

J. T. Farrer

LIFE IN THE MIDDLE WEST



J. T. FARRER, SR.

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To Don
from
E. T. Farrer
Hinds

PREFACE

This is a narrative of life in the far west in years from 1879 to 1905. It gives the reader [an ideal] of the rough life in sheep & cattle business and settling up the land and risks which were taken, the Indian, the Rustler and Horse thieves that waited in that part of the country and some rough justice dealt out to some of them. This is not written from hearsay so the same is all true. As I did not keep a diary some dates may be off or not given reason.

J. T. Farrer

LIFE IN THE MIDDLE WEST

by

J. T. Farrer, Sr.

In the month of June 1868 Thomas Farrer started from London, England with his five sons including the writer, to go to California to enjoy some of the fabulous stories of gold and to make a home for his sons who were one year to thirteen years. The writer just completed his grammar school education. Of course had read of the wild west and the Indians and of the great future. We embarked on the "Harvest Queen" a sail vessel, for New York. One day before we started the "John Bright" had left with a load of Mormons, billed to Utah, so the next thing was to get in touch with the Mormons for protection in crossing the plains from the terminus of the W.P. in Cheyenne. The Indians were yet dangerous unless there were enough to fight them off. We embarked at Liverpool. The first object of interest was we passed close to the "Great Eastern", it was a monster at that period, five funnel and six masts. The next day we came in sight of Erin's Green shore. Soon faded out of sight and for next six weeks we wallered tacking around the old Atlantic. One night we went in collision with another ship, it stove in the top part of the fore castle but was not serious. The next was a sudden change. We were in the Gulf Stream. It was quite warm lot of the passengers said we were in the gulf of Mexico and the crew to make matters worse kept it up and that they were going to land us in Mexico. But a few days afterward we were in among the Ice burgs. We went in between two of those mountains of ice.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

While on board ship father made acquaintance with a man named Salisbury who has a family about same size and

was on his way to Oregon so they pooled together to assist each other as far as Utah.

They were informed at time of embarking that we would only be on the water three weeks the longest. They brought nearly enough provision for that time for our own use although the ship was to board us. When our provision ran out then to live on the ship's supply was salt Pork and hard tack a solid sea biscuit as hard as a rock a few potatoes and coffee and molasses to sweating. If we got sugar that had to be cash and limited. Our water got short and that was rationed. So here was the first hardship on the trip.

Our crew were Negroes and the most blasphemous set of men and roughest set of men I ever saw. I concluded that these men would never go to heaven. I witnessed one fight the boatswain a Negro and 2nd Mate a White man they had been quarrelling up on the masts. I saw them both coming down as fast as they could. Once on deck they stripped their shirts to their waist and with drawn knives attacked each other. The captain rushed down, goin past me knocked me over. His pistol in hand hit the Negro on the head felled him and was put in Irons, but both had some very deep cuts in them but not fatal. When we landed in Castle Garden I for one bid the good old ship good bye not wishing to try the trip over again.

IN NEW YORK

We landed in Castle Garden after something over six weeks on the ocean. Here we met the Mormons who had landed a day previous so we had been chasing each other very close.

My father's next move now was to get in touch with the Mormons to make the trip across the plains as far as Utah. He and Salisbury succeeded. I seemed very much disappointed in the city but I suppose we were in the dirtiest part of it. It looked strange to see those great Mongols Engines with their immense spark strainers smoke stacks running in every direction in the streets while in England they were fenced in. There is where I eat my first peach and mellons. But one thing was to do was to change our English money for U.S. and then know its value as

the peddlars would cheat us on everything with our English coin. After a few days rest we started and travelled up the Hudson River. It certainly was a handsome sight at sunset to view the river and the houses along its banks.

When they checked up our baggage, father and Salisbury both were determined to keep their rifles and sword bayonet, the old Enfield Rifle. They were not troubled in the United States but when we crossed into Canada they were taken from them both. We were very indignant but it was no go. They were handed to them when we crossed back to the States. The next sight was Niagra Falls, we crossed below and had a good view. It was now getting hot and had several sunstrokes. My youngest brother was stricken but was revived when we arrived at

AT CHICAGO

Chicago took my eye better than New York. There was great demand for carpenters and both being carpenters was offered some big prices, but it was no go. At Omaha we crossed the Missouri on boats, there was another demand for mechanics and settlers had every inducement, it seemed a very fair offer and money plentiful. They were told there was no money in the middle West, that is between there and California and told some blood curdling stories of Indians and lawlessness of the Middle West. They were right to a certain extent. Another thing United States was just recovering from the Civil War and I could notice that men from 18 to 40 were very scarce. The inducements of the United States was certainly grand. The free range and the pre-emption and homestead right and its untold mineral in the mountain and the free range open to raise all the horses, cattle and sheep you wished to grow. The writer has certainly enjoyed some of it.

Here at Omaha I think is the hottest weather I ever experienced and lots of sunstrokes. I noticed men walking around with umbrellas over them. This was the first I saw used except in the rain.

OMAHA TO CHEYENNE

Cheyenne was the terminus of the Union Pacific we were loaded now in box cars and with the heat and the small children suffered terrible and lots of deaths occurred. Here we left civilization and to meet the wild west plains where the buffalo and antelope and Indians roamed at leisure. Just before we got to Cheyenne, the Indians came aboard the trains. The railway gave them free transportation. Now here is the real thing no book about it. There was three big bucks and they were in full dress with feathers from the head and back and their buckskin clothes with a fancy colored blanket on them. The cold chills run down me. He took hold of father's rifle and asked him as I understood what he expected to do with the bayonet. They gave a big laugh and walked on. The writer breathed a little better. The railway was open now to Laramie so we proceeded to that point. As we were travelling I noticed that every man had a rifle in front of him, but no bayonet. When a person thinks of it in a fight with Indians they never get close enough to use bayonets. That was the reason the Indian laughed so hard about it.

At Laramie was a big bust town and one of the roughest ones of the West. Little or no law was used. Here is where the gambler shined and saloon predominated. And the wild west cowboy in his garb. He always had his pistol on and carried a rifle on the saddle and ready to fight as the saying was "at the drop of a hat". The Indians fear him more than all the Army of U.S. and do so up to date.

ON THE PLAINS AT LARAMIE, WYOMING

There were waiting here about 35 to 40 wagons with either 4 horses or 4 mules. They were fitted out to receive the Mormons by the Mormon Church. They usually put two families in a wagon. My step-mother's folk had promised to send an outfit, but none appeared. My father was sure up against it bad here so was Salisbury with the families on this desert plain. The Mormons would in no way assist them as they had for their own people.

Father had yet quite a sum of English gold and so did Salisbury to purchase a team and wagon, but neither had ever driven a team in their lives. Father was raging mad at the idea of being left here, they had another interview with the captain and showed him they had plenty of gold to pay their way. This fixed things, he brought a new wagon and four mules and a teamster to them. What price they paid I do not know, but they thought they were held up. In a short time we were loaded and it was a fine sight to see the ships of the desert start with their canvas tops winding one behind the other towards the mountains. They had lots of loose stock and beef cattle. We ate a beef every day, one was killed at noon regular. At night the wagons were drawn in circular shape that gave a blockade against the attacks of Indians, but we were well armed and guards both day and night and an extra guard on the horses and mules while they grazed at night. We had two attacks in which I will describe later. When the wagons were well strung out here came about 50 Indians on horse back. We were climbing a mountain and all that could walk were walking and every man carried his rifle. I was walking along side of my father as the Indians came along taking in the sight when the head one met my father (they were in single file) I disappeared and stepped on the other side of the wagon. Father missed me and I got a terrible reprimand for my cowardice. I think that cured me for all time to be afraid of Indians.

We saw just before going into the mountain a large bunch of Buffalo in the distance. While going through the mountain father and Salisbury went out on the side to try to get some game, but only got back with a night hawk. They had never seen one before and could not agree on what it was Father said it was a "howl" while Salisbury claimed it was a "awk". They told of finding a camp wagon and showed that the parties had been killed. It looked as if they were going to eat as all out was intact, but it was over a year old as one of tires had fallen off the wheels. The Captain instructed them not to go so far away again as it was dangerous. A few days after that we made a hurried camp, held all the stock in the center and prepared for a fight. This was about noon. I think it was on Bitter Creek. It seems as if our outpost had noticed a bunch of Indians that looked like they were on the war path. We moved the next day

but held every thing in close formation and ready. It was in the low hills and scrub timber.

ON THE PLAINS

Since we left Larimie I had got on the good side of the teamster and herd boy and was learning to ride a horse or mule good. Often used to go out and help drive in the morning. But I went once too many times. As we were driving slowly past some low hills there were two young buck Indians made a dive into the herd and a stampede ensued. Two or three of our boys made for them and shooting commenced, but I was in the middle of the herd before I realized what had happened. It took some time to quiet the herd. The mules were afraid of the Indian and can smell them a long distance. They got one Indian and I think they wounded the other. I asked if they were going to bury him, they said no he made good coyote bait. We were not troubled any more on the trip and I was not allowed to go out again. I got a good scare. I have often wondered many times I did not fall off the mule.

Sickness set in, they called it mountain fever. It was nothing but typhoid fever. There were lots of deaths. One of my brothers had it but managed to pull through. The water on those plains were terrible. We finally struck Green River and all took a rest. They ferried the families and swam the stock over. This river is one of the main forks of the Colorado. The quicksand is very treacherous. Once an animal gets down all four legs in it can never extract itself and thousands of cattle are lost that way every year. If they were bedded in concrete it could not pack harder. Many a day the writer has worked digging cattle out. I saw in one bunch forty two head of cattle mired in the quicksand and not one saved.

After crossing the Green River we soon commenced the climb over the Wasatch Mountains, a very heavy climb then a drop down to the Great Salt Lake Valley and its city and was glad to rest for the winter. The Salt Lake Valley and Utah Valley are very fertile. The Mormons had made use of all the streams coming out of this range of mountains and had introduced a

thorough system of irrigation. While it is old in Egypt it was new to the United States. They certainly were successful and apparently well satisfied with their homes and their religion and Brigham Young at the head. He was a great ruler in the church and a greater despot never ruled. He held his people in the grasp of his hand. In fact he had a little kingdom of his own and was defiant to the United States. Of course when the Mormons left Nauvoo their intention was to get out of the United States, but after the Mexican War they found themselves still in the United States, but they were thriving and practicing polygamy in defiance of the United States. They did not want any person in Utah that would not join the church and they really did put Johnson's army to some trouble before he got through even once. Here they had chance to sell their produce but their main plan was to be self sustaining. But the completion of the Union Pacific Railway in 1869 brought in an immense lot of people and although the teachings were not to mingle with the non-Mormon element, the so called Gentiles, but it failed and Brigham Young soon lost his grip. This non-Mormon element came in more for the mines which proved very rich near and around Salt Lake City. They were forbidden to engage in mining, but did not last.

They soon commenced to mix up and marry as the people discovered there were some fine people among the Gentiles and several religions started up but the church dominated both the political and spiritual affairs of Utah. But the government was determined to stamp out polygamy but they could not convict a polygamist by a Mormon jury hence the enactment of the Edmund-Tucker law. After the army was here Brigham lost the governorship and Uncle Sam put his man in. The Church saw very plain they could not enjoy any rights of American citizenship, that law completely disfranchised them so they denounced polygamy and it was a good thing for Utah and its people. But one thing I must say that the organization of the Mormon church was deep and effective in all its branches in administering and in its earliest days has a bloody record. It compelled obedience. If not they had what was called the destroying angels. Two of them I met personally, Bill Hickman and Porter Rockwell. These two outlaws done just as they pleased. And John D. Lee, the author of the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

THE CHURCH FORCED OUT OF POLITICS

When the government deposed Brigham Young as governor and its office was appointive by the president of the United States and it also disposed to a certain extent the powers of the Probate Courts which at Brigham Youngs time had criminal jurisdiction. The government established three Federal Courts. This of course remained until Utah became a state. But Utah maintained its delegate to congress in spite of all the efforts to keep it out. None but a Mormon could be elected. There sat, in defiance of any law and well known, a polygamist as both lived their lives out in polygamy and died. The great claim set up by the church and the constitution of the United States the freedom for man to worship God according to the dictate of his own conscience.

The first and only case the government really did win was the prosecution of John D. Lee for the Mountain Meadow Massacre. Lee paid the death penalty.

For a long time the Mormons kept out and away from the District Court and managed all civil matters between themselves by arbitration. I will say right now that it saved the Mormons lots of money and as near as I could see justice was fair. But if any member went to the other courts he was placed in bad standing and if any disobeyed an order of Brigham Young he was cut off the Church and turned of the Benefits and Satan and his hereafter was a outcast and no chance in the Mormon heaven. This applied to both women and men.

POLYGAMY AS THE WRITER SEES IT

Take the Bible as the Mormons did proved it was right from the word of God and its original practices and a constitutional right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. That may work in the most ignorant classes. Brigham Young had frequently remarked, "Look at me. I have no education, read and write a little. When a boy was big enough to plow he was old enough to get married. And when a girl was

old enough to wash dishes and keep house she was ready for marriage."

