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of the Crow Indian Reservation. As we were passing through Sunlight Basin some bad mud holes and steep hills made it almost impassable. ^{Once the bed-wagon got stuck} One time we got stuck with the bed wagon and we had to carry the load ahead to dry ground.

In Sunlight Basin we met Forest Supervisor, R. W. ^{Allen} ~~Handlen~~, who is now the President of the Shoshone National Bank of Cody. He was helpful by advising us about roads. We passed over the famous Dead Indian Hill. The landmark where one going west must drag a good sized tree with the limbs on it, to keep the wagon from getting ahead of the horses. The first night out we camped on the head of ^{Pat O'Hara} ~~Palo Alto~~ Creek at the foot of Hart Mountain. There ~~were~~ wolves ~~that~~ kept us awake with their blood curdling howling. The second night out we ~~spent~~ at the Cody Bridge where we replenished our supplies and also soaked ourselves in the DeMaris Hot Springs, the outdoor bathing pool that gave the river it's Indian name, Stinking Water. Continuing east from Cody,

~~Going~~ through Dry Creek Basin we did not expect to see much of interest, ^{since} ~~on our trip East from Cody, as~~ it was a wind swept desert of ~~salt, sage~~ ^{salt sage} and greasewood. However, we did observe several native inhabitants. First to greet us was a happy yellowbreasted meadowlark with a black spot on his chest. He was singing from his perch on a greasewood. Also there was a bob-o-link. A black bird with a white spot on his wings.

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He did his usual stunt by flying straight up thirty to forty feet high ^{then} gracefully floating down as he sang his standard song quoted by the poet as being "Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink." Also seen were prairie dogs barking from the side of his hole, ^{their} ~~his~~ short tails bobbing with each bark. We continued our trip ^{crossing} ~~across~~ the Big Horn River at Kane, Wyoming and camped at the foot of the mountain. That formidable barrier we planned to tackle the next day.

The next day Inez and I took a short cut and walked ahead while the men doubled up the teams and pulled each wagon ^{one} at a time. For us, it turned out more of a climb than we anticipated. About noon we got hungry and discovered we had inadvertently left our lunch in the wagons. Seeing a sheep wagon over by a spring, we swung over by it. There was no one at home but a part of a mutton hung in a nearby tree wrapped in a flour sack. It looked like manna from heaven to us. She fried some mutton chops and fixed a can of tomatoes and corn and we had a feast. A thank you note was left for the nice sheep herder. About four o'clock p.m. we luckily joined up with the wagons and joyfully climbed aboard. It was a great relief to again settle ourselves in the spring seat. We could enjoy the interesting scenes of nature much better from that vantage point. As the caravan continued along the old crooked Indian trail that ^{is} nobody knows ~~is~~ how old, my brother Willis, spotted a covey of ruffed grouse and bagged a few young ones for breakfast with his 22 Colt revolver.

It was getting near sundown before we found water for our overnight camp. We began to wonder if we could find water before darkness closed in on us in that vast solitary wilderness. We were at an elevation of 9,500 feet above sea level ^{with} and not even a road in sight. Seeing a big snowdrift ahead, it looked promising. ^{Suhr, the teamster} Karl McKeister pulled down and parked the mess wagon on a level spot below the snowdrift by a small trickle of water, ~~flowing from beneath it~~. We were tired and hungry and no time was lost in getting supper started. Groceries were hurriedly ~~drag~~ dug out of the wagon. Some boys got the stove and set it up and others got wood. Potatoes were peeled and ham cut. It was not long before the fragrant smell of frying ham filled the mountain air. Road dust was wiped off the granite dishes and supper was ready, with plenty of gravy and hot biscuits.

The tent was put up for my wife. Karl fed the horses their oats. After supper the horses were hobbled and a cowbell put on one and all turned loose to graze during the night. The men slept out beneath the star-studded dome. Waking up during the night and hearing the gentle tinkle of the cowbell, I turned over and went to sleep again with the comfortable feeling that everything was well. At least we still had a saddle horse.

