

I arrived at Garland, Wyoming, early in the afternoon of June 5. I remember that date so well because I have used it every so many times on my list of experiences when filling out the numerous papers in past years. The village then consisted of the Garland Mercantile Store ran by a Mr. Long; a livery stable; lunch counter or eating place; three saloons and a railroad section house. The town lay north of the railroad.

It was a sunny day but a stiff wind whipping up just spread a haze over the sky. I learned that this wind was a common occurrence although some days it blew harder than others. I saw some tents across on the south side of the tracks just beyond the high railroad tressle and coat-chute. The agent said it was a survey camp so I knew that was where I was headed for. I lugged my baggage over to the largest tent where I found Rhoda!

Rhoda Huber, a Mormon girl from Lovell, Wyoming, was the camp cook. A Motherly looking girl in her mid-twenties, she gave me a friendly welcome. She said she was expecting me and explained that the "men" were all out on "line" and would not be "in" until supper time. So I sat down on a box in front of the tent and visited awhile, getting my bearings.

The cook tent was of the ridge-pole type, 16 x 12 feet with 3 foot sidewalls. In the back was the Mess Box setting in the back of a double-wagon box, that served as a cupboard roundup style. The Mess Box is about 3x2 feet standing 4 ft. high with a lid hinged at the bottom to let down for a work table. Cooking for a crew of twelve men was no small chore for one woman under camp conditions. The table was where she made the bread, pies, and did all the kitchen work. A

sheet iron cook stove stood in the front of the tent. Sacks of sugar, flour and potatoes were setting under the table with boxes of canned goods lining the sides of the tent. Water was carried in buckets from a tank car on the railroad siding some 200 to 300 feet away. In spite of these inconveniences Rhoda fixed up some swell feeds!

I looked around the camp while waiting for the crews to come in. Everyone slept on the ground without either mattress or straw tick, about four to a tent. It looked rather rough to me at first but I found out it wasn't bad at all after the first few nights. Of course one must be careful to remove all of the bumps and pebbles.

The first to come in was the Boss, "The Colonel". Colonel Sam. W. Brunt, ~~was a grand old man with white whiskers,~~ came riding in on his horse "Tamarack". The Colonel, an unpretentious man of quiet dignity, welcomed me warmly. As we shook hands I had the feeling that I was accepted as one of the party. He was a natural born leader of men with sufficient dignity to demand respect, but easy to talk to with the minimum show of authority. He always had a little joke to tell and everybody liked him. I, personally, owe a lot to his guidance and influence during the three formative years I worked for him.

Soon the rest of the boys came in with a bang, some asking for their mail, others telling about what they had seen during the day, rattle snakes, coyotes and antelope. Some were telling how thirsty they had been, while others were cautioning them not to drink too much before supper. As they washed up, I greeted my brother and told him how I had left the folks at home. I met Arthur Brunt, the son about 40 years old and wore red whiskers. Arthur was a little more on the serious side than his father. He handled the business end, paying bills and checking technical matters. He ^{Seldom} ~~never~~ ran a field party

himself but usually worked on line as a chainman. Later on in the summer I worked on the chain with him for a month while we were running a Standard Parallel where two sets of chainmen were required for accuracy. I used to be amused when he got mad, his red chin whiskers would stick straight out. He seldom had such outbursts, however, and it had to be something unusually exasperating to cause his whiskers to bristle up.

Supper was ready by this time. Rhoda rang the big cow bell and everyone rushed for the cook tent. Meals were served what they called "roundup style", now we say "buffet". Lining up for the first round everyone would heep their granite plate from the pans and kettles on the cook table, then with their tools and coffee go eat. As each one finished eating he would scrape his plate in the garbage pail and dump the dishes in a big dish pan provided for the purpose.

Dish washing was the cook's responsibility but Rhoda usually had some help from the boys. An extra piece of pie or cake was usually cached away under a flour sack as a reward.

