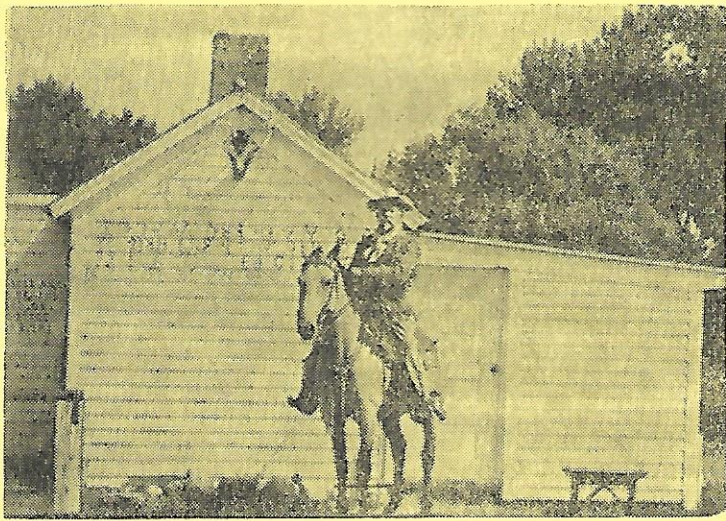


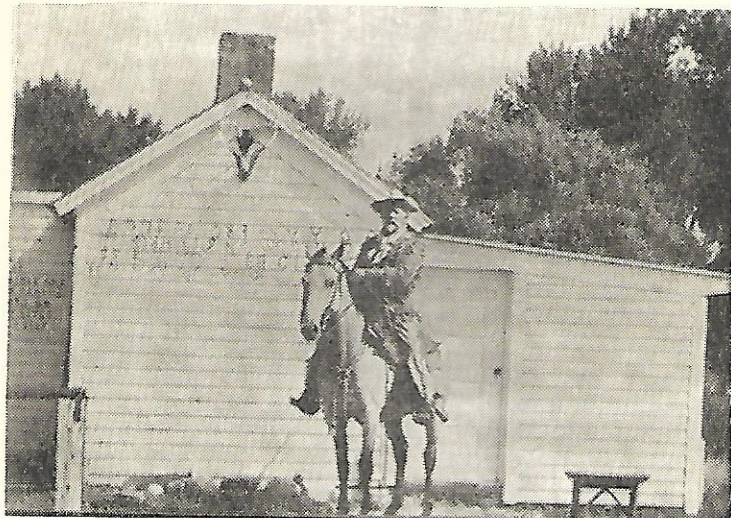


SPARKS FROM MANY CAMP FIRES



Earle R. Hubbard

SPARKS FROM MANY CAMP FIRES



Earle R. Hubbard on Elko in front of the
Hubbard Museum (1955)

Earle R. Hubbard

Earle R. Hubbard, a Clark county pioneer of the Raymond community in South Dakota, passed away April 7, 1959 just prior to the publishing of this book. He would have been 79 years of age on August 7 of 1959. Mr. Hubbard especially enjoyed recalling the early days of the locality. He did much to preserve the history of the community through booklets such as this and a museum that he operated on his farm.

Several weeks prior to his death, he took the material for this booklet to the printer. At the time he stated that he wasn't in a big rush for the book, but that he would like to see a copy before he died. This was a deadline that the printer failed to make.

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Mrs. Earle R. Hubbard
Clark, S. Dak.

COPY OF DIARY OF CHAUNCEY B. HUBBARD



Author of Diary

March 14th 1850, Started from York, Ohio for California, stayed in Medina first night. 15th, Left Medina at one in the morning and did not get a boat until 11 o'clock in the evening, took the steamer, "Canada". 16th, Arrived in Detroit, stopped at the Arbor House, with several real old gold diggers that came on the same boat, the sight of their gold raised my pulse I am certain. They say, "If a man is steady and industrious he will hardly fail of doing well". Laid by all day, got on board the cars at 5 p. m., arrived in New Buffalo, Mich. the 17th, at 6 a. m. Got on board the, "Detroit" immediately, arrived in Chicago 11:30 p. m. and shall have to wait until tomorrow for conveyance out. 18th, Ran around town until the cars went out at 2 p. m. got into Aurora, at 11 in the evening. 19th. Had a very rough time in stage left Little Rock at 8 o'clock in the morning, arrived in Dixon at 8 in the evening, had a tremendous time in the stage. 20th, Started from Dixon at 4 in the morning, got home at noon, found the Folks well. 21st, Saw a company of Morrison men start for California. I stayed at home until the 30th, when I started again.

Got on board the "Yankee" in the evening bound for St. Louis, April 1st, have a grand view of the "Father of Rivers", see some pretty towns, Moline, Rock Island, and Davenport, run into several rocks, some of which gave us a smart leak, which gave employment to the pumps, but we still keep on our way. Had to wait at the head of the rapids 12 or 14 hours for the wind to go down so that we could see to shun the rocks, but we have got over in safety, we rubbed the bottom several times pretty hard, but did not get fast. 2nd, Still floating down the river, so are we floating down the stream of life, and sooner or later we must be launched into the ocean of Eternity, yet how few prepare voyage. It is raining quite briskly this afternoon, vegetation has started some considerable here, when now at Lyndon not a green thing is to be seen except the lots of Californians that are constantly passing.

April 3rd, Arrived in St. Louis early in the morning, found it much larger than I had expected, great deal of business done here. There is probably a hundred steam boats here all the time, one leaves another comes in. 4th and 5th, We are in St. Louis yet but shall leave tonight on the "Mary Blainegood", I am tired of the city.

6th, Here we are this morning on the Missouri River, it is not so pleasant a stream as the Mississippi. It is very muddy water, but dip it up and let it settle and it is beautiful tasting water. It is a dangerous stream to navigate. 7th, Making slow headway against the current. 8th, Still nothing of importance, the same puffing and snorting and the same snail gait. 9th, Nothing of importance occurred until evening, when a

most deplorable accident happened. A man fell over board and no efforts could avail to save him, he was from Canton, Ohio. I am told he leaves a family, he was bound for California. 10th, Nothing of note occurred. 11th, Still snailing up the river, passed Independence landing, the Fort and village are back from the river about 3 miles.