The next morning the stream had quit running from the snowdrift, and the pool was frozen over and ~~there~~ was ice on the water pails I had thoughtfully filled the night before. It being

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a little breezy, Karl put a piece of striped canvas ^{under} ~~on~~ the edge of the wagonbox to protect Inez from the cold wind as she prepared breakfast. It was here in the bright sunlight that morning atop the Big Horn Mountains that I snapped a picture of Inez getting breakfast beside the mess wagon, ^{From that picture Helena artist} ~~which we afterward~~ "Shorty" Shope, many years later, painted a beautiful colored picture ~~had painted by artist Shorty Shope~~ as a memorial to her.

Frolic on Snowdrift in August, 1912.

After breakfast we all went up on the snowdrift to frolic so the boys could write home about snow balling in August. The snow was too hard to make snow balls and it was hard to stand up on. Although we were well above timberline and it froze ice every night we saw many alpine flowers and shrubs growing along the edge of snowbanks, struggling to live out their life cycle in spite of the many handicaps. As soon as the snow edge moved slowly upwards uncovering the dormant plants, the impatient buttercups, clustering rock asters, snowdrops and other alpine flowers lost no time in doing their best to brighten their part of the world. Even with an inch of snow left to go, the sun's lifegiving rays penetrated the icy pane causing the struggling bulb to push up through the ice, straighten up to unfold in all its glory. We stuck some of the flowers on our hats. How else could those little flowers get up in the world. That was their only chance to live a little. Had it not been for our visit, those beauties might have lived in vain.

After playing on the snowbank awhile that August morning, we loaded up our wagon and continued to move northward along the old Indian trail past sheep mountain.

Local Residents

We enjoyed watching the local ground hogs ~~or~~ marmots and the small cony scampering from their holes as the noisy wagons jolted over the rocky road. The cony, a small rodent, similar to a small rabbit were always carrying a mouthful of grass. They are known worldwide for their hay making habits. Caches of a bushel or more of hay stored have been reported. The crew were happy to be on their way to see new pastures.

As we proceeded northward our trail began to grow less pronounced. As we reached the turning off places where lesser trails branched to the right leading down the mountain to the Crow Indian Reservation. It was anybody's guess which trail would be the best one to follow off the mountain towards the Little Big Horn valley. There were no wagon tracks to guide us. We might come to a dropping off place, a place of no return. It was a chance we had to take. Several times the boys had to ride the high side of the wagon or tie a tree behind the wagon to keep ^{it} ~~them~~ from getting ahead of the horses as we rounded the points of the rocky spurs. If the wagons should turn over and spill on the mountain side, it would be a

disaster, sad to contemplate. While riding down the rough mountain, I was reminded of a story Mr. W. T. Thorn, a Government Surveyor once told me. Mr. Thorn was 35 years older than I and he told me this story when I visited him in Redlands, California years ago.

Mr. Thorn had the reputation among us surveyors as being the last word in doing accurate work and setting good stone corners. He was highly respected by all of us. When I heard he lived in Redlands, California, I made it a point to call on him on one of my California trips in the 1950's.

That spring my wife and I called on him at his home one afternoon. He was at home living alone in a big two story house. He was alert and full of pep. He said he was 92 years of age and had been bowling that afternoon and was also a member of the Kiwanis Club, and he had a good memory. We spoke the same language, and he insisted we spend the night with him.

We swapped stories of survey experiences during the evening. I told him of seeing his corners and retracing his lines and always found them in fine shape. His ^{prize} ~~dry~~ story was to wit:

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"He said he was going up the east side of Flathead Lake in 1890 with his party, in a heavily loaded wagon pulled by four big mules. The roadless hillside up the east side of the lake was ^{siding} ~~steep~~ and the men were riding the high side of

the wagon to keep it from turning over. But the loaded wagon did finally turn over, rolling over and over down the hill to the lake shore. When they got down to where the wagon had stopped, they found a wagon load of Singer sewing machines in a rusty pile. Evidently a sewing machine salesman had spilled his load out years before and just drove off and left it."