From what I had seen of camp life so far, I was going to like it fine. It seemed more like a picnic. Living in a tent, good food, a bunch of boys to mingle with and no chores to do after supper like there was on the farm. After supper, just go out and stretch out on your bed and take it easy.

On this particular evening I did have some business to attend to. I still had to arrange a bed. Elmer and I decided we would enlarge his bed and sleep together so long as we were in the same camp. We went over to the Garland Mercantile and bought some more bedding. I secured a heavy woolen double blanket, a soogan and pillow for my bed. I also bought a towel and a mirror to hang on the tent pole. With these items I was in business. We shared a tent with Wilford Utterback and Sam Hutton.

I might add that a "soogan" is a padded quilt that serves partly as a mattress to smooth out the ground for you. The soogans are about square and the boys said watch out, for a "sheep herder" went crazy trying to find the long way of one.

The camp bedroll was such an important item of equipment in those days that a detailed description is warranted. For surveyors, prospectors, cross-country freighters and others traveling on the frontier it was the custom and a necessity to carry your own bed. It was recognized standard equipment by the railroads and could be checked as baggage the same as a trunk or suitcase. The modern sleeping bag was not yet available so it was necessary to build your own. The conventional bed consisted of a "tarp" (a piece of canvas 7x17 ft.), a soogan or two, and a heavy woolen double blanket. A light cotton blanket for a sheet and a pillow were added if you wanted to be a little high toned.

With an 18 ounce tarp properly folded around this bedding one csn sleep out under the stars comfortably in most any weather. If it rains the heavy canvas will turn the water. The extra length over the head forms a shelter that stands up like a tent when it gets damp, ~~when~~^{if} you pushed ^{it} up from the inside. This bed makes a good place to carry changes of clothes, a towel, toilet articles, and odds and ends. It saves carrying a suitcase or war-bag, or even a tent when you are traveling light.

The Brunts thought a woman cook was a good influence around a camp of all men. They were usually more economical as cooks. Rhoda was a good cook and managed herself well. She was held in highest respect by all. Rough language around the camp was subdued, and at meal time everyone was circumspect. If some of the young fellows felt the urge occasionally to show off with picturesque language they toned it down when around the cook tent.

I found a fellow needed no alarm clock to wake him up, the cook's cow bell took care of that.

Wilford Utterbach and my brother Elmer were the two engineers in charge of the parties in this camp. Mr. Utterbach was slender, good looking fellow about six foot two and about twenty five years old. There were ten assistants, chainmen, flagmen, and cornermen in camp at this time.

Of the assistants, two of them stand out in my memory. We became closer friends and palled together. One was Sam Hutton, another farm boy from Iowa a few years older than me who was inclined to be quiet and unassuming. The other was J. Luther Glasgow. We shortened his name to "Kentuck" because he was from Kentucky. He was of a roving disposition and had traveled around and worked in numerous places. I enjoyed having the two of us get off together and listen to his stories of places he had been. He was a good worker but his ambition was to work awhile and then get a stake and travel some more. He liked this job so well that he stayed two summers.

A funny thing happened regarding his name, sometime after he joined the camp. He had moved around so much having his mail forwarded that he was always getting the letters that had been sent from one post office to another until finally reaching him. One day he received a letter addressed to "Mr. J. Luther". His last name "Glasgow" not being on it at all. It had been forwarded several times before catching up with him. He found it was intended for him alright but we kidded him about being so well known that the post office people knew him by his first name!

Sam and "Kentuck" stayed with the outfit and worked for me after I was given a party. Their long experience and sound

judgement came in handy when I was on my own.

Returning now to my first night in camp. The evenings were long, it being the first part of June. As soon as the sun went behind the mountains the air cooled off and it was pleasant. It was not sultry like the Missouri evenings. The boys sat around telling stories, singing a few songs until bed-time. All in all it was a delightful evening, but all good things must come to an end, so we turned in fairly early to test out that bed Elmer and I had fixed up. We soon flattened out the bumps on the ground, and were dead to the world. It seemed only a short time until the old cowbell jangled for us to get up. It was 5:30 and everyone crawled out of bed and washed up and were ready for breakfast at 6 o'clock.

