

CHAPTER X

"Uncle" Dave . . . Notes on Sheepeater Campaign . . . A Lonely Grave . . . Cougar Hunting

One of the most colorful figures it was our privilege to know in this country was "Uncle" Dave Lewis. We called him "Uncle," not because he was related to us, but because it pleased him, and it just seemed the natural term of address since we all regarded him with affection.

Following four years of service as a Union soldier in the Civil War, he had migrated to Oregon, where he resided for a time with a half-brother. Then, during the Indian uprisings in 1878, he hired out as a government packer and guide for the troop units detailed to quell the uprisings and round up the stragglers. This brought him to Idaho Territory and the Big Creek country. Years later he returned to this region to live out his days on a small ranch on lower Big Creek.

I don't quite know where to begin my chronicle of "Uncle" Dave, but since the Indian troubles marked his advent to the country, and were the stories he first related to us, that, perhaps, would be the logical place to start.

You will recall from your memory of Idaho history that the Tukuarikas or Sheepeaters (tribe of the Shoshonis) separated from the main tribe by the Blackfeet, took up their abode in the Salmon River area, and subsisted mainly on flesh of the Big Horn sheep. The Tukuarikas were of rather low intellect — animal-like in habits — roaming on foot over the country. They had had no chance to develop from the primitive.

Big Creek, being a part of the Salmon River drainage where these aborigines roamed, does have its bit of Indian lore. Below the Lewis ranch is an interesting cave full of pictographs (painted writings in colors — red, yellow, and white) which would indicate that

here was once an important meeting place of the Indian. (I mention this cave, for it was with "Uncle" Dave that we visited it the first time.) Students of Indian writing (pictographs and petroglyphs) even today, do not know much of its interpretation, but the Red Man surely meant to convey information, so we might call these places Indian "Bulletin Boards."

Later on the Tukuarikas were joined by renegade Bannocks, Nez Perces, and Weiser Shoshonis who had committed atrocities and were plotting others. This led to the last Indian War in Idaho — the Sheepeater War (1878-79).

This region had been one scene of the campaign, and "Uncle" Dave took us to several points where battles had occurred, describing them in detail. I am sure no history lesson was ever more meaningful than this. With his flair as a story teller, he "painted" the events in graphic account and exactness. He helped us collect souvenirs from the battle grounds and camps. We found obsidian arrowheads and knives, buttons, bullet shells, canteens, and cans.

Three units under Captain R. F. Bernard, Lieutenants Henry Catley and E. S. Farrow were given this assignment. Mounted troops and packers, as "Uncle" Dave told it, moved down Big Creek, slowly and cautiously in pursuit of the wily foe. It was a tortuous trail, if trail it was. Sometimes it became necessary to travel in the creek bed to get around precipitous bluffs.

At a point below the Caswell Ranch there is a box canyon — a place where the sheer rock walls almost meet overhead, and from a distance, Big Creek would seem to be a "dead end." It was here the Indians hid in the bluffs above the trail and ambushed the sol-

diers of Catley's command. Two were wounded and all forced to retreat to a hill — Vinegar Hill — on the Caswell Ranch. Smoke from the guns, fortunately, had settled in the canyon, affording a perfect screen and so saved them from complete annihilation. They had time to contrive crude, pole "stretchers" on which the wounded were carried back.

In the panic and confusion of retreat, or after taking up forced tenancy on the hill (I don't recall exactly) some of the mules, loaded with valuable material, stampeded and were captured by the Indians. Dave said that one mule carried veterinarian equipment, exclusively, a great loss to the packers.

Soldiers, packers, and remaining stock were pushed to the top of Vinegar Hill. Night and day Indian guards watched, holding them there without water. You can guess how the hill got its name — the prisoners drank vinegar. Dave explained that vinegar was packed as an item of food supply.

The men realized they must have help, and finally a detachment (bells muffled) got by the guards in the dead of night, and started toward Warren for reinforcements. This took time, and when the fresh troops arrived back at Vinegar Hill the Indians had fled.

Now all units proceeded, this time with extreme caution, down Big Creek. The advance scouts knew what to look for. Ambush could spell disaster. Ten miles below the box canyon — near what is today Soldier Bar landing field — occurred a skirmish with the enemy, and one of the soldiers, Harry Egen, was killed.

