

I (Tom Shaw) left home February 18, 1878 at the age of twenty-two and went to Austin, the capital of Texas. I had ten dollars in cash, about twenty dollars' worth of clothes and a twelve dollar saddle. In Austin, I met Mr. Hi Webb who was to start North with a trail herd as soon as they could be made up. From Austin, we went to the Gulf of Mexico, reaching it at the mouth of the Guadalupe River. We worked there about six weeks making up trail herds with the Snyder Brothers, Coffee and Webb. We made up twelve herds of mixed cattle of about 2600 head each. One of our men was drowned in crossing the Guadalupe before we finally got started early in April for the North. We lost another man, drowned in the Brazos River, where we had a hard time getting across.

From there our direction was generally north to the Red River which was about a mile wide when we reached it. We had considerable trouble crossing. After we crossed the Red River, which was the line of the Indian Territory, herds traveled together on account of Indians which were not too peaceable.

After the first four days of travel I saw my first Indian. About two hundred came to our herd but did no harm. We averaged about twelve miles per day.

Shortly after we crossed into the territory a man came over from one of the other herds and started a quarrel with one of our men. It resulted in our man being shot and killed in cold blood. Mr. Webb detailed two men to follow the killer. They followed him

to the Pease River and when they came back they claimed he had gotten away but they brought his outfit all back except the boots and his saddle rope. It is not hard to guess what the rope was used for.

We killed a few buffalo in the Indian Territory where I saw and ate my first buffalo meat. It took us something like thirty days to cross the Indian Territory where we crossed the Arkansas River at Fort Dodge which was a very wild little city. There were five saloons, three dance halls, one grocery store and one dry good store. We lost another man by drowning in the Arkansas River. From there we traveled to Ogalalla where we crossed the South Platte.

We followed up the U.P. Railroad and there we saw a man who was pushing a wheelbarrow, going from Chicago to San Francisco. He asked us to shoot a hole in his wheelbarrow and when we got through with it the box looked like the top of a pepper box.

Mr. Webb sold out his herd at Julesburg. In working the herd my horse fell with me and I was laid up for several days.

After that I went to the JHL Ranch with a bunch of horses. Then I went to Pine Bluffs, with five cars of beef, then took the train to Cheyenne, where I spent several days. There I met Arthur Coffee who hired eight of us to go west to the Green River with him. We got the Union Pacific at Green River station where we took a team and wagon and followed up the Green River sixty-five miles. There Mr. Coffee took charge of a herd of cattle which had been brought from California.

We started the next day and followed down the river to Sand

Creek where I saw my first herd of Elk and I thought they were mules. We followed up Sand Creek to the head of the creek that runs through Muddy Gap. We followed this stream for several days in which we killed a buffalo, and finally reached the Sweetwater. We followed the Sweetwater down until we reached the North Platte, crossing that river near the old CY ranch. We followed the south side of the Platte to the Nine Mile bottom near Fort Fetterman where the herd of 2800 head was sold to three different parties. They were Benton and Edmonds, Mr. Brewster and the Warner Brothers. We trailed the Warner Brothers cattle to the old Miller ranch on Cottonwood Creek where they were branded Duck Bar. From there we trailed them twelve miles up the Cottonwood, arriving on October 11, 1878.

All the other men except myself left for Cheyenne and from there to Texas and I wished a thousand times I had gone with them. I sure put in a lonesome winter in a ten by twelve log cabin with a dirt roof and floor of the same material. John Reese was foreman and along toward spring the cook quit and I was put on the job as cook. I did my best but I had to take my sixshooter to make the other fellows eat it. Hunting was good and I spent the winter supplying meat for us and looking after the horses and cattle. In January 1880, Teschemacher and de Billier bought the Warner brothers out. This sale was the starting of the famous Duck Bar Company. Mr. Teschemacher was a very fine companion through the winter, never complaining about my cooking, which was not very good as I remember it.

I remember one day we were west of the cabin several miles

and we heard some yelling. On looking down in a deep canyon, we saw what we thought were some Indian with some pack and saddle horses. We watched them a little while and as they had red clothes tied over their heads we were sure they were Indians and we took out for the cabin where we hid on the mountain side until they came along. We soon discovered they were white men and we were glad to see them.

Spring came at last and I went to Cheyenne, the first time I had been in a town in almost a year. The roundups soon started and I worked for the Duck outfit until fall when my brother, Jim, came from Texas. I spent the winter on the Duck Bar on Cottonwood. The summer of 1880 Jim was foreman and I spent the summer with the Duck wagons along the Platte going as far east as Ogalalla and circling back through Goshen Hole, Chugwater Creek and Laramie River. After the roundups were over, I went to Texas and spent part of the winter there at my old home.

In the spring Albert Bennett, Duke Gardner and myself trailed 65 horses from Texas back to Uva, Wyoming. We had a pack outfit and we didn't live very high on this trip. We ran out of bacon before we got to Red River and for a good many days we ate prairie dogs, rabbits and anything else we could get.

We laid over five days at Red River as the Indians were troublesome and we knew that there was a large herd of horses behind us and we thought it best to wait for the larger party. We left this party several days before we got to the reservation line, as we saw no Indians and could make better time with our small herd. We crossed the Arkansas River at Fort Dodge where we laid over ten

days to let our horses rest. During these ten days we were helping other outfits treat horses for mange.

A man by the name of Bayes gave us 300 horses to deliver to Dick Head at Ogalalla, Nebraska. After delivering these horses we came through to Fort Laramie where we bought some supplies and did some trading with the soldiers. From there we came to the Duck Bar ranch near Uva where I sold most of my horses. We all went to work for the Duck Bar outfit at that time managed by J.C. Shaw.

In the fall of 1882 the Duck Bar bought the Cross T outfit for the sum of \$18,000 and I took charge of it. In 1883 I ran a wagon in the Goshen Hole. That spring high water took the bridge out over the Laramie River near Uva and we had some time getting our wagons and equipment across.

The following winter they gave a big dance at Uva. There were two women and twenty-three cow-punchers at this dance. It went on just the same and we had a lot of fun. In the spring of '83 we moved our headquarters to the YJ on the North Platte.

That spring we bought the 66 outfit on Muddy Wagon Hound west of Douglas, Wyo. This was the place where Sheriff Malcolm Campbell caught a man by the name of Packer who was supposed to have killed some of the party he was prospecting with.

By this time the Duck Bar outfit was branding about 3,000 calves each year. In 1884 I was sent to Fort Fetterman, near where Douglas is now, to work trail herd, in other words keep the cattle belonging on the south side of the river from going north with trail herds bound for northern Wyoming and Montana. I worked at this all one

summer and the only place I could get to sleep was in one of the rooms above a saloon. There were many fights and shooting scrapes and one night a bullet came up through the floor too close to my bed for comfort so I hunted another place to sleep. In 1885 I started my little herd by buying fifty head of yearlings. In 1886 I bought the old Duck Bar ranch where I'd spent my first winter in Wyoming and moved my little bunch of cattle there.

On November 28, 1889 I was married and starting ranching for myself. Again in 1893 I worked for the Duck Bar outfit and helped them close out. From that time on the big outfits were a thing of the past and my cowboy days were over except for handling my own little outfit. On October 13, 1893 there was a young visitor to our house at four o'clock in the morning, James Albert Shaw.

It has taken many years to build my ranch up to its present size. My wife and I worked hard and saved until we could buy other places joining my original one. When we started ranching, the post office was at the Wm. Macfarlane ranch on Horseshoe Creek and we didn't get our mail very often and it was eighteen miles to our nearest neighbor. When my wife visited her family near Douglas, she rode the fifty miles on a side saddle until after our son came, then she would put him in a cracker box and put him in the buggy by her and drive this distance, passing only two ranches on the way.

