



BILLY FISHER

? ? ?

ERASTUS EGAN

Photograph of Utah riders on display at the Pony Express Stables Museum at 914 Penn Street, St. Joseph, Missouri. It originally appeared on page 5 of the 1959 Spring (Pony Express Centennial) edition of MUSEUM GRAPHIC. The center figure is now identified as Michael M. Whalen.

## THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE

By D. L. REYNOLDS

That's Uncle Whaley! It is! I know it is. And indeed it was.

The place was the Pony Express Stables Museum some time ago when Mrs. Beryle Herridge of St. Joseph, along with her daughter and son-in-law, had come to see the relics of St. Joseph's Pony Express days. Mrs. Herridge, now past eighty, had almost forgotten that her uncle, Michael M. Whalen, had "carried mail on the plains." As she said later, "I guess that *was* the same as the Pony Express."

Now, here was his picture in the exhibit, without name and unknown, as he posed between two of Utah's riders, Billy Fisher and Erastus Egan. It was a photograph that she had not known existed. Her daughter, Mrs. Francis Waller, shared her mother's excitement and on their return home a search was started through albums and family records.

Very little later, Mr. Waller, a long time friend and acquaintance knowing of our keen interest in the Pony Express, called to tell us of the identifi-

cation. Their search had produced photographs, clippings and family history. Would we like to come over?

And so, another riddle of the Pony Express is solved and by pure chance the man in the middle has a name. In fact, a name to be proud of for this man certainly did more than his part in helping shape our country's early history. It was his fate to appear on the American scene when our country was yet wild and full of adventure, to be a part of the growing pains and to experience some of them.

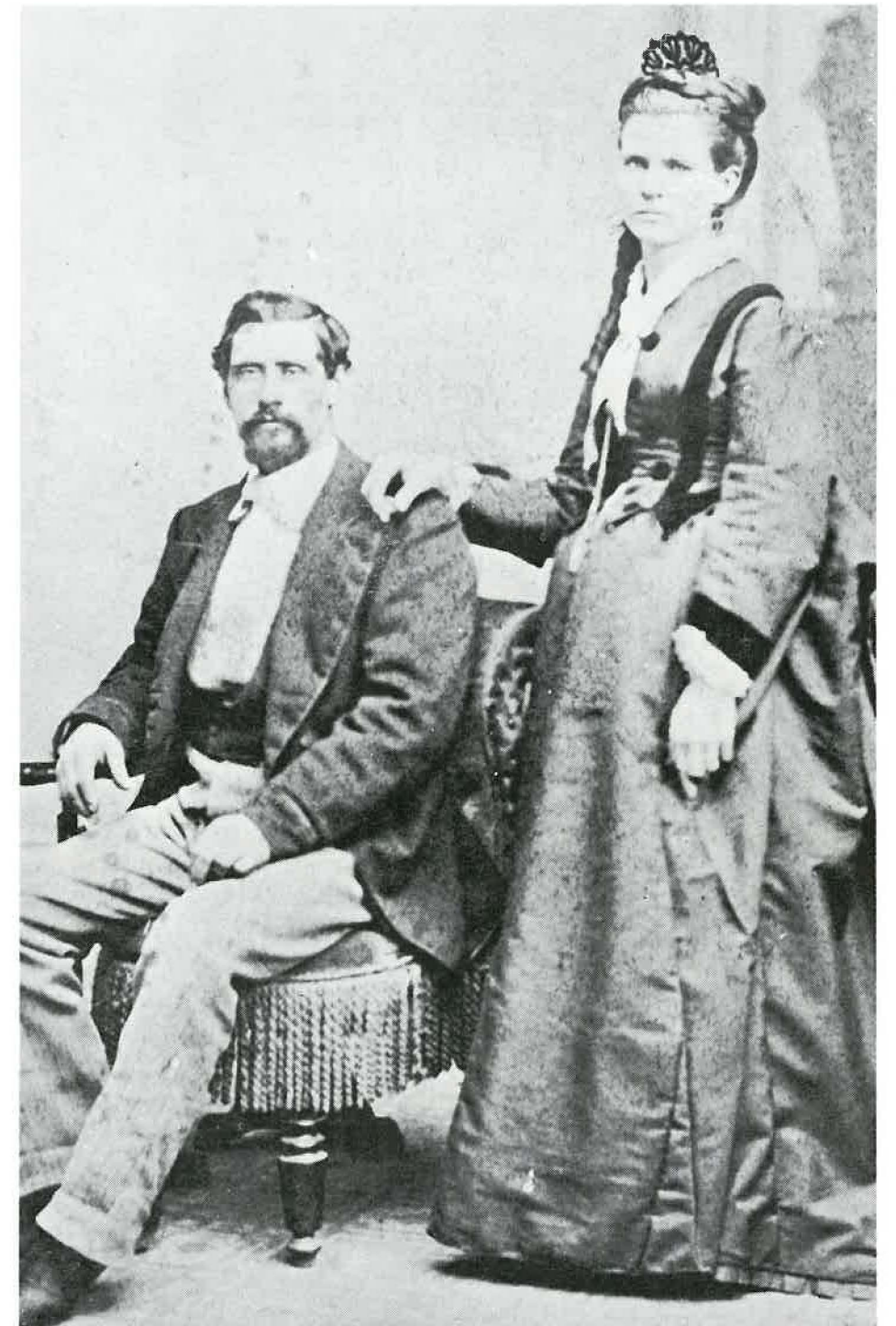
Michael (Mike) Whalen, according to local records, was born in New York in the year 1842. Bureau of Pensions Records, however, list June 2, 1843 as the date and the place as Limerick, Ireland. An orphan and alone, he appeared in the rough frontier town of St. Joseph, Mo. in the mid 1850's. Being young, eager, and restless he was not to stay for long, and while yet in his teens headed on westward driving for a party of "Pike's Peakers" bound for the infant town of Denver.