All the school houses in Utah was meeting houses for Mormons so they were well educated in Mormon Propaganda. But the immense influx of non-Mormon population commenced to take active part and the result was the school houses was used for educational purposes and no sectarian religion was taught. So the church was lost out again and today Utah ranks in the front for education. This credit belongs to the Gentiles as we were termed.

I never could understand why any Englishman of ordinary intelligence could join this church and practice polygamy unless his animal desire. His conscience surely did not teach him that.

In one town where I lived in Sevier County one man was married to a woman and three daughters. In another, one man married three sisters. What was surprising to me was how they could live together. But think some must have died broken hearted. The church had such influence they dare not resist. One strange thing was that prostitution was barred in all the Mormon towns and a rigid watch was over all of them. Consequently most all the wives were loyal to their husbands.

LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS

My introduction to Porter Rockwell was a hold up. It was in the year of 1870. Still a kid I was carrying some bread to our sheep camp and rounding a hill a squalling rough voice called, "Hold up there you little son-of-a-__." Raising my head I was looking down the barrells of a double barrel shotgun. My hair stood up. Those barrells looked like cannon. His long grizzly hair was dropping down over his huge shoulders. He was on horseback. I was on foot.

The story goes that Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church, had blessed him and told him he never would be killed as long as he wore his hair long. He was a dangerous shot and used a pistol in both hands and most all people looked at him in dread. I heard him say once when he was drunk he had

killed 34 men in his time. I have known him to be shot at several times but never was wounded. Either him or his sons about 12 years later made a raid on our sheep camp at night and tried to scatter our sheep and shoot in them and us. Well there was the writer and his brother in charge. We both got out and used our Winchester on them as fast as they would work but darkness prevented taking good aim. One of the Rockwells came around next day and asked us if we wasn't afraid and be a good idea to move camp, but we declined to do so. Well old Rockwell did not get killed but died with his boots on in his own corral—drunk. The Mormons sincerely believe that blessing was fulfilled. I did not shed any tears at his demise.

Now going back to the winter of 1868 and 9. Father was financially embarrassed and started to work at his trade. Salisbury continued his journey to Oregon. I got a year's job for a cow and calf and six head of sheep. No cash. That was one of the longest years of my life. But the first job I got was to drive two yoke of cattle with freight. The last that was delivered on the Wells Fargo Stage line. There were 8 teams in the train. I being a kid had quite a time to learn to swing the ten foot whip and make it crack. It did too and on my face. We travelled out from Salt Lake into the American Desert. Here it was I had my homesick spell while I was watching the oxen eat. And if I only was back in old England again. I had seen all the desert I wanted! But coming home got good work in the mining camp. Bought me a horse and a pistol, I felt rich. Went to work for a horseman, commenced to learn to break Bronco horses and that was sport, and herd cattle and horses and some rough life ensued with the cow punchers. At one time when we were gathering beef cattle we were near a town called Olag Town. It composed of a smelter, two hotels and a half a dozen saloons. There was sixteen cow punchers in the bunch. We drank up two saloons and took another one. Some rode their horses in the saloon and soon there was a drunken lot of cow punchers. All, of course, carried pistols. They shot up things to suit themselves.

We were in one saloon I think he prepared to make a fight. I was in the farther end. He was raising his gun, mine was in my hand. Say it went off quick. Down went the man. Smash went the mirror. The lights all went out and so did all the cow

punchers. None seemed to know who done the shooting. I said nothing, but if I had not been quick that time I would not have been writing this I don't think.

I took a change of climate. I did not hear the results of the fray. Only the bartender had a slight wound on the head. I felt a little easy when I heard it.

Now I had not been raised that way and concluded that was not the proper way to live. I dropped it and worked for a man named Storrs for two years afterwards. Earned enough to go into the sheep business myself. Father made up his mind to go prospecting for mines. He and a few others they took up three claims, Galena and silver and sold them for \$10,000. So now we were beginning to have something. While in the employe of Mr. Storrs I was always off from civilization, but a easy go easy job with a good income. But there was constant trouble between cattle men and sheepmen and Indians for all our free grazing ground. Lots of clashes occurred between sheep and cattle men, for where sheep grazed cattle would not stay. It seemed almost poison for the cattle.

NOW BACK TO LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS

Now the Church never allowed divorces. Only for one thing was adultery. And in such cases they were cut off the Church and turned over to the Ruffian and Satan and what more punishment must follow.

The Church did not allow a man to take a second wife without the consent of the first and in some cases she win out. But the church by its teachers in every town were brought to bear and it influence and threats about the hereafter they mostly conceded.

In Salt Lake city I became intimately acquainted with a family named Burgess, English people. Chas Burgess and his wife Betsy. They had raised a family of four children and Betsy was past forty. They appeared to get along fine. But Charley fell in love with young sweet 18, just from the old country. And of course no reason why he should not marry and raise some more hell. Betsy would not consent. I think it took three years to win

her over. The strong influence of the Church win out. Now this was the way she was shown. The young one would do all the work and take care of the family and Betsy would enjoy all the blessing of a retired life. About a year later I called to see them and say there was something happened. The young wife had stole all the affection. Betsy had no protection by divorce and could not get one. Then when she wanted to run the house in her way a quarrel ensued and a fight. The young one got away with the battle, but not the house. So Mr. Burgess had to get another house and fit it up. Betsy was almost distracted and one of the most bitter Mormons. She did not live long and I would term it broken hearted. Later on he served a term in the pen for his iniquity he had committed against his first wife.

We bought a sheep ranch in Toole County at Government Creek and this man was a Mormon who had married two sisters and was about to take the third and did so a year later. Well I was about the age of marriage, 21 past, commenced to smile on the girls and when I tried this once say there was something doing. I was no Mormon. (The reason I do not mention the names is they object to it.)

In the sale of this ranch he reserved one room in the building for use while he had charge of the Western Union Line between St. Johns and Deep Creek. He made his home in St. John in Toole County.

A little incident happened. One night as I was leisurely walking home behind the sheep with my rifle on my back I met a Government Surveyor named Golinski who was camped at this ranch. And in conversation he offered to bet me a Dollar that I could not hit a insulator, stand at one pole to another. I called his bluff and blazed away. Broke the glass the first shot but the wire did not fall at the time. At once I realized what I had done. Should the wire come down and break it would be a good chance to put me where I would not smile on that girl or condemn the Mormons and pologamy. During the night the wire dropped and grounded. I picked it up, tied it to a pole with a buckskin string. He wondered what caused it to fall. I made no suggestion. That started him out from the other end of the line 50 or 60 miles from here. He brought with him his intended third and spent the night at the Ranch, but we put in several hours on the Mormon

question. Me, a single man with no wife. Him with only one leg already had two and determined on the third. I would have either all poligamist in jail or hanged. A few years later he served a term for the same offence and afterward was compelled to live with only one wife.

His second wife Mary was quite a bright woman and strong and worked out considerable and was very pleasant. At their ranch at St. Johns we made our summer headquarters while we ranged sheep in the mountains. This was fine, we had unlimited water and grass. All was to be done to keep the wild animals from attack in sheep. We had coyotes, the lazy wolf, the wild bobcat, mountain lion (or cougar) and Mr. Bear. We would have our sheep trained to lay near our camp at night and dogs trained. If any wild animal appeared we were always ready for a scrap. We had one man with the sheep in the day while the other would move camp, set traps or lay poison. We trapped all kinds of animals. We had common Black Grizzly and silver tip Bear. To study the habits of the Bear was my idea and next to trap him. Sometimes a female Bear and cubs would make a raid and were hard to bluff either by shooting off our guns and sending the dogs in the night. We, my brother Fred and the writer, was up nearly a whole night. The day before this was a singular trail of a male Bear. He walked between our camp and the sheep, never disturbed a dog or the sheep. He was a monster, but was a fact as his tracks in the dust showed. Went past up the next canyon and deliberately walked into my big heavy trap. I had rode my horse bareback up to the trap. When the mare smelled where the Bear had tore of the trees and brush she just stood stiff, snorted and trembled. Mr. Bear let out a roar. I could not move the mare. I dare not get off. I had my rifle but could not see the bear. Now my hair raised and who was the worst scared but I don't think my hair has not laid down since. I was in this predicament I think for about twenty minutes to coax my mare to go back. Well when she started down the canyon I rode with my head against her neck or I would have been pulled off by the brush. She was so scared that after coming out of the canyon instead of following the road she jumped of a ten foot bank near where we had a wagon. Doc Storts was getting out of the wagon when the mare gave a big snort. He asked what was the matter. I told him if he would go

and look where we set the trap he would know. I thought it was a Bear but did not see him. Told him how I had tracked him from camp. Well he guessed he would get his rifle and we would investigate. He had a Winchester. Mine was a 50 calibre Spencer "big enough". So we started out to the canyon but I was leading my mare. When we got to the canyon, a 1/4 mile yet away from the trap and a very narrow brushy trail the mare objected to go any farther. I tried every means to get her to come along but no she would simply snort and nearly jerk away from me. So gave it up and we soon got near the place. Everything was quiet. Doc was peering through the brush and nearly stepped on the Bear who made a lunge and roar. Doc jumps back, fell on top of me, said my god shoot. But I declined until I could see his head. He was tied up very tight chewing the brush around his feet. As we worked near him he raised his head I let drive. It stunned him but it not kill him. The ball had glanced. But the next done its work. On examination of the skull it showed its glance it was not the thickness of the skull but the way it stood sloping when his head dropped flat. The ball went through his skull and neck too! We had a big job to skin him. He was very fat and as near as we could estimate it he weighted about 800 1/4 and the hide made a big load for one horse to get to camp. That evening we salted the hide and laid the quarters on the grass close to our tent. Salted the hide and rolled it up with intention later on to tan it. We made our bed on the grass outside of the tent. Everything quiet. We retired about 10 p.m. In August the breeze fanned the pines and very refreshing smell. But about a half hour afterward the dogs made a jump at a bear right at the foot of our bed. I presume she had trailed the meat and hide which hung over each side of the pack of the horse. It was a female with two cubs but the mix up with the dogs and cubs, quite a fight ensued. I shot off my pistol a few times. Things were quiet. Returned again about a hour later. The old dogs sleeping at the foot of the bed raised up and let a deep growl. His hair was raising up. I made him lay down. Called my brother Fred to listen to that D__ bear coming through the brush in another direction. Got my rifle and aimed it as near as I could. It was very dark. I blazed away. Both dogs jumped through the brush and tackled the bear. One dog was a 1/2 pointer the other was a rat-terrier species. He

proved to be the best bear dog. The bear could not catch him bit. I heard her knock the big dog into the creek. The little dog tackled the cubs and kept her busy chasing him. I shot in all 8 shots at her but she stood her ground. Fred made a fire and poured about a gallon of oil on it but she stayed on and offered battle. I certainly strained my eyes to get a shot that would count but the cold chills went through me when I could not scare her off. When the dogs and bear seemed to be tired she went off and we rolled into our bed to get warm and woke up at good daylight. Fred started to kindle the fire. I rubbing my eyes, complimenting the bear and only would like a chance in daylight. Fred looked up saying there is your chance. There was the bear sitting under a lone pine about 400 yards below but up on the side hill showed very plain. I grabbed my rifle and standing at the head of my bed let her have the contents. I was certain I hit her in the shoulder. It seemed to give at the sound of the gun. Both dogs were off again. First she tried to climb the pine but her right shoulder I could see was broken. She came down to meet the dogs and we were hurrying to get close. As the big dog got close she struck with the left paw under the chin. I don't know how many summersaults he took. I noticed she appeared to be getting weak as she went back to the pine. Here come one of the cubs down out of the pine. I blazed away. Struck him on the side, cut the skin. He turned round and went up again. That excited us. We were determined to keep them up there. Say they were on the fight and nearly 1/2 grown. While we were climbing the mountain the old one died and rolled down the mountain but we did not know it and that left us in a bad position if she was alive. So I concluded to kill as long as I could. All the bear was very fat, like hogs. There was a rancher about five miles above our camp. We had him render the fat and we dried the lean. We eat one cub and sent the other to Salt Lake City which is about 35 or 40 miles from here.

The Chinese will always buy the bears galls so we sent them in and as proof you must furnish the left hind foot. He sold the Cub for \$20.00 and got \$5.00 for the large gall and \$4.00 for next \$2.00 for the other. He had forgot to cut the foot off the one sold so had to throw it in. He said the Chinese were very suspicious and that was too many gall at one time. We got

sixteen milk pans of oil. It was a very good substitute for lard but would not set in warm weather. The bear got fat in Savaris Berries and it was a heavy crop that year and made the meat sweet and fine flavor. Their raids on sheep seemed as if it was the fun they had killing them if not interfered. I have known them to kill 40 or 50 in a night. Lots would be killed and not eaten on. It seemed as if they liked to grab and slam things around.

