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Photo by A. E. Carlstrum

TEXAS TRAIL MONUMENT AT PINE BLUFFS, WYOMING

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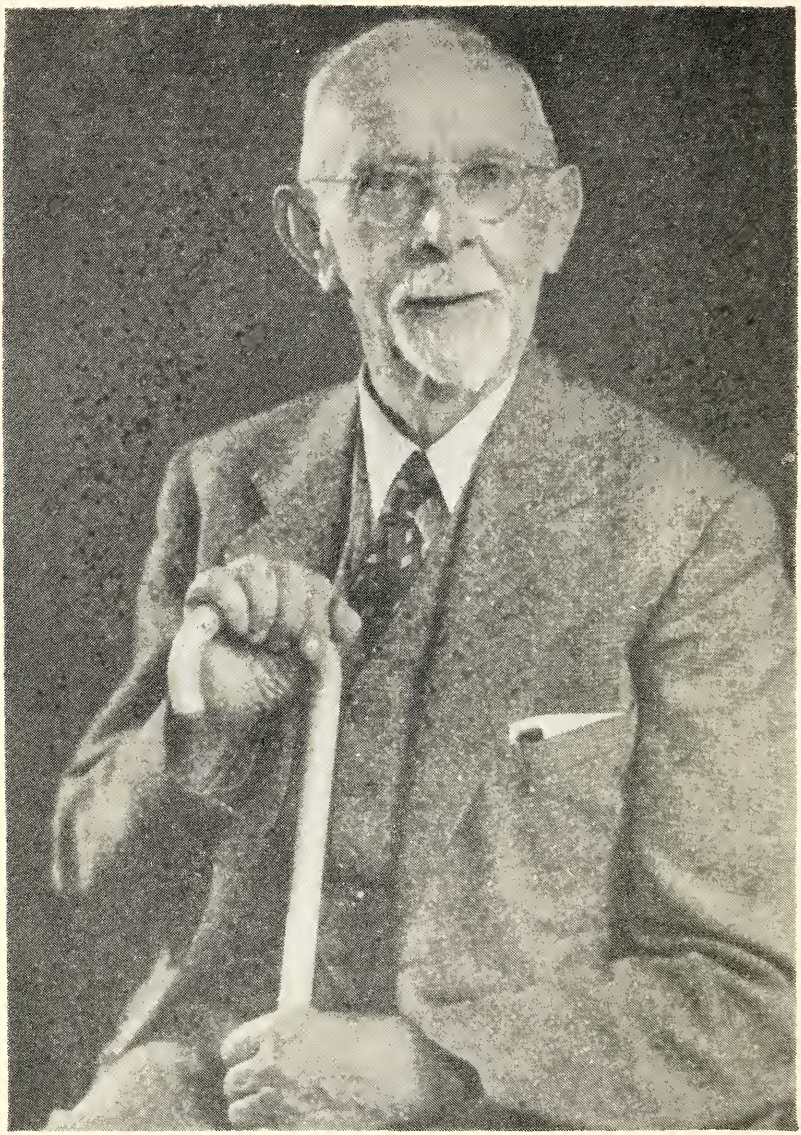

John James Fox, 1942

The Far West in the '80's

By JOHN J. FOX

Edited by T. A. Larson*

The following account was written by John James Fox, 1866-1944, who came to Wyoming Territory from England in the spring of 1385. He remained in Wyoming until 1887, when he returned to England. In the early '90's he came to the United States a second time, and settled on a citrus ranch in San Diego County, California. Later he spent some time in Guadalajara, Mexico, before returning again to England. For a time he managed a small sheep ranch in Udimore, Sussex, but America called him a third time, and this time (1904) he settled in California for good.

John Fox became a prominent farmer and stock raiser. He served on the Horticultural Commission of Napa County for three years, was appraiser for the Federal Land Bank for eleven years, and was horticultural editor for various farm papers. He wrote a *Manual of Rural Appraisement* which was published by the Pacific Rural Press, San Francisco, 1923.

In Wyoming John Fox worked in 1885 for Frank Hadsell, prominent resident of Carbon County, who died in 1927. Frank Hadsell's son, Kleber, who lives in Rawlins, Wyoming, has an account book left by his father, which includes the following entries:

John Fox, 1885

April 23	overalls	$1.00	Commenced work April 11th		
30	Tobacco	1.40	June 11 by work		$40.00
		2.40	June 14 by Gus		3.00
					43.00
June 11	cash per J.S.J.	1.50			
	cash	.50			
		4.40			
	To check	38.60			
		43.00			

John Fox left school in England at the age of fifteen, but he continued to educate himself thereafter, particularly in the fields of history, literature and music. In the narra-

*T. A. Larson is Professor and Head of the Department of History at the University of Wyoming. For biography see *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 14:1:5.

tive which follows Fox has written authentically and entertainingly of the life in southeastern Wyoming in the days of the open range. The story was written in the 1930's, about fifty years after the events which Mr. Fox describes. In editing the manuscript the punctuation has been simplified, but otherwise little change has been found necessary. The author's vocabulary was extensive, and he used some words which are not in common usage in this country, but they are nevertheless used correctly and add color to the story.

Three sons of John Fox now live in California. One of them, Denis L. Fox, a member of the faculty of the University of California, turned over his father's manuscript to the History Department of the University of Wyoming, and authorized its publication.

THE FAR WEST IN THE '80's

The high lights of early experiences stand out in one's memory and perhaps become hallowed and idealized by time. They are like old port—though covered with cobwebs, they improve with age. Rather a mixed metaphor that, but let it stand. Nevertheless, those memories are valuable because they form the basis of a comparison between widely separated periods of time.

We sailed from Glasgow in February 1885, in a sort of hybrid steamer that also carried huge sails; a walloping old tub that rolled like a porpoise. I was intent on becoming a cowboy in the Far West, so was braced to stand anything. I will pass over the horrors of the journey out on a crowded emigrant ship, and the herding of its passengers at Castle Garden in New York. These impressions have been written elsewhere and are not good reading. However, the first sight of the Statue of Liberty stirred me deeply, as it must all men of imagination.

It brings to mind, in a jumbled way, all those events of which one has read—the winning of the wilderness from the savages by the early pioneers; the war of the revolution; the clearing of the forests and the building of cities and states; the manumission of slaves, and the still living, unbounded freedom of the frontiersmen, the hunters, the trappers and the cattlemen of the Far West.

When we landed in New York it was bitterly cold and all the busses and cabs were on runners—a mode of vehicle I had never seen before. I could hardly believe that all the muddy looking heaps on both sides of the street were composed of snow. The mackinaw caps, pulled down over the driver's ears, their heavy mackinaw coats, high boots,

and the bearskin or buffalo robe wraps over their knees, made me feel that I was already getting close to the wild life of my dreams.

The policemen on the street corners looked threatening or challenging. Coming from the British Isles, where the police are not allowed to show their truncheons except in emergency, the sight of these men, twirling their business-like clubs, made me think that they were looking for trouble and that it was imminent.

My ticket from New York to Chicago cost only $1.00, as there was a railway war going on and the rate cutting had reached that ridiculous figure. I liked the nice long compartment trains with all their conveniences after the wretched little compartments we had in England. Also the fact that our baggage was checked, and that we had no further concern with it, was wonderful.

The neat houses built of wood instead of brick or stone were a novelty. From the car windows snake fences were everywhere visible—fences of split rails, and to think that a president of this country had split such rails and built such fences. Here was democracy for you!

Everybody seemed to wear knee-boots—a very novel sight. The farmers' boots were of stout cowhide, roughly made and with the tabs sticking boldly out of them, while the business men's boots were of kid or kip hide and were worn beneath the trousers.

In Chicago, State Street had a cable car system of which the city was justly proud. All the other cars were either horse or mule drawn. Two years later the whole street car system was electrified, horses being used only on the outskirts of the city. While there I was astonished to hear that a street car had been held up at Dearborn and Madison Streets at 10 o'clock in the morning, the passengers robbed and robbers evaded arrest. After that, when walking to my lodgings at night up some of the dark streets, I kept a revolver in my coat pocket with my hand on it all the time.

The next thing that shocked me was that a boy had been shot down while running away, trying to escape arrest for thieving and nothing was done to the policeman who shot him. The most amazing thing of all was hearing that murderers or other vile criminals, even though caught *in flagrante delicto*, could get out of durance "on bail" if they had money or friends to supply it, while witnesses to the crime could be held if there was any likelihood of their disappearing.

This was quite a blow; but it seemed to explain quite clearly why "lynch" law was in evidence in the less civil-

ized communities and why vigilance committees could be organized as I had read of them in San Francisco. For, I thought, a vigilance committee's actions show a desire on the part of the law-abiding to do their best to make up for the slackness with which the law was administered, and to render what they considered justice, for the safety of their own communities. It was not that the vigilance committees were lawless or bloody minded; it was the paltering with justice by accepted authority that engendered "lynch" law. This was driven home to me later in Wyoming.

WYOMING

After two weeks spent in Chicago I heard that a big cattlemen's convention[1] was to be held in Cheyenne and, as Wyoming had been my objective, off I went, not knowing anything but that I must get work on a cattle ranch. Through a friend I had been offered an office job with the C. B. and Q. Railroad at fifty-seven dollars a month. Two hundred would not have tempted me, with the plains calling.

