

CHAPTER V

DESCENDANTS

OF

NATHANIEL HUNTINGTON AND SOPHIA CUTSHAW

PART I

HALLAM JOSEPH HUNTINGTON

AND

DESCENDANTS

This information was compiled from the *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1633 to 1915*, third printing in 1992; *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1st Supplement*, published in 1962; *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 2nd Supplement*, published in 1987. Copies of Water Rights and Land records from Johnson County (later Sheridan County), Wyoming, Big Horn County, Wyoming, and Park County, Wyoming, and Wyoming Brand Records were obtained. Additional information was obtained from descendants of Hallam Joseph Huntington; Kathleen Marie Geer Crismier, Gary Merrill Huntington, and Cheryl Martin Sund.

Hallam Joseph Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.

Hallam Joseph Huntington was born to Nathaniel and Sophia (Cutshaw) Huntington September 7, 1859, in Hudson Lake, LaPorte County, Indiana. The *Huntington Genealogical Memoir* states on page 605 that he had a common school education at Iowa Lake school, Emmett County, Iowa; moved to Wyoming in 1881. After his father's death he moved to the State of Washington, and in 1893 was admitted to the bar and authorized to practice in all the courts of the State.

The *1st Supplement To The Huntington Genealogical Memoir* published in 1962, adds the following information on page 274. Hallam Joseph Huntington, born September 7, 1859,....married February 14, 1884, Linna Thorn. He was a lawyer.

CHILDREN

1. Nat, born May 20, 1884
 2. Maude, born August 13, 1885 in Sheridan, Wyo.
 3. Iris, born July 28, 1890, married William Martin. There were no children.
 4. Corey P., born December 1, 1892, never married. He is a violinist.
 5. Merrill, born September 14, 1903, married Elenoir Corey. He is a machinist.
- There were no children.

The *2nd Supplement To The Huntington Genealogical Memoir* published in 1987 adds the following information on page 401. Hallam Joseph Huntington, born September 7, 1859, died Feb. 14, 1952 in Hornbrook, Ca. His wife, Linna (Thorn), died Feb. 11, 1945.

In order to avoid confusion with his grandfather, Hallam Huntington, Hallam Joseph will be referred to as Hallam J.. There are some references to Halla instead of Hallam in some census records and by family members. While the above information may be correct, some of it is incomplete, and some may be misleading. Family members have provided different birthdates for some of the children and these will be noted. There also is evidence that Hallam J. and his family did not move permanently to the West Coast as early as 1893.

Hallam J. lived with his parents at Hudson Lake Township, LaPorte County, Indiana until he was 11. It is likely that he received some schooling there as his father was both a teacher at nearby New Carlisle, and an attorney who practiced law in the Hudson Lake and LaPorte areas.

In 1870 the family which now included Cecil James, born in 1867, and Harry Mortimer, born in 1869, moved west to Minnesota. They most likely lived with Nathaniel's father Hallam on his property near Winnebago Township. Nathaniel's sister and her family who had lived nearby in Hudson Lake, also now lived near Winnebago in Minnesota. In 1874 Nathaniel and Sophia purchased land near Iowa Lake, Emmett County, Iowa. This property was fairly close to the relatives in Minnesota. Hallam attended common school, which is now referred to as public school, at Iowa Lake.

In 1881, when Hallam J. was 22, the family moved to the Jamestown, Kansas, area in Cloud County. Sophia's father and brothers had settled there in the 1870's. Land had been purchased there in Sophia's name late in 1880. Apparently Hallam J. accompanied his father Nathaniel to Johnson County, Wyoming in 1881 to locate homestead sites, file water rights, and build a house on the south side of The Tongue River. The town of Dayton, Wyoming, is now just east of this site.

Hallam J. applied for a brand in April, 1882 from Johnson County, Wyoming. Most likely his father Nathaniel had returned to Kansas to bring the family to their new home in Wyoming. Sophia wrote in her Bible that they arrived at their new home on the Tongue River on June 29, 1882.

As stated in the *Huntington Memoirs*, Hallam J. married Clarinda "Linnie" or "Linna" Thorn, February 14, 1884. These three names were used by the family and on land records for Clarinda. Gary Merrill Huntington states that they were married at Dayton, Johnson County, Wyoming. Although a marriage record has not been found, this date appears twice in the *Memoirs*, and is accepted as correct by the family. Linna's death certificate lists her birthdate as November 3, 1863, and her birthplace as Syracuse, New York. This document also gives the birthplace of her father, Richard Thorn as England, and the birthplace of her mother, Linnie C. Kasson's as New York.

There is some disagreement about the exact dates of the children born to Hallam J. and Clarinda. There are three different sources and the information they provided follows:

I. *Huntington Genealogical Memoirs*

1. Nat, born May 20, 1884
2. Maude, born August 13, 1885 in Sheridan, Wyo.
3. Iris, born July 28, 1890, married William Martin. There were no children.
4. Corey P., born December 1, 1892, never married. He is a violinist.
5. Merrill, born September 14, 1903, married Elenoir Corey. He is a machinist. There were no children.

II. Information provided by Gary Merrill Huntington, Merrill Huntington's grandson

1. Nathaniel 1884, in Dayton, Wyoming
2. Maude 1885, in Sheridan Wyoming

3. Corey ?
4. Iris 1890, in Dayton, Wyoming
5. Arthur Died in Ellensburg, Washington.
6. Hallam Rosebud, Montana. Hallam junior died in Yakima, Washington; he was stomped to death while riding a mule in a rodeo.
7. Harold Rosebud, Montana. Harold died at a very young age when the family moved to Washington.
8. Merrill 1903, in Cody, Wyoming

The rest of the children died in their mid-80's except for Corey. He died at age 105.

III. Information provided by Cheryl Martin Sund, Granddaughter of Iris Ramona

1. Maude Hallie 08-13-1885 to 07-08-1968
2. Nathaniel Richard 05-20-1888 to ?
3. Iris Ramona 07-28-1890 to 02-15-1988 Born in Dayton, Wyoming. Died in San Diego CA.. Buried in Hillside Memorial Park, Redlands, CA.
4. Corey Paul 12-01-1892 to 12-18-1990 born in Wyoming. Died in San Diego, CA. Buried in Greenwood Memorial Park, San Diego, CA.
5. Harold Thorn 08-17-1896 to ? Family history says he died at approximately 18 months.
6. Arthur Kasson 02-24-1899 to approximately 1919. Family history says he died at approximately 20 years of age from eating bad home-canned green beans.
7. Hallam Roy 07-31-1901 to ?
8. Merrill Cortney 09-14-1903 to 03 09 1988 Born in Cody, Wyoming. Died in Ft. Jones Buried at Ft. Jones, CA.

In 1888, Hallam J.'s father Nathaniel died in Cheyenne, Wyoming, while serving as the Representative to The Wyoming Territorial Legislature from Johnson County. He had been elected as Speaker Of The House just a few weeks before his death. *The Huntington Genealogical Memoirs* states that Hallam J. moved to Washington State after his father's death, and passed the Bar

Exam there to practice law by 1893. It is not known the exact time or times he was there. The following narrative was based on land records and other documents plus some information from the book about the Dayton, Wyoming, area *Our Neck Of The Woods* by Charles Rawlings.

In 1891 Hallam J. received his Homestead Certificate signed by President Benjamin Harrison, and filed this document in Buffalo, Wyoming, April 29, 1893. This was the homestead he filed in 1881. Also in the spring of 1893, the Huntington brothers sold part of their land to the Milward brothers from England. Linna Huntington, Hallam J.'s wife signed the Quit Claim Deed for their share of this land inherited from Nathaniel.

An edition of the Dayton, Wyoming, newspaper published in 1898 had an advertisement by H.J. Huntington, attorney at law, of Parkman, Wyoming. Parkman was located a few miles east of Dayton, and the family owned property in the area.

Gary Huntington provided information that show two children of Hallam J. and Linnie, Hallam Roy and Harold Thorn were born at Rosebud, Montana after 1890. Cheryl Sund listed the dates as 1896 for Harold, and 1901 for Hallam Roy. This town is northeast of the Dayton, Wyoming area. It is not known why they would have been at that location.

There are two land records for Hallam J. issued April 4, 1899 for five lots in Basin Township which would have been in Big Horn County. If Hallam and his family moved to this location at that time it would explain why they do not appear on the 1900 census for Sheridan County, or Park County, where they lived in the early 1900's. The location of their property purchased in 1904 in what is now Park County, was near Dead Indian Hill. As mentioned in Chapter III, there were scars visible on the west side of Dead Indian Hill for many years that were created by the large logs tied behind the Huntington's wagons to slow them on the steep descent. At the time the Huntingtons first moved there, was no road into the Sunlight Basin area.

As the last Wyoming land records found for Hallam J. and Linna are dated 1904, they apparently moved to Washington State sometime after this date. The Park County Historical Society has a copy of an ad appearing in the *Wyoming Stockgrower and Farmer* published in Cody that is dated March 22, 1905.

H.J. Huntington, Lawyer
General Law Practice. Criminal law a specialty. Will practice in
all courts. Office at residence Cody, Wyo.

Their son, Nat R. stated at his uncle Cecil's funeral in 1959 that the family home was in the Cody area from 1901 to 1908. Information given by their grandson Gary Merrill Huntington indicates that they lived in Yakima, Washington, before moving to San Bernadino, California in 1928. Hallam J. and Linna moved to Hilt, Siskiyou County, California, in 1943. In 1951, when his brother John Roy died, they were living at Montague, Siskiyou County, California.

Linna (Linnie) Clarinda died February 11, 1945. Hallam J. died February 14, 1952. They both are buried at Henley Cemetery in Hornbrook, California.

DESCENDANTS

I. Nathaniel "Nat" Richard Huntington

Nathaniel Richard Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.1. or
1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.2.

Nathaniel Richard "Nat" Huntington was born May 10th, 1884, or 1888 in Dayton, Wyoming. He married Velvia, daughter of Edwin S. and Mary Taylor. She was born October 30th 1898. *The Huntington Memoirs 1st Supplement* published in 1962, states that he was a minister and lived in San Bernardino, California.

CHILDREN

1. Evelyn M. born September 25, 1920.
2. Opal J., born August 2, 1922.

The 2nd Supplement adds the following information. He died may 5, 1984 in San Diego, California; married (2) October 1, 1937 in Santa Ana, California, Beatrice Cassie Stacks. She was born Feb. 11, 1909 in Sheridan, Arizona, daughter of Thomas and Mary Esther (Jordan) Stacks.

CHILD, Additional

3. Arthur Gene, born February 10, 1943 in Grants pass, OR

Evelyn Mae Huntington Geer 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.1.1.

Born September 20, 1920 in Yakima, Washington, married, November 22, 1945 in Redlands, California, Leslie Oliver Geer. He was born June 2, 1922 in Pasadena, California, son of Nathan Lamott and Cora (Secks) Geer. They were living in Temple City, California in 1986.

CHILDREN

1. Kathleen Marie, born August 28, 1946 in Tacoma, Washington; married Charles Crismier III; in 1976 was a teacher in Pasadena, California. She now lives in Richmond, Virginia. There are three children; Nicole, born in 1973, Lisa, born in 1976, and Cherise, born in 1979.
2. Stephen Lamott, born December 16, 1948 in Everett, Washington. In 1976, was married, living in Altadena, California, attending Fuller Seminary.
3. Debra June, born July 31, 1952 in Glendale, California; married Jeffrey Phillips; in 1976 was living in Pasadena, California.

Opal June Huntington Stewart 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.1.2.

Born August 2, 1922, married Lester Stewart. In 1974, they were living in Pasadena, California.

CHILD

1. Rochell (stepdaughter)

II. Maude Hallie Huntington

Maude Hallie 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.1. or
1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.2

Maude was born in Sheridan, Wyoming, August 8, 1885. She is listed as the second child in *The 1st Supplement Huntington Genealogical Memoirs* on page 274. Additional information states that she married first, January 19, 1911, George Russell, son of D. Bigelow and Mary E. (Alexander) Scoles. He was born February 24, 1876 (86-?). Divorced in 1922. She married second, September 2, 1924, Henry Jefferson, son of Henry B. and Delilah (Lewis) Gaines. He was born November 1, 1882.

CHILDREN, (SCOLES)

1. Russell George, born November 5, 1911.
2. Inez Ramona, born March 29, 1913.
3. Glenn B., born July 1, 1916.
4. Lloyd A., born September 22, 1919.

Also a girl who died at 3 months and a boy who died at 2 1/2 years.

(GAINES)

7. Ruth Pauline, born September 1, 1925.

III. Iris Ramona Huntington

Iris Ramona 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.3.

Born July 28, 1890 at Dayton, Wyoming. Married William Henry Martin, born August 31, 1891 at Brownwood, Texas. She died February 5, 1988, at San Diego, California. He died February 9, 1977 at Bryn Mawr, California. They are both buried at Hillside Memorial Park in Redlands, California.

CHILDREN

1. Iris Ramona, born May 31, 1910. Died October 31, 1910 of scarlet fever.
2. William Henry, born December 21, 1911. Died May 22, 1915 from ingesting kidney pills while in Texas for the funeral of his father's mother.

3. James Hallam, born May 21, 1913, at Goose Lake, California. Married Lottie Lines. Died January 29, 1995 at Wimer, Oregon. Buried in Martin Family Cemetery on the ranch of James and Lottie Lines Martin in Wimer, Oregon.
4. Wilma Lee, born June 29, 1914. Married to Mr. Osborn.
5. Rozelma Adine, born April 24, 1919. Married to Mr. Damm.
6. Dorothy Linnie, born December 13, 1920. Married to Mr. Soffel.

James Hallam Martin 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.3.3.

Born May 21, 1913, at Goose Lake, California. Married Lottie Lines. Died January 29, 1995 at Wimer, Oregon. Buried in the Martin Family Cemetery on the ranch of James and Lottie Lines Martin in Wimer, Oregon.

VIII. Merrill Courtney

Merrill Courtney 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.8

Merrill Courtney (Cortney) "Steve" Huntington was born September 14, 1903 in Cody, Wyoming. He married, December 8, 1932, Eleanor Lucretia Corey. She was born December 10, 1910, in Sequim, Washington, and died September 14, 1945 in Long Beach, California. He remarried and later divorced. He died at age 85 in 1988 and was buried in Fort Jones, California.

CHILDREN

1. Lorraine Fay, born September 14, 1933, in Las Vegas Nevada
2. Gary Merrill, Born February 4, 1938

Gary Merrill Huntington provided the following information:

Merrill C.(Steve) Huntington was Hallam's youngest son. He loved dancing, rodeos, and fighting. His first wife, Eleanor, died in 1945. He remarried and later divorced. He died at age 85 in 1988 and was buried in Fort Jones, California.

He drove teams and wagons, and later, semi-trucks. He drove trucks for 20 years from Los Angeles to Seattle, Nevada, and Arizona. He delivered one of the first diesel-powered trucks to Los Angeles, and trained many drivers.

He moved to Hilt, in northern California and eventually moved to Grants Pass, Oregon, where he worked in sawmills and drove log trucks. He moved back to California and worked in heavy construction. He enjoyed gold mining and did that frequently in his later years.

Merrill was a good story-teller and had many experiences to draw from. A reporter and photographer from the L.A. Times visited him in northern California and wrote a feature story about him. He was also interviewed for a CNN television broadcast. When asked what he wanted to do most, Merrill said he wanted to return to his birthplace before he died.

Many folks from Cody, Wyoming, saw the interview and arranged for Merrill to visit them and be the honored guest during Cody Stampede Days. The same reporter from the L.A. Times accompanied him and wrote a "follow-up" story. Gary continues, "Even though that particular event was the highlight of his life, Merrill managed to enjoy himself wherever he was."

Copies of newspaper articles are included in the illustrations.

Lorraine Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.5.1.

Lorraine Fay Huntington was born September 14, 1933 in Las Vegas, Nevada. Married to Jack Enos, she and her husband are both retired and live in Oregon City, Oregon.

7

CHILDREN

1. Danny Enos--lives in Yamill, Oregon. Married with four children; Angela, Jacob, Katy, and Lindsey.
2. Chris Enos--lived in Oregon City, Oregon. Now lives in Lincoln City, Oregon.
3. Terry Enos Davidson--lives in Newberg, Oregon. Married with three children; Jason, Josh, Amy.
4. Steve Enos--Lives in Oregon City.

Gary Merrill Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.1.5.2

Gary Merrill Huntington was born February 4, 1938 in Los Angeles, California. He moved to Ashland, Oregon, in 1961. He married June 27, 1964 in Ashland, Oregon, Sandra Irene Meggers. She was born February 22, 1943 in Santa Ana, California, daughter of Donovan L. and Irene Alice (Wyckoff) Meggers. Gary worked as a mortician and an emergency medical technician for fourteen years. He operated a gold mine with his father in Northern California for seven years. He and his wife now work at Southern Oregon State College in Ashland Oregon.

CHILDREN

1. Andrea Lynn, born November 26, 1964 in Medford Oregon. She graduated from Southern Oregon State College. She is married to John Shults, and lives in Ashland, Oregon. A son, Tallon Avery Shults, was born in 1995.
2. Leslie Donnell, born September 24, 1969 in Ashland, Oregon. She graduated from Southern Oregon State College and lives in Vancouver, Washington.

PART II

CECIL JAMES HUNTINGTON

AND

DESCENDANTS

This information was compiled from the *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1633 TO 1915*, third printing in 1992; *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1st Supplement*, published in 1962; *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 2nd Supplement*, published in 1987. *Our Neck O' the Woods*, by Charles Rawlings; information from land records, vital records, census records, newspapers and cemetery records from Indiana, Minnesota, Michigan, Iowa, Wyoming and California. Brands from Johnson County (Later Sheridan County), Wyoming; Big Horn County, Wyoming; and Park County, Wyoming, were obtained. Additional information was obtained from a Biography of Cecil James Huntington which was told to a WPA Historian; *Recollections Of Wylie Sherwin*, compiled by Ted B. Sherwin in 1984; and *The Sherwins Of Northfork*, by Ted B. Sherwin, compiled in 1993. Descendants Virginia Sherwin Scholes (now deceased), Betty Sherwin Gunn, Ted B. Sherwin, Don Huntington (now deceased), Dorothy Huntington Harris, Jeanne Harris, and Burton Edward Huntington (now deceased) have been invaluable and generous contributors to this history.

Information on page 274 *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1st Supplement*:

Cecil James Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.2.

Cecil James Huntington, born march 14, 1867, in Carlisle, Ind., married first, Ella, daughter of Burton T. and Ellen (Crowfoot) Morley. She was born February 6, 1872 and died February 7, 1901. He married second, June 30, 1909, Eva, daughter of Harvey and Theodosia (Brown) Calkins. She was born December 23, 1875 at Blue Rapids, Kansas. he graduated from the Still College of Osteopathy, Des Moines, Iowa 1905.

Information on page 402 *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 2nd Supplement*:

1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.2.

Cecil James Huntington, born March 14, 1867, died June 9, 1959. His wife, Eva (Calkins), died June 30, 1950. They are buried at Cody, WY.

In 1937, Cecil was enrolled as a Wyoming Pioneer as part of a Statewide Historical Project. A copy of his enrollment form is included with the illustrations. In conjunction with this enrollment, a WPA historian N. E. Loveland, recorded in writing the Biography as Cecil told it to him. Copies of this Biography were discovered at the Cody Historical Society and The Wyoming State Archives. I have copied the Biography just as it appears—there are some errors—even though one of the State Historians made some corrections. A copy of the Contract of Permission to reproduce this document

is included with the illustrations. Following the copy of the Biography is additional information found in research and interviews with descendants.

THE HUNTINGTONS

The Huntingtons came from England many years before the war of the Revolution. Many of them settled in Connecticut. Norwich and New London were two of the places chosen. Samuel Huntington, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was one of them and, I believe, he was at one time governor of Connecticut. Several of them moved, soon after the Revolution, and settled in the Middle West. My grandfather located in Indiana where my father, Nathaniel (Nat) Huntington, was born at Terre Haute. My mother, Sophie Cutshaw Huntington, was born in Indiana in 1840 and attended the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1860 when Abraham Lincoln was nominated. She is still living. There were four of us boys, Hallam, Harry, Roy and I. The three brothers all live in California. My oldest brother and I were born in Indiana.

Father was a lawyer having graduated from the University of Indiana. He crossed the plains with an ox-team in 1852 in the wake of the gold rush to California. He stayed two years and returned by the Isthmus of Panama and the Mississippi River. In the early seventies he took his family to Minnesota and then to Iowa. In 1882, after having made a short stop in Kansas he came to Sheridan, Wyoming and located a place on Tongue River about one mile above Dayton. Father died in 1888 while in the State Legislature in Cheyenne. He had been Speaker of the House that session and had been elected in Johnson County. Brother Harry was later elected to the State Legislature from the same county.

In the fall of 1887 I came over to Shell Creek as a school teacher. Richard McGrath, our county superintendent of schools, had received a letter from Shell Creek asking for a teacher. Neither he nor I had ever been across the Big Horn Mountains but we were each anxious to make the trip and see that part of the country. Shell Creek was then also in Johnson County and Buffalo was the county seat. McGrath and I each rode a horse and I lead our pack horse that carried a few blankets and a bit of grub. We crossed the summit and came down on to upper Horse Creek and after getting across that canyon we were on the Hose Creek mesa. We were lucky in finding the Smith Trail which was the only way by which we could have gone over the mountain on that part of it. We thought it a very pleasant trip and I was employed as teacher in the Shell Creek district.

The school was held in a log stable on a place about one mile below J. L. Smith's place where I boarded. I believe the old, cottonwood, log building was about twelve by fourteen feet, had no floor but the ground, and had a low roof made of small poles laid very close together on ridge logs which supported them. These were thatched with grass or straw and crowned with a lot of dirt, soil, or earth to the depth of some eight or ten inches. The door and it's frame were made of hewn plank, full two or more inches thick. It was closed with a wooden latch to which a buckskin string was fastened which ran through a hole in the door to the outside so the door could be opened from without. The hinges were of rawhide. The window openings, which were two, about two by three

feet, were covered with what was, at its first installation, white, greased muslin. This proved a blessing in that it did not let enough light in to permit the pupils being disturbed in their lessons by being able to watch the antics of rodents hiding in the shadows, be they mice or even larger animals. The furnishings were a few benches and a table for "teacher" with a small box to sit on. The stove was just an old wood heater that stood on two good legs and two rocks.

The Smith's treated me as one of the family and I grew very fond of them. It was with much reluctance that I left at the end of that school term of only three months.

After all these forty-nine years I still have many pleasant memories of that winter. If, as they say, I was the first teacher on Shell Creek I was also probably the worst. Those were carefree days and everyone was friendly and all loved the wild and beautiful country. I enjoyed hunting with the Smith boys. Will Smith, who afterward roped a bull elk on the rim of Horse Creek Canyon, was an especially good hunter and possessed a real sense of humor. I remember that on New Year's eve he and I decided to see the old year out. It was a clear cold night, six to eight inches of snow on the ground and a full moon. As their old clock began counting off the hour of twelve, we each rushed outside and shot our guns several times. As we turned to go into the house we saw a coyote running across the field nearby.

"There goes the Old Year." said Will, laughing in his hearty manner.

Just across Shell Creek, on the mouth of Horse Creek, lived another very fine family named Austin, R.H. Austin. There were three children by Mrs. Austin's former marriage, Bob, Hal and Grace Sweeney. Grace later married Sam Smith. Hal, through much encouragement from his second wife, developed into a very fine painter. Bob was the oldest and is the only one still living. His home is near Basin, Wyoming. Up Horse Creek lived Charley Lampmans and above them G. w. Kershners, whose daughter married Harry Williams.

My stay at Smiths ended sadly with the news of my father's death and I returned home to our ranch above Dayton and did not return to the Big Horn Basin again until 1901, except when I was sent over to Shell Creek in the spring of 1888 to assess for Johnson County. There were only a few ranches on this side of the big Horn Mountains that were in Johnson County then. I remember the Lovell Ranch was one and I believe there was a ranch on Beaver Creek at that time and also, some assessable property near Hyattville..

When I left Shell Creek in march 1888 I traveled on horseback through Pryor's Gap, across the Crow Indian Reservation, and then to Tongue river and home. A freight outfit from Hyattville left about the same time as I, but they were going to Billings for supplies. I joined them part way, and after passing through Pryor's Gap I turned to the right and they to the left. I headed for the big Horn River. It was real winter weather with several inches of snow on the ground, and after leaving the Hyattville party I found that I was getting snow blind. Riding slowly down Bauvais Creek, I saw no one until almost dark, when I saw a rider ahead of me and after some time I came to a winter camp, owned by Sam Garvin, a Billings cattleman. You may be sure I was thankful.

Next day I started out the Big Horn and reached it fairly early, but being almost snow blind, I could find no way to cross. The river was open in the center with heavy ice on each side. While I was trying to look it over, an Indian appeared on the other side and yelled to me. He motioned down stream and as I followed the winding bank, I discovered a narrow bridge of ice extending

across the open water. I found a pole and leaving my horse, walked across this trail bridge. Believing it to be fairly solid I led my horse across and soon reached an Indian Camp, where I remained for the night.

The Crows at that time were nearly all living in teepees. When they saw that I was suffering with snow blindness, one of the squaws, who was roasting coffee, placed a blanket over my head, and gave me the pan of hot coffee to hold under it. I have often wondered if there was some healing magic in this. At any rate my eyes seemed better the next day and continued to improve. The Indians were very kind, and I hired one of them with two fresh horses to take me to Tongue River. We rode to a cattle camp the first day, and reached home the next.

When I reached the Indian camp after crossing the river and told them how I crossed over, they were amazed. The Indian who had been making signals to me, was trying to direct me to a ford down stream if that ice bridge had fallen this story would never have been told.

Father brought us to Johnson County, Wyoming, originally, and although I have moved around quite a lot I never get far from what was the original country. In all this time I have been quite busily engaged in stock raising and in all of the various activities of such work have become acquainted with many old time stockmen. I have run cattle over most of northern Wyoming, starting on the east side of the Big Horn Mountains, then on the Crow Reservation, then on the westside of the Big Horns and Pryor Mountains, then in Sunlight Basin, on Sunlight and Crandall Creek, in the Rockies east of the Yellowstone park, then on the South and North forks of the Shoshone river, also in the Rockies. I am now about three miles out of Cody running cattle on the South fork of the Shoshone.

I was married in 1894 to Ella Morely, who had been a school teacher at Dayton, just a mile from our ranch. Three children were born to this union. Mildred, Burton, and Edward (Ted). Mildred died in 1927 after having been married several years to Wiley G. Sherwin. Burton enlisted in the marine Corps in the spring of 1917 and was a member of Supply company 6th Marines, with the rank of corporal. He went through the World War driving an ammunition wagon but died within the year after returning home from shell shock and tuberculosis, the latter resulting from exposure. He enlisted while in school in Jamestown, Kansas. Edward (Ted) is owner and editor of the Lovell Chronicle, the newspaper of Lovell, Wyoming. Ella Morely died in 1901.

In 1903 I had decided to prepare myself to be an osteopathist and enrolled in the osteopathic college in Des Moines, Iowa, under Dr. Still. Two years of intensive study won for me the coveted sheepskin and I nailed up my shingle in Jamestown, Kansas. I practiced osteopathy for three years there very successfully, but I had lived too many years in the open on the western ranges ever to be satisfied and happy in an office. So after marrying Evangeline (Eva) Calkins in June 1909, I returned to Wyoming. Four children have been born to us and although they are all grown they are yet single and home most of the time. They are: James Wayne, Carl Pryor, Donald Glen and Dorothy Evangeline.

For the last twenty-some years I have outfitted hunting parties each year for the Thorofare and Jackson Hole country. I have been with and have helped with dude outfits from my earliest days in Wyoming.

Probably two of my closest friends, in the earliest days in Wyoming, were Thurston Deuel, old timer in the Dayton county, later of Red Lodge, Montana, and Jim McLaughlin, the man who

took up the ranch on the South fork of the Shoshone river that is now known nationally as the “Valley Ranch”.

Captain Garland, who was once an army officer, was an early day post-master at Dayton, and also on of the very first forest rangers in the Big Horn Mountains. His first camp in the forest service was on Fool’s Creek.

I have an old Remington, breech-loading rifle of which there surely must be an interesting history that will never be known. It was picked up in the Sunlight country and, no doubt, was the very most important part of some early pioneer’s equipment, as he would necessarily have to use it to protect his life as well as to procure his meat for food. On the underside, stamped on the octagon barrel that is one and one-eighth inches in diameter, is this—50gage. Behind the hammer is this, as nearly as I can read it—Remington Ilion NYUSA, Pat. May 30, Nov.15 to 1864, April 17 to 1865.

So goes the West. The old rifle cannot speak neither can the early pioneer who gave his life to the West. Some early white trader and trapper could have originally owned the gun, later losing it and his life to some red devil, who stole his furs as well. The redskin could have later received the fate due him, and the gun again have been carried by a white scout, or trapper, who, surely was the last owner when he left his life and it on the trail in the sunlight country, in the Rockies, just east of Yellowstone Park. May eternal peace and happiness be his reward. He did not fail. He blazed a trail to guide our way.

Cecil James was almost certainly born in what was called New Carlisle, Indiana, very close to Hudson Lake, Indiana. As stated in Chapter II, Cecil's father Nathaniel taught school in New Carlisle. Nathaniel and Sophia owned extensive property at Hudson Lake, and there is no evidence that they were in the area of Carlisle, Indiana , which is located quite a distance southwest in Vigo County at that time..

When Cecil was three years old, Hallam J. 11, and Harry M. only a year old, the family moved to Winnebago, Minnesota, where the family probably lived with Nathaniel's father Hallam. In 1874 they moved to Iowa Lake, Iowa. This is most likely where Cecil began his public school education. In 1875 the youngest son, John Roy was born to Sophia and Nathaniel.

In 1881, the family moved to Jamestown, Cloud County, Kansas, where they stayed while Nathaniel and Hallam J. went to prepare for them to settle in Wyoming. As Cecil would have been 13-14 during this time, he probably attended school while in Jamestown.

In 1882, when the family arrived at their new home, Cecil was 15. He worked with his father and brothers to establish their cattle and horse ranch. He was hired as a school teacher at Shell Creek in the fall of 1887.

In 1892, Cecil, now 25, purchased 320 acres of land in sections 3 and 10. In October of the same year he filed for a water right from the Harrison Ditch.

Cecil and Ellen (Ella) Morley were married October 25, 1894 at her father's home in Buchanan, Michigan. The invitation states that they would be at home after November 25, in Parkman, Wyoming. At the time of their marriage Cecil was 27 years old and Ellen was 22. A copy of their wedding invitation and a picture are included in the illustrations. Cecil's biography explains that Ella was a teacher at the school just a mile from the Huntington ranch near Dayton. His reference to her as Ella explains the confusion about her name over the years. From information found in Michigan I believe she was called Ella to distinguish her from her mother who was also named Ellen. It is not known when Ella came to teach at the school near Dayton.

ELLEN (Ella) MORLEY

Ellen, called Ella by many and referred to as Nonie and Louellen in her father's will was born February 6, 1872, at Buchanan Michigan. Her father was Burton T. Morley born in 1837 in Pennsylvania. Census records show that both his parents were born in Pennsylvania. The 1870 Census lists him as the proprietor of a Foundry in Buchanan. *The Berrien County History And Directory*, published in 1871, lists Morley & Talbot, (B.T. Morley & W. H. Talbot,) foundry and machine shop, Portage, nr. M.C. R. R. This business was located near the present railroad through town, but no building survives. It is not known when the B.T. Morley moved to Buchanan.

Research by Betty Sherwin Gunn shows that Ella's mother was Ellen Crofoot, born at Preble, New York, June 1836. She arrived in Michigan in 1858. The 1860 Buchanan, Michigan, Census shows Maria (Marie) Crofoot 44, occupation Milliner, and Ellen 24, also a Milliner. Both the names Maria and Marie S. Crofoot are found on different documents. One document she signed as Marie, so that is the name I will use here. Ellen married Burton T. Morley in 1862, at Buchanan.

Records show that Ella had an older brother Edward born in February, 1864 in Indiana, but as Buchanan is not far from Indiana the family was probably living in Buchanan.

Ella Morley's mother Ellen died February 10th, 1872, just four days after Ella was born. While the cause of death is not specified in her death notice, it is most likely that the illness was connected to childbirth. The following death notice appeared in the *Berrien County Record*, Thursday, February 29, 1872.

Died, Feb. 10, 1872, in Buchanan, Mich., ELLEN, wife of B. T. Morley, daughter of Mrs. Maria S. Crofoot.

The deceased was born in Courtland, County, N. Y., June 3rd, 1836. Removed to Michigan in 1858 and married in 1862. A mother, sister, husband and two children--a son of seven years and a daughter of a few days--are left to mourn her loss. Her last illness was severe, but God in His mercy limited the time to one short week. Her funeral was attended by her numerous relatives and a large concourse of sympathizing friends who listened to words of comfort from Rev. W. M. Coplin, of the M.E. Church.

The inscription on the gravestone reads:

**Ellen Crofoot
Wife of
B.T. Morley
Died
Feb. 10 1872
Aged 35 yrs. 8 mos. 7 days**

Probate records show that B. T. Morley required Ellen Crofoot's mother Marie to list and justify all of the articles she removed after Ellen died. A partial list is included with the illustrations. A citation was issued and a hearing was held on the 24th of November in the County Probate Court. Mrs. Crofoot was asked questions about the date of purchase and ownership of each of the items in question. It was not possible to obtain a copy of this hearing that could be reproduced, but from what is discernable, it appears that B. T. Morley did not have a very friendly relationship with his mother-in-law. It seems almost mean-spirited and petty to force her to justify taking every article of clothing, silver and other items that she had given to her daughter.

Edward Morley died May 1, 1877 at the age of 13 years, 2 months and 7 days. The cause of death is not known. The inscription on his tombstone is:

**EDWARD MORLEY
Son of
B.T. & E. MORLEY
DIED
May 1 , 1877
13 years, 2 months and 7 days**

The 1880 Census lists Burton T. Morley, 42 ; Anna Lee as his wife, 34; and Luellen (Ella) daughter as 8 years old. It is also noted that Burton and Anna married in the Census year.

Burton T. Morley evidently suffered from senility or other mental problems in his later life and died in an insane asylum in 1917. His death probably occurred before April as a letter written to Mildred Huntington Sherwin which refers to his estate is dated April 12. A copy of his Will written in 1911 is with the illustrations .

Betty Sherwin Gunn researched Ella's family and discovered two letters from Ella's cousin Lou Treat that shed light on the family history and some of the family tensions after Ellen Crofoot married Burton T. Morley.

As it would be difficult to reproduce "copies of copies" a transcription of the contents follows. As the handwriting is sometimes difficult to read there may be errors in my interpretation. To keep the flavor of the informal style I have not made corrections in punctuation, spelling, etc.

Buchanan-Mich
April 12, 1917

Dear Cousin Mildred,

Your letters have been on my mind for days-also one to your father-but as I have been feeling so miserable thought I would make a poor "stab" at a letter-I have jst sealed a letter to your father-I tryed to write him just what I thought necessary leaving out the "chaff" but it's hard to do Fred told me yesterday he had written you some time lately so you may know as much as I do or more about the matter-Our lawyer told us the other day that the grand Mother Morley's corner-if she can hold it-is quite a valuable corner more so than ever before. Should they not exactly set aside this deed business-possibly she would settle out of Court-at any rate if you only inherited say a third of Est. its better than nothing and as it should be-

I believe in Justice always-I wish you could come to Michigan this summer if need be.

Now in writing to you of your Mother also of her Mother (your grandmother) and of my Grandmother which would be your great Grandmother and your Baby Virginia Ellen's Great Great Grand mother it seems sometimes like I could write a book.

My Grandmother & your Great G----was Maria Samson Crofoot. She came from the old Aristocratic Samson stock of note in Revolutionary Days-We trace the ancestry back to Plymouth in the 17 hundreds. Grandmother was born and lived mostly in childhood around Homer & Courtland N.Y. There were some 16 or more Samson children everyone which proved to be the smartist (?) kind of worthy citizens-My Grandmother met and married Osmond David Crofoot October-1st-1835.

Your Grandmother Ellen Crofoot was born in Preble N.Y. Jan. 3. 1836 and in 1837-July.7. my mother Lucy Crofoot was born at Truxton (?)N.Y. and in 1838-Dec-7-Osmond Crofoot died leaving grandmother--poor-& with two babys. She made shoe tops-(of cloth--also fine linen & muslin bosoms for shirts-as in those days men wore fancy shirts with ruffles & tucks-etc--towards her support.

The Grandparents on both the Samson & Crofoot sides helped in care of children & aided them to a good education at High schools and at women Academys-So your Grandmother (Ellen) & my mother (Lucy) were well brought up & educated even tho. they were Father-less. They each made fancy shirts & vests & cloth tops

for shoes during vacations and after school hours until they completed their courses when each went to teaching school—(By the way Aunt Ellen was a beautiful seamstress)—My Mother (Lucy) came to Michigan (to an Uncle on the Samson side whose old homestead is just across the street from my house) to teach school—here she met my father—one Charles franklin Howe of old Massachusetts stock & they were married in 1858—Oct. 21. About that time your grandmother had some misunderstanding with a lover(?) of Academy Days & to give her a change to divert her mind she was sent to Michigan.

Here she met and in 1862 married Burton Morley—very much her inferior in character, knowledge & everything. An act she lived to regret for several years. To her two children were born Edward and Ella.

Edward died in boyhood—Ella later, in Wyoming as you know. Ella's father instead of being both Father & Mother to his children used them very unjustly and it was a rare blessing to Edward when he died.

Ella never could visit us when a child—"because we told her of her beautiful aristocratic Mother"—As she grew to girlhood—then womanhood she came to us on very rare state occasions—It was with great pleasure we learned she was to go West with your Grandmother Huntington as she would be in different surroundings-- at least.

It was with still Greater Pleasure we learned on her visit home she was to go back to Wyoming a – Huntington—Ella was a dear pretty girl—but a very small puny child—from neglect it seemed. Her temperament would have been much different had her own Mother lived as she and 2nd Mrs. Morley never agreed very well & she & Nona (Nora) were not at all congenial. I think as Ella grew older Burton M—was more proud of her—altho he never seem to have much fatherly love for her & was dominated wholly by Mrs. Anna Morley.

There was lots of very unpleasant things and circumstances which went to harass my Mother & Grandmother almost beyond endurance but they have very little bearing upon this— Ella came back and visited us once when you were a baby and she seemed to be perfectly happy in her new, Western home, and your Father was very kind & proud of her & you. I have your picture just as you looked when you were here—. I must hasten and get dinner right here. If you were to visit Michigan there are still living two cousins of Samson Stock who could tell you very much about your Mother—your Grandmother and your Great & Great Grandmother. Last Summer a Crofoot a cousin of your Great Grandfather's visited me and he seemed to be a very learned, polished wealthy gentleman.

I once visited New York— I went to all those old colonial Homes where our people used to live. The crumbling remains of the Great Grandfather's shoe Factorys—the burial place of Osmond David Crofoot—etc— I'd love to go again—

The Crofoot & Samson old people took great pride in Ellen & Lucy the half orphans—They were of the same size & were always dressed alike. When each girl married, Grandfather Samson (their) presented them with a full set of silver spoons knives set—It seems the silversmith of those days one D.D. R. Ormsby was a great

friend of the Samsons & Crofoot familys & Grandfather took silver dollars to him & had him melt them & make silver articles "for his girls"--- I have several spoons of my Mothers also one of aunt Ellen's which at her death happened to be at our house & Mother kept it as a souvenir of Aunt Ellen--the only one she really had except presents Aunt Ellen had made her. (This is where my copy of the first letter ends.)

Buchanan Michigan
June 17, 1917

Dear Cousin Mildred

My brother Fred asked me about two weeks ago to write you and I intended to from day to day but its such an easy matter to postpone writing when one is very busy with many matters--

Last eve. He sent me another letter which he had just read from you, and which called for answer at once, and as he was to leave home very early this AM. Asked me to write you for him. I think there must have been a letter lost some way as I am sure he said he wrote you a short time ago.

He has had Attorney Worthington looking up your case and altho he can find many who say "Oh! Yes--Morley--He wasn't competent to do business this long time" still when you pin them down to any certain time, when his mind failed him--which would be necessary to know to give acceptable testimony they have given it so little thought or attention that they cannot or will not tell.

It seems to make a sure case of it--It is necessary to prove he was absolutely incompetent to deed away property at-the-time he deeded Mrs. Morley that lot--or--that he was unduly influenced--

We are sure of both--but--its--hard to prove and to get witnesses to swear on the stand to that effect. In the first-place no one paid much of any attention to him--then again --So many changes here--most of the population here never knew your Mother or your Grandfather and it's hard to interest them in a case of this kind.

If we could only find one person who could swear he was unduly influenced to dispose of his property--but they almost have lived alone & when Grandfather Morley was away Mrs. M. was all alone except for an occasional roomer, which never knew anything about their business.

I understand someone has an option on the lot which lays across street from the house--the one which you would have to fight for.

I asked Fred to find out whether there could be any way to keep her from disposing of this lot--you see where we were lame was in allowing her to get this business into Probate court before we woke up to the matter that you three heirs were never mentioned It was just

accidentally that I stumbled upon that. If one had lots of money to go into court and fight the case I believe you could gain one of the lots.

When Freds law(?) grp was at County Seat he looked up data, etc, & found that he deeded her this lot about 5 or 6 mo. Before she placed him in Insane Asylum. (I think I have that right) What time, and investigation, have been made so far has been for gratis—as Fred & Worthington have sort of sandwiched it in between other business so as to not make any extra trip to County Seat, which he would have undoubtedly charge for. I think there are some other letter matters which are to be investigated where Fred will probably write you more fully— Fred has two estates he is Admin.—for is Assessor here in Buch, and has so much other business on his hands he may seem a trifle slow.

Was surprised to hear your brother had enlisted. Is he still at Port Royal S. C.? I would like to keep posted so I could keep in touch with him—should he sail soon. I often look at your baby’s photo. Can hardly realize it’s your baby—How funny it would occur (?) To me to be Grandma—but my girl is only twelve— you see I shall have to wait some time. Your mother and I were the same age. 3 weeks difference. How nice your Father has a car—have you an Auto? We cannot afford one, but all the other members of the family have cars—

Last week was Commencement Week. Kathryn was promoted to the seventh grade and Jack to the sixth. Seems like I will have a rest for a few days from washing-ironing & cooking. Still it’s always work if you have children. Wish I could see your baby—She must look some like her Papa altho I can see a strong resemblance to your family. Do you hear regularly from your Bro Burt?

No I don’t know just how many dollars are invested in those spoons—Mother had a set of tablespoons —no four or five—and they are quite badly worn as Mother has always used them since 1858 and they are soft compared to our present day spoons—About the blue & white cover—I remember hearing there was one, I think given to your Grandmother by her Grandmother—can you find any date worked in. We had an old spread in our family—blue and white—inherited on the Howe side.

I wonder if you know you are a direct descendent from Miles Standish? You are of the 10th generation of descendants from John & Priscilla Alden—Pilgrims of the Mayflower—as well as Miles Standish.

— as follows—

Myles Standish	married	Barbara Standish	1 st generation
Alexander Standish	“	*Sarah Alden	2 nd gen

Lydia Standish (daughter)	“	Isaac Samson	3 rd	“
**Peleg Samson	“	Mary Ring	4 th	“
Simeon Samson	“	Deborah Cushing	5 th	“
Geo Samson	“	Hannah Shaw	6 th	“
Mariah Samson	“	Osmond Crofoot	7 th	“
Ellen Crofoot	“	Burton Morley	8 th	“
Ella Morley	“	Cecil Huntington	9 th	“
Mildred Huntington	“	Wm G. Sherwin	10 th	“
Virginia Sherwin	“		11 th	“

* This Sarah Alden was a daughter of John Alden & his wife Priscilla (Mullen) Alden—both John & Priscilla came over in Mayflower as you will know—also Myles Standish—Barbara was Myles Standish’s 2nd wife and a cousin to Myles—She came over in the ship “Anne”--

**Peleg Samson was a cousin to J. S. or Johnathan Samson Jr. and was the father of Deborah Samson—who married a Gannett (?)—a soldier of the Revolutionary War. Peleg would be your Great Great Great Grandfather. I have one tablespoon & 1 tablespoon with the initials of G.W.S. George Washington Samson & D.C.S. Deborah Cushing Samson engraved on —they were the next generation from Peleg Samson.

George Samson & Hanna Shaw were the very dear Grandparents of Lucy & Ellen Crofoot I’ve heard my Mother tell of all the things their Grandparents did for their mother & them & how much they loved the old people—They were aristocracy in those days & quite well to do. I think the Crofoot Family was just as noted but I never have studied back into their ancestry. I suppose our Grandfather “David Osmond Crofoot” dying at so young an age —we didn’t keep in such close touch with his people.

My Grandmother made a very great struggle to bring up her two girls and educate them. Your Grandmother (Ellen) was a well educated & talented woman for those days.

I never studied up on the Morley families but I do know there are lots of Morleys around Buchanan Niles & Galien—&very nice people. Your Grandfather Morley seemed to be the odd sheep (?). My letters get pretty lengthy when I branch off from the ordinary topics.

One thing I’ve often wanted to ask you. Have you a cameo pin which belonged to your Grandmother, once, given to her by her Grandfather Samson long years ago—I have my Mothers. Seems to me your Mother lost hers in a fire, after she moved to Wyoming.

Do you get daily papers where you live? Do you have free delivery or how far from a post office? Do you have lots of reading matter?

Hope to hear again from you soon. If Fred can round up any more encouraging news he will write it—I am sure.

Yours most truly

Lou H. Treat

Bryans initials are B.W.T

Bryan Wood Treat

A family chart showing the descendants of Miles Standish is included in the illustrations. Another chart which was included with the Letter of Acceptance to Betty Sherwin Gunn shows that she and others descended from Ella Morley are descendants of more lines than most members of the Mayflower Society. The chart shows five Mayflower ancestors: Degory Priest, Francis Eaton, John Alden, Myles Standish and Stephen Hopkins.

The first letter not only reveals information about the Morley and Crofoot families and the difficult relationship the family members experienced, but give us the fact that Sophia Huntington knew the Morley and Crofoot families. Perhaps they had become acquainted when Sophia's parents lived close to Buchanan in Niles and Galien before 1870. At any rate it does give us the explanation of how Ella Morley was chosen to teach at the school near Dayton, Wyoming in the early 1890's. We also learn from this letter that the Huntington family was held in high esteem by Lou Treat and her family.

There are some pictures of Maria Crofoot ,her daughter Lucy Crofoot Howe and granddaughter Lou Treat and other family members included with the illustrations. Unfortunately the only photographs of Ella Morley are her wedding picture with Cecil, and a picture probably taken near their ranch at Parkman.

A copy of the charming letter Ella wrote to Martha (Mattie) Hyatt before she married Harry M. Huntington is included in the Chapter about Harry M. Huntington.

A daughter, Mildred Ellen, was born to Cecil and Ella August 18, 1895. A picture of Mildred as a baby and one of Cecil were taken at a Studio in Sheridan. These are included with the illustrations. On August 15, 1897, a son Cecil Burton was born. A second son, Edward Olney was born January 23, 1900.

In 1901, tragedy struck the family on February 7th when Ella died. No certain cause of death can be found. The issue of the *Sheridan Enterprise* at that time is missing , so no obituary has been found. According to Dorothy Huntington Harris, she heard the story many times that Ella choked to death, and that this was so traumatic for her father Cecil, he was motivated to earn a degree in Osteopathy.

A notice of Ella's death appeared in the *Buffalo Voice* February 16th, 1901.

Mrs. C.J. Huntington died at the Huntington ranch near Dayton, Sheridan County , Thursday afternoon of last week.

The following Thank You notice also appeared in the *Sheridan Enterprise* in the February 16th Edition.

A Card of Thanks

I wish to thank the many friends who so kindly extended to me their aid and sympathy during the recent sickness and death of my beloved wife.

C. J. Huntington

The mention of sickness would make it probable that Ella may have had pneumonia, diphtheria, or some other illness that resulted in her choking to death. Her grave in the Dayton Cemetery is marked by an unusual obelisk that is similar to the one where her parents are buried in Buchanan, Michigan. The inscription on the gravestone:

**TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS
OF THOSE WE LEAVE
BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE.
I SAY
SHE IS NOT DEAD, SHE IS
JUST AWAY**

After Ella died, Sophia and Cecil's three brothers and their wives helped care for Cecil's three young children. The mortgage on the 160 acres that Ella and Cecil purchased in 1899 was paid in full and released in April of 1901.

When Cecil decided to attend Osteopathy College in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1903, it is not known where his children lived. There is a studio portrait of the three children taken in Des Moines circa 1903-1904, so they were visiting or living with him at that time. In 1905 Cecil opened an Osteopathy practice in Jamestown, Iowa. Sophia and the children lived with him at this time as established by a newspaper story about Sophia's second marriage.

