

Chapter 11  
Working for Charlie

I went down to Jack Anderson's again and the minute I stepped in to the place Sam Noblets the bartender told me there was a job for me if I wanted it, a fellow by the name of Conn had come to town with a team and wagon to fetch his wife and family to town as he had quit his job and his boss Charlie Davis had let him use the team with the promise that he would hire someone to bring the team back that wanted a job. Charlie's ranch was several miles south of Green river city and east up small sort of canon or valley called current creek.

I accepted his offer and took charge of the team and started for the ranch. I crossed the bridge across green river at Green river City and went southe as directed until I came to a ford across the river again and followed up this small stream called current creek until I came to the ranch where Charlie soon informed me I had come to the right place as he knew the horses, we soon got acquainted and I began to work for him at forty dollars per month and my board, it was still early in the spring of 1903 I think so we started at other thing to get ready for the spring plowing, we built a shed and did a little grubbing where we intended to do some plowing to plant casso.

This ranch was about nine miles long but very narrow as it was in a sort of canon, some places it was narrow and in others it widened out and gave us a place to farm a little, it had been taken up some years before by nine different men and each man had built a log cabin and

other buildings, Charlie's company call-  
The Middle Sex Co. had bought them all  
and most of the old buildings had been  
torn down and moved to one central place  
where Charlie lived with his family or  
rather his family was there sometimes  
and sometimes his wife took the children  
and live at Brigham City where they  
could go to school, however Mrs Davis was  
was there when I arrived and stayed for a  
short time and then left for Brigham City.  
Charlie's two partners in business was  
Foss and Bittenger two very wealthy men  
who had other ranches in Colorado. As soon  
as we could we began plowing and plant-  
ing oats and repairing fences for he told  
me that Mr. Conn had allowed the range  
cattle to break down the fence the year  
before and had trampled and destroyed the  
intire field of oats. When lambing start-  
ed, (The Co had several herds of sheep up  
above the ranch at a place called round  
mountain) Charlie told me I would have  
to get along as well as I could alone  
for he must go up and help with the lamb-  
ing for that is where we will make the  
most money, he said. The bob cats and  
coyotes were very bad and they needed all  
the help they could get with the lambing  
the bob cats especially were bad, they  
would catch a ewe that had recently lamb-  
ed and throw her on her back and eats  
her bag off to get the milk, so he went  
up there and I was intirely alone on the  
ranch. I had not forgotten the promise  
I made myself in the pesthouse so I de-  
termined to do the very best I could.  
no matter what happened. There were th  
thousands of cottontail rabbits that  
came down from the adjoining hills to  
feed on our hay and grain so I sent an  
order to Browning Bros. in Ogden for a  
22 pistol with a ten inch barrel and  
about a thousand rounds of ammunition  
and when it arrived I killed hundreds

of them but made a mistake when I fed them to some sows that were going to give birth to young ones for as soon as their the young were born the sows would eat their young too, only a few escaped.

After lambing Charlie asked me if I would put shoes on two teams of horses he was going to use hauling wool and other work on the roads? I had never done much of this kind of work but I told him I would, we had plenty of equipment to work with, we had a blacksmith shop with all kinds of tools, many had been left by the ranchers who lived there before, I took one horse at a time to the shop and went to work shoeing him and at last finished the job, I was quite proud of myself when Charlie complimented me on the work. Later one day he asked me to put shoes on Jimmie his favorite saddle tree year old horse that had never been shod before so after Charlie went to town I took Jimmie out to a large front gate that was made of two very heavy, tall posts with a cross beam on top and I tied his head to one post and stretched him out by tying his hind legs one at a time to the other post in such a way he could not help himself but let me put the shoes on but I never told Charlie how I did it.

