

There was a story going around Garland about a man that had an ingenious arrangement. I never knew him personally so I can not vouch for it. ^{was} It reported he had three wives. One ran a small eating place in Garland; one did the cooking for the men at his coal mine up north at the foot of Pole Cat Bench; while the third stayed at a ranch he owned down on the Shoshone River.

I found the atmosphere is so much clearer out here than in Missouri. Distances are deceiving. One Sunday morning I looked west at Hart Mountain which is actually about twenty-five miles away, and suggested to the other boys that we walk up there for an outing. They laughed and said we had better take our beds along.

Work in

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