His return via the Platte trails and Omaha brought him back to St. Joseph in time to see the first horse leave St. Joe ridden by John Fry (he said) with the Pony Express mail on April 3, 1860. Later in the year he was to follow in the same direction, out along the California and Pony Express Trail, where, it is said, that he got a job as stock tender at a remount station somewhere on Jack Slade's division of the line. Slade bossed the line from Julesburg (Colo.) to Pacific Springs (Wyo.)

It is regrettable that facts and details are not of such abundance as to fill our pages to our hearts desire. Those men of yesterday moved across the west leaving unwritten history in the dust behind them. Little did they realize the importance of their parts in it all—that *they* were making history. We can only wonder at great gaps in some of their lives. The pages that Mike Whalen and his fellows could have jotted down on those long lonesome times waiting for the mail would have filled many a book.

Ironically enough, Mike could neither read nor write. His early activity and responsibility had denied him this advantage. This was not unusual for young men of those times however, and our subject was to see to this need shortly.

Later, it is written, he went on to Salt Lake City where in April, 1861, Howard Egan hired him to ride the Pony Express line from that city to



Pony Express rider Michael M. Whalen and wife Susan.

Camp Floyd. According to most maps this distance was about forty miles with three stations between—Traveler's Rest, Rockwell's and Joe's Dugout. It is probable however, that his ride did not terminate at Camp Floyd, but continued on westward to Pass Station and on into Rush Valley, almost twenty miles further on. There, according to Utah historians, was the first home station westward from Salt Lake City. Called Faust's or Rush Station, it was operated by

a former Missourian, H. J. "Doc" Faust, and his wife. This had been Erastus Egan's stint, "Ras" having been hired by his father in the spring of 1860. After Mike's departure it would later be taken over by Billy Fisher, Mike's other friend in the picture. Billy Fisher, the older of the three by about two years, was already an old hand at Pony Express riding. He had ridden since its beginning between Ruby Valley and Egan Canyon and still had his scalp





Mrs. Herridge visits the grave of her "Uncle Whaley" in the Ashland Cemetery, St. Joseph, Missouri.

which seems to speak for itself.

After serving two months as Pony Express rider, Michael Whalen was persuaded by the quartermaster at Camp Floyd to drive his wife and daughter from Salt Lake City back to Fort Leavenworth. Camp Floyd, or Fort Crittenden as it was now known, was being hurriedly abandoned by the army of Utah because of the Civil War.

This done, he enlisted in the United States Army the following November 1, and was assigned to Company B, Illinois Artillery. He served out the remainder of the war taking part in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg Landing and Corinth. He also marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. Pension records show that he was wounded in the head and left hand. After serving three years and twenty days he was discharged at Paducah, Kentucky and returned home to take a bride, Miss Susan Pepper. Their wedding picture was made at photographer Rudolph Uhlman's studio at 51 Edmond Street in St. Joseph. (It was Mr. Uhlman who, a little more than sixteen years later was to rush down the street to Sidenfaden's Funeral Parlor to photograph the dead Jesse Woodson James.)

Susan, with her mother, three sisters, and two brothers lived on "Billy Goat Hill." After the death of her husband in Kentucky, Mrs. Pepper

had brought her brood up river to St. Joseph to be near relatives and a new log cabin was ready for them when they stepped off the boat.

Michael and Susan Whalen built their home across the valley at 621 Albemarle Street which at that time was practically unsettled hillside along Blacksnake Creek at the north edge of town. Later they moved next door to 617 Albemarle. Both houses are now gone, having been removed years ago to make way for the Goetz Brewery buildings (now Pearl Brewing Co.).

After marriage Mike Whalen engaged in freighting between St. Joseph and Council Bluffs before the railroad was built. He kept his teams in a large barn near his home. We know that by this time Mr. Whalen, being a determined man, had undertaken to educate himself. We can easily imagine him behind a string of mules on his high wagon seat, lines in one hand and learning the printed word from a book in the other.

Here too, he no doubt also added to his vocabulary of cuss words. Mules had a way of driving a man to both profanity and drink. It is said that Uncle Whaley could hold his own at either.

After two years he gave up the freighting business and installed the

first street sprinkling carts in St. Joseph. The sprinklers were maintained by private subscription from the merchants and used to settle the dust along our unpaved dirt streets. Later he engaged in contract grading and excavating. He prepared the bed for the tracks of the first street railway from Market Square to New Ulm Park. (About one mile north of the then city limits. Now encompassed and absorbed by city growth.) He was conductor of the first car drawn by a mule. He also did the grading for several of the railroad lines into the city.

He died December 4, 1917 of chronic nephritis. The funeral was held at the home. He was survived by his wife. They had no children but raised and educated three orphaned nephews.

Our thanks to Mrs. Herridge for her kind cooperation and for her alertness in identifying the unknown man in our photograph. Also for going with us to the Ashland Cemetery to point out the grave of Uncle Whaley. We took solemn pride in decorating the last resting place of this man. He rode the Pony Express, served his country with valor, and gained the respect of his fellow man. Here was the humble end of the trail.