THE BEAR HAS ONE ON THE WRITER

Of course I set my trap for another. The next day went to see it. No bear but a skunk in it. A nice mess. I had been told that if you killed a skunk dead he would not stink. I took a fine sigh, shot the top of his head off. Say I think all of his stink then was emptied on my trap. Well I cleaned up things moved and smoked my trap. Set it again some distance away and continued my walk towards the head of the canyon. The trail was dull and very heavy brush. Suddenly a woosh and growl. There was a big grizzly coming down the trail. He was mad and up on big hind legs and snapping his teeth about 50 yards from me. I suddenly pulled and cocked my pistol a 38 cap and ball as cartridges pistol were scarce those days. He had the best of me any way. I could figure it to break and run it would mean death. He would chase me. To hit him with a small pistol was next. I was so close I could observe he trembled. I simply stood stiff. I saw opening to one side of the trail. I took it but kept my eyes on him. He shook his head and growled. I soon got up on the side hill. If I only had my rifle. Well he got down and smelled around, growled and went on down the canyon—champion of the day. And to make matters worse he never looked at my trap on his way out.

Something must have disturbed him as I never saw one moving around as hot a day as it was. I sincerely believe that if I had stood my ground kept my eyes on his he would have quit the trail as he trembled so. I think every wild animal is afraid of a man or in protection of their young will fight.

That season the man I was working for and who gave me an interest in the sheep business sold out and gave me a recommend to a sheep outfit to go to California and invest in

sheep. As there was a terrible drought in South Eastern California we could buy all the sheep we wanted from 50¢ to 75¢ per head and by working them into Nevada for winter, and save 1/2 of them. They were worth 2.50 besides their lambs and wool. This was in 1877. This almost did give a black eye for California. But I never did give up the idea that if I made a stake I certainly would go there to retire. I drewered out my interest and met a man by name of Matt Hartman who had a bunch of sheep and we combined our interest, went in Partnership in the sheep business. I went in the southern part of Utah, found a range, and we both put our personal atten to the business and done fairly well and improved our sheep and raised some fine blooded stock.

This part of Utah was Sevier Valley settled by Mormons and their principal crop was wheat. It was fifty miles to the nearest Railway. And I never saw money so scarce. Wheat was their only legal tender at 40¢ to 50¢ per bushell. 75 cents was the best. So if we sold mutton our pay was wheat after harvest. After living there a year I found that neither the climate or range was suitable for the sheep. Most all the farmer here had a few cows so we had trouble where ever we grazed ours. I had heard of immense territory in Western Colorado and South Eastern Utah, wholly unsettled. So we outfitted a four horse wagon and took several saddle horses and started and was gone all summer. We went up the Grand River Canyon up to Glenwood Springs and then over to the Uncompaghre Valley and the Gunnison River. In all that part we only met I think a Dozen White men, but Indians by the hundred. And of course they were very inquisitive of what we were doing and what we were going to do. And gave us distinctly to understand that all this land was Indian lands. They did not want the white in there, either their cattle or sheep. We had a version of course they kicked about said we should pay for it. Made all kinds of bluff. Said it was all right as long as we travelled and went back to our homes. They were terrible bitter against the Government and said they were robbed on all sides by the Whites. While the Government had made reservation for them they practically were cornered up. And in lots of incidents they really had my sympathy.

IN EASTERN UTAH AND WESTERN COLORADO

I have talked to some of the old Indian and they told their pityfull tale of woe and that they could not live like the white man. We had several long talks with them in a friendly manner. I found that there was some good sound logical points in some. They tried hard to talk our language but in nearly every instance they all understood Spanish. A Indian once asked me why a white man would go on a small piece of ground and build a big house. For if he did not like it he would have to stay there. The Indian put up his wickup, stayed as long as he saw fit and got tired, pull it up and go to new place. Whiteman heap Dam fool.

We travelled around the La Salle Mountains and came into Utah again near San Juan County and the Blue Mountains. These two ranges were open. A few stockmen had come in with their Cattle. It was a fine inducement. But for sheep I could not see my way how to get my wool out and mutton with two big rivers to cross, the Green & Grand. The nearest point of railway was Gunnison City nearly 200 miles. Colorado and Juab, Utah 180 miles. We heard there was a prospect of a railway being built from Pueblo Colorado into Utah, and by the lay of the country it looked feasible.

IN MOAB UTAH

We finally found ourselves in Grand Valley (Moab) and very pretty little fertile valley laying at the foot of the La Salle Mountain whose peaks were covered with snow most of the year. They were something over 13,000 feet. The valley is about 4500 feet. That is a low altitude for Utah, as most of Utah is between five and six thousand above sea level. So its climate is good and hot. It is about eight miles long and averages 1 1/2 miles wide. But perpendicular wall around it and only one place to get in that the width of a wagon. If they got out any other way they would have to fly. We noticed a fort built near a spring. This was occupied by a whiteman named King and a overgrown nigro named Bill.

There were two other families, Wilson and Powell. They

tried every way to get us to locate there, but that road got my goat as it did the others. We considered it from all faces and concluded it was too isolated and it is yet handicapped by that road.

GREEN RIVER UTAH

Fifty miles from there toward Salt Lake was the Green River Valley, a wide open flat country and not a person living there. We all decided that was the place we would locate. Now we was certain that if a railway was to be built it would come through there. And it did pass our doors three years later. And at this point I spent the best part of my life in the roughest, toughest life I ever experienced. Our family with two or three others moved out and landed there October 17, 1879. All took up big tracts of land. But it was unsurveyed so it was held under Squatters right. The winter was put in quiet. And I helped the family move down there with their Horses & Cattle but I held my sheep in the Sevier Co. for another year. It was hard to get supplies in as the Wasatch Mountain had to be crossed, the lowest point being 8500 feet.

We started to build a canal but Hay cost \$50.00 per Ton and grain 8 cts per pound so that when the horses could not live on grass and willows we had to abandon it and wait until the grass was more favorable. We worked single handed.

All commenced to build log cabins and corrals and fence. This timber was I think the hardest to work I ever saw, crooked and twisted. Lumber was out of the question. For what teams we had we kept them busy to keep supplies. It was over a hundred miles to the first saw mill and, being new road, it was almost impossible to obtain lumber. So we hewed out cotton-woods and laid down fir floors. To get lumber to bury a person we had none. We simply made a stretcher and buried him in his blankets.

We made several trips on reconaissance of the country. In the mountains nearby was large Pleatures of Sandstone and was fine grass, but they would over lap and had to blast a trail sometimes to get up on them. There we found pockets in the

sandstone filled with rain water. Deer by the thousands and some Mountain Sheep. We could travel for miles but only one way to get off, the way we came up. Many a man has lost his life on these masas and choked to death in sight of the river when those ponds went dry, and cattle likewise. We usually wintered our cattle and horses up there and depended on snow for water. One of those Masas was called Tuscher Canyon and Masa. Tuscher went up this canyon and got on top and wandered for four days trying to get off and could not exactly find the place he got on the masa. Accidentally or by his horse led him out.

He said he could look down on the river and could see our camps but if he tried to get off it was from a Hundred feet to a thousand jump off.

One occasion this fall of 1879 & 80 we took a light wagon and food, started to explore this country and went up a canyon now known as Thompson. There was a big Indian trail up there. This was one of the Indian trail where the Utes used to travel to meet the Navajos. About once a year the Navajos would visit the Utes on White river. The Utes would go down near the grand canyon and visit the Navajo they used to have great sport horse racing and gambling. Held a kind of fair each year.

MADE A RECORD SHOT

On our return to Green River homeward bound we saw a green spot in the mountains on the desert. Looked like a spring about ten miles off the road. Chas Molford and I took a coffee Pot and fry pan and blankets and rode over. There is a fine spring and its water pure. We camped all night. This known now as Brink Spring. Well we took a cut-off through the country for Green River. We could not miss it. After travelling some time we became very thirsty. We had forgot the canteens. We struck a Indian trail. Molford wanted to go up the road and get a drink at Little Grande. We had a argument as to where it laid. I bet him \$5.00 he would not get a drink as quick as we would to follow the trail. As to make proof he must carry water in the coffee Pot. He went his way. I went mine. About a mile further on a Antelope stood broad side in the trail. I could not resist the

temptation and used my old Spencer 45 calibre. Killed him dead. But now how far was it to Green River. I was nearly famished. I think it was about 120°. Well I simply cut off one of his hind legs and tied it on the back of my saddle. But to my dismay when I got to camp, the string had broken so I was shy my antelope meat. The wagon was in but Molford was not. I had to watch so he could not get to the river with his coffee Pot. I saw him coming in but no water in the pot.

I told of my trip and killing the antelope and what a pretty shot, but I had the mishap and lost the hind leg from my saddle by the string breaking. One said it was fishy, another said that bear gun need only pointing toward an animal, and all kind of slurs. They would not look at my saddle. While talking about shooting, there was a tree leaning over 20 degrees and heavy limbs on one side. A small mark was on it. I offered to bet any one of them \$20.00 I could cut it off with my rifle it was about 8 inches thick. Well they all took \$5.00 each. My father with them. Said I had more money than brains. Now I was to sit and shoot any direction I wished and if the tree came within two feet of the ground I win. I must make every shot count and cut the width of the tree thus. A great laugh went up after four shots were fired. I laid my gun down and went and look. I had tore four big holes through it, and while standing there the tree commenced to bend and came within four feet of the ground. I claimed I had all night and time I wanted. But they insisted I walked round on the opposite side where the balls came through and shot all the bark off. The tree fell flat and I yet had another shot coming.

IN THOMPSON CANYON

We were the first whites to go up that canyon, found quite a big spring and contemplated putting cattle up there in the near future. We made camp, turned the horses out to feed, and went in search of a Deer for supper. The Indian called the Deer buckskin. When we were coming into camp to our great surprise was about 15 Indians. We laid low. The Indians started off looking around, were more excited than us. They came back again.

We still kept under cover of the rocks. Finally one of the Indians got a piece of white rag, held it up. We then came out.

Well of all the questions. They thought we were a government outfit and belonged to the army, called our light wagon a cartridge wagon. They were almost tempted to destroy it. We informed we were peaceable and had families down on Green River, that there was no harm in us. This Indian and his outfit was nobody but Duglass who were making their escape after the Meeker Massacre. But we had not or had not yet heard of it. They knew there was a mail line across the country. After some parlaying we invited them to go home with us. They did. When the folks saw us fording the river with the Indians there was a scared bunch.

DOUGLAS AND MEEKER MASSACRE

Our families had heard of it by mail while we were off. The Indians pitched their tents close and wanted to know what business we had there and gave orders for us to keep on the west side of the river. We would not agree to this. There was one man in our outfit who could talk Spanish and Douglas, the chief, took him into confidence and told of the bloody affair. Blamed the agent as the cause. The Indians knew the Mormons and the Government at that time were at bitter edge. Douglas thought the could seek safety by going to the southern part of Utah, but Warner told him they would give him away for money and advised him to go back. Well, he said he would sleep over it. The mail came in and Father was appointed as postmaster. So-o, they knew what the mail sack was and acted very suspicious, afraid of being trapped. There were two of our outfit they were suspicious of, a red headed brother of mine, Alfred, and a man named Jim O. Fallon. They thought they were government detectives and said they might tell big lies to Washington. They seemed to want to eat them up. We could not convince them differently. We wanted peace and no fight, but every man of us wore our pistols and had a man in charge of the rifles and ammunition. Our pistols were the cap and ball so all we had to have was the powder and caps and lead. We made our own bullets. Douglas

also impressed on us how easy they could wipe us out and the large amount of Indians he could get for help. We knew this and promised not to write if he went back, but gave him to understand that father was Postmaster and showed him the commission and that he was the only government man. Should they kill him there would be soldiers enough to come up and do up the whole tribe of them. The other thing we impressed on them was that we were their friend and after a while we would make this a trading point for them, and did. Douglas went back, I did not learn what the outcome was as we only got mail once a week and very little news. We went to work to increase our supply of bullets. We also had moulds for reloading cartridges for our rifles. We got busy. One of the boys placed his hat in the center with the powder. We sat in a circle. While busy someone who was smoking a cigarette dropped a spark on the powder. Up went the magazine with about two pounds of powder. Consequence—it tore the whole top off of his fine Stetson hat so he wore a towel around his head or went bare headed for about a week. I don't think there was a man in the whole bunch who had two hats.

Our cattle and horses were on the range where they went through [the Indians]. So the next thing was to watch them so they did not drive off some. My brother, Alf, and I were sent to follow them until they got off the range. We both kept a respectable distance from them and watched them through our field glasses. They rode through never disturbed anything and as long as I lived I don't think the Indian ever stole or killed an animal from me.

