DESERET EVENING NEWS
Saturday, July 31, 1897.

PONY EXPRESS DAYS.

Sarcastic Allusions to Expressmen of That Period.

WANTS A VETERANS' CONVENTION

How Billy Fisher was Tomahawked With a Sauer—the Big Diamond Discovery.

Special correspondence of the NEWS.

JULY 30, 1897.—In my reminiscence of the Pony Express recently appearing in the NEWS I have given the riders of that express the credit for being quite a respectable class of people, but after seeing the parade in the Twenty-fourth I have changed my opinion and now consider them among the toughest cuts we have had in our fortune or late to be associated with. Think of it! After a lapse of thirty six years and many of them were mid-leagues at the beginning of that period. On the Twenty-fourth the "Woods" or rather the stocks were full of them.

The Herculeus of pony history make them but sight a surviving, but then I have notices on similar occasions old histories belaboured and flattered by extraction instead of addition. I must have met and shook hands with a number sufficient to man a route from here to Alaska, and yet hope that and would be the most consistent some of them grizzled old prevaricators, whose exploits are chronicled in "Lotharstreet, The great Breach of the Gothics." As I remarked expiring riders in Salt Lake way were as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, all desiring to shake, all deserving, if measured by their military opinions, the honors attached to the distinguished occupation of pony rider. And yet among these ex-riders taking part in the procession I saw but two representatives of the earnest road—Robson and Covington.

Where were Thatcher, Groves, King, Wright, Wright, Little and Calhoun? They are all Utah boys and were regular riders on the Rockville end. I discovered from pony literature that the riders were paid $150 per month. Now as it is a fact that they received but $50 a month, $99 must have been winked from them as a gratuity, perhaps for their good behavior, and this being the case as it stands, that, it has occurred to me that a convention of the surviving pony riders and the widows and orphans of those deceased, for devising ways and means for the recovery of this "back pay" would be lovely thing. And which from my estimate of the number claiming to have been on these portions of the road interested with Indians would amount to about $19,000,000, the sum received by H. M. and W. for a series of years of freighting. I purposely put it at this amount, so that the heirs and administrators of the gentlemen will have no difficulty in paying it. Count at the benefit such a convention would confer upon the city, that is, provided the city has a building large enough to hold them. Some prejudiced individuals may sneer at such a suggestion, but I assure these persons that this is not the pony express that was taken by the blue tail fly. I shall take the earliest opportunity to confer with some of those most prominent gentlemen whose scalps, figuratively, are dangling in the wigwam of the Gentile brave and endeavor to bring about a reunion of the pony express family and although the ethnological pursuit of the aborigines indicated may prove a heated route than any of them have yet struck, we can at least preambulate and receive.

Of the overland and pony express literature, much of it is reliable and interesting, but some of the eventuations were pure romance, and the dates assigned for the occurrence at some incredible where at times when the pony express did not exist. Our correspondent, who was I remarked with a sneer during their hostilities he or they desired seems not to have received the use to original history and all the facilities of events, dates and locations of their occurrence is usually imbibed from the memory. And any other gentleman whose romantic imagination has produced quite a story of similar character, he had his hatchet or tomahawk ready to bury in the head of any one who ventured to question the veracity of that report. Well, I was in the out of one of the pioneer lines and produced more pony riders than any other man, however, a great deal of discussion. The amount of pure romance that represented that line was a positive fact, and I was referring to the Indian portion of it. I had occasion, the chief of the Utes, Sanpitch, to come down to Salt Lake City to make a treaty with the Mormons, and I had the honor of being the interpreter on the occasion. The chief was accompanied by a large number of his people, and I had occasion to visit the camp of the Indians every day during their stay. Sanpitch was a very intelligent Indian, and I used to spend an hour or two with him every day. I was young then, and I was very much interested in the Indian question, and I used to talk with him for hours, and he would sit and listen to me with the greatest attention. I remember one day I was telling him about the Pony Express, and I was telling him how the rider would come down the road, and how he would be shot at by the Indians, and how he would dash by the station, and how he would be shot at by the Indians, and how he would dash by the station, and how he would be shot at by the Indians, and how he would dash by the station