# Cattle, Then and Now!

'TWAS in mid-November, 1907, that Les Giauque and Henry Kohnke left the Elbow, at the South Saskatchewan River, with a drive of as fine a herd of four-year-old steers as will be seen anywhere. Ninety-eight head of them there were, to be delivered at Duck Lake for McIntire brothers for the stupendous sum of five cents per pound, dressed!

You will note the time — November, 1907 — the fall succeeding the hard winter of 1906-1907. It has been said many times that no stockman living at that time would ever forget the havoc that winter wrought. The Giauque's began the winter with three hundred and nineteen head and finished in the spring of 1907 with one hundred and forty-seven. The ninety-eight steers delivered to Duck Lake formed the majority of the survivors from that tragic winter.

They made an impressive sight as they crossed the now well frozen Saskatchewan — nigh a hundred steers, and every one a fine big animal. They were reluctant to start across the ice, slippery in places they well knew, and tossed their big horns in a defiant way. But the two cowboys bringing up the rear were alert and ready, and soon they all were pushed across.

Now the long trek was on. The boys were equipped for it well. They each were superbly mounted and carried the intestinal fortitude that all cowboys had to have to endure the toil and hardships of those days. That's all they carried with them — two fine horses, and guts for both man and horse. Les was mounted on a little red roan bronc, tough as whalebone and smart as a whip, as fine a horse as the prairie sun ever shone on. The first day on the road, the big steers made many miles. Somewhere not far from Dundurn a halt was called for the night. Les took the first shift at night herding, while Henry dug his way into a stack of Scotch grass to try to get a little sleep. It was six below zero. When Les returned to get his rest he found Henry standing beside the stack jumping up and down and clapping his arms across his chest. When asked why he wasn't in there sleeping, he replied, "These damned broom sticks," and thereupon made for his horse.

But daylight must come eventually, and with its coming the herd was pushed on, while Les scouted ahead for breakfast. Hospitality was everywhere in those days, and to find even the most temporary home was to find a meal. One day, after having no luck in finding breakfast, they met up with a road gang. Two ravenous cowboys were soon seated before plates piled hugely with beans baked with plenty of pork, a very rich and tasty meal indeed. But alas, the beans were too rich and tasty or the appetites too big, for not many miles down the trail all was lost!

Would there be anyone to remember them crossing the bridge at Saskatoon, and the herd stringing out down main street? A very touchy job that was, getting a herd of range cattle through a city. One wrong move would have upset the whole applecart. But the job was done without mishap, and in due course Duck Lake was reached, the cattle turned over to the buyer, and return trip started.

The boys laid over one day in Saskatoon to rest their horses, and to smear a little red paint around town (God knows they'd earned it). While there they met up with Peck McDonald. He's the cowboy who attempted to finish the cattle drive to the Yukon started by a man named Jones during the time of the gold rush of '98. Jones started out with these cattle, intending to sell them as beef at a good profit in the Yukon. He found the trail too arduous, and turned the herd over to Peck. He, in turn, found the going too hard on the cattle so he sold them before reaching the Yukon, took time off for a fine big "toot", and blew in all the money. As this story took place, he was broke again. He borrowed ten dollars from Les, which is the last he saw of either it or Peck.

Upon leaving Saskatoon the two men were on almost the last leg of their journey, and with freshened horses and the smell of home in their nostrils, they made Loreburn in one day, a distance of nearly seventy-five miles. They could sleep soundly this night, for they were almost at the trail's end, and the bawling herd had been left far behind.

And so another short chapter has been written of events long passed. Places, cattle, cowboys! All have changed since that time over forty years ago, since the day when good four-year-old steers sold at five cents a pound, dressed! — Florence Gates, High Point, Sask.


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I will offer for sale four choice bulls at the Calgary Bull Sale; three are by **Killearn Max Emperor** and one is by **Killearn Norseman 15th.** One was third in Summer Yearling class at the 1950 Toronto Royal and one was Reserve Grand Champion at the Edmonton Summer Fair.

Will also offer one bull (by **Phopachy Diplomat**) at the Edmonton Sale.

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VERMILION ALBERTA


### Lumby B. C.

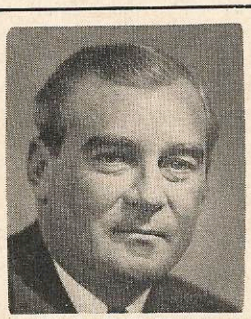
Members of the Lumby Beef Club were honored by the Lumby Board of Trade which has sponsored the Club, during the organization's annual banquet.

Bill Patterson of Lumby was presented with the Lumby Merchant's trophy for the best showing in club work during 1950.

Leonard Treen received a show halter and a specially-engraved plaque for the best-fitted beef of the year. All calf club members were given pins by the Lumby Lions club.

While only a first year club, the Lumby club, led by Ronnie Hill and A. E. Rannie, both of Lumby has been one of the most active beef clubs in British Columbia and the youngsters have been encouraged in their work by the entire district.

—R. Andre.

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