, play some cards, maybe promote a horse race, and lay in some supplies. While he was there, Dick Son, who had been staying in Baker's tepee camp, ups and pops the question to John's daughter, Janie, and they decided to get spliced. So they ran away up to Green River, had the knot tied, and then hung around up there for a few days.

Now someone told John about it, and maybe you think he was pleased? Nossir, he comes charging back from Bridger, crazy as a bull elk. He stopped in at our place on Lamb's Creek, and he was all nervous, upset, and fidgety. Dick Son was a big chap, crowding two hundred, jolly, and a good fellow, but not overly blessed with ambition. John didn't like the idea of him marrying his daughter at all. Dick just wasn't his idea of what a son-in-law ought to be.

"I'm goin' home tonight, and I'll kill that sonofabitch," he told my father.

Well, my father tried to calm him down, and wanted him to stay there with us overnight and talk it over. John did unsaddle his horse and stop for supper, but after that he went right on home that night. The couple hadn't got back yet, and old John kind of hung around there waiting for them.

The next thing we heard was that old John had taken a few pops at Dick Son. It seems Dick had suspicioned something, and hadn't gone to the cabin, but had taken his horses down to the corral. Old John saw him, and started after him, but Dick was watching out of the corner of his eye. John pulled up and whipped out his six-shooter, and shot all around him. One of the bullets nicked the saddle, but Dick got out of the corral somehow, and then he didn't do a thing but slip away and sneak around and get into the cabin.

I don't quite know how, but they managed to make it up somehow. Maybe Janie convinced her pa that she'd got hold of the right man after all; or maybe old John just decided that as long as the thing was done, he'd better just make the best of it. Anyway, Dick settled down there and built his cabin right near the old man's and kept on ranching there.



This one, Jim Lamb told us, is a "mighty sharp, little story." It's another one about the Indians.

One time when I was about seven or eight, Jim began, a Ute Indian named Crazy John came up to Bridger from the White Rocks Agency, and brought his young squaw with him. He bought a gallon of firewater to take back to sell, but he sort of miscalculated and got most of it aboard himself. He came over to our cabin and wanted to stay all night, but my father persuaded him to go down to Uncle Jack's Indian camp just below us.

When he got there, he suddenly got the idea that it was time to beat up his squaw. She fooled him, though. She sneaked out and came back to our place. My father told her she could spread her blanket by the fireplace if she wanted to stay, so that's what she did. We'd just about got off to sleep when we heard somebody outside shaking the door pretty hard. I was afraid he'd break it down, so I got up and let him in. It was Crazy John, and he was on the warpath for sure. He had a big old butcher knife with him, and he was waving it around. "Me cut-em squaw's head off," he told us, and started to do it.

Now my father was a pretty mild man usually, and never fought much, but he sure got pretty cranky at that. He told that buck to lie down and behave himself and go to sleep. But the old fellow was crazy drunk and didn't pay any attention, he just kept dodging around, trying to get his hands on the squaw. There was a hatchet with a long handle over by the fireplace, so while they were ducking around the cabin, I got hold of that and sneaked up and knocked him one on the head with it. He stretched out flat, and he sure looked like a dead Indian for a few minutes.

"Now you've played hell for sure," my father told me. "Them other Indians'll come up and kill us all."

That sort of scared me, and kid-like, I started to bawl. I sure felt mighty relieved when he came to, and started to try to get up.

"Lie down," my father told him, real sharp. I guess the old buck thought he meant it this time, for he grunted, rolled up in his blanket, and went off to sleep.

In the morning they got up, and we gave 'em something to eat. Crazy John seemed to be mighty anxious to pull out and get back home. Well, it seems they got as far as Young's Springs that night, and camped there. Crazy John piled into the rest of that whisky jug. And then, he didn't do a thing to that squaw but take his knife and cut the fingers off both her hands, and then take a firebrand and burn the ends so's she wouldn't bleed to death.

Well, when they got back to the agency, the squaw told the other Indians what he'd done. They grabbed hold of him, and held him down while they got a ring, heated it, and then branded him with it

right on the forehead. After that, he was always sort of an outcast. His squaw left him, and none of the other Indians'd have a thing to do with him.

