**MINERS, COWBOYS, AND FARMERS**

People of the West

Who do you think is being described below? Fill in the space with an **M** for miners, **C** for cowboys, or **F** for farmers.

1. \_\_\_\_\_ received 160 acres of land as a result of the Homestead Act
2. \_\_\_\_\_ they were also called prospectors
3. \_\_\_\_\_ took part in the roundup and branding of young animals.
4. \_\_\_\_\_ rode broncos on the open range
5. \_\_\_\_\_ became famous for singing songs to pass the lonely hours
6. \_\_\_\_\_ staked out homesteads on the open range
7. \_\_\_\_\_ settled in boom towns which grew up next to rich mineral deposits
8. \_\_\_\_\_ lived in dugouts and sod houses
9. \_\_\_\_\_ took steers northward on a “long drive”
10. \_\_\_\_\_ raised wheat on the Great Plains
11. \_\_\_\_\_ lived through rough and lawless times at the “diggings”
12. \_\_\_\_\_ overcame droughts, dust storms, grasshopper plagues, and prairie fires
13. \_\_\_\_\_ participated in house-raisings and corn-husking bees
14. \_\_\_\_\_ discovered deposits of lead, copper, coal, zinc, silver, and gold
15. \_\_\_\_\_ took part in the Oklahoma land rush of 1889
16. \_\_\_\_\_ found precious metals in the Rocky Mountains
17. \_\_\_\_\_ used windmills to pump water out of the ground
18. \_\_\_\_\_ signs on their wagons in 1858-1859 read: “Pike’s Peak or Bust!”
19. \_\_\_\_\_ protected cattle from Indians, wild animals, and rustlers
20. \_\_\_\_\_ worked the Comstock Lode at Virginia City, Nevada
21. \_\_\_\_\_ bitter fights against the sheepherders
22. \_\_\_\_\_ used barbed wire
23. \_\_\_\_\_ hoped to quickly “strike it rich”
24. \_\_\_\_\_ were the most permanent settlers
25. \_\_\_\_\_ followed the famous Chisholm Trail from San Antonio, Texas, to Abilene, Kansas.

**Grasshoppers Overrun at Kansas Farm**

It took plenty of hard work and determination to be a successful farmer on the Great Plains. Hot summers, cold winters, and a lack of rain tested a person’s will. The primary source account which follows describes still another problem for the homesteader – grasshoppers. The story is told by a pioneer wife whose family had recently moved to Kansas frontier.

The year 1874, we had a good wheat crop. Our peach trees had come to their first bearing and hung full of fruit. One afternoon in August as I sat sewing, I heard a noise on the roof like hailstones. Stepping out, I saw the air full of grasshoppers. My husband just then came in sight with a load of prairie hay. He called out, laughing, “Oh, see the grasshoppers.” They got down to business right away. The leaves began falling from the cottonwood shade trees about the house. We saw, too, that our fine peach crop was on the way to destruction. The peaches were about two-thirds grown and beginning to turn red on one side. My husband went out to gather them, and I put the washboiler on the stove, filling it half full of water. I happened to have the sugar, and I cooked the green peaches, canned them, and they were even nicer than ripe ones, having the flavor of the pits. I spiced many of them, and we saved our peaches, which lasted more than a year. The “hoppers” ate the ones left on the trees down to the pits. Our brother from Washington visited us in November. He broke off some twigs with the stones still hanging on them to take home as evidence, for he said if he told his friends they would call it a “fish story.”

The grasshoppers would alight in the middle of the day for their “siestas.” The sides of the house and the walks were covered with them. They flew up like a swarm of bees at one’s step. They had the most voracious appetites of any living thing. One or two would begin on a melon; as the place grew larger, others came and the melon would soon be eaten down to a shell. Onions and beets were a luxury to them, but my husband saved ours by turning a furrow over them. The corn was destroyed down to the stalk, and farmers began cutting it to save it for fodder. The crop was a poor one anyway that year, for lack of rain. The grasshoppers stayed so long that they destroyed the newly sowed fields of wheat.

I saw times through those years that I wouldn’t have given the snap of my fingers for the whole of Kansas. Everybody wanted to sell and nobody wanted to buy. Few could leave because they had not the means to get away with. But one thing the people had, and that was “grit.” They had the “try, try again” spirit, and kept on regardless of consequences. I used to tell my husband that if any class of people deserved a heaven in the future, it was the farmers of Kansas.

1. Author (creator) of the source:
2. Date of the source:
3. List three important facts from the source: