

DANIEL TYLER AND CHRISTINA MATILDA PETERSEN

By Stuart Tyler

Daniel Tyler
Born 30 Oct 1874
Died 28 Jul 1954

Christina Matilda Petersen
Born 14 Aug 1880
Died 05 Nov 1954

Daniel Tyler, son of Daniel Moroni Tyler and Sarah Elzina Pulsipher, was born October 30, 1874 at Hebron, Washington, Utah. He was the oldest living child in a family of eleven. The first child of the family died at birth.

To understand the circumstances of the family one must know a little bit about Dan's father, Daniel Moroni Tyler. In his boyhood, Daniel Moroni suffered a dislocated hip when one of his playmates at school dropped on his hands and knees behind him and another one pushed him over backward. Daniel fell over the boy behind him. His hip was dislocated from the joint. The doctors, in those days, were unable to set the leg and he had to go all through life with that hip out of joint. That leg never grew after that and, of course, was much smaller than the other one. He walked with a crutch and a cane and it made it difficult for him to make a living for his family. He studied telegraphy and worked in a telegraph office at the time of his marriage to Sarah Elzina Pulsipher. Soon after their marriage, the telegraph company sent him to Southern Utah, to Hebron and later to St. George, to teach a class in telegraphy and to train new operators. When his work as a teacher was finished, the station alone was a poor living so he decided to go on the freight roads, that is, to haul freight by team and wagon, as there were no railroads in that area at that time.

Danny, as his dad used to call him, was four years old at that time and he started on the roads with his dad. He would run errands, get the horses in for his dad in the mornings, and help in any way he could. He never had a chance to be a boy and play as other boys did. He had to be a man from his

early childhood and to learn to rough it on the freight roads. He was nine years old when he got his first opportunity to go to school. The family moved to Pioche for one year where his dad took a telegraph office again. They then moved back to Hebron and again started freighting. The railroad came as far as Milford and the freighting was done from Pioche to Milford.

Bullionville was where the silver smelters were located east of Pioche. They would load there with Bullion to freight to Milford and then load back with groceries and dry goods, whiskey or general merchandise for the people in Pioche. One team and wagon was used at first and later two, as Danny got old enough to drive.

They only held school three months a year in those days--during December, January, and February. Danny would attend school between freight loads and in this way, he obtained about a fourth grade education.

The area they freighted in is all desert county and there were only two watering places between Poiche and Milford. They had to haul water for the horses. Desert Springs was the first watering place out of Poiche. Hot Springs was 25 miles from Desert Springs. The water there had to be cooled in troughs before the horses could drink it. Sulfur Springs was 30 miles from Hot Springs. The water there tasted so much of sulfur that the only way they could drink it was to make coffee out of it. The price of water at these places was \$.25 to water a team and \$.50 to fill a fifty gallon barrel. They would load 2500 pounds of bullion and were paid \$.75 a hundred for the one hundred mile trip. They would load back with 3000 pounds and receive \$1.00 per hundred.

Hebron could raise no crops except gardens. The water for the town came from Shoal Creek which was ditched around a mountain and then flumed for a quarter of a mile across a flat to get it to the town. The flume finally rotted out and there was no water. The town became known as Dry Flume and later was abandoned and moved to Enterprise. That was cattle country. Danny's uncles, John and Charles Pulsipher, had cattle. Danny spent a lot of the time riding with them when not on the freight roads.

One trip on the freight roads which he particularly remembered was when he was ten years old. It was in the spring of the year.

It had been a wet spring and the roads were broken up. They were loaded heavy for the condition of the roads. There were five or six outfits traveling together. Some had single teams, some had four horse teams, and there was one six horse team driven by Joe Wadsworth.

The road was so bad between Hot Springs and Desert Springs that they had to double up and put six or eight horses on a wagon. They would take two wagons five miles and then take the horses back and bring up two more wagons. When they got all the wagons up, they camped for the night, making five miles a day. They traveled 25 miles that way. They had to water the horses from the puddles in the road. The road got better after they got to Desert Springs. Then, to put the story in Dan's own words; "At Desert Springs we got our team watered first and started out ahead of the rest. Six or eight miles after we left them we went into a canyon. The road crossed a wash several times and then we came to an extremely bad wash which was very sidling. We went ahead instead of waiting for the others to help us cross. We were loaded with stoves and whiskey. Our water barrel was tied on the side of the wagon, which was uphill, to help hold it from tipping. I sat on top of the barrel

to give a little more weight up there and Pa started to drive across. We just got started when the wagon tipped and rolled over an eight foot bank. I jumped free when it started to tip, but Pa was on the spring seat and went to the bottom with the horses and wagon. Pa was badly bruised and the horses were down. I got the tugs unhooked and got old Nell up. Fly was pinned down and I had to use Nell to pull her out. When the other freighters got there they helped us out. We loaded Pa in an old buckboard and I took him home with old Fly and Nell. Fly crippled the 20 miles home and it was pretty tough for her.

