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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AMONG THE GRIZZLIES

By

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I spent over forty years in the vast outdoors of the Western States surveying and mapping Sections and Townships in the area for the U. S. General Land Office and the Forest Service. Most of the work lay far beyond the frontiers of settled communities in the more remote primeval areas of the Rocky Mountains of northern Wyoming and western Montana, where the closest civilizations were often miles of forests and mountains away.

This narrative is written for the purpose of conveying a general idea of the country, its customs, the fauna, vegetation, topography, and its remoteness; and also some of the hazards of working in the territory, as I found them in the early 1900s. To accomplish those tasks the survey parties had to make their temporary homes in tent camps in walking distances of the corners.

I began my work as a surveyor in June 1905 when I joined the Brunt Survey Outfit at Garland, Wyoming, a small, one-store village and station on the Burlington Railroad in northwestern Wyoming. As a nineteen-year-old lad I had just left my farm home in Missouri. With a few exceptions when I was working as a location and construction engineer on irrigation projects in Wyoming and Idaho, I continued to follow the land surveying profession for the next forty years. The summer months of twenty-five of those forty years of land surveying were spent in the rough, untrodden, untamed, ^{wild} ~~wilderness~~ areas of the Rocky Mountain sections of Wyoming and Montana, the province of the ^g Grizzly and ^R Black bear; x elk, moose, mountain goats, and Big Horn Sheep, as well as other wild animals; hence the title "Twenty-Five Years Among the Grizzlies." During the summer months we were continually moving our tent-camps as the work progressed so that the camp would always be within walking distance of the work. Such camps were

always subjected night and day to raids by hungry bears. Daily the men had to chance the hazard of face-to-face encounters with the bears and other wild animals as they walked through the heavy timber and dense brush performing their daily tasks. Many unexpected and frightening confrontations with the vicious beasts occurred, the highlights of some of which will be related in the following pages!

Garland, Wyoming

In 1905 Garland was a new town, having been started four years earlier when the Burlington spur line was built from Tuloca, Montana to Cody, Wyoming. It had one general store, operated by Mr. Long; a lunch counter, rooming house, and livery stable, together with the usual red section house. It was the shipping point for the vast inland ranch areas in the Big Horn and Grey Bull river valleys that extended 150 miles south. To the west of it stretched a salt sage flat, known as the Garland Flat that contained some 40,000 acres of unoccupied desert land devoid of all surface water. Badland hills surrounded the flat on the north and east. Pole Cat Bench, a high flat plateau, lay five miles north. A small alkali creek, by that name, ran by Garland, supplying some stock water in the early spring months. Domestic water was supplied by the Burlington Railroad free for the use of the inhabitants. The water was in tank cars where the townspeople could get it by the bucketful.

The survey party I was with was making the official Land Office survey of the surrounding lands into sections. Those barren lands were unoccupied except by coyotes, badgers, prairie dogs, rattlesnakes, stinging scorpions, horned toads, and other small animals and birds. My stay around Garland was most interesting, and afforded me a good opportunity gradually to become acquainted with the wild West.

The life and action around there were entirely different from any I had previously seen. At night the coyotes were yapping on all sides. In the field during the day antelope, coyotes and badgers could be seen. Busy prairie dogs ran scurrying for their holes, stopping on the edge for a few sharp barks before diving down into their underground dens, wiggle-wagging their short tails a last farewell as they disappeared.

Present *look* The birds were similar to those I had known, but the friendly Meadow Lark sang a different song than his Missouri cousin. He would start out all right, but when halfway through he chopped it off like he had never learned it all.

Distant mountains looked so much closer in the clear air. Hart Mountain, an ideally-shaped peak, and widely known landmark, stood alone thirty miles west. It seemed only a few miles distant!

At the present time the above-described Garland Flat is under irrigation, and is a highly-developed farming area, surrounding the thriving town of Powell which has a population of more than five thousand people. *Look up* As an aside, I will say that the writer made many of the location surveys of the numerous laterals and canals, and the concrete drops along the Main Canal paralleling the railroad track.

Freight Teams

One of the town's greatest attractions for me was the long freight teams of horses pulling two or three wagons loaded high with sacks of wool. Ten or more horses, hitched two abreast in a long string, all driven by one man riding one of the horses in the "wheel" team (the team next to the wagon). It was marvelous how one driver could turn the outfit around in the street, and maneuver the heavy wagons into position for unloading onto the freight cars. One of such drivers was a one-armed man but he handled his long team very well, using a "jerk" line to guide the lead team, called the "leaders." A "jerk" line is a long leather line reaching to the bridle of the left-hand horse of the leading team. Signaling to the lead team is by so many "jerks" on that line.

The horses were all hitched to the wagon by a long steel log chain. The individual teams of two horses each were hitched to that log chain, one in front of the other. The chain was fastened to the hounds of the front wagon. The team holding up the tongue of the wagon was called the "wheel" team. It was their duty to keep the wagon in the road, particularly when going along ordinary roads. The team hitched to the front end of the tongue was called the "swing" team. Its job was to keep the wagon on the road on sharp turns when the horses ahead would be pulling sidewise because of the bend in the road. On sharp turns, pulling up a hill, the "swing" team might have to step over the chain and pull at right angles to prevent the wagons from being pulled off the roadway. Experienced drivers and trained horses were necessary on such mountain roads. The driver manipulated the brakes by means of a long rope. Having had experience at working with horses, I am well aware of the amount of time and work involved in feeding, harnessing and hitching up ten or twelve horses every morning, and taking care of them at night!

Those freighters would haul wool and other products in from the ranches, which were 150 miles or more away, and return with supplies for them. The freighters would usually travel alone, camping out wherever night overtook them. Each night after feeding the horses some grain in nose-bags, they would turn the horses out to graze on the open range. They would get their own meals over an open fire and sleep under the wagon. The next morning their job was to round up the horses, feed and harness them, and get ready to travel. Quite a different chore from that of the present-day truck driver hauling a similar load. I learned a little about the freighter's problems at first hand when one spring I rode with such an outfit from Billings to Lovell (this was before the railroad was extended to Lovell) when I was enroute to my job on the survey.

I will now describe briefly what a typical survey camp was like when I first started out. The camp that could be reached by wagons usually consisted of a cook-tent constructed of 12-ounce white canvas, ridgepole type, 14' by 16' in size, with five-foot walls. The bunk tents were of similar design, but smaller. The cookstove was a specially-designed six-hole Majestic Roundup range with handles for lifting. The home-made cupboard sat in the back of the wagon box. The lid, hinged at the bottom, let down for a cook-table. For the first three or four years the men ate "Roundup" style, that is Buffet style, and go and sit on the ground, or what have you. Later we modernized by building folding tables and benches for wagon-camps. The men slept on the ground or on cots furnished by themselves. Candles were for light.