I had expected to find Cheyenne City quite a large place, for it was known as the wealthiest city in the Far West, and doubtless it was. Yet instead of being disappointed, I was much pleased to find it the cattle metropolis of my dreams. The saloons all had wooden platforms in front of them, furnished with several chairs, all well braced with wires beneath to withstand the constant tilting of them by the users. Cow ponies were standing at the hitching rails and a few blanket Indians were seen about. The whole atmosphere of the town was of cattlemen. I walked all around the little berg in an hour. One could stand in the center of town and see the prairie all around it. The city claimed 7000 inhabitants, but I doubted there could be so many as that.

The streets were uneven and unpaved for the most part and the sidewalks, where there were any, were wooden. Quite a number of men had long hair and beards or large moustaches. The chaps of most of the cowboys were fringed at the sides and one saw a few fringed buckskin shirts, though these were mostly of blue serge or black sateen or moleskin. Bright colored silk or bandana handkerchiefs were worn round the neck in loose fashion, sometimes two or even three of different colors. Most of the hats were wide brimmed Stetsons or "billycocks" and many of the men were armed with business-like heavy revolvers.

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[1]This was evidently the spring meeting of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

The finest store in Cheyenne was the saddler's. Besides an enormous array of saddles, bridles, riatas, whips, quirts and light and heavy harness, it had a fine long show case containing bits, spurs and ornamental martingales, all gay with silver conchas or brass letters. This shop was the rendezvous and the haunt of cowboys. A huge stove stood in the middle of the store with chairs set around it and boxes of sawdust for the convenience of tobacco chewers. On the show case was a large sign, "Wanted 50 cowboys to lean on this case." It was quite effectual and the case was respected.

The very first thing I did in Cheyenne was to buy a blue flannel shirt, a pair of blue jeans overalls (usually pronounced "overhauls"), a stiff brimmed cavalry hat and cowboy boots. I had arrived there wearing a new brown Derby or bowler, a white collar, English riding breeches and leggings (box leggings) and had never attracted so much attention in my life. After the change, the men where I boarded were not only approachable but friendly. They pointed out different men at the hotels who were cattle kings. A young fellow who had come out on the train with me let the boys know that his father was a Chicago alderman.

"Oh! Then he is a saloonkeeper, isn't he?" said one of the boys.

The young man said, "Yes."

"I knew it," returned his questioner, looking round at the group. "Chicago is ruled by a board of aldermen and they are all saloonkeepers. It is policed by ward-heelers and strong-arm men and the folks have got to vote as they are ordered to. The greatest center for crooks and grafters the world has ever seen."

"They're not all saloonmen on the board of alderman," said the youth, reddening.

"Is that so?" asked the cowboy banteringly. "Which one ain't?"

"I guess a saloonman is just as respectable as anyone else, ain't he?" said the youth in defense of his father. "My old man runs a clean joint; he don't run no dive."

"Sure a saloonman's respectable, kid. Wish my old man was one 'stead o' bein' a trapper. Then I could go in and rinse me mouth out any time I wanted to 'thout havin' to worry about the price."

I drifted out and after trying several men, I was finally hired by Frank Hadsell, a horseman from Elk Mountain, at the Medicine Bow emigrant crossing. We left on the midnight train and drew into the little town of Carbon just at dawn.

The depot was a short distance from the town and we had to thread our way round pits and sunken areas, where mine cave-ins had caused a subsidence at the surface.

Carbon was a little coal mining and cow town[2], consisting of one main street and a few beginnings of laterals. It lay then along the main track of the Union Pacific Railroad. There were a few frame houses, but many were built of logs. There were also some dug-outs on the hill sides, faced up in front with logs or lumber and roofed with poles and sods. The railroad depot had originally been right in front of the general store and Johnny Conner's saloon, which stood some 40 yards back. But it had been found practically impossible to keep the cowboys from shooting at every new notice that appeared on its walls. The raw-hide bottomed chairs were always on the saloon platform in good weather and idle guns had to have practice.

The occasional shooting made the telegraph operator, who was also train dispatcher, freight clerk and general factotum, nervous; and, after several of them had successively resigned for the same reason, the district superintendent had the little depot hoisted on to flat-cars and moved outside of town.

The first little incident that thrilled me as we entered its precincts at daylight was the sight of a cowboy and a girl dashing down the street on horses, yelling, the man firing several shots in the air. He was evidently well "lit up" and the noisy female rode astride her pony, her long hair streaming behind her. She had on nothing but a chemise!

To a very green young man, born and raised in the sleepiest, most conservative little country town in Wessex, this was Life with a capital L. How my eminently respectable Victorian training leapt to meet it. I would fain have "whooped" too. The man was a very decent sort, whom I met and worked with later. The woman was, of course, an "entertainer."

At the hotel I met a Dr. R.,[3] who was an Englishman. He was the only surgeon in the district and was regarded with the utmost respect, especially by the miners. I suppose that he was typical of the frontier doctor of the period. His manners were gruff, to put it mildly, and his

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[2]In his longhand first draft Fox included the following comment: "I have said that Carbon was a cow town and so it was. But it was also a mining town and the coal miners were half Finlanders and about half Cornishmen so there were two saloons, naturally, and the Finns kept to themselves."

[3]This may refer to Dr. Ricketts who was in Carbon County at the time.

English accent lent distinction to his choice assortment of purely American oaths. He was at times a bit reckless at the card tables. I describe him because he was a very important member of the community, and seemed to fit in with frontier life without seeming out of place.

Of course he had a good permanent practice. I understood that he was paid fifty cents a month by each of the miners, which sum ensured them medical attention without further charges. His two-room log cabin was near the main adit of the coal mine, down towards the depot, so that an injured miner could be landed on his platform from the handcar. The front room was his surgery and the back his bedroom. He took his meals at the hotel, being a bachelor.

One morning the doctor had just retired to rest, having spent the night in a poker game, and two men banged at his door, just as he had dropped off to sleep, about six a. m. One of them unwrapped his injured hand, which was still bleeding, and holding it up for inspection, said "Tore it on a rusty nail on the handcar, doctor! I was afraid it might mortify!"

The doctor looked at the hand and was furious. He stepped nimbly out, clad only in his underclothes, and with one punch on the jaw he knocked the "patient" off the platform, clear across the little track, saying, "There now! If you ever come and wake me up in the middle of the night again for a scratch like that, I'll kill you. Put some more turpentine on it and come back at ten o'clock!"

"I treat 'em rough and make 'em like it. That's the sort of a hairpin I am," said the doctor. "Once let those miners think you're soft and they'd be bothering you for attention all the time on the slightest pretext. What do the blighters expect for fifty cents a month—a hospital cot? They know that some of them have to look at my knives and lancets every week and they are going to take no chances with me. No know'ns when their turn will come and how do they know but what I might cut an extra chunk out of 'em for revenge if they rile me? Always a good thing for a 'medic' to stand on his dignity with such a crowd. Keep 'em guessing, darn 'em. The shorter and sterner you are with them the better they obey orders about keeping their dressings clean."

Dignity and a short arm punch on the jaw! More power to his elbow.

"Doc" was a public spirited man who did not believe in hiding his light under a bushel. A woman sharpshooter came to the town one day and gave an exhibition at the "Opera House," which was a long barn-like structure with

Frank Hadsell Ranch showing the Overland Trail crossing of the Medicine Bow River with Elk Mountain in the background and the store, post office of Elk Mountain and saloon in the building in the foreground. The Ranch shows clearly across the river and the old overland stage station was across the road and just north of the ranch house. Photograph by Fred Baker, Carbon, Wyoming, 1885.

a dirt floor. I think it was built of logs. It had a seating accommodation for about two hundred if the benches were set close together. The footlights were small flat lamps.

After the usual exhibition of shooting out the flame of a candle, of smashing a potato swinging on a string, and putting out the candle behind it with one shot, and shooting objects from all angles, she asked for a volunteer to step up onto the stage and have a potato shot from off his head, called the William Tell act. "Doc" immediately hopped up and submitted himself for the stunt, refusing to allow his eyes to be bandaged and promising not to duck.