BUILDING OF D. AND R. G. RAILWAY

The Railway sent immense bodies of Engineer surveyors from Salt Lake and Denver. This made Green River a central point and now was a good opportunity to go into the Mercantile business. We sold our sheep and went after it in great shape. Matt Hartman looked after the freighting. We established three stores. One at Moab and one at Price and the head store at Green River. We had to freight over a hundred miles from Clear Creek. A small road was running from Salt Lake City to the coal mine

nearly on top of the Wasatch mountain. Freight in the summer was three cents a pound and in the winter ten cents as the snow would block the roads for a week at a time. (This was between 1880, 81, and 82.) The Civil Engineers and their outfit were a nice lot of men to do business with. But the rustler, gamblers and fast women and dance house soon appeared, I think they were the worst lot of humans ever lived in the United States. There were the Texas, Colorado, and New Mexico outlaws. They all seemed to make their headquarters here and prey on the working men. There was about 15 saloons. There was neither law or order. Each has to fight his own. We tried to get the county to intervene. But they were powerless and none of the saloons paid any license, only the Government Internal Revenue. This was kept up until the railway was finished

When any big tough came in to do the town up, we all stood in together and the consequence was he soon wound up wrong. We had a kind of vigilance committee. As I have said before, we wore our pistols. It became a habit not to be caught napping. The first tough came in to do the town. He came in behind the paymaster, but he got drunk and shot things up generally. At one saloon he wounded three men, started to hold up the saloon. The shot put out the lights. He ordered the bartender to light up again, made him drop his pistol on the bar. So now he had two. Walked outside. Met a man by the name of Frank Gaines. Shot at him, but Gaines stood his ground and gave him the contents of his double action forty four pistol in the stomach. That cooled him off and he went and crawled under a wagon, his partner with him. Frank Taylor, the bartender, sent a man to me to come and help him out. He said he thought there were a half dozen men killed. I heard the shooting but did not pay any attention as it was a common thing to hear shots at any time of the night. I got about three men, loaded with rifles and shotguns. Taylor wanted us to let drive at them under the wagon. I took charge of the coming battle. I stationed the men around in a half circle a fair distance from the wagon and ordered this man's partner to disarm him and bring all of the weapons out or we would shoot the wagon all to pieces. He did as he was told, but said his partner was dying. Well, I concluded it would be a good idea to get him and see what we could do for him. So we got him

and carried him to a tent nearby and examined his wound, saw plainly it was fatal and so instructed him and tried to get him to give an account of himself.

He gave his name as Jack Winders and said he was one of the Jesse James gang and he knew he would die that way. That was all we knew of him. He wanted the ball taken out. It was in sight just under the skin, had passed through his bowels. We had no doctors nor was there any we knew less than 100 miles. There was a veterinary surgeon here, "an Old Drunkard", who volunteered to cut it out if we furnished a razor and a pair of tweezers. He was a man of six feet and weighed the day before 196#. A very handsome built man. Well, we got hold of him. I held one leg. He made a sudden jerk and kicked me clear out of the tent, so another man took my place. The way the old doctor sawed around to get the bullet out was awful. He stood the operation fine by grinding his teeth. He wanted to see the ball. It's an old 44. Said he had another in him, but didn't want it disturbed. He would not give up and said he was sure he would get over it. He asked how many men he had killed that night. When he was told none, he was greatly surprised. One man had a deep gash through the top of his head, enough to cut all the hair loose. The others were only slight wounds.

I went home and we left a couple of men to wait on him. He lived only a few hours. The next thing was to bury him and hold a kind of inquest. There was a man in town who had been a Justice of Peace and took charge of the matter and had a jury of 13 men. Gaines wanted to be cleared of the matter. After a short examination we concluded Gaines had done a good thing for his country and turned him loose. We then set to make a coffin. There was not a board in town so we made a stretcher out of cottonwood timber. I carried one end and backed into the tent. The Old Doctor was on watch, drunk of course, and had fallen on top of the corpse. Well, which one? They were both dead to the world. There was no ceremony. This was the graveyard he said he was going to start the evening before.

THE RUSTLER

This was the worst element we had to deal with. They were in organized gangs and operated in Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming. They would steal bunches of cattle, drive in a country sparsely settled and trails known only to themselves. Should we prosecute them through the courts, it was seldom we secured a conviction. If we did, they were always only a short time in jail and soon out again. And if you only asserted your right with them you would come out missing. They killed several Sheriffs in both our counties and states. There was only one thing to resort to, which was—when caught in the act to hold court and jury there. That really was the only way to stop it. And they got several lessons. One was a bunch of six of them caught in the act about 30 miles above Green River. They had their stolen cattle. The guys followed them and called on them about daylight. Killed them all. There was no time spoiled with warrants of arrest and cost of court. After that for awhile kept them quiet.

A LITTLE SCRAP WITH THE RUSTLERS

A person named Kern Tidwell, and a half-bred Indian, another man I did not know, came into town and commenced to paint it, as they termed shooting up the saloons and running them to suit themselves. After they had rounded up all to suit themselves, I was certain I would get a visit. The more I thought about it the more I was determined to run my place. I took my pistol, cleaned it good and oiled and put six cartridges in it, 44 calibre, and laid it handy under the bar. Sure enough in about two hours they came in. My place was a Keg saloon in the store. You simply paid 25¢ and helped yourself to whiskey, gin, rum, and all kinds of wine on the sideboard. They ordered the glasses and took two rounds and had not paid for it yet. They were going to treat the house as there were quite a number in it at the time, being after working hours. I was boiling hot and fighting mad. I called to Mr. Tidwell, asked who was to pay for the drinks. His partner, who I could hear grind his teeth (was a habit of his), rushed over, pulled out a double action 44 and said, "G. D. you, this will pay

for it." In an instant I had mine over the top of his, ordered him to take his hands off his or I will blow you to H. He did as he was told. My left hand picked up his gun and threw it on the floor behind the bar. Say! He nearly fainted. It was a surprise. I told him when he got ready to pay for the drinks I would give it back and maybe not. I was running my house. Tidwell had his butcher knife out going to cut the end of a wine glass off. The half breed was trying to get another drink. I walked over to them, made him put up his butcher knife and both take a walk. The other, I think, kept going. He had been around for some two years. I never saw him again.

At the time it happened my clerks were off to supper. When they came in they wondered what made the place so quiet as it was full when they left. I showed them the new gun I got. I had cleaned up the house for a change.

The railway was finished and met near here in 1883. I got married in 1882 to one Elizabeth Sophia Larsen. I have often wondered how she stayed and witnessed several gunplays and the hard life as it was. I was in it and to leave it, I could not. I made all kinds of money saved up.

Soon the county and the Railway wanted to clean up the town and civilize it. I proposed to pay a license and a few others did. I was requested to take the office of Justice of the Peace. I was the first non-Mormon to be appointed by a Mormon court.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

I accepted if they would build a jail. It was built of heavy timbers and doweled, and a steel cage put in. The county attorney and sheriff and the railway got two deputy marshals. We pulled all the gamblers and fast women in town. I did not impose very heavy fines but gave them orders to leave town. We soon had order restored. And one thing I ruled was no person should be allowed in the court with firearms, either concealed or in sight. None but the officers and myself. There were some terrible threats. I held that office for fifteen years. The rustlers I had no mercy for and dealt out some fines and jail for them.

The Railway came across our lands and never paid a

cent. Only got a man to jump my brother's claim (contest his right), but the proof was too strong. He got his patent. We of course put up a big fight and it lasted several years. My brother got discouraged and I bought him out. Finally won out against the Railway.

The next thing I did was to purchase the Ferry Boat. And it made good money, but the Railway wanted to get rid of it and do the ferrying on their bridge. As this was a division point they could make easy money. But it was no go. I could not get at them to force payment for the lands until an opportunity offered. I certainly was going to make them pay. They made the railway from narrow gauge to standard track and when they commenced widening their grade I ordered them off. It was my land and the title without defect. I had them now where the wool was short. They soon responded. I had all my own way. I got a road to the Ferry on the land I sold. I also reserved a Ferry sight, a water right piped into my buildings, a stone culvert where our contemplated canal was to cross under the track, and as nice sum of cash.

A FIGHT FOR THE FERRY

A few years later the company concluded to close up the ferry and fenced it up. I requested the County Commissioner to come down as the wagon road between Utah and Colorado would be closed and there would be trouble. Well it commenced. The first one wanted to cross they had a guard of six men stationed and defied us to cut it down. I got my outfit ready, built a gate and hauled it down. We bluffed off the guard, cut the wires, and put in the gate. Down at the ferry we encountered another guard. Chased off the guard, cut the wires. While we went across the River they repaired the fence and at the other place they pulled down our gate and threw it into the ditch. They prepared to fight. We did too. So cut the wire again. This kept up for about three days. When the commission came down on rail passes and had sold themselves to the Railway, the Commissioner wanted me to cut a track through my farm. I refused and showed them my contract. Then came the question of a fran-

chise. We had none. This side was Emery County, the other side was in Grand County. I ignored the right of franchise. Said there was no law. The County got my law book down. I bet him a new hat. Well, I lost. But here was the point, "Gentlemen, you can prevent me from collecting customs, but I can maintain this boat for private use as it was put in while Utah was a territory." They saw the point. The Railway and the Commission were outwitted. I called the clerk to get me a straw hat the largest size. I offered it. He was raging mad and got up and walked out. The balance all followed. So did my Railway friends. But I was not disturbed about the ferry as long as I lived there. But we went to Moab, the County seat of Grand County and got a franchise. Thus Emery County lost the franchise and taxes for 10 years.

DISCOVERY OF PETROLEUM

I think it was July 1884 we were moving some cattle on a new range six miles below town known as the Little Valley. I sent two men with them, Rob Hatrick, and my brother-in-law, Amasa Larsen. On the way down they found a small spring. They cleaned it out so as to water horses as they came back. But to their surprise it was covered with black oil. Hatrick who was from Pennsylvania knew what it was and they came home with their boots soaked with oil. Now was the first discovery of oil in the Territory of Utah. Hatrick was positive. I thought it may have been some kind of black alkali. They both were determined I should go and see it. I went down the next day. It was hot weather and I could smell it before we got near it. The ground was soaked for about 20 yards around this spring. We now thought our fortunes were made. The next thing was how to hold it. We soon found it could be held under the placer act in 160 acres. So we located and had all our friends for 160 acres each. Everybody was excited and the railway could hardly keep men on their trains and they were staking claims day and night and jumping claims. Nearly all had some of ours. We took a chain and laid it off. Put a plow on a pack horse and plowed around our claim. We formed an mining District. The Recorder was simply swamped with claims. I commenced to look into the matter and

had the Standard Oil Company send one of their Experts to look it over. But he put a damper on it. Said there never was a successful well ever known at the point of discovery. He had been in their employ for over 30 years. Then another came to look it over and offered to buy the whole of our claims, give us \$5,000. We simply took it as an insult. We wanted the Oil Company to drill a well and if necessary go to three thousand feet. Form a company and to drill the well at their expense. And three of us to be in the Company to see it was properly developed and successful, to then take their offer or run the well on a royalty. If this was successful there would be plenty more. They would not agree so we let it drop. I went on a trip to Colorado oil fields so as to make an estimated cost of production. I stayed there several weeks at Florence, Colorado, and visited their well and also went to where they told me was the point of discovery. The wells were as the Expert had said, some 5 miles away.

We had means enough to put down a well, but the question was, if we did not strike a big flow we were out. And another thing was that they could at that time sell oil so low we never could get it on the market. They simply could bankrupt us. So gave it up. Took our money and went to building the canal. We knew how to do that. The whole thing lays the same way yet and nothing has been done. Lots of wells have been sunk, but not a working well in the country. Some 8 or 10 wells were sunk ranging from 1500 to 2500 feet, but no oil.

IRRIGATION

The canal scheme had died down so we invented a water wheel that was from 20 ft to 25 ft in diameter, that was driven by the current and would water from 20 to 30 acres. This was a test. The land proved to be very productive on the River Bottoms. Alfalfa, corn, oats, and wheat did not do well. We planted an orchard which was a surprise in its thrift and production. This commenced to attract the settlers. But this form of irrigation was too small a scale. And to build a canal, none had any money. All were poor that came in. Our family had means. It was in cattle and horses. These did not look much when cows and calves

would only bring then from \$12.00 to \$15.00, and other grades the same. And horses were worth nothing, only for the local use. I bought several yard stallions and tried to improve them and grow good sized animals. But with all my efforts they increased rapidly and were growing as wild as antelopes and got the best of us. They had their runs and ran in small bands, 15 to 20 in a bunch. When we wanted to brand the colts, we would get all the cattlemen and horsemen and station the men 8 to 10 miles apart. We formed a circle and only one way for them to go. One outfit would chase them toward the other. The others chased them to another bunch of men. And by that means the horses would run themselves down with all the small bands in one. We would have probably 200 head or more. When mixed the stallions would fight each other trying to get his band away. If any got out he was soon roped and downed as the punchers like the fun to rope them. Some of the leaders of the bands would have to be killed if they were too troublesome.

The cattle soon became very wild as they seldom saw a corral, only when they were shipped to market. We always worked among them and branded our calves when young. Our horses were well trained for the business. About once a year all the cattlemen came and we rounded up all the cattle in the country and branded. And if stock had strayed off our range to the adjoining land we separated and drove them back. Some time a small bunch would get on some mesa or canyon and we would not see them for several years. These would be real wild and they would not be driven when tired. They would fight to death. We roped them, tried all kinds of schemes, but all would fail. Cutting their horns off was one way and they could not gouge the horse and took a great deal of fight out of them. The best way we found was to get a gentle bunch and mix with them. Put a bell on one of the worst so they could not hide on us.