Very often during the summer Charlie and I would ride out to see how the range cattle were getting along and wait for new born calves and as we rode by the oat field that I had taken very good care of he said, "If I only had a way to bind those oats we could feed them in the bundle", I did not say anything then but later I got to thinking, we had plenty of old mowing machines and dump rakes that would give me irons so when I was left alone again I went to work and took

some of the rake teeth and streightened them then fastened them to the cutter bar of a mowing machine with a foot lever so that when enough of the oats were cut and fell on the teeth it could be dumped wit the foot lever and anyone that knew how could bind them by hand, Charlie had done some hand binding and when he come home again I told him what I had done and we decided to try it on the oat field, he got three other fellows from the sheep camps and he instructed us how to do it and each man was stationed at a corner and when the mower reached his corner he would immeditely follow and bind down that side in that way we cut and bound the intire field and put it up in shocks to dry cut. They were wonderful oats and Charlie said, "If I only had a way to thrash them out I perhaps would have enough oats to feed all our sheep horses all winter so I made another suggestion, "the next time you go down to Brigham City why don't you go into one of those machine shops and see, maybe you could buy a second hand thrasher that they have had returned for very little that would do you for years?"

Sure enough he did just that and found a thrasher over on Henry's fork across green river that a Co. had been taken as part payment on a new machine but it was still left at his place so Charlie bought the machine and horse power for two hundred dollars and sent Jack Mott and Dave Hatch after it with three teams to fetch the machine and horse power that went with it. Right here I am going to tell about this Jack Mott who was a big husky man and had been in Rock Springs when I was there broke and out of work and seemed to be a very good natured and peaceful fellow until one day he

had been drinking and he walked into a saloon and as he entered he jerked off his coat and threw it with a vengeance at the bartender behind the bar, the fellow apparently knew the reason and presented it and a fight started, Jack grabbed one of those electric cigar lighters that hung from a cord over the bar and broke it loose, as it was nickel plated and shone some one shouted "he's got a gun" and every one began to run from the room even the bartender and when Jack had the room all to himself the town marshal tried to get Jack to come out and took hold of the door knob but Jack struck at him with the cigarlighter, for some time the marshal pleaded with him to come out but each time he tried to open the door Jack would strike at him again at last the marshal told him if he didn't come out he would shoot, Jack paid no attention to the threat and at last the marshal did shoot and struck Jack in his leg still he continued to resist but at length he opened the door and walked out and up the sidewalk, the marshal called to him to stop but he still paid no attention to the marshal so he fired again this time striking him again in the leg in the knee striking a bone which brought him down. Jack was in the hospital for a long time but now he had got out and came to work for Charlie. Now back to the flashing machine, when Jack and Dave arrived with it Jack began to set it and level it and line up the horse power in the proper place which took him nearly a week in the mean time we had hauled all the coats and stacked them by the machine. Our next problem was to get our five teams to pull together for some were large and slow, some were spirited and fast, it was some time before we could get them to work however we did and the

machine began to hum, Jack pretended to be the boss and insisted on feeding the thing while Fred Anderson, the sheep foreman drove the teams on the horse power some of the sheep herders were pitching the bundles, some were in the straw stack while Charlie and I took care of the oats Charlie was very happy for when we were finished he had one hundred and eighty large sacks of the finest kind of oats.

That summer before the thrashing three good cowboys came from the ranches in Colorado together with their foreman a Mr Lamb (this was the second Mr Lamb I had met) they had come up to gather some of the numerous herds of wild horses belonging to the Company that had been allowed the open range so long that many were not branded and were very wild.

They had a herd of saddle horses with them which they rode alternately which they called their day herd, when they went after the wild ones they would drive the day herd out on the open range and try to get the wild ones to mix with it then drive them all back to the big corral

They had secured several when one evening Mr Lamb said to me, "Do you want to have some fun by going out with us tomorrow, we are going after the big white Stud," This white stud was know near and far because no one had been able to get him and his large bunch of mares into a corral. The next morning I went with them, we had not gone far before we saw a small herd and managed to get them mixed with the day herd and in their bunch was an iron gran three year old stud.