Jim Shaw's Story -

Just wish I could remember all the stories my father told me about the long trail trips and his experiences. All that I have is the short written part that I was able to get him to write. I know that I thought, and I was correct, he was a wonderful man and his life was in the open and on a horse, handling cattle. He was tall and straight with a handlebar moustache. He was a good cattle buyer and through all the depressions, he always made a few dollars and enough to eat. He always had his work planned out, and carried it out with the same precision. Some of the things I remember, I think one of the best is that Teschmaker spent the first winter at the ranch. He found out very soon that my father had gone to school three weeks. Being a college man, he (Teschmaker) drove a team and buggy to Cheyenne and got all the books and material necessary and taught my dad all winter and gave him a start. The rest my father dug out the hard way. Before he joined the Wyoming Stockgrowers Association, they passed a ruling that anyone having cattle could not work for a member. Teschmaker told my father to offer his cattle for sale but to put a high price on them and go on working for the Duck outfit which he did. When the Association decided to go take Buffalo and kill off some sixty of the homesteaders, my father and Uncle Jim refused to go as they knew alot of the "daisy"list, or alot of the "to be killed" list. That is well written up and was a nasty affair which broke most of the stockmen. My father could see the

end of the "big" outfits and decided to start his own small outfit. My grandfather settled on the Wagon Hound Creek and my father and mother decided to get married which they did on November 28, 1889 and the Duck outfit gave them the ranch on Cottonwood Creek. This was on unsurveyed land and my folks didn't know for several years that the location was on a school section, part of which he bought, and moved to the old ranch on Cottonwood Creek. I don't know how they made it through all the depressions, hard winters, but they did. My mother was a hard worker, always had a garden, and she worked in the field like my dad. They soon had a patch of hay and everything they needed. He had bought fifty head of cattle to start with. My father was a shrewd cattle buyer and he was always buying and selling and making a few dollars. He was a very good cook, clean and neat about everything.

I came along in 1893. My mother had made many trips home either riding a sidesaddle or a divided skirt. She passed only two ranches, Scotty Waln on the Horseshoe Creek or the Gibson place on the LaBonte Creek and she would make the fifty mile trip in one day. When I came, she would drive a buggy with me in a cracker box in front of the buggy. I remember her telling about being close to home one evening and running on to a bear. She couldn't get by the bear so she had to go around a longer way which made her late. I remember my father telling about one winter before they were married that the cook quit on one the Duck Bar ranches. He took over and he said that he had to take his sixshooter to make the fellows eat his cooking, but I didn't believe that. He was an

excellent hunter and I remember him telling about wounding a buck deer and following it until he met the deer coming around a big rock, close and he shot the deer in the head. The head hung in the old house until I left the old ranch in 1942. He used to hunt grey wolves so hard, they killed lots of cattle. I remember his telling about the den of wolves he found and setting some traps in the den. When he had finished, he was crawling out and caught his foot in one of the traps and he thought the old one had him. I remember he always carried a pearl-handled .45 Colts. When he would come in, he would hang the belt and holster on the deer horns. He finally quit carrying it and I wish I had it today.

I have his old shaving brush he carried to Wyoming with him, I used it and my son used it and it is still good. I never saw him scared, I never heard his voice raised, no matter the circumstances, - always cool. They always had a dog, he knew how to train a dog and they always had good care. I remember one he had and after he began to buy farms on the Wheatland flats, he used to take cattle to winter there. He would take off alone with his dog and drive them two days alone. I remember his telling about the Duck Bar boys roping two mountain lions where Wheatland is now.

He teased my mother alot but she could make him keep still. He was a very poor carpenter and she would tell him about making a wheelbarrow in the old bunkhouse and his making it so big he couldn't get it out. My father and mother could tell almost as well as they do today, about the weather. It was very convenient to those folks to know what was going to happen, they had it all doped-out anyway. Wolves and coyotes had alot to do with it. I

learned that when they howled all night, it signified a snowstorm.

He told me about the first mountain sheep he ever killed. He was over in the area where Frank Prager lived and Frank took him hunting. He had a bunch of cattle that he had gathered and when he started home with them Frank gave him a few bullets for his six-shooter that would explode on contact. On the way home and some place in Cottonwood Park, one of the old cows decided to stay in the thick willows. He got her out several times, but she would get in the brush again. He thought he would shoot her in the neck muscle and he tried to be sure he didn't get an explosive bullet for the shot, but he got one anyway, made the shot but killed the cow. He told me about a stampede they had on the first trip up the trail. They were all hunting cattle. He was alone with a bunch on the way to the herd, he hadn't had anything to eat for some time when he came to a big plum patch, turned his horse loose to graze and started eating plums. Said he hadn't slept for two days and he was sleepy. After he had eaten all the plums, he went to sleep. He said he woke up suddenly and a bunch of Indians were watching him. Said he got on his horse and got his cattle and got out toward the herd. The Indians followed, but didn't molest him. When he got back to the herd, the Indians talked the boss out of a beef.