Pack Camps

Typical pack camps, not reached by wagons, employed similar tents, but were held up by native poles secured on the spot. Cook and dining tables were made of native poles, with tops made of heavy canvas with slats nailed on one side which were rolled out on pole frames. The canvas tops were rolled up on moving day for packing. The cook-stove was made to specifications by tinsmiths. They were made in two rectangular sections, the oven section fitting into the firebox section on moving day. The firebox being open at the bottom sat on the ground; the front end of the oven section resting on the back end of the firebox so the heat passed up around the asbestos-lined oven. The telescoping stove-pipe fit in the oven on moving day, the whole forming one side pack.

The Pack Train

In my earlier years as Chief of a Survey Party, when pack animals were needed they were rented from private individuals as required. But later on, after Helena was made my headquarters, Mr. J. Scott Harrison, State Supervisor of Surveys purchased for the U. S. Government a pack outfit which we were permitted to use. It included sixteen head of young mules and three saddle horses, and a

full complement of Decker-type pack-saddles, riding saddles, and all accessories. Some of the mules had been packed before, but the majority were barely halter broken.

In the meantime, Mr. Ernest Parker had joined me as an associate, and we operated two survey crews out of the same camp. We served together as a team for several years. What measure of success attended our subsequent operations was due, in large measure, to Ernest's untiring efforts, boundless energy, and good judgment. He was especially helpful in breaking that wild bunch of young mules to lead and pack! That chore was done in the hills without benefit of corrals or chute. That task, which is briefly described below, took place the spring we were assigned to work in the high wilderness areas around Eureka, Rexford, Worland, and Yaak in the Kootenai Country of northwestern Montana, where we were dependent entirely upon pack animals for transportation all summer long. Our work lay on the heads of Pinkham and Cripple Horse creeks and the Yaak river.

Breaking the Mules

The first week in the field was spent breaking the mules and locating campsites and cutting out trails. For training the mules we were fortunate in securing experienced horsemen from the ranches of the Cow country, Mike and Paul Glosser from Powder River; the Kortum Boys from the Little Missouri in South Dakota; Jack Morris and Wayne from the Little Powder River, Blackie Postle, Oliver Tingley from the Bear Paws; all ranch boys familiar with handling horses. They were firm but gentle and unafraid. Not having any corrals or fences near camp to confine the stock, roping and other cowboy-type tactics were out. Easy does it! The mules must learn to let themselves be caught without the lasso. Some oats in a nose-bag was the answer. It proved to be the attraction needed to hold them around camp, and the best gentler. The wildest mule would risk getting caught just to get a mouthful of oats! While stretching his neck out to

get a bite of oats the boys would slowly reach under and grab hold of the halter which was always left on them. The wily mule soon became expert in standing away back and sticking his neck out to avoid being caught.

If one threatened to kick when being saddled, one front foot might be tied up. He would then be too busy trying to stand on three legs to kick. To teach one to stop at the command of "Whoa" a rope double-U (W) was put on him. (A rope was put around the mule's body back of the front legs, with loops fastened to each front foot, with the end of the rope dragging behind.) The mule's head was turned loose. When the animal started to walk ahead, if he failed to stop at the command, "Whoa", a man behind would pull the rope and raise the mule's front feet off the ground, throwing him on his knees and nose. They learn fast! They would let a mule stand saddled all day to get used to the saddle, adding a sack of tin cans hanging down on each side to get used to a pack. Some mules were not above trying to unload the rattling cans, and gave us some exhibitions of Fairground Rodeo. There was seldom a dull moment.

They had to be taught to go on the right side of a tree when being led. By getting their neck stretched a few times when going on the wrong side of a tree, they learned. They also must learn to judge beforehand whether they can go between two trees with side-packs on. After getting stuck between two trees, they learn fast. *and will not enter if it looks too narrow*
[and will not enter if it looks too narrow.]

When packed, the mules were always led, rather than being turned loose. Each rider would lead up to six mules, tied one behind the other.

Packers

Packers played a most important role in projects of that kind. With a good packer and cook, and chainmen one can get by somehow. Our packers were dedicated and dependable. They knew no hours. They saw that the "Show stayed on the road" in spite of miry mudholes, narrow trails, fallen trees, not to mention surly bears

and mad Yellowjackets. They never turned back. If they had a pile-up in a gorge, they fished the mules out one at a time, packed up and continued, regardless of darkness, rain or shine. Many stories could be told, if space permitted! Never a murmur! If they did not like it, no one knew. It was not all work and no play. Some days, all they had to do was feed the mules! A good word for the faithful mules too! I am not forgetting the many times my supper depended upon their surefootedness! *and stamina!*
[and stamina!]

When we lived in "pack camps" beyond the reach of wagons, everything from toothpicks to cookstove and cases of eggs had to be carried on mule-back. For loading on the mules all items were packaged into bundles, each weighing about one hundred pounds, wrapped in a canvas sheet, 6½' by 6½', called a manta. Each mule carried two of those bundles, one slung on each side and lashed on tight to withstand long trips up and down hills and bumps against trees and rock ledges. (Our packers very seldom broke an egg or had to adjust a pack!)

Cooks on Moving Day

X Bandy
The cook on moving day faced a gigantic task when supper time came! After a long day he *or she* must dig into the maze of boxes and packing cans, not only for his tools, and dishes, but also for the ingredients, all of which had been stowed away in every nook and corner to no one knows where, in the haste of everyone's helping pack. Willing hands were quick to help, by building tables, putting up the stove and making a fire, carrying water and filling the tea-kettle and coffee pot, arranging the boxes around the wall. But he has to start from scratch!

The first warm meal in a camp seemed the ^{ceremony} ~~ceremony~~ that established the new camp as our new HOME. With full stomachs, the mules turned out to graze, the men slip into their blankets and were lulled off to sleep by the peaceful ding-dong of the cowbell on the old gray mare. All is well! We'll take the day off tomorrow and test our instruments on the new meridian established by Polaris observation!

The Camp Cooks

Surprisingly though it was, pretty good cooks were usually available who were willing to put up with the inconveniences of working in a tent with the ground for a floor; with no ice-box or refrigerator; no running water; and in the prairie, the incessant wind forever whipping ^[up] sand and dust, and working the stovepipe loose and sending soot flying; packrats st stealing dried prunes and ginger snaps. ^Q [and mice used the tent top for a race track.] In wagon camps a man and wife might be found, the wife to cook and he to tend camp. Or a roundup cook might be found.