We went on farther and soon spotted the big white stud and his bunch of mares and some yearlings for as soon as they male colts got more than a year old he

would chase them away from his bunch  
The white one and his bunch was about  
a mile away on the far edge of a big  
flat massa but by going a long way  
around down a small ravine it was poss-  
ible to get on the far side of them so  
Mr Lamb sent Has Boys one of his men  
down this ravine and told him to get on  
the other side and not to let them see  
him until he came up from the other side  
then he was to start them running in one  
direction just as fast as he could go  
then down part way of this draw or ravine  
he sent one of the others so when Has  
had got them that far he was to let his  
horse rest and the other boy was to take  
up the chase, the rest of us was to hold  
the day herd out in plain sight on a high  
flat piece of ground and wait and watch  
we could see the White one very plainly  
he would throw his head high and snort  
so loud we could hear him, he would let  
the bunch go past him then like a streak  
of lightning he would again pass them  
again, Has chased them for about a mile  
in a sort of half circle to where the  
other rider was who took up the chase  
and tried to turn them our way and at  
last he managed to do it and they joined  
the day herd and when the White one  
saw that Iron gray stallion they came to-  
gether like wild fire, they struck at  
each other with their fore feet, bite with  
their teeth, kick at each other un-  
til it seemed they were both very tired  
which helped very much in getting them  
to the corral. Mr Lamb had told us that  
horse would never try to escape through  
the **neck** of the herd so he and Has took  
the lead with one of us on either side  
and the others, at the back and sure  
enough as soon as we started the herd  
one of the mares and a yearling attempt

ed the break through the front end of the herd, Mr Lamb threw his lariat on the yearling and just as he did so his saddle horse fell into a hole and threw him but the lariat was fastened to the saddle so it held him but that one mare got away, we managed to hold the rest and got them to the big corral and closed the gate, inside of the big corral was a smaller round corral made extra high with heavy poles so after some very clever maneuvering they managed to get a few including the white one into this corral and Mr. Lamb and Has on their best horses went in and managed to throw a lariat around his neck then another one on his hind legs and by pulling in opposite directions they stretched him out and he fell then they tied him securely, one of the boys said as he tried to open his mouth "I wonder how old he is", but he snapped at him like a dog would do and almost got his hand. After the white one was castrated they tied a rope around his neck and back rather tight to his tail this was to prevent him from running to fast in the day herd. After they had as many horses as they could get they took them and returned to Colorado next year Mr. White was brought back to our ranch but he was not the wild dangerous stud any more, they had broke him to the saddle and even the children could ride him and they needed a whip or quirt to made him go he was that broken down and lazy in spirit. Nearly every Sunday I would ride my horse called Billy out on the range to look after the cattle, the Company had about one hundred and sixty head, on one of these trips I came up to a sheep camp that belong to an old man by the name of Finch and was being herded by a young boy who asked me to stop

and have dinner with him but the only meat he had was salt pork as old man Finch would not allow hi to kell any lambs or mutton, after I left him I rode west down near Green river and comming back up a small draw I came on a bunch of antilope, they had not me so I dismounted and crawled for distance to the top of a small hill as I always carried that rifle that I bought from Pete Nelson on my saddle I took good aim at one of them that had his rear end towards me, my bullet struck him in the hock of the hind leg, then glanced into his throat, he fell but got to his feet again but with the helk of my dog I caught and butchered it and put it on my saddle and took it back to the boy and gave it to him and told him to be sure and give Old man Finch a part so it would not spoil because it was too far to carry it to the ranch.

Charlie had met with the County Commissioners at Green River City and had got a county job making a road between his ranch and Rock Springs instead of going down and crossing Green river. I had previously made a go devil by taking two very heavy timbers about four by twelve inches and twelve feet long and made them into a Vshape with a hitch about two feet from the nose of the V so when a chain was hooked there it compelled the nose to dig into the side of the hill on a digway and smoothe it for a road especially when we loaded it with large heavy boulders and hooked four of our largest horses to it, I had also bolted mowing machine cutter bars to the end on the underside.