Cecil states in his Biography that his practice in Jamestown was very successful, but he missed the ranching life in Wyoming. He moved the family to the Crooked Creek area near Roy Huntington and the Sherwin ranch. His property was at the northern end of the Huntington land, with some of the ranch in Big Horn County, Wyoming and some of it in Montana.

In 1909, Cecil was in Kansas on business and met Eva (Evangaline) Calkins. Eva was raised in Blue Rapids and Marysville, Kansas. Both of these towns are a short distance from Jamestown, Kansas. They were married in Big Horn, Wyoming, June 30, 1909. Big Horn is a town near Dayton, Wyoming on the eastern slope of The Big Horn Mountains (not to be confused with Big Horn County, on the western slope of the Big Horn Mountains.) Al Calkins, of Placerville, California, who is a relative of Dorothy Huntington Harris, provided information about Eva and her family. The following article appeared in *The Blue Rapids Times* on June 24, 1909.

Mrs. C. E. Strange is in receipt of an invitation issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Brown of Big Horn, Wyo., to the marriage of their niece and Mrs. Strange's sister, Miss Evangeline C. Calkins, to Mr. Cecil Huntington. The wedding will be on June 30th, following which the bridal party will leave on an extended wedding tour through the National Park. The bride has many friends in this county, having until a few years ago made her home at Blue Rapids and Marysville, and a year ago she was one of the teachers in our public schools. *The Times* extends its best wishes.

Al Calkins believes that Mr. Brown in the story was the brother of Eva's mother Theodosia Brown.

Evangeline Calista Calkins, born December 23, 1875, in Blue Rapids, Kansas; was the daughter of Harvey Daniel Calkins and Theodosia Brown. Harvey Daniel Calkins, the son of Daniel Calkins and Dimmis Piper, was born September 17, 1830 in Oakfield, Genesee, N.Y. Theodosia Brown, daughter of Theodore Brown and Melvina Stone, was born February 20, 1833 in Minden, N.Y. They were married October 22, 1851, in New York.

Eva's father died February 28, 1913 at Lenora, Kansas. The following obituary appeared in the *Blue Rapids Times*, March 6, 1913. I have copied it exactly as it appeared.

Death of Early Citizen

Mrs. Chas. E. Strange received word Friday of the death of her father, Mr. H. Calkins, at Lenora, KS. Owing to the conditions of the train service, due to the snow storms, she was unable to attend the funeral.

Mr. Calkins was living with his son, Carl B. Calkins. He was taken sick with pneumonia and died after an illness of only four days. He was born at Oakfield, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1830, and died Feb. 28, 1913, aged 82 years 5 months and 11 days.

When he was twelve years old he was baptized and united with the Baptist church at Smithville, since which time he has been a firm believer in the faith of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

In 1851 he was married to Miss Theodosia Brown, to whom were born eleven children. In 1853 he moved with his family to Maryland, twelve miles from Washington. As that was then a slave state, he did not like its conditions and only stayed a year, returning to his old home in Oakfield where he remained until 1873 when he moved to Blue Rapids, where he spent 20 years. His health failing at this time, he left the farm and changed his residence to Marysville. At Marysville he allied himself with its interests, always working for the greatest good of the community. Being of a literary turn of mind he wrote much for the press and also several books which were never published.

His wife survives him and eight of his eleven children. The surviving children are: Mrs. Thomas Bothwell of Kansas city, Mrs. Strange of Blue Rapids, Mrs. Eva Huntington of Wyoming, Grant of Fairfield, Nebr., Lincoln in Florida, Seward in the west, and Frank B. of Elm Creek.

Eva's mother died August 31, 1919 in Marysville, Kansas. The following obituary appeared in the *Blue Rapids Times*, September 4, 1919. It is copied just as it appeared.

Death of an Old Settler

Miss Theodora Brown was born in Western New York Feb. 21, 1833. At the age of 16 she accepted her savior, and united with the Baptist church of Alabama, Genesee County. In 1851 she was united in marriage to Harvey D. Calkins. To this union eleven children were born, who rose up and called her blessed: Will, Juvia, Myrta, Seward, Lincoln, Grant, Carl, Angie, Inez, Eva and Frank, six of whom survive her: Lincoln of Florida, Grant of Nebraska, Carl of Lenora, Ks., Mrs. Chas. Strange of Blue Rapids, Mrs. Eva Huntington of Kane, Wyo, and Frank of Marysville, with whom she has made her home for the past seven years, her husband having preceded her in death six years ago.

In 1872 she came West with the Blue Rapids Colony where she resided for 20 years. From there with her family she removed to Marysville, uniting with the Baptist church of that place, where she remained a consistent Christian until she obeyed the summons, "Well done, come home." She was a composer of sweet, tender poems. To say that she was a loving mother, an unselfish neighbor, and a devoted Christian, is attested to by those who mourn her loss.

Funeral services were held at the Elm Creek church on Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Griffith of Blue Rapids, burial being in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

A son, James Wayne, was born to Cecil and Eva, March 28, 1910. Carl Pryor was born July 20, 1911 in Pryor, Montana. A third son Donald Glen, was born at Raymond, Wyoming, October 26, 1914. A daughter, Dorothy Evangeline. Was born August 17, 1917 in Cody, Wyoming.

Wylie Sherwin gives a vivid account of the school he and the Huntington children attended on Crooked Creek in his *Recollections*:

“Crooked Creek you see is some thirty five miles from Powell and in the foot hills of the Pryor Mts. and close to the Big Horn River and Canyon. Here at least we had a stream and there were trees and in the hills there was plenty of fire wood to be had. And believe me we needed plenty to keep warm. For in that place it really got cold. Before spring we had experienced thirty below and the colder it got the harder the wind blew.

We started to school rather late that fall because we were pretty busy getting settled in our new place. We had to walk about two miles. Our school house was a one room log cabin about fourteen by twenty. It was dobed with mud and had split poles on the roof, covered with a foot of dirt. There were cactus planted on the roof to keep the dirt from blowing off. The floor was hewn logs and if you ever dropped a pencil it went in a crack. These cracks eventually filled up with dirt for the logs were laid on the ground. Out black boards were three boards nailed to the log wall and painted black. For desks, we had none, so each family supplied their own. There were four of us and we had a table about four feet square, dad had made from some boards, and two benches. The others were equipped about the same. Each family provided it's own books and there was not a new one in school and no two alike. For the most part they were old books that the parents had used.

Our teacher that year was Bess Wintchel. She was a pretty hard boiled cow-girl type, about twenty five and she rode a pretty snuffy horse. She stayed with Roy Huntingtons. Believe me she didn't put up with any monkey business and we didn't try any either.

There were seventeen kids in school that winter. There were four of us and Harry Huntington, then Burt and Ted and Mildred Huntington, Edwin King, Nettie Weaver, Jim and George Legg and five kids from the Tupler family. Their dad had the distinction of being the first white child born in Wyoming. He was born at Fort Bridger I think in the 1840's. His name was George Tupler but he was more generally known as Starky.

Most of the kids in school were old for being in grade school because they hadn't had the opportunity to go like kids do today. I think Jim Legg was twenty two and his brother George was about twenty, Edwin King was eighteen and Nettie was I think, the same, but we were all including my self, in the seventh grade.

Most of the kids came from two to five miles to school and they all had ponies except us. We live closer and had to walk and boy was it ever cold some

times.. Our route was east and west and the wind blew from the north. There was no shelter or any place to get warm except at Huntingtons, Roy that was. And When we got there we were nearly home. Once in a while if the weather was too bad, dad or Roy would come with a team for us.

Of course we all brought lunch and we had a shelf behind the door where we left such things as canned fruit or jelly or pickles. Each of us had a cup and plate and silver we left there also. Frequently by prearrangement the girls would bring the makings for stew or bean soup or scrambled eggs. And it would be a common affair, sort of pot luck lunch, cooked on the old box stove in the center of the room. Or some times on cold days we made cocoa. Oh, it was rough but we had lots of fun too. The boys in school were expected to keep the wood pile up. We spent lots of Saturdays hauling and cutting wood. The District paid the teacher sixty dollars a month and that was the extent of their help. From there on we were on our own.

The second year we were there, I believe was the most fun in school (1910-1911). There was the same bunch of kids but our teacher was Miss Robinson. She was an eastern girl, between 25 and 30, good looking and enthusiastic about the West. And she was full of fun. She could take a joke and was the butt of many.

That winter I had set some coyote traps and by going a little out my way I could tend them on my way to or from school. And so it happened one morning that I found a coyote in a trap. It was perhaps a half mile from school and if I stopped to kill it and skin it I would be late. So I left it and went on. I told Miss Robinson and asked for permission to go back and take care of my catch. Of course she said “by all means go and take care of the poor thing. Don’t make it suffer any longer than necessary.” I asked if Jim might go with me and she gave her permission to that also. Well now on the way over there we got to thinking “Miss Robinson had never seen a live coyote”. We started figuring how we could bring this one in alive and show it to her. I had a piece of sash cord on my belt that I used to carry books with and we figured with this it could be done. And it was done. We found a stick and it had a forked end. With this Jim held the coyote’s head pinned to the ground while I tied all four feet together with the sash cord. We left the trap on and by putting the stick through his tied legs, we carried him between us back to school. Very Much alive. It was first recess when we got back and the kids were mostly outside playing. We let Mr. Coyote down on the step and the kids all ran up to see it. The coyote started to struggle and kids made a lot of racket. The teacher came to the door to see what was going on and just as she opened the door, the coyote got the rope loose and dodged into the school house. Miss Robinson screamed and jumped to the top of a table. The poor coyote tried to find a place to hide and finally crawled behind the wood box. We fished him out and with the trap drug him outside. And so the teacher got to see her first live coyote.

One time she was pronouncing spelling words to a class and Ted Huntington was playing with something that was causing a disturbance in the back of the room. Miss Robinson walked back there, holding a spelling book in one hand and still giving out words. She simply held out her hand for whatever Ted was playing with,

not looking at him at all but at her class. Ted had a musk-rat tail. It was cold and slick and he obediently dropped it in her hand. That was almost too much for her and she screamed then collapsed and cried but it wasn't long till she was all right and could see the funny side of it.

The property where Cecil and his family lived on Crooked Creek does not have the original house standing on it. There were a few boards and an iron brace near the house foundation in 1995 when we discovered the site. Remnants of a cellar dug into a sloping bank and with a few boards were found a short distance from the house foundation. Two very large crab apple trees and some lilac bushes were still growing, but in need of some trimming and care. A picture of several Huntington family members shows part of the house in the background. A copy is included with the illustrations.

Cecil's mother Sophia Huntington appears on the 1910 Census as living with her son Harry M. and his wife Jennie. In Sheridan, Wyoming. Sophia married William Hitchcox July 5, 1911, at Concordia, Kansas.

He was a prominent widower of Jamestown, Kansas, and she most likely had known him from the time she lived in Jamestown with Cecil. She remained in Jamestown after Mr. Hitchcox died in January, 1915. Her granddaughter Mildred and grandson Cecil Burton lived with her in Jamestown while they attended High School. After Mildred graduated, she was hired as the teacher at the same school on Crooked Creek that she had attended several years earlier. From Wylie Sherwin's *Recollections*, I believe she was back teaching at least by 1914, but it could have been earlier. He also explains that she came home to Crooked Creek in the summers when school was out. A more detailed account of this time is included in the section about Mildred. Mildred and Wylie Sherwin were married July 6, 1915. They lived with Wylie's parents at their ranch for several years before moving to the Northfork area.

Cecil Burton was living with Sophia while attending High School in 1917. He enlisted in the Marines in 1917, and served in France during World War I.

According to Dorothy Huntington Harris the family home was flooded when she was very young, only three or four years old, which would be about 1920. The family then moved to Southfork. Land records show that Cecil purchased 167.67 acres for \$10,000 on the Southfork of the Shoshone River in 1920. This land was Tract 53, T50N, R104W. A photograph of this property is included. The house where they lived burned down when Dorothy was approximately six years old, which would have been in 1923. After the fire they moved to a house located west on the river.

Cecil Burton, who served with the Marines in World War I, died of pneumonia August 15, 1920 in Cody. I remember hearing many times that he had been "gassed" in the War, and that this weakened his lungs. He was buried in the Cody Cemetery. A more complete account of his life and pictures are included in the section about Cecil's descendants.

In the spring of 1922, the Wylie and Mildred Sherwin and their family moved from Crooked Creek to the Northfork, at Wapiti, near the highway from Cody, Wyoming to Yellowstone Park. They built The Trail Shop, a two room cabin where they first served doughnuts and coffee This structure was replaced by a much larger building in 1925, and eventually became a tourist stop both for automobile traffic and the park buses. In the 1930's, cabins and a gasoline filling station were added.

In 1926, Cecil and Eva sold Lot 46, T52W, R103W to Harry H. Huntington. In 1927, Cecil applied for the H Spear-Connected brand in Cody, Park County. On May 5, 1927, Mildred Huntington Sherwin died in Lovell, Wyoming after a long struggle with tuberculosis. Her grave is in the Cody, Wyoming Cemetery. An obituary is included in the section about Cecil's descendants. Her untimely death at age 32 left Wylie Sherwin a widower with four young children. Virginia, was 10; Teddy, was 9; Clifford, was 8; and Betty, just 7.

On September 4, 1927, Cecil's son, Edward O. Huntington (Ted), who had purchased the Lovell and Cowley, Wyoming newspapers, was married to Francine Madolyn Clavier in Cody, Wyoming. Ted and Francine lived in Lovell. At this time Cecil, Eva and their children Jimmy, Carl, Don and Dorothy lived on the North Fork of the Shoshone River. A picture of the family is included. At this time, Dorothy attended the Wapiti Elementary School. Her older brothers Carl and Don probably also attended this school. The Huntington families helped Wylie Sherwin with his children. Ted and Francine often drove to Wapiti from Lovell to spend time with them.

In 1928, Cecil and Eva purchased property in the Original Town of Cody. This property was Lot 15, Blk 23. Dorothy Huntington Harris described this house as being next to the Episcopal Church Parsonage. The address of this house is 1113 Rumsey Avenue. It may be of interest that Cecil paid \$3500 for this property. The assessed valuation of this property in 1998 was \$11,121.00, with the fair marked value listed by the Park County Assessor as \$117,064.00. Pictures of the house and of Cecil and Eva in front of the house are with the illustrations. At this time Dorothy was attending Grade School in Cody. In the early 1930's the family was living north of Cody, then again moved to the Northfork area. Carl and Don were cowboys who worked in the area. While working for the Martins at The Rimrock Ranch, Don was a model for the Western painter Frank Tenney Johnson, who had a Studio on the ranch property. Johnson stated that Don was one of his favorites as a subject in his paintings of cowboys. At least one of these paintings of Don is on display at The Whitney Gallery in the William F. Cody Museum, in Cody, Wyoming, there may be more pictures there in storage.. More information about this is included in the section about Don.

As Cecil stated in his Biography, he outfitted hunting parties for twenty-some years. He went on to say that he had been with and had helped with dude outfits from his earliest days in Wyoming. In the late 1920's and early 1930's Cecil was a big game guide and outfitter, operating from his ranch on Southfork. His sons Ted, Jimmy, Carl, and Don, worked with him on these pack trips west into the Thorofare and Jackson Hole areas. There were some wealthy Europeans, well known movie moguls and other "adventurers" who wanted to hunt elk. Ted talked about some of these people, but unfortunately there are no records or pictures with identification to list the names now. Ted did mention that he felt sorry for some of these wealthy men because instead of enjoying the experience,

they tended to worry about what they could do next to “top” it, or outdo their fellow adventurers. When Dorothy Huntington was old enough she went on some of the pack trips as the cook. Ted often told me what an accomplished cook she was, and that she could even bake delicious biscuits in the camp stove. Cecil taught his sons to be skilled horsemen, how to load pack-horses, how to find trails, set up camp, how to handle food to discourage bears, and many other necessary aspects of living in the wilderness. After Ted purchased the newspapers in Lovell and Cowley, he still helped his father and brothers on at least some of these trips. He took movies of one hunt, and his son Burton E. Huntington transferred some of these to VHS tape.

About 1934 Dorothy Huntington went to San Diego to live with her Uncle Harry and his wife Jennie who was in very poor health. She graduated from High School in San Diego.

As Cecil’s Biography is dated 1937, it was after this that he and Eva moved to California to live near his brother Hallam J. There were visits back to Wyoming, but the exact details of the next few years are unknown. Eva’s health was beginning to fail in the 1940's and she and Cecil moved to Warren, Arizona, as the doctor thought a drier climate would help her.

Carl Huntington married Cleo Mitten, September 21, 1940 in Billings, Montana. She was born December 29, 1919 in Alexander, North Dakota. He served with the Navy Seabees in the Pacific from 1943 to 1945. They were living in California after War II and were with Cecil shortly after his wife died in 1950.

Don Huntington married Virginia P. Norfolk, April, 25, 1946. He was in the Army Cavalry and also served in the Pacific. He and Virginia were living in Denver, Colorado after the War and eventually moved to Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy Huntington married Richard Martin Harris January 29, 1949. He was born December 3, 1915, in Denver, Colorado. They lived in Denver in the early 1950's and later moved to Alpine, California, where they were living in 1964. They then moved to Reno, Nevada.

The following is a letter sent to me March 23, 1948

Warren Arizona
Mch. 23rd 1948

Dear Jeanne, Your very welcome letter recd. And we were so glad to hear from you. As for the Birthday I am afraid we all neglect such observances much as we enjoy them. Especially this year when so many of the Huntington Clan count March As their birth mo. We were counting them not long ago, yours the 1st, Mine the 14, brother Harry the 27, Jimmy the 28.

I am sure you enjoy the grand piano, I have always admired them. You are fortunate to have such a fine large room for it. We may see “you all” this summer, I am longing for the Mts. and fine grass. That is the objection I have to this country. Of

course the sunshine is great and more of it than we had in Calif. That is what brought us here. Your grandmother had been suffering for some time, several doctors treated her, and the last one said a higher altitude might be beneficial if in a dry climate. I think she has improved some, but am afraid it is too high here. We have had some disagreeable weather, for this country just lately, as they say in Calif. "very unusual weather". But it has been tough all over the U. S. so we should not complain. I had an ad in the Billings Gazette for a while offering our property here for something in Montana or Wyo. Perhaps your folks saw it. I had quite a lot of answers from people who wanted a mild dry climate.

It is too bad that your father had to give up the old hand, but perhaps he will get someone that will suit. Speaking of wind, we had a terrific one soon after we arrived, and it blew a section of roofing off our house that we live in. When the wind slacked up it rained and you can imagine the fix we were in. As soon as we could get a roof man we had it replaced. March is the most disagreeable mo. Here, they say. No severe cold but some wind. Some days it reminds me of North Fork. There are very few cloudy days, and the sunshine is really just what many people need. We have several large plum trees & they have been in blossom for some time. I suppose some of them were injured by the unseasonable freeze that struck here. There are several big cottonwood trees that remind us of Wyo. The ore trains go past our place every day loaded with copper ore from the Bisbee mines above Warren. They run down to Bisbee Junction 4 mi. below us where the cars are put on the main S.P. tracks & taken to Douglas where the big smelters are. If we go anywhere by train we get on the bus, or drive to Bisbee Junction. I will enclose the transportation schedule.

With love and best wishes for all C.J.H.

A copy of the ad and train schedule were enclosed. The ad read:

FOR SALE or exchange for Montana or Wyoming property, income property in Warren, Arizona in the great health district of Arizona, Address P. O. Box 1953, Warren, Arizona.

In a letter Eva wrote to her daughter Dorothy she mentions that Cecil had been in Lovell for a visit. As she mentions elk meat it is possible Cecil had been in Wyoming to hunt with Ted. The following excerpt is from this letter mailed October 25, 1949. She also tells of missed connections when Burt Huntington (Ted's son) was stationed in El Paso while serving in the Army.

Before he left Ted's he wrote a check on Cody Bank for \$75.00, so he'd be sure to have enough, and they cashed it for him. Well a few days ago we got a letter from them, and enclosing this check which they never cashed as they intended to pay for his transportation. Wasn't that nice? Ted said he intended to get a Pullman for

him but Cecil left on Thurs—the day Ted gets the paper out and left suddenly, so Ted didn't have time to get it.

Ted said he'd send us some of the frozen elk meat later, when he had time to fix it up properly.

Ted also said in his letter in regard to Carl being off work so long on account of the strike, to tell Carl if he needed some money he'd send him some and that he was with the men all the way.

Francine wrote to Burt, who is stationed now at Ft. Bliss, El Paso, Texas, that Cecil was coming thru there and to go down and meet the train and see him. Well, they stopped at El Paso ½ hr. and Cecil got out and walked up and down the platform looking for Burt—It was dark when the train got in and a lot of people on the platform, so Cecil couldn't find Burt. So in this letter Ted said Burt got on the train and walked the whole length of it, but couldn't find Cecil—wasn't that ironical? Of course the sensible thing to do was for Cecil to stay on the train. El Paso is not so far from here between 200 and 300 mi.

Eva continues with the information that some of their rental property was vacant. There must have been several units as she mentions an apartment and three room house. She goes on to say “we have only ten children here now since Davis's left. Cecil said Ted's have the bathroom downstairs fixed up nice—it used to have only a toilet and lavatory. Now the door into the stairway is closed and a nice bath tub put in—one that has no legs—has tile in it and a radiator so it's always warm.”A reminder that not so many years before, the early settlers did not have the luxuries of plumbing and electricity.

Eva died June 30, 1950. Services were held in Bisbee, Arizona, and in Cody, Wyoming. She was buried at the Cody Cemetery. Cause of death is not known, but she had been in poor health for several years. A letter Cecil wrote to daughter Dorothy gives some details.

Lovell, Wyo. July 12-50

We have heard nothing from you since arriving here, but hope to get a letter soon. We came back in Don's mercury in two days, stopped over night in Pueblo, Colo. Ted and Don took turns driving. It was over 1400 miles. It started to rain the night before we left Warren and the weather was fine most of the way. I suppose Cleo and Carl have written and told you about the Funeral services in Bisbee. Mr Irwin, a member of the Church took his place and made a splendid talk. Some of the Baptist ladies sang Abide with me, and In The Garden. Our neighbors were certainly kind and helpful. Mrs. Sanders, one of Mama's best friends invited us to dinner one day and the boys thought we were lucky to have such good friends. Mrs. Sanders told me that she would look after the place until I got back. We all agreed that it was best to take Mama to the family plot. The service in the Cody Cemetery was brief but very fine I thought. An the baptist Minister of Lovell gave a fine address. Several spoke about his talk. Ted had made arrangements with him in advance and took me over to see him at the Baptist church here. He is quite a young man and seems to be a fine

man. We saw quite a lot of our relatives and friends at the Cemetery. Wylie came down and brought Jim and Maud (Legg).-----

Maud told me that her mother died 4 days before Eva passed away. Billy Howell and Miss Shawver were in a car and had driven quite close to the lot. While I was talking to someone, one of the boys said Billy wanted to see me, so I walked over their car, and about the first thing he said was, "are you going to hunt some" and then he said "I am", he certainly has plenty of nerve, as he doesn't seem to be very well. As I turned away, he said, "will you ask Don to back my car out." He was afraid to try it. Don went over and backed it out. They think a lot of Don.-----How is the new boy, and what is the color of his hair and eyes.

When I think of the 41 years with your mother, Dorothy, the tears come to my eyes, as I wonder why she should be taken when it ought to have been me. Well, I had better close, and wish you all the happiness.

Love and best wishes Papa

An obituary appeared on the front page of *The Lovell Chronicle*, Thursday, July 6, 1950.

Huntington Rites At Cody Sunday

Don J. Huntington of Holm Lodge Cody and E. O. Huntington left Sunday for Warren, Ariz., called by the serious illness of their mother, Mrs. C. J. Huntington.

She passed away Sunday at 10:00 a.m. They arrived there Monday and funeral services are being held there Wednesday. The body will be shipped to Lovell and graveside services will be held at Cody, Sunday at 2:00 p.m. under the direction of Haskell Funeral Home.

Rev. Berrey of Lovell will officiate at the services. The body will leave the Haskell Funeral Home at 12:00 noon.

The following account of the funeral was on the front page of *The Lovell Chronicle*, Thursday, July 13, 1950.