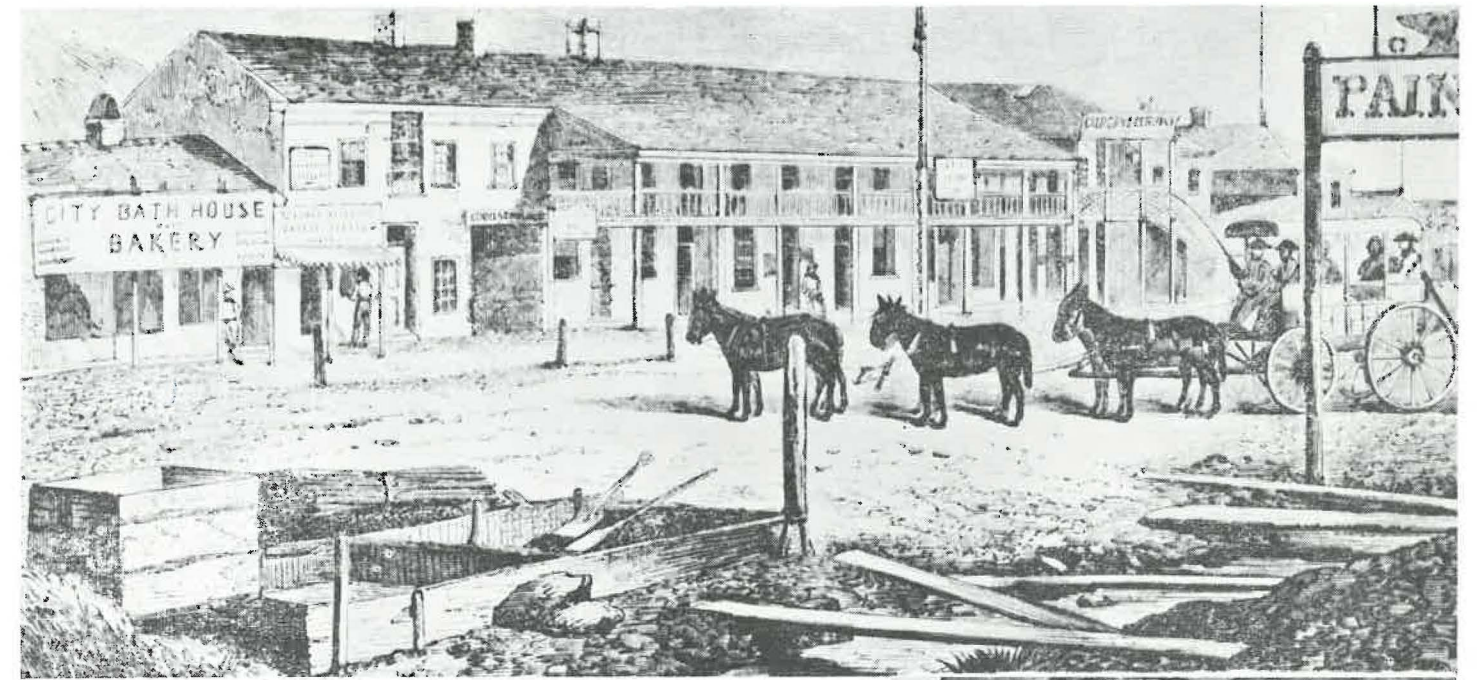


## THE ROUTE AND STATIONS

**SALT LAKE HOUSE**— Captain Richard F. Burton, English scholar, adventurer and medalist of the Royal Geographic Society, traveling the Central Overland and Pony Express trail from St. Joseph, visited Salt Lake City during August and September of 1860. He stayed at the Salt Lake House which served as the Pony Express home station and later described it in his book *CITY OF THE SAINTS* . . . "Nearly opposite the Post-office, in a block on the eastern side, with a long verandah, supported by trimmed and painted posts, was a two-storied, pent-roofed building, whose sign-board, swinging to a tall, giblet-like flagstaff,

dressed for the occasion, announced it to be the Salt Lake House, the principal, if not the only establishment of the kind in New Zion. Its depth is greater than its frontage, and behind it, secured by a *porte cochère*, is a large yard, for coralling cattle. A rough-looking crowd of drivers, drivers' friends, and idlers, almost every man openly armed with revolver and bowie-knife, gathered round the doorway, to "prospect" the "new lot;" and the host came out to assist us in transporting our scattered effects. We looked vainly for a bar on the ground floor; a bureau for registering names was there, but (temperance, in public at least, being the order of the day) the usual tempting array of bottles and decanters was not forthcoming . . ."

From Salt Lake City the trail used by the Pony Express lead through Jordan Valley southward along towering Wasatch Mountains past the first two way stations listed on trail maps as Travelers Rest and Rockwell or Rockwell's. Of the first, little has



been written, except that its name was deceptive.

"Southward for twenty-five miles (from the mouth of Emmigration Canyon—4.30 miles N.E. of city) stretched the length of the valley with the little river winding it's way like a silver thread in a brocade of green and gold. The view in this direction was closed by Mountain Point." Rockwell's was here and Burton also mentioned "some attempts at a station" and recalled a meal of frijoles, potatoes and bread. Today near this spot on US highway 89 near the Utah State Penitentiary stands a monument to mark the Rockwell Station. Made of stone from the old station building which was about 1800 feet due west and prominent on the overland stage and Pony Express route 1858 to 1868—states the bronze plaque.