When the Warner cattle were delivered, the Warners asked Coffee to deliver Tom Shaw with the cattle which they did, and he spent another lonesome winter with them and he worked for many years with them. He was wagon boss for many years all over the south-

eastern part of Wyoming, on the Laramie plains, part of Nebraska, and in Colorado.

Those men didn't have the good clothes we have now and they nearly all had chilblains and my father had them badly. I have seen him take off his boots and wade around in the snow which would relieve them for a while. Every evening in the winter it was the same, do something for them.

It was twelve miles to MacFarlane, the nearest post office. My mother or father would get the mail one week and our near neighbor Binford would get it the next week. They had a meeting place and my folks would meet Binford the weeks he made the trip. Binford met my dad one day and told him he should file on a piece of meadow land and gave my father the description of the land. My father filed on the land, he and my mother worked all the next winter clearing the brush and rocks off of it. The next spring my dad met Binford again and in the conversation that followed, Binford admitted that he had filed on the land and that he had located my father on a mountain. My dad was crippled with arthritis or something. Anyway, he called Binford some pretty choice names. Binford said that he had never been called such names and was going to make my father apologize. My father told him to go ahead, that he, Binford, could beat him up but it wouldn't do him any good, that he (my father) would fill Binford so full of lead that someone would settle on him for a lead mine. That started the feud and it lasted until Binford sold to my father several years later. My father bought all the

land around Binford and he couldn't get to summer range and he had to sell. I can remember when my dad got the place, in the winter I was old enough to ride. I had to take care of the cows and they had never seen a kid. Every one that had a calf ran me up a tree, they liked me about as well as they liked a coyote.

The first winter my father was on the ranch, he killed a buffalo and the bears starting working on what he didn't take for meat. He told me that one rainy evening he put some cartridges in his slicker, went to the place where the bears where working on the buffalo, hid his horse, tied his slicker on his saddle, got up on some rocks and hid. Finally, three bears came along. He shot and wounded the old bear, his horse smelled the bear, pulled back and broke his bridle and took off for home. My dad had no more ammunition as it was on the horse. He said that the old bear took off and he had to walk home.

I helped him work cattle all the years we were together and he really knew all there was to know. He told me I had to outguess a cow or a horse before I could handle them and I actually believe he could tell what they were thinking and what they would try to do. Before time to wean the calves, he would gather the cows and calves off the range and put them in a big pasture north of the ranch. After he had a good gather on them, he would cut the cows away from the calves in the old Duck Bar corral, get some help and drive the calves to the weaning pen at the Binford place. He would turn the cows out and they never knew where the calves went. After a month

or so he would turn the cows south of the ranch in another big pasture. When it was feeding time he would gather the cows, then those that were to be fed, but first the cows that were not going to have calves were worked out and turned back out. He very seldom missed, he had a way to tell. He worked alone most of the time and he could do more than half a dozen fellows who wanted to be cow men. Part of the time he had me along trying to teach me something. Heard an old fellow say "give Tom Shaw a good horse and he would put a cow through a knot hole."

He was trying to make things easier for my mother all the time. First, they had a little house built over a spring by the creek where she kept everything cool, milk, cream, etc. Next he tried a water system. He got an old surveyor who talked him into a gravity line. We dug the well, hauled a lot of pipe from Wheatland, dug over 2,000 feet of pipe line, laid the pipe and tried it. There was not enough head between the well and the house. All the pipe had to be taken out. Next, an old fellow came along selling water systems, a round cement tank with air pressure, gave my father a sweet talk and sold him a system which worked a while and quit. We finally put in a gravity system. Shot out a hole which was cemented, 60 feet from the house. When this tank was filled with water it lasted a couple of weeks - cold water - and was still operating in 1942.