**Mrs. C. J. Huntington
Buried in Cody**

Graveside services were held in Riverside Cemetery at Cody Sunday afternoon at 2:00 p.m. for Mrs. Cecil J. Huntington, who passed away at Warren, Ariz., on July 2. The committal service was given by Rev. E. E. Berrey of the Baptist church of Lovell. Interment was made in the family plot. Pallbearers were Vern Archer, James A. Legg, W. G. Sherwin of Cody and P. D. Sims, R. S. Halliwell and Vernon Moncur of Lovell. Arrangements were in charge of the Haskell Funeral Home of Lovell, the body being shipped here from Warren following funeral services in the Dungan-Hennessey Mortuary chapel in charge of the Warren Baptist church, of which Mrs. Huntington was a member.

Eva C. Calkins was born on December 23, 1875, at Blue Rapids, Kansas. When a young girl she was baptized into the Baptist church. A resident of the Cody community for several years, she had formerly resided on Crooked Creek.

On June 30, 1909, she was married to Cecil J. Huntington at Big Horn, Wyo., where she had been teaching school. To this union four children were born, James and

Carl of Long Beach, Calif., Don of Crossed Sabers ranch on Northfork and Mrs. Richard Harris of Greenville, Calif. In addition to her husband, she is also survived by one grandchild, Richard H. Harris and one step-son, E. O. Huntington of Lovell.

While I do not remember the service at the Cody Cemetery well, I remember that someone sang *The Old Rugged Cross*, and I kept thinking about that song on the way back to Lovell. Cecil lived with us in Lovell for a short time before he went back to Arizona.

Cecil wrote a letter to his daughter Dorothy in 1952 that tells about selling the Arizona property. Excerpts from that letter follow:

Warren Ariz.

Jan. 23rd-52

Dear Folks, your good letter of Jan. 3rd received this evening. I have had quite a time in selling this place, and believe it will be for the best. I have had about 6 parties on the string and this one that I sold to gave the best deal by far. I got \$200 for down payment and will get \$50 every month, and interest at 6 per cent. I sold to Mrs. Haynes who works in the Sheriffs office.-----

We will leave on Feb. 1st and may get a room for a few days before leaving for Calif. Jimmy is going with me and we will go to San Diego and visit Maud and Jeff and Harry and Nora. Jim may get a job (?) & I will go on to Long Beach for a while. -----

Well I can tell you all about everything when we get together. Love and best wishes for all, sure would like to see Dickie and hope I will.

Papa

Cecil and Jimmy lived in California after 1952, there are some pictures of a trailer where they lived for part of that time. When Ted Huntington was killed in an automobile accident in December, 1954, it was very hard on Cecil. He had lost all three of his children from his first family. Also, I believe he felt he could always lean on and look to Ted for emotional support, and it was difficult to lose that.

Cecil Died in California June 9, 1959, at the age of 92. A Memorial service was held at McNerney's Mortuary Chapel, at Wilmington, California. This is where Carl and Cleo Huntington

and their family lived. A copy of a program from this service is with the illustrations, but as it may be difficult to read I will duplicate it as best I can here. Nat R. Huntington, Hallam J. Huntington's son, and Cecil's nephew born in Dayton in 1884, gave a Eulogy and some of his remarks are written on the program. I have used italics to show his writing.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

for

Cecil Huntington

Born

Indiana

March 14, 1867

Passed away

June 9, 1959

Services

June 11, 1959- 11:a.m.

McNerney's Mortuary Chapel

Officiant

Rev. Francis A. Rhoades

Interment Riverside Cemetery

Cody, Wyoming

Our old Home, 1901-08

("A Great soul & Wonderful man")

There is a plan far greater
than the plan you know,

There is a landscape broader
than the one you see;

There is a haven where storm-
souls may go.

You call it death—we Imortality.

Anon.

The Great "Hunt" is over in the Rockies & the Bighorns—His good Horses, Saddle & Rifle have long since been layed to Rest, and the Smoke from His campfire Like the dying embers; His Soul has taken Flight, & is gone. By Nat. R. H.

An obituary was on the front page of the Cody Enterprise published Thursday June 11, 1959. Unfortunately the date of his birth and his age are incorrect. He was born March 14, 1867. He would have been 92 years old when he died. Also, Burt E. Huntington's name is misspelled.

**Cody Rancher
Dies Tuesday
In California**

Graveside services at Riverside cemetery will be conducted at 10 a.m. Monday, Jun 15, for Cecil James Huntington 83. Mr. Huntington died at Wilmington, California Tuesday evening.

Born in March of 1876 in Indiana, he lived in and around Cody on the Northfork as a rancher and outfitter from about 1910 until 1940. His wife died in Arizona in 1950 and is buried here in Cody.

Those wishing to make visitations may do so at Ballard Funeral Home this Sunday. A son, Donald will be in Cody for the services.

Mr. Huntington is survived by four children: Sons James, Belflower, Calif.; Carl of Wilmington, and Donald of Chino, Calif., and a daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Harris of San Diego. Also surviving is a brother Harry, of San Diego, and nine grandchildren. One grand child is Bert Huntington,

**editor and publisher of Lovell
Chronicle.**

He was buried in the family plot at the Cody, Wyoming, Cemetery. A letter written to me by my mother Francine Huntington gives some details of the services in Cody. Following are some excerpts from that letter.

“June 16, 1959

Don, Carl and Jimmy arrived Friday eve around 7:30. They had driven 26 hrs. without stopping so were really tired.

They went on to Cody sat. afternoon and stayed at the sunset Motel (friends of theirs own it), then stayed at Wylie’s Sunday and Monday night. The services were Monday a.m. at 10:00 as the mortuary does not hold services on Sunday.

The people that own the Sunset Motel had us out after the services and we sat and visited about an hour after the service—then they took us to lunch at the Irma. Wylie wanted me to come up there afterwards—but I was too tired.

I had a real good visit with the boys, and they seemed to enjoy the visit, tho the circumstances were sad. Jimmy was really broken up—I felt so sorry for him as grandpa had been with him most of the time. He put his arms around me and cried and cried, he will be lost as he will be all alone...

Grandpa had been in an old folks home for 2 weeks. He got pneumonia and never recovered....He was 92, and as Carl and Don said, he had lived his life out a long time ago and was so unhappy—that now he had his wish and was back in Cody.”

Cecil was a true Western Gentleman. He had a quiet way, and was unassuming, with a cheerful outlook and a sense of humor. I do not remember ever hearing him raise his voice, or using profanity, or for that matter ever getting angry. I am sure with his active and varied life there must have been many occasions when he might have displayed that kind of behavior—but I never experienced it. My brother had similar feelings about Grandpa, and loved his patience in teaching him to ride horse-back and some of the same skills in hunting and camping that he had taught his sons. Burt laughed when he said that he remembers our dad Ted complaining about the fact that Cecil never seemed to want to set up camp too close to a stream—this meant water had to be carried a longer distance. Perhaps this seemingly impractical decision was a result of the fact that Cecil had been flooded out at Crooked Creek and knew the danger of flash floods first hand.

While he never aspired to become wealthy in the material sense, he loved “his” Wyoming country and he was successful in all the important aspects of life. He was a fine person who was respected for his honesty and integrity. He believed that it was more important to be judged by the kind of

person you were, than by what you owned. He passed these values down to his children and grandchildren. I feel it was a great privilege to have known him and am thankful Burt and I could spend time with him both in the Cody area and in Lovell. While some attached the word “wanderlust” to Cecil, I believe he always wanted to come back to Wyoming—his first move to California and Arizona was made because of his wife Eva’s poor health. In his later years he probably felt it was better for he and Jim to live in California where Jim could get work. If circumstances had been different, I believe he would have stayed in Wyoming.

DESCENDANTS

This information is compiled from page 275 *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1st Supplement 1962*, Wylie Sherwin's *Recollections*, Ted Sherwin's *Memoirs*, additional information provided by Ted Sherwin, taped interviews with Nina Sherwin and Dorothy Huntington Harris.

I. Mildred Ellen Huntington

Mildred Ellen Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.2.1

Mildred Ellen Huntington was born at Parkman, Wyoming, August 18, 1895, to Cecil J. and Ella Morley Huntington. She married Wylie Sherwin, son of George and Hallie Brown Sherwin, July 6, 1915. He was born December 27, 1895

Mildred probably had just started school the fall before her mother died in February, 1901. As Mildred, Burt and Ted lived with Cecil's mother Sophia in Wyoming and Jamestown, Kansas, she would have continued her schooling in those places. According to Wylie Sherwin in his *Recollections*, Mildred grew up fast as she took care of her two younger brothers Burt and Ted, and took over running of the household. She became a fine horsewoman and was a great help to her father on the ranch after he moved back to Wyoming.

A picture of Mildred as a young child shows her sitting at a piano. She may have had the opportunity to take private lessons while living in Jamestown where her father had a successful Osteopath Practice. She continued to have a great interest in music, and according to her brother Ted, she encouraged him and later her own children to play the piano and sing.

Wylie Sherwin indicates in his *Recollections* that it was difficult for Mildred to accept the fact that her father had remarried in 1909 and brought his new wife to the Crooked Creek Ranch. Mildred's mother had died when she was nine. There was her brother Burt a few years younger and Ted who was only two years old. Grandma Huntington came to help out so Mildred and the boys were raised by their father and the old lady. Mildred being the eldest took the situation very seriously even at that age. And she tried to be mother to the boys and companion to her dad. She loved horses and stock and so spent many long hours in the saddle helping with the cattle. And she became very good. Her dad being the easy-going kind let Mildred have more and more of the responsibility around the place until by the time she was 15 years old she could pretty well handle any situation that came up.

Wylie continues with the fact that Cecil had not informed his children ahead of time about his decision to remarry and so it was quite a surprise to all of them when he brought home a woman they had never met.

Wylie states that he and Mildred had been school time sweethearts and that they had kept up a correspondence all the time she had been away to school. Wylie gives a vivid description of a social event that the Sherwin and Huntington families attended in March 1912 in his *Recollections*:

The Dance

“The Big dance, that is what I want to tell you about. The Phelps threw a real party. The dance was held in the loft of the new barn. You see they had just completed the big house and the barn and Charley had got his final papers (he had applied to be released from the Crow Tribe—he was half Crow Indian) and the dance was by way of a celebration of these events.

People were invited from thirty or forty miles around. It was March 31, 1912, and there were one hundred and two people who came. And there were one hundred horses in the corral, for every soul had come on horse back except Mickey Hammond and his wife. There was music from the outside and of course there was some very good local music.

It was thirty -five miles from our place. So everyone going from our creek planned to go the day before and most of them stayed with someone they knew in the Dry Head that night, and on the next day. Dad and mother stayed with the Clint Hough family for they were great friends of theirs. Mildred and I stayed with the Wassons for they had two girls Alama and June, about our ages.

It was only about 15 miles from Wassons on to the party, but we started early and were there by three o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was fine and warm and grass was getting green and pretty and there were few brave wild flowers, and we were young and so it seemed was the whole world. We were not the first to arrive for when we got there the corral was all ready half-full of horses. There were people lounging in the shade everywhere. A few we knew but mostly there were from the north side and we didn't know them. We were met by Frank who had charge of the corrals and Emma who took charge of the girls. Frank and I took care of the horses then we went to the house where everyone was served coffee and cake as soon as they arrived. And then later about six, all present were served sandwiches and coffee before going to the barn loft to gather for the dance.

Part of us had spent the afternoon polishing the floor with bales of hay. You can really do it too! Each one would take a bale and by pushing it we would race around the floor. A half hour of this and you could scarce stand up.

Then we had to bring the piano from the house and raise it into the loft. This we did with four lariats and about a dozen men. We placed bales of hay along the walls and covered them with tarps and blankets for seats.

Most of the early-comers were the young folks and we were soon pretty well acquainted and off to a good start for a good time. About seven thirty just as it began to get dark the older folks started to come and by eight the orchestra was tuned up and we were ready to start.

There was plenty of room for ten sets of square dancers but we danced lots of other dances too such as waltzes, two-step, shodish and polkas. Dad called the squares and I don't think I have ever seen such spirit and enthusiasm at a dance..... We danced until almost day-break. Then some of the near ones went home taking some of the others with them. The girls that were left went to the house and some went to bed, others curled up in chairs, on davenports or on the floor and tried to sleep awhile. Some of the boys slept on the floor and some in the hay-mow until about ten the next morning when we were awakened by the breakfast bell. There were about fifty of us there for breakfast. We had toast and coffee and oranges and those who wanted had eggs as well, and about noon the party began to break up for good. The last of the horses were caught and saddled and we were saying good -bye to our hosts and friends.

.....That party must have cost the Phelps family a lot of money, but I don't think there ever was one which held so many pleasant memories for all present as that one. They will long be remembered for their wonderful hospitality.”

In his *Recollections*, Wylie explains that Mildred went to Kansas to attend High School. “Of course there was no High School closer than Lovell anyway and Mildred's Grandmother had gone to Kansas to live after Cecil got married, so Mildred went there for three winters, completing the four year course in that time. “Mildred returned to the ranch each summer.” He continues:”After Mildred finished school and returned to the Creek to teach, she again stayed at home. It was only a short way to school and there was no other place to stay.....Although the old log school house had been torn down and a new frame school put up. The new building was down near the creek and quite nice. It was lighted well and warm but it had no “heart”, no character, and I feel sure it never was to it's children what that old log room was to those of us who were privileged to live and learn there.

He continues with the details of his courtship and marriage to Mildred:

“That was a wonderful winter and we had lots of fun. There were dances at the school house and horseback rides, hay rides and dances over on the Stinking Water (Shoshone River). Mildred and I had a tentative date set to get married, but it would hinge on when we got the hay up. We usually could count on July 1st, and that year I wanted to help as many of the neighbors as I could, as well as getting our own hay up, for that was to be my stake to get married on. It was the spring of 1915 when Mildred and I decided to get married. We were only twenty, but both of us were much more mature than our years would indicate. Mildred's mother had died when she was nine.

Mildred had gone up to Powell a few days earlier to stay with her Uncle Roy and to have Aunt Mattie help her with her wedding dress. It was July 3rd when I put my new saddle on my best horse “Sam” and with \$45 in my pocket and high hope in my heart, I rode off to get married. I went to Powell that night (35 mi.) And stayed with Uncle Charley. Of course I stopped to see Mildred! The next day I rode to Cody where I would have to get the license. July 4th was a poor choice of days. Of course

I knew I would have to stay all night and that I planned on, but I hadn't had any experience with the Cody Stampede, which in those days was really wild.

It was late evening when I rode into town and I headed straight for the "Key Stone Barn" one of the two main Livery Stables there. I had to do some pretty good talking to get my horse in, for they insisted they just didn't have room. Every stall was full and the big lot in back was so crowded that less than half the horses were able to get to the feed sack."

He continues the story with the fact that it was very difficult to get a place to stay as the town was so crowded for the Rodeo Celebration. He finally rented "half" a bed at the Heart Mt. Inn for \$2.00. He then walked up the main street until he could find a place to squeeze up to a counter and get something to eat. The next morning after checking on his horse and getting something to eat he headed for the Court House.

"Then I found a place to eat and at nine that morning I got my license. And as Park County had only been established in 1912, mine should be among the first few hundred to be issued there.

After the Court House I went up town to DAVE JONES clothing store and bought a few clothes including a pair of Justin boots, a shirt, some socks and underwear. I had left my suit at Uncle Charly's on the way up. And then I stopped by the Tinkem jewelry store and bought a plain gold ring. There was very little of the forty-five dollars left in my pocket when I tied my bundle on Sam and rode back to Powell.

At nine in the morning of July 6th Mildred and I were married by Reverend Wardlaw and with Mildred on her little buckskin mare "Topsie" and me on my favorite horse "Sam" we started back to the ranch on Crooked Creek.....

At this point Wylie describes the Sherwin Ranch house and the additions and improvements on the property they had purchased from Roy Huntington. He and Mildred moved into one of the two bedrooms in the house.

....."However before settling down to the everyday life on the ranch, Mildred and I took a ten day Honeymoon. Naturally we could not afford anything that cost money, so we took a couple of pack horses and roamed around the Big Horn Mts. visiting most of the places where I had camped and worked and seeing some of the places I had never had time to explore.

We all got along very well at home. Of course it was a bit crowded for two families and the income was altogether too small, but with dad trapping in winter and me working out whenever I could close to home, we did manage. Mildred applied for the school, but because dad was on the board and her being in the family the other board members felt it would be a family affair, so they said no".....

He relates that he supplemented their income by trapping and providing a meat market in Red Lodge Montana with Cotton Tail rabbits. As he used a "twenty two" rifle and threw out any badly damaged

ones, skinned, dressed, and cleaned them he received 20cents apiece instead of the regular rate of 15cents that others received who were using shotguns.

“Rabbits were plentiful and lots of days I would come in with eight or ten. These I would skin and care for and place them in a box to freeze. When the box was full I would send them to Red Lodge.

Feeding cattle, getting and cutting wood, putting up ice, doing chores, traps and hunting. That’s the way the winter went and there was to be a baby by July.

In June I found a job on a farm near Powell. It was the Wendell Phillips’ and Wendell had been called with the National Guard to go to the Mexican Border to help with the Mexican trouble down there. There was room in their house for both of us and Mildred would be near a doctor. And so it was there on July 2nd, 1916 that Virginia was born. Mother and child got along fine. Thanks to Dr. Lewellen and when the baby was ten days old I returned to the ranch. I would come to Lovell a few days later with the spring wagon to get my family. They would come from Powell to Lovell by train”

At this point in the story Wylie explains that he found the river much higher than expected when he came to the fording spot, and realized it was going to be a dangerous crossing, but as the only other route would take much longer and make him late in picking up his family, he decided to go ahead. With great difficulty he made it across the river with the team and spring wagon, but he was soaking wet and the basket his mother had lined with pink material for the baby was also wet and muddy. He made it on time and returned to the ranch with Mildred and the baby safely. He relates another story about Virginia that gave the family quite a fright.

“It was sometime in late August or early September I believe. Virginia was about two months old. We had all been in bed long enough to be asleep. When I suddenly awoke to the tune of a rattle—and it wasn’t a baby rattle although it came from the direction of the basket. I knew immediately it was a rattlesnake and in the room. All was pitch dark. The sound came from under the basket or under the dresser where the lamp and matches were that was the only light. It was only a step from my side of the bed. But who wants to step out of bed in the general direction of a rattlesnake? I called to dad in the next room, woke him up and told him to bring us a light, and all this time the snake kept up a continuous rattle. I knew this could only mean that he was disturbed in some way and usually indicates a readiness to strike. It seemed like an hour before dad got there with that light and we were able to locate our prowler. He had come in by one of the knot holes in the floor and had managed to get caught in a mouse trap. He was trying frantically to get back out the way he had come in, but the trap being clamped securely to his middle was holding him. I was able to make a hook from a piece of wire and get him out-of-doors and kill him. We were all pretty scared and excited except Virginia, she never even woke up. Needless to say I did a little floor patching the next day.”

In the summer of 1917 Wylie and Mildred made plans to build a cabin their own on the lower end of the ranch. At this time they were expecting another baby in late fall. In his *Recollections*, Wylie

describes in detail how he built their new home which started as one room 16x20. He continues with story of the birth of their second child, a boy.

“I finally got things to the point where we could move in about the middle of Sept. And really none too soon for it was the night of the first of October that we had to have dad go to Lovell to get Dr. Olson. Dad had bought his first Ford and was ready for this very thing.

It was midnight before the Dr. arrived and our first boy was born about four-thirty on the morning of October 2nd. And after every one was taken care of I well remember walking out into the clear frosty air with Dr. Olson. It was beautiful. Frost sparkled everywhere and the sun was just tipping the Big Horn Mts. All was well and peace surrounded us. I was a happy man.” (Teddy was named for Mildred’s younger brother.)

At this point Wylie discusses the war years and gives a vivid picture of what their lives were like at that time.

“Of course the war was on and until now I haven’t mentioned it. Really so far it had not made too much of an impact on our lives. I had been called for classification, given a 3-F rating and told to return to the ranch to contribute my efforts there. George (brother) tried to enlist in the navy but was too tall for his weight and too young and of course Jim (brother) was not old enough. The same was true of Mildred’s brother Ted, who by now was in Cody working for his room and board and going to high school. But Burt who was then eighteen, enlisted in the Marines in 1916.

.....White flour was hard to get. Sugar was another scarce commodity and we had to use honey. This however was not too hard in our case, for dad had been raising bees as a side-line for some time. And now that honey was a real good price, he decided to go into it in a bigger way....

.....It was during this winter of 17 that I got a chance to rent the Raymond place....I had a choice of a half & half crop deal or I could rent it for one thousand dollars cash, to be paid after fall harvest.....Mildred and I talked it over and decided we would rather do it on a cash basis. The war was causing farm prices to look much better than in the past.....Then we moved to the Raymond place where we had two bedrooms and a large kitchen and living room.....

.....We hired a man as soon as spring work got underway. He was a good man and we all worked like dogs that year, but we were well paid when fall came. We had raised fifty acres of oats and the hay crop was very heavy. The orchard had provided us with a lot of fruit and some cash and Mildred canned all the fruit and garden things she could find jars for. On top of that she raised 20 hand fed bum lambs. Our two sows each had fine litters of pigs, and to top it all off, prices were high. It took less than one fourth to pay our rent. But we had really done too good and “Dad

Raymond” was furious. He felt he was cheated and refused to rent to me another year.

In the meantime dad had gone into the honey business bigger than ever and he did very well both from the honey and alfalfa seed.....Dad offered me the home place on the same basis that I had the Raymond’s place. He and mother had decided to buy a house in Lovell and so we made a deal.

And now the war was over and in March of 1919 we moved back to the home place. This time just before our third was born. And so Clifford was born on the ranch March 21, 1919. Dr. Olson again was the doctor. And about all I can remember about that day was that the frost was going out and the mud was so bad in the yard that Dr. Olson got stuck and we had to get the team to pull him out.”

Wylie’s *Recollections* end with this memory of Clifford’s birth. Fortunately Ted Sherwin picks up the story at this point and in his book *The Sherwins of Northfork*, continues with the family’s history.

“ Dad’s memoirs ended with his recollection of moving our little family back to the “home place” on Crooked Creek, taking over the farm when his folks decided to move into Lovell. Clifford was born there that year, on march 21, 1919. Little sister Betty arrived on the scene a year later, April 10, 1920. She was the only one of the four of us to be born in a hospital, in Lovell.

The Legg family, our neighbors on Crooked Creek, had moved to a place west of Cody, on the Northfork of the Shoshone rive. After visiting their place, and talking to a neighbor of Leggs who had some land to sell, Dad bought 10 cres adjacent to the Shoshone national forest boundary in 1922.....

Being an entrepreneur at heart, Dad had figured out that there was a need for a roadside tourist camp between Cody and the east entrance to Yellowstone Park, a distance of 50 miles. The spot he chose, at the forest boundary, was half way between Cody and Park. The only tourist camp at the time was Pahaska Tepee, Buffalo Bill’s old hunting lodge, a couple of miles outside the Park. Forest Service regulations prohibited the construction of additional buildings within sight of the road, so he felt that competition up the river would be minimal.

The land negotiations took place in 1921, but it was the spring of 1922 before arrangements could be made to move the family from Crooked Creek to the Northfork.....

.....Dad worked on the cabin and furnishings as much as possible during the winter, and as soon as school was out in the spring of 1923 we moved into our two-room cabin.”

Ted explains that they had a sign that read THE TRAIL SHOP Cold Drinks Candy & Souvenirs Camping 25 cents. They also sold gasoline, and bulk oil. Milk was sold to travelers in cone-shaped paper containers treated with wax with a paper cap which snapped into the top. The family spent the winter in Lovell where Virginia and Teddy attended grade-school. It was discovered after a new survey that the Trail Shop had been built just inside the forest boundary. A new and larger lodge was

begun in the spring of 1924. The new Trail Shop was completed by the spring of 1925, along with three double cabins . A new sign was put up the said “Cabins” and underneath that “Waffles And Honey.” The new sign drew many hungry travelers, and that specialty became known far and wide. Later the Trail Shop featured coffee and doughnuts, which were made daily. It was a lot of work, on a wood stove, but Wylie knew that the trick was to get them to stop and come inside, where he could sell them many dollars worth of souvenirs and gifts.

Ted Sherwin continues with the information that all four Sherwin children attended the Wapiti School in September, 1925. The school was five miles down the river from The Trail Shop. About the same time the family acquired a big upright piano from a music teacher in Cody. Ted explains:

“ Mama loved music and was able to read music, and she enjoyed the piano very much, as we all did. We kids would gather around the piano and listen to her play and sing, with Dad joining in. Some of her favorite songs were: “There’s A Long, Long Trail A winding”, “The End of a Perfect Day”, “Love’s Old Sweet Song”, “In the Gloaming”, “Our Little Gray Home In The West”, and “Til We meet Again”. We learned the words to most of them by listening to her, and I’m sure we all still love those old songs.