When I first came to the ranch Mrs Dav was there with her three small girls, one day while Charlie and I were making a shed little Luch about two years old wa

playing near by when Charlie stop for a minute and said?" I wonder who I am doing all this work for" little Lucy spoke and said,"for me Daddy," yes I suppose in about twenty years you and some no account guy will reap the benefit. Mrs Davis was a very good hand at making yellow cornmeal bread and I got so I surely enjoyed it but she and the children left soon after my arrival to live in Brigham City so the children could go to school but on several occasions she returned a while.

Charlie was a very industerous man, in the winter time he would always get up at five o'clock in the mornings and he got me in the same habit, we would take our lighted lanterns and go down to the horse barn where we had two teams of horses and after filling their mangers with hay and cleaning the stable, he would curry one team and I the other for no apparent reason than to kill time then we would go back to the house and eat breakfast and sit around and wait for daylight then if the snow was not to deep we would grub sage brush to clean more ground for hay and grain or saw and split wood.

About a mile or so up the ranch where an old stable stood where a rancher had once lived was a small bridge across a little stream of water where the road turned near the old stable, it was snowing a little and as I passed this stable I saw something jump past the opening inside where the door had once been so I drew my rifle and fired into the stable out came a large gray wolf, however it was not grey now for it had lost all its hair with some sort of disease, as I turn in my saddle I shot at it again just as it was crossing this small bridge and he fell over in the water for I had hit him in the rear end, the bullet going

through the entire length of his body  
 killing him almost instantly however  
 the hide or fur was no good and all I  
 could get for it was the County bounty  
 - I was on my way to grub some sage brush  
 a little farther up and while I was  
 working there that day about ten o'clock  
 I saw a bob cat coming down through the  
 snow on the shady side of the hill head-  
 ed for the other sunny side of the narrow  
 valley there, I watched him as he climb-  
 ed the high cliff and as he stopped on  
 a very high ledge I fired at him, he gave  
 one big jump and landed about fifty feet  
 below dead as a door nail.

That evening when I went down to a  
 small shed and corral below the house  
 to feed some calves we had there I found a  
 most beautiful and the largest bob cat  
 I ever saw in a trap I had set a few days  
 before, he was not only beautiful but also  
 mighty furious but with my little 22 I  
 soon finished him and returned to the  
 house thinking I had done pretty well  
 doing away with predatory animals for  
 one day. Charlie got the idea he could  
 run cattle like he did sheep by keeping  
 the bulls away from the cows except for  
 certain time so all the cows would calve  
 at the same time so he had all five of  
 his white faced bulls brought in and put  
 in the big corral and in the corner of  
 this corral was the small stream of water  
 the fence made in such a way that what-  
 ever was in the corral could get there  
 for water. these bulls reminded me of  
 some people I have known, they would get  
 along very well for a time then for no  
 apparent reason a fight would start and  
 maybe the whole bunch would pick on one  
 singled out and when this would happen  
 they would make an awful noise, one day

I heard them and knew something was wrong, I ran down and as I ran I picked up a long, light pole but I was afraid to get in the corral with them for four of them were all hammering away at the fifth one and they had him down in the corner in the water on his back and would likely kill him if something was not done, I climbed the fence near them and began hammering away at them with the pole and soon one by one they left him and he was allowed to get up although he had been gored unmercifully so Charlie decided he better abandon that idea and turned them loose again with the herds. The second summer I was there Charlie hired a fellow from Missouri by the name of Fred something and he and I were alone on the ranch, I went down below to do some irrigating and when I rode my horse back to near the stables which were on high ground I saw two deer in our meadow in the tall grass a couple hundred yards away, Fred was working in the garden that was lower ground so he had not seen them, I called to him and asked, "Do you want to see some deer?" He came running and said "take a shot at that buck", they could see me and stood still while I got down off my horse and layed my gun across a fence rail and fired, the buck fell but immediately got to his feet again, I ran up there on foot and after a long search I found him in the creek bed trying to climb up a rather slippery bank with a broken hind leg as I got real close to him he looked at me with those great big brown eyes and I must admit I really felt ashamed of myself he looked so pleadingly at me, still I just had to finish him, he proved to be very good meat and I sent a large amount of the meat up to the herds of sheep for the men there.

