



*Photo Dept. of Agriculture*

### **Herefords on a Western range.**

bia but Joe gathered up 4,000 head and drove them across the border into Washington, through Oregon, Idaho and most of Wyoming to Cheyenne where he finally loaded them into box cars and billed them to Chicago. It was like starting out from Calgary and driving 4,000 cattle to North Bay, Ont., except that it was over unmarked country inhabited at some places by hostile Indians. There is no record of the nature of the celebration which the Greaves cowboys held in Cheyenne on the night that the last steer was loaded and the months of trailing were ended, but it may be assumed that for a long time afterwards that frontier town didn't want for red paint.

It is lamentable that more has not been written about the drives made by those stout-hearted Canadian pioneers. What Joe Greaves accomplished must have called for more of skill and daring than anything credited to Chris. Columbus who simply set sail in a westerly direction and couldn't help bumping into land.

Trailing didn't stop with the big prairie drives. Came '98, year of the Gold Rush to the Klondike. Beef was worth \$1 a pound at wild and primitive Dawson City, and the farming country of the new West had men big enough to deliver beef over the nigh-impassable trails to this market.

Pat Burns pioneered the Klondike trade and qualified for the "dollar a pound" reward. Some men failed, that's

true, but the efforts were spectacular and daring. Norman Lee of Chilcotin, for instance, started north from the interior of British Columbia with a big herd which he drove for five months in the general direction of Dawson. At Teslin Lake he slaughtered the cattle and piled the carcasses on rafts to be floated the remainder of the way, but during his second day on the lake a storm blew up and he lost his cargo. There was only one thing left for him to do; he started off on foot for the coast. When he reached Vancouver, B.C., after the best part of a year's absence, he had only "a blanket, a dog and a dollar", but he went right back to his beloved Chilcotin and started all over again.

The Tuxfords of Moose Jaw, N.W.T. (now Sask.), loaded 70 head of cattle on the cars at Moose Jaw on May 24, 1898, taking them to the Pacific, then up the coast to Skagway, Alaska, and over the long and dangerous Dalton Trail. Five months to the day after starting, they arrived at Dawson with the carcasses of all but four of the cattle—one steer died from eating poison plants, one strayed away and two had to be shot on the trail when their feet wore out.

Such were the men who founded our great and exciting kingdom of cattle, pioneers whose adventures and triumphs and disappointments compose one of the most romantic chapters in Canadian history.