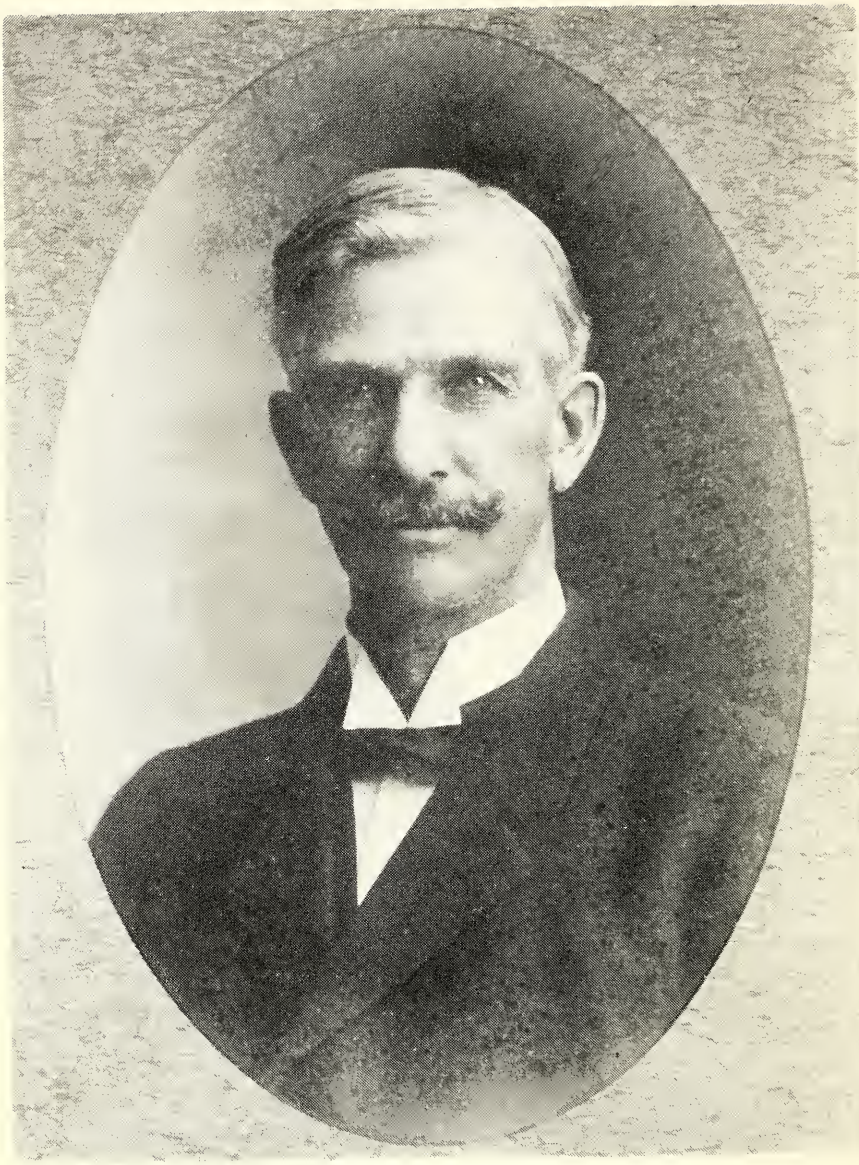
These incidents are small sidelights on his character. He "drank his whiskey straight," as the saying went, and I suppose that other men were attracted to him as I was. For there was a doctor of medicine, a man of great learning, whose hands held the keys of life or death, a man who knew all there was to know about human ailments and how to cope with them. That he should condescend to risk his life on a bet seemed nothing short of foolhardy to me. Yet I saw him bet a man five dollars that he couldn't shoot the ash off his cigar at twelve paces. The man had bragged that he could, after seeing the woman at the Opera House shoot. I saw him stand in the doorway of the saloon and stick his whole face out, while the gun wielder took up his station at the corner of the building outside. After throwing the revolver round his finger half a dozen times, the "expert" fired and smashed the cigar.

Instantly "Doc" dashed out of the doorway like a delighted schoolboy, holding out his hand and saying, "You smashed the *cigar* and you lost. See, come on now! Ante up the five bucks and look pleasant about it. You said the *ash!*"

The bet was paid and as quickly spent over the bar. Who could help liking a man like that, even if he did lack "the bedside manner?"

AT THE CROOKED X RANCH

Hadsell's foreman met us at Carbon with the spring wagon and a lively team, but there seemed to be a lot of shopping and pottering about to do, so we did not start for the ranch 'til the afternoon. The ranch was situated on the Medicine Bow River on one side of the old emigrant toll bridge, and the Elk Mountain post office was on the opposite side. Besides being the postal center for the Elk Mountain district, it was the general store, boarding house



Frank Hadsell

for travelers, saloon and livery barn. The owner[4] also had a large bunch of brood mares, besides a stable of stallions. The whole area of land, from Carbon out to the ranch, was either government land or (every alternate section from the railroad, for 10 miles[5]) belonging to the Union Pacific. There was not a single ranch taken up between Elk Mountain post office and the edge of the Laramie plains on the old trail, except the Hashknife. That was, I think, about 25 miles.

There was a good deal of snow on the ground when we arrived in the afternoon and, after depositing my dunnage on an unoccupied bunk in the bunkhouse, I was immediately put to work on some harness and gear in the barn. It was nearly dark when I went across to the bunkhouse. The other men were already inside and had a fire going.

It was a long log building with bunks ranged along on both sides of it. The furniture consisted of half a dozen rawhide seated chairs, a rough deal table and a couple of hanging lamps. A large homemade stone fireplace occupied one end of the room.

I heard the boys laughing and talking hilariously, but, as I kicked my boots against the lintel to knock the snow off, the laughter suddenly ceased and a few remarks were made in a low voice. "Here is where you are due for some sort of practical joke," I said to myself, and made ready to meet it without getting rattled.

The boys were gathered in a semi-circle round the hearth, where a cheerful blazing fire was lighting up the whole scene. I noticed my smart little brown Derby had been dented in at the crown so as to make it stand up and that it was being used as a smoker's and tobacco chewer's receptacle.

The foreman sat in the middle, tilted back in his chair. He looked up at me sideways with a quizzical grin, as much as to say, "Well, Mr. Freshman, and what are you going to do about it?"

So I said "Well, gentlemen, since that used to be my property I suppose you have no objection to my contributing."

"Help yourself, kid! Help yourself!" he broke in, with a gesture of both hands toward the little bowler, after taking a shot at it, and joining in the general laughter, as I tossed a cigaret butt into the despised headgear.

"Tell you what that reminds me of," I said quickly and managed to get off the story of a schoolboy prank. This

[4]Johnny Jones (J. S. Jones) according to the longhand manuscript.

[5]This should read 20 miles.

kept their little joke within due bounds, kept it from stringing out, so to speak.

Somehow this small incident seemed to establish me on a friendly footing with the boys at once, an intimacy that was never lost or abused. It was unwise of me to take that stupid little hat into the cow country, though it served a useful end. It had cost me seven and sixpence in Glasgow less than six weeks before and seven and six is seven and six, Scotchman or no Scotchman.

Frank Hadsell was very good company. He was a tall, lean, wiry man, full of exuberant life and high spirits, which shone from his dark blue eyes. How they sparkled as he recounted some story or event in the legislature[6] or an extra good yarn that he had heard. The dinner table was always very much alive when Hadsell was present. He was only thirty-three years old and had already established himself in a business worth probably $30,000, off his own bat, so to speak.

He was intensely interested in English stories and in English life, but was essentially a man of the West, though he was born in Massachusetts, in the Berkshire Hills. The Hadsell homestead there, still in the family's name, was acquired from the Crown of England, so it is natural that Frank should be interested in the stock from which his family sprang.

One night at the table, on my remarking that none of the ranches I had seen had locks on their doors but only latches, he said, "Ah! Wyoming is the safest, most law-abiding territory in the Union, probably in the world. Think of it. We have no penitentiary, no police and only five men have been hanged in the whole history of the territory since it was formed, seventeen years ago!"

This impressed me very deeply for I felt that he was telling me the truth. However, during that spring several bunches of cattle rustlers and horse thieves were captured and disposed of summarily. This seemed to demand some sort of explanation, so I asked Frank one evening, "How is this? You told me that only five men had been hanged in the whole history of the territory, yet about fourteen men have been hanged, if all accounts are true, between the Chugwater and Jackson's Hole and around the Black Hills. How about it?"

"Oh, well!" he replied, "they were rustlers. We make no record of them. If we did not take prompt measures to punish such vermin as they, none of us would be safe.

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[6]Hadsell was elected to the Council of the Territorial Legislature in 1886 and served in the Assembly in 1888.

Here everyone's cattle and horses range together at large on these wild lands. Everything that we own is invested in livestock. We have no police and no patrol but we have to see that our brands are respected, and since there is nobody else to do it we have to do it ourselves, though I have never had to be in on a hanging. You HAVE to hang rustlers. It's a ground-hog case!"

"Yes, but," I persisted, "why don't they get a trial?"

"They do," he responded.

"Yes, but trial by 'lynch' law is pretty nearly a foregone conclusion, isn't it?"

"It's all right. It works," he said shortly. "It makes our frontier civilization safe and it's fair. Besides, you're new and don't know what our law courts are. If we gave all the rustlers a trial in court, it would cost more than our herds are worth and then maybe half of them would get off. The few taxpayers there are in the territory couldn't stand it. The rustlers could put up enough money to hang up a case interminably, and finally they would get off, probably on some error, appeal, insufficient evidence or something like that and start all over again. When we hang them they're done, and it discourages others from shooting our cows and misbranding our calves."

"But what about those five that you said were legally hanged?" I was seeking enlightenment.

"Oh! they were just plain skunks, murderers. We had to put them through, though it cost the taxpayers a heap of money," said Frank thoughtfully. "There isn't such strong feeling about a murderer, unless the victim happens to be a popular fellow with lots of friends. Then the trial don't take long."

"But you said there was no Territorial Penitentiary."