THE COW PUNCHER

He must have a good strong saddle, to be easy riding and one that would not gall a horse's back, a forty foot rope or lariat made of hard twist rope or best of all a rawhide four strand

braided and for the nose was a piece of mountain sheep horn. When at camp at leisure he would braid a lariat or lasso and make his bridle all braided fancy. I have seen some bridles that sold for \$20.00 and 30 dollars but those were mostly made in the penitentiary by some puncher who had been sent there for cattle stealing. He had to have a pair of chaps, leather, some made of bearskin, and a buckskin shirt. I had one it cost \$16.00 to make it up. Then a pistol and rifle and a pair of spurs. He had to be fearless and a good Bronco Buster and handy with that rope. In big cattle outfits each man had a string of about 6 horses to care for and keep in good condition and to be able to camp out in any kind of weather and often make his bed out of his saddle blanket. Lots of times he did not get a change of clothes in a month. The only thing we had to travel with was pack horses. Some times he would not see a man for a month when on the eastern end of the range. If ever there was a desert it was here, laid between the Green River and the junction of the Grand which formed the Colorado with perpendicular canyons from 500 to 2000 feet deep and the water was terrible and full of alkali.

ONE NIGHT OUT

My brother-in-law, Amasa Larsen, and I had to make a trip down the river. It was only about 20 miles but had to go around the steep canyons which would make it a distance of about 40 miles. We left early after breakfast with our pack horse. Aimed to find a water pocket, that is a pond in the sandstone made by rain. When we got there it had dried up and the water in our canteens was hot and sickening so nothing but another 20 miles for water. We had to brand two calves on the trip. Took some little time as it would not do to pass them up for the rustler.

We arrived at the river nearly famished, likewise our horse. It was nearly dark we all rushed into the river both laid down and drank like a horse. We were as full as stuffed toads. We sat and laid there for about 1/2 hour before we moved. Amasa gave me a nudge, "Say do you know I have a bottle of whiskey in the pack?" It was now dark. We unsaddled our riding horses and he went for the pack horse. He was loose, always

followed the other horses. The brush along the river at that point was very thick, he was gone some time. I had made a fire. But the horse was gone with the pack on. We walked around hunting for him for hours. Where was that horse? He had never left before. All we had was in that pack, bedding, food, and the whiskey. We had simply to quit. 40 miles from home and that would be the only place to our next meal. We tied up our saddle horses all night without food, or we may be left on foot. While we were hollering and trying to scare up our horse there was a couple coyotes set up a howl, as if mocking us. I shut them up with my pistol. We used our saddle blankets for bed. At the gray of daylight we were out again. Here was our pack horse within 100 yards of us. We soon had the pack off and Amasa had the bottle. Say, it tasted good! We were soon cooking our breakfast. We rested all day and rode home in the night. The horses knew the trail so did not fear getting off.

Before we started back we knew this point was bad for quicksand to mire stock. We found 4 head had famished another one was so near dead I killed it.

BUILDING A CANAL

There was one thing certain that if we intended to make our lands of any value it would be a canal. So I planned a corporation to build it, and be owned by the land and to have a permanent water right at actual cost. Not one was to draw a salary. The only cash we would have to raise for lumber, nails and stationary [for supports?] Each agreed to work his share per acre for water right. We made an estimate the cost would be \$20,000 and we incorporated for that amount. We really should have incorporated for \$50,000.00. It was agreed that if a person should invest more than what he had land to cover that stock would be locked and not assessable while in the treasury. Our dam was 960 feet across it. The canal about 7 miles. The first mile and a half was a cut of eight to twenty-two feet deep. This was the hardest job I ever undertook in my life. All the hay and grain had to be hauled about 150 miles. The local rail rate was from Salt Lake or any other intermediate point \$1.10 per 100#,

the lowest rate they had. This was nearly prohibitive when compared with the products we required. The local officials of the railway seemed to use their efforts all they could against the project. I was determined to try the head of the Railway. Had an interview with Colonel D.C. Dodge. He was favorable, but from advice of his Chief Engineer Goss it was impracticable. I disputed this and informed him after several surveys I was positive of from 1200 to 1400 acres could be covered. What I wanted was a special rate on hay and grain, tools and material and to borrow or lease enough old narrow guage rails to reach across the dam. I met the General Freight and Passenger Agent, J.H. Bennit. He used his influence to help me secure the rate and rails. They granted it. All the land was taken up. Mat Hartman and I had about 200 acres and really were the only ones who had the cash to buy hay and grain and provision. This was a big risk. My Brothers who held several claims did not come.

A BIG INDUCEMENT FOR SETTLERS

We offered to supply them with tools, scrapers, and feed. They were to work one day for us and one day for themselves and paid in stock at ___ per day. Those brothers of mine held back and bought a lot of stock at a discount. This embarrassed us as it was agreed that no speculation was to be made. We put the dam in, raised the river about four feet and built about a mile of canal. The first year we had spent, that is Matt Hartman and I, about \$10,000.00 in cash. This was crippling us and looked as if we were doomed to failure. We all got together to see what should be done about it. I was authorized to mortgage the property. All laid off. I went to Salt Lake City, tried to induce capitol but irrigation companies had no credit. Our dam went out, that is a gap of 200 feet. I had not yet received the cash for the right of way from the company. I got it. My store, saloon and ferry were prosperous. I turned as much of its earnings in as I could and next year tried it again and completed it. When we settled up we had spent \$19,400.00 and stock was issued to cover. Hartman and I had something over \$17,000.00 dollars in stock but not enough land. Some did not own a dollar in the canal, held the land which

of course was worthless without the water-right. The canal had a fine grade and lots of water. I had the pleasure of showing Mr. Goss the water, after all his talk it was impracticable.

But we were severely handicapped to make the canal hold. The soil was a slimy soft and alkali, melted like sugar. There was no gravel. It would break and cut a hole 20 feet deep in no time. Then another thing, when the river would rise in the spring it would fill the head of the canal with sand. Overcame that by means of gates and water pressure. But the worst was the cloudburst.

A TROUBLESOME CANAL

During the months of July and August there were the terrible thunder showers and cloudbursts. I have seen some of the arroyos or washes come down in 15 minutes. Rain a volume of water 10 to 20 feet deep. Take a gap out of the canal which would require two weeks work to repair. Sometimes it would follow the canal and fill it level with slimy mud we could not do a thing with it for a month. This was a very heavy tax and disgusting.

As the land was very productive I had already cultivated about 40 acres of land with the water wheels and had in a few years a nice orchard. It was a fine sight to the passing train to see that alfalfa patch so green as the land for 100 miles east was barren as you could describe it. Our first fruit was of fine flavor, especially peaches. It looked inviting. This river average width of 800 feet, about 8 feet deep in low water, but it could raise in the spring from 15 to 20 feet higher. Everything worked fine for about 10 years when one winter it killed nearly all the peaches and apricots. It froze them solid. We did not advertise this part as it had been successful for the past 10 years and the peaches were the pride of the country. I planted a new orchard under the canal. This bearing orchard, canal and alfalfa was the farm that sold all the others.

A party came in from the East named Merritts and bought all the settlers out and paid some enormous prices. Here was my chance. I sold all my lands except where my store

building stood. Got a nice sum of money. Sold the cattle and horses and got ready to go to California where we started for in 1868. I had a family now of five boys and three girls. I did not want them to live on the desert as I did. I could not see any good future. The whole of the Farrer family sold out and went to California. The easiest property I thought to sell was the store, but I could not get a buyer unless at a heavy sacrifice. I sold what merchandise I could and shipped the balance and equipment to California.

COAL MINE

One thing I regretted to leave and lose was my coal mine. We had a company of four and held 640 acres, had it well developed and was selling coal to the town, or if they went to the mine it was one dollar a ton, a distance of about 12 miles. We built a road, drove tunnel, and laid steel, built cabins all nicely fixed. We spent something over \$8,000.00 on it. The vein was about 6 feet thick and laid so we could drive a wagon to it, run horizontal in the mountain.

One thing that caused me to open the mine was the railway wanted \$5.00 per ton and compel us to buy it by car lots instead of tons as they heretofore had done. I was sure I could lay it down for \$4.00. We used expert miners to open it up and timber it, run a tunnel in 350 feet. The mine was as level as a floor and then dug another one about the same for air. All worked well and the citizens patronized us in preference to the MONSTER OF A RAILWAY and for two or three years progressed nicely. This land was unsurveyed yet by the government and the only way we held it was to live there and report each year the improvement that was made by recording it in the County. We ran a survey line so as to know where it layed but was not recognized. It had to be done by the government. Here came our trouble the railway shipped in 350 cars of coal and piled it up all around their side track. Some was within 30 yards of my store. That ended the coal mine as everybody helped themselves and nobody interfered. It laid there about three years before they started to use it. My partners quit in disgust we were simply swamped.

INDIAN TROUBLES

I go back now to 1881 to 1883. The government bought out or exchanged lands with the Indians on the Uncompahgre, Colorado, and in place gave them an agency called Uray [ne of Green River] on the Green River and White River and the Duchesne River and its tributaries in Utah. This was about 75 miles north of where we were located. Here the troubles commences.

Colorado was determined to drive the Indian out. Put them all in Utah, which in my opinion was very unjust on the part of the government. But at that time I think the government at heart liked the Mormons and Indians on the same level. The consequence was the Indian would slip away in small bands from the agency and go hunt in Colorado in the Rockies. They claimed the government did not do as they agreed so they considered they had a right to break agreements too.

It seemed to me that the Indians killed deer in revenge just for their hides. During 81 & 83 in riding the range we would find deer not by the hundred, but by the thousands killed by the Indians. There was no protection by law at that time but soon it was enacted in Colorado setting time for hunting. Utah soon did likewise. We had several scraps. One fight was on the La Salle Mountains near Little Castle. The start was at the Big Bend of the Dolores River. The Indians killed three men, the May brothers, and stole a lot of stock and horses. They formed a party of cow punchers and followed the Indians and chased them in the La Salle mountains. They said there were about 50 warriors that endangered the Moab people and they called for help. I went as one and a few others, while Moab commenced to protect themselves. We found up on the mountain the bodies of Isadore and Alfred Wilson, been killed by them. I was personally acquainted with them, they had a small bunch of cattle up there.

A man by the name of Eskridge seemed to be the leader. There were several of Hudson's men in the bunch, one Raus Wheeler. When we came in sight we rushed in between the Indians and the loose stock and goats. I was with the stampeding outfit. The Indians broke and ran for a canyon. One half of the outfit followed with disastrous results. Instead of cutting in

ahead they went in behind and the Indians ambushed them. Only four out of ten came out alive. Our booty was one squaw and a buck Indian. There may have been more, we had no time to hunt for them. I cannot account why there were not more killed. I saw some of them several months afterwards that had wounds, but they stoutly denied it. Eskridge had his ankle shattered on the battle field.

The Indian made well their escape to the Dark Canyon of the Colorado. They had one day headstart and well all knew to follow them farther would be suicide as those canyons are perpendicular sides, run from 500 feet to 2000 feet high. A dozen Indians could stand off a regiment of men. This is the same bunch of renegades that has always been troublesome in South Eastern Utah near Bluff, San Juan County. The same that Major General Scott came from Washington and took charge of in 1913.

Things seemed to be more favorable for peace for about a year afterwards. In 1881 my father and a man named Thompson and I took a load of merchandise to Moab in July. While on the road there seemed to be Indian signs of trouble by smoke signals from the Book Cliff to the La Salle. It was a clear day. This was the first I ever saw. It was over 100 miles away. Some signs were short, some long coils. Some of the boys at Green River made a fire. Then it would be answered by smoke from the La Salle Mountains. What it all meant was that they were planning a general massacre. We all felt very uneasy. Levi Farrer, mail carrier, was held up at the head of the canyon running into Moab the evening before by three Indians. They asked a lot of questions about the mail and wanted him to tell all about it. First they were going to take the sack off, but he objected and after parleying let him go. When they said go he did not let any grass grow under his feet for a few miles.

About two hours after the fire was made at Green River here come two Indians down close. We called them to come over the river but they did not respond. We hardly knew what to do. We were loaded, provisions were short in Moab. We took chances and travelled by night so as not to expose ourselves more than necessary, sit and drive holding a rifle ready for action. They were glad to see us come, all excited. Another

Wilson boy, Joe, was shot and the other, Irvin, missing and their two horses were killed by the Indians. This happened on Pack Creek, about 10 miles above Moab. The boys were driving some cattle to the mountains. As they passed one Indian camp the squaws told the boys to go back. The Indians were mad. But they paid no attention until one shot rang in the air and killed a horse. They then both got onto the other horse. Another shot which hit Joe Wilson in the instep went through and killed the horse. He dropped and Irvin Wilson ran for the brush and cedars and Indians after him. He ran over 15 miles to a ranch called Coyote. While Joe lay there another Indian came up near him and shot him in the face. Took one eye out and the whole of his nose. That was one of the worst sights I ever saw and to recover without the aid of a doctor. They doctored his wounds with cactus "Prickle Pears", as we termed it, that grows on the desert.

Joe said that after the Indian shot him he walked up to him and turned him over with his foot remarking "wano" or good. Joe dragged himself over a mile that night. A very singular thing happened. The squaws tracked him up, took a horse, put him on it, and led him within three miles of Moab before they quit him. They said they dare not go closer or they would be killed by the whites or their own people if they knew it.

(At the writing of these series we are at war with Germany, 1918. Would any German woman give any help to our wounded as those savage squaws? No. The whole German nation are too savage. An Indian, if he is a friend of yours, will give you notice to get out if they are on the warpath, as did those squaws before the shooting that day.)