12th, Got snagged early this morning and damaged one wheel, took all the forenoon to repair it. Passed Fort Leavenworth this p. m. It is the most beautiful location I have seen on this river. 13th, This is the last day we shall have to spend on this boat, I trust we shall arrive in St. Joseph sometime, no hard luck. Tiresome as the river voyage has been, we have seen some wild scenery, enough to satisfy less daring spirits than Californians, high and rocky bluffs towering hundreds of feet above the river have we seen, but there are higher and more rocky ones ahead and more difficult. So we will go onward and never pause until we have encountered and overcome them and seen the Elephant, (as the saying is). Got into St. Joseph about 4 o'clock p. m. Saw Mr. Bates at the landing, (the last man I expected to see start for California), he took me up to where my company was camped, they had about given up my coming. They had sad news for me, one of our company had died, (Thophilus Fenis), he died the 6th of April of Cholera or something near it. They had gotten a small tent up at the camp ground. 14th, This is Sunday, but not a day of rest, there is as much hustle in town as any day in the week very near. 15th, How our old friends in York or Medina would like to see their respective company grouped around the camp fire, especially if they knew that we considered ourselves comfortable. 16th, Today we catch it, it rains most beautifully and cold enough to freeze what blood there might be in a brass Indian. Whoop Hurrah! this is getting an insight into California life with a vengeance. It rained all day and the wind blew little less than a hurricane. May such days be scarce between here and the diggings.

17th, We pulled up stakes today, and have moved 5 or 6 miles up the river to Duncans Ferry, and shall cross as soon as possible. We have the fine fortune to get into a good log house. Here are the Liverpool Boys with their company, making a family of 10 in about as many feet of space, but we have a good stoop on 2 sides to put things under and we are comfortable to say the least of it. 18th, We shall have to stay here today, the river is so high we can not get over, but if we could get feed for our oxen, I should rather stay here than go over, the feed is better on the other side. Contrary to our expectations, we got over this P. M. It is rather dangerous crossing when the river is so high, but we had good luck. 19th, Moved where we shall remain until we leave for the promised land. 20th, Wrote a letter to Wm. McMicken. 21st, Wrote a letter to Father, it is Sunday.

22nd, Watching the cattle in the rushes today. The rushes are very rank and as thick as they can stand, the oxen eat them tolerable well, some of the rushes are as high as my shoulders. I hope we shall not have to stay here much longer for I am tired of the inaction. Wish we could coax the grass out of the ground some way, but that we do not understand, so it must take its own time "Miss Lucy". 23rd, Watching the oxen again today, but do not go to the rushes today. We think they do not do so well on them as they do on grass, but we have not tried the rushes but one day. People say that cattle will eat them better when they get used to them.

24th, Went to town again today, just the same hustle there yet. Emigrants do not thin out much yet, trade is very lively now, but in three or four weeks it will be rather dull I think. 25th, Watching cattle again this a. m. It is not hard work but it is like watching a gap in the fence, monotonous steady work, but it will not do to let cattle get out of sight here for we might hunt a week and then not find them, there is so much brush, woods and weeds. Washed this P. M. made it go like a house afire, quite a washer, if I can wash gold as well I will be satisfied.

26th, Stood on watch again this A. M. and in the P. M. Tried using the needle, did not make it go quite as handy as washing, but guess I can learn. I have sewed up holes in my coat, it is not quite as nice as a Schoolmam would do it. 27th, Went to town today. We have made arrangements to take Ebe Manning and Henry Dickenson. Bought the Medina wagon and three yoke more of steers. Sunday 28th, Wrote a letter to Benselves, to send by Mr. Bates.

29th, We have at length got started for the plains, started about noon today, went 12 miles and camped, did not get to the camp ground until after dark. Had a beautiful time of it, it smelt a little like going to California. 30th, Got under way in good season, went about 12 miles and stopped for the night, we are 2 miles from the Indian Station Agent, it looks quite civilized around. Two large farms that I saw, do not know how many more if any. They have a Seminary here to, but I have not seen any Indians that looked very civilized and I have seen a good many. There was a grave near where we camped, suppose it was an emigrant that died last season. We call the creek, "Fish Creek".

May 1st, Under way again, been out of sight of timber some of the time. Today we have seen some of the most extended prairie that ever lay out doors, broad and extensive prairies stretching as far as the eye can see and rolling enough to be constantly presenting new sights to the eye, it is one of the most beautiful scenes in nature. We have passed 3 or 4 dead horses today, but they were mostly devoured by wolves, it does not take them long to eat up a horse. We have camped 12 miles from last night's home on what we call, Elk Horn Spring. There were fifty pack and saddle horses just passed. We have been in company with two other wagons today, they have three women with them, they want to keep in company with us, they have three babies.

2nd, Traveled 10 miles and camped on Stoney Creek at noon. It rained like suds all the P. M. 3rd, Drove 13 miles and halted for the night at Pleasant Grove. 4th, Moved 15 miles and camped on the Nemihaw, we have passed 3 dead horses today. Our old horse got bit by a rattle snake on the nose when feeding, it swelled a little.

Sunday May 5th, lay by on the Nemihaw. While we are setting around reading or watching cattle, our good friends in York and Lyndon are attending Church as good people should. Wonder if they ever think or pray for us, I suppose they think we are as sober and solemn as Deacons, but they labor under a mistake, no men ever appeared to enjoy themselves better than we do most of the time. It is true we miss many of the advantages and conveniences that we had at home, but then what signifies all that we are not the men to put the hand to the plough and turn back. We hope once again to be in the circle of our friends and enjoy the

same privileges they do. Wright and Dickerman came up this evening, they intend to keep with us all the way.

6th, Drove 20 miles today and camped on Rainy Creek, it commenced raining early in the evening and rained all night, Henry and I had to roll out at midnight on guard. I say, we came near seeing the elephant, it snowed and rained all the after part of the night and Miles and John A. said it did not do any thing else the fore part, well to say the least it was tedious, but this is nothing.

