

A

THE FOARDS

The year was 1826, the young United States was celebrating it's 50th birthday. John Quincy Adams was the 6th President. The U.S. was growing and changing very rapidly.

Immigrants were pouring into the country by the thousands, hoping and eager to find a better life than what they had left behind. They came, seeking their fortunes in the new land.

The East Coast was booming. The Industrial Revolution was in full swing in Europe and ideas were beginning to filter into the United States. The factories and businesses were prospering. The working-class people were beginning to organize themselves in labor and in education for their children.

Travel was easier, roads were being built, as well as canals. There were stagecoaches, carriages, steamships, and ferrys all bringing the States closer together.

One of the original 13 colonies, becoming a state in 1781, Maryland was especially bustling. Her ports were jammed with trade and ships of all kinds were packed with goods as well as immigrants entering the United States.

Baltimore was the center of this activity. Maryland's main port, the city was already a thriving metropolis. Immigrants were streaming in, bringing with them, their skills and crafts, opening new businesses, creating new jobs and making for a very modern city.

It was here, in 1826, that Addison Kemp Foard was born. His father died when Addison was fairly young, and he was raised by his

mother, Kitty, and older brothers and sisters. He was educated in Baltimore and when he was old enough, he went to work with his brothers, as a clerk, to help support his aging mother. In 1851, Addison married Mary Parker Jones, and they began raising their own family.

Things were beginning to happen in the western part of the United States. Up until now, about the only things west of the Mississippi River were Indians and a few adventurous mountain men and some trappers. But people were beginning to run out of room. In the next 50 years the population of the U.S. would more than triple.

In 1852, the first train traveled west of the Mississippi. It traveled from St. Louis to Cheltenham, Missouri, a distance of only 5 miles. Not very far, but it got people excited that maybe the whole country could be crossed by train someday.

Word was also beginning to spread about gold discoveries in the California Territory. People who once would never have considered going into that wild, unknown area were being lured by visions of wealth.

In 1858, Indians in the Dakota Territories were induced to sell their lands and move to a reservation. The white man needed more room.

1860 was to be a very important year. To Addison and Mary Foard, it brought the birth of their son, Arthur Craig. He joined several older children in the family. The rest of the country was marking another event. Erastus and Irwin Beadle published a series of novellettes about pioneer life, the Revolutionary War, Indians, and Mexico. Bound in yellowish-orange paper, the Beadle Dime Novel Library offered 386 titles to start with, each one enjoying sales of up to 80,000 cop-

ies. The books were eagerly sought by young people desperate for escape reading. The Beadles had a formula for success; "assign writers to hack out cliffhangers starring heroes such as Kit Carson, Calamity Jane, and Deadwood Dick." By 1865, sales were over 4 million. These books were also great enticers for inspiring ambitious and adventurous young men to go West.

There was also another major event in 1860. Slavery had become an explosive issue. Trouble had been brewing for years between the Northern States and the Southern States. The Southerners believed they could not survive without their slave labor. They felt that there was no other way they could maintain their large farms and plantations. The Northerners believed that no man should own another, and that it was unconstitutional to do so. The issue had become a bitter conflict. And on December 20th, 1860, South Carolina seceded from the Union. Other Southern States were soon to follow. They decided to create their own country and their own laws with which to live by. The issue had no real distinct boundaries. Not all Southerners believed in slavery, and not all Northerners were against it. Families were even split over the issue.

And so began the Civil War, pitting brother against brother, father against son. It raged for four bloody years, General Ulysses Grant leading the Union Forces, and General Robert E. Lee leading the South. When the smoke had cleared, the North had won. The slaves were free, and the Southern States were once again part of the Union, but it would take many years to heal the wounds the war had caused.

Arthur Craig was only 5 years old when the war ended, and he

probably understood very little of what it was all about. But he probably remembered what happened on April 14, 1865, only a month after his 5th birthday, and only 5 days after the official end of the Civil War. President Abraham Lincoln, who had been President throughout the war, and who was one of the most beloved presidents the country had had to date, was killed. While attending the theater with his wife and the victorious General Grant and his wife, Lincoln was shot by an actor named John Booth. Booth escaped, but was later caught and died in a barn which was burned while he was hiding there. Abraham Lincoln died the following morning. The entire country was shocked and grief-stricken.

In the meantime, more and more people were venturing West. Some for gold, some for land. Many Southerners, who upon returning to their homes after the war, found that there was nothing left, and so they moved West. There were also those who went West to escape the law. And the discovery of gold on the Black Hills Indian Reservation in the Dakota Territories brought thousands of fortune hunters.

The West was still a very hostile place. The Indians were not at all happy with all these people invading their lands. And in 1876, sparked by the gold rush into the Dakota Territory as well as the extension of the route of the Northern Railroad, the Sioux Indians went on the warpath. The Secretary of War had warned that there would be serious trouble if nothing were done "legally" to obtain possession of the Dakotas "for the white miners who had been strongly attracted there by reports of the precious metals."