Pa was crippled up and couldn't go on the freight roads any more for a long time. The other freighters loaded all the freight that wasn't damaged on their loads and took it on in for us. The broken stoves were loaded into our wagon and pulled it up to the cedars where it was out of sight of the road and there it stood until late in the fall when Dad went back for it. We had to make three trips to pay for the damage, \$80.

After that I went on the freight roads alone. I drove with the other freighters but had my own team and wagon. The men would help me load and unload and in return I would wrangle horses and run other errands for them. We always hobbled the horses out so they could graze at night. [A hobble is like hand cuffs that fit on the front legs of the horse] They could wander and eat but not run.

We'd put a bell on one horse to help us find them the next morning. Sometimes they would be two miles away. I would get up before daylight and wrangle the horses, water them and feed them their oats and help the men harness them for an early start. I became 'run Dannel' for the whole outfit.

The men I freighted with were John Laub, Uncle John and Chot (Charles) Pulsipher, the Wadsworth brothers, Will Laub, and Jess and Will Hunt. Every outfit carried some whiskey. It was put up in barrels. All you needed was a couple of

horseshoe nails and you could drive them between the staves and tap the barrels. The men always had all they wanted to drink.

Pa still operated the telegraph and when they needed teams to freight, they sent the message on the telegraph. When Pa was gone, Ma would receive the message and receive a small wage for it."

THE PEDDLER

Peddling was one thing that Dan hated to do more than anything else in the world. Peddling, as Dan called it, was done to obtain their year's supply of flour. They would go by wagon from Hebron to Gunlock, (about 35 miles) and get Sorghum molasses from the settlers there. This was made from the sorghum cane which they grew there. They would haul this sorghum to Beaver (100 miles) where they would have to peddle it from door to door. Since his father was crippled, Dan had to do the peddling. To realize his suffering one must picture him as he was; a ten year old boy who was naturally bashful. A boy who had roughed it on the freight roads with men and who had been around but very few women other than his mother. And then, shy and timid as he was, he had to knock on the doors and be met by women (as the men were usually out at work) and ask them if they would like some sorghum. If they wanted sorghum, there was no money, so Dan and the women would have to go to the grainery and sack wheat enough to pay for it. The sacks were very heavy for the boy and the women, but they would get them loaded somehow.

Dan never forgot one particular morning when his father practically had to drive him from the wagon to go to the first house for the day to do his peddling. It so happened that at this house the large family was just eating breakfast as Dan knocked at the door. The entire family eyed this timid boy as he drawled out in his bashful manner, "Would you like to buy some sorghum?" Whether it was his shyness, his appearance or

both, Dan never knew, but the whole family burst into laughter. In his embarrassment he made a quick exit and that was the last house he visited that day. His dad couldn't make him call at another one. He would have to climb down from the spring seat of the wagon and hobble to the house with his crutch and cane and do his own peddling.

The wheat which they obtained in this manner was then taken to the mill at Beaver and they obtained a grist. They would load the flour and take it back to Gunlock where they would call back to the people who they got the sorghum from and give them flour in payment for it. It usually took about half of the flour to pay for the sorghum and the other half was theirs for their labors.

This peddling was done in the fall and they tried to obtain enough flour to last them a year. If they ran out of flour before the year was up, they ate the bran and shorts. (These are by-products of the milling that include the germ, the bran, and very little flour.)

DAN AND JOHN GO TO BEAVER

It was the fall of 1884. Dan was ten years old and his brother John was six. The peddling had been done to obtain the year's supply of flour. Dan and his father had made the first trip and could only haul the flour back with them. There was no room for the bran and shorts. Dan and John were sent back that one hundred miles to Beaver to get the bran and shorts. They made the trip down in good shape and stayed two or three days with their grandparents. Their grandfather, Daniel Tyler, was at the time the Stake Patriarch of the Beaver stake. They had taken enough grub (food) with them for the trip down and their grandmother fixed a grub box for them for their trip back. It snowed the morning they left Beaver. The road was bad and they made poor time. They had the bran and shorts and some boxes of apples. The boys felt sorry for the horses with their heavy load and the bad roads so they walked most of the time. Dan had

learned, while on the freight roads, to get on the wagon without stopping the team by stepping on the hub of the front wheel and then step quickly behind him onto the double tree and then on up. John had seen Dan do this and he thought he could do it. As they walked along, he decided he wanted an apple.

He tried to get onto the wagon in this manner and fell between the horse and the front wheel. He grabbed onto the stay chain, but the wheel ran over his ankle. Dan stopped the team and got him into the wagon.

John's ankle swelled up and got black and gave him a lot of pain. They, of course, had to camp out nights and turn the horses out to graze. John had to ride all the time from then on.

The night they reached Red Creek, they stayed with an old man and an old lady. The lady washed John's ankle, hot packed it and doctored it for him. They were still sixty miles from home. The road was bad all the way and they made poor time. It was just sundown when they reached the lane just half a mile from home. The horses were fagged out and the road through the lane was muddy and cut up worse than any of it had been across the desert. They didn't think they could make it through that piece of road, so they pitched camp and hobbled their horses out. John couldn't walk, so they didn't even go on in to let their folks know they were home.