"Ah. There you are," said Frank quickly. "It's a darn sight cheaper, when taxpayers are few and money scarce, for a criminal to be dead than for us to have to board him out in Illinois or Colorado.[7] It costs over six hundred dollars a year to board out a convict in addition to the costs of the trial, and the population of Wyoming is only about 25,000 today, including Indians."

I waited.

"But the main thing is," he went on, "that prompt and stern justice discourages the low-down, no-'count loafers from interfering with our brands. Besides, our homes are safe, our women folks are dead safe, no matter where they

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[7]A few federal prisoners were kept in Laramie, but generally other prisoners were sent to Joliet until the State Penitentiary at Rawlins was completed in 1898.

go, and our taxes are reasonable. Isn't that better than playing with a criminal, like they do in more 'civilized' countries, and then living in a state of fear and suspense all the time? It sure is. Why the criminal element would swamp us in no time. If we didn't make short work of 'em they'd swarm in here. As it is they keep away—those who have any regard for their health," he added pleasantly.

This conversation was very enlightening to me and the words sank in. I had glimpsed the citizen's point of view and the taxpayers' point of view, and to this day I cannot see how they could do other than they did with the vermin who drove off their stock. Instead of shooting them on sight they were at least given a decorous hearing.

It was again demonstrated that "Justice is swift" if it is to be efficacious and that the sacredness of life and property were best secured by a virile community whose ideals were high.

No sob-sisters in Wyoming. Neither did I ever hear a case of assault against a woman or a girl. An assaulter would assuredly have met with short shrift at the hands of the nearest man. And these safe conditions prevailed right in the old Sioux hunting grounds, only nine years after the Custer Massacre.

STONEWALL JACKSON

"Here comes old Stonewall Jackson," Frank said one day, as a fierce looking old wreck of a man passed along on a deplorable old grey cayuse. He wore an old grey billy-cock hat that was full of holes; his grey hair was long and shaggy, coming down over his collar; and his unkempt grey beard stuck out every which way. Though worn and bent, he still looked fierce and untamed.

"How do, Stonewall!" Frank hailed, as the old man passed.

The old man glared round, gave a curt nod, thumped his pony with his heels and said, "Gid up!"

"The old rip hasn't very much use for me," said Frank. "I hired him once but had to let him out directly. He's too dirty and ornery for anything."

"But," I said, amazed, "I thought 'Stonewall' Jackson was a very celebrated Confederate General. Surely that old ruin—"

"No relation, kid. This old bird got the nickname probably because he is so fond of Stonewall whiskey. No, this old boy has had a very hard life, including a year in Andersonville prison during the war. And to do him justice, he

doesn't know the name of fear, even if he is an old whiskey soak." And Frank told me of the time he had hired him in Cheyenne.

They were to go out on the midnight train, and Frank, knowing old Jackson's weakness, had hunted around town for him about eight o'clock in the evening. But none of the saloons yielded any knowledge of him. So Frank went to the jail and sure enough the sheriff had an old drunk answering the description. Frank went in and identified him as he lay asleep and asked the sheriff to let him out and see that he got down to the train at midnight, as it was hard to get another cook in town. This the sheriff agreed to do.

Then Frank said, "Listen, Larry,[8] just throw a scare into the old stiff when you let him out. I don't want him to come back again."

Larry said afterwards to Frank, "Say, Frank, that was a nice trick to play on me, telling me to throw a scare into old Jackson."

"What did he say? Did he make a pass at you?"

"Why!" said Larry, "I said, when I let him out, 'Now look here, old man, I'm letting you off to catch that train because Hadsell's a friend of mine, but if I ever catch you in this town again, I'll give you sixty days on the stone pile'."

"How'd he take that?" Frank asked.

"How'd he take it! He looked me up and down as insulting as ever a man looked; then he spat savagely on the ground and said, 'The hell you will! Say, Whiskers, are you king of Cheyenne? YOU'LL give me sixty days on the stone pile. Why you cocked-up bonehead, you got no right to *turn me loose*. Where's your papers, eh? Where's yer papers? You're a-breakin' the law to turn me loose, ye dum-gusted turnkey'."

"And then," said Larry, "he cussed me till he got out of sight."

One night that spring the old man came past the ranch on his mustang after we had all gone to bed. At that time Hadsell's house and the old log bunkhouse were adjoining. We heard the old man singing as he came over the bridge and he stopped his horse as he was opposite and began hurling the most offensive abuse at Hadsell.

We boys were chuckling away inside, wondering what Frank would do. He finally got out of bed and went to

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[8]In his longhand first draft Fox wrote that he thought the sheriff's name was Larry Fee. The *Wyoming Historical Blue Book*, however, lists no Larry Fee as Laramie County sheriff, but does list a Lawrence Fee as unsuccessful candidate for Constable in the City of Laramie in 1884.

the door with a lantern in his hand and said, "That's about enough now, Stonewall. You're not so drunk but that you know what you're doing. There's women folks in here can hear you—ain't ye shamed? Now you beat it or I'll take a shot at you."

"Bing," came a bullet from the old man's Colt and hit the logs close to Hadsell's head. The light vanished suddenly and Hadsell retired, while Stonewall, after another terrible tirade, as a sort of paean of victory, rode off singing his old song in a maudlin quaver, "When you and I were young, Maggie," or something like it.

The next year Stonewall was cook for the "Quarter Circle F" outfit on the beef roundup. The outfit had camped at a deserted log house, and when the boys came in for dinner about eleven o'clock nothing was prepared. Stonewall had found a large bottle of spirits of camphor (I think it was) and was in no condition to do anything.

The foreman said, reproachfully, "Now Stonewall! Ain't you the no 'count old stiff. Here's all the boys hungry and expectin' a meal, a good hot dinner, and you've throwed 'em down."

"Now ain't that too bad!" said Stonewall, beginning to weep and weaving to and fro on the ground.

"Oh, well!" said the foreman, "you better go in and sleep it off and then you can go and roll your blankets (the sign of dismissal); I'll attend to the dinner myself."

"All right, Ed, all right," sobbed the old man, "Poor boys! poor boys! an' I throwed 'em down. They relied on me an' I done throwed 'em down. Won't you brew me a cup o' tea, Ed? I do want a cup o' tea right bad."

So Ed had to sling up a meal for the men himself and then took some tea to the old man, who appeared about four o'clock with his blankets rolled and his old cayuse saddled. He went away a picture of penitent misery. And well he might, for the boys said nothing, which must have hurt him more than a volley of reproof.

One more incident may be of interest and serve to set off the redeeming qualities of this remarkable old wreck. He had a quarter section of land (160 acres) that he called his "Home" because it had a log cabin on it, with a lean-to shed for his horse. The whole was surrounded by a lodgepole corral.

On going home after he had been fired by the "Quarter Circle F" he found there a pair of escaped convicts from Colorado, both weak from starvation and exposure. Poor old Stonewall had nothing in his provision bag but a little flour, bacon, lard and beans, and here were some men in

distress. So he took his rifle and went out and killed a range steer.

According to his story he kept those two convicts at his cabin for a couple of days and fed them up. Then he gave them an old blanket and all the cooked meat they could carry, advising them to try to climb a freight train at Lookout.

Stonewall had no more sense than to hang the green hide of the slain steer on his corral fence with the brand showing plainly, and one of the boys going by a little later spotted it and reported it to the owner. A couple of boys were sent to investigate and they brought Stonewall down to the cross-roads, while word went around that a rustler had been caught. This was interesting and quite a number of men assembled to attend the "trial."

The old man told his story and was so earnest, aggressive and vituperative in the examination and cross-examination that the assembled punchers were in a constant giggle. Stonewall did not like that. He was solemnly sentenced to death for cattle stealing. His arms were pinioned, a lariat placed round his neck and thrown over the limb of a cottonwood tree and he was stood on a barrel.

The judge then solemnly said, "Stonewall Jackson! Have you anything to say before sentence of this court is executed?"

"YES! By the jumped-up jiminy crickets, I have!" the old man bellowed. "You— — — — —" and he let out the most terrible stream of invective and insulting epithets it is possible to conceive, his eyes burning with anger.

"WELL! If that's all you got to say, we may as well go ahead. Kick away the barrel, Bill Hickman," said the judge.

The old man turned quickly to Bill Hickman and said, "You dasn't to kick away that barrel, Bill Hickman, I bet you two and a half you dasn't to kick it away." And it was Bill's turn to be consigned to perdition.

After the laughter of the crowd had subsided following this sally, the owner of the slain steer said, "Stonewall! If we let you off this time, will you promise never to kill another range steer?"

"I will not!" bawled the old man. "Them convicts was starvin', haven't I been atelling ye, an' I had nothin' to feed 'em. If a starvin' man comes to my house an' I'm broke, I'd kill another o' yer durned steers, by G—! Why, what d'ye take me fur? Which is worth more—a human or a critter? Ye lunk-head!"

"Well," said the owner, "if we let ye off this time, will ye come over to my ranch and work out the price o' that steer?"

"Yes, I can do that much," he replied.

So Stonewall was untied and stepped down from the barrel. He walked through the group with an air of injured innocence. On his way to the barn to get his old mustang he would stop every ten yards or so to hurl insults at all and sundry of the crowd, while tears of anger rolled down his cheeks.

He never did work out that steer though—the old rip.