This was my last skirmish with the Indians as the railway was completed in 1884. The old Indians conceded they had lost the big fight with the white and sought peace. I turned and gave them a willing hand, stocked my store with lots of merchandise to suit the Indian trade and enjoyed a big trade with them. They never molested a horse or a cow. On the contrary, would give me information if they found my stock off my range. And if I credited any of them they would pay it or send it down. And when they left their reservation they would get passes from the agent which I would have to sign showing their good behavior.

But the young Bucks, as they became acquainted with the whites, they soon learned of their bad habits and were not to be trusted and thought it smart to cheat a white man. The old Indians invited me up to their reservation. There I could fish and hunt all we wanted to. I made several trips up there and always took a few pack horse loads to trade. We were always as safe there as we would be in any town.

ONE TRADE FOR A HORSE

Early one morning a young buck rode up to our camp on a firey roan horse. He was afraid of us but quite gentle with the Indian. That was all right. Our horses were afraid of the Indians. Indian horses were afraid of whites. The Indian got stuck on my rifle and wanted to trade his horse for it. Well I said if he was a good horse all right. Mr. Indian took his rig off and put mine on the horse, which stood very quiet. But I noticed he trembled. The Indian said maybe he was cold and I was afraid. I never saw many horses I was afraid of. The Indian gave me a laugh as did my companions.

Well, I made a move and as I stuck my foot in the stirrup the horse let out a yell and dashed down the hill, bucking and bellowing. I thought he would kill me. I did some fine clinging to my saddle. He fell once with me, but I would not let him get away and rode him to a finish, providing some fine amusement to my friends and the Indian. This was before breakfast. I think this was one of the hardest rides I ever made in my life. I told the Indian to take his horse and give me my rifle, but it was no go. He said the cause was the difference in the kind of saddles. The Indian has a single cinch. Mine was a double cinch saddle. I told him the horse would kill me, but he thought he would be OK in a few days and complimented me on my good riding. I had the horse for several years, but he always wanted to jump first thing in the morning. We called him the bucking Roan. That was one horse my cow punchers left for me to ride.

This part of the Indian Reserve was the most beautiful country I ever saw. Very few white men had ever been there. It was a high plateau in the Book Cliff about 8,000 feet. There

nature stood in one of the most wild modes. The streams were large and cold from the snow banks and were full of Rainbow Trout. We brought home 380, carried them on a pack horse about 40 miles. There were all kinds of bear and beaver. One stream I followed had 15 beaver dams in it, all kinds of ducks. Some of the dams were 15 feet high. Camped close there, we could hear the beaver at work cutting, dragging the timber and placing it in their dams. I tried several times to see them, but nothing doing. Going up to the mountains, a man named Nephi Packer and one Alex Powers, a trapper (his Indian name was Coon), went up as guides. When we met the Indians they wanted to know what those two men were for. The Indian said they could guide us and ordered them off. It seems they had started to build a log cabin up there previously with the intention of selling the range to some stockman. But they represented they were building it as a store for me (which I knew nothing about). Then they discovered the lie they certainly made the fellows go quick, but we could stay. That was a dirty trick. Besides, put me in bad with the Indians.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN COON

Alex Powers was at one time with Kit Carson and afterward lived among the Indians in the Rockies. He had a peculiar trait with him. He never carried any firearms and made the Indians very superstitious of him. He claimed he "stood in" with the Water Indian, the Indian God. That the Water Indian did everything he wanted him to do—put beaver in his trap and gave him everything he wanted to eat, kept all harm from him. And if they, the Indians, would kill him, all their squaws would be sick and their papooses die. But a few years later the young bucks began to doubt his great authority with the Water Indian and fired him off the reservation. He told me one time he lived over 6 months on meat. I do not doubt this. He always went alone on his trips.

A TRIP AFTER HORSE THIEVES

In the fall of 1894 a person named Louis McCarty and a Mexican, I don't remember his name, left the La Salle mountain and took a small bunch of my brother-in-law's top saddle horses, six head. They were trails through Colorado and landed in the north eastern part of Utah near the corner of where Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah connect and had the name of Brown Hole and a reputation of a gang of outlaws living there. Through correspondence of the Sheriff Pope of Uinta County at Vernal, we traced them to that point and we went up in the mountains on what is called Pot Creek near the Wyoming line. Sheriff Pope had spotted them as well as some of the horses. When the snow got off the high mountains the next spring, in May 1895, my brother-in-law, Amasa Larsen, and another man came from Moab to Green River, where I lived, and were determined I should go with them. I hesitated (it was hard to leave my business) but I soon arranged it. But had to be cautious lest some of their friends would give them the hint.

There seemed to be quite a gang up there and in fact the settlers at Vernal showed they were intimidated by them. They were dangerous and desperate when tackled. We got in correspondence with Sheriff Pope and decided to cross the Indian Reservation. We could save 150 miles. Being on good terms with the Indians I knew we could get through easily to Vernal which lays north of the Reservation. (It was the same to cross as it was for the Kaiser to cross Belgium to Paris.) Making the cut-off and not be observed by the whites was another thing, and to travel incognito. But I did tell some of my Indian friends what I was after. My boy, John T. Farrer, Jr., was about 9 years old but he was determined to go. Well, he could ride as far in a day as I could. He had been out with me on lots of trips, so concluded to let him go as far as Vernal. It was 40 or 50 miles to the outlaws camp. We rode over 30 miles that first night. We started a little before sundown and entered Tuscher Canyon and got nearly to the head before camping the next day. We were on the Reservation and soon ran into the Indians. Some tried to give us a bluff but the older one was pleased to see me and recognized my boy. He told of seeing him in the store. They call him Thum's

papoose. My Indian name was Thum Store Man. We went down White River to wagon crossing. It was deep and dangerous to ride a horse into it. There was a row boat but on the other side. It was run by an Indian, but he was off.

There was a party of men who we saw exploring the reservation for prehistoric animals embedded in the sandstone formation. (I learned since they have uncovered some monstrosities.) We got one to bring the boat over and we would take all the risks. We soon unpacked and pushed our horses in the river. It was deep as they went out of sight when they struck the water, but got over OK. We were soon over with our traps and the last one just landed when we faced an Indian. He was all bossy and snorted considerable about using the boat. There were five horses and two packs. He wanted \$7.00. I could not agree with him and offered \$3.00. We had done all the work. He thought we pulled each horse behind the boat, he would not believe they all went over in a bunch. He refused and started for the other ferry which was about 3 miles distance. That was Green River and at this point seemed to be over a thousand feet wide. The Indians came over (it was a Cable Ferry). Our Mr. Indian told his tale of woe and denied we offered him any money. One of the Government Agents came over. This place was known as Ouray Agency. Well we had to do a lot of parlaying to get over. We got over by paying \$5.00 for this and \$3.00 for the other. The Agent did not take well with us, said we should have obtained passes

I was a stranger to him and him to me, but when he saw several Indians shake hands with me I was soon identified. I told him I had made several trips up on the mountains at the request of the Indians, but he still maintained we had no right nor did the Indians and were liable for arrest. It was necessary for me to explain what my trip was for and asked permission to go back that way. He very reluctantly gave consent. We made arrangement with the Indian for return trip for 50¢ per head as we expected to get our horses we were after.

The Agent said the whites were all the time encroaching on the reservation with their stock to graze and killed considerable game and kept them in boiling water all the time. We camped near the river, but to our surprise, we found ourselves

off that horse he belongs to us." He pulled his belt around as if to pull his gun, but I told him hands off. About that time the Sheriff came into the corral. Crouse was the name of the old man. He made a remark, "By G_, I might have known this when I saw those Navajo saddle blankets used in that part of the country very few Navajo saddle blankets on the brush!" There were at that time. Well, we had dinner and he said he was sure the men would soon be in. I asked how many men. He said 3. Well, I saw 4. We waited until very late for them to show up and concluded our trip was a failure. Sheriff Pope put his rig on the captured horse and had Crouse ride his, so Pope assumed the credit. Arriving at Vernal we swore out complaints against Louis McCarty, the Mexican, and Crouse charging them with larceny of six horses. Crouse got out of it easily, bringing a witness into court and proved he saw him pay cash for the horse. There was a scrub of an attorney appeared for defense. He claimed we had no right to the horse without reprieve, but did not dispute our claim. He said we were worse than the men who stole the horses. We demanded that he be held as he had no bill of sale and that they could not give any definite date of the transaction. It seemed as if our identity had soon become known after we had left for the mountain with the Sheriff. This attorney kept up his abuse on us and how we slipped through the country and practically kidnaped this man without having even a paper from a court for their arrest. This aroused my indignation. A fierce quarrel ensued. The Justice threatened me for contempt and turned Crouse loose. After court was out I asked the J.P. that I could give some explanation of my trip. Although I was wearing my cow punchers suit (buckskin shirt, wide rim hat, and leather chaps) although engaged in the business, I had other endeavors. I was farming at Green River and was J.P. of that place. I had not a dollar on this trip. The main purpose was to break up this nest of outlaws which they knew existed in that part of the country and in ours.

Just before going down the mountain I thought I had better get some more cash as we might get on the chase and go into Wyoming. So Mr. Pope stated he could get a check cashed in the Co-op store. I went with him. He asked Harbin Benion to cash a check for me. Mr. Benion said all right. I drew out the

check, and when he read the signature he exclaimed, "Why this is Tom Farrer. I know him better than you." We explained to him my mission, but before we got down the whole thing had leaked out. We had left one of our party, Sam Warner, to care for our stock and my boy, J.F.T., Jr. Well he did. He found himself a nice girl (whom he afterwards married) and of course had given her all the information. He might have known a woman could not keep a secret. My boy was glad to see us come back. He said Warner left him in camp and was off with that girl most of the time. Yes, Warner said, John was a good hand to track him up. Well Warner got him a wife instead of his stolen horse. But we got one of our best horses and got a good look at their rendezvous and got acquainted with the country which was useful for further service.

ANOTHER RAID

This party made their headquarters one winter at the town of Price. Do not know, but we suppose they were well allied with the other I have written about. The leader of this was one named Walker. They made a desperate raid at the coal mining town called Castle Gate on the D.&R.G. Railway. They prepared to rob the paymaster of the coal mines. As they got off the train and between that and the station held them up about noon while everybody was busy and in the presence of possibly 75 people. Took the paymaster's valise with all the funds and a sack of silver. It was done so sudden the people hardly realized what had happened. They coolly rode off, cut the wires and made good their escape. They either dropped the sack of silver on purpose or lost it by accident. Of course several posses were raised and hunt ensued. They had gone towards the Robbers Roost about 75 miles south of Green River. I was unable to get away, but furnished one of my best men. They started to head them off at San Rafael. The Rustlers were too swift. They struck a ranch at San Rafael, compelled the rancher to exchange horses with them and they made good their escape to the Robbers Roost. It seems as if Walker met one of the Posse, the Sheriff. Shot him in the legs. That changed the program. He had to lay there to

await assistance something over forty eight hours.

The Rustler's horses were fresh while our stock was all in and they were entrenched at the Roost. The different parties got together and into the Roost. Only one shot was fired above them and they were making into one of the canyons where it was impossible to follow at that time. All the stock were worn out and men too. The Rustlers had won out. Everything was quiet for a couple of months. When Walker came in from the east riding one horse and leading another. He stopped at my place, put up his horses with intention of staying over night. Now he knew me, but I did not know him. He sat around the store and saloon and listened about his exploit. No one knew him until one of my men, Louis Larsen, informed me that was Walker. We commenced to prepare for his capture. Walker ordered a small lunch. I had not put it up yet. He watched his chance and caught me alone just outside of the store and had his horses out in front. Said, "Where is that lunch?" I told him to go in the store, I would soon be there. He said, "Suppose you go ahead." I simply looked behind and saw he had his rifle ready for action. I was in my shirt sleeve. I did just as I was told. He could easily have got my cash. I had no alternative. My pistol was in the Office. After he got his package he said, "Now go out and take a good look at my horses." He untied them saying, "Say, Farrer, I am getting too well acquainted here so good night." Say, I felt like 30¢. He was a sharp devil and a fine looking man. He always had a scheme of escape. It was he who shot Sheriff Tyler when he was crowding the outfit. He simply dropped in behind and got some of the posse.

I learned afterwards he had been at Thompson Springs, a station on the D. & R. G., one of their trails, and had held up Arthur Ballard of Ballard Bros., who kept a trading post and feed yard. It is 30 miles east of Green river.

Ballard said he stopped over one night with them and when he went to settle his bill asked Ballard how much money he had. That was a common question because there was lots who carried a check book instead of cash. Ballard said about \$150.00. Walker told him to hand it over as he needed it in his business. There was \$142.50 in the safe and till. After pocketing the cash Walker bid him good day and said he might call on him again.

WALKER'S LAST EXPLOIT

Of course Walker kept out of town and he planned to steal a lot of cattle on Price River, mostly belonging to Tobe Whitmore, and made a move. There were two of Walker's men loafed around Green River all winter. One called himself Schultz and the other was Herring. We kept watch on them but one came out missing. Herring had been gone about two weeks. Schultz said he had gone to Wyoming but we had our doubts. Kept plenty of men on the range. They gathered a bunch of cattle and drove them down Price River, swam them across Green River and took them on top of the mountain on McPherson. They rounded [warned?] him to be mum about it if they were followed. If he gave them away his time would be short. The Price people got wind of this move and followed them up. Of course McPherson was again humiliated by the Deputy Marshals and Posse. Walker was on the lookout behind his men for the Posse but they escaped his eye in the narrow canyon.