The next morning, their dad (Pa, as Dan always called him) saw their camp, and thought it was their outfit, so he got on an old mule and rode out to meet them. They were just starting out when he got to them. They were mighty glad to get home.

NIGHT WITH THE CATTLE

When Dan was eight or nine years old, he, Lew Terrill, Len Lobb, Arthur Huntsman and a couple of others, all about the same age, were sent out to bring the young cows and their calves in off the range. They had tried to leave them out on the range

as long as possible and winter had hit with about a foot of snow. The boys had found the cattle and started home with them but the calves were small, and some of them gave out. They didn't want to leave them so decided to spend the night there. They had had dinner, but there was nothing for supper or breakfast the next morning. They camped under a cedar tree with no fire and no bedding, using their saddles and saddle blankets to keep warm. Some of the boys' mothers were worried and wanted to get a posse to go out and look for them. Dan's mother, knowing how he had roughed it on the freight roads, said, "Don't worry, they can take care of themselves." They made it in the next morning in good time--a bit hungry, but otherwise in good shape.

DAN HELPED THE COWBOYS

Dan had quite close association with his mother's brothers, John and Charles (Chot) Pulsipher. They were outstanding cowboys, rugged men typical of their time. They were full of pranks, and perhaps that is where Dan got some of his mischief. Even in the last years of his life, he got a big kick out of helping a cowhand (usually his own boys) by throwing a bucket under a bronco that he knew was going to buck anyway.

Uncle John Pulsipher lived on a ranch close by and was milking about twenty head of range cows. He had made arrangements to milk cows belonging to neighboring cattlemen. They would bring them in every night and turn them out the next morning. Lew Pulsipher and Dan's brother, Nate were the cowboys and had donkeys to ride to bring the cows in. Dan said "John and I felt sorry for the kids coming in with the cows, so every night, we'd go out to meet them. We'd sit in the shade of a sagebrush, so's not to scare the cows. When the cows had gone past, we'd raise up, the donkeys would shy like a shot from a gun and dump the kids." Dan could always have a good laugh when he told about that. Lew always swore he'd get even, but

it's doubtful if he did.

It was one of those same donkeys that Grandma Elzina Tyler rode one day. She came to a creek, and the donkey wanted a drink. After he drank, he was still hot, so he lay down in the creek. Elzina climbed out, pulled the donkey out, climbed aboard dripping wet, and continued on her journey.

BUILDING A RAILROAD

In 1886, the Trans-America Railroad was being built through Utah. At Clover Valley, six tunnels were to be built in about three miles. Dan was twelve years old at that time. Daniel Moroni Tyler got the passenger business, hauling men to and from Milford. Dan worked with John and George Lobb, hauling piling for the tunnels. The men got to complaining about having to help load Dan's wagon, so he quit and got a job hauling cord wood. The cord wood was used in the tunnels, and was in short pieces, which he could handle and load up by himself.

The men who were hauling cord wood were making three trips in two days. They would make two trips in one day, but each load had to be checked in, and day was done at 6:00 p.m. for the man who had to check the loads. By the time they made the two trips, it was too late for him to check their load and they would have to wait until morning to unload. Then by the time they got unloaded, it was late enough in the day that they could only make one trip that day. The men didn't seem to care much because there was no water where they had to load up, and they would much rather camp near water.

Dan got the idea of going back each night and making a dry camp so that he could load part of his load in the evening. He would finish loading the next morning and make two trips every day, thus making one more trip every two days than the men were. Dan said that the man who checked the loads in felt sorry for him, being such a boy and doing a man's work. He would check his load in for him no matter what time he got in

with it, feed him, and help him unload. Dan couldn't remember his name, but tears came to his eyes when he told about it, and said, "I hope he gets his reward in Heaven for it."

He and his dad worked all that summer and late into fall when the job closed down. The builders went broke and the grade lay for twenty years before they laid the rails on it.

The ending of the story is a sad one. When Dan told Stuart about it he said, "You can leave that out." But Stuart thought that it should be told, feeling sure that anyone who could realize Dan's father's condition would never hold anything against him. In the days when he suffered with that dislocated hip, medical science had nothing to give him to ease his pain other than brandy. His wife felt that she had made him a drinker by giving him brandy to ease his sufferings. (Of course she was not to blame. He drank whether she supplied the drink or not.) He surely must have been a fine man to have raised the kind of family he did and to work so hard in spite of his handicap and suffering, but even as he grew older, he drank.

It hadn't cost them much to live through the summer while working for the railroad and at the close of the job, Dan had nearly all of his summer's wages that both had earned with him, and they were homeward bound. He never got there with the money. He stopped for a few drinks, and someone knew he had the money, rolled him, and he woke up the next morning in a back room, robbed of everything he had. The family had a tough time that winter.

