

Dear Mrs. Benton:

Enclosed you will find a brief sketch of the founding of Crown Hill Cemetery. I wanted you to know how we lived without a place for our dead, what we did without telephones how we built our own coffins and how, at least one man could live among us and never really be known, and how a child grew to womanhood in those surroundings. There are other ways of telling the simple story but I thought this one quite effective. Please let me know if you want it written in a different way.

Very Truly Yours

Mabel A. Foage.

CROWN HILL CEMETERY.

BY

MABEL POAGE

When I was a small girl I lived there where now you live. In fact I was born at Red Cliff because They had no doctor in Burnes and my mother was only Eighteen. I was a week old when I came home barely in time to miss the first snow.

My father was John F. Moses of the U BAR U ranch ~~ranch~~. He owned a third of the cattle on the ranch and managed it. My mother was Inez Mc.Millan. Her father had a ranch near the Edge and Bailey places.

As I grew older my life was the cattle and the horses. I rode at the age of four and I spent long hours thinking of names for all the cattle I might see. I did not care for people, in fact I crawled under ^{the door} when anyone came to the ranch to see the folks.

Three men came to the ranch one day and later I heard mother and Dad talking about a cemetery. Now what on earth was that, I wondered. Later more men came and I ask mother what it was all about. She said they wanted to get some land for a cemetery and thought it might be taken from some rough land at the back of the ranch. There was so much land out there and no water for it so it could not be used.

And then the really strange thing happened. A man and a woman came followed by three other women. They had been crying and they seemed very careful of a sort of polished box they carried. Later mother told me they had lost their baby

and had to have a place to bury her. They wanted to start a small cemetery just outside our back gate. I was so confused i could hardly think. Mother had some explaining to do as to why they must bury a baby that got lost.

Later I somehow knew the cemetery was started. Not often but some times we would see a small group of people going through the yard and we knew where they were going. I don't know how, we just knew.

It was some years later when I learned the real truth of that cemetery. We had such a good man working for us. He even was elected Captain of the roundup and other ranchers really listened to him. His name was John Morohan but everyone just called him Johnny. He had only one failing, he would get drunk and some times he was not able to work for several days or a week.

Mr. and Mrs Joe Crocket from across the river, came for a visit and decided to stay all night. Dad did not go to the bunkhouse to see if all was well. He said Johnny would keep things in order.

Very early the next morning, when mother was the only one up, a tap came on the door and a new man stood there. He did not know us yet so he said, "John's dead," and went bwck to the bunkhouse. Mother ran to the bed room and called dad and he got out of bed~~xxxx~~ and hurried to the bunkhouse. Yes, it was true. Our pleasant, laughing Foreman was dead. He had been drinking and smothered himself.

It was a dreadful day. Very early pounding began and we knew the men were making a coffin. Dad was trying to find Johnny's relatives but no one seemed to know who they were or

where they lived. Since there were no telephones men rode around the valley and told them the news.

All that day and most of the night dad walked the floor or the yard but no one ever came to claim Johnny's body and so the ranchers decided to lay him away in our cemetery.

I begged mother to take me out to see him but she was horrified at the very idea. She said to remember him as he always was around the ranch not in a home made coffin.