Under the cover of darkness enabled the Posse it get close to them. And at the grays of daylight they caught them in bed and yelled, "Hands up." The Posse was too many for them. Not one of the Posse was wounded but three of the rustlers lay quiet. Walker died with his pistol in his hands. Schultz's partner was one. The other I did not know.

Schultz was furious to learn of the death of his partner. Said he was innocent of the stealing, was just travelling with them for company to Wyoming. Of course that is always the case. It's always the other fellow. I told Schultz it was a case of Old Dog Tray caught in bad. I invited him into my office for a private talk and gave him to understand he and his partner were under suspicion for a long time and that all the cattle and horse men were tired of arresting their kind of men and that the criminal court failed to bring justice. Hence the above action. And gave him to understand that we would do the same thing to him. I told him that as he appeared to be of good raising and possibly a fine family. That if he was in anyway interested with that class of people to drop them, and advised him to leave and get a good job of cow punching if that was his business. I asked

him a few questions concerning himself, but he was mum on every question, but left the next day.

NOT A GOOD NEIGHBOR

In the summer of 1880-1881 Thomas Tidwell moved his family and sons, Philamon and Frank. Both had families. And also Tidwell's son-in-law, Burdick, and his father, Alden Burdick. They squatted on the San Rafael River about 25 miles from Green River. Where we lived they had a hard name and seemed to be proud of it. They did not want anybody over there. The San Rafael River is about 25 or 30 miles long, 1/4 - 1/2 mile wide covered with grass and cottonwood timber, a very good stock range at the time. A few years later there was lots of settlers so Tidwell could not claim only the government right Homestead and preemption. Burdick moved from Tidwell's to Green River and got permission from one of my brothers to put up a cabin on his land for one year. This was a piece of land the railway wanted. Before the end of the year Burdick filed a contest. Of course was furnished transportation and a job on the road. This cost a very long fought trial for our rights which we won out. These Tidwells had cattle and horses but could not leave other people's alone. They sold their band of horses to one named Lockhardt, and then turned around and tried to steal most of them back by adding to the brand. The brand they sold was T. T., but they got out a new one called the log cabin, II. So when they stole one back all they did was run an iron between the T. T. It was a close work. The only defect to be found was the two dots should they miss them on fresh branded. So Lockhardt's horses were missing and Tidwell's horses were increasing. I once made a trip over there after some of our stock who strayed over there. In showing me his (Tidwell) ranch near the corral there was the skeleton of a man. He took particular pain to show it and asked if that would make a person afraid. I could not see anything to be afraid of. Only said I thought it would look more humane to cover it. I had heard the history of him. He had borrowed some horses without the owners consent and was caught with the stock at this point and did not return. Tidwell boys, Frank and

Philamon, could never come into town unless they tormented some person, shooting around. Every tough in the country was welcomed at their ranch. They had tricks of holding up men driving teams and made them trade for another inferior horse they were riding and making them dance by shooting around their feet. This of course was used to intimidate people. On one instance a Charles Richardson, one of the gang, and another man by the name of Bill Gibson (who two years later died with his boots on), these two were out for a spree and went up to the depot and shot 1/2 dozen switch lamps to pieces. Coming down they met Levi Farrer, who was carrying the mail between the station and the Post Office, and demanded a specimen of his dancing or they would shoot the heels of his boots off. And coming, he would not dance but grabbed the end of the gun and a scuffle ensued. Gibson closed by. Bang went the gun and took the bark off Gibson's arm. They [Levi?] got the gun and continued with the mail sack while Gibson went one way and Richardson another. They threw out a strong guard to see that he should not get one to get away and then the man hunt commenced. Richardson had lots of friends of his kind in the hunt. They caught a man with provisions making his way to a heavy thicket and under threat of death had him lead the way and ordered him to grab Richardson when they appeared. That he did. Richardson put up a stiff fight but was soon shackled and on his road to town. He was tried in the first Judicial District Court at Provo City, Utah, and sentenced to three and a half years. We heard no more of that kind of dancing. When he was arraigned before me I found I had not jurisdiction in the case. Ordered a heavy bond. In default was sent to Provo City for trial.

WHERE THE TIDWELLS LOST OUT

Philamon Tidwell and Richardson were charged with robbing a man in a saloon called the Tunnel. They took \$11.00 in open daylight. I disremember the man's name. He swore to a complaint. I sent a posse of four men to go to the Tidwell ranch after them. When they got close and were looking off the cliff they saw two men and some women. The posse here divided and

encircled the house. And when they met, Richardson was the only man there. And they said Philamon had left in the early part of the day. They knew different and searched the house, outhouses, stable, corrals, but nothing doing. As they had to return that night, they arrested Richardson. He said he had no horse, but when it came to footing it he found one. He was arraigned the next day, but the prosecuting witness would not identify him as assisting in the hold up. Turned Richardson loose, allowed the witness to go on his own recognizance to get a railway job nearby, should we succeed in capturing Tidwell. Tidwell never showed up in town for a year afterward. Our witness was gone. So for once justice was defeated. A few years later we found there was a big cellar in the main building. A good big one and the entry was by the big woodbox. It did not give any suspicion, but that time surely protected him.

THE MURDER OF SORENSON

Sorenson was a cattleman who resided near Gunnison City, Colorado. A man of high character and highly respected, for several years he made trips into Utah and bought cattle and drove them into Colorado. On this trip he found a three year old heifer he had lost the year before, with the brand disfigured and the earmark also. This was near Tidwell's range. This was the evidence of a man named Todd who was working for him. Four days later Tidwell missed this heifer and followed up and found him in Cisco, near the Colorado line. When they met they accused him of theft of the heifer, while he likewise accused them of disfiguring the brand and the earmark. This was Todd's testimony at the coroner's inquest. Sorenson asked them for their papers of arrest or reprieve or any action. If they had none to go and get them as he was not likely to run away and leave nearly 300 head of cattle.

Tidwell ordered him to hold up his hands. The others pulled their guns, some four shots were fired. Todd testified that at the shooting he fainted. From Sorenson's wounds it showed he was hit while getting off his horse. The shots passed through his groin and death was almost instant. Tidwell and Todd

brought Sorenson's body down on the train to Green River.

I had been off myself nearly a month buying cattle, but was within 75 miles of home. I left them to browse and rest on good feed and my men to bring them home slowly. I left early in the morning and when within 30 miles stopped at a mine. Two men were working. While resting there, they said Sorenson had stole a heifer and the Tidwells and Joe Anderson were after them. Had been gone some 4 or 5 days. They were sure it was a job for a Justice or a Coroner.

I urged my horse a little and got home about dark. The date was November 7, 1884. Quite an excitement. Tidwell had the body in the depot. He gloated as he had gotten one cattle thief. This created a deal of indignation with the people of the town who were acquainted with Sorenson. I soon stripped my cowboy outfit and went on duty as coroner and gathered up a jury. The other two men and the heifer would not be in until the next day. The evidence showed clearly the cause of death. My instructions were that if the jury found any person accessory to the crime they would treat them as principals. Hence they charged the three with murder in the first degree. I held them without bonds.

There was a deal of talking about lynching. At the Tidwell's request I put on more guards. We sent for Deputy U.S. Marshall, Mr. John Redfield. Matt Reilly, who was in charge of my business when I was off, was a bitter enemy of the Tidwells and a great friend of Sorenson. He declared that hold-up was their intention, or murder. When they [the Tidwells] went through [Green River] they obtained a bill of Provision from [the store] and promised to pay on their return and would have lots of money. He made a very damaging witness at the trial against them. They were convicted. But a change of Government and a new judge pronounced the sentence. One got one year, one got two years, and one got three years. Should the trial judge have had the sentencing I think they would have enjoyed three times that long.

I will note another item about the arrest. They wanted to send a posse to meet them [the two bringing in the heifer] or they might escape. I did not feel that way and would not issue any warrant. For one thing they were not aware of my presence here.

Another thing, should I let a posse go there would have been more killing. In looking over the range I saw them coming at a distance driving this heifer and their rifles were in their scabbard. I got the deputies to station themselves near the store so as to protect me. I would make the arrest and disarm them. But, to my surprise, as they neared the town they pulled their rifles and held them across their saddle. They stopped near the porch of the store and asked where the old man Tidwell was. I told them he was OK. I then ordered Joe Anderson to hand me his rifle. He did so. Then I ordered Frank to do likewise. He hesitated but I informed him there was no time to fool about it. He very reluctantly handed it. I then informed them that they were under arrest. Took them in the office and showed them the procedure, that they were held for murder in the first degree and without bonds.

This ended their rendezvous on San Rafael. The balance moved out in Colorado. Our people in Green River felt easier at the relief. While they were confined in the penitentiary they got up a petition for pardon. Old Man Tidwell made acquaintance with my Mormon friend Chas Burgess, whom I have previously mentioned. He had been serving a sentence for polygamy and was nearly out. They tried to get him to use his influence with me to sign the petition, saying if I would sign it they would be pardoned. That if I did not when they got out I had better move camp from Green River. This I positively refused to do, as I was disgusted with the light sentence. I did promise not to interfere with it so they got pardoned in two years. Frank had a wife and child on Green River which I fed and clothed for over a period. Of course she promised to pay but I knew better. I would not get a cent but did not wish to see them go hungry. She seemed to be a fine woman and was not responsible for his acts.

ALDEN BURDICK

Alden Burdick, he and his family being relatives of Tidwells were up to all kinds of mischief. Sold lots of beef in town. We never could find where they butchered. But Philamon

Tidwell said it did not make any difference whose cattle they killed. Possible we may have been eating some of our own beef. But they killed one too many. One evening I saw Tidwell chasing a white bull at a distance, saw it belonged to a man named Tom Simpers. They had beef early next morning in town and everybody was kicking about how tough it was and declared they had killed an old bull. Riley said he had a piece in the pot for boiling and it swelled so big it broke the kettle. Gammage, a boarding house keeper, said it was strong enough to walk. When they were accused of it they were wrathful, but it did no good. Who started it? It was a question.

I was blamed for starting such a yarn. Burdick was very indignant as it reflected on his character. I asked him what became of that white bull that I saw Philamon Tidwell chasing with two or three more cattle last evening. I offered him a wager of \$150.00 that they could not produce him alive. If they could I would go and see him or send a man. I asked him if he knew the bull. Said, "Yes," and to whom it belonged. He admitted it. We hunted through the timber, knew he had killed it not far away. By the time they came up in the morning the \$150.00 was easy money. We found the other cattle that the bull was with them. Some two years afterward we were riding in that vicinity and came upon the place where he was butchered. There was his white head and legs. There had been several others killed in this thicket. This was the last beef they sold in Green River and they soon made a move.

Burdick was as slick a tongued man as I ever saw and such smooth ways. He also had a good looking daughter of marriageable age. She was really good looking and a pleasant companion. The first thing I knew I was keeping her company. And Burdick was getting into the store more than any of the others we allowed. Was living fat at our expense and the Railway while the land contest was going on. I was getting tired of his smooth ways. And one day I got on my horse and went down to his cabin (not to see the girl) with intent of rounding him up. I was raging and told him everything I could think of. He took it in good part and in fact got me in good humor before I left. It was no use talking, he had the edge on me. I just could not make him fight. I was out money and girl both.

It was now getting near the point where the D. & R.G. could not any longer dodge on the land contest case. This coming one would be final. Burdick knew it and came to me with his fine smooth talk and said he knew we would get the land but they had sent him passes for himself and three others. Said if I would give him \$50.00 and his store account, he would go about 1/2 and get off and visit his relatives. And he did it. He said he knew after the trial the company would throw him away like an old shovel. We win out. Met a few officials of the Road. Told them what had happened and the uses made of the passes. Shortly after this Burdick left the country and that was the end of the resident Russelers.

AN UNPATRIOTIC GERMAN

In the year of 1885 or 1886 on the fourth of July the proprietor of the Railway Hotel, The Palmer House, named Krebaum did not nor was not going to hoist the flag on the house. It was the finest and most prominent house in town. A big crowd of railway men had gathered at my saloon and were all worked up because that D _____ Dutchman would not put up the flag and were about to go up there and do it for him. I suggested, however, that we draw up a resolution and send a committee to wait on him. I was requested to draw it up. Today is the great birthday of our nation and the Hotel Palmer being the most conspicuous building has always heretofore raised the American flag. We therefore beg you to display the same or our indignation would never be forgotten. We sent a committee of three men to wait on him. He ran them out of the hotel and made a bee line for my place of business holding the resolution in his hand and accused me of writing it. I replied that I did and was proud of it. Then he commenced his abuse and threats. Every man was up in a minute. I had hard work to save him from a terrible beating. I requested them to let me talk to him and give him a chance. I then said, speaking for the crowd, that unless it was floating on top of the building by 12 a.m. we would put it up at all cost. He had it up at 2 minutes to 12 and for revenge he let it stay up there until it whipped itself to pieces.

HOBOS ENGAGEMENT

There is a Railway Tank on D. & R.G. within 75 yards of my store building and a great place for hobos to gather in summer. They had a habit of building fires there to cook by and when the wind was blowing from the south the sparks blew all around my building and were dangerous.