JOHN PULSIPHER

FRIEND OF THE INDIANS

John Pulsipher was Dan's maternal grandfather. He was among the pioneers who was especially good to the Indians. Several times, he was called by the church to serve missions among the Indians. He had befriended many of them and they always knew they could get something to eat at his

place or pasture a horse there.

Dan had been riding for cattle, and as usual, had taken with him just a few pieces of jerky for food. He was hungry as he approached an Indian camp. The boy was almost afraid to ride on into their camp, but his hunger sent him on in. As he entered their camp, the Indians came out and surrounded his horse. He was filled with fear until their chief, Old Peter, learned that he was John Pulsipher's grandson. He spoke good English. He pulled Dan from his horse and hugged him and kept saying, over and over, "John Pulsipher's boy, John Pulsipher's boy." Dan was given a grand welcome.

LITTLE BRIGHAM

The winter the family lived at Pioche, they were the only Mormon family among the miners. This was an opportunity for Dan to attend school. Most of his life had been spent on the freight roads, and he was very shy and awkward around people. The kids called him "Little Brigham", and daily he took beatings from them. He finally decided he'd had enough, and would have to fight back. The life he had led had made him hardened and strong and he found that he could whip any of them, including their ringleader. This accomplished, he had no more trouble with them, and they had respect for "Little Brigham."

NEAR TRAGEDY

IN HUNTINGTON RIVER CANYON

When the family moved to Castle Valley, they couldn't haul all of their belongings, so a year later, Dan and grandpa went back to Hebron for another load, and to bring twelve head of horses they had left there. Dan drove the horses loose while his Pa drove the wagon. When they reached the summit at the head of the Huntington River, on their return trip, they found a foot of new snow. Of course, the snow covered all the old wagon tracks, and going downhill, the wagon rolled up on the horses and forced them to trot. The wagon wheels hit a gully

that had been washed in the road and hid by the snow. Grandpa Tyler was thrown from the spring seat and fell between the horses where he was able to cling onto the wagon tongue. Dan was close by with the loose horses, so he out ran the team, got them stopped, and got his dad back into the wagon.

They went on a mile or two into the canyon where they found shelter to camp. As Dan said it "Pa was hurt pretty bad. He thought if we camped, he would be able to go on the next morning." Dan built a fire and cared for him through the night, but by morning, he was in such pain that he couldn't be moved. He told Dan to take the horses and go on home, 45 miles, and bring the white-top buggy back to get him. He knew it would be night when Dan got home with the horses, so he told him to wait until the next morning to come back. Dan didn't do as he'd been told. As soon as he got in, he arranged for the white-top buggy to go the next morning. Then he went out on the flat, got a fresh saddle horse, and rode back that night, reaching camp at sunup the next morning. There was about an inch of ice on the river and he had to cross it 32 times during the night. The ice wouldn't support his horse, and as she'd break through, it would cut her feet until she was near crippled by the time he reached camp. He found his Dad in very bad shape. He had gotten uncovered during the day, and had been unable to cover himself up again. He was nearly dead. During the night, when he thought he would freeze to death before help arrived, he wrote a farewell note to his wife and children. Had Dan not returned that night, his father would have been dead before help came. The note, which was in a sense, his will, left all his honest debts to his children with a promise that the Lord would bless and prosper them. The note he wrote to his family at this point so near death read as follows: "My dear Zina and children: I am worse than I thought I was when Danny left me, but hope they will

reach me in time to get me home O.K. If not, forgive my failings, and may God bless and prosper you all through life and all people be charitable to you. Ask all people to forgive wherein I have offended in the least. I ask Brother Yorgenson and the Lambord Investment Company to be charitable to my family, and give them extra time, if necessary, to meet my obligations to them, also the Deseret News and Juvenile [Instructor]. My children, pay every honest debt I owe, and God will bless and prosper you and enable you to do so. Oh Zina, My dear, may God always be as merciful and charitable unto you as you have been unto me, always willing to forgive and forget. May He ever bless you with power to resist everything that is evil. Danny, be kind to your mother as you have been to me. Johnny, Ruthie, Nattie, Etta, Andy, and Emily--may God bless you each to remember your Father. Forgive all he may have done against you. Be kind to Ma. She is the best friend you will ever know on earth. Marion and Mary, my dear little twin children--be kind to each other and to your brothers and sisters, and especially to your mother in her old age. Do all you can to comfort her and God will bless you. Your loving husband and father, D.M. Tyler

His dad was in so much pain that he couldn't take the jar of the white-top buggy breaking through the ice, so whenever they crossed the river they had to break the ice ahead of the team. Grandpa Tyler was laid up all that winter. Dan always had feelings for his animals. The mare he rode back that night got stiff, and wasn't much good after that, but she had helped save a life.