CHARACTER AS SHOWN IN ANECDOTE

Wyoming in the early '80's was part of that frontier of civilization known in eastern America as the "Far West." It was a very new territory with very few settlers, considering its area. Most of the vast area of the plains and mountains was government land. Comparatively few women were to be found in the territory, outside the towns (I heard at the time that the ratio was one woman to thirty men), and there were practically no old people. Pioneer stock has to be young, healthy, inured to hardship and prepared to meet any conditions of privation, weather and isolation.

It did not take me long to learn that toleration and consideration were qualities that were necessary. They were engendered by the interdependence of this sparsely settled country. The man whose behavior was offensive or the man who always carried a chip on his shoulder found himself isolated. He was left alone. He had to leave the country or win back again by mending his ways. The thing was automatic—spontaneous, not calculated. A deliberate complainer was, I believe, an anomaly amongst the pioneers.

These papers are by no means chronological. Such events as are set down here will allow the reader to judge for himself what manner of people are those described.

I was in the general store at Carbon one day to make some purchases, and a man called "Riley" was with me. I do not know what his real name was, but one of his eyes was a "blank;" so he was named after the hero of a ribald song of the period, called *One-eyed Riley.*

While we were standing about waiting for our purchases to be put up, a smart, nice looking girl walked by and nodding, said, "Hello, Riley!"

He touched his hat with his finger in salute and said "Hello, Mary!" Then, as she passed on with a large parcel under her arm, he called after her, "How's Pearl, Mary?"

The girl's eyes were moist as she looked down and rubbed a knot in the floor board with her toe. "That's what brought me over here today, to get this cheese cloth for her," indicating the parcel.

"Well," said Riley, "We all got to go sometime, I guess an' you girls been mighty good to little 'Sore-eyed Pearl'."

"And why wouldn't we?" she flared. "I bet every one of us saw ourselves a-lyin' there where Pearly is—in our minds. Man! She rotted to death!" And Mary sniffed hard, and turned to go.

"Hold on a minute, Mary. What about a fiver towards funeral expenses or flowers or sump'n? I'd like to be in on this."

"Well now, that's man's talk, Riley. Flowers it is," said Mary, as she held out her hand for the five dollar gold piece. "She wanted a church funeral, Pearly did. And she's goin' to get it too, for we got the priest over from Laramie and he give her absolution before she passed out yesterday."

"Fine," said Riley. "My regards to the girls." This time he raised his hat as the girl left us. She tied the parcel on to the back of her saddle and went off out of town in a cloud of dust.

"Who's that girl?" I asked Riley, innocently, for it was hard to believe that this gentle voiced, distressed girl was anything but decent.

"Why, she's just one o' the bunch over at Number Five," said Riley.

"Was this Pearl her sister or a relative?"

"Nope. Just one o' the bunch. When she got real sick, they give her a cabin to herself and fixed it up nice and they've always took turns to wait on her and give her the news. Most o' them girls is pretty good-hearted to a down-an-outer."

"Funny things, women," he continued. "I asked Pearl how she was a-gettin' on a few weeks ago, when I was over there. She was behind a screen 'cos she didn't like nobody to see her face, the girls said. But her laugh was a fright, like scratchin' on a winderpane with a rusty nail. It give me the shivers. An' yet she said that she was happier than ever she was in her life—and her dyin'."

"How old was she, Riley?"

"Probably 'bout twenty-five, should cal'late."

How surprised Riley would have been if he had known my thoughts. Christ and the Magdalen. And the thought that a despised woman of the town, dying of a loathsome

disease, was given happiness at her end by the consciousness of the friendship and care of her companions in misfortune!

"Come on, kid. Let's go down to Johnny Connor's and I'll throw you 'horses' for the drinks, 'fore we have dinner," said Riley, as we gathered up our purchases and put them in a sack.

A HORSE DEAL

Hadsell had a foreman by the name of Jeff Groves, who was also his chief handler of bad horses—the "Bronco-buster." He had been sent over into eastern Oregon to bring back a bunch of cayuse mares that Hadsell had bought cheap and had returned very tired and out of humor after the long and arduous trip.

In Jeff's string of saddle horses was one tough little brute—a splendid cow pony, with feet of iron; an animal that was never sick nor sorry, but with a most evil disposition. He could buck half a minute longer than any other horse on the ranch, and half a minute is an awful long period to the rider at such a time.

But it was when handling the critter at saddling time that he bluffed everyone. He was a wicked biter and as quick to strike with a forefoot as he was to squirm around and try a blow with his heel. And so nobody but Jeff wanted him. In wickedness he was unbelievable, but he was also indestructible.

Jeff had ridden him every day on the Oregon Trail in order to subdue the devil in him, with indifferent success. The pony was standing alone in the big branding corral one day, idly switching the flies with his tail and looking the picture of innocent strength and contentment, when an emigrant, whose saddle pony had gone lame, happened along with his covered wagon.

Now every emigrant that crossed the plains had to have at least one or two saddle horses. They were needed for rounding up the work oxen mornings or for looking for good camp sites and water. The man whose pony had gone lame was getting tired of having to round up his animals every morning afoot. It was dangerous too, if there were any range cattle about, for a man to be afoot. So he called at our ranch to try and trade for another saddler.

Hadsell took him out to the corral and showed him Jeff's "lamb." Here the two men sat, on the top rail of the big corral and whittled. The emigrant regaled Frank with an account of his arduous days through the mountains, while his listener replied with a long and detailed story

of the difficulties yet in store for him, which might be epitomized as "The worst is yet to come."

"The further you go north," said Hadsell, "the more you have to rely on a good saddle horse, an animal in whose powers of endurance you can absolutely rely. Man, your very lives may depend on it when you get over to Wind River. The Shoshones are masters at driving off stock—good work stock—maybe many miles in a single night. And without a cow pony, a good one, mind you, what can you do? You're stuck."

"Now, that sturdy little mustang there," he continued, "has just come over the trail with a cavy from eastern Oregon, the very road through Boise City that you will take going to Washington. My man says that he rode him four or five hours every day on that trip. He's tough as pinwire, quick as a cat and knows his business, either roping, herding, or cut out work. And bitted! He'll turn on a dime with a packthread."

"Well, what d'ye want to sell him fer, then?" said the emigrant.

"WANT to sell him! Do tell, didn't you come to me and ask me to help you out? I got three carloads of 'made' horses going to Nebraska next week. I shall have them in off the range tomorrow, if you want to wait over. I'll let you have the pick of them for the same price as I'm offering you this buckskin. They're all colts, but have all been ridden several times."

"I dunno about waitin' over," began the emigrant, doubtfully.

"Hello!" said Hadsell, raising his voice a little for Jeff's benefit. "Here's my man coming now. He's the fellow that rode this horse over the Oregon Trail."

Jeff came sauntering up to the corral, rolling a cigaret and supposed that Hadsell was enlarging on the demoniac qualities of the buckskin. When he came up, Hadsell introduced him to the emigrant and he climbed up and roosted between them.

"Young man," the emigrant said, turning to Jeff, "I understand that you rode this horse down from eastern Oregon—all the way—is that right?"

"Sure is," said Jeff, shortly. He was probably a bit nettled at being addressed as "young man." It was a new experience for him to be patronized.

"He must be a tough bit o' stuff to stand that," remarked the emigrant.

"'Tough' is right," Jeff replied, looking at Hadsell for an answering grin to his own, which was not forthcoming.

"Then he is really a pretty good saddle-horse, eh?" the Kansan persisted.

"Bet your sweet life he's a good saddle horse," said Jeff, disgustedly, "an' I'll bet you two an' a half that YOU can't ride him or saddle him."

As the emigrant's covered wagon disappeared, trailing a lame saddle pony, Jeff was repeating in extenuation, "But, billyell! Frank, I never dreamed as you was tryin' to sell him that hellion! I thought you was paintin' the little pie-biter a gleamin' red, so's to make his fishy eyes bulge."

At the bunkhouse Frank told us the whole story just about as it is set forth here, while Jeff looked sheepish. Then he said, "Well boys, the drinks are on me AND Jeff. Let's go across the bridge."

For a long time thereafter, whenever Jeff put in an appearance, somebody would shout, "Hello, here he comes! The deal is off." But it would have been out of place for a stranger or a new acquaintance to have made the remark.

A DANCE AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE

At my first dance at the Elk Mountain schoolhouse, the boys up at the "UL" prevailed on me to attend, dressed as a girl. I was only nineteen years old and my face was innocent of hair. Mrs. Jones at the store promised to lend me a white skirt trimmed with lace, a Dolly Varden hat (that tied under the chin with ribbons), with a fringe of hair sewed into it, and a nice turkey red Mother Hubbard dress, as the basques worn then would have been quite out of the question for a man devoid of hips. There were so few women about to liven things up that it seemed to me to be quite a brilliant idea. I was strong for it by the time we got things going.

Mrs. Jones entered into the spirit of the thing and brought out the largest pair of corsets to be found in the store and a fine pair of cotton stockings, all brightly striped. I wore my English riding breeches for "undies." The white skirt was a bit too small around the waist, so she tied a piece of string to the button-hole and looped it over the button. Trust an American woman for resourcefulness, even though her judgment in some things be a little shaky.