I had found a new way to go fishing, down below the ranch house a little way in the willows I found a place where trout would come to a riffle to spawn, some of them over a foot long, there would be dozens of them on a shallow riffle, so shallow that at times I could see their back fin out of the water so I crept quietly to a place near them and I would select the largest one and take a very careful aim I would shoot him in the head with my 22 pistol, of course the rest would scatter but in a little while they would come back and I would repeat the performance until I had enough.

When Mrs Davis made one of her periodic visits to the ranch Charlie asked her to go fishing so she and children could have a taste of trout.

I think it was about the first of March when I went to work for Charlie and continued for nearly two years without a latoff and worked steadily every day except one time when we were getting ready for haying, fixing the mowers, I had sharpened one of the mower knives and was trying to push it into the cutter bar when it sorta stuck so I told the fellow helping me to "wait a minute" as I put my index finger on the blade to push it down and as I did so he gave it a kick with his big foot and cut the end of my finger off, it took about half of my nail and a little grissle off the end of the bone. Jack Mott whom I have mentioned before was there and since he had been in the hospital so long he thought he knew what to do so he went with me to the bunk house and on the way he took a large chew of tobacco in his mouth and chewed it just enough to make it soft and then dobed it on my finger and wrapped it up, I sat on my bunk for a short time and then keeled over on the

floor, I was in the habit of smoking cigarette but that fresh tobacco juice was too much for me, however I got over it in a little while and the tobacco was removed from my finger but I had a very sore finger for a long time and as we started haying Charlie told me I better drive the mowing machine it would be easier on the finger and he would do the work on the hay stack, that day I mowed for about three hours when Charlie came over to me and told me he just could not do the stacking and that I would have to try and do it, so I went to the stack and that evening when the rest went home I stayed to streighten up the stack because Charlie had let it get in such a shape I wanted to rake it down and get it looking more like a haystack, while doing it I got up a very good sweat and then I mounted my horse and rode home in a rather brisk wind, the next morning I had a very bad cold, my throat was very sore and I was sick. Mrs Davis was there and she doctored me and I was soon alright again but for two or three days I did'nt work.

After haying Mrs Davis left again and we were compelled to do our own cooking one day Charlie said, "I wish I could find a good woman to come and cook for us," Jack spoke up and said, "I'll go and get my wife" we all burst out laughing for not one of us had heard of him having a wife but he was serious about it and Charlie let him take a team and wagon to go down Vernal way some place to get his wife and sure enough in a few days he returned with a wife and three kids, his wife was not the best cook in the world, she would cook potatoes and gravy three time a day so one time Charlie told her she need not cook supper on Sunday nights, we can get along with

bread and milk for Sundays nights so  
that was what we got and nothing else  
ofcourse Charlie meant we could do with  
bread and milk or some cold lunch.  
My brother Kib had written to me ask-  
ing me to lend him some omney and I did  
and I had made up my mind to go out with  
the sheep and try my luck trapping coy-  
otes so I told Charlie I was going to  
quit, he acted seriously sorry to see me  
go and I really beleive he was sorry for  
we had got along so awful well together  
infact he had got to a point where in-  
stead of telling me what to do he would  
ask me what to do, I had been very happy  
and contented there, he said, "Well if  
you are determined to leave there is  
nothing I can do about it," I am going  
in to Green River with some beef for  
the butcher and if you would like to  
go with me as a last job I can bring the  
saddle horses back and the teams will  
bring your belongings in for you,