The station keeper, Mormon Orrin Porter Rockwell, was in the focus of much stormy and controversial discussion then and later. Burton thought he had the manner of a jovial, reckless, devil-may-care English ruffian. "About fifty, tall and strong, with ample leather leggins overhanging his huge spurs, and the saw handles of two revolvers peeping from his blouse . . . long grizzley locks plaited and gathered up at the nape of the neck."

Others described another and more violent side of the man. Colorful, no less, in character and in dress, he was known far and wide. He warned Burton as to the treachery of the Indians and told him to carry a double barrelled gun loaded with buckshot and to "keep his eyes

Salt Lake House, on Main Street, Salt Lake City, where Pony riders were domiciled. The hostelry attracted a "rough-looking crowd of drivers, drivers' friends, and idlers, almost every man armed with revolver and bowie-knife."



Monument at the site of Rockwell Station south of Salt Lake City, Utah.





area manager, Harold Burgess, very graciously gave us a real tour of the area. An estimated 200,000 Mallard Ducks in addition to a few other species of ducks, 100,000 or more geese plus Pheasants and other small birds presented themselves for the photographer. Even the White-tailed deer on the refuge paraded before us with one beautiful buck posing for us.

The Killdeer and Common Snipe which are usually associated with mud flats during spring and fall seasons were seen all winter well into January at Squaw Creek, Lake Conrardy and Browning Lake.

The Bald Eagles are back in good numbers again this winter at Squaw Creek. As many as 25 or so may be seen in sight at one time, and there is probably 100 or so within a 15 mile diameter circle centering at Squaw Creek. Occasionally one may be seen sailing lazily overhead along the Missouri River west of St. Joseph. One Golden Eagle has been seen several times this fall near Maryville by Easterla and one was seen at Squaw Creek in January by John Hamilton.

Another rare northern visitor for us this winter was the little Saw Whet Owl which we saw at Squaw Creek on January 1st, while we were making our annual Christmas bird census of the area. As so often happens, it was Dave Easterla who first spotted the bird in a small group of evergreens. It is a very tame little Owl, letting people come within a very few feet of it without flying away. It is smaller than our Screech Owl and unlike the Screech Owl, it has no horns.

The Short-eared Owl which is seen here only during the winter months was found at Squaw Creek during January by John Hamilton. It feeds mostly by day over prairie and marshy areas and seems to flop along in flight like a huge moth. Our Owl family during December and January was represented by six species. They were, the Great Horned Owl, Barred Owl, Long-eared Owl, Short-eared Owl,

Screech Owl and Saw-Whet Owl.

The Yellow-bellied Sapsucker which is the only native Woodpecker that we see only during the winter time has been seen regularly during this winter. It seems to prefer Pines and is seen regularly in the Pine Grove at Krug Park.

Another small winter visitor that has been seen regularly all fall and winter in our area is the Brown Creeper. If it wasn't for its continuous calling it would quite often go unnoticed as it blends in perfectly with the coloring of the tree trunks and limbs on which it creeps along.

Just from experience in knowing where to look for them, we may find a few Mockingbirds throughout the winter.

At times during the winter months, the Robin was seen in flocks of 2 dozen or more. A few Bluebirds were seen occasionally all winter. The small Golden-crowned Kinglet is another winter visitor and is very fond of the evergreens. It is a bit smaller than the House Wren and is continually on the move.

One disappointment this winter was the Waxwings. They are a very beautiful bird and are found so often feeding in Cedar trees on Cedar berries. There seemed to be a good crop of Cedar berries this fall so we were surprised to miss the common Cedar Waxwing and the rare Bohemian Waxwing.

The Myrtle Warbler which is the only Warbler that generally winters in our area has been seen regularly all winter. One of its favorite winter foods is poison ivy berries. Most all of the Woodpeckers in addition to Chickadees and Titmice, find the poison ivy berries one of their favorite foods during the winter months. This is one way that the poison ivy vine is spread. The berries are eaten and the seeds from the birds droppings are usually found where the birds come to rest or to roost during the night.

An estimated one million Black-birds which were mostly Redwings were listed on our Christmas bird census at Squaw Creek on January

1st. Of course, the Cardinal, Blue Jay, Crow, Chickadees and Titmice are more conspicuous during the winter than during the summer. They, like the Woodpeckers, House Sparrows and Starlings are permanent residents in our area.

Goldfinches, Junco's and Tree Sparrows may be seen in large numbers along most all country roads during the winter.

Other Sparrows that we may expect to see here during the winter in addition to the Tree Sparrows are the Harris' Sparrow, White-crowned Sparrow, White-throated Sparrow, Swamps Sparrow and Song Sparrow. Occasionally we may also see the LeContes Sparrow, Lincoln's Sparrow, and Fox Sparrow. These are all the true Sparrow. The Sparrow that we commonly see around our house and we know as the House or English Sparrow is a Weaver Finch. It was introduced into our country from England about 1850. Like the Starling, it is an import that most people are sorry ever happened.

Two birds that are common here during the summer but would be classed as rare during the winter are the Brown Thrasher which was seen by John Hamilton in late December and a male Baltimore Oriole which has been seen near Kansas City during January by members of the Kansas City Burroughs Club.

Just about the time this issue of the Museum Graphic comes off the press, our northern visitors will be leaving us and heading back to Canada and some even beyond the Arctic Circle to their breeding grounds. As they are leaving our area, our summer resident birds will be returning from the south and we will be ready to start a new year all over. Even while we are watching and yearning for some rare bird to pass through our area from the south, we will often think of the many rare visitors we had during the past winter and we will take time to say "I hope that they return again next winter."