7th, Drove 5 miles and camped on Carion Creek, there are 3 dead horses here. Our cows ran away last night, and Mr. McIntire rode after them, he had to go 4 miles and found them. He saw some men that had just left a new milk cow, they said, they could not bother to get her along and told him he might have her, if he would go after her, he went two miles farther back and found her. She is a first rate looking cow. Mc. has just come up with us.

8th, Drove 15 miles and forded the Big Blue and encamped on a branch of the same. Here we got in company with 15 wagons and 17 men from Akron, Ohio. We number now 36 men and 3 women, enough to whip a good herd of Indians or pork and beans at least. 9th, Lay on our oars today. 10th, Do the same today. 11th, Ditoo. 12th, Sunday, none of us attend church today. Here we lay at Dairy Grove, we call it so because Uncle Wm. made a little butter to put it on some fish, it is the same place however, where we camped 3 days ago.

13th, On the move again, went 10 miles and camped on Duck Creek. 14th, Moved on once more, drove 22 miles and halted about 1 mile west of Covee Spring. We had quite an excitement this morning, by the teams getting frightened in the train. There were six teams and wagons under sail at once, they ran well I say, but as good luck would have it, no serious damage was done. One team ran down a right smart bank with the wagon, but did not break it.

15, Rolled on 10 miles and camped near Turkey Creek, had to go a mile or more for grass, it is rather slow getting along. 16th, Moved 12 miles and camped near the Little Blue, we crossed a fork of the Big Sandy, and since then we have been in different country, it is very sandy and the wind has been blowing a gale which has filled the air with clouds of sand, rendering it almost impossible to stand it in some places, but this is nothing, we have worse ahead, so goes it, the feed is very poor here.

17th, Drove 12 miles and halted for the night on the Dry Sandy, it is the dry bed of a creek, it does not run now, but there is places where water can be obtained such as it is. 18th, Moved 15 miles and put up on the Little Blue, intend to remain over Sunday but feed is anything but good here. We are moving in buffalo country, there were two or three killed yesterday by people ahead. I hope I can have the luck to kill one. I went out after we got camped, but did not see a sight of one, but I saw 9 antelope, one large deer or elk, do not know which and a prairie wolf but they were all very shy, to much so for me.

19th, Sunday, lay by today. 20th, Moved up the valley of the Little Blue about 20 miles and on the same river we have seen some beautiful land today. It rained last night pretty hard and now we hope for grass. 21st, Drove 16 miles and camped on the prairie about 2 miles from

the river, our course has been up the valley today. We have seen 8 buffalo, John (Penn) Orrin and myself had a chase after them but did not kill any. 22nd, Traveled 15 miles on the upland, we have not been on the Blue since last night, we camped without wood or water. 23rd, Moved 18 miles and camped on the Platte, it is a muddy stream like the Missouri. We had some buffalo steak, it was a two year old heifer, it is good flavored meat.

24th, Passed Fort Kerney today, it is right out on the prairie, the barracks are made of mud or sod, there were no frame houses there. We traveled 20 miles and camped on the Platte, it is so shallow that it can be racks are made of mud or sod, there were no frame houses there. We traveled 20 miles and camped on the Platte, it is so shallow that it can be waded. 25th, Marched 20 miles, laid up for Sunday, 2 miles west of Plum Creek, on the river. We keep the valley of the river some ways yet, feed is pretty good on this river so far. 26th, Lay by, there has been teams passing constantly today. 27th, We had a tremendous thunder storm last night, it was equal to anything that I ever witnessed, I was on guard. We moved 20 miles today and camped where we have to use buffalo chips, it is on the bank of the river. It is the coldest night that I ever saw for the time of year and no wood to burn.

28th, Moved on 20 miles to camp, nothing of importance, it is the same level bottom bound in by the same high sandy bluffs that we have seen all along the Platte. 29th, Advanced 20 miles on the road, we found a good spring a mile or so from the road, will call it Buffalo Spring, there has been thousands of buffalos on this bottom, some time but they keep back out of sight among the hills, because there are so many emigrants passing, they could take no comfort if they were in sight.

30th, I went on a hunting excursion, saw a good many antelope and wolves, but could not kill any. The country back of the bluffs is hilly and sandy. The teams advanced 23 miles and camped on the river as usual, we are on the south fork now. 31st, We are still plodding along up the valley. We saw a buffalo chase today, and joined in it in time to get a good piece of meat. The feed for the cattle is very poor. We have driven 25 miles, we made use of buffalo chips for fuel, it smells rich burning.

June 1, Traveled 12 miles, we have now got to cross the south fork of the Platte. We crossed over and camped near the ford, it is a beautiful sight, over the bottom is sandy and the oxen and wagons sink into it enough to make it very hard. It is over one-half mile wide here but by driving in the right place, the water will not come in the wagon box. Sunday, June 2nd, From across from the south fork to the north it is called 29 miles and according to that we drove 25 miles. We camped near what is called, "Castle Bluffs", they present an imposing view. They are very rocky and high in many places. There is one place where the bluff is washed away and left it for a little distance, leaving a tall column of clay colored rock, it is large at the base and keeps deminishing until at the top it is no more than 18 inches wide and 10 feet long, it is probably 100 feet high (none of us ascended to the top).

June 3rd, We have traveled slowly today, the road is very sandy. We passed two Indian encampments, they belong to the Sioux tribe, they are as good looking Indians as I ever saw. We made 10 miles today and camped near the river, we halted in a hurry for there was a thunder storm

arriving, the cattle had time to get half a mile from camp, where lightning killed three of them, one belonged to Wright and Co. and two to Lockwood and Co. It knocked three of the boys down that were watching the cattle. 4th, We drove 20 miles and camped on the river again, we passed one rather Indian town, the citizens are very friendly.