Mama wanted the girls to learn to play the piano and she knew that one lady on the river was a music teacher, so she made arrangements for Virginia, and later, Betty to take lessons. Her name was Roxie Yeates, and she lived about a mile on down the river from the Wapiti School....Virginia played by ear, and could play almost anything she had heard once or twice. Betty could play anything she could find the sheet music for. The piano was used quite a lot by tourists who spent the night, and the girls were always willing to play and sing for the “dudes”.

Mildred contracted tuberculosis and Ted Sherwin explains the circumstances:

“I mentioned earlier that the Sherwin and Legg families had been friends and neighbors on Crooked Creek. When we moved to the Northfork, Mama, who was a distant relative of Maude Legg, learned that Jim Legg’s father was ill with tuberculosis. She used to walk or ride the mile down to the Legg place to help Maude take care of the old man. He was kept isolated in a tent house and Mama took little treats to him and read to him. She did not realize the risk she was taking, but after he died in 1923 she began to worry about herself and her family. She probably feared the worst before the diagnosis was confirmed in 1925, and by the summer of 1926 she had to isolated from the family the same way that Mr. Legg had been—in a tent house some distance from the new Trail Shop, of which she was so proud. By the end of the summer she was coughing constantly and becoming much weaker, so Dad decided to take her and all of us kids to Salt lake City to seek medical attention for her. We stayed a few months there in a rented house while Mama underwent treatment by Dr. Sechrist, who was using gold salts as a medication. There was no improvement so Dad moved us on to Yuma, Arizona, and then to Redlands, California, where she was hospitalized for a while. Dad worked in the orange groves

and we went to school briefly, but by spring it was clear that mama was dying and she wanted to go back to Wyoming.

Mama was too weak to travel by automobile, so she and Virginia, who was 10 years old by then, returned to Lovell by train and Dad drove the rest of us back in the car. That was in January, 1927. Mama spent the last three months of her life in bed at Dad's parents' house in Lovell. She died May 5, 1927, and was buried in the Cody Cemetery".

As stated earlier, Mildred's brother E. O. (Ted) Huntington lived in Lovell at this time—in fact he rented a room in the Sherwin house and cared for Mildred in her last days. After Mildred died, Ted and his new wife Francine Clavier made many trips to the Trail Shop to help Wylie with his four small children. Both Ted and Francine mentioned many times their special fondness for Virginia, 10; Teddy, 9 ; Clifford, 8; and Betty, 7. Also mentioned earlier, Cecil and his family lived in the area and they also helped Wylie. As Cecil's second family were close in age to Wylie's family, they spent a lot of time together and at times attended the same schools. All four of the children attended Wapiti School through 8th grade. Virginia stayed with her grandparents, the Sherwins in Lovell her first year of high school and part of her second, with the remainder of the year with Ted and Francine Huntington. Ted Sherwin also stayed with his grandparents during his first year of high school. After that the children attended Cody High School.

The following obituary was in the May 11, 1927, Edition of *The Cody Enterprise*.

**Mrs. W. G. Sherwin
Passes At Lovell**

Mrs. W. G. Sherwin died at the home of her husband's parents in Lovell, on Thursday evening of last week. She had been suffering from a general breakdown for over a year and after a winter spent in the south, was unable to better condition, and returned to Wyoming a couple of months ago.

Mildred Huntington Sherwin was born at Parkman, Wyoming, on the 18th day August, 1895, and was the eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Huntington. She received her education in this state and attended high school in Kansas , making her home with her grandmother.

After completing her schooling she taught a rural school near Lovell for two years and was married to Wylie G. Sherwin on the 6th of July, 1915. This union was blessed with four children, two boys and two girls, and the family made their home on a ranch near the Pryor mountains for six years.

In the spring of 1921, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin moved onto the North Fork and established an eating house, The Trail Shop, for the tourist trade. They have continued to operate this business for the past five years and have added materially to their establishment. During her residence on the Northfork, Mrs. Sherwin made many friends, and always took an active part in the community activities.

The funeral was held in Cody Saturday afternoon at 2:00 p.m. with the Rev. Pitts officiating. Many beautiful floral offerings were sent by her Northfork friends and neighbors, and also from Lovell friends. Interment was made in the Riverside cemetery where the body was placed beside that of her brother, Cecil Burton Huntington, who preceded her in death by seven years.

Deceased is survived by her husband and four small children; her father, C. J. Huntington, step-mother, three half brothers and one brother, E. O. Huntington of Lovell and her grandmother, Mrs. Wm. Hitchcox who lives in California.

On the same page with this obituary the column **Wapiti Wallops** with local news of the Wapiti area on the Northfork had this item:

A goodly number of Northforkers attended the Sherwin funeral in Cody Saturday. In the death of Mrs. Sherwin the river loses one of its best friends and neighbors and the sympathy of all goes out to the bereaved husband and children. Mrs. Sherwin was never too busy to prepare lunch for any hungry passerby and always had time to help those who needed help.

Sophia Huntington Hitchcox had a copy of Mildred's obituary published in the Jamestown, Kansas, *Optimist* glued to the back page of a small Bible. There are some errors, she was at the home of her in-laws—the George Sherwins in the town of Lovell, Wyoming, and she was married to G. W. Sherwin.

**Former Jamestown Girl
Dies In Wyoming**

**Mildred (Huntington) Sherwin Passed
Away May Fifth**

Word has been received here by relatives of the death of Mrs. Mildred Sherwin at her home at Lovewell, Wyoming, on Thursday, may 5th after an illness of several months duration. Death was caused by tuberculosis.

Mrs. Sherwin will be remembered by Jamestown people as Miss Mildred Huntington, who made her home here with her grandmother, Mrs. Wm. Hitchcox for several years. She attended the Jamestown high school and

graduated with the class of 1914. Her brother, Burt Huntington, was one of the first Jamestown boys to enlist for service during the World War, and he passed away several years ago from disease contracted overseas.

Mrs. Sherwin is survived in the immediate family, by her husband, W. S. Sherman, four children, her father, Cecil Huntington, one brother and her grandmother, Mrs. Wm. Hitchcox. Mildred was loved by all who knew her during her residence here and her untimely death brings grief to the many friends here who extend sympathy to the family in their great loss. Funeral services were held Saturday, May 7th, at Cody, Wyoming.

The issue of *The Lovell Chronicle* which would have carried the story was missing from The Wyoming State Archives Newspaper section.

Mildred was not quite thirty-two when she died. She did however leave an unmistakable legacy for her family. She was obviously a very intelligent and strong woman who was not afraid of hard work and responsibility. She was a mother to her two younger brothers Burt and Ted. My father Ted often spoke with pride of her accomplishments in attaining an education and developing her musical talents. He also conveyed the fact that she was a warm and loving sister, wife and mother. Her children were a joy to her as was demonstrated in the description of the family gatherings around the piano where she shared with them her love of music.

When asked for memories of his mother, Ted Sherwin wrote the following:

“You asked if Betty or I might have some memories of our mother which we might pass along to you. Well, the fact is that we were just too young when she died to have any anecdotes to tell. We have firm memories of her being musically inclined (as I mentioned in my book about *The Sherwins of Northfork*) and we remember her as being a kind and gentle mother, with great compassion for the less fortunate, and a lively sense of humor. It was her compassion, of course, which led to her death-taking care of poor Grandfather Legg, when he was isolated in a tenthouse, dying of TB.”

Although I was not born for several years after Aunt Mildred died, I have always felt a very strong connection with her—gazing at her picture to discern if I really did resemble her, as my father often said I did. I always secretly hoped it was true, as even though I had not known her, I could sense the deep admiration he had for her. She had not only instilled her love of music in her own children, but also in him, and he passed it on to me.

43
CHILDREN

1. Virginia Ellen Sherwinborn July 2, 1916.....died December 19, 1995.

She married Wilbur Scholes in 1934 at Billings, Montana. They lived in Cody, Wyoming where Wilbur started a long and successful career with Safeway Stores. They lived in Hardin, Laurel, Billings and Red Lodge, Montana, where Wilbur was a Safeway Manager, before eventually moving to California where he was an Executive with the company. After his retirement they lived at Belmont, California, where he died in 1988. She then lived with her son Lee Scholes and his wife Lori in Pleasanton, California until her death.

1. Nina Jean Scholes.....Born July 2, 1936. She married David Bourland.

2. Lee Scholes

2. Ted Burton Sherwin.....born October 2, 1917

Graduated from Cody High School in 1935, then attended The University of Wyoming where he earned a Degree In Journalism. He married Helen Lieb at the Chapel of Transfiguration, in Moose, Wyoming September 15, 1951. She was born December 1, 1917, the daughter of William Lieb and Mabel Holm. After finishing his Military Service, Ted had a long and successful career as a corporate public relations manager at Sandia National Laboratories. He is retired.

1. Susan Jane Sherwin....born December 16, 1946 at Salt Lake City, Utah. She is married to Gary Moore.

2. Teddy William Sherwin..... born March 3, 1948 in Washington, D.C. He married Jane Turner, and they have two daughters, Ellen and Ann.

3. Clifford Grant Sherwin....born March 21, 1919.....died December 25, 1989

Clifford graduated from Cody High School. He earned a Degree in Geology and Mining at The Montana School of Mines. He was a mining machinery representative for industrial machinery manufacturers. He was a longtime member of the Northwest Mining Association, American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical and

44

Petroleum Engineers Inc. and a member of the Spokane Club. He retired in 1982. He, his wife Marjorie their five children lived in the Spokane, Washington area.

- 1.Cherry R. Sherwin
- 2.Anne M. Sherwin
3. Allan W. Sherwin
4. Peter D. Sherwin
5. Martha J. Sherwin

4. Betty Marguerite Sherwin.....born April 10, 1920

Betty graduated from Cody High School and attended Business School. She married Harold Francis Gunn at Billings, Montana April 7, 1941. He was born November 20, 1907, at Columbus, Stillwater County, Montana, the son of Ernest Gunn and Violet Quinn. After serving with the Office of Price Administration in Washington, D. C. during world War II, Harold and Betty lived in Albuquerque, New Mexico where he was a Supervisor at Sandia National Laboratories. They later owned Gunn's Travel Trailers until they sold the business and retired. They then moved to Hawaii where Harold died January 23, 1994.

- 1.Timothy Harold Gunn.....born September 21, 1944 at Denver, Colorado. He married Barbara Dwyer March 25,1979, at Washington D. C. They live in New York State and have one child Patrick Timothy Gunn.

**Footnote... Wylie Sherwin married Nina Russell in Billings, Montana, January 18, 1930. Nina became a beloved and respected member of the family. I will always remember Aunt Nina as a kind and gracious lady. Our families were together often when I was growing up . She assisted Wylie at the Trail Shop until 1962 when they sold the business . They remained at the family home adjoining the Trail Shop. Nina continued to correspond with me after my father died, and I always enjoyed her "sprigs" of sage enclosed in her cards. Wylie died may 31, 1967 in Cody, Wyoming. Nina remained at Wapiti until 1991 when she moved to Cody. It was while she lived there that my brother Burt and

I visited to ask her questions about our family history. She was most generous and gave us many “leads”, including the suggestion that we contact Ted Sherwin who had compiled his father’s *Recollections* and written his own History *The Sherwins of Northfork*. She later moved to California to be near her son Russell Sherwin. She died in Cupertino, California on September 15, 1994.

1. Russell Fleming Sherwin....born March 26, 1938

He graduated from Cody High School, and attended college. He lives in Santa Clara, California and was employed by several electronics and computer companies before forming his own consulting business, specializing in computer software. His wife Donna has her own business in an unrelated field.

II. Cecil Burton Huntington

Cecil Burton Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.2.2.

Cecil Burton was born to Cecil James Huntington and Ella Morley August 15, 1897, probably at the family ranch near Parkman, Wyoming. He died August 15, 1920 in Cody, Wyoming.

Very little is known about him, there are only a few pictures of him that survive. He was only 3 ½ years old when his mother died in February of 1901. He did live with his father and Grandmother Sophia Huntington in Jamestown, Kansas, where Cecil had an Osteopathic Practice from 1905 to 1908-9. In about 1908 the family moved back to Wyoming, this time to the western slope of the Big Horn Mountains, near Cecil’s brother Roy at Crooked Creek. Burt attended school at Crooked Creek and the description of the school in the section about Mildred would also include him. He undoubtedly helped his father and Uncle Roy with the farming and running cattle. Later when the family moved to the Southfork then the Northfork of the Shoshone River, Burt helped his father with the ranching and outfitting business. He attended High School in Jamestown, Kansas, where he lived with his Grandmother Sophia Huntington Hitchcox, after she married William Hitchcox.

He was mentioned in the Jamestown High School Yearbook in 1917. A copy of those references are included with the illustrations.

As most of the information known about Burton is included in his obituaries, transcriptions of them follow. Copies of them are with the illustrations. The first, published in the Jamestown, Kansas *Optimist*, has his name misspelled.

BERT HUNTINGTON DEAD

World War Veteran Passes On After

Months Of Suffering

It is with a great deal of sorrow that the Optimist chronicles the death of another of Jamestown's heroes of the world War, one who went through it all, only to return broken in health, which caused his untimely death.

46

Bert Huntington died at the home of his father, Cecil Huntington, near Cody, Wyoming, Sunday, August 15, 1920, it being his twenty-third birthday. Death was caused by tuberculosis.

Cecil Bert Huntington was born in Sheridan county, Wyoming, August 15, 1897, and died August 15, 1920. Funeral services were held at Cody Wyoming, conducted by the Rev. F. W. Bretnall, of Lovell. Interment was made in the Riverside cemetery at Cody. The American Legion had charge of the services at the grave.

Bert was a Junior in the Jamestown High School and was but nineteen years of age at the time of his enlistment. He was a member of the football team of '16.

He left with his cousin, Clarence Cutshaw, April 10, 1917, for Wichita, where he enlisted in the Marine Corps, the nation's first line of defense. He was sworn into active service at Port Royal, S. C., April 26, 1917. Here he went through with the preliminary training for the making of a soldier. After two months training, in which time he became an expert rifleman, for which he received a medal, he was transferred to Quantico, Va. And was made a corporal in headquarters Company, of the 6th Marine Corps.

In a few weeks he was sent overseas, landing in St. Nazaire, France. He was then sent to Bordeaux, where he was made Supply Sergeant of his company. Early in February, 1918, his company was sent to the front and he had his first experience under fire in the Verdun sector.

He went through all the drives made by the marines, including Belleau Wood and Chateau Thierry, where the Marines stemmed the tide, and won the highest honors ever bestowed on any army in history. He went through St. Mihiel, the Argonne and was at the front when the Armistice was signed.

After the signing of the armistice he was sent with Second Division into the Army of occupation at Coblenz, Germany, where he was stationed until his return to America in July, 1919. While at Coblenz he was stricken with influenza, followed by

pneumonia which later developed tuberculosis. Immediately upon his arrival home he was sent to the Great lakes hospital, and from there to Colorado. His health continued to fail and he was transferred from one hospital to another and every available thing was done to relieve his suffering.

The above is a brief synopsis of Bert's military record, one to be proud of we are sure, and it is with sadness that we add

47

another gold star to our service flag. He fought and served his country faithfully and bravely; he went forth to do and dare, perfect in the bloom of manhood, and returned to us broken in health and stature. Long may his memory live in our hearts as will that of the many others who made the supreme sacrifice.

His many friends, former classmates and his comrades extend to his relatives their deepest sympathy in this their hour of sorrow.

The obituary in the Cody Enterprise August 18, 1920 is similar, but has more details of his service and his treatment for his illness:

YOUNG WAR VETERAN LOSES LAST FIGHT

The death occurred on Sunday last, August 15th at his home on the North Fork, of Cecil Burton Huntington, on the 23rd anniversary of his birthday deceased having been born Aug. 15, 1897 at Parkman, Wyoming. Pulmonary tuberculosis was the dread disease which carried off its victim.

Corporal Huntington, upon the entrance of the United States into the World war, enlisted in the 6th Regiment of Marines at Port Royal, South Carolina, in April, 1917, which regiment was afterwards attached to the Second division of the Regular Army after its arrival in France, leaving the shores of the United States in the fall of 1917.

In the spring of 1918 deceased saw active service for the first time and in all took part in engagements on five fronts, Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, Champaign, Verdun and Argonne, coming through the terrible ordeals without so much as a scratch

receiving therefore a bar with five stars, each star representing a separate engagement.

After the signing of the armistice deceased was the the Army of Occupation which crossed the Rhine into Germany where he remained until he was stricken with the flu in the spring of 1919. He entered a hospital at Coblenz, Germany, was later removed to a hospital at Brest, France and soon afterwards brought over on a hospital ship to the United States and placed in the Brooklyn Naval Hospital. From there he was taken to the Great lakes Naval Hospital at Chicago and then to Fort Lyon, Colorado, where he received his medical discharge in December 1919 and returned to Cody to join his parents who reside on the C. P. Thurmond ranch on North Fork. His health failing he went to Arizona in January but returned to Cody in May last and fell a victim to the dread disease on Sunday last.

Deceased was recently in receipt of a copy of the citation issued to the 6th Regiment and two issued to the Fourth Brigade by the French Government all signed by General Petain, commander of the French forces.

Funeral services, under the auspices of the American legion, were held at the Methodist Church yesterday being conducted by Rev. F.W. Bretnall of Lovell who, until recently, was pastor of the Cody church, and the mortal remains of another of Uncle Sam's young heroes laid to rest in Riverside cemetery.

Burt's father, Cecil J. Huntington states in his Biography that Burton enlisted in the Marine Corps in the spring of 1917 and was a member of Supply company 6th Marines, with the rank of corporal. He went through the World War driving an ammunition wagon but died within the year after returning home from shell shock and tuberculosis, the latter resulting from exposure.

I remember being told that Uncle Burton had been "gassed" with mustard gas during the War and that this weakened his lungs, which led to complications causing his death.

Burt wrote a post-card to Mildred from Brooklyn July 19, 1919. The picture is of The U. S. North Pacific, which evidently was a hospital ship. The message written in pencil is too faint to reproduce, but has the following message:

July 19, 1919

Dear Sister,
Am in the U. S. at
last. Came as a

Mrs. W. G. Sherwin

Kane

patient on transport
Northen Pacific.
Address U. S. Naval
Hospital Brooklyn N.Y.
Love, Bro.

Wyo.

Burt later wrote a letter to his sister Mildred from the Naval Hospital at Great Lakes, Illinois.

Aug 3 1919

Dear Sister,

Just got your letter and sure was glad to hear from you. I got one from the Folks a few days ago but they didn't mention Grandma, I didn't know where she was, so this letter is for her too.

I am going to leave the hospital tomorrow and go to duty I think I will be able to get a temporary discharge in a few days. But I don't know if I will get my transportation paid home or not and may have to wait until I am paid off for good. I will go to Chicago but you had better not write till I send you my new address.

I got a nice letter from Myrtle today she is going to teach the 7th & 8th grades this year. And "little" Margie Gifford is teaching this year. It doesn't seem possible the changes that have taken place since I left.

I think I will stop in Jamestown. Clarence wrote that they would meet me in Concordia. He says Uncle Cecil is going out to Wyo. this fall.

Well I will write as soon as I get to Chicago.

Much love to all.

Burt

P.S. Don't put Supply Co.
6 Reg. On my letters
anymore.

In the margin he wrote "I heard today the 2nd Div. Has landed"

Burt carried a picture of Myrtle in his bill-fold, but it is not known if she was from the Cody area or from the Jamestown, Kansas, area, nor is it known if this was a romantic relationship or just a friendship.

Several pictures of Burt are included in the illustrations.

III. Edward Olney Huntington

Information has been compiled from page 275 *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1st Supplement 1962*, and page 402 *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 2nd Supplement 1987*; news articles, obituaries, E. O. Huntington's diaries, excerpts from Wylies Sherwin's *Recollections*, Ted Sherwin's *Memoirs* and my personal memories.

Edward Olney Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.2.3.

Edward Olney Huntington, born January 23, 1900, married September 4, 1927, Francine Madolyn, daughter of Samuel and Aurea Clavier. She was born December 11, 1907 at Clarksburg, W. Va. He is editor and publisher of the Lovell Chronicle, Lovell, Wyo.

CHILDREN

1. Burton Edward, born September 10, 1929.
2. Jeanne Marie, born march 1, 1923 (?33).

The date of birth for Jeanne should be 1933.

Information from *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 2nd Supplement 1987*.

Edward Olney Huntington, born Jan. 23, 1900, died Dec. 7, 1954 in an automobile accident. (The date of death should be December 6, 1954).

Edward Olney Huntington was the third child born to Cecil J. Huntington and Ella Crofoot. He was called Ted (Teddy), and also E.O. later in life. The family lived at the Parkman ranch at the time of his birth, but he always referred to his birthplace as Dayton, Wyoming. His mother died when he was only one year old. His half-sister Dorothy has mentioned that Cecil's mother Sophia had an active part in raising his three young children when Ella died, and that they were very close to her because of this.

In 1903, when Cecil moved to Des Moines, Iowa to attend an Osteopathy College, the children probably lived with Sophia in Jamestown, Kansas. However there is a picture of the children taken at a Des Moines studio. At this time Mildred was eight, Burt six, and Ted three. The family lived in Jamestown the next few years, until 1908-1909. The children would have attended the early grades in Jamestown. After moving to Crooked Creek, northeast of Lovell, Wyoming, the children attended school in the schoolhouse described in the section about Mildred Huntington. According to Wylie Sherwin in his *Recollections*, the children sometimes tested the patience of the teachers who were from the East. The story about Ted handing the teacher a muskrat tail indicates that he, like the other children was sometimes involved in mischief.

When Ted was a teenager he worked for room and board so that he could attend Cody High School, where he graduated. Dorothy Harris remembers that he did live with the family for a time at the ranch on Southfork. He and his brother Burt, and half-brothers Jimmy, Carl and Don, worked for his father as guides for several years, taking pack trains and hunters through the Thorofare and Jackson hole areas.

He spent one winter trapping in the Thorofare country, and in 1920, he rode his motorcycle to Laramie, Wyoming, to attend the University of Wyoming. On present day mileage charts the distance between Cody and Laramie is 359 miles. In 1920 the distance was probably greater as the roads have changed since then, and it is unlikely that any of the roads were paved at that time. Ted always felt that obtaining an education was extremely important and he worked for the Union Pacific Railroad at the roundhouse in Laramie to pay his tuition, room and board. He was only able to work and attend classes for two years—the job just didn't allow enough time to attend classes, do any schoolwork, and get any sleep as he was required to work at least part of the time at night.

After two years at the University he returned to Cody. In August of 1923, Ted and his friend Charlie McEachron, built a boat to take a trip down the Big Horn River from Basin to the Berry Ranch past the Big Horn Canyon. This was considered a very daring feat as others who had attempted the trip had lost their lives. An article which appeared in the *Basin Republican-Rustler* and was reprinted in *The Lovell Chronicle*, gives a humorous version of this dangerous adventure.

According to Ted Sherwin in his *Memoirs*, Ted Huntington and his friend Charlie McEachron, stayed at the first Trail Shop cabin (the Sherwin family moved to Lovell for the winter) in the winter of 1923, and trapped on the Northfork and its tributaries. He continues :”They did quite well, trapping coyotes, fox, lynx, marten, ermine and beaver. They covered their trap lines on snowshoes or skis and there was no shortage of camp meat, as deer and elk were within sight of the cabin almost every day.”

Ted and Charlie McEachron both worked for L.L. Newton and Ernest Shaw at the *Basin Republican Rustler* and on the *Cody Enterprise*. There are two different versions of Ted's part ownership of the Cody newspaper. According to Ted's obituary in the *Lovell Chronicle*, he became a co-owner of the *Cody Enterprise* with Caroline Lockhart. In a news story in the Cody paper about Ted's death

, it states that Ted and Vic Abramson purchased the *Enterprise* from Miss Caroline Lockhart and later sold it to L.L. Newton and Ernest Shaw.

In 1926, when he sold his interest in the *Cody Enterprise*, Ted bought the *Lovell Chronicle* from A. R. Leedom. He was the editor and publisher until his death. The next year his sister Mildred, critically ill with tuberculosis, returned from California and moved to Lovell. She stayed with her husband's parents George and Hallie Sherwin the last three months of her life. As Ted was also living with them he helped care for Mildred. He called the family in Cody and at Wapiti with reports of her condition. The young telephone operator who put through the calls for him was Francine Clavier. They became acquainted, and a romance began to bloom. Mildred died May 5, 1927.