For many years, Daggett County had a real hermit. He was Amos Hill, a lean, lanky, grizzled old fellow who lived in a little wickiup down between Trail and Allen Creeks. He lived there for more than twenty years, raising a little garden, and doing some placer mining down along the Green River in Red Canyon. It was a never-failing source of astonishment to parties making a boat trip down the river to run onto him there. His house, no bigger than a dog kennel, was built over a hole in the ground, leaving earthen seats for him to sit on close to his little fire. He had a series of zigzag ditches by means of which he irrigated a garden, a small alfalfa patch, and a little patch of corn, almost smothered by sweet clover. He had a few cattle to care for, but he spent most of his time panning the river sand.

For clothes, Amos wore ragged overalls, and a piece of canvas with a hole cut out for his head. His boots were made of fifteen-inch squares of rawhide laced to old rubber boot uppers. Two or three times a year he would make a trip to Linwood or Vernal with a pack horse to get supplies. He had formerly been a rancher up near Lonetree. Even there he had been a bit moody and solitary, and finally he had moved down into the remote river canyon to be by himself. He was friendly with the people who settled at Greendale, and, finally, when James Swett moved away, Amos left his hermit's hideout, and went along with him. Amos was over eighty at the time.

And do you know about the "bucket of gold?"

It must have been in '98, because Solomon was away fighting in Cuba at the time, that there was a train robbery on the U. P., north of here. Maybe it was at Fish Cut, or maybe at Point of Rocks; it doesn't really matter much. Anyway, the robbers lit out for the mountains, but they were pretty closely pursued by a posse. Up at Conner Basin, the pack horse carrying the treasure—which was estimated at \$85,000 in gold coin and bullion—gave out, and the outlaws "borrowed" a fresh one which happened to be an old roan called Cleveland, belonging to Solomon.

Charley Brant was up in Long's Park at the time, and saw those fellows coming along. He recognized old Cleveland, and started over to investigate. The outlaws pulled their guns, so Charley made tracks out of there in a hurry. He said afterwards that he recognized one of the party as "Red Bob," and he knew it wouldn't be healthy to linger around there.

Well, the posse caught up with the gang over near Vernal, rounded them up, and stuck them in jail. They were tried, found guilty and

sentenced to the pen. But they'd got rid of the gold somewhere along the line, and the authorities couldn't persuade them to tell where it was.

The discovery of a metal bucket over in Dowd's Hole, with the painted letters, "U.P." on it, aroused great speculation and excitement. Several people tried digging around, but all they got for their trouble were a few extra callouses, and after a while the excitement died down.

About two years after the robbery, a negro showed up in the district and lodged himself in an old cabin over near McKinnon. He was generally known as Nigger Turner, and for years afterward, McKinnon was known as "Coon Holler" in honor of his stay there. He was observed to go up through Conner Basin with a shovel, and spent a lot of time roaming around the mountains. It was remembered that there was a negro in the original holdup gang. Turner wasn't the same man, but interest in the treasure hunt revived. Nigger Turner stayed around a couple of years, and then disappeared as suddenly and unexpectedly as he'd come. What had happened?

Well, Ole Nielsen used to tell that Nigger Turner came over to him one day and confided in him. He'd been in the pen, and while there, this other negro had told him about hiding the gold, and had drawn him a map showing where it was located. So the authorities wouldn't find it, he'd scratched it on the instep of his shoe. Ole helped him copy out the map, and together they deciphered it. It was shortly after that Nigger Turner disappeared. Ole said that it looked to him as though the map was right around Long Park. No one ever knew whether Turner actually found the treasure or not. A man who was working for Solomon at the time also disappeared, and there was talk of foul play.

Ern Crosby has another story. He tells us that one morning, Bill Riggs came over to his place at daybreak all excited, and rooted him out of bed. "Come on," he says, "get up. We're going up and find that buried treasure." "Aw, hell," says Ern, "I don't believe there's any treasure there. The nigger probably got it." "No," says Bill, "I know right where it is. I had a dream last night, and I know the exact spot."

Well, Ern didn't have anything particular to do that day, so he went along. They got up in Dowd's Hole, and went along until they came to a little wash, and there was a dead pine sort of tipped over, with the brown needles on it.