5th, We passed another small village today, we drove 20 miles and camped opposite the Church or Court House. We have seen alkali enough



**Earle R. Hubbard on Bonnie and
Adon H. Humphrey on Tanglefoot.
Both good race and show
horses. 1917**

on this fork, some quite large ponds are strong lye, it appears to be in the soil all the way on this bottom, in some places it looks like bleached ashes. On the other fork, there seemed to be a good deal of saltpeter in the soil. Both forks resemble each other, both shallow, wide and very riley, the bottom is quick sand. The road is very heavy most of the way so far. 6th, Several of us took a trip up to the Church, it is a tall rock perhaps 200 feet high, but from its appearance it is yearly washed away. We visited Chimney also, it is the same material and looks very much like a chimney, its height is about the same as the

Church, it stands on a large base and gradually tapers up until within 40 or 50 feet when it becomes perpendicular and runs up in a spiral form resembling what it is called, it is not as tall probably now as when Col. Fremont saw it. It can be seen at a great distance, we camped 6 or 7 miles from it. We have driven about 20 miles today.

7th, Drove 26 miles and camped at Scotts Bluff Spring, its called 19 miles from Chimney Rock to Scotts Bluff and 33 miles to the spring. There is an Indian village here and several white men near neighbors to us tonight. Two of the Frenchmen have been among the Indians a good many years. 8th, Its 12 miles from last night's camp to Horse Creek, we drove about 8 miles farther and camped on the river making 20 miles. We could see some of the Rocky Mountains from the top of the bluff where our last night's home was. We have had a peep from the road today into the bargain they are at a great distance yet though. 9th, Sunday lay by and I wrote a letter home. 10th, On the move again, moved about 22 miles and camped on the river.

11th, Passed Fort Laramie. We had a hard but short shower of rain and hail. We drove 18 miles and camped without water. 12th, Drove 22 miles and encamped without water, but we got some about midnight for it rained and hailed to beat every thing in the hail line that I ever saw. Stones fell as large as hens eggs and in some places they were several inches thick on the ground in the morning. 13th, We have had a rough road today ever since we got in the vicinity of Heber Spring, there has been a good many cobble stones in the road besides being very gravelly,

We had a hard hill to ascend soon after leaving the spring, we drove 10 miles and camped on the prairie near a spring. 14th, Drove 20 miles over hills of gravel and we passed over a volcanic country. The sand is as red as brick, there is lava to be seen also.

15th, Drove 22 miles and camped on the Platte again, we have not been on the river for over 80 miles. We have not had very good feed this week. Sunday 16th, Drove from the river to Deer Creek, a distance of 5 miles on account of poor feed on the river, we found better on the creek. We attended a five o'clock prayer meeting a short distance from our camp, it's the first religious meeting I have attended since I left Lyndon. 17th, Lay today on account of Mr. Barnett being sick.

18th, Do not start until tomorrow, the sick man is better, we can not ferry until then it is so thronged. We have been out on a hunting excursion, quite a number of our company and it resulted in our killing two elk, one deer and a mountain sheep. We had some of the sheep and elk for supper. It was super fine, no mistake. Since supper two more of our men have come in, they came in contact with an old she bear with two cubs, they gave her battle and she did them. She took Philo P. Fenn down and scratched him a little and left. The other man took leg bail until the danger was over and then he went to the rescue. One more deer has been brought in. 19th, Lay by today again, went out hunting bear, but none were killed although several were seen.

20th, On our way again today, we have concluded to go to the upper ferry 28 miles from the creek, drove 21 miles and camped on a small creek, feed poor. 21st, Drove to the ferry and had our wagons taken over at the moderate price of \$5.00 per wagon and \$1.00 for a horse. We swam the cattle, it is a dangerous stream the current is very rapid, but we crossed without accident. But in a few minutes after we crossed, there was a man drowned in getting his cattle over. He left a wife and three small children, he had them along with him. He was a minister of some kind, had other relatives along that probably will do all they can for his family. The children are coming down with the measles. We left the river just before night and drove 8 miles and camped on the sage plains, 3 miles east of the Salaratus Spring.

22nd, Drove 18 miles over the most desolate country I ever saw, nothing but sand, wild sage and alkali water, we have not had any grass yet today and are obliged to camp at Willow Spring, where cattle would starve if they had nothing to do, we drove 18 miles. 23rd, Sunday, drove all day to get to grass soon as possible, we have found it a little better but it is poor here. We passed several salaratus lakes, one where a wagon load could be shoveled up in a few minutes, we saw some ponds that had dried down to substance that tastes like saltpeter. We drove 21 miles and camped on Sweet Water River.

24th, John, Allen Chapman, Bishop Rowly, H. Dickerman and myself try packing today, we are going on to Salt Lake, we have 4 horses, have come 30 miles and camped near the river. 25th, Steamed it through today after our half night of rain, if we did sit up most all night 30 miles and camped out on the plains, 5 miles from the river without water, we made use of the wild sage for fuel. We have been in sight of snow on the mountains for several days, there is plenty of it to be seen. We passed the Ice Spring today, where ice can be found any

where in its vicinity, two feet below the surface of the ground. 26th, Traveled 30 miles and camped on a branch of the Sweet Water.

27th, Moved on again and crossed the dividing ridge of the mountains, traveled 31 miles and camped on the Dry Sandy, feed very poor. There has been snow close to the road along where we have passed as much as 10 feet deep where it drifted into the ravines and probably remains the year around. 28th, Moved on today at a good rate with the mountains behind us, traveled 39 miles and camped on the Big Sandy, it is a rapid river about 8 rods wide. 29th, Crossed the Green River, there are two ferries, it is a deep rapid stream, 16 rods in width, we had our packs ferried and ourselves for one dollar, we swam the horses without difficulty a little above the ferry. We drove 18 miles and camped 3 miles from the river, on the 15 mile pull without water, we got along very well. 30th, Sunday, nothing of importance occurred, drove 32 miles and camped on a branch of Black's Fork.

July 1st, Traveled 30 miles on a road, we have no guide, for which is very unpleasant because we do not know when we leave one creek and how far it is to another. We have begun to tease a little on the last 100 miles between us and the City of the Lakes. We camped on Muddy Fork tonight. 2nd, Moved on again, crossed Bear River, it is rather dangerous crossing and required coolness and care. There was a wagon upset and its contents washed down stream and lost and a pack train got into trouble, some of them got their packs wet and lost one horse. But we came over without difficulty so much for the 2nd, we drove about 30 miles and camped on Yellow Creek, with good grass for our animals and a fine place for ourselves.