Ted and Francine Clavier were married September 4, 1927, in the Cody Presbyterian Church. It was a small wedding with family in attendance and photographs of that occasion indicate there was a family party at the home on Northfork. They lived in an apartment house near the Sherwins in Lovell. There are photographs of many days spent on the Northfork of the Shoshone River west of Cody. They took every opportunity to spend time with Ted's nieces and nephews whose mother Mildred had died in May, 1927, and also spent time with other family members on the Northfork. In addition to hunting, fishing, and camping, both Ted and Francine played golf and won trophies in these early years of their marriage.

On September 10, 1929 a son, Burton Edward was born. At this time I believe they had purchased a house on Montana Avenue in Lovell, and Burton was born while they lived there. According to an article in the book *LOVELL, Our Pioneer Heritage* by Rosa Vida Bischoff Black, published in 1984, the newspaper plant was destroyed by fire June 30, 1930. She explains:

“In June 1930, before Ted Huntington had completed four years editing *The Chronicle*, the plant was destroyed by fire, a complete loss. This happened in the beginning of the Great Depression, and might have proved fatal to the paper's life because of the economy at that time, but Huntington stated:” The response from the community was so prompt and sincere, it gave us the necessary spirit to start anew.” While replacing the equipment and getting settled in a building, the paper was printed in Basin with the assistance of P.P. Anderson. *The Chronicle* was printed for the first time in the present plant 31 July 1930, and has been published every Thursday from the present location. “

There was some panic when someone saw Burt's baby buggy inside the newspaper office, but it was soon discovered that he was not in the buggy, but safe with his mother. Dad often mentioned that without the help of the bank in Lovell and the support of the business community he could not have continued in business.

I (Jeanne Marie) was born March 1, 1933 at the Lovell Hospital. Our family often enjoyed camping/fishing outings to Yellowstone Park and the Sunlight Basin in the summer, plus skiing, skating, and sledding in the winter. In retrospect I realize that in spite of the Depression, we had a very ideal family life and I felt very secure and protected as a child. In later years although Ted was very busy, he always found time to spend with his family.

During the thirties Ted often helped his father and brothers with the outfitting business. In August of 1938 he purchased the *Cowley Progress* from Milford Vaterloss, and from comments in his diary he was not sure how long he would find it economically feasible to publish it. It is not known at this time how many years he continued to publish the *Cowley Progress*, but in his diary the last time he mentions it is in an entry May 21, 1948. He now had two weekly papers to edit and publish. He also mentions *The Messenger*, perhaps this was a flyer put out by the publisher of the *Cowley Progress*.

Ted was very interested in photography and purchased a movie camera with a friend in Lovell. He took many movies of area skiing and wildlife pictures while hunting and guiding and edited these films with titles to show friends and groups in the area. There are many references to these "movie shows" in his diary.

Active in the community, he helped organize the Lovell Lions Club in 1939, helped with the planning and some of the construction of the Masonic Hall, was Past Master of the Masonic Lodge and Past Patron of the Order of the Eastern Star, a member of the White Shrine, a member of the Rod and Gun Club, and active in the Lovell Commercial Club. He helped organize the Lovell Ski Club, spending much time over a period of years working on building, developing and improving the ski course on the Big Horn Mountains. Active in the county and state Democratic Party, he was selected as a delegate to the State Convention in 1940. He also worked for one session of the State Legislature in Cheyenne. In 1942 he ran for the Wyoming House of Representatives, but was defeated in the general election. He served on the city council in Lovell from 1946 to 1950.

In June 1939, the family drove to the West Coast to visit friends and relatives and attend the World's Fair at San Francisco. Ted's diary describes the trip down the coast starting in Long View, Washington where George Sherwin lived, then stopping to visit his grandmother, Sophia Huntington Hitchcox, who lived with her granddaughter Maude at Potter's Valley, California. He noted that Sophia looked well. After seeing the World's Fair, the family drove south to visit with Uncle Roy and Mattie Huntington and Uncle Harry Huntington. Before starting home the family stopped to see the "Halley", Hallam Huntington family. Ted mentions that all the family was there except for Hallam's daughter Iris. This would have been the last time that Ted saw some of these relatives.

In September, 1939, Ted and Francine purchased the "Durkin" house at 144 West Main Street in Lovell. It was next door to the George Sherwin home where Ted had lived when he first moved to town after purchasing the *Lovell Chronicle*.

During World War II some of his help left to work in the war effort, and he had to work long hours to keep up with the work load. Because of the man-power shortage he noted in his diary that most of the businesses were closed until noon during the beet harvest in 1942 so that people in town could help the farmers get the beets to the sugar factory. Also mentioned during the war years is his service on the board for food rationing. In June of 1943 Ted hired John Yamamoto from the Japanese internment camp at Heart Mountain, near Powell, Wyoming as a linotype operator. While this could have been controversial because there were so many local boys serving in the Pacific Theater, Ted worked to foster tolerance, and during this time wrote editorials about this subject. I believe he was concerned when he learned that most of the people in the camp were not enemy aliens, but American Citizens who were born in the United States.

Ted encouraged Francine's participation in the Order of Eastern Star, and was very supportive when she held the state offices leading to the Installation as Worthy Grand Matron of Wyoming in 1947, and her required travel to each chapter in the state.

After the War the family took a vacation trip to Canada, and when Burton served in the Army in Texas and Oklahoma Ted, Francine and Jeanne made trips to those areas. In 1951, they drove from Oklahoma to Washington D.C., continued north to Niagra Falls, then back home to Wyoming.

Burton joined the staff at the *Lovell Chronicle* after serving in the Army and attending the University of Wyoming for two years as a journalism major. He supported his father's progressive ideas and made suggestions for modernization at the newspaper. Periodically Ted purchased new equipment and added a new press in 1952. He purchased a press camera to use for the newspaper and utilized his continuing interest in photography at the *Chronicle*, and with help from Burt built a darkroom in his home..

Burt's presence at the newspaper office enabled Ted to enjoy more leisure time. At this time both Ted and Francine renewed their interest in golf and became avid golfers. They spent several weeks golfing in the Phoenix area in the spring of 1954 and talked of spending part of each year there.

Ted died in an automobile accident December 6, 1954. He and Francine had been to Laramie to hear their daughter Jeanne perform as a soloist in a concert at The University of Wyoming, and had visited Ted's sister Dorothy and her family in Denver, Colorado. On the return trip to Lovell, the car skidded on an icy bridge near Lander, Wyoming, and Ted received fatal head injuries. He had requested cremation on his death, and while this was somewhat unusual at that time, his wishes were honored. His ashes were scattered on the Big Horn Mountains by his son Burton from an airplane as he flew over a beautiful remote area that Ted loved.

Memorial services were held at the Lovell Methodist Church on December 14th. An account of this service appeared on the front page of *The Lovell Chronicle* on December 16th. A copy of this article appears with the illustrations. Also included are copies of news articles and selected letters received by the family.

Ted was very highly respected by the Lovell community, his colleagues in the newspaper business, and by local and state political allies and opponents. He was admired for his honesty, integrity and intelligence. Always mindful of the responsibilities that accompanied the power of "The Press", he was never arrogant about that power. He respected other people regardless of their position, and felt great empathy for those less fortunate than himself. Although his formal education ended after two years at The University of Wyoming, he continued to read widely, both books and national newspapers. I remember *The Christian Science Monitor* was a newspaper that he read regularly. He had great interest in world affairs and was well-informed on the important issues of his time. He was interested in all kinds of technology and was one of the first people in the area to own a movie camera. Later he pursued an interest in sound recording and purchased a wire recorder. He was knowledgeable about music and he and Francine were members of Community Concerts in Billings, Montana, then later in Lovell. It would be difficult to find anyone who was more committed to the welfare of his family and community.

FRANCINE MADOLYN CLAVIER

Francine Madolyn Clavier was born at Salem, West Virginia, December 11, 1907. She was the youngest child of Samuel Clavier and Auriea Goutierre. She attended school in Salem, graduated from Salem High School in 1925, and received a scholarship to Salem College. After attending the summer session at Salem College, she moved in September, 1925, with her family to Lovell, Wyoming, where her father, Samuel Clavier was President of the Lovell Glass Factory.

In Lovell, Francine worked as a waitress, then as a telephone operator. She married E.O."Ted" Huntington at the Presbyterian Church in Cody, Wyoming, September 4, 1927.

She assisted Ted at the newspaper and participated in many community activities. A gifted athlete, she enjoyed golf, softball and basketball. She was a member of the Lovell Methodist Church where she shared her musical talent by singing in the choir for many years. A member of Radiant Chapter No.34 Order of Eastern Star, she served as Worthy Matron in 1934 and was Worthy Grand Matron of Wyoming in 1946-47. She helped organize Rainbow Girls in Wyoming and also was very supportive of Job's Daughters. She was active in the Lovell Women's Club and served as President in 1948-49. She helped organize and served as President of the Lovell Community Concert Association. Francine assisted her son Burton at the *Lovell Chronicle* for several years after the death of her husband and in 1971, she moved to Torrington, Wyoming, where her daughter Jeanne and family were living.

She died March 18, 1977, in Torrington, after suffering a stroke. Eastern Star services were held at the Colyer Funeral Home Monday March 21, and Church services were held March 22, at All Saints Episcopal Church in Torrington, Wyoming, with Father Clyde E. Whitney officiating. She was cremated and the ashes scattered over the same area of the Big Horn Mountains where the ashes of her husband Ted had been scattered over twenty years earlier.

She was preceded in death by her husband, E. O. Huntington, December 6, 1954 ; mother Auriea Clavier, December 22, 1911; her sister Eva Clavier Sloan, in 1935; her father, Samuel Clavier, July 7, 1945; Step-mother Mattie Hanifan Clavier, April 1, 1959; sister Martha Clavier Ervin, 1975; and brother Auguste Clavier, 1975.

She was survived by a son, Burton Edward Huntington and his wife Louise, of Red Lodge, Montana; a daughter, Jeanne Huntington Hamer and her husband Roger, of Torrington, Wyoming; three grandchildren, Michael Edward Hamer, Kathryn Louise Hamer, and Ted Huntington; one sister Anna Clavier Shepherd of Seattle, Washington; two half-brothers, Paul Clavier and his wife Elnora, Robert Clavier and his wife Norma of Casper, Wyoming, and numerous nieces and nephews.

Francine was devoted to her family, active in the family newspaper, very involved with various community activities and was well known throughout Wyoming for her work in The Order of The Eastern Star.

CHILDREN

Second Supplement Huntington Genealogical Memoirs , 1987

1.Burton Edward Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.2.3.1

Burton Edward Huntington, born Sept. 10, 1929 in Lovell, Wy, married, Aug. 9, 1952 in Powell, WY, Alberta Louise Burgener. She was born May 25, 1930 in Powell, daughter of Albert and Lottie (Moore) Burgener. He served in the U.S. Army, 1948-51. They were living in Red Lodge MT in 1982.

Burt was born in the house on Shoshone Avenue in Lovell. He attended schools in Lovell , and as a teenager he became interested in flying . He took flying lessons at the new North Big Horn County Airport. He accompanied his father on many big game hunting trips and fishing trips in the Big Horn Mountains and Yellowstone Park and other locations in the area. On one fishing trip to Heart Lake he and Ted hiked to the headwaters of the Snake River and rafted downstream to the southern entrance of Yellowstone Park.

He was a student leader at Lovell High School, graduating in 1947 as senior class president and member of the student council He was active in the Lovell Ski Club, and was awarded a Ski Scholarship at the University of Wyoming. In the summer of 1947 he participated in a cruise to Alaska as a member of the Naval Reserve. He attended The University of Wyoming for one year then joined the U.S. Army. He served as a Meteorologist at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, and Ft. Bliss, in El Paso Texas. He was honorably discharged in 1951.

On August 9, 1952 he married Louise Burgener in Powell, Wyoming. They moved to Laramie where Burt studied journalism at The University and Louise nursing. They returned to Lovell in 1953 and Burt was associated with his father at The Lovell Chronicle.

A year after his father was killed in a car accident in 1954, Burt and Louise purchased the paper from his mother. Burt was very active in the community. He served on the Lovell Area Chamber of Commerce board of directors and was the chamber president in 1966. He served on the board of the Western National Bank.

He and Louise both obtained pilot's licenses and owned their own airplane for several years. Burt was an avid sportsman, enjoying fishing and hunting in the Big Horn Mountains and in the Yellowstone Park area.

David Peck the present Editor and Publisher of *The Lovell Chronicle* wrote an article about Burt after his death which outlines his career and includes statements from colleagues.. I will insert other information as it fits chronologically. David states:

As publisher of the Chronicle, Burt Huntington was a pioneer in the conversion to offset printing, a new photographic process. He converted the Chronicle to a tabloid format in 1958 and printed with a sheet-fed offset press.

“He absolutely was one of the first to introduce the new technology,” said Powell Tribune Publisher Dave Bonner. “He was a mechanical guy. He really understood printing.” Bonner said Huntington was an excellent photographer and combined that ability with his love for flying and his new offset technology to give his Chronicle readers new and dramatic images of the Big Horn Basin.

On January 21, 1960, Huntington started a distinctive tradition that was to last for years when the front page of the Chronicle featured a dramatic, full-page photo. He also started a tradition of running a full-page, full-process color photograph on the front page at Easter.

In February 1963 Burt was invited with other Wyoming newspaper publishers and editors to meet with President John Kennedy to discuss Wyoming concerns. A picture of the participants enjoying lunch in the White House showing Burt seated across from the President is included with the illustrations. Burt had met the Kennedy brothers, John, Bobby and Ted when they were campaigning in Northern Wyoming.

David Peck continues:

On May 9, 1963, Huntington converted the newspaper's flag to an aerial photo of the town. Bonner said Huntington took great advantage of the off-set technology and his photographic ability, saying the Chronicle was “loaded” with photographs.

Burt was active in the Lovell Community, serving on the Lovell Area Chamber of Commerce board of directors and as chamber president in 1966. With John Nickle, he designed and published the first Mustang Guide tourist publication in the late 1960s. He also served on the board of directors of the Western National Bank.

Nickle recalls that Huntington was a good friend of U.S. Sen. Gale McGee, who came every year to go pheasant hunting with Huntington and his excellent hunting, dog Candy.

Ted Huntington was born May 1, 1969. At the end of 1970, Burt and Louise sold the *Lovell Chronicle* to Roy and Bob Peck of Riverton, and Ron Lytle took over as publisher January 1, 1971. The Lovell Chamber of Commerce honored Burt and Louise at a luncheon meeting in January, 1971. In tribute to the Huntingtons, C. E. Roche reviewed some of the community projects they have been active in, particularly during Burt's term as president in 1965-66. It was during this time, Roche reminded members, that the wild horse controversy erupted which resulted in the establishment of the Pryor Mountain Wild Horse Range. It was also during that period that Lovell sponsored a float in the Portland Rose Festival which was awarded the Governor's trophy. As president, Huntington was also instrumental in providing the town with new promotional brochures which were widely distributed for several years. "We have had the complete co-operation of the Chronicle for publicizing community activities," Roche said in closing. "Burt has been the conscience of the community and we're going to miss that conscience."

David Peck continues:

Bob Peck said that Burt and Louise raised their baby (Ted) in a playpen next to a linotype machine. Peck called Huntington "a community journalist from the old school."

In late 1970, Burt and Louise sold the Chronicle to the Pecks and Lytle, and the Huntingtons moved to Red Lodge, but that didn't end his involvement in Lovell. He went in with Nickle and Wallace Olds in 1973 to establish Lovell Cable TV, the first cable TV system in Lovell.

Bob Peck recalls that Huntington was planning to get out of publishing when he sold the Chronicle, but about the time they bought the Chronicle, the Pecks, with Bonner, also bought the Carbon County News in Red Lodge. They asked Huntington if he would help run the paper, and he agreed. He never left Red Lodge.

Bonner recalls Huntington's generosity, saying that not long after the Powell Tribune bought its offset web press in 1976, the paper lost its pressman, and Huntington would come down daily from Red Lodge to run the Powell Tribune press. Bonner said he did that for the better part of a year.

Longtime friend and partner Jim Moore jokingly called Huntington "one of the few democrats allowed to live in northwest Wyoming" but said one could never tell by his writing which side of the aisle he was on, because everyone was fair game.

Bonner noted that Huntington was often the "alter ego" of Big Horn County politics and had an acerbic bite to his writing, noting, "He was will to take the

other side and keep you on your toes.” Bonner called him the “conscience” and the “prickly pear” of Lovell.

At the Carbon County News, Jim Moore said, Huntington turned to his true love: running the print shop, newspaper production and the darkroom. Huntington, Moore and Olds, later formed a partnership and bought the paper from the Pecks and Bonner, Huntington and Moore bought out Olds in 1986.

Huntington never stopped flying. After moving to Red Lodge, he worked for Red Lodge Aviation as a spray pilot., and he once suffered a serious crash on Bowler Flats southeast of Red Lodge.

Though he concentrated on the production end of the newspaper in Red Lodge, he also wrote a well-known column called “Grumlin’ by Palisades Pete.”

In his column, Moore said, Huntington directed “a frontal attack on pomposity and hypocrisy, leavened with a good dose of humor. In a way, he was really kind of the conscience of the community with his column, particularly during the early years when politics were pretty wild.”

“Despite the force with which he wrote, he was a quiet, unassuming guy. There was not a soul who knew him who didn’t like him. But he was never hesitant to get on the side of right in a political fray.”

In 1981, the *Carbon County News* partners started a paper in Bridger, Montana, *The Clark’s Fork Record*. It grew to be the dominant paper in its area, buying out its competition just before Christmas of 1982.

Burt gave up the crop spraying business in 1989. He continued to fly for the Montana Game and Fish as a contract pilot. He flew the mountain goat and big horn sheep population surveyors over the Bear Tooth Mountain Range and in the northwestern area of Yellowstone Park. Burt’s friend, Dick Sherwood, owned a Starduster two-place biplane which he loaned to Burt. They also took many trips together in this plane to Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, and even flew as far as Bartlesville, Oklahoma for the annual Biplane Convention. Burt also attended the Oshkosh, Wisconsin, Fly-In. He was well known for his photography of the Mountains, he got many good “shots” when he was flying. He also was generous in sharing his knowledge about the best places to photograph the mountains with friends. One of these friends, Mervin D. Coleman, who has earned a fine reputation as a photographer in Red Lodge flew many times with Burt to take photographs of the area.

In 1991, Burt and Jim Moore obtained three more weekly newspapers in the communities of Columbus, Bridger and Hardin, Montana. As Burt explained: “all operations are utilizing the latest technology of desktop publishing for their newspaper production, and paste-ups are printed in a central plant located in Livingston, Montana.”

Burt retired in 1994. In the fall of 1997 Burt and Louise joined their friends Don and Karen Kinney on a flying vacation trip to the East Coast. They thoroughly enjoyed seeing the sights and Burt

mentioned that it was a great thrill to see New York Harbor and fly close to the Statue of Liberty. He often spoke of how thankful he was to have seen so much of this country from the air.

Burt was killed in a mid-air collision near Bozeman, Montana, December 7, 1997. Burt was piloting a six-seater Cessna 206, with a passenger, friend John Jardine he had picked up in Whitehall, Montana. They were returning to Red Lodge when the crash occurred. While the NTSB Investigating Board found that the other pilot used poor judgement and was improperly performing aerobatics when he collided with the Cessna, they stopped short of assigning blame for the crash.

David Peck, Editor of *The Lovell Chronicle* wrote that Burt was remembered locally as a man who wrote with vigor and lived life his way. He was a newspaperman, pilot, community leader and pioneer in two industries. Friends in Red Lodge described him as an intellectual who was never arrogant, and as a quiet person with a great sense of humor. He had a great zest for all that life had to offer, and approached each day with a sense of adventure. A tribute written by Jim Moore, published in *The Carbon County News*, appears with the illustrations.

CHILDREN

1. Ted Huntington was born May 1, 1969. He attended schools in Red Lodge, Montana and graduated from High School there in 1987. He attended Northwest Wyoming College in Powell, Wyoming, where he met Michelle Brown. They were married May 4, 1991 in Powell, Wyoming. Ted was employed on a farm and in the fall of 1991 he enlisted in the Air Force. After receiving training at mechanics school, he was stationed at Elmendorf AFB near Anchorage, Alaska. After receiving an honorable discharge from the Air Force, Ted was employed by Schlumberger to work at Prudoe Bay, Alaska. Ted and Michelle and their two children live at Wasilla, Alaska, and he continues to work on the North Slope.

1. Renee Huntington, born in Powell, Wyoming, November 2, 1991.
2. Seth Edward Huntington, born November 15, 1993.

2. Jeanne Marie Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.2.3.2.

Jeanne Marie was born in Lovell, Wyoming, March 1, 1933, to E. O. “Ted” and Francine (Clavier) Huntington. She attended schools in Lovell, and showed an interest in dance and music at an early age. She was active in many activities in High School and graduated in 1951 as Valedictorian. She completed a Bachelor Degree Program in Music with Honors at the University of Wyoming in 1955. She married Roger Fuhrer Hamer, of Torrington, Wyoming, son of Williard and Georgia (Fuhrer) Hamer , August 19, 1955. Roger earned a Bachelor Degree In Business Management at The University of Wyoming in 1956 and was employed by Sears Roebuck in Billings, Montana. Michael Edward Hamer was born May 21, 1957 in Billings.

Jeanne continued to be active in music groups and performed as a soprano soloist with The Billings Symphony Chorus and appeared in two operas while the family lived in Billings. Kathryn Louise Hamer was born August 26, 1958. The family moved to Miles City, Montana, late in 1958, and to Grand Rapids, Minnesota, in 1960. Jeanne continued to perform in Minnesota where she was a soloist with the Grand Rapids Community Chorus and appeared in the community musical theater productions “Mississippi Melodies”.

The family moved to Torrington, Wyoming, in 1962 where Roger became Manager/Owner of the L. B. Murphy department store. Combining careers as a performer and educator, Jeanne began teaching music classes at Eastern Wyoming College, in Torrington in 1968. In the early 1970's she became a full-time Instructor and was given the task of developing the Music Program, serving as Chairperson of The Music Department until she retired as Emerita Instructor in 1993. She continued to teach as an adjunct instructor at Eastern Wyoming College until 2001. In addition to the college vocal groups, she directed the Torrington Community Chorus ,was music director for many musical theater productions and maintained a private voice studio. She served as an Adjudicator for High

School Music Festivals in Wyoming, Nebraska and Montana, and served twice as a Judge at The Metropolitan Opera Regional Auditions in Denver.

Active in the community she was included in Outstanding Young Women In America 1965, Who's Who Of American Women 1983-84 and 1985-86, Who's Who In Entertainment 1990-91 and 2000. She served two terms as Wyoming president of ACDA and was Wyoming Governor of NATS for several years. She served as President of the Torrington Friends Of Music Club and helped organize the Eastern Wyoming Fine Arts Council, serving several years as President. Active as a church musician in every community where she lived, she served as organist and choir director at All Saints Episcopal Church in Torrington for many years.

Jeanne completed a Master Degree in Music History with Honors at the University of Wyoming in 1982. As the soprano with The Barta Trio, a chamber trio with flute and piano, she premiered several original compositions several well-known composers which were written for the Trio. She has sung numerous leading roles in opera and oratorio productions, and has been a soloist with symphony orchestras and choruses in Montana, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Wyoming. She appeared as soloist with The University of Wyoming Orchestra and Collegiate Chorale, with The Wyoming Chorus at the Fine Arts Center Dedication at Central Wyoming College, and at the Teton Festival Wyoming Centennial Celebration in Jackson, Wyoming. She has been a member of the Cheyenne Chamber Singers since 1993 and has served as a soloist with that group in numerous concerts.

CHILDREN

1. Michael Edward Hamer

Michael Edward Hamer was born May 21, 1957, in Billings, Montana, to Roger and Jeanne (Huntington) Hamer. He attended schools in Torrington, Wyoming. An honor student and student leader, he was active in sports, music and student activities. He was President of the Torrington High School Band and was also a delegate to Wyoming Boy's State. He was selected to the Wyoming Allstate Teams in Football and Track and was selected to play in the Shrine All Star Football game. He attended the University of Wyoming and earned a Bachelor of Science Degree in Agricultural Engineering in 1980. While at the University, he earned two Varsity Letters in Track, and served in the Student Senate. He was selected to be a member of several honorary organizations and was a member the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. He was enrolled in The Masters Honor Program in Civil Engineering at The University of Wyoming and completed class work with a major in Water Resource Planning and a minor in Geohydrology. He married Lisa Blackwell, daughter of Charles Robert and Mary Lou (Burns) Blackwell, in Studio City, California, May 23, 1981. In 1982, he went to work for Gene Sullivan Consulting in San Jose, California. He was employed by the Santa Clara Valley Water District in 1984 as an Associate Civil Engineer, moving into management in the mid 1990's as the Deputy Group Manager in the Operations and Maintenance Group, then as Water Utility Operations Officer. Active in the community, he has served on the

Executive Council for Cub Scout Pack 286 in San Jose, and has been a South San Jose Youth Soccer coach.