"There," says Bill, "that's it. Just like it was in my dream."

So they got out their shovels and dug. Sure enough, they hadn't been at it more than a minute when the shovel hit something. They got it out, and it was an old shoe. Ern got a bit excited then, and



they both started digging away like good ones. In a minute they'd turned up a pair of old overalls. Now they were getting somewhere. They dug all around until the place looked like a plowed field, but they didn't find another sign of anything. And it was easy to see that the ground in other places hadn't ever been disturbed.

Finally Ern went back to the overalls and hunted through the pockets. "There's your treasure," he says to Bill, and held out—fifteen cents!

This is a true one, as any of the old timers will tell you. It happened way back in the late 'seventies.

Aaron Overholt came down from Green River to look around for some cattle to take up to butcher. He stopped over at John Baker's to see what he had. Ike Edwards who was living there had a few head of cattle he was willing to sell, so he and Overholt gathered them up. Ike agreed to help him drive them, so they started in toward Green River with them.

It was along in March and plenty cold. There was a stiff wind blowing, and pretty soon it started to snow, and it turned into a real blizzard. They got out about as far as the Wells, over near Haystack Butte, and then they just couldn't see where they were going. They decided if they could only get down to the river, they might at least get a little shelter in the willows, and maybe build a little fire.

But they couldn't agree which way it was to the river. The wind had shifted and mixed them up a bit. Overholt kept insisting that if they just struck off to the right they'd be bound to strike the river, but Ike was equally sure they ought to go to the left. Finally Ike got sore and struck out by himself. Overholt finally got to the river and holed up in the willows, but he couldn't manage to get a fire started.

The next morning he dragged himself up on his horse and got back to Baker's camp, but his feet were as solid as a frozen potato. He recovered, but he was always more or less crippled after that.

Ike didn't show up, so everyone went off hunting for him. The tracks had gotten all mixed up in the snow, and they couldn't trace him, so after a day or two they gave it up. Ike's squaw, though, kept right on hunting. She finally found a place up along the clay hills where the snow had been blown clear, and there she saw the marks of a shod hoof. So she kept looking, and after a bit she came onto a sheltered place near a big rock. There was Ike's body, and a little further along she found his horse tied to a rock, weak and gaunt, but still alive. It was pretty obvious that Ike had tried to light a fire, but his fingers had become too numb to hold anything, for the ground all around his body was covered with unlit matches.

Back in the history part, we told you about Cleophas Dowd, and that he got himself killed over at his place on Sheep Creek. Well, sir, there's more stories floating around about that shooting than you could shake a stick at. Some folks claim that Dowd was an outlaw, and that Reaser was an officer who had got on his trail and finally caught up with him. And there's others that agree with the first part, but think maybe Reaser was an outlaw, too, out to get revenge. And some say that Dowd was a fine man—a mighty fine man—and that Reaser was just a dirty little sneak. And still others claim that Dowd was a mighty tough customer, and Reaser only saved someone else the trouble.

The way folks talk, you'd almost think the thing had just happened yesterday, instead of back in '97. Now if it had 've happened yesterday, the chances are that some fool radio outfit or other 'd have gotten wind of it, and if you'd tuned in, you might have heard something like this:

**MUSIC, BUILDING TO MASSIVE CHORD.**

**ANNOUNCER:** The Lucerne Land and Water Company Hour!

**MUSIC UP 15 SECONDS, THEN FADE TO:**

**ANNOUNCER:** Friends, do you suffer from collywobbles, shortness of breath, spots before your eyes? If you do, what you need is a trip to beautiful Lucerne Valley, the garden spot of the West. If you don't, come along anyway, and we'll see if we can't fix you up with some. This is the spot you've been looking for—free from alkali, mosquitoes, and every other pest. No more worry, no more headaches. Come and let us drown all your troubles in our Sheep Creek irrigation water. Stake out a claim today!

**MUSIC SWELL 10 SECONDS, THEN FADE TO:**

**ANNOUNCER:** And now, friends, for the latest development in the great Dowd case, we take you to beautiful Lucerne Valley, and your commentator there, Willie Son.