The Mother Hubbard dress was a gorgeous affair of Turkey red, a red that warmed up the whole atmosphere, and Mrs. Jones made a sash for it for my more or less dainty jimp waist. I had, by good luck, a pair of English dancing pumps, and when the Dolly Varden hat was tied on with

ribbons beneath my chin and a frizzy fringe of hair covered my forehead, Mrs. Jones gave me a kiss, to the huge delight of the boys who stood around making remarks. She said that I looked too sweet for any use and that she expected me to prance around "like a heifer with the warbles" and she would chaperone me.

I had to ride side-saddle down to the schoolhouse, as was the custom with women then. The little snubhorn on my stock saddle was very comfortless on that wild ride, as we went lickety-split over the rocks and sagebrush. The modern woman has much to be thankful for, even if she has discarded much of her fascinating mystery for frank display.

I went in on the arm of Dexter Jones and was introduced to some people I did not know as Miss Ferguson from Scotland. I endeavored to be very gracious, not to say condescending, and really succeeded to taking in one or two people for a few minutes. It was a pity that the flouring of my nose had been forgotten, as it had peeled from exposure to the sun and wind and Dexter said it looked like a "grog-blossom." I strode along thoughtlessly with a cowboy's lurching stride, till Dex admonished me, "Step short, man! Step short and dainty, for crime sakes."

One young lady, the daughter of a large stock rancher, had just returned from an Eastern "Finishing School," where culture was dispensed; and, as Dexter said, she "put on more airs than a stud-horse" to show her aloofness. When I was presented she looked at me coldly but curiously and gave a stiff little salutation—not even a simper. I do not know if she was waiting for somebody that failed to show up, but she refused all offers of partners for the Lancers and, as it happened, she was seated just behind me after the announcer had shouted "EV'RYBODY GET YOUR PARDNERS!" "HONORS TO YOUR PARDNERS!" "FIRST COUPLE RIGHT AND LEFT!" The fiddle struck up the Arkansas Traveler—a dandy air for a square dance. That old fiddler of ours could make a cripple dance with his *Turkey in the straw.*

Just as we had finished the first figure of Lancers, that wretched piece of string that secured my white lace-trimmed underskirt broke and down the silly thing came in billowy folds around my feet. Now it is probable that if I had been a woman, such a thing might in those days, have been very embarrassing indeed—quite a catastrophe, but to me it meant nothing at all. I simply stepped out of the mess, rolled it up and deposited it on a vacant chair beside Miss X, the finished one.

She drew up her skirts in horror and disdain, moving her chair well away from the accursed thing. She gave me, in modern slang, "such a dirty look" that it made me realize that something must be the matter. My seven partners in the set kept on jollying about it so, that after the dance was over, I left the room, reached my overalls and blue shirt from the back of the saddle and changed back to a man again.

On re-entering the room I was re-introduced to Miss X, who was not only most gracious to me, but actually thawed out and became human with the bunch. That eastern silver plating was very thin. She was born on a cattle ranch the very year that Wyoming became a territory and had been raised on horse back. Even an eastern "Young Ladies' Seminary" could not piffle that off.

At that dance I saw the most graceful couple of waltzers I have ever seen. The lady was Hadsell's very efficient cook and the man was foreman for the "Hashknife" outfit. I had seen him earlier at the hotel as he got down from his horse after a twenty-eight mile ride. He was covered with alkali dust, even to his eyelashes; his hair was grown below the collar of his shirt and turned up at the ends like a drake's tail. He wore a beard, at least a month old and that was all grey with dust.

When he said "Well, I've come over for the big dance," I could have laughed, as he untied his dunnage from the back of his saddle. His huge bearskin chaps nearly hid his toes and he walked like a bear, stiff and stradley, as every long distance rider does when he first dismounts, especially where the boot heels are four inches high and are set beneath the instep like a woman's.

But before he came to the dance, he had had a good bath, a hair-cut and a shave and was the only man on the floor wearing a linen collar and shirt (a biled shirt) and woolen clothes. The easy and dignified yet joyous movements of this couple fascinated me more than any I had watched on an English ballroom floor.

At these frontier "hops," square dances and waltzes were the favorites, though polkas, schottishes and gallops had a look in, and there was always one "country dance" (Sir Roger de Coverley, as known in England). Because of the scarcity of women many of the entire sets of square dances were composed of men and so called "Stag" sets, who tried to step as gracefully as if women were their partners. A clumsy man or one who made mistakes in the figures was unmercifully jeered. All the movements were loudly called in proper time and sequence, by a caller or announcer.

If any townsmen came out to these country dances, they had to behave with decorum as long as any women were present. Also, if any man absented himself many times from the floor, in order to "hit the jug," he somehow did not return to the floor. He had to take his liquor somewhere else. As soon as a man began to talk loud, indicating that he was getting lit up, a couple of husky cowboys would get him off by himself, and he disappeared so unostentatiously that the assembly often knew nothing about it, and the erring man had nothing to feel ashamed of or sore at afterwards.

The explanation of this decent code of manners is that most of the pioneer stock was purely American, largely from Missouri and the southern states, self-respecting men, who demanded that due deference be shown to their womankind—an unspoken demand but unmistakable.

The public town dances that were attended chiefly by women of easy virtue, were probably no better and no worse than they are today, and they did nothing to typify the genuine character of the new West. Owen Wister, in his book *The Virginian* is the one man who has written of Wyoming's cow country as the writer knew it in the '80's. He knew and appreciated his characters.

One thing is certain. No woman of that period in Wyoming, no matter what her age or condition, could have been violently abused or man-handled, as is so often shown now-a-days in the screen stories of the Wild West. And that is why, as Frank Hadsell said, Wyoming was the most law-abiding territory in the Union. It was an unhealthy climate for malefactors of any kind, yet its people were most tolerant—especially to the weaknesses and foibles of their fellows. This seems to have been characteristic generally of the pioneer stock who invaded the wilderness of the Far West.

Human nature never seems to vary much in its passions and its strong feelings, but I must offer the following incidents as typifying the desire to overcome hard feelings and to preserve harmony in a frontier community. In a new and sparsely settled district, if you are "at outs" with your neighbor, there is nobody to take his place. You are interdependent whether in trouble or in need of social intercourse. The children are reared on this custom of tacit respect for neighbors. A workable harmonious condition results.

Frank Hadsell came home one evening wearing a black eye and frown. Nobody said anything as he unsaddled and whacked his saddle up onto its peg with a slam and strode off in silence to the house. I guess we figured that

it would be wiser to let him give the wife an earful first and then he would feel better.

So when we went into supper, Frank and his wife were both smiling, which encouraged the foreman to ask, pleasantly, "Who gave you the shiner, Frank?"

At this question both he and his wife laughed. "Well," he said, "I went up to the 'T Bar' this afternoon to have it out with neighbor Tom, about that filing of Clara's that his man had jumped. 'Course he had a perfect right to do it, but I didn't like the sneakin' unneighborly way it was done and I told him so. The son-of-a-gun never said a word but he slammed me in the eye, as quick as a flash and we went to it.

"Finally he picked up a steel hand-bar and stood me off. And on top of that, his wife appeared at the door with a gun and darned if she didn't take a shot at me as I rode off."

The amazing part of the little incident is that the lady who had taken a shot at Frank in a heated moment, called on his wife about ten days later, just as though nothing had happened and asked to borrow her green riding habit for a pattern!

BRANDS

I have spoken incidentally of the "Hashknife" brand and outfit. Johnny B., foreman of that ranch, gave me a little history of the origin of that brand.

"When old man H. first came here his brand was the 'Lazy H.' He was mighty proud of his brand and had it advertised in four counties.

"He always kept his ranch house pretty neat an' trim. The pictures as he cut o' the magazines to stick up on the wall was always pictures of women or 'homey' pictures with nice women in 'em. None o' yer leggy 'chippies' or half-naked dancers like you seen in the P'lice Gazette for him. He liked dutchesses and queens and mothers—all dignity and grace.

"Well, the time come when he figured as he ought to be gettin' him a wife. Maverick women bein' scarce in Wyoming, he went back to Iowa, where his folks lived an' pre-empted one. A school-marm an' a good manager she was an' a mighty good cook. The old man certainly picked a 'pippin.'

"You wouldn't think that a classy woman, comin' out from a respectable, church-goin' community in Iowa could ever buckle down to the raw conditions of a cattle ranch an' be satisfied. But she did. Kep' things nice, fed the men fine and played the piano evenings. She would even

go so far as to 'muck out' the bunkhouse once in awhile, which made us a bit more careful how we left it.

"She sure was a practical little body, but she was mighty sentimental too, and she got Hank to change his brand. She says, 'I would like our brand to be an anchor, because it is an emblem of Hope an' Faith.' She drawed out an anchor on paper for the blacksmith to make some irons from. Always one to go right to the bat when she wanted anything, she was. She wasn't a wisher—she was a go-getter!

"O' course, whatever she said went, but Hank, as he took the drawin' over to the blacksmith, said as he hated to let the old brand go—the old 'Lazy H,' but to have the anchor made as near like it as was possible.