In the mountains, a logging-camp-or a hotel-cook, desirous of getting out of the kitchen into the open air onto the ground to rest his tired feet, might be found. One outstanding cook for several seasons was an ex-steamship cook with a drinking problem!

One advantage for the cook - on working days only breakfast and supper were served, ^{Sandwich} [sandwich] lunch being eaten on line. One drawback in the mountains was the possibility of a visit from a friendly (?) bear, looking for a handout! And in June, the big black horseflies that pounced on the poor cook when he had his sleeves rolled up mixing dough!

On such a job a Chief of Party should not only know the rudiments of surveying, but also should be able to drive four horses, pack a mule, and make "light bread" after reading the directions on a Magic Yeast package! For he never knew when his cook was going to "blow up" and leave him stranded! But I hasten to say that, on the whole, our cooks were wonderful, dedicated, friendly and tireless. I still hear from many of them. Some are grandmothers!

Some good storytellers are remembered among the more glamorous seafaring cooks. Fin Garret used to regale the boys with tales of when he was "Shanghaied" out of Calcutta, or Hong King! ^{Another} [Another] ~~B~~ told of the time on skidrow in Spokane he just was able to make it to the entrance of his upstairs room, and while resting on the sidewalk with his upturned hat beside him, he woke up to find \$17.00 in

his hat, chipped in by sympathetic passersby!

When we lived in pack camps, we always travelled light, taking only the bare necessities, leaving behind at storage depots extra clothing, and many of the usual comforts of home. In the bunk tents no chairs, tables, stools or cots marred the picture of austerity. Men slept on the ground and used candles for light. Of course, some of the more inventive-minded often devised rude conveniences from native timber, such as Balsam Fir boughs for a mattress, pole tables and washstands. A few of us improvised cots by stretching canvas between two poles with the ends resting on 3-inch logs at the head and foot of the bed. That piece of furniture had the added advantage of providing a seat, and also a space under the bed to stow things out of the way.

The Camp Bed

The camp bed of that period was a work of art. It was the result of long trial and error by migratory workers such as freighters, ranch workers, cowboys, shepherders, and surveyors! It was the custom of the country for such workmen to carry their own bed. For instance, if one went to work on a ranch, the rancher furnished a bunkhouse and frame for a bedstead, but no bedding.

The standard bedroll in that day was much different from the popular zippered product now available in one package. The bed was built up from material purchased at the stores and assembled to suit weather conditions expected. The standard all-weather bed might consist of the following: An 18-ounce 7' by 17' canvas "Tarp" equipped with small snaps and rings along the edges; a sugan (heavy cotton bat quilt about five feet square); one light cotton double sheet blanket; one 3½ or 4-point Hudson Bay wool double blanket; and a small, thin pillow; folded as follows: lay the Tarp out full length on the ground. On the upper half of the tarp lay the folded sugan for a mattress, then spread the Hudson Bay blanket full length on the tarp, then the sheet blanket on the wool blanket and bring the lower halves of the blankets up over the upper half and

fold the sides under to a single bed size. This adds to the mattress and keeps out the wintery winds and cold. Fold the sides of the upper half of the tarp over and in, over the blankets, and snap the edges together. Bring the lower half of the tarp up over the bed and tuck the sides under to keep out the wind-whipped sand and dust. The surplus canvas of the tarp will now make a cover for your clothes, hat and boots, and serve as a shelter if it rains or snows during the night. To ~~retire~~^{go to bed} [go to bed], you slide in feet first from the top so as not to disturb the blankets. Once in, you are now ^{were} safe from all weather. To dress in the morning, if outside in cold or squally weather, start with the hat, ^{then} and wiggle up, without disturbing the blankets, putting on the shirt, ^{next, these} coat, pants, socks and boots as you emerge gradually from the warm blankets. You are now ready for breakfast, and it's a sin to be late. X

The day's work began with breakfast which was a hearty meal. It was a must for all to eat breakfast at the same time. Before leaving the table each man put up his own lunch. He thus could take as much and what he pleased. The survey crew walked all day long, and when in the rough country, walked to and from work as well. In addition to their tools, each man carried a canteen of water and his lunch tied to his belt.

Good boots were a necessity. Before the advent of the composition sole, ^{for boots} [for boots] a popular foot gear was the sixteen-inch leather, lace boot with the heavy leather sole, shod with Hungarian conehead nails which protected the soles from rocks and tended to prevent slipping. Lumbermen's steel spikes were screwed into the soles and instep of the boot to prevent sliding when stepping on sloping logs and saplings. Carrying the delicate transit through the timber and brush, and slide rock day after day called for good footwear to insure safe footing. X

The direction of all lines ^{were} ~~was~~ determined by observing the Sun with the solar attachment at each station when in the timber. The solar transit is a marvelous instrument for surveying in the timber. With it, one can determine

a due North line without further computations at any time the Sun can be seen, even in heavy timber.

Was Interesting Life

The life of a surveyor was most interesting, especially for young men who liked to work outdoors. No home chores to do, and seeing new country every day.

The field work was strenuous, particularly in rough, hilly country. Often the hills were high and long! But, after all, one had to go just one step at a time! Usually, where the climbing was the hardest, there was shade. Climbing a long hill made one puff. Then, when the boys would stop to rest, I would tell them it would ^{seem} be easier if they looked back down and saw how far ^{up} they had come already, rather than look up and see how much higher they had to climb!

We had to have sunshine to run lines. So the crews got to rest on cloudy days. In the spring, rainy and cloudy weather might keep us in camp for a week at a time, with pay going on just the same, and with three meals a day! At such times the crew might get restless and go out and run a squirrel from tree to tree or maybe run a rabbit down just for fun; which I have seen them do! ^{Many times!} [many times!]

Many a former crew member has told me his surveyor days were the happiest of his life!

The Responsibilities of a Party Chief

The Chief of a Party far out in the wilds has been likened ^{up to} the Captain of a ship on the high seas, he being both Judge and Jury for members of the party for the time being!

Move to the Big Horns

Upon completing the work around Garland the last of June 1905, the crew I was in was transferred to a job in the Big Horn Mountains in the vicinity of Clouds Peak, east of Worland, Wyoming. This was about 150 miles southeast of Garland, and we drove by the way of Cody, Wyoming where we spent two nights at the Hart Mountain Inn. The party took in the Cody Rodeo on July 4th, another form of entertainment that I had not witnessed before. Members of the party

bought clothes and boots of Dave Jones; supplies from Jake Schwoobe, of the Cody Trading Co., and visited the Irma's Hotel lobby and bar which had many exhibits of paintings, and mounted heads of game animals!