**WILLIE SON:** Thank you, Bob Mackerel. This is your commentator, Willie Son, folks, speaking to you from in front of Dick Son's place here on Henry's Fork. It's mail day today, first time C. B. Stewart's been able to get through this month on account of the high water—or maybe it's just the first time there's been any letters for him to bring. Anyway, there's quite a crowd gathered here, and plenty of excitement. Everybody's talking about those fellows Dowd and Reaser over on Sheep Creek, and the big murder that may happen over there any time. Will old C. J. polish off Charlie, or will Charlie manage to get Dowd? Betting's a bit slow here; Dowd's a dead shot; Charlie isn't too quick on the draw, and the odds are eight to one against him, and there don't seem to be many takers.

Things are certainly coming to a head over there, though. Wouldn't be a bit surprised if something happened today. We've got our announcer, Jim Merchant, posted over there to let you know

when the bullets begin to fly. We'll turn you over to him shortly. In the meantime, while we're waiting for him to come in, let's see if we can't get some of these people around here up to the microphone and hear what they've got to say. Here's C. B. Stewart, who brings our mail down to us from Burnt Fork. He's just getting back into his wagon with the mail sack. Charley, what do you think about this Dowd affair?

STEWART: Aweell, laddie, it's a verra, verra, bad beeznus, yon.

SON: Who do you pick, Charley, Dowd or Reaser?

STEWART: Aweell, noo, Ay dinna care tae be quoted on that. It mought be the ain, and it mought be the ither. Giddap, Buck.

SON: Thank you, C. B. Stewart. That was our own mailman, folks, giving you his opinion on the Dowd case. And now, I see an intelligent young man here who might say a few words to us. What's your name, sir?

YOUNG MAN: Marius Larsen.

SON: And what do you do here in our beautiful Lucerne Valley, Mr. Larsen?

LARSEN: Well, I did work for Jessen, but I'm . . .

SON: Ah, so you know our sponsor, Adolph Jessen. A fine man, isn't he? Pleasant to work for?

LARSEN: Well, he's a shrewd business man. He makes you earn your money all right.

SON: Ah yes, indeed, a very fine man. And do you know Dowd, Mr. Larsen?

LARSEN: He traded me a cow a couple of years ago. Good cow, too.

SON: Do you think he's an outlaw?

LARSEN: Well, he's a pretty shrewd business man.

SON: Thank you for your comments, Mr. Larsen. And now, we have a young cowboy here. Your name, sir?

COWBOY: Hell, Willie, you know my name as well as your own.

SON: Ah, yes, but we have to let our listeners know, too. This is Mark Anson, people, from up at Burnt Fork. What's your comment, Mark?

MARK: Well, what I want to know, is what does he do with those good horses he buys? Where do they go to?

SON: Yes, I think we'd all like to know that. And who do you think will win, Mark?

MARK: I'm betting on Dowd. That Reaser, he can't draw quick.

SON: Thank you, Mark. And you, sir. Would you tell us your name?

MAN: M'name's Duncan. And I'll tell you about that Dowd. I used to have a little place there on Sheep Creek just above his'n, cabin, garden, and a few sheep. Well sir, that Dowd now, he's a mean 'un. I got skeered.

SON: Why, what happened Mr. Duncan?

DUNCAN: I ain't sayin'. 'Tain't safe. I just moved out.



SON: Thank you very much, Mr. Duncan, for your clear and vivid picture of the Sheep Creek situation. Ah, here's a lady. We'll see if she won't give us the feminine point of view. Will you step right up to the microphone, madam, and tell us your name?

WOMAN: Me John Chew's squaw.

SON: And what is your view on the Dowd situation, Mrs. Chew?

WOMAN: Ugh.

SON: That's fine, Mrs. Chew. I'm sure most of the ladies listening in will agree with you. And now I see that Jim Merchant over there on Sheep Creek is signaling to come in. Something is happening over there all right, because the signal light is blinking like mad. So come right on in, Jim Merchant.