## THE MAN WITH THE LONG WHITE BEARD

BERNARD KELLY

Is it Alexander Majors — or isn't it? The stuff of which historical controversy is made is in the accompanying photograph of men, women, children and dogs. They are gathered on the steps of the Sheridan

Inn, Sheridan, Wyo. The date, around 1900.

In center, wearing a cowboy hat, luxuriant long hair, a flowing tie and a heavy chain, is Col. William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody. No doubt

about that.

Standing on the steps at the extreme left, back row, is a man with a stockman's hat and flowing beard. Is this Alexander Majors? Or isn't it? If it is, we have a heretofore



unknown picture of one of the founders of the Pony Express.

Alexander Majors, together with William H. Russell and William B. Waddell, formed the partnership of Russell, Majors & Waddell. In 1855 they put wagon trains on the road West, and by 1859 had a daily stage from Missouri to Salt Lake City. In 1860 they put the Pony Express on the road.

The first Pony Express trip from St. Joseph, Mo., to San Francisco, 1966 miles, began April 3, 1860, and was completed in 10 days. The next trip took 14. Thereafter many trips were made in nine days. The first news of the outbreak of the Civil War was carried to San Francisco by Pony Express.

Relay stations were 10 to 15 miles apart. A rider went about 75 miles a day, stopping only two minutes at stations to change horses. In all there were 190 stations, more than 400 horses, and about 80 riders.

One of the Pony Express riders was a former messenger boy for Majors — Buffalo Bill.

The Pony Express lasted only until Oct. 24, 1861 — 542 days. The east coast-west coast telegraph line put it out of business.

After its collapse the fortunes of Buffalo Bill and Alexander Majors trailed off in opposite directions. Buffalo Bill, hero of a long series of "dime novel" adventure stories, became famous. Majors dropped out

of sight.

But Cody found his former friend and mentor living in Denver in dire poverty, writing a history of the Pony Express.

Robert West Howard, in *HOOF-BEATS OF DESTINY, THE STORY OF THE PONY EXPRESS*, tells of their meeting:

"Cody . . . walked to the sagging, painless gate. The door was creaking open. The figure that loomed quietly in it was as erect and proud as it had been 40 years before, even though the black trousers were stained and patched and the shirt was frayed and gray. The flowing beard was snowy white, the eyes hawk keen.

"The great showman leaned on the gatepost and tried to smile. Then he heard himself saying, 'Mr. Majors, sir. It's Billy. May I come in?'"

Buffalo Bill thereafter gave Majors a job as manager of his North Platte, Neb., properties. The history Majors was writing eventually was published — and left many questions unanswered. Some think parts of the manuscript were left out.

The way this picture came to the attention of such a distinguished history buff as Robert West Howard is interesting.

Al Rung, Director of Public Relations for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, publishes a news magazine, *BURLINGTON-BULLETIN*, which is available on Burlington

passenger trains. The May-June issue had a story: *HOPE TO SAVE SHERIDAN INN*, with three photos. One was this photo.

Howard and his wife were riding the westbound *CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR* on June 17, 1965, and Howard saw the story. Howard was astonished. The man at the end looked like Majors. The picture was dated "circa 1900." This would make it very probably the last photo ever taken of Majors, who died in Chicago soon after New Year's Day, 1900.

Howard thinks it is Majors, and that the photo is, as he says, "a very valuable piece of Americana."

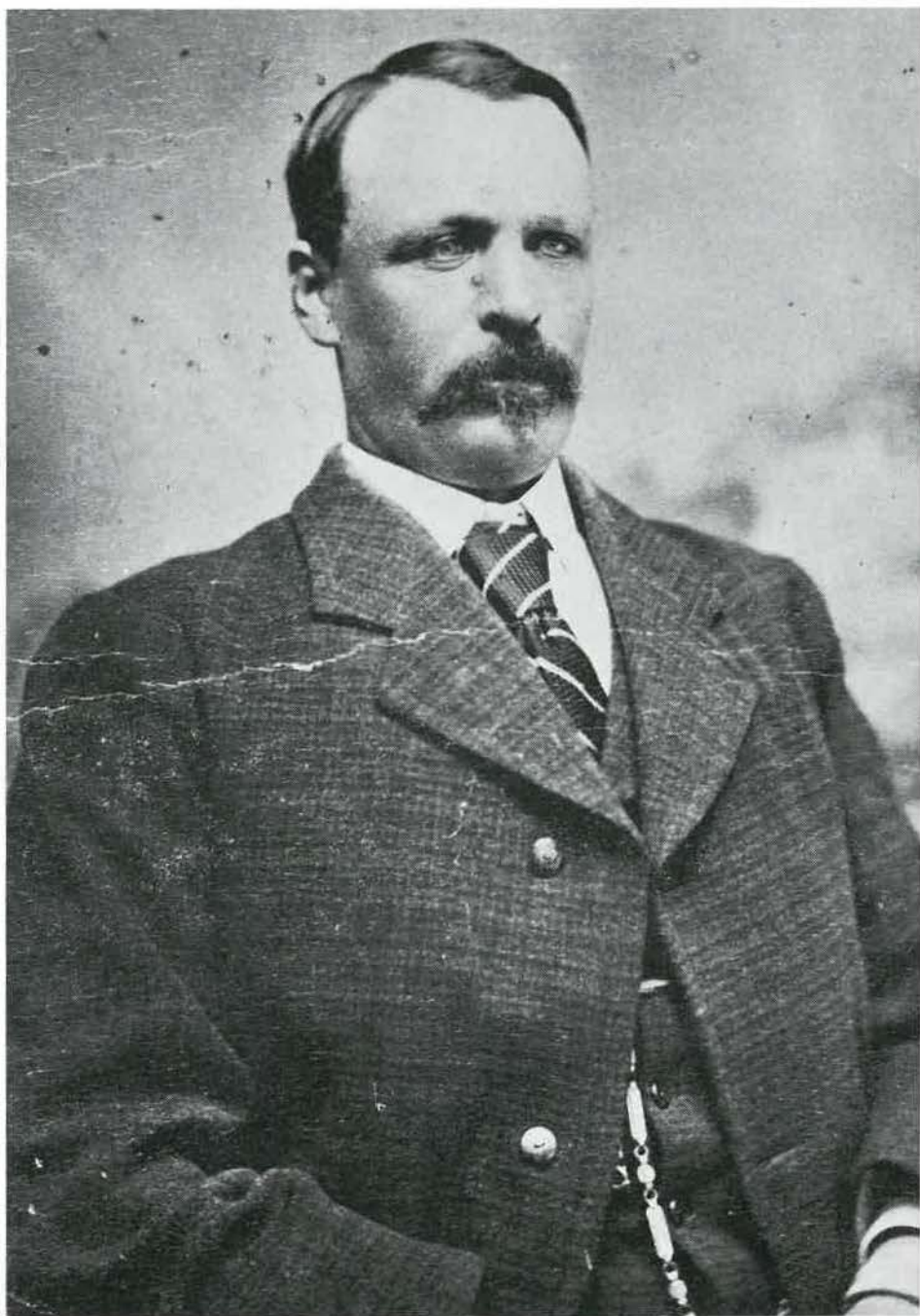
He has support from Roy E. Coy, director of the St. Joseph and Pony Express Museums, who says:

"Both Reynolds (Don Reynolds, chief photographer for the museums) and I have examined the print . . . and we agree with you that the man in the Stetson hat and long white beard is Alexander Majors. However, the only thing we can go on are pictures we have of Majors, and nothing else . . ."

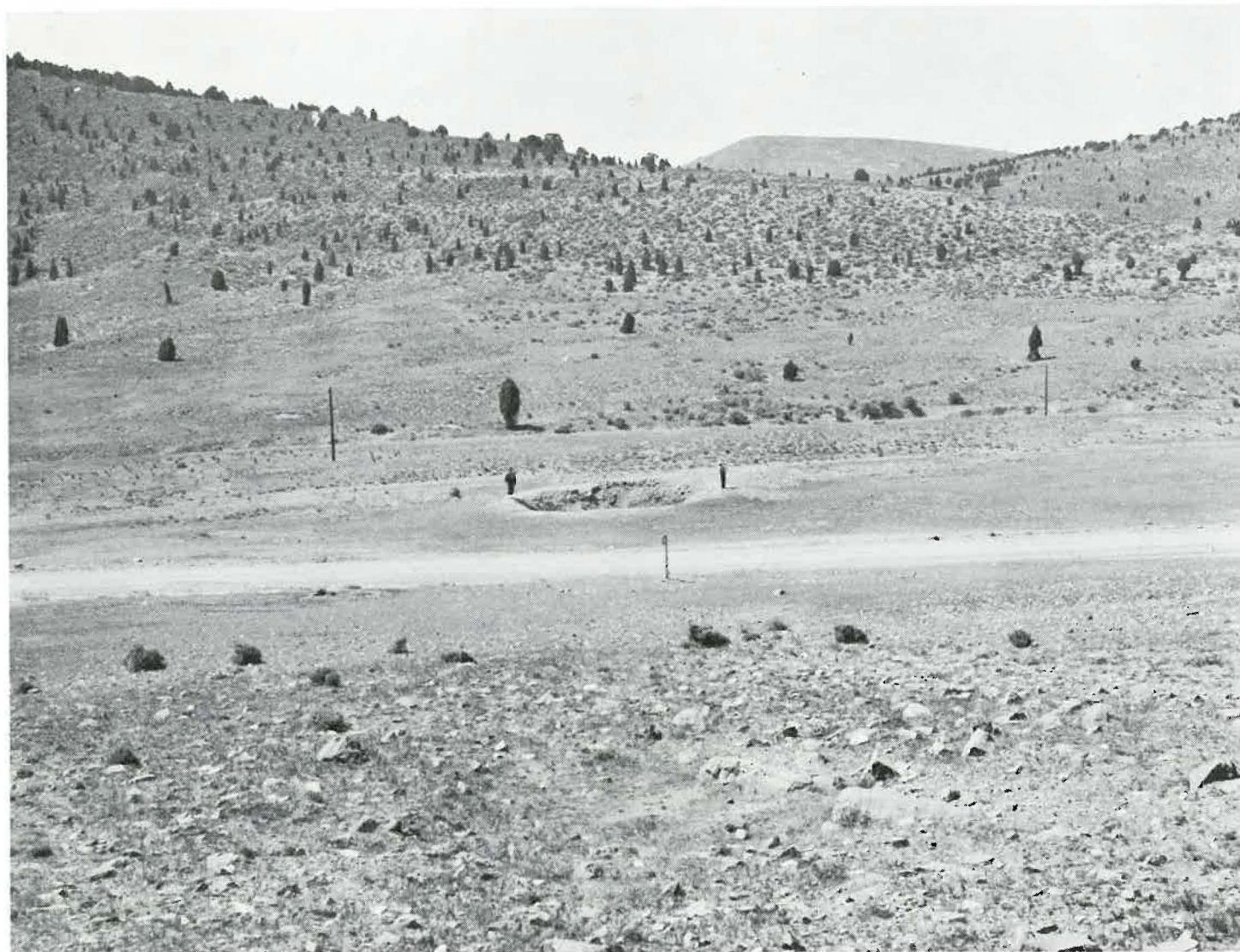
Maybe someone who reads *EMPIRE* knows. Is it, or isn't it?