Continuing with the wagons for three days, we left the wagons at the end of the road on the mountainside, then walked the remaining five miles to the campsite. As we walked up the mountain through the timber the older men pointed out to me, the tenderfoot of the group, "bear sign" of different kinds along the trail. Such evidence of bear being in the vicinity consisted of turned-over logs and stumps where the bear had been looking for grubs, worms and ants to eat; brown hair on the trees where bear had been rubbing and scratching their sides; and claw marks high up on trees where big Grizzlies had stood on their hind legs and, reaching as high as they could, left their claw marks for lesser members of the clan to see. Elk and deer also left their signs on trees where they had rubbed the velvet from their horns in the spring.

Upon reaching our new campsite in the late afternoon, the packers unloaded our camp equipment and food supplies on the ground beside a small creek and went back down the hill to the wagons, leaving ^{the rest of} us high on the mountain to our own resources. ^{and it seemed to me, at the mercy of the wild animals!} The creek was about ten to fifteen feet wide, and tumbled over the rocks with a low roar as it ran west to the Big Horn River. The prospects for supper were not too encouraging as we looked at the tangle of stuff laying on the rocky ground. But everyone went to work cutting tent poles, unrolling tents, and cutting firewood, and we soon had the cook tent up and a fire going. Our cook was a retired surveyor who could no longer run a party, so he cooked for us! His name was N. J. Burnham, quite a character!

It had been a long day and the hour was late, so it was decided not to put up the bunk tents that day. We pitched in and help prepare supper, and each man selected the smoothest place he could find for his bed. The coyotes by this time

had discovered us and set up a serenade of howling, and yapping all around, some of them biting up their yowls into small bites, making one coyote sound like a half dozen!

Remembering the fresh bear sign and the high claw marks on the trees, I picked out a place for my bed sort of in the center of the group, so as not to be on the outside of the circle where I might get chewed up first if we were attacked!

Mr. Burnham in due time fixed us up a fine supper of beefsteak, potatoes and gravy; canned corn and hot biscuits.

Grizzly Steals Beef

Mr. Burnham was an old timer, and knew better, but he was tired after supper and instead of hoisting the chunk of hind-quarter of beef high in a tree out of reach of bears, he just tucked it under the head of his bed for safe-keeping. But it was not safe enough! In the middle of the night, while we were sleeping soundly, Mr. Burnham's head dropped down suddenly, waking him up. He sat up in bed just in time to see an old silvertip grizzly go splashing across the creek with our beef in his mouth. Burnham let out a blood-curdling yell, calling the bear all the names there were in the book, and some that weren't in the book. At the first shriek, we all jumped out of bed just in time to get a fleeting glimpse of the dark silver-tipped thief ambling off in the darkness. *without beef in his mouth* Excitement ran high, of course. We had no lantern or flashlight, but we soon saw the beef was gone. The bear had pulled it out from under Burnham's head and let his head fall down. Burnham said he thought he would hear a bear if one came around, but I guess the roar from the creek prevented his hearing it. The thought of a bear having the nerve to walk right through our bed-ground and ferret out the beef was disturbing, and made cold chills run up and down our ^{my [my]} backs. We built up the fire and warmed ourselves after running around in our shirt-tails,

barefooted. Needless to say, I slept the rest of the night with one eye open, with the heavy bed tarp snugly covering my head. The least cricket chirp was enough to set ^{my heart pounding} me to intense listening. [my heart pounding.]

That was Mr. Burnham's bad night. About 4:30 the next morning he woke us all up swearing and wailing that he could not find his butcher knife. He was running around throwing pots and pans looking for his butcher knife. In the move, his butcher knife must have gotten misplaced or left behind in the wagons. It was almost a calamity to find yourself away up in the mountains cooking for a group of men with no butcher knife! His losing his butcher knife was a standing joke among the camps for all summer.

The next morning after the bear's raid I could see tracks where he had lumbered right by my bed while I lay there snoring away. I measured a track in the soft sand on the creek bank. It was nine inches long and six inches wide. He could have made his marks pretty high on the tree! We figured out afterwards that the roar of the creek prevented us from hearing the old bear walking around looking for the meat. We were lucky that no one woke and made a sudden move while the old bear was near. He might have taken a quick swipe with a big paw with four-inch claws and torn a person to pieces. That was my first lesson, but I was to learn much more from actual experiences. However, we had no more trouble with bears in that camp. We soon left and moved down out of the bear country where we found other interests.

Wild Horse Country

Our job in the Big Horns was to start at a Township corner previously established and run a base line straight west for about seventy-five miles to the top of Carter Mountain southwest of Cody. It was a line for surveyors to start from for surveying the land to the north. ^{It was called a Standard Parallel.} We soon left the mountains and ^{below Worland.} crossed the Big Horn River valley, thence through a badland, desert country

called the Tapman Mountains. There's where we saw so many wild horses. Herds of fifteen to twenty in a bunch running close by us, not being afraid of persons walking. But, if they saw someone riding a horse, they would take off in a cloud of dust! Heading for the rough country, looking back. Some were fine looking, fat with shining coats, all colors. Sometimes passing within fifty yards of us, looking back at some rider in the distance. They would run with abandon, manes and tails flying in the wind, colts keeping up with the rest, apparently enjoying it to the utmost. In this desert country water holes were few and far between. A few seeping alkali springs in the coulees, with an occasional pool of stagnant rain water left from a long-past rain. The wild horses were afraid to drink at a spring where we happened to camp. They would come running in to water about noon from miles away, see our tents, snort and take off for some other distant water hole.

Cowboys from the ranches would sometimes come over and pick out a good looking horse, and gang up on it, running it down by changing horses, catch it with a lariat and lead it home. The Myers boys of Burlington, on the Grey Bull told of running wild horses! Ed Myers later on worked on my crew. *His wife cooked* [His wife cooked] *They were a nice couple.* [They were a nice couple.]

For our drinking water we had to be wary of alkali water. If we found a pool that was crystal clear we knew it was strong of alkali, and would pass it up. But if it was gray and murky, we would go for it, even if it had a scum of dead grasshoppers and bugs floating on top. If we had no cup, we would just stick our mouths down below the scum and drink as long as we could hold our breath! We never worried about contaminated water!

In August we left the desert and continued the line on west to the top of a sandstone rim, where we looked down on ~~to~~ the green alfalfa ^{fields} [fields] along the Grey Bull river. It was a relief to know that soon we would be free of the stagnant alkali water ^{of the badlands.} [of the badlands.] Finally, crossing the river a ways below Mesteetse, the small inland town, we continued the line up Mesteetse Creek through the Pitch Fork Ranch.