Relentlessly they pursued the savages into the Cottonwood country, defeating them in every engagement. "Uncle" Dave always said that credit for this feat and the success of the campaign should go to Lieutenant Farrow, a bold, fearless leader, who didn't know the meaning of "retreat." He outmaneuvered the Indians at all points, eventually making the capture of the remnant — about sixty. Then began the long, wearisome

trip to Fort Vancouver where the captives were turned over to General O. O. Howard.

Harry Eagen lies buried at Soldier Bar near the spot where he fell. The United States government hired Joe Elliott (Big Creek rancher) to pack cement and a monument to this place. The granite slab weighed some 350 pounds and had to be loaded with a block and tackle onto a frame attached to the pack saddle. A big, black mule named Dempsey did the "honors," "Uncle" Dave, assisted by Joe Elliott and Harry Shellworth of Boise set up the monument in a cone-shaped pile of native granite to mark the lonely grave of a United States soldier. It is said that the project cost \$1,000.

Harry Shellworth (associate of the Boise Payette Lumber company) being a friend and admirer of "Uncle" Dave for many years, a great hunting enthusiast, and devotee of the mountain wild, made numerous trips to the Big Creek country. It was on one of these vacations that he had the unexpected privilege of participating in the afore-mentioned historic event. Following is an excerpt from a letter written by Mr. Shellworth in which he describes the occasion and a later interesting experience:

"I made 26 trips into this area. The monument was built about 1925. Joe Elliott had a contract for bringing the marble slab from Edwardsburg to Soldier Bar, and erecting the monument according to the attached blueprint and specifications. It weighed something over 300 pounds with the crating.

"I happened to be at Dave's ranch the evening Joe arrived with the headstone. He was unable to read the blueprints and did not know how to mix cement. Dave was very much disturbed and asked me to go with Joe the next morning and help him. We took the stone and cement to Soldier's Bar, unloaded it at the point where Eagen fell. Dave went back to the ranch after helping Joe bring sand and rocks up from the creek. Elliott and I spent the rest of the

day digging the foundation hole specified in the blueprint, and the next day started and finished the monument. I do not remember the complete wording on the stone, but it was to the effect that Eagen was killed at this spot by Indians in the Sheepeater Campaign (1878-1879). I think the month was August.

"Sometime later I was a guest in the Army-Navy Club in Washington, D. C., and was introduced to Col. W. W. Brown (retired U. S. Army) who was a second lieutenant with the army at Vinegar Hill near the old Caswell ranch. I told him of my being with Elliott and helping him put up the monument. Col. Brown said that he was instrumental in having the army send the stone as a result of a letter received from Dave. He was very pleased. He, also, told me that Uncle Dave was of great assistance in the Sheepeater campaign and should have been rewarded for his service, and asked me to say so to Dave the next time I saw him, which I did. Col. Brown said Dave was, primarily, a scout but did help with the pack-strings."

Here are a few memories of Dave Lewis—the man—his personal appearance, personality, and character. He was small, but in the slight figure lay suggestion of a wiry toughness, the ruggedness of his Welsh forbears. As John always said, and aptly:

"Dave was as tough as a pine knot."

He walked with a firm, decisive step. Perhaps a "walk" is not indicative of character, but in his case it seemed to be. I don't believe he knew the meaning of fear, and he walked that way. The inevitable whiskers (style of the Civil War soldier he always wore) only served to accent his best feature — a pair of the keenest blue eyes. Eyes that twinkled when he talked, yet could on provocation become as hard as blue steel.

To those he knew well, he was friendly and affable, but among strangers a certain reticence marked his manner, and he was quick in his judgment of people.

His guiding principles were the Republican party and the American flag. We never knew one with more patriotic fervor. There is a story to illustrate his patriotism which we always liked: A crazy radical (I. W. W.) came through the country one time and stopped at the Lewis ranch for the night. In the course of the evening the man began a tirade against the U. S. government, working himself into a frenzy of anger. Then he reached up, snatched the flag from the wall and was ready to trample it when Dave went into action. The fellow found himself looking into a six-gun barrel with the eyes of blue steel behind it. He heard a voice,

"Put that flag back and get going!"

The "crackpot" lost no time in doing just that. John asked Dave later, jokingly: "Weren't you ashamed to turn the poor fellow out into the wilderness with night coming on like that?" Dave's answer was characteristic: "I had only one regret — that I gave the crazy galoot his supper."

The Routson family looked forward to "Uncle" Dave's visits, for we loved to hear him tell of his war experiences. He knew the Civil War by heart. Living it for four years taught him much, but being an avid reader of history he could talk with the authority of a student on most any of them. He liked particularly, the stories of wars, campaigns, and leaders. An ardent admirer of Ulysses S. Grant he was, and our youngest brother was no sooner born than "Uncle" Dave named him for the famous general. I recall him saying:

"If he is as good a citizen as his namesake, U. S. Grant, he'll be a mighty fine man."