EXPERIENCE WITH UNCLE CHOT "THE CATTLE DRIVE"

Charles Pulsipher was typical of the rugged pioneers of his day but he was also outstanding as a cow-hand and horseman. While attending a rodeo at St. George, some of his friends talked him into entering the calf roping competition. He hadn't intended to do

this so he didn't have his horse with him. Hen Alger loaned him his horse, but still Uncle Chot was handicapped as he was left-handed and the horse was trained for a right-handed roper. As he came out of the chutes, the crowd jeered him and someone yelled, "He don't even know which hand to hold his rope in." This angered him and he roped his calf in record time. He received a \$100 saddle as prize and was considered the best roper in the state of Utah.

Dan spent a lot of time with his Uncles, John and Charles (Chot) Pulsipher and a favorite sport was catching wild horses.

One system used was to watch the water holes. About every other day the horses could come in for water. They would let them drink all they wanted before starting the chase. With their bellies full of water, they couldn't outrun the saddle horses. Then to handicap them further, they would rope these horses by the front feet and tie them down and go after another. There were times when he would get as many as three head out of one band. On one occasion the party got 15 head of wild horses. They were thirty miles from town and, of course, these wild horses had never been handled. They brought them in by necking four head of horses together and then tying four more to their tails and then the last ones tails were tied together. They drove them the 30 miles to town.

Dan was 14 years old when he caught his first wild horse. They had their horses saddled and waiting at the water hole. After the wild herd had drank, the chase was on, Uncle Chot riding to the lead to try to get some of the better horses. Dan had outrun his Uncle John and caught up to a mare with a yearling colt. He wanted the colt, but couldn't seem to gain much distance on him. Finally by leaning over the saddle he was able to throw his loop on him. Of course, the colt fought and bucked and went downhill. In trying to get some dallies on the saddle horn, Dan lost all the skin off the knuckles of both

hands. Uncle John caught up to him and helped him subdue his catch. Chot hadn't been able to outrun the particular horse he had his eye on, so Dan's yearling was the only horse taken that day. He was a mighty proud boy coming in with his first catch. He raised this yearling and broke him to become a mighty fine house.

Uncle Chot killed a lot of good horses but still maintained that a horse was no good that couldn't travel ten miles an hour and keep it up for ten hours---one hundred miles in a day. On one such trip his horse gave out about 30 miles from town so he left Dan to bring him in slow and he went ahead. About halfway in, Old Jerry gave out completely so Dan had to unsaddle him and hang the saddle in a tree and walk in. They went back and got the saddle and Old Jerry made it in about three days later.

One of Uncle Chot's favorite sports was to saddle a wild horse and get Dan on it and turn it loose. These wild horses were sold for as much as \$15.00 a head or traded to the Indians--sometimes for blankets or sometimes a seamless bag full of pine nuts would buy a horse.

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In the spring of 1889, the family moved to Huntington in Emery County. All their heavy stuff was loaded in one wagon, and Dan drove it while his dad brought the lighter items in a second wagon. It was a 300 mile trip. About a month after their arrival, his mother gave birth to the twins, Marion and Mary. The first summer in Huntington, Dan worked in the canyon hauling lumber into Schofield. He worked at anything he could get. He herded sheep, hauled freight into Dushane--anything to earn money. He didn't like Castle Valley and got homesick for Hebron. The next summer, when he was 16, he decided to go back. As Dan said it, "Ma fixed a sack of biscuits to eat for grub to last the 300 mile trip." With his sack of biscuits tied behind the saddle, Bolly,

his favorite horse, took him the 300 miles in six days. When he arrived there, cattle buyers were having a big round-up, buying three and four year old steers from the ranchers. It was rugged work riding for these cattle and trailing them the 100 mile trip to Milford and the railroad. Uncle Chot and Dan went to hire on with one of the buyers. The buyer looked at this 16 year old boy, and said "We want men that can take it, not boys."

Chot said, "Look elsewhere then, but I don't go if he don't go, and I'll guarantee him to be as good as any man you've got." This immediately following a 300 mile trip, Dan and Old Bolly started the roundup. These longhorn cattle were corralled as they were rounded up and held until they got the 3000 head that they wanted, then the drive to Milford began. Many of the cattle had been held in the corrals with no water and there would be no water for them on the 100 mile trip. They drove day and night, making their best time at night while it was cool.

Inasmuch as Dan was a boy, it was his job to water the horses. The cattle were trailed through the desert, but sufficient water could be found for the horses by taking them to the nearby mountains and canyons. Some of the springs were so small that troughs had to be built to catch and hold the water. There were nine riders with the herd. Each man had three horses. Dan would take their spares and go sometimes 12 to 15 miles to find water for them. Sometimes he would have to wait for the troughs to refill so all could drink. He would let the horses graze and then catch up to the chuckwagon and give them a feed of grain, then take them on to the herd and let the riders change horses and then head again for the mountains to water the horses just relieved. This made 27 horses for him to care for and he was the only one without a spare. It's no wonder Bolly remained in his memory all his life as his favorite horse.