1. Patrick Michael Hamer.....born April 29, 1982
2. Andrew Charles Hamer.....born March 28, 1984
3. Kathryn Marie Hamer.....born November 1985
4. Elizabeth Ann Hamer.....born June 1, 1990

2. Kathryn Louise Hamer

Kathryn Louise Hamer was born August 26, 1958, in Billings, Montana, to Roger and Jeanne (Huntington) Hamer. She attended schools in Torrington, Wyoming, and was active in sports and music in high school. She was the Wyoming State Discus Champion in 1974-76. While attending The University of Wyoming, she earned six varsity letters in volleyball and softball, and was named to the Dean's List. She completed a Bachelor Degree in Education at the University of Wyoming and was included in the 1981 National Register of Outstanding College Graduates. She began her career as a Language Arts and Health Teacher at the Torrington, Wyoming High School in 1981. In addition to her teaching duties, she also served as head volleyball coach and assistant basketball and track coach at Torrington High School. She has served as the President of the Wyoming Coaches' Association, was on the Board of Directors for the Wyoming Southeast Mental Health, and is a state tournament volleyball official. She has been selected as the Wyoming Coaches' Association State Volleyball Coach of the Year, was the All-Star Volleyball Head Coach in 1986, and received the award as Wyoming State Assistant Coach in basketball and in track in 1992. As an assistant Torrington High School track coach she trained ten State Discus Champions. Kathy married Walter L. Smith son of Henry B. and Sylvia (Sherrill) Smith, June 24, 1989, in Torrington, Wyoming. Walter is a teacher at Torrington Middle School, and they reside in Torrington.

IV. James Wayne Huntington

James Wayne Huntington 1.3.44.2.7.1.7.3.2.4.

James Wayne Huntington was born March 28, 1910. He was called Jimmy or Jim. Little information survives about him. It is not known how much education he received. His sister Dorothy describes Jimmy as learning-disabled, but feels that if opportunities in special education had existed then that are now a part of the educational system, he could have received an education. He was a kind and gentle person, and was a great help to his father in his ranching and outfitting operations.

Ted Sherwin shared his recollections about Jimmy:

“Jimmy did have a learning disability, and because of the limited educational opportunities in those days he did not acquire sufficient knowledge or skills to allow him to “go it alone,” but he knew his limitation, and was content to stay at home and help his family in many ways. You mentioned his gentle nature, and I recall that he was especially good with little children. He never showed anger or irritation, and listened carefully to family discussions and seemed to follow all the tribal policies and procedures without questioning or arguing. Carl and Don were very good to Jimmy, and never belittled him or showed any impatience because of his limitations. He was a participant in ranch life, not merely a spectator, and made worthwhile contributions as he was able.”

He apparently lived with or near his brothers Carl or Don after his parents moved to Arizona. After his mother died in 1950, he lived with his father in California. At the time of his father’s death he was living at Belleflower, California. Later in his life he lived in a Care Center in California. He

died May 24, 1974 at Acton, Los Angeles, California. He is buried in the family plot at Riverside Cemetery in Cody, Wyoming.

Pictures of Jim are included with the illustrations.

V. Carl Pryor Huntington

Information has been compiled from page 275 *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1st Supplement 1962*, and page 403 *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 2nd Supplement 1987*, information from Ted Sherwin and Nina Sherwin.

Carl Pryor Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.2.5

Carl Pryor Huntington was born July 20, 1911 in Pryor, Montana. He married Cleo Mitten, born December 29, 1919 in Alexander, North Dakota. She was the daughter of Herbert and Della (Wells) Mitten. He served with the Navy Seabees, 1943-45 and was in Iwo Jima when the war ended. In 1986, they were living in Wilmington, California, where he was connected with the Richfield Oil Corporation.

CHILDREN

Children (adopted)

1. Ronald Carl, born August 17, 1951 in Long Beach, California
2. Gary Duane, born April 28, 1953 in Lynwood, California

Carl attended school at Crooked Creek until the family moved to the Cody area. He probably attended school in Cody and at Wapiti on the Northfork. He graduated from Cody High School. He was a working cowboy, and assisted his father in ranching and outfitting until he entered the service. Ted Sherwin shared the recollection that Carl was a much more serious and businesslike person than Don, and he worked as a carpenter later on. He worked with his brother Don, helping Wylie Sherwin

build the Trail Shop. Wylie also built several summer homes for other people on the Northfork and Carl worked on several of those.

According to Nina Sherwin, Carl was tall and handsome, and she believed that along with his brother Don, he was the model for at least one, and perhaps more of Frank Tenney Johnson's paintings. After World War II, he worked for the Richfield Oil Company in Wilmington, California. He and his wife Cleo were the first of the family to arrive at Warren, Arizona, when his mother Eva died. Carl helped his father Cecil make funeral arrangements and Cecil probably lived with him part of the time after Eva died.

Carl died at Wilmington, California, April 9, 1986. Cleo died October 21, 1990. Pictures of them are included with the illustrations.

VI. Donald Huntington

Information was compiled from Don's widow Virginia Huntington, his cousins Virginia Sherwin Scholes and Ted Sherwin, Nina Sherwin and his sister Dorothy Huntington Harris.

Donald Glen Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.2.6.

Don Huntington was born October 26, 1914 while the family was living at the Crooked Creek Ranch. He married Virginia P. Norfolk, born June 18, 1920 in Denver, Colorado. He may have started school at Crooked Creek, but probably attended the early grades in the Cody area, including the Wapiti School. He graduated from Cody High School.

As mentioned earlier, he worked for Wylie Sherwin. He and his brother Carl helped Wylie build the Trail Shop and later in log work. According to Ted Sherwin his father Wylie contracted for thousands of feet of heavy log guard rail, on the Shoshone National Forest and in Yellowstone Park. Ted continues: "They had helped their dad build some of the houses they lived in, and were quite good help for us. Clifford and I were too little to be much help at that time. Don helped cut lodgepole logs up the Northfork, for home building as well as for guard rail. My dad built several summer homes for other people on the Northfork and they worked on several of those."

In comparing the personalities of Carl and Don, Ted Sherwin shared these recollections. "Don was more happy-go-lucky, but not reckless or irresponsible, as witness the fact that my dad let him take Clifford and me on a pack trip over the head of Big Creek and down into Sunlight Basin and up over

the head of the Northfork. It was over a week of packing, and Ciff and I were high school age. Don did work some as a cowhand, but he spent more time as a dude wrangler, for the Martins, up Canyon Creek near the Trail Shop and at other dude ranches. He was handsome, sat a horse real well and was popular with the dudines. And the other guests as well. He was a good dancer, too, and knew how to square dance.”

Ted Sherwin’s account of the pack trip made with Don in 1933, when he was 16 and Clifford was 14, gives testimony to the fact that Don was a skilled horseman and experienced outdoorsman. The trip was a difficult one—in fact the local Forest Ranger had declared the trip impossible. Ted and Cliffords’s father, Wylie Sherwin and Don felt it could be done, and it was thought to be the first time anyone had found a way to successfully follow that route.

Well loved and respected by family and friends, Uncle Don epitomized the “cowboy-hero” so popular in the movies of the late 30's to the 50's.

Don was a favorite cowboy model for the well-known Western artist Frank Tenney Johnson when he was at his studio on the Rimrock Ranch near the Trail Shop at Northfork. In the book *Frank Tenney Johnson*, by Harold McCracken, Director of Whitney Gallery of Western Art at the Buffalo Museum in Cody, Wyoming, there are eight reproductions of paintings that have Don Huntington as the cowboy model.

McCracken explains how Johnson came to build his studio in Wyoming.

“It was the spring of 1931 that Frank and Vinnie made an auto trip for their first visit to cousin Mildred and her husband Earl Martin on their Rim Rock Ranch, in the Absaroka Range of the high Rocky Mountains of northwestern Wyoming. The ranch was nestled in a narrow valley cutting southward from the North Fork of the Shoshone Valley, well off the main highway into nearby Yellowstone National Park and about twenty-five miles from the town of Cody....it was one of the very last areas to lose the wild and woolly cattle-and-cowboy characteristics of the Old West.

Frank and Vinnie both fell deeply in love with Rim Rock ranch and its surroundings. Here indeed was a most ideal place to have a log studio and spend the summers in an atmosphere that fitted to perfection Frank’s ideals in art.

“VANISHING so fast—so fast—the Old West! It makes me feel I have not a minute to waste, I must get it all on canvas before it is too late!” F.T.J. was quoted in a brief newspaper interview before his first trip to Rim Rock Ranch..

McCracken explains that the depression had a profound effect on artists at this time, and there was little doubt that it had a strong effect upon Frank Tenney Johnson’s place in the field of art.

“The Rim Rock Ranch in the Wapiti Valley of Wyoming’s great Rocky Mountains had seemed to the Johnsons like a place far away from the mercenary problems of a suddenly disrupted world. Rugged snow decorated peaks jutting high into a blue sky; riding a narrow trail up to where one looks far down to where big rivers appear like little gray ribbons; getting fleeting glimpses of wildlife, big and

small, and catching jerking trout to be cooked over a campfire far from a kitchen. Such experiences are a wonderful elixir to forget everything but the enjoyment of being alive. There, in his log studio home in the Rockies, Frank could paint without thinking too much about exhibitions and sales galleries.

McCracken continues: It was obviously an ideal situation. They each had fine horses and riding the scenic mountain trails provided both relaxation and inspiration. Furthermore, the town of Cody had a nightly rodeo, with stock fresh off the ranges of nearby big ranches.

Johnson was noted for his fine portrayals of horses and McCracken expands on this. “Another outstanding characteristic of Frank Tenney Johnson’s work is the exceptionally fine ability he had in portraying horses in his pictures. He had a natural compatibility with horses and had a real fondness for these animals. From his earliest experience in riding on cattle roundups as a working cowboy in the Colorado back country in 1904, he was a fine horseman with all the other essential capabilities.....F.T.J. was strongly conscious of painting his horses in a way that would satisfy the most critical approval of a cowboy and others who really knew a fine horse when they saw one. These are reasons why he painted them so well.”

I do not know how many of the Frank Tenney Johnson paintings are in the collection at the Whitney Gallery in Cody, but there was one with Don Huntington on display in the fall of 1997 when my brother Burton E. Huntington, his wife Louise, my husband Roger Hamer, and I were there. A copy of a letter from Don to me written in 1987 explaining the circumstances of his association with F.T.. Johnson is included with the illustrations. He also listed the paintings of him in the book by Harold McCracken. He explained that all the pages do not have numbers so the names are the most important part of identification.

<i>Lone Cowboy</i>	page 32
<i>A Rambling Cowboy</i>	page 44
<i>Down The Moonlit Trail</i>	page 49
<i>Down On The Canyon Floor</i>	page 49+
<i>On Lonely Bedding Grounds</i>	page 122
<i>Night in The West</i>	page 136
<i>Somewhere On The Range</i>	page 159+
<i>Bringing in The Horses</i>	page 159+

McCracken mentions the painting *Somewhere On The Range* in his book. “F. Tenney Johnson’s last oil painting was on his easel when he died. It was one of his beautiful classic nocturnes showing a cowboy (Don) on his palomino horse Tejon with the glow from one match on his face as he lighted a cigarette, and cattle bedded down for the night, with mountains in the distance. It was Christmas Day when he put the last daub of paint on the picture; and although he considered the painting nearly finished, he had not put on his signature with the cherished N.A.. With the first touch of a deadly disease, he left the painting for another day’s critical examination, to finish a few small spots to make it perfect before signing. Another day at the easel never came and painting was still there when he died.....Uncle Frank had not indicated a title; and although the night scene had probably been inspired by a recollection of Wyoming, it could have been somewhere in Arizona. The beautiful painting was given the appropriate title “Somewhere on the Range “ (where his heart was) and it has

an honored place in the home of the artist's nephew and niece." This would have been Mr. and Mrs. James Ash.

Don served in the Cavalry in World War II and was in the Pacific Theater. After the War he married Virginia P. Norfolk April 25, 1946. She was born in Denver, Colorado, June 18, 1920. In 1950 Don was working at the Crossed Sabers Ranch on the Northfork near Yellowstone Park.

A daughter, Deborah Diana Huntington was born February 4, 1952 in Denver, Colorado. At this time Don was in the construction business in Denver, Colorado. The family was still in Denver in 1954 when Don's half-brother E. O. Huntington was killed in an automobile accident.

In 1959, the obituary for Cecil Huntington lists Don's address as Chino, California. The family later lived in Los Angeles where Don was a Construction Superintendent for a Building Company. He died January 12, 1989, and is buried in the Tribute Section at Forest lawn Memorial Park in Los Angeles, California. Pictures of Don and his family are included with the illustrations.

CHILDREN

1. Deborah Diana Huntington, born February 4, 1952. She married Michael Calkins May 27, 1972 at Pasadena, California. A son, Devin Douglas Calkins was born January 31, 1980.

69

VII. Dorothy Evangeline Huntington

This information was compiled from page 275 *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1st Supplement 1962*, page 403 *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 2nd Supplement 1987*, and several personal interviews from 1996-2000.

Dorothy Evangeline Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.2.7.

Dorothy Evangeline Huntington was born August 17, 1917 in Cody, Wyoming. She was the youngest daughter of Cecil James Huntington and Eva Calkins Huntington. She married Richard Martin Harris, January 29, 1949 in Long Beach, California. He was born December 3, 1915 in Denver, Colorado, son of Martin Purvis and Elizabeth Miller (Conklin) Harris. They were living in Alpine, CA in 1964.

CHILDREN

1. Richard Huntington, born June 30, 1950 in Reno, NV
2. Jeanne Laurie, born Sept. 9, 1952 in Denver, CO
3. Susan Jennifer, born Nov. 19, 1954 in Denver

Cecil's family was still living at the Crooked Creek Ranch north of Lovell, Wyoming, when Dorothy was born. She remembers that they were flooded out when she was about three years old. Not long after this event the family moved to Cody, Wyoming. While they were living on the Southfork of the Shoshone River in what Dorothy describes as a nice, large, two-story house, the family again faced a crisis when their house caught fire and burned to the ground. This event so frightened

69

Dorothy that she could not go to bed at night until she had made at least one trip around their house to make sure it was not on fire. She remembers that Ted (E.O.) Huntington was living with the family on the Southfork at the time of the fire.

Dorothy remembers attending two different schools while living on the Southfork. She expressed how much she enjoyed attending Marquette School No.1, and later Marquette School No.2. When she was about 10 years old the family moved to the Northfork, where she attended the Wapiti School. She remembers that some of the Sherwin children attended the Wapiti School the same time she did. In 1928, Cecil purchased a home on Alger Avenue in the town of Cody, and Dorothy attended sixth seventh and eighth grades in town.

After attending High School in Cody for three years, she went to San Diego, California, to help her Uncle Harry take care of his wife “ Dick” who at this time was an invalid. After graduating from High School in San Diego, Dorothy and her grandmother Sophia returned to Cody on the train.

Dorothy worked for a time at The Trail Shop, then after attending The Billings Business College in Billings Montana, she took the Civil Service Exam. She went to work for the War Department in Washington D.C. shortly before World War II broke out. She lived in Washington for about a year, then was transferred to Hamilton Air Base in California, which was across the Bay from San Francisco. From there she moved to Long Beach, California, where her father Cecil was managing a rooming house.

During the War, Dorothy worked in Long Beach as a secretary for an attorney, then as a secretary at an oil refinery. In 1948, she met Richard Harris while he was visiting from Plumas County, California, where his family owned a ranch. They were married at Long Beach, California, on January 29, 1949. They then lived at the ranch at Taylorsville near Greenville, Plumas County, California. Their son Richard Huntington Harris was born June 30th in Reno, Nevada. Dorothy mentioned that he was born the same day that her mother Eva died in Warren Arizona.

They moved to Denver, Colorado a year later, where Richard was in the construction business. Their daughter Jeanne Laurie Harris was born September 9, 1952 in Denver. At this time, Dorothy’s brother Don and his family also lived in Denver. Susan Jennifer Harris was born November 1954, in Denver.

In 1964, the family was in Alpine, California, which at that time was a small community near San Diego. Dorothy was featured in a newspaper story about the El Cajon Police Department where she worked as a secretary in the office.

In the 1970's the family moved to Reno , Nevada, where Richard was in the construction business. He later supervised several warehouses in Sparks, Nevada. Richard died in 1994 in Reno.

Dorothy was part of a generation of women who helped with the war effort. They were intelligent and independent, and forged the way for the next generation of women who sought careers. Like

many women at the time, she was a devoted wife and mother, but also worked outside the home. Dorothy still has that strong and independent spirit that has served her so well.

CHILDREN

1. Richard Huntington Harris, born June 30, 1950, in Reno, Nevada. He married Pam Bowden, June 4, 1972. She was born July 27, 1950, in Reno, Nevada, the daughter of William George Bowden and Jane (Pobst) Bowden. He is a Geologist and has worked in Reno, Nevada, Helena, Montana, Elko, Nevada, and Fairbanks, Alaska. They have two children, a son Richard Bowden Harris, born December 4, 1982 in Reno, Nevada; and a daughter Kimberly Jane Harris, born September 2, 1984, in Reno, Nevada.

2. Jeanne Laurie Harris, born September 9, 1952, in Denver, Colorado. She has worked for several different mining companies in Sparks, Nevada, and Reno, Nevada. She has a daughter, Kathleen Evangeline, born December 23, 1986 in Reno, Nevada.

3. Susan Jennifer Harris, born November 19, 1954 in Denver, Colorado. She has two daughters, Holly and Heather Rodrigues.

PART III

HARRY MORTIMER HUNTINGTON

This information was compiled from page 605, *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 2nd Supplement*, published in 1987. Additional information and pictures were obtained at the Wyoming Historical Archives. The Librarian at Sheridan County Library assisted in research and provided suggestions for resources. Some information is included from *Our Neck O' The Woods* by Charles Rawlings.

Harry Mortimer Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.3.

Harry Mortimer Huntington, born March 27, 1869, in Niles, Mich.; married January 20, 1898, in Denver, Col., Jennie Dick, daughter of Samuel Caleb and Susan Jane (Goshorn) Pegg. She was born in Milroy, Ind., August 12, 1869. He is a civil engineer and surveyor, and lived in Winnebago, Minn., to 1874, in Iowa Lake, Iowa, from 1874 to 1880, in Jamestown, Kan., from 1880 to 1882, in Sheridan, Wyoming, from 1882 to 1911. he was a member of the 10th legislature of the State of Wyoming, for two years from 1908 to 1910.

Additional information from the *2nd Supplement*:

Harry Mortimer Huntington, born March 27, 1869, died Oct. 12, 1962 and is buried in San Diego, CA. His wife, Jennie Dick (Pegg), died in 1937. He married, (2) Nora Nuby in 1942. He had no children.

Harry, the third son born to Nathaniel and Sophia was a year old when the family moved west to Minnesota. The family probably lived with Nathaniel's father, Hallam until they purchased land a short distance southwest in Iowa in 1874. He most likely attended school in the Iowa Lake area until 1880 when he would have been eleven years old. The family moved to Jamestown, Kansas, in 1880 and on to Johnson County, Wyoming in 1882 when Harry was thirteen years old.

As Harry's father, Nathaniel, died in February, 1888, he would probably have become more active in the operation of the family ranch.

Charles Rawlings states that there were five schools in the Dayton, Wyoming area by 1889. He mentions Harry and his brother Roy were among the pupils who attended the New Olman School the first fall term in 1890. Harry would have been twenty one at this time.

In 1893 the Huntington brothers and Sophia sold part of their land which was on the Tongue River a short distance west of the town of Dayton. They retained other land on Twin Creek near Dayton and Parkman.

Harry married Jennie Dick Pegg at Denver, Colorado, on January 20, 1898. It is not known where they met. It is possible that Harry attended a school in the Denver area. He became a civil engineer and surveyor, but it is not known if he earned a degree.

Harry wrote a letter to Jennie from Alaska which is dated 1897, but he must have meant 1898 as it is written on the back of a newspaper extra which has the date April 3, 1898 printed on it. The EXTRA published by the Dyea Trail is about the death of eighteen prospectors in a snow slide.

Sheeps Camp April 7, 1897, My beloved Wife:-How I wish I was on my way to meet you My Love My all. If tomorrow is a good day we will bid adieu to Sheep Camp and take up our abode at Lake Linder Mon. We were on the summit yesterday, paid our duty and took most of our freight down the hill out to Crater Lake. Wolff and Percival will finish up today. I went as far as the stables and brought back the dogs. Yesterday I dug my freight out of about eight feet of snow, you can see men all over the trail digging out their "caches", some will never find theirs. Today is warm and the sun shines brightly on the snow covered Peaks. Up to yesterday fifty one bodies have been taken from the snow slide, and some that are alive are in evidence now of the awful experience of being under the snow and couldn't move a muscle. I talked with one man that was in 45 minutes. He said he could breathe alright and was very comfortable physically but not mentally.

The search for the misfortunate was kept up until last night no one being allowed to pass the Place with a pack or load. There is no one at work this morning and I guess they have given it up.

The snow slide made no noise whatever and wasn't even heard by the ones that were caught.

We never left our camp during the storm and don't work any stormy days, we have lost a lot of time but it has given us an opportunity to get mail from our dear ones a home. I hate to leave on that account. I rec. a nice letter from Halla yesterday, and I got it by accident too.

One of the Crossley boys was down Sheeps Camp and saw my name on front of a store.(?) There are two places to get mail and I suppose they got it on account of having "Please Forward to Sheeps Camp" on it. You can address your letters to Takish House North West Territory from now on They come from Dyea the 20th of each month.

According to *Webster's New Geographical Dictionary*, Dyea was a former village at the head of Taiya Inlet, at the North end of Lynn Canal. After the discovery of gold in the Klondike region in 1896-1897, it became a supply center and starting point for the trail over Chilkoot Pass to Dawson and the northern mining fields. It was just northwest of Skagway which superseded it after the opening of White Pass. A map from the *American Heritage Pictorial Atlas Of U.S. History* is included with the illustrations.

The letter was sent to the State Archives in 1944 by Harry's nephew, E. O. Huntington with a letter of explanation. The typed version in the Archive file misspelled Halla, the name sometimes used by family members for Hallam. It is not known when Harry returned from Alaska. It is not known if he was a prospector, or was working as a civil engineer and surveyor.

The 1900 census shows that Harry M. and Jennie Dick were living in Sheridan County, Wyoming. *The Sheridan County Heritage* lists H.M. Huntington as Sheridan County Surveyor in 1907.

In 1909, Harry M. filed a brand in the shape of a boot in Big Horn County. He probably was in partnership with his brothers Cecil and Roy who lived on Crooked Creek and were running cattle in the Pryor Mountain area. Harry's nephew E. O. Huntington mentioned several times that the Huntingtons were well acquainted (and on friendly terms) with Chief Yellowtail, and obtained permission from him to run cattle on Crow Reservation land. This was probably true for both the eastern slope of the Big Horn Mountains where the family ranched from 1882 to 1903-04, and in the Pryor Mountain area where some of the family moved in the early 1900's.

In 1908, Harry was elected as a Representative to the Tenth Wyoming Legislature as a Republican from Sheridan County. He served one term. He was not successful when he ran for the State Senate in 1910. He served on the State Public Utilities Board, appointed by Governor Robert Carey in 1918. *The Sheridan County Heritage* lists him as a charter member of The Rotary Club in Sheridan, Wyoming, organized in 1919.

Harry and Jennie Dick moved to the San Diego area in 1925. A letter to Governor Frank Emerson written from San Diego, California, in 1926, and preserved in the Wyoming State Archives, indicates that he was interested in serving on the State Board of Equalization. In this letter he states that he had been admitted to "The Bar" and to practice in all the Courts in Wyoming.

Another letter to E. O. Huntington May, 10, 1927 written by Harry to express sympathy after learning about the death of Mildred Huntington Sherwin, describes a ranch he still owned in Montana, just north of the Wyoming border. As this letter is too light to copy I have included a transcription:

3903 Portola Place
San Diego Calif.
May 10th 1927

Our Dear Nephew Ted:--

Mother just sent us your sad letter and our hearts go out to you with love & sympathy for this great sorrow in your life. Mildred was very near & dear to us. She was super-fine everything a woman should be. The ways of providence are beyond my feeble understanding when the best are selected to pass on. If we were good Christians and could believe all things were for the best what a comfort it would be.