THE MUSEUM GRAPHIC WISHES TO EXPRESS THANKS TO MR. BERNARD KELLY, ASSISTANT EDITOR, *EMPIRE* MAGAZINE, DENVER POST FOR PERMISSION TO PUBLISH THE ARTICLE AND TO MR. AL RUNG, DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS, CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD, FOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.









Joe's Dugout Pony Express Station site. View to southeast across trail. Note remains of a dugout in foreground and Joe's futile attempt at a well on other side of trail.

peeled" along the way westward.

The trail led on up through the canyon and over the point of the mountain, down and across to the Indian ford of the Jordan River, then over the hills to the next station. It was just east of the summit between Jordan and Cedar valleys, and was known as Joe's Dugout. Named after Mormon Joe Dorton it was established by him with the beginning of the Pony Express. Burton mentions Joe's vain attempt to find water by divining with a rod of peach wood. Water was hauled in and sold for 25c a bucket since his well, said to have been one hundred feet deep, had failed to produce a drop. Joe, with his wife Martha, also kept a small store. They built a two-room house, a log barn and had a dugout which served to shelter the Indian boy hired to take care of the ponies. Signs of the dugout and remains of the well are still to be seen at the side of the old Lehi to Fairfield road.

The trail now having veered southwestward, dropped down into and across Cedar Valley to the old settlement of Fairfield or Frogtown and its nearby military upstart, Camp Floyd. Ordered established shortly before by President Buchanan, it was said to be the largest troop concentration then in the United States. Their job was to keep an eye on the Mormons and a firm hand on the Indians along the line. The site of the Pony Express station is pointed out at the east edge of Fairfield in what is now the backyard and garden of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Dubois. The station structure has long since disappeared. This site was marked some thirty years ago by the late Dr. Howard R. Driggs, Professor Emeritus of English, New York University, and president of American Pioneer Trails Association. At the time of our last visit (1964) his circular enameled metal marker with running horse, although time worn and battered, was

still standing.

Now a small hamlet of a score of families, Fairfield at the time of the Pony Express and Camp Floyd was some 7,000 or more people. Along with artisans, workers and tradespeople came the usual saloonkeepers (there were seventeen saloons) gamblers, women and thieves—all after a share of the army payroll. The nearby Stagecoach Inn stood above this era as an "oasis of decency" and managed to survive. Now restored, the Carson or Stagecoach Inn still stands as a museum of that period.

Veering still more westward the trail finally dropped into Rush Valley by East Rush or Pass Station and on across the valley to Faust's Station. Faust's was a lonely and desolate outpost, hot in summer, windswept and frigid in winter, and always under threat of attack from the unpredictable Indian.

Utah historian, Kate B. Carter, recounts a narrow escape of the Faustus' in UTAH AND THE PONY EXPRESS. Their station was under harassment of hostile Indians demanding food and they were threatened with death Indian style. Their hope all but exhausted they were resigned to the worst when alas, as if by a miracle, a friendly chief, Pe Awnum, and his braves rode in from Lookout Pass and drove off the marauders.

H. J. Faust was described as a civil and communicative man. When younger, he had aspired to be a doctor. His studies were interrupted to join in the California gold rush of '49. He returned to Utah and for several years carried mail between there and the west coast. He established Faust's Station in 1860 and rode as relief rider in emergencies.

Yet today, one can stand on the spot and look in all directions without seeing any sign of humanity. That is, except for the desert road that leads to and past, and the stone monument erected in 1941 by the Civilian Conservation Corps. It marks the site of "Doc" Faust's way-side haven. From here on westward the trail was even more desolate with less and less population and more and more Indians.

This then, was the country through which Michael Whalen and his friends rode with their precious Pony Express mail.



Camp Floyd, Utah, Army headquarters as it appeared in 1859. In the following year it served as a relay point for the Pony Express. Copied from original in Library of Congress.



Faust's or Rush Valley station in its last days. Photograph by Charles Kelly, courtesy of the Utah State Historical Society.