Heater were the carpenters. The lumber was hauled from a local place. I was someone looking at this record fifty years from now and finding your excellent corner records on the quarter corners but none on the section corner at G, I would

Note on Point G:

April 20, 1992.

mill and cost \$6.00 per thousand board feet. It was a nice two-story house with porch and was finally equipped with water and electric lights which came from a local light plant. The next year the same carpenters built a good barn.

He took a few trips to Wheatland during the year, especially all the winter supplies had be hauled with team and wagon in September or October. It took three days to make the trip and it was a hard trip.

He was not satisfied until he had the best bulls available. He would go to the Carey ranch at Carreyhurst and buy a bunch of bulls from Bob Carey. It would take a few days to make the trip on horseback and after buying the bulls they had to be brought home. He usually made this trip in the middle of winter, it would generally be cold weather, lots of snow in the valleys and all the streams frozen and hard to move cattle. It took about five days to make the trip, crossing all the frozen streams, snow drifts, and believe me, it was a nasty trip. Mostly, he would make the trip alone, I don't know how he did it, but he had it all planned. I know how cold he got and how hard it would be to make the trip, but he always seemed to get alone some way. Seemed he didn't mind it. He spent the night at different ranches along the way.

After Wheatland was established, I can remember the trips after supplies, the long lists of everything we wanted and needed. It took one long day to get to town. If there was time, some of it was loaded the same evening. The rest would be loaded the next morning.

If there was time, the wagon would be taken as far as one of the Mitchell's ranches. They would stay all night and start home the following day, which was an all-day drive. Then everything had to be taken care of. Some room, usually upstairs, was filled with flour and sugar. All canned goods went in the cellar which was close to the house and dry. Dried fruit was one item they bought lots of cases. My mother knew how to take care of everything. It had to be just right. Enough supplies to last a year was hauled in, in the fall of the year.

My father told me about once when Albert Bennet was working for the Duck Bar. He was celebrating a little at Uva, he came in late for supper and the cook told Albert he was too late, and the cook would not get him anything to eat. The Texas boys were pretty touchy and this didn't please Albert very much. He stood and thought things over a minute and he came out with his six-shooter. The first shot hit the old clock, springs and parts of the clock were flying all over and especially showering the cook who went out of the kitchen door as fast as he could. The next shot hit a pile of knives and forks, scattering them all over. The cook never stopped until he was in Uva and he wouldn't go back. Anyway, Albert had to get his own supper. These Texas men were top hands, but were all ready for a fight or gun play.

He told me about meeting a fellow with a wheelbarrow who wanted a bullet hole in it. When they got through shooting at it, it looked like a sieve. He also told me that one of the men from another outfit came to theirs and started a row with one of their men and

shot their man, killing him. His foreman detailed two of the men to follow him and bring him back. They were gone two days and when they came back they said he got away, but they brought all his stuff, horse and all but his boots and saddle rope back and it is not hard to tell what the rope was used for.

My father said that he and Mr. Teschemaker were west of the ranch one day. They looked over into a deep canyon and saw a pack outfit. The men had red handkerchiefs tied over their heads and they thought they were Indians, so they left for the ranch in a hurry, hid on the mountain until these fellows came along. They found out they were white men and were glad to see them.

I remember them telling about working in the garden. My dad had a pup and toward evening the pup barked at something in the brush along the creek. My dad looked but didn't find anything. That night someone stole his saddle. The next morning my dad took after the fellow, followed him a day and night and didn't get home for two days. The thief had too much start and my dad followed him to Nebraska but couldn't catch him. My mother was scared and that night she stayed on top of the barn. The next day she hid on the mountain side until my father came home. I think now I know how scared she was. If my father had caught this fellow, lots of things would have happened.

He told me that in 1884 he was stationed at Casper to cut the trail herd to keep the cattle from the South side of the Platte River from going north with herds that were being trailed to Montana

and other states north. Said some of them didn't want to cooperate, had to get Malcolm Campbell the sheriff to make them stop. Said the only place he could get to sleep was over a saloon. They had lots of shootings and fights and that one night after he had gone to bed, a bullet came up through the floor next to his bed. He thought that was getting too close so he found another place to sleep. At that time Casper and Fort Fetterman were just a few shacks.