"He done his best. In the 'Anchor' iron, as the blacksmith made it, the stock was twice too long; the shank was four times too short an' the arms was too straight an' without flukes. The next season's crop o' calves was branded with it, an' not knowin' the story or the name o' the brand everybody called it the 'Hashknife,' an' you can't make nothin' else out of it. They say the good lady was wild when the name fust come up, but shucks! it didn't take long afore she called it that herself, like the wise little 'guinea' she was."

So that was the romance of the "Hashknife." A beautiful sentiment gave it being and the cow puncher bestowed a workable, everyday name on it. Glory be!

"Then there was the 'Crooked X.' I heard as that was started by a young bride too. Don't it beat all how women folks always want to change things around?" Johnny continued, reflectively. He hated to let go when he had a good appreciative audience—even as you and I.

"What is there romantic about a 'Crooked X?' " I asked.

"Blamed if I know," he replied, "but she said as she wanted a 'Watchticker.' What do you know about that—a 'Watchticker!' She drawed it out an' it was a circle with a cross in the middle, something like this," and he made a figure in the dust somewhat resembling a swastika. "Well, o'course you couldn't make a brand like that, 'cause everything inside the circle with that cross in it would rot out an' leave nothin' but a lumpy scar. So the blacksmith made the nearest thing to it, except joinin' up the ends of the cross, an' the young woman had to be satisfied with that. But who could tell as the thing meant a 'Watchticker?' A 'Crooked X' it was and you can't make nothin' else out of it.

"But o' course," he added, "you always got to humor a woman, especially when she's first shakin' down in a

new country. Give 'em anything they want, long as they don't fly too high. Later on they gener'ly learn to be reasonable." A remark that showed that Johnny was wise in his generation, like most of his fellows.

"Then there's the 'Lazy Y' brand," he went on, glancing at me sideways. But I had already been had on that silly myth, so I shut him off.

COWBOY PLAYTIME AND YARNS

It is perhaps a little difficult to realize today what life on a cattle ranch was in the '80's. We had no telephone, phonograph, radio or movie; no automobile, library or daily news, though the mail used to come in twice a week on horseback. Our old tin lanterns were hard to keep alight in a gale of wind and many used candles in them—tallow candles, which gave about enough light to make darkness visible. Our house lamps were smoky and dim, for kerosene was of poor quality.

Evenings, the boys would play cards — draw pedro, euchre, draw and stud poker, for chips at a nickel a score. Some played chequers, others the mouth-organ or harmonica, and sometimes we could get a singer to oblige. Some would cut up strips of rawhide and braid riatas, bridles, reins and hackamores with it or with horsehair; some would read papers or paper-covered novels or tell stories.

The man who could tell a good story was especially appreciated. Some of the boys with the help of a trained imagination contrived to deliver a story with quite a wealth of interesting sidelights—"corroborative details to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative," as Pooh-Bah said.

The chief point was to get the listeners highly interested, and when the occasion was ripe to pin the silly climax on one particular person in the crowd, and make him look ridiculous. To lead up to a point where one selected man in the group should be made to ask a particular question required brains and tact.

To illustrate this, I must recount an especially fine incident which took place in a saloon bar. It was the more impressive because back in the '80's, when every man packed a gun, men were more tolerant and considerate toward their fellows than they are today. Wherein they showed wisdom.

At this particular period, the cattle men and the sheep men were at bloody war over range rights up in Johnson

County[9]—the cattle men claiming that the sheep fed the range so close that the buffalo grass and bunch grass was destroyed. What was not burnt out by the sun and wind in summer was frozen out in winter for lack of a protective growth. These grasses were the special fatting grasses of the cattlemen, who further claimed that the sheep were replacing them with trashy stuff, such as foxtail, squirrel-tail and bronco grass. And so hatred for the sheepmen grew and grew resulting in the conflicts that have become history.

But to proceed. There was a sheepherder in the saloon, who was just drunk enough to be nasty and to want to provoke a quarrel with somebody. He chose a husky but good natured cowhand, Fred H., as the object of his offensive remarks, which grew particularly low and objectionable.

One of the boys said, "Call his hand, Fred. He ain't so drunk, he don't know what he's sayin.' He called you a liar!"

"I know he did," said Fred. "Ain't that bad enough without me askin' him to prove it? Tell you what he reminds me of—"

He removed a large 'chaw of tobacco from his mouth, threw it away and cleared his throat loudly—the well-known signs that a good one was coming. Fred was a wonder, an artist at pinning a label on an opponent by means of a yarn. He squared his shoulders, leaned back against the bar, and, sticking his fingers into the belt of his chaps, he began:

"You all know that draw that comes down through the snowshed, right east of here? Well, when the old U.P. road begun runnin' its first trains over the line, the wild things didn't like it a little bit. It disturbed 'em and made 'em nervous.

"Now, up that draw I was tellin' ye about, there was an old skunk had his pre-emption. He had filed on it afore the U.P. was built. He had married an' raised a fam'ly there. Had a fine view an' a hole in the rocks, all safe from coyotes an' bob-cats. He felt that the whole durned draw belonged to him, same as an old settler what's took up a water hole thinks as the whole township around belongs to him, 'thout his havin' to file on it.

"Well, little Billy Skunk thought as the railroad were a-crowdin' his range, pretty nigh like jumpin' his claim, an' nobody with the pluck of a louse is a-goin' to stand for

[9]The conflict in Johnson County culminating in the Johnson County War in 1892 was essentially a struggle between large cattlemen and small cattlemen. There were some sheep in Johnson County in the '80's, but cattlemen and sheepmen do not appear to have been "at bloody war" at that time.

that. His old woman was always a-beefin' about the noise o' the trains too, an' nobody likes to hear his woman a-crabbin' all the time. In course o' time it got under the hide like it always does.

"He mulled his troubles over in his little skunk mind so much, that finally, one day when his wife was a-whinin' an' complainin' o' the usual headache, he got sore as a boil. After dancin' up an' down an' cussin' for quite awhile, mad as a fresh branded steer, he says to his wife, seze, 'I just cain't stand it no longer. I'm a-goin' to stop that ere train a-runnin' by here or bust a gut. You watch my smoke!"

" 'Now, don't you do nothin' desprit, Bill!' says his wife. 'You got to remember me an' the kids, mind.'

"But Bill never answered her. He flipped off out the front door an' trotted down the trail, sometimes a-lopin' an' then trottin' again, till he gets down to the metals. His little bushy tail was hooked over back'ards, an' he kept a-twitchin' it, like he had a hard time to hold his fire till the train come—he was that mad. He trotted up an' down, up an' down, his teeth a-chatterin' an' fairly frothin' at the jaws.

"At last the train hooted real loud, just before she went into the first bit o' the snow-shed, an' pretty soon she drawed in sight. The skunk hopped up, right spry, and straddled a rail." Here Fred looked 'round with a serio-comic look of apprehension and noted the quarrelsome man leaning across the end of the bar, with his mouth open, intensely interested and listening with all he had.

"Poor little Bill!" Fred continued. "As the train drawed nigh, he stood right east an' west, just a-darin' that train to come on, an'—WHIFF!—in a flash poor little Bill was just a grease spot.

"But, hold on, there! Poor little skunk! He wasn't near as important as what he thought he was. Nobody'd have even knowed he'd been there if he hadn't kicked up such a heck of a stink."

Then, pointing with his thumb at the quarrelsome one, he said casually, and almost with sadness in his tones, "Same with that feller, a-hangin' his tripe over the end o' the bar, there—only difference bein' as the skunk were a little gentleman," he added.

It was not till the whole crowd turned their eyes and their boisterous laughter on the sheepherder, that he realized that he was the butt of the little story. Someone had thoughfully removed his gun, but he rushed at Fred and collected what was coming to him. After which he was carried out to the bunkhouse and left in peace. Fred got

a sprained thumb out of the argument, so not very much damage was done.

It will be apparent from the above incident that there was sound philosophy to be learned on the frontier in pioneer days. They were not much on "book larnin' " perhaps, but they had highly developed faculties of natural observation and comparison. A good story was never interrupted, unless some "smart Aleck" from the east were present, and he never did it but once.

It seemed to me that story tellers of Fred's type took the place of the bards of olden days. They were comparatively few but they were appreciated. I never knew Fred caught in the toils of a yarn but once, and he was never allowed to forget that. It may be worth relating.

Fred came from Arkansas (always spoken of in the west as Arkansaw) and we had all heard him tell of the great drought sometime in the '70's, when cattle died by thousands, feed was burnt up, grasshoppers were rife and the river was so low that the steam ferry was laid up and people had to cross the river in row boats.

In the spring of '86 a man had been hired at the Fort Halleck ranch who hailed from Arkansas. When he came down to the Elk Mountain post office looking for mail, the boys found this out and they primed him. They told him about Fred and asked him to wait awhile as Fred would be along pretty soon for his mail. They told him what Fred's favorite story was and that he would be easy money to a man from his own home state.

The man from Arkansas felt complimented and said that he would do his best. And sure enough, Fred came jog-trotting up the trail almost before the man was primed. He rode up to the front of the post office and dropped his reins in front of his pony, when he was hailed into the saloon next door by one of the boys.

"Come on in here, Fred, and meet a countryman of yours. Just come out from Arkansaw an' he used to live in your old home town years ago, he says."

