

Chapter Six

The five dollar gold piece

A few days after we arrived I was sent down to clean our the milk house that was over a small stream of ice cold water that came from a spring a little off, while I was cleaning an old cupboard fill with all sorts of things I found a sort of jar that had something red in it and on examining more closely I found it was red pepper and also found a five dollar gold piece in the pepper, I took it out and hid the coin under the door step thinking I would get it later but it was too good to keep still about and at last I went and told them about it and immediately Dudley said, "My wife must have left it there last summer when some of the help was sick," so he took the coin and didn't even thank me, so much for not keeping my mouth shut. Dudley left soon after and Jensen took charge and began to tell what was to be done, the ice in the river had begun to melt and it was not long before the ice began to float down in large chunks until it came to our bridge where the sun did not strike so it stopped the intire mass and we could see that it would sure take bridge and all when it did break loose and it did just that and away went the whole mess, ice bridge and all. After that we must ford the river to get to the work on the other side.

I don't know if Mrs Jensen had been married before or not but she had a son names Homar and Homar had a poney that we used to use as a ferry boat, one of us would ride it across and force it back for some one else to ride over. One Sunday I went over to the other side to go fishing by riding one of the other horses and turned her loose

in the tallmeadow grass thinking she would stay there until I wanted to go back but she had crossed over with out me and I could not get back across, Homar on the other side knew of my predicament and had his poney there but would not send it over for me and the only thing I could do was to walk down about a mile to the old Miller bridge to get across, Homar came down on his poney and met me as I was crossing the bridge and asked if I wanted to ride home? I was pretty angry and I said, "No you little bastard go on home" and when he went home he immediately told his Mother what I had called him and she flew into a rage and said to me, "I will tel you von ting Mosses Homar is no mor Baster dan you is" Mr Jensen tried to take my part by saying that Moses was only mad and did'nt mean it, then she flew at him and although he was a average sized man and she was a sort of midget, she doubled up her fists and shouted at him, "Jensen if you takes von step to vards me I vill knock you down!" But after a while it blowed over and we all became friends again, Mr. Jensen was not a very good horseman and I had several run Aways, that spring he drove a large white horse and a rather small one called Dusky together hooked to a sled down to old Ham's fork station where nearly all the snow was gone so he exchanged it for a wagon with good blades and when Jensen was seated in the wagon and started to drive the rattle of the thing scared little Dusky so bad that he took the bits in his mouth in such a way that Jensen could not hold him and away he went with the white horse the wagon and all for quite some distance before he could be stopped.

Later in the summer Jensen decided to sell milk down in Kemmerer and Frontier so he fixed up a buckboard and took several five gallon honey cans filled with milk and put in the back and took this same little Dusky and another mare about the same size and hooked them to it and told me I was to be the milkman but he would go with me the first day to get me started and find the customers

Jensen was a great one to stop and talk to every one so when we got down to the county bridge wher a Mr Davis and family lived he stopped to talk and got down off the buckboard and left me in it, after a while he decided he had wasted enough time he jumped up into the seat and grabbed the lines and slapping the team with the lines he shouted, "Hit the breese!" and Dusky did with such a lunge that he pulled the clip off the end of the neckyoke and the tongue came down, Jensen threw one line on either side and shouted to me, "Jump for your life!" and he jumped off, all was done so quickly that I did not have a chance and took a very swife ride for a couple of hundred yards when the end of the tongue struck a large sage bush and threw us the milk cans and I high in the air breaking the tongue into in the middle and the mare also fell down in a heap I managed to jump from the rig and grab the team by the bits and held them until Jense and the Davis family got there here came Jensen all out of breath and said, "you fool, you might have got killed," ofcoarse there was no honey cans or milk left so we patched up the rig and went back home and that was the end of milk peddling however I did make weekly trips to town to sell butter, Jensen had made arrangements with Kingston and Hurd in Afton who had a store there

To ship him fifty pounds of butter weekly by express and it became my job to go down each week and get the butter and sell it at twenty cents per pound but I would always say five for a dollar in this way I very often got rid of five pounds at once some times too he would have a lot of Arbuckles coffee for me to sell at fifteen cents per pound.