Cougar hunting was the chief occupation of Dave Lewis during his years on Big Creek. As far as anyone knew, the bounty he derived therefrom was his livelihood. Because of this work he became known as "Cougar" Dave. He killed hundreds of these big cats, the worst predator of the wild.

In the business of hunting cou-

gar he was assisted by four trustworthy companions. He called them his "family": Old Jack, Young Jack, Whiskers, and Fox. (This was the "family" when we first knew Dave. Over the years he owned many canines.) On the trail of a cougar these dogs were merciless, never quitting until they had it treed. Then they would sit under the tree, holding the quarry until Dave arrived to shoot it. That was the climax of the hunt, and their reward for long, hard hours on the trail.

Otherwise the dogs were just pets — gentle and affectionate. A picture comes to mind of "Uncle" Dave as he saddled and packed preparatory to leave for his ranch. When all was in readiness, he mounted Old Bell, lead rope in hand, then looked all around. Here were the two Jacks and Whiskers, cavorting about, barking ecstatically, glad to be starting home, but no Fox in sight. Then in a large, peremptory voice Dave called, "Fox," the fierce tone increasing with each call. No response. Finally, he would get off

his horse, proceed to the house, and with aid of broom rout the recalcitrant one from under the bed. This was an invariable procedure. The dog was so attached to the children, he wanted to stay with them, but Dave could not spare him, for Fox was one of the best cougar dogs he ever owned.

Secretly, I think "Uncle" Dave was flattered by the publicity and acclaim he often received in magazines and newspapers, but he wanted it to be the truth. One writer described Dave's dogs as "ferocious, man-eating creatures," just to make good reading, I guess, but Dave was irritated by such distortion of fact.

He lived to the ripe old age of ninety-one years. In his final illness, they took him to Cascade where he passed away and is buried. As a lasting memorial and one most fitting, to this grand old man — Civil War soldier, Indian fighter, and cougar hunter — a mountain near the wilderness home he loved, has been named for him — Dave Lewis Peak.

CHAPTER XIV

John Enters Mining Game, On His Own . . . Mine Explosion
 . . . Emmit Stricken at the Werdenhoff . . . Mercy Mission

In 1924 John traded his white-face cattle to Clarence Scott for one-half interest in the Smith Creek Placer, and so entered a pursuit that he loves. Mining in that region, as well as ranching, has called for pioneering — privation and hardships — through the years. But it is a fascinating field to John. He likes the "chance" element in mining. He has spent years learning the game; the story in the rocks, rock analysis, minerals, methods, and laws. This was done the hard way, by his own effort, without schooling; yet he talks to engineers in their own language.

A flair for salesmanship plus an abiding "faith in his product" has made him a promoter of no mean ability. And he promotes, not alone for himself, but for his neighbor's holdings, too. He has never been guilty of "knocking" another man's property to sell his own.

In his first deal, sale of the Smith Creek placer, he made more money than he had in all his life before, at wages. The next venture was the location of the delinquent Werdenhoff property which he bonded first to J. B. Mason, and later to C. W. Mason of Tacoma. At present he owns stock in it, and has placer holdings on Big Creek.

Several attempts, in a small way, have been made in the development of mines in this region for gold alone. The rich Golden Hand no doubt paid off with its \$30,000 gold high grade quartz, but the Smith Creek Placer, while showing plenty of gold, needed more adequate equipment and more capital to put it on a paying basis.

The Snowshoe (former Jansen property on Crooked Creek) operated until the "high grade" ore,

easily accessible, was depleted, then for lack of capital, it closed down. There has been considerable development done on the more "base" type, gold-bearing quartz properties such as the Independence and Werdenhoff, but to achieve a paying productivity in gold requires money and lots of it.

Now there may be a new mining history written for this region. Until quite recently gold, silver, and copper were minerals most sought for in our mines, but the picture has changed. The same quartz that contains those metals can yield the so-called vital or strategic minerals such as tungsten, molybdenum, antimony, manganese or many others. In them may lie the real "gold" of the mines.

Robert N. Bell, one of Idaho's noted mining engineers, saw future in this great mineralized belt that extends from the Independence to the Snowshoe. Henry Keeoe, field man for the Homestake of South Dakota, thinks that this is one of the greatest undeveloped mineral belts in the United States. Bill Cox, a north Idaho engineer, has the same version.