Here we saw the first antelope since leaving Pole Cat Bench. These had been protected from hunters by the ranch owners.

Sees Mountain Lion

As we ascended the foothills of Carter Mountain we entered timbered country again. In this timber I encountered another animal that gave me second thoughts! I was flagging for Wilford Utterbach that day and I had just given him a flag point on a rocky jumpoff into a gulch. While standing there I glanced down the brushy slope ahead a hundred feet or so and saw a tawny-colored animal of some kind standing on the creek bank watching me, with its ears laid back. I figured it was either a mountain lion or a lynx cat. I could not see very well through the brush. I stalled until Mr. Utterbach came up and I told him what I had seen. By that time the cat had disappeared. The boss said, "It has probably gone away. Go on down and take a line on the bank of the creek." I eased my way down the hill, taking pains to make some noise, kicking small rocks loose, and whistling a little to keep up my courage. I kept looking close but saw no cat. I wanted desperately to get a drink of the nice cool water, but I hesitated to lie down and stick my head down into the water with a mountain lion sitting above me ready to pounce on me while I was not looking. But, supposing the other boys were watching, I did not dare pass up a chance to get a good drink of cool water. So I would dive down and take a few swallows of water and look up quickly and get my breath; then try it again. Thus I quenched my thirst! It now appears ^{to be} a [to be] rather small incident, but then at my age it was a serious situation for me, not ^{soon} [soon] to be ~~soon~~ forgotten.

Stalks Grizzly

^{also} Not soon forgotten was another exciting experience that took place in the fall of 1907. My younger brother, Willis, and I were hunting elk up in the Sunlight Basin and Crandall creek country northwest of Cody when we struck a fresh grizzly track. We had never shot at a grizzly and this looked like a

chance for some real excitement if we could just catch up with him. We followed the track down into a brushy place. The tracks were plainⁱⁿ the soft ground, and it was a monster. The brush got so thick we had to crawl on our hands and knees and push our rifles along in front of us. We did not realize how fresh the track was until we came to some small pools of stagnant water. The water was still muddy, with bubbles on the surface. By that we knew we were very close, but we could not see more than twenty feet ahead on account of the dense brush. This would be close quarters if he attacked. No chance to run in that brush, and looking down at the 30 - 40 Winchester ^[Krag], it seemed pretty frail - no bigger than a pea-shooter! No gun would stop a grizzly charging at that short range, I thought. But Willis was "hawkish" and pushed on, with me alongside with my heart pounding in my ears. But at that point, whether for better or for worse, the tracks left the brush and soft ground and entered open timber where we could no longer follow them, and we had to give up the chase. However, we did get a great thrill out of the tense adventure, which is one of the continuing rewards of the chase.

Bear Invades Cook Tent

It was in September of 1913 after I was married and my wife, Inez, was staying in camp with me that we had trouble with a black bear. This bear kept slipping in at night and messing up the cook tent. I had a small crew at that time, just five men and the cook, and we were camped at that time up toward the head of Wood River south of Meeteetse, Wyoming, a few miles below the mining camp of Kirwin. The old bear would slip in and raid the cook tent after we had retired at night. The first night, it stuck its dirty paw down in a ten-pound bucket of lard, taking out half of the lard and dirtying the rest. He stole some bacon and chewed up the syrup can. It ran off when I got up and threw rocks at it, but would return later, or maybe the next night. I tried tying

our dog to the tent pole one night, thinking he would scare the bear away. But the bear came in anyway and scared the dog so bad it slipped the rope over its head and ran away. After that, I could never get close to the dog with a rope in my hand. The pesky bear kept that up until I saw I would either have to move camp or get rid of the bear. There was no closed season on bear at the time. In fact, stockmen wanted to get rid of the bear because they sometimes got to killing stock. I declared war on this one, but in the darkness I could not be sure of a dead shot and if I just crippled it I might have a fight on my hands. I had no flashlight or lantern, and dared not shoot in the dark. So one Sunday morning I took my .30 - 30 ^{winchester carbine} and went out looking for the marauder. I finally spied it across the river, on the hillside. I fired and it tumbled down into a thicket of small spruce about seven feet high and did not come out. I ^{fall} down and crossed the river and climbed up to the circle of small spruce where the bear had disappeared. By this time the dog and three boys from camp had joined me. I was afraid to go in the thicket, not knowing how bad the bear was hit. The dog, which we called Vee, did not know what the score was ^{but wanted to help}. But I played a dirty trick on him. He had a habit of running and bringing back a stick you threw away. I picked up a stick, waved it and threw it in the thicket and yelled "Sic 'um, Vee." Old Vee went bouncing in, jumping high with his ears up looking for the stick. ^{all} At once Vee let out a yowl and came running out with his tail between his legs and bristles up, but no bear! He must have jumped right on the bear! ^{Since} [Since] the bear made no noise nor followed the dog, we assumed it must be dead. We ventured in timidly, finding it dead, shot in the neck.

The big job then was to get the carcass across the river and to camp where we had facilities for dressing it out. Karl Suhr, the teamster, brought one of the mules over to pack it out across the river to camp. Inez, wanting to get in

on the fun, had followed behind the men, ^{acrossed} across the river which was swift and waist deep, and came puffing up the hill. I was surprised to see her ^{and wondered} make it ^{and wondered} across by herself. When we returned ~~to camp later~~, I had to carry her across the river piggy-back!

The wary mule would not even get close to the bear! He wanted no part of it! We finally blind-folded the mule, but it remembered ^{where the bear was} the bear was there. We then tied the mule between two trees so it could not whirl around. Then we dragged the carcass over to the mule, ^[s side] and the four of us, Karl Suhr, John Keefe, Jim Bascom and I managed to pull the 400-pound bear onto the mule. After it was ^{once} loaded, the mule gave us no further trouble. (See pictures)

As Karl and I skinned the bear out, Inez kept teasing us to dress out some of the meat so she could cook it for breakfast. She wanted so badly to taste some bear steaks, so she could say she had eaten bear! But skinning out the bear had spoiled our appetites for the bear meat, and we were not about to save any of the meat. We finally ^{went back and got her} gave her some tenderloin. She fried it for breakfast next morning and it proved to be delicious, as good as beef steak. We went out the next morning and salvaged some more of the better cuts, and also saved a quantity of the leaf lard, which was as white as any lard and made excellent biscuits and piecrust. Inez rendered out two or three buckets of the lard. We used some for our boots. Bear grease had quite a reputation as boot grease. Since then, I have tried ^{to eat} other bear meat, but never liked it. I think it depends on how the animal was killed and dressed out. If they have been run, the meat is not good. The ^ehides was cleaned up and sent to MacFadden in Denver who mounted it into a rug with open mouth. It now graces my daughter's livingroom in Spokane!