3rd, On the move once more, we have passed down a ravine with high bluffs towering above our heads for a hundred and fifty feet or more and presenting a singular appearance, they look as though they had been burned in a kiln. They are as red as bricks, it was no doubt done through the agency of volcanoes. We have seen a good deal of such land on both sides of the mountains. We passed through the Echo Valley this afternoon, bluffs from 4 to 5 hundred feet high, there are some grand sights to be seen in the 20 miles. We came 28 miles and camped on the red fork of the Weber River.

4th, Once more the anniversary of our country's birth has come around but how different are our circumstances from what they always have been in times gone by until now. We could have the privilege of joining in the joys and festivities of the day, but now we must content to do without the society of the young, fair and gay and plod along the weary road where we can not hear an instructive oration or the joyous roaring of cannon, but we can hear the wild mountain stream roar as it dashes on over its rocky bed and look around about and see numerous mountains on every side raising their snow capped heads toward Heaven, giving the weary traveler new and romantic sights every hour and telling him of what a great and glorious country he belongs to and then the mind returns home and we fancy our friends think of the pilgrims and wish we could join with them in the social and family circle and spend a few short hours, if no more in their society and may that wish be gratified without disappointment before two more birthdays of my Country and myself (who has the honor to claim the same day in the year as it for my birth), shall have passed away.

5th, Passed through the most horrible sand since we left the old road that I ever saw, hills, rocks and canyons, sloughs and creeks have obstructed the way but today we have emerged into the valley of the Great Salt Lake. 6th, Spent the day in running about town, shall not say anything about it until I am a little better informed.

7th, Sunday, attended Church at the bowery, it is constructed of brick dried by the sun, they have not wood plenty enough to burn them. The building is perhaps 60 by 120 feet and was filled to overflowing, heard some strange voices and doctrines advanced. They style themselves Latter Day Saints, and say they are the only people that will be saved, they are not very strict about their language, men, women and children come as near swearing as they can and not, damn and devil are common expressions for them. They are very particular about what the emigrants say, I heard they fined one man \$25.00 for saying, "The damn Mormons," and they collect enormous fines for little trifling offenses, such as splitting a little piece of board or taking a piece out of a wagon box to make a pack saddle, that an emigrant had left, but a Mormon had seen and claimed it so they took \$45.00 from him. They are very exorbitant in their prices for everything they have to sell, they are very saucy and come pretty near defying the world.

We had to pay \$1.00 a day for board and rather poor at that, but it made our good landlady stare to see what excellent appetites her emigrant boarders had. We worked some at from one to four dollars per day. We have engaged ten acres of wheat to harvest at one and one-half bushels per acre. The rest of our company came in on the 13th, the teams looked much better than I expected.

On the 14th, we all or a number of us rather, attended Church, their Prophet or President gave them their orders about selling wheat so low and threatened them hard about it, so they raised from 5 to 8 dollars per bushel by Monday morning. But ours we have secured, we harvested it by Wednesday, and they threshed it out by Saturday, so we took it to the mill that day but cannot have our grinding until Monday.

22nd, This valley is perhaps 25 by 40 miles square, they have settlements in two other valleys and number 12 or 14 thousand inhabitants, they expect a large emigration in this season. Their city is laid out in 2 and a $\frac{1}{2}$ acre lots so every man has a large garden. In the city, there are numerous little streams running through the city brought from the city creek in small canals so that they can let water onto every garden which they have to do to all their crops in order to raise anything, for it seldom rains here in the summer. It is very beautiful to see an artificial creek running through or parallel with every street in a city to, let alone the convenience. But this is not the only convenient arrangement, a man has the privilege of having as many wives as he can support, from 1 to 20. There are some nice folks here but I believe their leaders are rascals, imposters and hypocrites. They are very much opposed to our going via Hastings cut off which we have decided upon. Brigham Young said in his discourse that if we all wanted to perish and go to hell to go this way, (we cut off I suppose 150 miles) they say the desert is so mirey we shall go down and rise no more. We suppose their reason is because in that way they went out to California in the spring and they do not want our teams to eat up the grass and they want us to cross their ferries at \$5.00 per wagon, there are several of them.

23rd, We are on the move today, around the end of the lake, camped at some brackish spring 20 miles from the Jordan. We had a view



Lee R. Hubbard on Trigger, Earle R. Hubbard on Zipper and Wanda Walz on Champ, summer 1945

of the Great Salt Lake, it is very clear water and very salty, three barrels of water will make one of as beautiful salt as can be produced anywhere. 24th, Moved on 18 miles, camped 2 miles west of Willow Creek. 25th, Drove 18 miles and camped at some brackish spring at the foot of a mountain. 26th, Found fresh water 8 miles from last night's camp, we drove 20 miles and at the last watering place this side of the desert, it is

a little brackish, but goes tolerable well. We had a rainy night and did not sleep more than half of the night.

27th, Lay by until noon and moved forward, crossed a low mountain and came out to the desert, about 20 miles from the spring, there is a very steep hill to ascend and descend and then came the real desert, it was no doubt once a part of the lake, it is sand covered with a slight crust of salt, but a harder and prettier road I never saw, but if it should get wet much of it would be impassable. Stopped once in the night and a little grass, drove all night with this exception. Sunday morning 28th, Driving yet, got 40 miles to go and have come 40 miles, drove all day and the teams did not get through until the morning of the 29th, a little after sunrise well fagged out at that too.

Bishop and I came on with the cows and horses Sunday afternoon and got in in the evening well nigh done, we had not a mouthful to eat since morning and no water, I had some once after breakfast and it was scorching hot. The horses were nearly played out so we could ride but little but we met water coming out to relieve the emigrants and it was a relief sure, but we got safely in if we did see the elephant after all. The boys with the wagons had water so they did not suffer much from thirst.