MERCHANT: From my perch high in a cottonwood just below the Dowd place here on Sheep Creek, I can make out all the buildings all right, and see pretty well what's going on. About an hour ago, from the smoke I saw coming out of the chimneys of Dowd's and Reaser's cabins, I should judge they have been enjoying their usual hearty breakfast. Just a few minutes ago, Reaser came out, saddled up his horse, and rode away down the creek. I don't know what he went for, but I imagine he should be back pretty soon. Ah, I can see that Dowd's door is opening, and here comes Dowd himself. He's going over to the barn now. Maybe he's going to ride after Reaser. No, he's coming back out. He's carrying something. It isn't a saddle; I can't just make out what it is. Maybe—yes—just a minute now while I check—ah, I can see it now—it's a harness. Yes, folks, Dowd's bringing out a harness. Maybe he's going to hitch up that runaway team of his. No, he's spreading it out on the ground. Something seems to be the matter with it. Yes, he's taking something off. Now he's headed for his shop. He's going around the corner—there he goes. I guess he's gone into the shop.

Those of you who listened to our broadcast yesterday will remember that young George Dowd had a team run away with him. Maybe the harness needs some slight repairs before they can use it again. From where we are, we can't see the door of the shop, but from the sounds, I should judge that Dowd is putting in a couple of rivets. Ah, look! Somebody has just ridden into the lower end of the field. It's—just a minute, now—yes, it's Charlie Reaser. Now let's see what he'll do. He's ridden over behind the barn; I can't see him now. Wait a minute—there's a hat sticking out around the corner of the barn. I believe—yes, Reaser's left his horse behind the barn, and he's looking the situation over. There he goes now, folks. Oh, oh, he's headed over for the shop. There he goes behind a shed. There—I can see him again. He's got his six-shooter out. My, my, this is exciting, folks. I really believe something is going to happen. Dowd's a dead shot, folks, and mighty quick on the draw. All the experts say that Reaser hasn't a chance. I think we'll soon find out. This is the battle of the century, folks. There—Reaser's around the

corner of the shed. He can probably look right into the shop now—if the door's open. I can't see the door from here, but I don't believe Reaser would just stand there like that with his gun out if Dowd could see him. Oh, oh, that was a shot! Can't tell whether it was Dowd or Reaser that shot. Maybe it was two shots, close together. Lots of echoes here. There goes Reaser toward the shop. If I could only see . . .

NOISE OF CRASHING—OR MAYBE IT'S STATIC.

ANNOUNCER: There seems to be some mechanical difficulty in our apparatus over at Sheep Creek. And while we're waiting for our engineers to re-establish contact, let me remind you that you are listening to the Lucerne Land and Water Hour. In beautiful Lucerne Valley, you will find peace and contentment. Here, far from the tumult, turmoil, and termites of the world, you can spend your time raising beautiful crops on the fertile soil, made productive by the fresh, burbling waters of beautiful Sheep Creek. Here nature smiles the year round. Come and stake out your claim. You don't need any money, folks. Just give us the land, and we'll give you the water. Don't hesitate folks. Remember, this offer is limited. So cut off a box top and send it in today. And now we return you to Willie Son.

SON: This is Willie Son again. Jim Merchant just got word to us that he got so excited he fell out of his tree, and it may be some time before we can get him on the air again. He did tell us, though, that he saw Reaser get on his horse and ride away up Lodgepole Canyon. So for further developments in the great Dowd case, we take you now to Justice of the Peace Solomon, at Conner Basin, and our commentator there, Willard Schofield. Come in, Conner Basin.

SCHOFIELD: Well, now, folks, this is Willard Schofield, and I'm going to tell you what's going on up here. Solomon's busy getting out some logs, and we've just brought a load in here to his place. Mighty exciting happenings going on here, folks. That Dowd and Reaser, now, that's quite an affair. And here's people pouring into the valley to settle, canals being dug, lots of things doing. Well, I'll be jiggered, here comes Charlie Reaser himself now, on his horse. He's jogging right up here. He's riding up to Solomon. Let's turn this here microphone around a bit and see if we can't hear what they're saying.

REASER: Well, b'god, Solomon, I got 'im. Ptuh, ptuh.

SOLOMON: Got who, Reaser?

REASER: Dowd. Ptuh, ptuh. Shot 'im this morning. Ptuh, ptuh.

SCHOFIELD: That noise you hear, folks, ain't a thunderstorm up in the Ballies. It's just Reaser lettin' loose of a little of his quid. He's a mighty juicy chewer.