and

Add to my collection of accounts

Buffalo Bill's Visit to Camp

News that the Surveyors had killed a bear above Meeteetse spread fast and reached the ears of Colonel William F. Cody, the famous Buffalo Bill. Mr. Cody was in Cody, Wyoming after closing down his Wild West Show for the winter. He was then organizing an elaborate hunting expedition to take the Prince of Monaco over into the section of the country we had been working in. He was anxious to secure any first-hand information he could about the prospects of finding any bear for his Royal Guests. So, about a week later my wife, Inez, looked out the tent door and saw a string of wagons, riders, and a bunch of loose horses coming up the trail. She was alone in camp at the time. The rest of us were out on line. It turned out to be Colonel Cody's cavalcade of hunters led by a Concord coach pulled by four horses and carrying the Colonel, his royal guest, the Prince of Monaco, and his retinue. Following were wagons piled high with tents, bedding and other camping equipment. Trailing were a half dozen or so guides, packers, wranglers, and cooks. When they turned off toward the tents she wondered why this visit from the buckskin-clad visitors. But she soon recognized the Colonel by his long hair and goatee beard. The Colonel soon put her at ease, saying they were hunters and asked if our party had seen any bear lately. She was happy to fill him in with the details of our episode with the raiding bear. He was most gracious, and extended an invitation for us to visit him at his T E Ranch southwest of Cody.

Inez treasured that chanced meeting with the famous Scout. A month later she took the train at Cody en route to Kansas City. It so happened that Mr. Cody was on the same coach and recognized her as the Surveyor's wife he had met on his hunting trip. They sat together as far as Alliance, Nebraska where he turned off to Denver.

The Bear at the Lake

One night when my daughter, Zoe, was about eight years old, she, her mother and I were visiting Yellowstone Park and spent the night in one of the one-room cabins at the Lake. Zoe had her yellow cat along. The cabin had no ceiling, but just had two-by-four ~~joists~~ ^{stringers over our heads.} across, and the rafters exposed above. A sliding window on the east side of the cabin was open. While Inez was getting supper, and Zoe was playing with her cat, an old black bear put its paws on the window sill and stuck its shaggy head in the window! I heard a spit and looked up and Zoe's cat was up in the peak of the cabin, upside down, holding onto the rafter with all four feet, spitting like a steam engine, and with his tail all bushed up. It was amazing how quickly he had exploded and got up as high as he could. Talk about being as quick as a cat!

The Old Grizzly on Pebble Creek

In September 1932 Ed Wilson, a Missouri boy, was riding a horse through the thick timber on lower Pebble Creek in Yellowstone Park, removing some corners from an abandoned boundary line, when all of a sudden a monstrous old Silvertip with his ears laid back reared up his shaggy frame right in front of his horse, and gave a couple of loud, bloodcurdling WAAHS with his mouth open about a foot wide, ^[thick lips wriggling(??)] and slapped a sapling with one front foot. Ed said he thought that old black horse would never get turned around among those dead logs that littered the trail. He thought his time had come for we had been warned by Park Rangers that there was a big grizzly in there that was mean and looking for trouble. ^{SPUN}[spun] Ed didn't waste any time when he finally got turned around.

Packers Have Bad Night

We had numerous encounters with bear in Yellowstone National Park while surveying the Revised East and North Boundaries in 1931-1933. In September 1932 two of the packers, Blackie Postle and Bert Wackert were deadheading with the unloaded pack string across a remote area of the park on the Mist Creek trail when they had a wild night. This was an area where the wild animals were in their natural state, not like the beggars found along the Park roads. Stopping for the night beside the trail, they picketed the gray mare saddle horse and turned the mules loose to graze. While the boys were frying some bacon for supper an old grizzly showed up out in the woods. He circled around sniffing the frying bacon, working in a little closer as darkness approached ^{and his courage increased}. The boys suspected trouble and selected some trees handy to climb if it became necessary! They also hoisted most of their food supplies high up in a tree. Sure enough, the old bear closed in on them and forced them up trees. He cleaned up all the food on the ground and, looking up at them in the trees, pawed the dirt and knocked some bark off the trees, mad because there was not more, but finally wandered away. It being a cool September night, they climbed down from their cold perch and kindled up the fire again. The hungry Silvertip, seeing them around the fire again, thought there might be something more to eat and again forced them up the trees. After repeating this performance a few times, they figured out a scheme to fall a tree so it would lodge leaning against their sanctuary which they could use as a ladder to get up their tree in a hurry. They also went out and brought old Mose, the white mule that enjoyed running bear and pawing at them, thinking Mose would scare the bear away. No such luck. Mose wanted no part of this savage brute and tried to break loose! They said popping his savage teeth, lips curled back, threshing the air with his great paws. the bear would charge in and rear up on its hind legs and roar. The poor mule would rear back and pull with all his might, and ring his bell which he had hanging on his neck. The bear could not understand why the mule did not leave.

The bell must have puzzled the bear, and probably saved the mule's life. During a quiet moment the boys climbed down and cut the rope so Mose could get away.

The boys and bear played a see-saw game with the monster all night long. It left after daylight, and they had no more trouble. But it was a night to be long remembered!

The Timber Wolves

It was in the summer of 1912 that we made the acquaintance of a pack of timber wolves. While the party was eating lunch high up on the west slope of Hart Mountain, north of Cody, Wyoming, a pack of the big brutes started to howl at us. They were bunched on a badland hill about a half-mile below us on the head of Pat O'Hara Creek. With the telescope of my transit we could see them plainly as they walked back and forth on the ridge hurling defiance at us. We counted seven of them. They were big ugly creatures, standing about three feet high, with shaggy hair. As we watched, one would squat on his haunches, stick his nose up in the air and let out a long, drawn-out howl out of him that would make the cold chills run up and down your spine in broad daylight. On a dark, lonely night when one is sleeping out under the stars, the persistent howling of a pack of wolves is about the last word in dismalness! We did not have time to bother with the wolves and went on with our work.

Wolves Kill Colt

This reminds me of one damp morning after a rain in the Missouri Breaks south of the Bear Paw Mountains we saw where a tragedy had been enacted the night before. It was in 1917. As we walked across the hills to work in the early morning we came across some fresh tracks in the soft ground. Two wolves had been running a two-year-old colt. The fresh tracks of ^a wolf were on either side of the tracks of the colt. The wolves' tracks were as large as your stretched-out hand where they had turned in the muddy ground. First one would leap at the colt; the colt would dodge; and the other would spring at it. You could read the race as plainly as if you had been on the scene. They chased it down a coulee into rougher ground. The colt had made a desperate effort to escape. It could be seen where the colt had stumbled and fallen, but got to his feet again. Soon, below a cut-bank the poor animal was found. Its throat was cut, hamstrings slashed. The beasts had eaten a meal off a ham and departed. The carcass was still warm.

