

1912 .1 In setting the section corners in the Hart Mountain area we found that a section corner would fall on the very top of Hart Mountain. (As is well known by the residents of that corner of Montana) Hart Mountain is a famous land mark and an ideal shaped mountain. Topped with a rocky peak and perpendicular walls on the south, west and north sides with a steep timbered slope on the east; the only side that may be climbed.

As I surveyed the section lines from the south towards the peak, I determined the distance to a flag point set on the south edge of the flat topped peak. Being impossible to climb up the perpendicular slope, I planned to climb the mountain and measure out from the stake and set the iron corner post on the flat top; run lines in all four directions to the edge of the cliff, and blaze the lines through the timber and set

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flags on the <sup>edges</sup> ~~top~~ of the cliffs.

We decided to make a big day of it. Everyone climbed the mountain, even Inez and <sup>Karl suhr</sup> ~~Carl Sawyer~~, the teamster. Inez was given a horse to ride as far as a horse could go. She rode along beside me as I climbed the steep slope carrying the transit. She kidded me about puffing and blowing and stopping to rest. Later she had to leave her horse and take in afoot. It was not near so funny. She wound up holding to a stick as I pulled her up the steep slope. I told her it will seem easier if when you stop to rest you look back down and see how far you've climbed already rather than look ahead and see how much you still have to climb.

It was well worth the effort, though, being a clear day, the view was wonderful. Looking down, we saw a ~~great~~ map of the Big Horn Basin around us. A great thrill for us earth bound creatures. Remember, this was long before the day of the airplane which now whisks us skyward to lofty heights of 30 to 40 thousand feet without effort on our part. But I feel much of the thrill is lost in our effortless rise, setting comfortably in a cushioned chair with a beautiful girl serving soft drinks and catering to our every comfort. I well remember scanning the landscape, looking through the transit telescope.

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clouds

Without the telescope we could point out ~~MeLeod's~~ Peak one hundred miles southeast, Frank's Peak sixty miles south, to say nothing of the Pryor's, the lower McCullough's Peaks and the rough <sup>Tatman</sup> ~~Tatman~~ mountains. To add to the thrill were the bloodcurdling howling of seven gray wolves we could see west of us on the head of <sup>Pato</sup> ~~Matahara~~ Creek, walking about hurling threats at us.

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### Rattlesnakes

The head of Sand Creek north of Hart Mountain is where we encountered so many rattlesnakes. In one township we kept track and counted 100 snakes killed. We never got bit but I got so I was afraid to pass <sup>a</sup> the sagebrush for fear I would hear the familiar buzz. We always took time to kill a snake unless it got in a hole. One of the horses got bit on the front foot one morning as ~~Karl~~ was hitching up the team to go to Cody for supplies. The horse got sick immediately and he unharnessed it and kept it tied to the wagon. It lay on the ground and sweat and groaned and they put hot water poultices on the wound and even got a quart bottle of whiskey from under my pillow that I kept especially for snake bits (ha) and poured some of it down the horse's throat as it lay panting on the ground. By bedtime the poor horse was able to stand up and eat some hay. By morning he seemed to be feeling pretty good and in a couple of days he was able to go to work again, although the leg was swelled considerably. That was the only dealings we ever had with an actual snake bite.

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