REASER: Come to give myself up, Solomon. Ptuh, ptuh. Self defense. Dowd shot first. Ptuh, ptuh.

SOLOMON: Don't doubt your word, Reaser, but we better have an inquest. Tell you what, you go down to Birch Springs and get Ed Tolten. He's a smart fellow, been a school teacher and all. Him and me 'll go over and look at things. Then I'll let you know whether I'll bind you over or not. If it's like you say, maybe I won't have to.

SCHOFIELD: And now, while the boys are getting set and getting over there to Sheep Creek, I'll turn you back to Willie Son, who'll let you know what the folks over at Washum think of this amazing and unexpected development. Come in, Willie Son.

SON: Well, folks, this old Washum postoffice is fairly buzzing with excitement. Haven't heard so much talk since old Marook beat up on Toggy. Here comes Dave Washum. What do you think of Reaser killing Dowd, Dave?

WASHUM: Dam' good thing, if you ask me. Dowd was out to git me. He was just a mean, ornery, no-good outlaw or worse. Threatened me, he did. Now, thank gawd, I don't have to wear this thing any more.

SON: And Dave Washum's taking off his six-shooter and tossing it into his buckboard. And here's another gentleman. What's your name, sir?

MAN: Aye bane Ollie Nielsen.

SON: And what do you think, Mr. Nielsen?

NIELSEN: Well, dat Dowd, he bane a purty nice sort of fellow, py yumpin' yiminee. He bane purty well educated, and I never have no trouble wit' him. But Reaser, now, he yust a dirty sneak, I t'ink. Sure, Dowd he bane tough, but he never make no trouble unless some feller he make trouble first.

SON: Thank you, Mr. Nielsen. And here's Jim Lamb. What do you think, Jim?

JIM: Well, I can't say anything good about either of 'em. I've heard tales that Reaser was shinin' up to Dowd's daughter, and others that Dowd was cuttin' capers with Reaser's wife, but I don't hold much with either of 'em. I never did like Dowd, though, and I ain't cryin' much.

SON: Thank you, Jim Lamb. Well, I see that Jim Merchant is ready again over there at the Dowd place, so I'll turn you right over to him.

MERCHANT: Well, it's all over. Dowd's dead all right. Reaser killed him all right. I was up a tree there for a while, but I've got my feet on the ground now. It's all clear now—all except what really happened, that is. Did Dowd shoot first? Or did Reaser just fix things to look that way? Solomon and Tolten are over at the shop now, looking things over, and trying to figure it all out. We'll let you hear their decision in just a minute. In the meantime, here's little Miss Tolten who came along with her father. Maybe she'll tell us what happened when Reaser came to their house.

MISS TOLTEN: Reaser rode up to our cabin and got off his horse. My sister said, "Here comes that awful Reaser," and we were



both scared. He came in, opened the oven door with his foot, and spat a dirty, nasty mess into the oven. Then he said, "I killed Dowd this morning," and spat again. My sister and I, we cried, and ran down to our daddy who was putting in some potatoes. Reaser and he sat down in the dirt and talked awhile. Then Daddy hitched up the wagon and brought us over here with him. Then Mrs. Dowd gave us dinner. I don't like that nasty, spitting Reaser.

MERCHANT: And now, I see that Solomon and Tolten have brought Dowd's body out of the shed. They've got a big tarp, and they're rolling him up in it. Now they're folding the ends of the tarp over and pinning them with blanket pins. Now they're loading it on the wagon. Are they taking it away? No, they've stopped over by that knoll there. Now they've got out shovels. Yes, sir, they're going to bury Dowd right there. There are two graves on that knoll already. Two of Dowd's babies are buried there.

Now let's see if we can get these men to the microphone. Here's Reaser, folks. What comment would you like to make, Mr. Reaser?

REASER: Hello, everybody. Hello, maw. Well, I got 'im.

MERCHANT: That was Charlie Reaser, folks, the winner in the Dowd-Reaser dispute. And now, here's Ed Tolten. Ed, what's your opinion of this affair?

TOLTEN: Well, Dowd's dead, and Reaser's alive. Nobody knows just what happened, so maybe we'd better just call it self-defense and let it go at that.