The President, then Ulysses Grant, sent troops led by General George Armstrong Custer to settle the disturbance. On the 25th of

June, in 1876, on a grassy hill above the Bighorn River, in the Montana Territory, Custer and his troops were surprised by a group of over 2,000 Sioux and Cheyenne warriors. In the three battles which followed, Custer, his 266 officers, enlisted men and guides were all killed. The news hit the East Coast in shock-waves. How could something like this happen? This was 1876! In just a few short days, the country would be celebrating it's 100th birthday. It was uncomprehensible to Easterners that something so violent as this could happen in such a civilized country. They demanded that something be done. More troops were sent in. Finally in October, the Sioux were defeated.

Arthur Craig Foard was 16 years old when news came to Baltimore of Custer and his men. He must have thought the West was an exciting place. One wonders if he, like so many other young people, read dime novels about all the exciting happenings in the Wild West.

Baltimore by this time was a very big, busy city. It's factories were very updated, it's merchants carried every latest item that was in demand. The ladies and gentlemen of the city dressed in the latest of European fashions. It was a great place to live.

So imagine, when 3 years later, Arthur's family learned that Arthur had plans to go West! To such an uncivilized place! Why,, there? Everything anyone could possible want, was right here.

Except, possibly adventure for a young man. And so he went, caught up by the spirit of adventure and the tales of large strikes of gold, copper, and silver in the Montana Territory.

When he reached Montana, he liked what he saw. Men had been attracted to this country for a long time. Part of the Louisiana Purchase, it had become a territory in 1864. Lewis and Clark had written of it's beauty in their journals, after their expedition up the Missouri River in 1805. It did not become a state until 1889.

Arthur Craig Foard first set foot into Montana Territory in 1879. His first stop was Cokedale, Montana only about 70 miles from where Custer and his men had met their fateful end. There he worked a claim for a number of years.

Not very far away in a small mining town, named Timberline, lived a young immigrant girl named Barbara Dick. Born in Scotland, she had come to the States with her family at a very early age. She was a beautiful and sweet young woman.

Arthur Craig and Barbara met, fell in love, and were married the 7th of December, 1891. Arthur decided to settle down. He knew the mines were no place to bring a wife and raise a family.

He decided to try his hand at farming and ranching. He and his bride found a beautiful valley in the southern part of Montana and decided that was the place they would live.

Near a small town named Fishtail, lay a beautiful mountainous valley. Fishtail creek ran through the basin of it. The hills were pine covered.

They cleared an area and built their log home in a grassy meadow, a short ways up from the creek. When it was finished, Barbara planted a cherry seedling outside the front door. They were here to stay. The next spring Arthur built a barn of log to shelter the

livestock. In the next few years five children would be born to the Foards.

Summers were beautiful in the little valley, green grass covered the hillsides and meadows and wildflowers were everywhere. The children played and caught fish from the creek down from the house. Barbara tended the house and garden and cared for the smaller children. Arthur cleared more land to farm and planted crops. Sometimes they would all go into town for church services or for supplies needed. These were happy times, for there was always someone with news from the outside world. Montana was still very isolated from the rest of the world, and news of any kind was always welcome. Once in awhile they would go on to Absorakee, or Columbus, or even to Billings, which was becoming a larger town.

The winters were harsh. The valley filled with deep snow. Temperatures would drop way below the freezing mark much of the time. Snow would drift into huge drifts. But, there were also Chincoks; warm winds that would come in and warm temperatures and melt snow very quickly.

Of course, the children loved it. When chores were done, they would take their homemade sleds and climb the drifts^{up} to the top of the hills and away they would go. The older children went to school in Fishtail, only about 4 miles away, and there were many times during the winters when they could not get there. These unexpected vacations were always welcome.

The people were friendly there and the Foard family soon became a part of the community. Barbara's cherry tree grew tall as

the years passed.

Part of Barbara's family, her mother and several brothers, had followed them to Fishtail and had homesteaded nearby. Her brothers helped Arthur clear the land and farm.

Then in 1904, after the birth of their youngest child, Barbara became very ill. She died 10 days later. The day of her funeral, the entire open meadow near the house was filled with wagons and buggies. The whole community felt a loss.

Even in his grief, Arthur realized that he could not care for five small children alone. Within a year he married a woman named Rose Tannyhill.

Hard times came. Several times in the next few years, Arthur would mortgage the farm. Finally he was forced to sell the farm and move.

They went to Cody, Wyoming where Arthur opened a saddle shop. The five children grew up, moved and married. But they never moved far away from Montana or from Fishtail. Arthur Later went back to Columbus, Montana. He never did go back to Baltimore, Maryland. Montana was his home.

In his later years, he spent winters in Phoenix, Arizona, away from the harsh Montana winters. But during the summer he always went back to Montana. The last winter of his life, he didn't leave to go south, staying with his daughter, who lived in Columbus. He died there, December 22, 1945. He was buried in Abscrakee, next to Barbara

his first wife, and mother of his children.

There is nothing left of the old homestead. The house and barn have long since fallen down. It is quiet there. The cattle graze close by. The creek still runs full and the snow still gets deep in the winter. The only thing left to tell that anyone was ever there is the cherry tree that Barbara planted outside the door of the cabin so long ago.