Some times I would go with him on his peddling trips and if he come to one of those eating or boarding houses he would invite himself and me to dinner, they were mostly Finlanders and surely put up some very good food, ofcourse he always paid and generally sold them a bill of goods besides. I don't remember how it happened but one time I was away down in Thomas Fork valley with the team and peddle wagon and he had told me to buy my food from the ranchers there but I did not have the nerve to ask for it and all I had in the wagon that was eatable was some dried apricots and I ate so many of those that I felt I never would eat any more of them again,

One time werwere down in Diamondville at William Little's house where Jensen stopped sometimes and he would confide in Mrs Little about most every thing, he had asked Mr Post in Kemmerer to issue him a draft if he sent up the cash of \$150.00? Mr Post said, "he would" so but it did'nt seem to me he wanted to but he and Mrs Little counted out the money in currency, gold and silver and put it in a bag and told me to take it up to the Post store and get the draft Jensen wanted to send it to the bank in Evanston, (there was no bank in Kemmerer) I was scared stiff carrying such a large sum of money but I went and to be sure and safe I went up the rail road tracks, when I got to the store I gave the bag

to the cashier who counted it and then said, "you are five dollars short and we can't give you the draft" he put the money back in the bag and told me to take it back to Jensen, he and Mrs Little counted it again and found it was all there, I guess the cashier wanted Jensen to think I had taken out the five, but Jensen told me he did not think any of the kind, Post just didn't want to give him the draft. Afterwards I felt alright about it for Jensen always trusted me even after that happened. In the early part of that summer some how Mrs Jensen and children were over in Afton and I was sent over there to get her and some furniture and some pieces of farming tools that had been left there, I got it all loaded including the family and started back, it was necessary to travel the Montpelier road as far as old camp Giveout and a mile or so below there we turned off to the left on a road that was not much more than a trail that led us to the Thomas Fork valley then up to Cokeville and east on the old Dempsey trail, the same road Father and us had traveled when we went to Ham's Fork only now the road led up a small canon that was terrible rocky and rough and some places we must go right down in the creek bed and travel in the water of a very small stream when we reached the top of the canon some one had made a dugway and by going up this we had gone around the steepest hill we had to climb before but we did have to climb the second hill that was not quite so steep, after we had reached the top and started down the other side on a very long open stretch we stopped to rest for a while and Mrs Jensen had

a very small dog che called Brownie and when we started again somehow we forgot to get brownie in the wagon and she was left behind and shortly after we started we met a couple of wagons going the opposite direction with several rough looking characters in them, we paid no attention to them then but after a short distance we missed Brownie and Mrs Jensen insisted we turn around and go back to get her just as we turned around we saw smoke and heard the report of a gun shot and when we got to Brownie we found she wss dead, those racals in the wagons had shot her as she was following us down that road just to mean, Mrs Jensen took her home with us and burried her near the house.

Mr Jensen had ordered about two wagon loads of fruit and honey and a few other things to be shipped to Opal on the rail road about fifteen miles east of Kemmerer and he told me and another man by the name of Jack Fry who was working for him that he wanted us to go and load it and take it up through the South Pass country to sell it for him, while we were loading it we met a man by the name of Lon Linscum who had a four horse team and was loading a steem shovel to be taken to south pass for the mines there so we decided to travel along together we went north to the slate creek crossing of green river where Jack first took one of the horses and rode across to see how deep the water was before we ventured in with the wagons, it was not so bad so we went across alright although the water did almost touch the bottom of our wagon boxes, we traveled up the road along Big Sandy creek on the east side of green river until we came to what was known as the Francis

ranch a small house about a quarter of a mile from the road and when we got there Jack told Linscum and I to go on up to little sand crossing and camp for the night and he would go over to the house and try to sell some of our load.

Chapter seven The Butch Cassidy gang

We did just that and soon here came Jack in a terrible rush and told us he had gone towards the house on foot but had seen several horses in the back yard ready saddled and inside he had saw several men playing cards and on a small shelf he had seen a sixshooter and he reconized the bunch as the notorious Butch Cassidy gang so he sneaked back to his wagon as soon as he could and got away from there and he though we better move on and not camp there so close as we did not know what they might want to do to us, Jack knew what he was talking about because he was a pretty rough character himself so we hooked up our horses again and while we were doing so two boys came riding up to us and began asking questions, Linscum told them we had several good rifles in our wagons and we sure knew how to use them and some more talk like that he thought maybe the gang had sent the boys to find out something about us, anyway we started on our way again and traveled more than half the night before we stopped again away up on a high level place we made a dry camp for the night, next we traveled on until we came to Alantic City and South Pass, Jack went around and sold some of our loads while I just sauntered around waiting for him, I happened to enter a blacksmith shop where I saw a man that looked so much like my

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