

Mrs. D. B. Hilton  
Sundance  
Wyo.

WHOA, MAG-GIE!

In the early 1900s, I accepted a five months term of school on Rabbit Creek which is now in Perkins County, but was at that time in Butte.

My father took me and my big trunk to Whitewood in the spring wagon. Here I stayed with my friend and classmate, Anna Uhlig, now Anne Tynan of Liberal, Kans. The Uhlig family ran a store and the P. O. at Whitewood.

The next morning I started north with the man who drove the mail stage to Vale. He drove an almost white mare and a dark horse hitched to a spring wagon. We hadn't gone far when I realized the driver didn't have much control over "Maggie". She soon was really running away and kicking as she ran. The driver's repeated "Whoa Maggie" had no effect. After just missing the edge of a culvert, the team stopped or slowed. I jumped out, grabbed Maggie's bit and held her while the driver mended the harness as best he could. We proceeded on our way to Vale which we reached that evening.

Next morning I rode with another mail-man to Bixby where I

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stayed that night. The forenoon of the third day we reached the mail box where members of the Moran family met me. I lived in the hospitable home of Mr. & Mrs. Dennis Moran and their son, Walter, for the next five months. Their home was a comfortable log structure with one sod room. This room was so warm that they stored six months supplies in it with no danger of freezing.

School began in January and was out in early June. Our schoolhouse was built of logs with a dirt roof. One day a snake came down thru the roof.-----

Regular pupils were Walter Moran, three Dippert children and two Yates children. The Dippert family ran a road ranch on the old Bismarck trail. Their home was a comfortable sod house.

We really enjoyed that term of school and the pupils were good students, anxious to learn. We included some lessons in courtesy and Mrs. Dippert told me that the boys removed their hats when they went into the chicken house. Of course she was joking.

There were beaver in Rabbit Creek and sometimes they built dams we could walk across instead of going around the curve made by the creek. There were rifle pits close by, and we found Indian beads. In the spring there was a profusion of pretty brown lilies

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that I had rarely seen. We often sat on the high bank of the creek and watched the beaver. Could hear the loud "slap" of their tails as they plastered the mud on their dams.

Mrs. Moran's mother, an elderly lady, lived with them. She was taken seriously ill and died that winter. Burial was in Belle Fourche and the trip was made by lumber wagon. Good neighbors helped out. Okinona Yates, a fine young woman, kept house and cooked for us while Morans were gone.

Cowboys stopped at Moran's quite often. All wore chaps, and they usually left their guns in holsters outside the door.

Mr. Moran was Irish and blessed with the proverbial Irish wit. He called his winter cow camp "Port Arthur" and said the rattlesnakes made such a noise that a certain butte was called "Thunder Butte". I also heard the tale of the freighter who was crossing the Moreau River with a load of <sup>ried</sup> apples. The wagon upset, apples soaked and made a bridge over the Moreau. Mr. Moran also told of how in the early days the cowboys, himself included, used to ride 25 miles out of their way to see a woman standing in a doorway.

Mrs. Moran had her utensils on racks and nails behind the kitchen stove. One morning a young Irish relative was starting the