On the trail, no man was allowed a

gun or a dog and no matches were struck after dark for fear of stampeding the herd. They passed within two miles of Hot Springs which, of course, was not drinking water, but the cattle smelled the water and stampeded. They finally got the main herd past, but about 300 head were still trying to reach the Hot Springs as Dan returned from watering the horses. He got them to milling in a circle and they finally laid down. Other riders returned and helped take them to the main herd. Had they got into the muddy hot springs they probably would have lost a large portion of this bunch. By now, the cattle were so thirsty that their tongues were swollen until they couldn't close their mouths, and they hung out all the time. They still hadn't covered half the distance. From then on, they started to die for lack of water. Within four miles of Milford, the cattle smelled water and stampeded, crowding into the water trampling many under and killing them. Seven days without sleep except for dozing occasionally in the saddle, then the heavy death loss, and now on arrival at Milford, the trail boss, Rone Camfield, learned that his partner had taken all the money from the bank and skipped out. All these cattle had been paid for by check, and there was no money for the cowboys. Camfield went to his camp and killed himself.

A third partner was bringing another 2700 head in from another way, so Dan was sent to notify him of Camfield's death. On hearing the news, he left Dan to ride in his place so he could get into town to see what could be done. They brought the two herds together, almost 6000 head. It took two crews to herd them working in shifts and holding them until they could be loaded on the train. There were about 100,000 head in the flats waiting to be loaded for the East, each outfit herding it's own. Evan Handy, the third partner, tried to make good the checks that were out, but went broke. These

four-year-old steers averaged \$12.00 a head. Thus Dan, as a 16 year old boy, ended an experience which today would make a plot for a Western movie, receiving no money for his work, only a greater appreciation for his horse, Bolly, who he had rode all this time with no change.

Dan spent the rest of that summer herding sheep and sent the money home to his family. Late in the Fall, he and his Uncle Chot went into the north hills and caught a two year old colt and broke it to ride. Aunt Kate fixed grub and a quilt and tied it on the colt. Dan went home in style with a quilt and a saddle blanket to wrap up in. The colt was a pony for the kids.

WILD HORSES

The years the family spent on the ranch and milked cows, they didn't do much freighting, and Dan had time to go with his uncles, John and Chot Pulsipher and run wild horses. I asked Dad where these wild horses of Southern Utah had originated, and he said some thought they had their beginnings with horses released when their owners, a party of emigrants, were killed at the Mountain Meadow Massacre. The Mountain Meadow Massacre is another story, but perhaps it is worth mentioning at this time that Daniel Moroni Tyler was present at the execution of John D. Lee, and telegraphed the news to Salt Lake City. John D. Lee was convicted of leading the mob who dressed as Indians and killed the entire party camped at Mountain Meadows. He was executed by a firing squad.

At any rate, there were bands of wild horses that they would run for sport, and could also make a few dollars breaking them to ride and selling them to the Indians, and to some of the settlers around Sandpete. Some of the best ones, they would keep for themselves.

On one occasion the men spent days building a corral out in the north hills. They had built long wings on it, and intended to

corral quite a large band of horses. Dan, being a boy, was left to guard the end of one of the wings. His final instructions from his Uncle Chot was, "Don't take the bridle off your horse! Be prepared to mount up and ride the minute you see us coming" It took longer to round up the horses than had been anticipated, and waiting, he began to feel sorry for his horse, so he took the bridle off to let the horse eat. Of course, the horse heard the distant hoofbeats before the boy did, and his alertness told Dan he had better bridle up.

The horse was excited by the running herd by that time, and Dan was unable to get the bit in his mouth. Finally he pulled the head stall over the horse's ears and with the bit swinging under his jaw, he climbed aboard. With no control, the horse ran wild, pell-mell down a steep hill, jumping boulders in an attempt to get with the wild herd. The entire herd missed the corral wings, and all their work had been in vain. They could never trick the herd into coming into that trap again.

The corral would have to be taken up and moved to a new location. Chot didn't scold the boy too severely for disobeying orders, but he did get after him for riding so fast down such a steep hill. He said, "You little fool! You might have been killed!"

In 1895, Daniel Moroni Tyler died, and Dan was left to care for his mother and nine children besides himself. A year later, Nate, his brother died. Nate was two years older than Esther. Charles was the baby. It was a very trying time trying to get the debts paid that had accumulated while Nate and his Dad had been sick, and now they were preparing to move to Idaho. Dan freighted and hauled wood to earn money.

THE MOVE TO IDAHO - 1897

Two wagons were loaded and coupled together, with all of their household goods in the lead wagon while Zina and the children rode in the trail wagon. Dan drove the four-horse hitch while John and Andrew drove their little bunch of cattle. Most of the

time they stayed close together, but at one place, after they had got over Soldier Summit, the road took a big swing. They wanted to take the cattle over the mountains where there would be more feed, so John took the wagons around the road and Dan took a pack-horse with his food and bedding and trailed the cattle through the mountains. It took him three days through Strawberry Valley to Heber City where he met the wagons again. From there on Dan was the teamster. The roads were bad and coming down some of the hills the trail wagon would run up on the lead wagon causing them to jackknife. This was frightening to Zina.