I can remember when my father would work all winter on a bridle bit in the old shop. He would get it just the way he wanted it, then in the fall when the roundups would start he would work with the roundups along the Laramie rivers including the VR where John O'Brien was foreman and John would get away with my dad's bridle bit leaving an old one in its place.

My father had a real nice horse he called Bawlie, he was an excellent horse but he had a habit of when a man let his saddle get loose, Bawlie, when things were just right, would buck him off. He threw my father now and then until later years he was turned over to me. I loved to ride him and was very careful, but he finally got rid of me. I rode him until he was pensioned. Everyone said that Tom Shaw never owned a gentle horse but he liked them mean, said they were better and had more staying qualities. Remember one horse he called Monty that always fell over backwards a few times before he would go, then turned out to be good, worked hard and was a good horse.

There was usually one school teacher boarded and roomed at the ranch. It was the only decent place for them and the tricks they

played on my father and he always got back at them in time. Remember when Miss Roberts who taught there was always playing tricks on someone. We only got three months of school most of the time. Then the teachers would arrange so that some other school would start about that time.

My father didn't like to have his picture taken. My mother would sneak up on him now and then. She did all her own work and she had some good negatives that were stolen from me.

I remember one evening he was bringing some cattle to the ranch. He was four or five miles south of the ranch when his horse fell on him and broke his right leg above the ankle. Some way, I don't know how, he got back on his horse and got home. Someone in a buggy took him to Wheatland and he got his leg set. He got home in a couple of weeks on crutches. He walked the floor most of the time, wore out the rugs, etc., and he saw everything that happened. It was in the winter and it hard on him. When he got to where he could get around on one crutch, a horse was saddled every morning for him and could ride for a few hours each day and believe me, he knew everything that was going on. That was a winter when we were short of help. John Housiaux and I worked from daylight to dark for weeks, feeding cattle, cutting wood, etc., but we finally came through OK.

I can remember once when a bobcat found a window open in my mother's chicken house. He had to jump a considerable distance to get in, but he managed to make it OK and it didn't prove too

good for the chickens. My father set two traps inside and one outside, all fastened on the outside. Evidently, when the bobcat got in he missed the trap on the outside but he landed from the window he caught both hind legs on the inside. He got back outside and have sat down on the outside trap as he was caught by the tail. The cat was in a very bad humor the next morning when my dad came along. He killed the cat and chickens could roost in peace after that.

I can remember when Billy Carothers was killed by a horse, they sent Matt Kewan to tell us. My dad was working on the roundup near the Platte River. Kewan got too much to drink and on the way his team ran away with him. He got to a hay stack. Someone found him and told my dad what was going on. My dad rode all night getting home, brought in a driving team and we all started for Carothers ranch out of Douglas. Everything worked well until we were in seven miles when the wheel broke on the buggy and we all walked. My dad rode and drove about 90 miles without rest. We found that we were a day too late. They were good men those days, and they had good horses.

I see these TV cowboys swinging their ropes to catch horses in a rope corral and I think how long a man would last in those days. He would swing his rope around his head just once and he would get fired. Had to know how to drag the loop behind him and one quick throw was it, if you didn't catch you had to get some good roper

to do the job. The ACSM Board. We are definitely looking for West. Red. I remember once he went to Denver with the day after he got to Denver, he was walking along the street carrying Constitution and propose changes, which will be the 1991 meeting, 1991. (Fall meeting, 1991). Rouch: "(He is)... instructed to re-assess the ACSM

his suitcase. A fellow came along on a bike, ran into my father and they had a spill. My father jumped up, hit the fellow over the head with the suitcase, sticking his head through one side. About that time a cop came along and took them to the police station where they were both fined ten dollars and cost. My dad never a chance to have a little fun. He noted that the judge was very friendly so he started visiting with him telling the judge what an ignorant hillbilly he was, what little he knew about Denver. He got the judge all interested and they had a nice visit. Finally the judge called a patrolman and he took my dad to the hotel, even carried his battered suitcase for him. My father never missed a chance to kid someone. He liked to tell that story.