Mildred's life & character should be an inspiration to all who have known her and we must believe the world is some better, and she did not live in vain, and we may take some comfort for that.

I have some prospect of getting a job in the near future, so must stay here a while to see.

So I may not get up there this summer. If I should get a job maybe Aunt Dick will go up if she is well enough.

If you should ever be on the road between Hardin & Crow Agency take a look at the ranch, it is 2 or 3 miles down the river from Crow Agency, and 9 miles from Hardin. Robt. A. Duncan was the man we got it from, but Fred Deines has it rented for two more years and lives on it. There is about 102 acres under ditch on west side of river and rest lays east of river in hills.

With much love & sympathy
from Uncle Harry and Aunt Dick

Harry's wife Jennie Dick died March 17, 1937. The obituary states that they had lived in San Diego for 12 years. He was remarried to Nora Nuby in 1942 and a picture of them circa 1945 is included with the illustrations.

He died October 12, 1962, and is buried in San Diego.

PART IV

JOHN ROY HUNTINGTON

AND

DESCENDANTS

The following information was compiled from page 605 in the *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1633 to 1915*, third printing in 1992; page 275, *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1st Supplement*, published in 1962; page 403, *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 2nd Supplement*, published in 1987; *Our Neck O' The Woods*, by Charles Rawlings; *Recollections Of Wylie Sherwin*, compiled by Ted B. Sherwin in 1984, and *The Sherwins Of Northfork*, by Ted B. Sherwin, compiled in 1993. In addition to these sources there is information from land records, vital records, census records, newspapers and cemetery records from Iowa, Wyoming, and California.

Information on page 605 *Huntington Genealogical Memoir*:

John Roy Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.4.

John Roy Huntington was born May 17, 1875, in Iowa; married march 9, 1898, in Denver, Col., Martha Elissa, daughter of William Henry and Harriet Julina (Hannum) Hyatt. she was born March 12, 1873, in Denver, Col. He is in the stock and livery business in Powell, Wyoming. They are members of the Congregational church.

CHILD

1. Harry Hyatt, born January 18, 1899

Additional information on page 403 from *2nd Supplement*:

John Roy Huntington, born May 17, 1875, died in 1951; his wife, Martha (Hyatt), died in 1959. They are buried at Monterey, CA Masonic Cemetery.

John Roy was the fourth son born to Nathaniel Huntington and Sophia Cutshaw. He was called Roy by family and friends. He was born May 17, 1875, in Iowa Lake, Emmett County, Iowa. The family had moved from Minnesota in 1874. They lived at this location until 1880-81 when they moved to Jamestown, Cloud County, Kansas. At this time Roy was a young boy five years old. He probably started his education while the family lived at Jamestown. In 1882, when he was seven years old, the family moved to a homestead on the Tongue River in Johnson County, Wyoming.

Roy filed a brand in the shape of a boot in Sheridan County in 1889. He also filed the brand 35 in Sheridan, County the same year.

It is not known when or where he first attended school in Wyoming, but he is listed as one of the first students at the New Olman School near Dayton, Wyoming, in 1890, the first year it opened. As formal schooling was not always available on the frontier, it was not unusual for a young man to attend a public school into his early twenties.

Roy married Martha Elissa Hyatt in Denver, Colorado, March 9, 1898. A letter to Mattie (Martha) written by Cecil Huntington's wife Ella, indicates that Roy and his mother Sophia were in Denver in February of 1898. It is not known how Roy met Mattie, or how long he was in Denver. This is a charming letter and gives a good picture of what life was like for the young wives of the Huntington brothers.

Parkman Wyo.

Feb. 12-98

Miss Mattie Hyatt,
Denver,
Colo.

Dear Miss Mattie,

I would like to call you dear sister if I were not afraid you would think it a little premature.

However, I feel real "sisterly" toward you, and it seems as tho' I had known you for some time, as Roy and his mother have written us so much about you.

I send you a pair of "brides garters", as I did Harry's wife, but I am making you another wedding present for your house. As you are coming here so soon after you are married, I will not send it to you, but keep it and give it to you when you come.

We are so glad you are going to live here, for friends and neighbors are rather scarce, but, tho' you will find it quite a change from Denver, you will not be lonesome.

One cannot be lonesome if they are in their own little home with a kind and thoughtful husband to care for you.

It is neglect that breaks a womans heart, and you need never fear that, for boys that are thoughtful of their mother, will make excellent husbands, and all of Mrs. H's boys are kind and good to her.

I suppose it will not be an uninteresting subject if I tell you just what I think of Roy.

He is my very bestest brother. He is the one whom we are alwyas glad to see, whether the house is in "company trim" or not. He is the one who loves my babies, whether they are clean or not.

He is the most generous of brothers--too much so for his own good. Within the last year he has given us our winter's pork, Cecil a nice saddle-horse, me a calf, and numerous other things. And his brother Halla could tell a bigger story than that.

To be sure he and I have a little "spat" once in a while, but I guess that is because we are both quick tempered, but we always come out without any black eyes or broken bones.

Now, I am not writing this for effect, but I really mean it, and If I were in trouble, I know of no one whom I would rather ask for help than Roy, and I feel sure he would do all in his power to help me. In fact I have just the warmest kind of a feeling in my heart for Roy.

He writes that you are busy making your clothes. I am afraid you are doing just the way all brides do; just work and worry and do a lot of sewing and when the eventful day arrives, you will be all tired out and nervous and pale, when you want to look fresh.

It takes all the nerve a girl can muster to go through with it all, and then she does not have half nerve enough.

His mother's house will not be empty until the first of Apr, and we want you to come right here and make this your home until you get your own little home fixed up.

I know you will be as happy and cozy as "two bugs in a rug", and Roy will not only be as kind and thoughtful as he is now, but he will be a great deal more so, for a husband has so many more opportunities for being thoughtful.

Wishing you all joy

I will close

Your sister

Ella Huntington

The 1900 census shows that Roy and Mattie were living in the Parkman Precinct, Sheridan County, Wyoming. It is not known exactly when Roy and Mattie moved west across the Big Horn Mountains to the Big Horn Basin. Mattie's name is on a 1904 land record for 160 acres in Big Horn County which is now part of Park County. Land records show that Roy and Mattie purchased land in Section 34, Big Horn County. This is the property on Crooked Creek, near the Pryor Mountains. In 1909,

Roy and Mattie sold some of this land to George Sherwin who was living on a homestead near Powell. This is also the year that Roy's brother Cecil remarried and brought his new wife, Eva Calkins, to the Crooked Creek area.

The 1910 Census shows that J. Roy Huntington, 34; Martha E. Huntington, 37; Harry H. Huntington, 11; and Roy's niece Maude, 25; were living at the ranch on Crooked Creek, Big Horn County, in Election District 20. Maude's occupation is listed as public school teacher.

Wylie Sherwin, in his *Recollections*, mentions that the school teachers for the Crooked Creek School lived at the Roy Huntington's and continues with a story about Roy's practical jokes.

“ Miss Robinson like Miss Winchel stayed at Roy Huntington's place. Roy was a great kidder and loved to play practical jokes on anyone, but like most practical jokers, it wasn't fun if the joke was on him. Roy had a big young fellow by the name of Gene working for him that winter. Gene was as green as they come for he was fresh from the Isle of Guernsey and everything was new to him, but he was by no means a fool. Roy took great delight in jabbing Gene just to get a good laugh and Gene took it all in good fun. I know he must have smarted terribly sometimes because he admired Miss Robinson and could hardly enjoy being made a fool of all the time.

Roy had some venison that someone had given him. They had some for dinner and when Gene asked what it was, Roy said it was Coyote and he stuck to it. Gene didn't enjoy his meal very much and it wasn't until the meat was all used up that Roy finally told him what it was.

I think it was then that Gene probably resolved to get even somehow. And he did eventually. That Xmas the Huntingtons and the teacher went to Powell to spend the holidays. They were gone a week. They left Gene there along with Jim Legg to put up ice while they were gone. We all hauled our ice from the Big Horn and packed it in sawdust to last all summer. The boys were to batch while the folks were gone and when Roy was giving Gene his parting instructions he said "I guess you boys will find enough to eat, but I am sorry we don't have any fresh meat to leave you." Then in a parting jibe at Gene he said, "maybe you or Jim could get a coyote while we are gone". And he winked at Teacher and laughed. Of course ever since he had pulled that one on Gene, venison had always been coyote.

Jim and Gene had to go right through our yard on the way to and from the river and one day as they were going home with a load of ice, I was there in the yard skinning a coyote I had caught. They stopped and Gene said "What are you going to do with the carcass?" " Nothin", I said, "just throw it in the brush some where". " Can I

have it?" "Sure I said, what you want it for?" "Going to ketch a skunk" said Gene. And so I gave it to him. The Huntingtons came home that week-end and Gene was expecting them for they had said they would be home then, and dinner was all ready. Gene was a good cook and he had made a meat pie, for which the English are famous. The Huntingtons were delighted but curious about the meat, but when they asked, Gene winked and said "it's coyote." Everyone laughed and took another helping. They were all very loud in their praise for Gene's cooking but Roy still wasn't satisfied about the meat. He said "it's good but I don't think it's venison." To which Gene said, "I said it was coyote". "Oh yes, coyote" said Roy "but it doesn't taste like coyote." "Well it is " said Gene and he took Roy around the corner of the house and showed him what was left of the carcass hanging on the wall back there. Roy's jaw dropped open and he said "you mean" and pointed at the meat. "Sure" said Gene. Roy turned and rushed into the house. "My God" he said "that crazy guy has poisoned all of us. That really was coyote he made that pie of". Then he turned and ran outside again and all that good English meat pie came up. Aunt Mattie and the teacher were a little taken aback but were good sports and saw the joke and the justice in it. But the next morning Roy handed Gene his check, and Gene smiled as he walked to the bunk house to get his things. He had stayed long enough to get even anyway."

In another section of his *Recollections*, Wylie Sherwin describes the country near Crooked Creek known as "Dry Head". He then continues with a story about a violent incident that Roy Huntington had with one of the ranchers in the this area:

"Over north of us fifteen or twenty miles, was the "Dry Head" country. This was a rather large area of county lying between the Pryor Mts. and the Big Horn Canyon. It is probably twenty miles long by half that wide and surrounded by very rough country. There were perhaps a dozen ranchers in the "Dry Head" and a great many of the ranchers there had a rather interesting past, leading up to the time they took refuge in this hole in the wall. Not the least illustrious of these was G. W. Berry.

G. W. as he was often referred to had a pretty bad reputation. He was not a Westerner in the true sense. He was from New York City. He wore the eastern version of western clothes. Usually when horseback "he rode good horses", black English riding boots, buckskin pants that were fringed down the legs, a flat crown broad brim black Stetson and always a six shooter. He was known to have a vicious disposition and made no attempt at friendship with anyone. He treated most people he came in contact with like dirt under his feet and he got away with it."

At this point Wylie explains that the Berry family included Mrs. Berry and a step son Claud St. John. The Berrys had servants who had little or no contact with outsiders. They employed several women and at least one man. These servants were reported to be from New York and sent back there if they

were discharged. Rumor was that they were paid with checks on a New York bank that didn't exist. He continues:

"Oh, he was quite a guy. He had about a hundred well bred horses, none of which he was ever known to sell. No cattle, and no apparent means of livelihood. When he first came west it was as the promoter, manager of a dredging company organized for the purpose of dredging gold from the Big Horn River in the Big Horn Canyon".

Wylie continues with the story, explaining that Berry had three large barges built of the finest materials, including hardwood floors and equipped to the last degree. One was equipped with a fine electric light plant, and the living quarters furnished with expensive eastern furniture, but no one ever saw any dredging equipment. After two years of building time the barges were floated down the Big Horn River and tied up near the location of what was later the Berry ranch. Few people lived in the area and Berry made sure no one came snooping around. He filed on his claim and had a fine house built. It had hardwood floors, light plant and expensive furniture. Berry later reported to his backers that the barges had broken loose, were wrecked and completely lost along with the safe containing the payroll. Wylie explains at this point that he couldn't vouch for the details as the story was told to him. There were a great many stories afloat about Berry and his various dealings with help and with others who chanced to cross him. He continues with the fact that one of Berry's servants was named Harry Berry (no relation) became acquainted with Roy Huntington when he stopped at the Huntington Ranch on his way to Lovell to get the doctor for G. W. who had broken his arm.

"And this is his story in part. The part I happen to know of. Harry had finished college. He wanted to come West. He answered an ad in a New York paper and that is how it all began. He wound up as sort of Valet for G. W. Harry stayed two years and never got to know a single person outside the Berry household. He was pleasant and efficient and G. W. grew to like him a lot.

One day G. W. was thrown from a horse and his arm was broken. Harry had become a pretty good horseman so he was sent for the doctor. He rode south on the trail to Crooked Creek. His horse was all a lather. Roy met him for he felt something was wrong. It was eleven miles from there to Lovell and Roy knew Harry's horse would never make the complete round trip back to the ranch. So he had Harry come in for a cup of coffee and a bite to eat while they caught him a fresh horse. The Huntingtons were very hospitable and assured Harry that they would have a bite for him and the doctor on the return trip. And they did.

Harry and Roy seemed to take an immediate liking to each other and it was Harry's first outside contact with any one in the West. This was very early spring for Berry's horse had fallen on the ice when he got his arm broken.

It was some time in July when Harry decided to leave Berry. He had tried to collect the money due him without saying he was leaving, for he like everyone else, knew the wrath that would fall on him if he should make such an announcement. So when he finally decided he could not get his pay, he like the Arab, "folded his tent and silently slipped away."

And so he turned up at Roy's place. That being the only person he knew, outside the Berry place and west of New York City. He didn't have a cent and only the clothes on his back and a very small bundle. Berry sent Claud in pursuit and of

course he found Harry, but Harry refused to go back to the ranch. Where upon Berry sent word that if either Harry or Roy ever showed up in the Dry head he would shoot them, one or both, on sight. They both knew this was no idle threat. The only thing was they both knew that the chances of meeting G. W. on the trail or anywhere except on his own ranch were slight indeed, except for an occasional trip to Billings, say once a year, he practically never left the ranch.

Later that summer when Roy heard of some of his horses that had been seen in the Dry head over north of Berrys, he took Harry and started to go after them.

Jim Wasson lived on the next creek north of Berrys. He was a friend of Huntingtons, in fact he had told Roy of these horses. Roy was pretty uneasy about going over there, but they planned to leave home late and they would pass the Berry ranch after dark thus avoiding even the remotest chance of meeting G. W. They would stay at Wassons and return the next night.

So it was about nine o'clock at night and they were well past Berrys. It was pitch dark and a terrific rain had started. Roy and Harry were plodding up the trail to a slight rise and just down the other side was the Wasson place. They were all humped up in their slickers when suddenly Roy's horse, a sorrel stallion, threw up his head and then nickered. The men heard horseshoes ring on the rocks of the trail ahead. Harry spoke first. He said "someone is coming". Then they waited and two men on horseback rode up. They pulled up but it was so dark and raining so hard that Harry and Roy could not make out anyone they knew. Roy said "Shostaday", a crow word meaning "where are you going". Not another word was spoken, but a forty-five barked in the night and a bullet whizzed past Roy's ear. Prince the stallion whirled and made tracks away from there but it was so dark that Harry and Roy got separated. Several more shots were fired in the dark but none came close to Roy. He left the trail and circled around and finally back to near where the shooting took place, but he could not find Harry. He was afraid to call for he didn't know where his assailants had gone.

And so after waiting in silence for a while Roy decided to make his way over to Wassons. He dared not follow the trail, or too close to it, for fear someone would be watching for him. So he cut over the ridge and there below him he could see Wasson's light. It had quit storming by now and clouds were breaking away and it was easier to see. Roy started for the light, but when it was still several hundred yards away he came to a fence. He knew the gate and trail had to be somewhere to his left, so keeping the fence posts in sight, he followed along for perhaps a half mile and finally ahead he saw the tall posts and the overhead bar marking the gate.

Then he stopped, for if anyone was going to lay for him this would be the place. Roy held his breath and listened. Not a sound. He waited and listened and still he heard nothing, yet he was so sure they would wait to waylay him here, that he dared not approach the gate. The light at Wassons went out and Roy knew they had gone to bed.

Finally Roy looked at his horse, and Prince was standing quietly, practically asleep, and Roy suddenly realized that there couldn't be any other horses near or Prince

would know it. He approached the gate opened it and went through without incident. It was midnight when Roy woke Jim and told him what had happened. They talked it over and decided they had better ride out to look for Harry. Jim slung his Thirty Three rifle on his horse and they took off.

Roy said "I'd have been here two hours sooner if I hadn't been afraid they were laying for me at the gate". Then he told Jim how he had come over the hill and hit the fence near the house, following it back to the gate and waiting there. In spite of the tension of the moment, Jim threw back his head and laughed and laughed."Hell" he said "there isn't any wire on that fence. I tore it off and rolled it up a year ago". "But the gate" said Roy, why was it closed if there wasn't any fence there". "Well" said Jim " I never figured that gate would stop any man or beast if the fence was down, so I just never bothered to do anything about it".

Wylie finishes the story by explaining that Roy and Jim not finding Harry after riding back to the top of the ridge, went back to await daylight. Harry was found at a ranch about five miles back on the trail the next day. When the shooting started, Harry 's horse bolted west and he found himself in rough country. His shod horse made a clatter on the rocks and the later shots were aimed at him. He was pursued into a dead-end and was rimmed in. He finally got out on foot. Harry and Roy returned home and found Harry's horse but no saddle. When Roy got home he went to see Wiley Sherwin and asked if he would go after the horses he had started for and to see if Wiley could find the saddle Harry had been riding. It was a brand new "Hamly" saddle. Wiley did find the saddle in the small canyon. He explains:

"Apparently they had caught Harry's horse soon after he let him and they had tripped him of his saddle and bridle. But it wasn't enough to set Harry afoot, which is the ultimate humiliation in the West, they cut the saddle and the bridle all to pieces with a sharp knife. Then they threw it in the bottom of the stream.

Roy swore out a Warrant for Berry's arrest and he was brought to trial. I was called as a witness to testify about the saddle. The trial was held in Red Lodge and lasted for several days, ending in acquittal which was inevitable. Neither Harry or Roy could possibly identify their assailants as they didn't speak and it was too dark to see. Berry was too smart to be trapped into any sort of admission."

These references to Roy by Wylie Sherwin illustrate the character of a man who lived the life of a true "Western Gentleman". He was an important figure in the Huntington and Sherwin families. He helped various members of the Huntington family, particularly Cecil and his children. When Cecil moved to the Crooked Creek area, he apparently lived on the northern section of Roy's property. When Cecil's daughter Mildred married Wylie Sherwin in July of 1915, she traveled to Powell where Roy and Mattie were living, to have Mattie help her with her wedding dress.

On April 12, 1926, J. Roy received his Homestead Certificate of 101¹/₁₀₀ acres in Section 3, T54NR 106W and portions of Section 34, T55N R106W, on Paint Creek, signed by President Calvin Coolidge. The same year Cecil J. and Eva Huntington sold property to Roy's son Harry H.

In 1928, and 1929, property was purchased in the Town of Cody in Mattie E. Huntington's name. The location of this property is Lots 9,10, and 11 in Block 3; and Lot 11 in Block 2.

In 1930, J. Roy and Mattie E. purchased more property in Park County, and later that year filed a Warranty Deed giving half interest to their son Harry Hyatt Huntington. This may have been when they moved to the West Coast. They lived at Long Beach, California, until the 1940's. Their niece Dorothy Huntington remembers that they had a Rooming House for several years in Long Beach.

No obituary for Roy was found in the Monterey newspaper. The death notice for Roy in the *Monterey Peninsula Herald* states that they had lived in Carmel, California for seven years at the time of his death. This death notice appeared in the newspaper on Monday, February 19th, 1951. Unfortunately, his name was mis-spelled Ray.

HUNTINGTON--John Ray Huntington, February 15, 1951. Age 75 years. Native of Iowa. Resident of Carmel for the past 7 years. Husband of Mattie Huntington of Carmel. Father of Harry H. Huntington of China Lake, Calif. Brother of Hallam Huntington of Montague, Calif. Cecil J. Huntington of Warren, Arizona, and H. M. Huntington of San Diego. services will be held Tuesday, February 20, 1951, at 2 p.m. in the Paul Mortuary. Carmel Masonic Lodge No. 680 officiating. Interment Monterey City Cemetery. Paul Mortuary in charge of funeral arrangements.

Roy was evidently active in the Masonic Lodge as both he and Mattie are buried in the Masonic Section of the Monterey Cemetery.

The following Card of Thanks appeared in the *Monterey Peninsula Herald*:

TO THE BROTHERS of Carmel Lodge No. 680 F & A M and the good neighbors who have given such wonderful assistance during the illness and passing of our loved one--we give our heartfelt thanks and appreciation.

**MRS. J. ROY HUNTINGTON
HARRY H. HUNTINGTON**

Mattie died April 28, 1959. Her obituary appeared the same day in the *Monterey Peninsula Herald*.

Mrs. Huntington

Mrs. Martha (Mattie) Elissa Huntington, 86, died this morning in a Salinas hospital after a long period of failing health.

She had made her home with her son, Harry Hyatt Huntington, at 1759 Laguna St., Seaside, since the death in 1951 of her husband, John R. Huntington.

She was born March 12, 1873, in Denver, Colo. and her marriage to her late husband took place there March 9, 1898. Before Mr. and Mrs. Huntington

moved to Seaside 10 years ago, they lived in Long Beach after engaging in the cattle business for many years in Sheridan, Wyo.

Mrs. Huntington was a long time member of the Powell, Wyo., Order of Eastern Star.

In addition to her son, she leaves three granddaughters, Mrs. Gloria Dickinson, of Seattle, Mrs. Ray Nelson of Powell, Wyo., and Miss Patty Huntington of Carmel.

Private services will be held at 10:30 a.m. Thursday in the Paul Funeral Chapel with Chaplain John R. Wright officiating. Burial will take place in the Masonic section of Cementerio El Encinal.

DESCENDANTS

I. Harry Hyatt Huntington

Information from page 275 *Huntington Genealogical Memoir 1st Supplement 1962.*

Harry Hyatt Huntington 1.3.4.2.7.1.7.3.4.1.

Harry Hyatt Huntington, born January 18, 1899, married July 3, 1924, Cody, Wyo., Gloria Frink. he is a rancher at Painter, Wyo.

Additional information page 403 *Huntington Genealogical memoir 2nd Supplement 1987.*

Harry Hyatt Huntington, born Jan. 18, 1899...He and Gloria (Frink) were divorced and he married, (2) Dec. 3, 1955 at Las Vegas, NV, Zulmira Mello. She was born Aug. 1, 1901 in the Azores, daughter of Joseph and Amelia (Pinero) Mello. He is a veteran of World War I. he graduated from Palmer College, 1935 as a Doctor of Chiropractic.

CHILDREN

1. Gloria, born Oct. 20, 1925 in Billings, MT; married a Dickinson.

2. Donna Collette, born in 1937 in Farmington, NM; married a Nelson.
3. Patricia M., born in 1956 in Carmel, CA.

There was one, possibly there were two other marriages not mentioned in the Huntington publications. According to Ted Sherwin and Nina Sherwin, Harry H. and his wife Elaine Neville, were in an informal partnership with his father, Wylie Sherwin at the Trail Shop on the North Fork about 1929. This arrangement did not work out and they parted company after the first summer. Harry H. later was divorced from Elaine Neville, who then married Willard Rhoades. Willard and Elaine lived at Rattlesnake Creek, North Fork, and were good friends of Wylie and Nina Sherwin and Ted and Francine Huntington. Harry probably had a Chiropractic practice in Farmington, New Mexico. It is not known if he was a Chiropractor in Wyoming. According to Nina Sherwin and my brother Burt Huntington, Harry was a Highway Patrolman in California. Burt remembers that on a visit to our home in Lovell, Wyoming, Harry wore a CHP uniform and carried a gun.

Information from the Social Security Death record shows that Harry died in March, 1987. At this time his address is listed as 95255 West Point, Calaveras, CA. In 1998, Donna Redman of Laurel, Montana, called me to ask if we could be related. Her mother had been divorced from "Mr. Huntington", and she never wanted to speak about him with Donna. We deduced that she is the second daughter of Harry Hyatt Huntington, and she became quite emotional when she learned she had two sisters. I sent her a packet of information, but have not received any additional word from her.