They took the route through Logan Canyon over into Bear Lake and then down through Soda Springs. Indians stopped them between Soda Springs and Blackfoot and demanded pay for grazing their cattle across the Reservation. They tried to talk them out of it, but they threatened to run their cattle off unless they paid. It cost them 5 cents per head to cross the Reservation.

When they got to Blackfoot, Idaho and could see the Snake River, there was a terrible wind storm. Dan asked an old timer there if the wind was always this bad. He said, "I've been here 30 years and it's been like this every day."

At Willow Creek (now Ucon) Earl Huffaker had a vacant house they moved into.

The rest of the summer, Mell Cook, John, and Dan hauled hay on shares and worked where they could. Then Ray Huffaker went to Utah and Dan rented his place and lived there until he got married.

During this time he bought 40 acres from Tom Paskley across the street north from where the Ucon school is now located. He gave three cows, a wagon and a horse and assumed a \$350 mortgage to obtain this land.

It had been ditched and diked, but not farmed as yet. Dan and John and the boys built a five room brick home on this place and when the mortgage was paid off, they gave it

to their mother. He said, "Ma cried when I gave her the deeds." It was the best home she had had in her life.

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In Retrospect

by Dan's youngest son, Stuart

Jim Barnum baptized Dad in Old Shoal Creek when he was about eight years old. All the church he attended as a boy was when his Pa and Ma would load the kids in the wagon or buggy and take them to afternoon Sacrament Meeting. They would always take the whole family. Being on the freight roads and away from people so much and away from public meetings, he was always shy about taking part. He always had strong faith in the truthfulness of the Gospel and in the winter when he had time to read, he liked to read the Book of Mormon. I'll never forget how thrilled he was when I was called on a mission. Tears came to his eyes and he hugged me and said goodbye when I left for my field of labor. He and Mother never failed to get me the money I needed for my mission, and I wonder now how they did it. Some of it was borrowed money. They always maintained their faith and although they weren't regular attenders at meetings, they were faithful in their tithes.

Mom and Dad were married June 12, 1900 at the Ray Huffaker place. On March 7, 1913 they took their four living children, Dan, Hazel, Pearl and Alice and went through the Salt Lake Temple for their endowments and had their children sealed to them. After sealing those present, Dan stood as proxy for Glenn and he was sealed to them. Glenn died December 6, 1910.

Among my fondest memories of Mom and Dad are the times when they would tell about their courtship. Dad, of course, had pioneered into the Willow Creek area with his mother and family in 1897. As near as I can determine, it was probably about 1899 when Mother came from Ovid, Idaho to live with and help her sister Annie Robinson,

who was starting to get her family and needed help with her babies. Mother was 18 years of age and a most beautiful girl. She was sometimes referred to as the "Belle of Willow Creek," at least as Dad would tell it. Dad had helped his mother to get a home and had gained a reputation of being a hard working, honest young man, respected by all who knew him. He wore a mustache and looked much older than his 25 years. There were those in the community who knew both of these fine young people who had tried to get them together, but their first meeting was when the threshing crew came to Lee Robinson's to harvest his crop. Tillie (Matilda) liked to joke of her first impression of thinking Dan was an old man. His handle bar mustache was filled with dust from the threshing machine and he was covered with dust from head to foot.

Perhaps their next meeting was at the little log building that had been built for a church and recreation hall. Of course this was the day of ankle length dresses and high laced shoes and shy modesty among women. The occasion was a dance, typical of it's time for the Mormon pioneers of this little community. Now Dad had never learned to dance. It was something he just never cared for. He claimed that he had only danced once in his life. This was when, as a small boy he was with his dad on the freight roads and it was extremely cold and he had curled up on the floor of the wagon and lay there until he had become numb with cold. His dad noticed him and tried to get him to move around in order to warm up, but he was so cold that he didn't care and wouldn't move. Finally in desperation, his dad took the buggy whip and popping it at his feet made him dance. That dance probably saved his life, but he never danced again.

As Dad sat on the sidelines watching the dancers, the "Belle of Willow Creek" came a little too close and he pulled her onto his knee. Even in their later years when they

would talk about that night, Mother would scold and tell how embarrassed she was to be so treated by a man who was almost a stranger to her.

Of course the transportation of the day was the team and buggy. Dad was always a horseman and took pride in owning a good buggy team. They not only had to be good to look at, they had to have spirit. He enjoyed showing off a good team and for this reason it was no problem to get him to pick up his mother and family and take them to church. The Robinsons lived only half a mile from the church so it was customary for mother to walk to church. On one such occasion, Dad had offered Mother a ride home after Sunday School. It was a white top buggy and "The Belle of Willow Creek" was given the front seat beside this shy young man who had been too bashful to ask for a date, while his mother and children occupied the second seat, some of the children sitting on the floor, as there were quite a few of them.

As they jogged along, Dad persuaded Mother to take the lines. This was fine and she enjoyed driving a good team. All went well until they drew near the Robinson place.