29th, The wagons came in about sunrise, they left 3 of the cattle, the farthest one was about 7 miles out. I went out and met the teams early in the morning with what water I could carry and took some bran from the wagons and went out 6 miles and fed the cattle bran and water, as I came to them. I met some men who had drove the farthest one a mile, I worked them all along about 3 miles when one lay down again and I drove the others a piece farther and dropped another, the other one went in. John Biddle, I met coming out with grass and water, he got one in and the other within 2 miles, so Bishop and I went with more grass and water and about noon we had all of our livestock where they could get plenty of drink and food.

30th, We moved about a mile farther to get out of the scent of the dead horses, for many have kicked the bucket since they got in but scarcely a dead ox can be found. It is truly the hardest part of the road for man and beast, that I have seen yet for it is every inch of 80 miles from one watering place to the other and just as much desert about as any man wants to see. Our company gave \$8.00 for the purpose of sending water out to emigrants, there is as much as one hundred dollars raised and I do not know but more. It will make them rejoice, I know by experience. 31st, Lay by until most night, then moved out 3 or 4 miles.

August 1st, On the start early this morning, found a country destitute of grass and no water, until we got 25 miles and then it is so scarce that teams can get none and no feed, so on again, in 15 miles we found plenty of both necessities, we made 35 miles drive today and camped on Indian Creek. 2nd, Lay by today again. 3rd, Drove 18 miles and camped at some warm springs right on top of a ridge where cattle get mired, when in the hollow they are safe. Sunday 4th, Drove 15 miles and found water but it was so poor we rolled on again 15 miles farther and found water and grass, we cross a ridge of mountains every 8, 10, or 12 miles but the valleys are very barren, producing nothing but sage except at the watering places where it is abundant.

5th, Drove 16 miles and camped near some snowy mountains, which we suppose to be the Sierra Nevadas, we began to feel as though there was some prospect of getting through sometime this season now. We shall be a jolly crew when we do safely land on those golden shores and nothing to do but search for the evil root, but Oh! what a day of jubilee we shall have when we get back to our friends and homes with money enough to make us comfortable (if so be we are so fortunate). 6th, Drove 25 miles along the foot of the snowy mountains, and the edge of a most beautiful valley where there has been thousands of acres of splendid grass and numerous little streams coming down from the mountains and running into it making a most delightful place of it, red clover and red top is quite abundant here also. If timber was plentiful this would be paradise not to be equaled this side of the Missouri.

7th, Marched 20 miles and camped again in Mammoth Valley, it is about the same as yesterday, abounding in grass and elegant springs of water. 8th, Crossed the mountain into another valley, this is much inferior to the one we left, we drove 18 miles and camped on a small creek, where last night there was a lot of cattle driven off by the Indians, but were all recovered but six and three of them were found but mangled up so they could not be driven in, it is terrible the way they treat the stock they get in their possession. 9th, Traveled 20 miles and camped in the same valley we did last night. Mc, Rowby, Henry and myself gave three Indians a chase, we supposed they were the ones that drove off the stock, they sure took the wind and were soon out of sight.

10th, Struck a good sized creek in this same valley, caught some fine trout out of it. 11th, Sunday lay by until most night then started and drove 5 miles. 12th, Our creek has enlarged today, we have had a very bad road this afternoon, come down a narrow canyon, crossed the river as many as 24 times today besides driving in the creek or river nearly a mile, in all we drove 15 miles and camped on the river in

another valley, some of the road had been very sideling. Some of the way we find ourselves near the old road on Marys or Humbolts River, 280 miles from the sink. The snowy mountains we saw back were the Humbolt Mountains instead of the Nevadas. 13th, Drove 15 miles and camped on the river, tolerable good feed. 14th, Drove 22 miles and camped on the river.

15th, Drove 20 miles and camped on the river, we passed today, a notice stating that a man by the name of A. G. Shields had been killed by the Indians up 15 miles from the road while hunting cattle that they had driven off and we passed the grave of Ephrian Bowls, killed by the Indians in a fight, the particulars are not stated. They were killed but a few days ago. 16th, Traveled 20 miles and camped in a perfect meadow and on the bank of the river, where we can get plenty of dry willows to burn. 17th, Drove 25 miles down the river, nothing of note occurring. 18th, Drove 20 miles, road some of the way, being very dusty. We have not been to Church, although it has been Sunday.

19th, Drove 16 miles, feed not very good, the road had been very sandy some of the way today. 20th, Drove 15 miles, the road very sandy and heavy. 21st, Drove 20 miles, the road dusty but traveling as good as usual, feed good. 22nd, Drove 18 miles and camped where there is no feed, it has been growing thinner all day, cattle browse the willows some but it is hard fare. 23rd, Drove 20 miles, part of the way in the night with nothing but willows to eat (for the cattle). 24th, Started at 2 o'clock in the morning and drove 10 miles and baited and then hitched up and drove 2 miles farther and found good grass. We lay by the rest of the day, here is what is called the "Big Meadow" and is where emigrants take in grass to cross the desert.

Sunday 25th, Lay by until sundown and then started for the sink 20 miles, this Marys River is one of the seven wonders of the world, it spreads out in sloughs and loses itself in them and sinks finally. 26th, Started onto the desert at 2 o'clock P. M. and drove all night. 27th, Got out with one wagon about noon and left the other one 5 miles back, went back in the evening after it. It is almost incredible what an amount of property is left on this forty mile desert, two thousand head of cattle, horses and mules is a small estimate of the stock that lay dead and stinking along the road and hundreds would not be too high for the wagons left there. The last twelve miles is very heavy sand and almost impassable for wagons which is one reason they are left and many are left on account of the stock all giving out, making it impossible to get them through. But thanks to a good fortune, we got ours all along to the Salmon Trout or Carson River. Feed is very poor, it has all been gnawed down close to the ground by the stock ahead of us. We found flour from Sacramento for sale here at the moderate price of \$2.00 per pound and beef from 20 to 50 cents per pound. 28th, Drove 6 miles up the river, grass still short, the water is much better than the Humbolt. 29th, Drove 10 miles and camped where we got good feed. 30th, Lay by until 3 P. M. and then hitched up and drove 13 miles, 10 miles of it over a point of desert, the sand very deep and heavy. 31st, Drove 15 miles, feed not very good tonight.