The day's work began with breakfast. Everyone was expected to be ready for breakfast when the second bell rang. If late you disturb the whole routine. The cook is mad because of the extra work and being delayed in cleaning up the dishes. The boss likes for everyone to be punctual, ready and willing to hit the ball. And in addition you may have to settle for cold "hot" cakes.

As soon as the field men finish eating, each put up his own lunch from the bread and other lunch material placed on the table for that purpose. Each one can fix as many sandwiches as he desires, being limited only by how many he wants to carry, for he must carry it tied to his belt. With his lunch and a canteen of water he is ready to go.

I was attached to Mr. Utterbach's crew as his cornerman. It was my duty to see that the corners were properly monumented, after the

points had been determined by the rest of the party. My tools consisted of a small chisel and a hammer and shovel.

We walked about two miles to work that day, and then ran section lines all day. Section lines are run due north and south, and east and west, one mile apart. Thus dividing the land into sections one mile square. The lines ran across salt-sage flats and low badland hills lying between Garland and Pole Cat Bench, a high plateau some six miles north of town. There were five of us in the party - the transitman, flagman, two chainmen and me. I was pleased with my job. It was interesting to know I was marking land boundaries that would become of record for all future times. The experience of seeing new country unfold before me all day long made the walking much less laborious.

All I had to do was follow along and set a corner stone every half mile.

The rocks had to be at least 15 inches long and at least 3 inches thick, and contain at least 504 cubic inches. They would get a little heavy if I had to carry them very far. Sometimes I would have to carry a stone a quarter mile. If I saw a nice stone as I walked along the line I might pick it up to save looking around for one after I reached the point for the corner. They would get heavy, with my shovel and other gear.

I was reminded of the story of the Irishman, Pat writing back to his pal Mike. It seems Mike has come over to America and got a job as Hod Carrier lugging brick up on top of a house to the brick layer building a flue. Pat was pleased with his job and wrote a ^gflowing letter back to his pal Mike over in the Old Country - "Mike" he says "Come on over, I have the finest job! All I have to do is carry brick up on the house and a man up there does all the work".

The stones were marked with numbers to correspond with the numbered tracts of land we were surveying. I was taught the technique of marking rocks with a chisel. The trick was to hold the chisel about 1/16 of an inch off the stone and strike it light taps with the hammer. In this way it would not chip the rock or dull the chisel so much. You also had better control of the chisel by hitting lightly. The smooth river boulders made the best appearing corners, as the marks show white on the dark background.

One looked forward to getting to the top of the next hill so as to see what's on the other side! ^{Often} Also there ^{was} ~~were~~ a ~~few~~ antelope ^{or} and coyotes ^{to be seen} around to break the monotony.

The antelope~~s~~ were wilder than they are now, and not so plentiful. They would stay a half mile or more away from us and generally we would just see their white rumps bobbing as they ran. But they are a curious animal. By getting down low and being quiet with a handkerchief fluttering a little over your head they will often keep coming up closer and closer to get a good look. They may come up within 200 feet where the old buck will whistle and stomp his front foot. Then he will bounce around trying to get the does to run off with him. If you ^{stand} ~~stand~~ up you ^{would} ~~can~~ just see a streak of dust.

Every now and then an old coyote would set up a howling and yapping from a distant hilltop. One time one of the boys, Troy Troutman, gave one ^{the} ~~a~~ surprise of her life. Troy was sent off to move a corner. This old coyote began to bark at us from a ridge between us and Troy. As Troy walked back toward us he approached the coyote from her rear. She was so busy watching us she failed to notice him slipping up on her. He finally got up pretty close just as she stuck up her nose and let out a howl. Troy threw the shovel at her. He said she sure cut that howl off and got out of there, and fast.