MERCHANT: And Mr. Solomon, what's your verdict?

SOLOMON: Well now, I'm a justice of the peace, and I've got to be pretty careful how I handle this affair. We know that Dowd had threatened Reaser. We know there was bad blood between 'em. And we know that Dowd was mighty quick on the trigger. Now, there's a bullet hole right there in the door sill that Dowd's bullet might have made if he'd fired toward Reaser in a little too much of a hurry. I don't know. But, as Ed says, Dowd's dead, and we can't bring him back, even if we wanted to. So I guess, Reaser, we'll call it self-defense, and let you go.

REASER: Thanks, Sol. Ptuh, ptuh.

MERCHANT: And that, folks, was George Solomon, Justice of the Peace, giving you his official verdict on the killing of Cleophas J. Dowd. All resemblance between this broadcast and people, living or dead, is purely coincidental, and it's all in fun, anyway. And now for an important message from our sponsor. The Lucerne . . .

At this point, maybe we'd better turn the radio off. Maybe we'd better call the whole thing off. Dowd and Reaser are dead now, and I guess we never will know what it was all about. Mrs. Dowd left the country with her children that November and moved back to California. Reaser was apparently still around in 1900, for we ran across a receipt for the sale of one share of stock in the People's Canal Company signed by him in that year. Later, they say, he

"got religion," and was a game warden up in Wyoming. All we can say is that the Dowd case has certainly added a definite touch of mystery and interest to the history and folklore of Daggett County.

George Solomon was quite a colorful and interesting character. He was a great story-teller, and there are a number of stories about him. He had been a lumberman in Michigan, and drifted out here during the 'seventies. He used to tell people that he and Zeb Edwards took a contract to supply the men working on the Thornburgh road with game.

At the Conner Basin place, he had two pet beaver. He was a kind-hearted man, fond of animals, and didn't approve of trapping. It seems that these two beaver got busy and blocked up one of Solomon's ditches. So George cut a willow rod, and gave each of the beaver a few smart raps with it. "There, now," he told them, "don't you do that again . . . They won't, either," he added to the neighbor who stood watching the operation. As far as we've been able to find out, Solomon was right.

Solomon enlisted for the Spanish-American War, and served as color bearer in Torrey's Rough Riders. When he came back, he found that two men had squatted on his Conner Basin place. He remonstrated with them, but they threatened him with their guns, and drove him off. Solomon, however, got a rifle, a good supply of ammunition and a canteen, got into the cabin, and prepared to stand siege. With their grub supply and shelter gone, the two men were at a disadvantage. It was the squatters, not Solomon, who finally got out.

There's an apocryphal sidelight, too, on the Dowd case, that Solomon used to tell. It seems that Reaser was so grateful to Solomon for not binding him over for killing Dowd, that he got a jug of whisky and went up to Solomon's place with it. Now Solomon wasn't really a drinking man, but apparently both men got pretty high on the jug, and decided to take a buggy ride to let off steam. They went high-tailing it all over the countryside, and had a grand old time. But when Solomon got back, he found that somewhere along the line he'd managed to lose—his false teeth.

What happened to Solomon? That's another of Daggett County's mysteries. He had married a widow, and was very fond of his step-children. He had money in the bank, and seemed to be reasonably contented and happy. Everyone liked and respected him. Yet one day, he simply disappeared. An elderly man answering his general description was found dead in a Salt Lake City hotel some time after, but those who went to see said it wasn't Solomon. The mystery was never solved.

That schoolhouse, an old red tin affair, still standing, that was built right on the State line, gave rise to a number of stories. "Believe-it-or-not" Ripley once had it in his column as the only school ever

to be run jointly by two counties in two different States, with two separate school boards working together. Well, Emil Gaensslen of Green River, who was tax assessor in Sweetwater County at that time, and often visited the school, tells us that it was a mighty handy arrangement for the teacher. It seems that the Utah laws forbade corporal punishment, while the Wyoming law said that whopping was all right. So the teacher, when he wanted to discipline a Utah youth, simply snaked him over to the Wyoming side of the room before administering the number of whacks he thought necessary.