Meets Charging Wolf

I have had other momentary frights by gray wolves. One was in 1913 while hunting elk on the head of Green River, above Daniel, Wyoming. I had not seen any fresh elk sign and was walking up along the top of a ridge, climbing quite a grade, through heavy timber. About two feet of crusted snow was on the ground. No fresh tracks had been seen, and I was making quite a noise breaking the crusted snow as I walked. I could be heard for a hundred yards, so I was carrying my .30-30 Winchester slung on my shoulder. All of a sudden the crusted snow began to fly in front of me. Looking up, I stared a big wolf in the face. His eyes were as red as fire. He had ^{slammed} all of his brakes on trying to stop as he came down the hill at full speed. I was startled, and with the snow flying, it took me a second to tell what it was. He came to a halt a few feet in front of me, ^{teeth bared, bristles up, piglike eyes as red as fire} He must have thought I was an elk or deer when he heard me walking and charged for all he was worth to make the kill. Before I could calm down and gather my senses, he started back up the hill. By the time I thought of my gun and got ready to shoot, he was just going out of sight. I shot at where I had seen him last! His tracks showed where he had jumped sideways about the time I shot. He was scared as bad as I was.

Startled by Wolf

Another time I was startled by a gray wolf was in September 1921. I was working up on top of Highwood Peak north of Geyser, Montana. About two in the afternoon we saw a snow storm coming in from the northwest and started for camp. The storm struck me while I was still on top of the mountain in dead timber. There was a hard wind driving the snow from the northwest and I had to face it. I was in my shirt sleeves, with a wool shirt on. The snow was damp and soft and crusted on my face and chest. The ground was littered with dead logs and limbs so I had to watch where I stepped, looking down at the ground most of the time. I took a high step up on a log, and looking down where to step off, there was a big wolf digging under the log for a mouse or something. He looked up and saw me just as I was about to step on him. He was scared as bad as I was. He went one way and I the other. The wind blowing toward me had prevented him from hearing or smelling me.

The Whole Party Took To Trees

It was in 1929 when we first hit the Kootenai Country that my party had a bad scare. One morning we were away up on Cripple Horse running a line down a west slope where the brush was so thick I could not see the red and white range pole more than fifty feet. The brush consisted of yew brush, alder, snow brush, laurel, as well as a dense growth of fir, spruce and tamarack timber. Frank Joe was my flagman. He was pushing his way through brush to give me a flag ahead when he yelled back, "Mr. Bandy, I hear something." I listened and told him to go ahead. I did not hear anything. A moment later he yelled in a scared voice, "I hear something right close and it's coming this way," and with that, here he came running back to me. I did hear it then, breaking dead limbs, and grunting, or growling, it sounded like, ^{an old sow grizzly cuffing her cubs away from danger,} [^] By that time the axemen, Frank Montibeller, Big Scotty Davis, Earl Tizer, and Don Thompson had joined me and we were all lined up on a big tamarack log lying across the line. We were all peering into the brush where the noise was coming from and it was getting closer, slowly. I knew the boys were about ready to take for trees. I did not like the tree climbing technique for I knew I was a poor climber unless I had a tree with limbs on it, and I did not see any good ones close. I did not want to be left alone, so I proposed that we ^{stick together and} [^] all line up on the log with our axes drawn. That, I believed, we could bluff the bear or fend him off, if worse came to worse. They agreed, and we stood firm ready for battle!

Just then there was a bigger disturbance ^{with bushes shaking,} [^] and Big Scotty, to whom we sort of looked for guidance in time of trouble, said, "That's an old baldface and I'm getting the hell out of here." And he broke for the nearest tree. ^{At that} [^] the boys all ran then like quails, leaving me standing alone. It was my move! Climb or no climb! And in my haste, and to my extreme sorrow later, I chose a small tree with plenty of limbs on it. I scrambled up my tree until I got up about ten feet when the limbs began to break off under my feet when I put my weight on them.

I kicked all the limbs off, and tried to go higher by spurring the tree with the calks in the soles of my boots, but I just peeled the bark off the tree and made no headway. I saw I was on a hillside where the bear could reach me from the uphill side. I got panicky, and in despair, I looked up and saw Frank Montibeller and Big Scotty in the very tops of two fir trees, swaying in the breeze, looking down at me. Neither one was about to come down to my rescue! Earl Tizer had

fainted at the foot of a big tamarack he could not get his arms around. Just then welcome help arrived from the opposite direction

when, Marvin Thompson and Feeley Parks, came chaining up the line to where we were. They had fallen behind and were just catching up. They asked us what was the matter, and looked around for a bear, and could find none. After they were sure the animal had left the scene, we all came down from our perches, feeling shaky, and resumed our work. I'll freely admit that I was really frightened when I could get no higher. I did not dare go down and try another tree with the bear coming my way!

Fun at the Garbage Pit

In 1933 we were camped on a ridge outside the Park on the head of Tom Minor Creek in Montana. A black bear kept digging the cans and other garbage out of our garbage pit every few nights, throwing cans around so we had to clean it up. Getting tired of it, the boys thought they would have some fun out of the bear. They looped a lariat noose around the pit and tied the rope to a tree. They tied a long rope to the lariat near the loop and took turns standing behind a tree to jerk the rope when the bear got his fore feet in the pit. They would stand there an hour after dark listening for the cans to rattle. They would jerk, but the bear was too fast for them. Finally, after we had about forgotten about it, we were sitting around the bunk tent one night shooting the breeze when we heard Jack Morris yell, "I got him, boys! I got him, boys!" We jumped and ran up there. It was getting dark, but we could see the bear threshing around.

Blackie and I got there first and the bear charged at us. We turned tail and ran, glancing back, and ran into the guy ropes on the cook tent and fell down. After untangling ourselves from the guy ropes, we kept going. Glancing back, we saw the bear was not following us. The rope had held it. We all gathered around the threshing bear. Finally seeing the rope, the bear slashed it with its teeth and was free. Seeing the bear was loose, we all scattered like quail. Finding himself loose, the frightened bear looked around and climbed the biggest tree, a big fir. It was dark by this time. We could hear the bear going up to the very top of the tree. Someone said, "Get the saw." They brought the crosscut saw and a gasoline lantern and felled the tree while we waited. When the crashing of the falling tree quieted down, we could hear the frightened bear hotfooting it up the hill. The fall had not hurt it. But it never bothered our camp anymore!