It was then that Dad removed the buggy whip and began to lay it to his team. Mother, with her feet braced against the dashboard, hanging onto the lines with all her strength was screaming for him to stop. His mother was scolding from the back seat and the children were shouting with excitement. Dad continued to lay on the whip. The team was on a dead run by now and they sailed right past the Robinson place to take mother home with them for her first dinner with the family and the man who was to later become her husband. Even after more than fifty years of marriage, Mother would scold when she told of this day and would say, "The darn fool, he wouldn't take the lines back." This was the beginning of their life together.

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EARLY YEARS OF MARRIAGE

by Dan M. Tyler, the oldest son

The spring of 1900, Dan rented a place from Mont Huffaker, which is now known as the Mart Gernes place. He cleared and planted 40 acres of this place and was to get two years crop rent free for doing so. However, later when Dan rented the Joe Nelson place, Mart canceled the second year's agreement.

Dan and Tillie were married on June 12, 1900. The ceremony was performed by Bishop A. B. (Burt) Simmons, who kissed the bride before he permitted the groom to do so.

The party progressed with a 15 gallon keg of beer in the kitchen to which everyone helped himself. The party broke up about 2:00 a.m. and the newlyweds went to bed. Around 4:00 a.m., just two hours later, Dan woke Tillie up. He was standing beside the bed with his pants in his hand; "Do you want to wear these?" he asked. She was too sleepy to want to go irrigate, so she became the housekeeper and he wore the pants.

With the lease of the Nelson place, Dan took over the sheep also on a share basis.

In the spring of 1902, arrangements were made to start lambing on Monday morning and men were hired to help. On Sunday, a big blizzard started and lambs began to drop. Tillie took her child, Dan, out to the camp and tried to thaw the chilled lambs. There were about 80 lambs born that day and only Dan and Tillie to take care of them.

In the summer they would go to the hills to tend the sheep. Dan would lead a saddle horse behind the white top buggy and Dan would let his little three year old boy, Dan, ride that horse and he would get to sagging down on one side and then on the other side. On that same trip the wagon got in a mud hole and tipped over, spilling everyone out. They found a lamb that had been lost and Tillie fed it on tomato juice until she got to where there was some milk.

The summer of 1902 they were living on the Nelson place and the Anderson Canal

came by the yard. Dan was hauling hay from out in the field on a wagon and Uncle Marion, who was about eleven years old, and a hired man by the name of Alex Jensen were on the load with him. Jensen was sitting in the middle of the load holding a pitchfork with each hand, and as they came by the canal the load tipped over into it. Dan quieted the horses as quickly as possible. Marion was buried under the hay and Jensen came up out of the canal with a fork in his hand. He said, "Dan, I am a dead man", and with that he fell over on the ground and by the time Dan got the boy out from under the load, Jensen was dead. One tine of the forks had gone through his heart. He is buried with the Tylers in the family plot in the Ucon Cemetery.

Not too long after the family arrived from Utah, they went to Kelly Canyon and got out two sets of house logs, one for Cooks and one for Tylers. (Aunt Ruth was married to Melvin Cook and they had come to Idaho with the family.) When they were crossing the ferry boat, the horses were standing as close to the edge of the boat as possible when one horse jumped. He cleared the boat, but pulled the other horse overboard with his front feet. The men cut the tugs and Dan started to jump on Old Jack's back because he thought he could swim him right back along the boat and get them out on the bank, but the others held him and wouldn't let him jump, so the horses were let drift down the river until they got on an island, but one horse died.

It isn't known what became of Dan's set of logs, but Cooks built their house and lived in it for a while until they built a new one. The fall of 1904 Dan sold his equity in the Nelson sheep and made a down payment on 160 acres of ground that we have known as the "home place". He bought the Cook log house, numbered the logs and rebuilt it on the place he had just bought. They lived in those two log rooms for a time and then build a lean-to on the south side that was used until 1914, when they built the new home.

The first crop Dan had on part of the place went to wild oats, about 20 or 40 acres, so Dan put a match in the southwest corner and let it do the harvesting.

Times were rough enough that he had to sell one 80 acre tract in order to hold on to the other one. Sometime around 1919 Dan acquired the place he called "Need More." He said it needs more of anything you can mention; more soil to cover the rocks, more water to wet it with, more fertilizer to make things grow, more improvements. However, it was traded for the Ranch at Island Park, where Dan and Tillie enjoyed their declining years, especially Dan, because to him stock ranching had been his dream. Even up to 1954 when he was 79 years old, he helped take a trail herd up to the ranch. It may have been this trip and being in the saddle for a week was what hastened his death, but he enjoyed it. It was what he wanted to do.

Tillie was always with Daniel, all the way, working hand in hand, carrying water from the ditch, milking cows, slopping hogs, washing by hand and putting good meals on the table and raising a family of nine children, Daniel M., Hazel, Glenn, Pearl, Alice, Mabel, LeMond, Stuart, and Nina. When the last child was born, it has been reported that Daniel said, "There are too many to name so we have got to start numbering", however, Tillie's mother was named Nina Marie.