The bi-State arrangement was handy at dances, too. Utah was temperance at the time, and so jugs could simply be put over on the Wyoming side. And if the sheriff dropped in, all that the fellow he was looking for had to do, was just to move over into the other State, and then he could keep right on dancing with his girl.

Newspaper and radio commentators had a lot of fun with the peculiar situation Daggett County found itself in during World War II in regard to tire rationing. It seems that the total allotment for the county for one period was exactly one-half tire. The rationing board managed to work things out, however, without actually cutting up a tire.

We'd like to tell you Orsen Burton's story about the time he got mixed up in a den with a she-bear and a couple of cubs; and Jim Lamb's mighty exciting story about the Meeker Massacre; and Mark Anson has a lot of good yarns that you really ought to hear. But we've already run way beyond our allotted space, and so we'll just have to bring our yarn-spinning to a close, and finish up in a hurry. You can see, though, from these few samples, that Daggett County is not only mighty rich in history, but also in what sociologists call folklore. And before we leave our history, let's just take one more brief look back at the ground we've covered.



## Much to Be Proud Of

Although Daggett County is politically one of the youngest in the West, we have seen that it was the first place to be settled in the Great Basin. From the time of Ashley's visit in 1825, Baptistie Brown's settling in Brown's Hole in 1827, Fort Davy Crockett, and the trading posts of Jim Bridger and Uncle Jack Robinson in the 'thirties, it was the favorite wintering place for trappers and mountain men; and at the close of the great fur trapping period of 1839, most of them settled down to stay in this region. So that Daggett County has a record of one hundred twenty years of continuous occupation.

Henry's Fork and Brown's Hole were the first places in the West where stock was wintered in any quantity; and with Uncle Jack Robinson grazing his stock here as early as 1843, and Phil Mass in 1859, Daggett County can certainly claim to have pioneered in the great livestock industry of the West.

The Uinta Mountains are unique in themselves, being the only east-west range on the American continent, and the only mountains whose drainage is entirely to the east. They are unique in structure also, being the only great monoclinial uplift known, and the great Uinta fault, as seen at Palisades Park, is one of the most spectacular of its kind.

Daggett County, although primarily devoted to stock-raising, has the largest deposit of rock phosphate in Utah. And practically all the natural gas produced in the State comes from Clay Basin in the eastern end of the county. It also has large undeveloped deposits of manganese, oil, coal, copper, and oil-bearing shales, as well as gilsonite, or Uintaite, as it is sometimes called.

Scenically, Daggett County is one of the show places of the West. Sheep Creek Canyon rivals Bryce and Zion; the canyons of the Green River—Flaming Gorge, Horseshoe, Hideout, and Red Canyons—are unique in their wild and rugged beauty. Here are Utah's most beautiful lakes, scores of them; stately forests of pines, swift-running streams. Here, nearby are the impressive badland buttes. Here, too, are the picturesque hogbacks, shaped in fantastic and eye-catching forms—the Boar's Tusk, Jesson's Butte, the Causeway, fantastic road of giants. Here you will find that most of the ranches still retain the beautiful old log houses with shingle or sod roofs, the typical, almost native architecture of the mountain West, comfortable to live in, warm in winter, cool in summer, and blending harmoniously with their setting. And towering above all these are the massive snow-capped peaks of the "Ballies," the high Uintas.

Desert, valleys and mountains alike teem with wild flowers, which, through the spring and summer, make the whole country one vast garden. Here are the commoner flowers in huge, colorful beds—larkspur, prickly pear, bluebells, columbines, sand lilies, and a thousand others. Here are rarer species, too, for only in and around Daggett County is found the rare and beautiful *penstemon acaulis*.

Yes, the people who live here have very good reasons to be proud of their county; proud of its beauty, proud of its long and colorful history, proud of its fine herds of sheep and cattle, proud to be descendants of pioneers who discovered this country and settled here.

To those of you who have been here before, they urge you to come back and visit—come often, and stay a long time. And to strangers, they extend a hearty and genuine welcome to come and get acquainted. We, the authors, although we've only lived here two years, can assure you it's a wonderful country to live in and look at.

And to you, the people who make your homes here, we dedicate this book as a sincere tribute of appreciation for your hospitality, friendship, and the pleasure we've had in being here.