John says he may not live to see it, but he has unwavering faith in this region becoming greater than Stibnite ever was in mining history, with the possibility of its outranking the famed Coeur d'Alene district.

Old mines, auras of history! What fascinating tales they could tell of success, failure, and disappointment; of tragedy, and excitement!

The Werdenhoff Mine, afore mentioned, has had its share of drama, much of it centering around some member of our family. Dad might have been what is called a shock mania, for in many incidents of his life he has either figured directly as a shock victim, or in-

directly in the shocks and accidents of others. Or we might call it plain "bad luck." The following story is another example.

In the summer of 1924 occurred an accident at the Werdenhoff which none but a super-man could have survived. John was now in his 50's and age was against him in this ordeal.

With his sons, Emmitt and Noel, he was spending the summer here doing some assessment work. After lunch one day he and Emmitt climbed up the mountain to resume work. They were short of powder, fuse, and caps and at the mouth of the tunnel they had laid some old explosives on a wheelbarrow in the sun to dry out, hoping to be able to use them later. John mentioned that he'd try a piece of the fuse, intending to light it, then throw it over the bank. As he struck the match he heard Emmitt say,

"Be careful, Dad!" That was all.

It was a running fuse, and some how a spark fell into the powder (10 sticks) and box of caps on the wheelbarrow. In the resulting explosion both were knocked down. Emmitt, not badly injured, soon regained his presence of mind, and saw John, lying inert, blood gushing from mouth, nose, and ears. His clothes had been partially blown off, and his entire body full of copper. Emmitt shouldered him and carried him down the mountain to the cabin. Noel had heard the explosion and was on the way up. As soon as he saw the situation, he ran for the nearest telephone, at the Scott Cabin about two miles away, to call for help.

It is strange that one can see humor in a tragic happening after it is all over. Noel tells that on his way to the telephone the heavy, hob-nailed shoes he wore seemed to impede his progress, so he sat down in the trail, pulled them off, and continued in sock feet, scarcely conscious of having removed the shoes. On starting back to camp, however, he found walking in the rocky road a painful process.

Noel was fortunate in finding

the telephone in working order. John Jr., then ranger at Thunder Mountain, was summoned. He rode forty-five miles in the night, arriving early next morning. That day, with the help of Hubert Knipe, Forest Service employee, and Napier Edwards, resident, John was taken on horseback, over the summit to Elk Creek. All this distance he had to be supported on the horse by someone riding behind him. A hack and team conveyed him to the South Fork Ranger Station and Dr. Don Numbers, with Bob Carrey to assist, were waiting here to take John to McCall in a coupe.

The Bill Newman home in McCall had been converted into an emergency hospital for accident cases, and here John was hospitalized. Then began the long "pull" — weeks of fighting — back to health and strength.

Dr. Numbers had had many such cases in his experience as a war doctor (World War I) and he handled this one expertly. To the writer (who nursed him through the ordeal) his recovery was nothing short of miraculous. Anyone seeing him couldn't believe he'd survive. For weeks he breathed in gasps, result of the concussion, his skin so full of copper fragments it was suffused in bright yellow. Each morning brought the "digging out copper" routine which he said was one thing that nearly "got his nerve."

But by sheer force of will, he triumphed once more. The only ill effect was the loss of sight in one eye, and John considered himself lucky at that.

Many dramatic tales have come out of the Back Country, but none more dramatic than this one which was publicized from coast to coast, bringing letters from all sections of the country. The publicity accorded it, however, was not through any effort on the part of the Routson family.

Mattie Mahon, an old man living on Ramey Ridge, became ill one winter, and Noel and Emmitt volunteered to go and get him out. (These brothers were working at

the Werdenhoff Mine at the time.) It was the same old story of sacrifice, involving tireless effort and patience to effect the rescue. By sheer physical force they hauled the old man on a sled from Ramey Ridge up Big Creek and over Elk Summit to the Smoke House, where someone waited to take him on. Emmitt, overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, took suddenly ill on return to the mine. Pneumonia developed, and it was soon apparent to all at the camp that it meant a fight for life.

Word was sent to John at Weiser to come and he tarted at once. In McCall he contacted Dr. Numbers, who consented to go with him to the stricken youth. Weather conspired against them. There was a bad storm on and snow was soft. It meant the relaying of the doctor from one point to another by any means available. The Brown and Stover dog teams transferred the doctor from McCall to Bergdorf — first lap of the trip — but the dogs were too exhausted to be used next day, so a horse toboggan relayed him to Warren. At Warren fresh dog teams were secured.