This day there was an unusual heavy wind and there was some 6 or 8 hobos had a big fire. I went over and requested them to move it further off about 50 feet. But, no. The boss of the bunch was a wooden legged man. He was the spokesman. He ignored my request and told me to go and attend to my business in the store, etc. They all joined in. I left and promised I would soon be back and put that fire out. I got my rifle and loaded it to its capacity and got a water can full of water. As I approached I ordered them away and fired a shot into their fire. It upset things generally. Their tinware tipped over. Most of them got out of the way, except this cripple stood his ground near the fire. I told him to stand his distance or take the results. He did as he was told.

With one hand on my rifle and the water can in the other I sprinkled the fire down at the same time giving the bunch my opinion of my mind. They threatened to rebuild the fire, but they didn't do it. While this was going on I met two more men at the other side of the tank and mistook them for some of the party. And of course they fell in for some of my talk and asked what the matter was. I made no explanation only that I was running that end of the tank for the present. They walked off.

In about two hours they came down to the store and asked me if I thought all men were the same. That depended on the circumstance. They had accidentally walked into the fracas. One, Pat Cochran, was the Road Master. The other was Chas Shellwater, a section foreman. They excused me for my break, but the sight was comical.

PHIL FOOTE

We got another tough resident and I think of all men I

ever saw he was the meanest most dishonorable man I ever met. Always willing to accept hospitality in your hands. And what ever he wanted, if it was not forthcoming then he was your bitter enemy. Most tough men I ever saw generally had some good traits. This man had none. My first introduction to him, we did not meet. I received a telegram from Salt Lake Police Headquarters to arrest Phil Foote. Gave a full description of him. He wanted for highway robbery, \$600.00. I had seen him before I got the message. He went to the hotel. I took a man with me by the name of George Dowling and went up to see Mr. Foote. Made inquiry. Of course I was not on good terms with the proprietor, Kregbaum, whom I mentioned before. Kregbaum sent a messenger to his room and Mr. Foote said he would be down in a few minutes. It was a month before I saw him. After waiting a reasonable time we went up there. Our bird had flown. We made a long search. How he got out and how he left town was a question. But he made good his escape and went down Green River 25 miles to Wheeler Ranch and then below that several miles and made himself a home. Wheeler let him have a boat.

Now to get a man out of one of those canyons was almost impossible as long as he could get supplies. He kept them at different points. The canyons are perpendicular and if a person did not know the country he would choke to death in sight of the river. I have had such an experience, nearly famished in sight of the river. There were several posses made up and would go down there and hunt for a month at a time, but no avail. While they knew Wheelers were furnishing him with supplies, they could not get a positive clue. Foote came out one time disguised as a cow puncher. Made the rounds through town and not one detected him. Kregbaum took particular pains to bring a message from Mr. Foote to tell me he did not know Tom Farrer and he was lucky he did not meet me or there would have been a widow in town. I thanked him but [told him] to give him to understand two could work at the same game.

The Salt Lake people were determined to get him. Since he had got his cowboy garb he came into town and it was arranged to send a cipher message. It was sent. Down came the Chief of Police, Adam Paul, and his marshal. They rushed up to

the hotel and caught him in bed about 2 a.m. in the Hotel. "While if they had waited and let him went down to feed his stock it was easy." When they called him he asked them to let him put his pants on. When he opened the door he shot the pistol out of Adam Paul's hand. Shot his thumb off. Then all kinds of shooting was going on. Foote rushed past them all. Knocked some down and got out barefooted in the rocks. Several horses were soon engaged in the hunt, but Foote made his escape to his old rendezvous. I was away from home when this happened, but they were assisted by one of my brothers, who had given the message, Levi Farrer. The posse did not seem to be very anxious to find him.

Foote did not come up for some time afterward. It appears that some one wrote a very damaging account against Foote. He blamed Cass Hite, Jim Hammill or me. And he was up there to see that the person who wrote it should eat it. Well the only way was for all to meet at a day and settle the matter at my place. I had not written it and he felt satisfied that Cass Hite was the guilty party. The time was set. Hite was in Salt Lake City and Hammill took a trip. Foote came up to meet us.

Now while all this was going on I concluded that I would let the Salt Lake men finish up the affair. So took no further action unless officially called in our town, or he would do some overt act towards me or my property.

This day no one appeared. Foote was raging. Got drunk and shot up things around town. Made one man by the name of John H. Brown get up out of bed, him and his wife, and sit there for an hour. He was going to kill Brown. His wife was begging for his life. I tried to get them to swear out a warrant against him. They would not, nor any other person. While of course, I expected to get the next round up and got things ready for a fight. The night before after his shooting up things they got him to go over to a camp house where a few men of mine were batching for the winter. I put my gun in my pants in the hip, for handy use and went over. They had gotten him to bed. I sat down and read some of their papers. They were on a string over head. I went to replace the one I was reading. Got up on a chair, the pistol fell out on the floor. BANG she went. Shot under the chair and upwards, hit the building about three feet from my face. The

pistol lay within arms length of Foote. I lost no time in picking it up. Foote raised up remarking, "Let her go, Galligher." All was soon over. Quiet. I went home.

The next morning Foote was still bad and wanted to do some more depredation. He and Jim Hammill, a friend of mine, came into the store. My wife happened to be in the office with me at the time. I was boiling hot, had my old 44 handy. He was going to shoot my big lamp down. Hammill grabbed him and persuaded him not to. I told Mrs. Farrer to sit quiet, let him make his first break. Should he have shot that lamp he would have heard from me. My office front was all glass. He opened the spring door and it closed. Stuck his big burly face in the paying teller window and made the remark, "You are quiet as a cucumber." I did make remark to Hammill to let him try it. I informed Foote I did not see much to be excited over and let my wife walk out of the store. Foote stepped outside and me close to him. He took a shot at a boxcar and then went off. Mrs. Farrer during all this time never showed the least sign of nervousness. Should he have shot past her there would have been some more to tell.

Foote was about three years in this part of the country. And then the Salt Lake officials fixed up a compromise wherein he would surrender on condition the hold up charge would be dismissed or reduced by some of his friends. The date was set and he made the surrender in my store and went to Salt Lake City. All were pleased at that. I was myself, as he was dangerous and only one thing for me to do was to watch and might have the job of killing him.

About three weeks later he came back again and said he had settled with all excepting Tom Farrer and the Railway company. He was going to make Tom Farrer furnish him with the best horse he had and cash and call upon the Railway for balance needed. It was a woman night operator. I sent word to Foote I wished to see him and he came to my office. I called his attention to his remarks. Well, he didn't deny it but thought I should give him my (Skip) horse as I had plenty of horses and more money than he had. But I gave him to understand that I worked hard for it, had none to spare. But compelling me was another thing. I gave him to understand that I was as easily bluffed as any man and would give him anything I had, but it

would [depend] altogether as to how bad he looked down the gun. Or I might dispute it.

He left in a few days without any incident, but I really believe he thought I would give him that horse and saddle. The last I heard he was in Nevada jumping some mine and was killed before or at the breakfast table.

ANOTHER KILLING A DUEL WITH A 38 PISTOL AND A EMPTY BEER BOTTLE

In all my experience with men was a question why a man should commit a crime and claim whiskey as the cause. A man is a man, drunk or sober. If he is a good citizen when he is sober, he always was that way drunk. The only thing is that being drunk brought the animal part of the man and not having the sand when sober had to nourish it with whiskey. They were cowards at heart this class of men. I held them in contempt. The most dangerous class of criminals never allowed themselves to get drunk. If they did, their time was always short.

This morning I had come on duty after my breakfast and relieved two of my clerks. A travelling man dropped in by the name of Bert Block. Was talking business. When in came Jim Kelly with a whoop. All bad. Took the travelling man's hat off and threw it on the floor. A man by the name of Higgins had been in before this had happened and told me Kelly had borrowed his 38 pistol and he wanted to get it. I told him I would soon have both. He made the remark he was afraid Kelly would kill some body. My pistol was close. I was fighting mad at the insult and turned on him. Ordered him to pick that hat up and place it where it belonged. I expected him to pull his gun. To my surprise, he picked it up remarking, "As it is you, I will." I said, "Kelly, that little gun was made to shoot mosquitos. Better trade it off for a larger size." I had several in the show case. He seemed dazed and remarked, "Let's all have a drink." I agreed if he had 40¢ for 3. I told him I always ran my place before and it was late now to allow anyone else. He left remarking, "Well, I'm going to have some fun." I learned he went to three other saloons and made all kinds of gun plays for about four hours. At the last place

was what they called the Tunnel. He picked a quarrel with one nicknamed "Shorty". Shorty resented, and Kelly, with his pistol drawn, both started out of the saloon. Shorty picked up an empty beer bottle and threw it at him but struck the door sill over his head. Kelly fired the fatal shot. It struck in the armpit and entered his heart. Of course death was instantaneous.

I soon had the report and had to take charge and examined the body. They reported Kelly was trying to get off on the freight train which was standing near there. I asked for assistance but only one responded. Named [Pete] Bates, I furnished him arms and we started for the man hunt. Bates spied him, I was on one side of the train and Bates on the other. We crowded him, he was on one side then on the other, finally came on my side. About 50 yards, I halted him. Bates was soon at hand. He walked within about 25 yards of him. His (Kelly's) hands were well up. I said, "Wait a minute." There was a little Jew, a Clothing man, near by. I ordered him to go up to Kelly and disarm him. He refused, but a shot near him he done as he was told. We had no time for any nonsense. Brought Kelly's gun and jack knife to me.

By this time there was a crowd of citizens gathered. Some with rifle, some with shot guns, and the deceased partner, named Chas Satts, had purchased a new rope. They were an angry mob, but we would not allow them to approach and exhibited our pistols. I had a hard time to keep them quiet. I had to get extra guards. I promised them I would send him where he belonged after the inquest. I ordered a couple of Deputy Marshals to come down as soon as possible. The inquest result was that he was charged with murder in the first degree. I committed him with bonds. He got only 3 years. I expected, or he ought to have had, 20 years. The bottle he [Shorty] threw at him reduced the crime, but really he should have been hanged for that murder. The man he killed was one of our best citizens and respected by all who knew him.

About four years later this man Kelly called on me at the store to thank me for saving his life. I did not appreciate his words and simply explained, I simply performed the duty of my office in which I was sworn to do. I told him that if they had hanged him, it was only what was his just dues, and that there

were yet a few friends of the man he killed that still lived here. And should they meet him I thought it would be very unpleasant time yet, and advised him not to wait around.

THE LAST HORSE RAID

This was in the spring of 1905. Two rustlers named Steel and Moore stole 92 head of horses in San Juan Co. South Eastern Utah and came over to our part of the country, south of Green River and were headed for Western Utah. The first hint we had, Bill Tomlinson saw them driving a big bunch of horses near San Rafael. Concluded to look them over. But when he got close one of the Rustlers, Steel, stopped behind, asked him where he was going. He said to look the horses over. Steel had his gun out in front and Tomlinson had none. Steel said it was not necessary and did not care for him to look at them. He quit but came over and made the report. Two days later my brother, H.C. Farrer, met the bunch and saw our horses in there too. Had a good look at them. They claimed they had bought them. The brand showed plain, 12 on right thigh but no vent. So he got home as soon as he could thinking there was something wrong. They had 10 or 12 of my best gentle stock. I soon made use of the telegraph wires to different Sheriffs to apprehend them. In the meantime the parties got trace of them from San Juan Co. and were close behind them. A few days later I received a message that they had captured them, to come at once and not send a deputy. I don't think I ever did in any of such cases. They had the men and horses in Montic, San Pete Co., Utah, and the men locked up. I took one of my sons, Louis C. Farrer, with me as he claimed one of the horses. He was about eleven years old. He picked out the horse. They were riding this one when arrested. They agreed to try them first on our charge and was set for trial in 3 days. This was Saturday in May.

That evening I went to Gunnison, 25 miles, to visit some friends. At midnight I was called on the phone saying our men had broke jail and for me to go to a certain ranch near where I was as one of the men had relatives there. I got out, blundering about in the dark, and at gray daylight found the ranch. But nothing

doing. They got out a posse and captured Moore and a burglar who was serving a term. But the main one made good his escape.

We had our horses, but they were so poor and sore footed we could not drive them back. I purchased a few cattle to make a car lot and shipped back.

Shortly after my wife and I took a vacation and went to California with a view of location and to get off the desert where I had so long lived. We left about the middle of July and were at the height of our pleasure. Took a coast trip from Monterey to San Francisco, from San Francisco to Mendocino. Mrs F. had never seen so much water and was delighted with the sights of California.

While at Mendocino City and staying with a brother of mine, Alfred, I received notice to be back to attend court at Monti, Utah, Sept 1st. This spoiled our vacation. We arrived on time and went to trial. We tried Moore. Steel had not been apprehended. They made it appear that Moore was simply working for Steel and the jury acquitted him. One told me afterward he thought that as [Steel] got away, [and Moore] had put in the summer in jail, it was enough. Of course the other case was lost, of the 91 head, too. As he left the room he was arrested for stealing six burros and detained. What the result was I do not know. I sold out in 1906 and moved to Mendocino County, Boonville, California, and bade good bye to the desert and horse thieves.

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