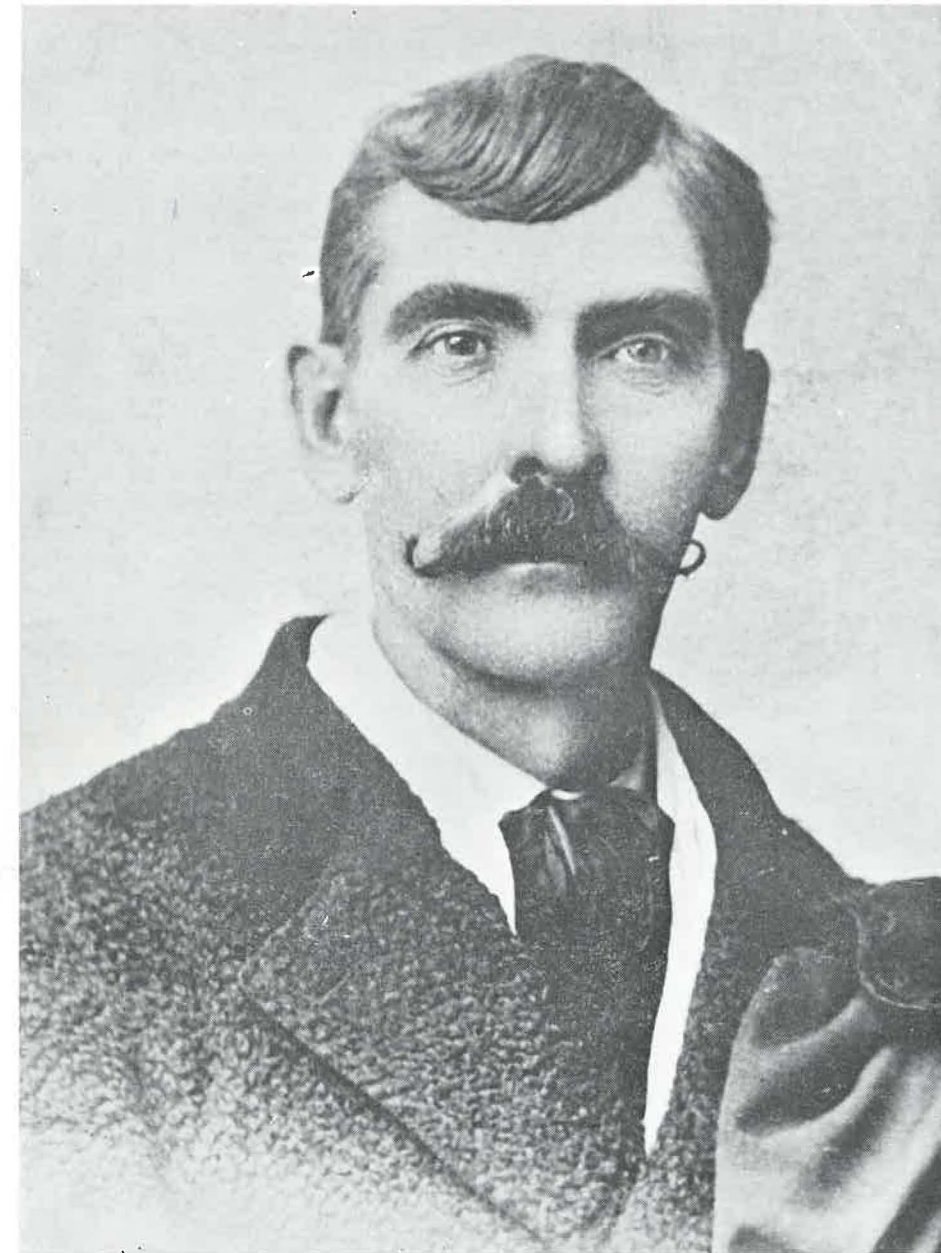
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- PAMPHLET ON CAMP FLOYD AND FAIRFIELD, UTAH  
From the STAGE COACH INN RESTORATION, Fairfield, Utah
- PHOTOGRAPH OF THREE RIDERS: Mrs. Minnie Fisher Ellsworth,  
Oakland, California



# DAVID ROBERT JAY...Pony Express Rider

by  
ROY E. COY



DAVID ROBERT JAY

It is not every day that one has the honor of a visit in person of the son and daughter of a Pony Express rider. However, it was this writer's privilege to have Mrs. Nora McCaig and her brother, Mr. Ernest R. Jay, daughter and son of David R. Jay, in my office just a few weeks ago.

The following is a short sketch that Mrs. McCaig included with the

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picture she gave the Museum of David R. Jay, and I quote, "David Robert Jay was born January 27, 1847, in Lancaster, Schuyler County, Missouri. He was the third child and only son of the 4 children born to Anderson and Margaret Jay. He was married December 6, 1869, to Miss Emily Mize, daughter of Burrell and Martha Mize, at Louisville, Kansas. He died at his home in

Atchison, Kansas, on June 12, 1930. Mrs. Mize died December 26, 1928. Of this union six children were born—3 boys and 3 girls. His two remaining children are Ernest R. Jay of Custer, Montana and Mrs. Nora Jay McCaig of Houston, Texas.

In 1854 his widowed mother with her four children, her mother and a few friends, set out with ox teams for Oregon. Near the present site of Manhattan, Kansas, they were refused permission by the U. S. Army to proceed further owing to Indian troubles on the plains. They settled down and made their homes there. In 1860 young David decided he could better himself in the world, so walking up the Blue River to Marysville, Kansas, he found employment as a rider for the Pony Express. He rode with them until the termination of the Pony Express. It is believed that David then went west and worked for Ben Holiday and other stage lines while waiting 'to grow up' so he could join the Army! On February 13, 1864, he enlisted in the Federal Army at Fort Leavenworth. He was assigned to Company 'A' of the Eleventh Regiment Kansas Volunteers Cavalry. He remained with his company until it was mustered out at Leavenworth September 26, 1865.

After his marriage he took up his trade—stone mason and plasterer—and followed this trade for many years."

David R. Jay rode out of Marysville, Kansas, to Fort Kearny, Nebraska, but on many occasions he carried the mail east from Marysville to St. Joseph so he was a familiar figure here in St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1860-61. His first assignment, according to the late John G. Ellenbecker, was from Seneca to Big Sandy to Fort Kearny on the Platte River and then from Marysville, Kansas, west and east. For a short while he rode as a substitute up the Platte to Julesburg, Colorado. He was a quiet man, and although he must have faced many hazards such as floods, blizzards and hot weather, he was not one to talk about such things.