I asked Mr. Thorn what happened to the mules when the wagon rolled down the hill. He said the wagon ^{wrench} ~~ring~~ came out and let the mules loose from the tumbling wagon. If you don't know what a wagon ^{wrench} ~~ring~~ is, it is the pin that holds the double-tree to the tongue. It has a wrench on the top end that fits a nut on the axle which ^{one} ~~you~~ uses to take off the wheel when ~~you~~ grease ^{ing} the wagon, ~~referred to as the wagon wrench~~. Mr. Thorn had been around and knew all the words.

Enter Montana

We crossed the state line into Montana and the Crow Indian Reservation. We continued on down to the valley of the Little Big Horn and turned up the Little Big Horn into Wyoming a little ways and camped at Hilton's Lodge on the Little Big Horn River. Mr. Hilton very graciously let us camp near his buildings while we were surveying the land around his part of the country. We worked around there awhile surveying a few sections along the river and then moved camp back into Montana.

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We traveled east several miles ~~then turned to~~ ^{point} ~~about~~ due south of Wyola and then turned ^{South} up the north side ^{of Mountain} into Wyoming.

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where ^{we} I camped at ^{walter} ~~water~~ and ^{Maude} ~~Mark~~ Brodrick's homestead high up on the mountain overlooking the Crow Indian Reservation. This was mostly a grazing homestead with a beautiful setting for the house. The Brodrick's very graciously invited us to put our cook tent near the house and spring. One of the reasons for surveying that small area was so the Brodrick's could prove up on their homestead.

Friendships made there have endured until the present (1971) and I hear from them continuously. The land south ¹⁹¹² and west of Brodrick's was mountains ^{plus} with canyons up to 2000 feet deep. We were

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On September 15, a rainstorm came up while we were in the field. We hurriedly put the instruments under a tree and left our tools in the field and left for camp. The rain turned to snow and continued off and on until October 10 when the snow was ^{three feet} sinking in depth. I had left my transit under a tree when the rain drove us off the line to camp, and I had to crawl the last ⁵⁰ ~~100~~ yards on my hands and knees to get to the transit when the storm abated.

We closed up camp and moved off the mountain. The picture shows the depth of the snow around the tent where we slept.

Our food supply ran low but we were well supplied with meat. Willis and I killed nine deer during our stay during the snow storm. We left the Brodrick's a good supply when we moved away. The tobacco smokers suffered when their supply ran out (I never used it myself). On the way out across the reservation to St. Xavier, a small one store town on the reservation on the Big

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Horn River, we saw a couple of Indian boys on horseback off in the distance. We hailed them and they came over to the wagon. Our boys traded a hind quarter of venison for a half can of Prince Albert tobacco.

St. Xavier

Reaching St. Xavier about 10:00 a.m. we replenished our food supply and inquired as to where we might find a ford to cross the Big Horn River on our way west to Pryor Gap and back into Wyoming. We were told of a ford about four miles up the river and we took off.

Inez got a kick out of watching the Indian children and squaws around the store and traveling in wagons with the squaws driving and the bucks sitting flat in the wagon box with their wide brimmed black hats and painted crowns and a feather or two dangling.

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At the close of the season in the early part of November 1912, Dec. Mr. ~~Jekyl~~ ^{Jaeckel}, Assistant Supervisor of Surveys sent me orders to disband. I layed off the party and stored the camping equipment with the Cody Trading Company and Inez and I took the train for Cheyenne, where we spent the winter.

It was a delightful winter. I worked in the Surveyor General's office where I typed my official field notes and made plats. Other GLO surveyors spent the winter there also. Namely, Herman ~~Jekyl~~ ^{Jaeckel}, Wilfréd Utterback, Mr. Pidgeon, Homer Saxman ^{on}, Bill Richards, Mark Kelly, Hans and Emil ^{Voigt} ~~Boyd~~ and others.

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