McCall — "Without those wonderful dogs we never could have made it," declared Dr. Don Numbers, McCall physician, Friday, in recounting the experiences of his spectacular 120-mile dash into the wilds of the Thunder Mountain district, where Emmitt Routson, son of a Weiser, Idaho, couple, was reported near death, suffering from intestinal influenza and pneumonia.

"Much credit, too, goes to those hardy mountaineers who relayed me over the unbroken snow fields. About 25 men along the route gave their services, breaking trail for the dog teams, sometimes through waist-deep snow. These fellows worked like demons to speed us on our way. The relay teams of picked men included Brad Carrey, Bill Roden, Fred Schaffer, Clyde Benson, Dan LeVan and John Routson, father of the stricken youth."

John said that all along the way people volunteered their help. It

is true the Doctor "carried the ball," so to speak, and to him we owe a debt of gratitude, but there were so many who made it possible to carry out the mission.

At Warren, John picked four men. He knew the worst part of the trip lay ahead, and he needed the best help available. Two of these men, Fred Schaffer and Clyde Bensen, were sent ahead with the serum. They were web experts, and without incumbrance could make far better time than if they went along with the dog sledge. The others, Brad Carrey and Bill Roden, helped John with the Doctor.

A dog team out of Warren was used to the snow line, east of Warren summit. At this point a team and hack relayed the party to the Hackett Ranch near the South Fork of the Salmon. Travel was again resumed with dogs and sledge, and the trip completed to the Werdenhoff.

John, now in the youth of old age, led this expedition over Elk Summit, setting a pace that taxed the strength of dogs and men. This time the stakes were high. It was a race against death. At the Smoke House the Doctor wanted to stop for a cup of coffee, but John refused. Time was precious. It was a record-breaking trip: 120 miles in 30 hours of day and night travel.

They found the patient in delirium and Emmitt says he never was aware of the Doctor being there. The Doctor did all he could. The serum, prescribed care, and the patient's own rugged constitution, undoubtedly saved his life.

John stayed on to relieve Noel of the day and night vigil he had kept at the bedside.

It was weeks before the patient was strong enough to be moved to his home in Weiser. This time, in complete reverse of events, Emmitt was loaded on a toboggan and hauled out over snowy Elk Summit by man power. John had the help of six stalwart volunteers (on webs, working in relays) to negotiate this task — the most difficult of the entire trip. Because of the

patient's weakened condition "laps" were made as short as possible. It took six days to cover the 120 miles to McCall where they rested a day or two pending the final journey by stage and train to Weiser.

To be home with mother was the best "tonic," no doubt, and under her capable nursing and strict adherence to the doctor's orders, Emmitt began to mend.

But it was a tough battle! We cannot forget the untiring effort and devotion of Dr. W. H. Marshall. For months there was strict routine of treatment to cure the infected lungs. The daily, rare beefsteak, quarts of milk, and other body-building foods, as well as shots, rest, sunbaths, persistently administered, restored Emmitt's health.

In late years a new kind of mercy mission has been used in the hinterlands, expedited by the airplane. We salute the intrepid pilots who pioneered in flying inaccessible mountain regions, battling storm, treacherous air currents, executing "impossible" landings and take-offs, and risking their lives withal.

High on this roster of pilot names would be Bob and Dick Johnson, Bill Gowan, Penn Stohr, Bob Fogg, the Zimmerman brothers, Bill Woods, and many others.

The Routsons have occasion to remember a mercy mission, in the modern manner, when in 1931 Pilot Bill Gowan flew in to the Old Caswell ranch to pick up Noel. At that time, however, the original Caswell ranch had been cut up into three homesteads, and the one on which the plane landed was the Flying "W" owned then by Blackie Wallace.

A Forest Service trail crew that spring was working far down Big Creek near the Lewis ranch. In the crew were Noel and Emmitt Routson, John Reeder, Don Park, Earle Harper, and Dan LeVan. On this day the crew had put off a blast in a rugged cut, and Noel went in to get out the down rock. As he bent over to pick out the debris from the floor a jutting

ceiling of loose rock gave way and fell down upon him. A huge one (200 pounds, they said) struck him in the back, others in the head. He was lying flat on the "floor," unconscious, when the crew came to his aid. They bore him to camp on a hastily improvised stretcher, cleaned him up, dressed the cuts. There was a nasty gash above one temple that needed stitches, but all they could do was tape and bandage it. When Noel regained consciousness he found he was paralyzed from the hips down and they knew his back was badly injured.