Sunday, September 1st, Moved 12 miles. 2nd, Started off in a new style this morning, Messrs. Manning, Newings, Dickerman, Bishop, Bidle, Hakox and myself started for the diggings on foot, (Hakox has a

horse) we traveled 30 miles and camped at the Mormon Station. 3rd, Marched 27 miles and camped at the west end of a large canyon where for 4 or 5 miles is some most horrible road, almost impassable for pack mules, let alone wagons. Some most splendid sights are to be seen here too. Perpendicular walls of rock on either side for several hundred feet high presenting a most romantic view. 4th, Crossed the dividing ridge of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Passed up over very steep rocky places and over snow several feet deep where if teams had never been I should think it impossible for them to go. Here is where we get another sight of the elephant. Coming down on the west side on the packers cut off, we came to a small lake surrounded by mountains, pines, firs and poplars and as clear water as the world affords. I suppose that it is equal in scenery to the noted lakes of York State. We camped on the lake about 25 miles from our last night's quarters. 5th, Traveled about 22 miles and camped on Camp Creek. We have been hindered today by Mr. Manning, who has found to many groceries for his own good and our interest. 6th, The old gent has not come up yet this morning. We have been traveling for the last two or three days in a heavy timbered country. We have seen the largest pine trees that I ever dreamed of and any amount of them too. Mr. Manning came up with us just as we were ready to start. I traveled 33 miles and camped under a tree near Johnsons. I got separated from the rest of the boys and stay alone tonight, but as I have my own bedding I expect to rest as well as usual.

The above copy of the Diary was made between January 13th and the 18th of 1950. The book stopped here, following is a sketch of the doings of Chauncey B. (Dad) Hubbard on or near the Pacific Coast for the next twelve years.

After meeting up with his six companions the next morning, they journeyed on and soon hit the diggings on the American River, at a camp named, "Whisky Town", where they staked claims and started to pan for gold, soon the rest of their Ohio party pulled in with the wagons. They soon sold the oxen and wagons and bought the necessary stuff to work their claims and build their shanties. From two to four men lived in each shanty and they took turns of a week about doing the cooking.

Some days they made pretty good with the pans, then they bought lumber and built rockers, which were a lot faster but during the winter they were bothered with high water a lot. Grub and every tool, boots, both leather and rubber and every bit of clothing were very high priced as almost everything had been shipped in sail boats, clear around the Horn. So the boys did not make much clear money, so after a few months they got discouraged and started to split up, some going to other diggings, others working for other miners as wages were six dollars per day. Dad stayed on with his Uncle and a few more of the Ohio men for some time, then he went to Sacramento, where he worked for a while.

Then going by boat to San Francisco, where he got a job bossing a crew of Mexicans employed to shovel wet wheat, that had been salvaged from a ship that had gone down. This wheat had been dumped in the middle of a street, and had to be shoveled over and over until it could be used in a distillery.



Earle R. Hubbard with Mule and Cow at the first 4-H Fair in Clark

After the wheat shoveling job, he got a job in the distillery and worked at that for a long time. Back of the distillery there were several large, high round tanks or vats without covers, at the top there were plank walks across and between them. While he was employed there, a fellow worker either fell, staggered or was blown off the walk and drowned. They missed him and fished around in the tanks until they found the body and took it out. The whiskey in that tank sold at the same price as the other, even if it did have more body in it.

After he quit the distillery, he went back to his claim, batched and worked it alone. He would work all week then on Sunday, he would do the weeks washing and in the afternoon walk to town to one of the stores for groceries. One Sunday the store was open but no one around. He sat most of the afternoon and the owner did not show up so he went home, the next morning he made the trip back and found the store keeper there, and told him he had been there the day before. The merchant asked if he did not see what he wanted? Then told him after this to take what he wanted and mark it down on the slate that was there for that purpose. That was the beginning of self service.

Another job that Dad would do on Sunday, was mend his clothes. He rather liked the job and was pretty good with a needle. It came rather natural to him as his Mother was a tailoress by trade. One Sunday, he took two pair of worn pants, cut the leg off from one pair, took the back of that leg and faced the front of one leg of the other pair, then cut the other leg off and, 'Oh Gosh!' saw that he had cut a leg off from each pair. His mending was over for that day as he stuffed both pair in the stove.

Well, he was not doing too good and word was coming about the rich placer mining on the Fraser River in British Columbia, so he rounded up his Uncle and three other Ohio men and they took passage

on a sailing vessel from San Francisco for Vancouver, B. C. First, they must go way west to get into the trade winds before they could get north, they made fairly good time for a while, then they hit a calm and laid for two weeks like a dead duck. At last they got a breeze, hit the trade winds and made good time from there to Vancouver, which was their port of entry, where they got necessary papers. They bought a large bateau, tools, grub, tobacco and started up the Fraser a few miles, when they were hailed by a small gunboat anchored in mid-stream. There were several bateau loads of miners, which were called on board three at a time to have their papers checked.

After they got OKed, they went on up river for many miles until they came to some good looking bars and side streams, then started to pan and it showed pretty good so they staked their claims and stayed on for about two months, then got restless and pulled out as the river was too high for mining and the Indians were troublesome, so one man had to watch camp all the time.

The river was very swift and strewn with large boulders and they were heavily loaded so it was very hard to handle the bateau and soon it capsized. They all hung on until they came abreast of a big boulder with water boiling all around it so that any man in his right mind would know that he could not get on it and if he did he would be marooned in the middle of the river. But one man let go of the boat, headed for it and was never seen again. One man said, "There poor Paine has gone." Dad said, "Yes, and if we're not careful we will all be gone." At that they all became so excited that Dad had all he could do to calm them down. He looked over on the bank where there were about a dozen Indians yelling and running along, but they could not keep up with them. After a while the river made a bend that threw them over to the bank so they pulled out, righted the bateau, built a fire to dry themselves and cargo. They had everything secured in the boat as they thought they were liable to get upset, but their flour was all wet. The Indians never showed up so they stayed there the rest of that day and all night, thinking that the body of the drowned man might be washed ashore on that bend the same as they were.