It was when we were surveying the Revised East Boundary of Yellowstone Park in 1931 and on this particular day the whole crew of seven men were spending the day opening up a pack trail to a new campsite on the east side of Mount Schurz at the head of Eagle Creek just outside the Park area. About 9 o'clock we spotted two gigantic grizzly bears on the rocky slope above us about a quarter of a mile away. It being near timberline, the slope up where the bears were was clear of timber and we got a good look at the huge, majestic critters as they methodically worked among the rocks searching for worms, grubs, and rodents to eat. They did not see us, or they might have moved away. These animals were in their native, wild state in a remote area miles from the nearest road, and were far different from the lazy beggars usually seen along the highways.

The boys in the crew were full of energy and looking for excitement. They thought it would be fun to slip around above the bears and roll some rocks down and watch them run! When they suggested the scheme to me, I, remembering the numerous raids different bears had made on our cook tent, swiping our meat, sticking their dirty paws in the lard pail and messing things up in general, offered no objection. I thought it might even score up some, and at the same time scare the animals away from our future campsite. So the two boys, Jack Morris and Frank Montibeller, followed by our half-grown shepherd pup, struck out up the canyon to work up to the divide, keeping well out of sight of the bears. We kept an eye on the bears as we continued our trail work. After an hour or so the bears disappeared among the big rocks from which they never emerged so far as we could tell. Morris and Montibeller did not know this, however. In a couple of hours the two boys showed up on the skyline, headed for the spot above the animals. The landscape looked different from above, and they were not certain just where the bears were seen. They saw no bears, and we could not tell them the bears had crawled in their den. This situation added greatly to the suspense.

The boys would have to find the bears themselves, the hard way. However, they did select a spot directly above the bears to start down. They cautiously started down the steep, rocky slope, strewn with loose rocks - ideal for ammunition for bombarding the bears! They kicked loose a boulder now and then to test out the country, but no bears showed up. They continued down, warily looking for any sign. We could see they were headed exactly for the bear den, ever drawing closer and closer by every step. The situation was extremely tense on our part. We had not dreamed of a situation like this where they might unexpectedly meet face to face with the ferocious animals! We were helpless to warn them of the trap they were walking into. We could only wait!

The air was charged with expectancy as they crept cautiously along, watching and listening. Now they were at the spot where the bears disappeared! Something was bound to happen soon. It did and fast! We saw the whole show, but had to wait for the details.

Montibeller and Morris had noticed fresh sign just as the dog bristled and growled slightly. They knew for sure this was the place and the time! Kneeling they peered into the deep crevice with dark caverns at bottom, but no bear! Dropping a stone into the crevice, they jumped back. That rock started things. A giant, ferocious, gray-brown He Grizzly bounced up on the ledge, cavernous mouth wide open, letting out a bloodcurdling, vociferous roar at the terrified boys. Seeing his human foes, the brute whirled and raced off, angling down the mountainside, rocks flying, dust rising as if from a car on a country lane! Frank said the bears mouth looked like a cave as he came up. After this turn of events, tensions eased. We all yelled, whooped, and rolled with glee as the frightened bear raced away. It was not coming our way, so our joy was unconfined. Alas, the worst was yet to come.

The old saying, "Ignorance is bliss" certainly proved correct this time!

Ready for the next act, we glanced up the hill again just in time to see both men running in different directions with a bear at one's heels. Suddenly quitting the chase, the bear whirled and raced down the hill, but this time toward us!

This is what had happened up there - the boys pushed another stone into the crevice. Out jumped Mamma bear, with a resounding roar, as mad as a wet hen! Clambering onto the ledge, she spied the dog at Jack's heels and gave chase. Baring her teeth, laying her ears back, she charged, bellowing as she went. Jack was desperately trying to wave the dog back, and at the same time make as good headway as he could over the big rocks. Jack wished he had left the dog with us! The situation looked bad. But just as Jack dodged behind a big rock, the angry bear gave up the chase; whirled suddenly and raced down the mountain in our direction. This all happened in less time than it takes to tell it. We were quietly watching during the turmoil, but upon seeing the bear break away and run, we again set up our shouting, enjoying the fun to the utmost. But our joy was short lived. Realizing all of a sudden that the old she grizzly was heading straight for us, our joy turned to consternation!

Shouting a warning to the boys with me, I looked for a tree to climb. There were no trees over ten feet high, and no use to run at this late hour. The next best thing was to hide the best I could and hope for the best! She was drawing closer and closer at break-neck speed, stumbling over the boulders as she looked back over her shoulders at the boys on the hill. Mouth wide open as she panted for breath, she had not seen us yet. Flattening myself behind a six-inch high rock, like a baby quail, I waited. She was headed to miss my shallow blind by twenty feet. Eyeing her as she drew near with her mouth wide open, I tried to melt into my surroundings. Abreast of me and twenty feet away, she braked to a sliding halt and stood on her hindlegs. With her great head turned facing me, she uttered a deep gurgling growl. Ears erect, savage, five-inch claws that could kill with one slash, she stood there - for eons, it seemed! My heart

was pounding 'til I thought she would hear. For two or three seconds lives hung in the balance! The pendulum slowly swung. Fortunately the scent she caught was not to her liking. Swiftly she whirled and tore off down the canyon. Our time had not come! Lord! How Great Thou Art!

Attack by Buffalo Bull

A most unusual incident, reminiscent of the old days of Lewis & Clark occurred in August 1932 as we were surveying the East Boundary of Yellowstone Park. Jack Morris and I were reconnoitering on foot the country on the head of Lamar River for a suitable site for a camp and route for a pack-trail to it. Knowing we were in prime bear country, and that I was not an accomplished tree climber I suggested to Jack that in case we encountered an angry bear, we stick together and run for it rather than climb trees. Jack understood the reasons behind my request and sort of grinned and agreed.

Our sheppard dog was busy exploring the country around us as we walked through the timber. We would hear him barking once in a while as he chased an elk or something. Soon we heard him growling and barking as he ran scared, and then saw him racing toward us followed by a snorting, monstrous buffalo bull with his ~~head down~~ ^{great shaggy} head down and his tail sticking straight up. I recognized our dilemma at once and started to retreat at full tilt looking back for Jack. To my dismay I saw Jack was already high in a tree. He had forgotten our agreement to run for it in case of trouble! Left alone I did the next best thing I could think of and began pulling limbs off of the nearest tree, trying my best to get off the ground. Fortunately the old bull, seeing us, gave up the chase and headed back toward his herd shaking his head. I found that when the chips are down, it is really every fellow for himself!