I remember another time we took cattle to Omaha. Charlie Saul was shipping too. Some place soon on the trip I became very ill. About that time, an old German got on the train. We were in Nebraska. My dad, Saul and the old German fought all the time, they couldn't get along with him. When we were crossing the viaduct, going into town, they really had a round with the old German and they ran him out of our crowd. They had a sick kid to take care of and didn't want to be bothered by the disagreeable old man.

My father shipped in 1,500 of Texas steers. They were all colors and all ages. Some were gentle and some wild like a deer. Some of them found places where they could stay the year round and get along. One old steer got on Johnson mountain, one of the roughest places in the country and he made his home there. My father sent some of us

young fellows after him but he would out-maneuver us and we were not men enough to get him. One Sunday he decided that we would get him, and he told several of us young fellows to get a bunch of gentle cattle and go to Johnson mountain with them. He and John Housiauz saddled two of the best horses we had and took off. We were going along toward Johnson mountain when we saw my father and John coming with this steer. They were both old, but they each had a rope on his horns and there was nothing he could do. He had to go just where they wanted him to. Those old fellows just sneaked up on him, caught him, just like brush poepping in Texas and that was it. I can just feature those old fellows making fools of us young fellows. We just didn't have the nerve to rope him. I caught him by the hind feet and he stayed with the gentle cattle and we took the ropes off. I can still feel that they were very proud, but they sure knew how to do it. They were both getting close to 80 years old.

I can remember his old boots. Always made by a certain boot-maker, high tops, not scalloped, always wrinkled down around the ankles and were heavy and looked as though they would be hard to wear. Also remember the black hat that he always had when I was a little fellow. That old hat looked like it had been used and it had.

He had two nicknames- Nig and Buttons. We all had nicknames and usually that was all the name a fellow went by. When I was small, no one's history was inquired about, and when a fellow gave

you his name, we didn't ask any more questions.

My father did not like preachers. He worked for one a year for the grand sum of twelve dollars a month and when the year was up, he got one month's pay. These Texas fellows never forgot. Do one of them an injustice and he never forgot it. Do one a favor and he never forgot that. A preacher came to Wheatland, an old fellow by the name of Shepard. He was going down one side of the street one day and saw my father on the other side. He called across and said "Hello, you old horse thief!" My dad could appreciate that, they got to visiting and were good friends after. Mr. Shepard came to visit my dad often. He was a real man, liked his little nip now and then, and they had a good time together. My dad was a man of his own beliefs and he didn't want anyone telling him a lot he hadn't found out before.

It didn't make any difference how nasty the weather was nor how cold it was, all chores had to be done and everything had to be looked after. I used to think he was hard but I found out in later years that he never asked any one to do anything he wouldn't do himself. Didn't make any difference what the weather was, if there was riding to be done he did it and I followed him many, many days that I nearly froze and I know now that he was cold too. Tools were entirely out of his line, and when the automobile came in, I believe he resented getting around in them, the old way of getting places was his. It took away from the horses and cattle. It was too much trouble as something was always going wrong.

He finally started raising lots of grain. There was no threshing machine in the country in those early days. Finally he got one, an old Belle City that was powered with an eight horsepower. It did a good job threshing when it would hold together. He had lots of trouble with it and had lots of repairs, but we got the grain threshed and away. Sometimes he threshed at other ranches around the country. A threshing machine was a disappointment I think for as good a cowhand as he was, but he took it in stride. He enjoyed life, he got pleasure from all his activities. His health began to fail when he was about seventy years old. He missed handling cattle and his ranch he had worked so hard to realize and build. He was surrounded by his old friends along toward the last, the only pleasure he had. My mother took care of him in a home near Wheatland. On March 6th, at 4 a.m. (1933), he passed on. I called Reverend Shepard at Riverton and asked him to conduct the funeral at the Methodist Church of which he was a member. He was one of the grand old men who helped foster a great industry in great state. The church was full of folks, the main street was closed during the service, and he was buried at Douglas.

JCI Shaw