The next morning they resumed their journey to the mouth of the river, then sneaked along the shore of the Strait of Georgia until they came to the little town of Whatcom (which was later renamed Bellingham, Washington). They stayed there for some time, cutting logs and building log houses. While there they went out to Orcas Island and Dad shot fourteen deer there, brought them back in their bateau and sold the meat at Whatcom.

Soon after that a sailing vessel touched there and they all took passage back to San Francisco. Then back to the diggings. This was the fall of 1852, and Dad's younger brother Levi, having just arrived from Illinois, joined the Ohio men, making nine in all in the company. They went to French Creek, a tributary of the American River, they built flumes and ditches and mined on a tolerable large scale for about a year until that petered out and the company busted up. Dad's uncle and some of the others went back to Ohio.

Dad and his brother went down in the San Jacquin Valley and got jobs as cow hands on the Crook and Dunn Ranch, that is where the

Mexican Vaqueros hung the name of "Chono (for Chauncey) on Dad. They stayed on there for a long time, learning Spanish and the use of the reata, taking part in fandangos, fiestas and the performances that were held at the end of each rodeo, (cattle round-up.)

After they tired of that life, they went back to mining near Placerville, some time later the Brothers pulled up stakes, as they called it, and went to the Klamath River, not far from Yreka and always in sight of Shasta Butte (Mt. Shasta). They stayed there a long time and did pretty well, but the Indians were plenty tough. One day while Dad was in Yreka, he bought a cap pistol and some caps. The next Sunday quite a bunch of miners got together and went out in the timber some distance from camp and met up with a bunch of Indians that seemed friendly and the Chief's son, a man full grown took a fancy to the cap pistol so Dad swapped it to him for a handfull of cheek (little shells and flat stones with holes drilled in them that the Indians used for money). The Indians called it a bim and went around snapping it at birds, then after a while when he found out that it would not kill anything, he came to Dad holding out his hand and saying, "Cheek, Cheek". Dad said, "Bim, Bim", but he would not hand over the bim. He would go away then come back and say "Cheek, Cheek". Dad would say, "Bim, Bim". Finally he ran up to Dad and yelled Cheek three times, Dad yelled Bim three times, at that he whirled and ran back a few steps and picked up a small axe, raising it over his head started to run at Dad. As he ran past one of Dad's friends, he struck the Indian in the jaw with his fist, knocking him cold. The miners did not lose any time getting back to camp and the trade held.

In due time they tired of the Klamath River diggings as they did all the others, and the Brothers split up. Levi going north into Oregon and Dad going back to Placerville and the Mad Ox to mine. But before Dad left the Klamath country he had another experience that sure did scare him. He was back in the hills one Sunday, just scouting around alone, when going by a clump of elders, he noticed a smell that reminded him of hogs nest only louder, when he walked up quite close to investigate, a big grizzly bear rose up on it's hind legs growling and chanking it's teeth. Dad had his Colt revolver but did not want to aggravate him, so stood facing him, then started to back up slowly. The bear stood up for quite a while as Dad kept on backing, then got down on all fours, soon Dad turned and walked ahead and later shifted into high.

Most of the miners by then, could talk quite a bit of Spanish, and on Saturday nights they would go to town and after a few drinks, would take in the Mexican dance halls. Of course, the Senoritas would sooner dance with them than with their own kind. Then the Mexicans would get mad and there would be a free for all fight. When it got good and hot, some miner would pull a gat and shoot, and every Mexican would fade into the night, that would end the trouble for that night. Some of the Mexican dance halls just had floors and frames, then canvas sides and covers. Dad was at one of these one night when the regulation row started, the miners got a little the worst of it and all pulled out, going to the butcher shop they got every knife, axe and cleaver that they could lay their hands on and back they went, as they entered the hall, the Mexicans rushed to the walls pulling their knives, slashed great slits

in the canvas and went through like a flock of quail, then the miners chopped the uprights all down letting the whole thing down on the floor.

Dad stayed at the mining game for several more years, having many different partners. Then he decided to go home, going to San Francisco, he took passage on a sail boat for the Isthmus of Panama, only making one stop on the way, that was at Acapulco, Mexico, where most of the passengers went up town. Dad was with a bunch of about a dozen miners on their way home, the same as he. After a few drinks they got into a row with a bunch of Mexicans, but before they came to blows, some one said that they must get back to the ship as they did not have too much time, so they started down the slope for the wharf, then hearing yells, stopped and looking back, saw the same bunch that they had had trouble with. They stopped at the same time and the largest Mexican, addressed Dad and suggested that they engage in single combatta instead of the whole bunch getting into it. Dad let him know that it was OK with him. At that he started to run down the hill at full speed, Dad braced himself ready to strike, but he never got to him, for one of Dad's party had picked up a rock and threw it, striking him in the head. Dad turned and said, "Oh! what did you do that for?" The guy said, "I was not going to see a friend of mine fight with that dirty black devil." Dad said he was really sorry that he was felled with the rock as he wanted to see how far he could have knocked him, when coming at such speed. They never knew whether the Mexican had been killed or not, as the ship pulled out as soon as they went aboard.

When they arrived at the Isthmus, the train had been running but a short time, replacing the forty mile mule ride that travelers had been up against for years. They were all cautioned to keep out of the jungle and not to touch any of the vegetation as most of it was poisonous and the insects were deadly. After crossing, they soon embarked on a steam boat bound for New York.

They never landed all the way, but they went near enough to Cuba to see the lights of Havana. As soon as he arrived at New York, he boarded a train for Philadelphia, where he had his dust and most of his nuggets minted. Then on to York and Medina, Ohio, for a short visit, then to his old home at Lyndon, Ill., having been gone twelve years.

Soon he volunteered for services in the Civil War, but that is another story.

Earle R. Hubbard
Raymond, S. D.