It was decided that one man should get to the nearest telephone which was seven miles up Big Creek at the Flying "W." Emmitt took this assignment. He has said that he made some sort of record, for he ran all the way. (Horses must still have been on winter range, or they didn't have time to bother getting them up.) When he reached the telephone, Emmitt called Slim Vasser at Big Creek Headquarters, told him to get men to the Flying "W" to help grub off an emergency landing strip, and order a plane from Cascade to come next day to get Noel.

Slim "got out" with the message and called the Werdenhoff for men. Then he, Jim Hornberger, and the miners hiked to the Wallace ranch to work on an airstrip. Blackie Wallace, some of the McCoys and Jesse Warner, men at the ranch, were already at work on the field when they arrived.

Emmitt returned to the trail camp, in the meantime, to assist in moving Noel the seven miles on a stretcher over trails that would dismay a mountain goat. It was a gruelling task for these five men. Two at a time carried the stretcher and changed off with the others.

The plane was waiting when they got to the ranch. Our brother, John, came along with the pilot, Bill Gowan, to act as guide. He remarked later that the landing and take-off were extremely difficult, and only because of the

sheer, cool nerve and skill of the pilot were they able to negotiate them.

Never was a plane watched for with more anxiety as it made its laborious way up the Big Creek canyon! Mattie Mahon, grizzled old miner atop Ramey Ridge, was the first to sight it, and he called Headquarters to tell them the plane was passing below,

"Jest barely flappin' its wings," he said. There was a bit of truth in this remark, for the little craft was struggling for every foot of altitude. John Jr. said he thought they would never rise above the canyon walls. But they did climb out, and made good time to Cascade where the plane landed and John Jr. got off. Noel was almost overcome when Dad and Mother who came from Weiser to meet the plane, climbed aboard to talk to him a few minutes before they took him on to a Boise hospital. This did a lot to bolster his morale which must have been at low ebb about that time. Then Dr. Numbers looked him over, and gave him a sedative to make him more comfortable for the last lap of the trip.

At the hospital they found a bad back injury that took years to mend. Being in hospitals and seeing many people worse off than he helped him a great deal.

Fortunately, there are more good times in life than bad, but in sharing tough times, I think family ties become stronger. Then we have been so very lucky that our adversity had an "all lived happy ever after" ending.

Not all Back Country stories ended happily. I recall a pathetically tragic incident in which the airplane mission could not help. In fact, nothing could have helped. This is how it happened:

Two young men, Salty Pickens and George De Shanko, came out from Oklahoma one summer seeking adventure in the "Wild West." As winter approached (1937, I think) they decided to "hole up" in a cabin on Smith creek. The boys eventually found time heavy on their hands and in "threshing"

around for something to do, decided to make a sled out of a huge yellow pine standing high on a steep, rocky hillside near camp.

They called Noel at Forest Service Headquarters, told him what they wanted to do, and asked him if they could borrow some dynamite to blast the tree down. Noel told them he had no powder, and added a caution to leave this tree alone unless they knew what they were doing, that if they had to cut trees there were plenty of lodgepole pines around there to cut.

All this good advice went in one ear and out the other. They no doubt thought they knew how to fall a tree, for they went ahead. Without undercutting, not knowing which way it would swing, they began sawing. Soon the tree, which stood leaning slightly, broke off — "boot jacked," they call it—and the top caught George, knocked him down and dragged him some thirty feet under it.

At 4 p. m. the telephone rang at Headquarters and Miles Howard, excited, scarcely intelligible, was on to give Noel the word. Mail day always brought everyone up the creek or down, and that was the reason for Miles being here at the time of the accident. He arrived from his camp on Ramey just a while before it happened.

Noel, "Skook" McCoy, and our brother John (who was there to get the Werdenhoff mail) rounded up a dog team at the ranger station and Big Creek store. It did not take them long to harness and hitch them to a sled, and the three miles to the Smith creek camp were covered in nothing flat.

Up on the hillside they found the boy, unconscious, but still alive. They saw where he had attempted to move the rocks and limbs with his hands to extricate the lower part of his body. Heart-rending sight! "Salty" Pickens, in a near state of hysteria, had by this time recovered some calmness and could help them lift the log and debris off the victim.

The poor boy's body, from the hips down, was ground to a pulp, the back broken at the waist, one leg