Fred hurried in and was introduced to the man from his home state, his eyes alight with anticipation.

"I sure am glad to meet up with a man from my old home state," said Fred, heartily. "Dexter," (to the barkeeper) "find out what they'll have. This is my treat." Fred never drank anything stronger than coffee himself, but he never shirked his hospitality, contenting himself with a cigar.

The new man had a long heavy jowl, beetling brows, a Wellingtonian Roman nose and a huge moustache, which drooped at the ends. With his lack of any particular ex-

pression except wooden solemnity, he reminded one of an aged Hampshire Down ram.

"The boys b'en tellin' me that you hail from my old home town. B'en there long?" asked Fred of the new arrival.

"Well, not in late years I haven't," drawled the Arkansaw traveler slowly. "But we moved in there a few years before the big drought, an' had to move out agen just a'ter that, 'count o' hard times. Then we moved—"

"Was you there the year o' the big drought?" Fred broke in excitedly. "The boys here won't believe as things was as bad as what I tell 'em."

"Couldn't be much wuss, I cal'late," ventured the new man, gloomily.

"What was your name, again?" said Fred. "I didn't quite ketch it."

When he had been enlightened, he said, "Well, I don't seem to remember your face nor your name an' I thought as I knowed everybody in that little berg in them days." (A pause.) "What was you doin' down there, the year o' the big drought?"

The ram-like one looked to see that we were all listening, and then he drawled sadly, "I was a-haulin' water so's to run the ferry boat when the river dropped." Just as easy.

Fred's face grew as red as fire. It was the first time he had ever been caught, and by a stranger too! When the big laugh at his expense had subsided sufficiently for him to make himself heard, he pointed at the man and then slapped him heartily on the shoulder, saying, "Sure! I remember you now, stranger. 'Cause I was a-haulin' steam to run the engynes on that same ferry boat." It was a noble effort to retrieve a reputation for alertness, hitherto unsullied. But he had to set 'em up again—which being interpreted, means that liquid refreshment was supplied to the assembly at his expense.

I liked Fred. He seemed to be typical of the great West in character, although he was from the South. During the war he had been in the "Kansas Irregular Horses" or some such name and he showed me a picture of himself at twenty years of age, in his "regimentals." Fred said it was like organizing a band of thieves (referring to his own regiment) because of their poor discipline and loose semi-attachment to the regular army. He told me that he believed all the members of his old company that had not been shot or hanged by the close of the war were in jail.

Here is a little glimpse of his home. He was 42 or 43 years old when I knew him. He had married his niece, a fine woman about ten years his junior. They had three children and once, when I was there to supper, the mother

spoke sharply to one of them and told it to come to her. The little one ran to Fred's shielding arms as he sat by the stove and he said, "Don't be too rough with her, mama. She's awful little." And he cuddled the tiny one to his great big breast, and grinned.

"See? That's just how he spoils 'em," she said to me, with her hands held out. "How can a mother train her children with a man like that around?"—and she bustled away with a motherly smile.

Fred looked across at me and winked, grinning happily. His ranch was right on the Medicine Bow River and he had a small band of cattle, but he made most of his living as a cow hand and ranch blacksmith.

One Sunday, it was in the depth of winter, he came to me in great distress, saying, "Kid, I wonder if you would come and stay a coupla days with me? I'm sorta in a bad fix an' I don't know who else to ask."

"Sure, I'll come!" I said and went to get my horse. The poor chap had been weeping, I could see, and the general store was no place to ask questions. The news was around that his baby had died.

As we rode down the river road together, he told me his story. The baby had had a rash on its neck or some sort of breaking out and the mother had sent Fred to the store for a bottle of arnica or liniment to cure it. However, after she had used it the child had died in convulsions, apparently from the effects of the arnica.

Anyway the mother was beside herself with grief and repeated over and over again to Fred that he was a murderer, that he was responsible for not getting the right stuff to put on; and he was afraid that she would "go nutty" if she didn't let up.

And so I went into that sad home and was met with a reiteration of the same raving story. Poor woman! and poor old Fred, whose children were the very apple of his eye. When she went into the kitchen, Fred said, "She's out of her head with grief, poor kid." And his own eyes were moist. "I'm goin' out to the barn, so's you can have a talk with her. She likes you. Let her tell it all out, son. I want you should stay with us and help me bury the poor mite if you will." And off he went to the barn.

When the poor girl came in, she told me the story all over again and I got hold of her hand. I told her of my admiration of the pioneer women and the courage they showed under all adversity, and I figured that she was as good as any of them; that she knew as well or better than we did, that Fred was a prince. How about her carrying her half of the load? That I had come down to stay with

them a couple of days if it was not an intrusion (I felt a bit of a prig, doing the preacher act).

"Intrusion! I should say not. You got to stop now and help us out. The ground's froze as hard as a bone. You must help Fred bury my baby." And she wept afresh.

"Well, all right then, Mary. I'll stay. But buck up for godsake and help old Fred out. He feels just as badly as you do."

She shook her head as she went out, but her husband had no more scenes to put up with while I was there, for she was not present when we laid away the little one. It took a couple of days and a lot of firewood to get a small hole in that frozen ground, but we erected quite a cairn of loose rock where that baby lies buried in a corner of the home pasture.

WOMEN

I suppose that it is an accepted fact all over the world, civilized or savage, that women's attitudes in life determine the attitudes of men towards women and among themselves. If the lives of women in any community are lax, so are the men in that community; for the decent ones have to leave. If the lives of women are loose, their menkind are more or less vile. Women who are high-handed, critical and intolerant, are simply ignored or avoided by most men, though they may be useful in keeping weak sisters up to an appearance of "the mark." Let 'em live!

The woman who is unpretentious, gracious, cheerful and tolerant, keeps the whole moral atmosphere bright and clear. If she has taste and culture in addition, then you have a gem of the first water.

It was the pioneer woman of the '80's that taught a very verdant and unsophisticated young Englishman to know somewhat of the unadulterated American woman's character, with all her sterling qualities of courage, tolerance, hospitality, attention to duty and the making of a home, and, above all, a genuine sense of humor. I do not remember a single one in those far-off days that wasted any of her soul in self-pity. She would certainly have been out of luck in that sparsely settled wilderness. So I suppose that the weak ones died and they were certainly not missed.

Perhaps it was because I had never before been in a house where no servants were kept, that I was amazed at the prowess of the western frontier housewife. She did all the family washing and mending, as well as much of the making of shirts and children's clothes. She prepared the most wonderful meals three times a day, and if she

wanted to visit a neighbor or go to the store, thought nothing of saddling her own horse or hitching up to the buckboard, if there was no man around to ask. And yet she never appeared fussy or hurried. Generally she had the poise, dignity and self-control so often lacking in many a well-to-do and educated city woman.

The tremendous influence of women was imprinted the more forcibly on my mind every time I returned from a camp to where there were women about. Where there is a crowd of hardy young men, in the pink of condition, living a most active life, in a highly stimulating climate, and consuming quantities of beef, three times a day, there is bound to be a lot of rough horse play, much variegated profanity, ribald songs and highly seasoned stories. But, if any of those young men went into a house where there was a woman—young or old, married or single, in town or in the poorest log cabin—they were always decent and well-behaved, at least in my experience, though so many of the women were called by their given names.

A new ranch foreman on one of the ranches that I worked at had brought out a young wife with him from Iowa. She had with her on her arrival a baby of only a few months, but she certainly knew how to cook and set things on the table, without making that baby an excuse at any time for delay. The boys all took to her right away because of her brightness and kindliness, as well as for her cooking and her comeliness.

Her husband, Ed, was only the ranch foreman. He had nothing to do with the riders except under special orders. All he had to do was to milk a few cows and keep us in butter and cream, 'tend the poultry and hogs, kill a beef once in awhile and do fencing, repairing and errands. He was a decent enough fellow, but the boys all despised him for "close-herding" that womanly little wife of his, as though she and the boys were not to be trusted.

Therefore there was great joy to two of us when, one Sunday, Ed took a big fall in trying to show his young wife what he *could* do.

We had had about a dozen bulls brought in that were losing hair in large patches, like mange on a dog, and Ed was instructed by the range foreman to take what help he wanted and dress those bulls well with sheep-dip. So we drove them into the big square stock corral next to the round horse and branding corral. Ed took his wife out and perched her and the baby on the dirt roof of the log horse barn, so that she could see the fun. A certain rider named Tom and the writer were the only two men on the ranch to help, the other men being away gathering horses from the

range. So Ed was able to be "boss" of some men for once and he undertook to rope the first bull, which he did and headed it toward where his wife was, so that she could see and marvel at her hero. And then he purposely dropped the rope, so that his wife could see him retrieve it on the run. But, as he reached down for it his feet slipped and he tumbled right over in front of her, and Tom picked up the rope and snubbed the bull and headed it back again. As soon as the bull saw Ed afoot he made for him with a dash and Ed went up that eight foot pole corral and on to the roof beside his wife, like a fireman, leaving Tom to be the hero—the life saver.

Tom was grinning "all over his face and half-way down his back," as the saying is. "That's what comes of showing off before the girls," he said, gaily. "A fall goeth before a climb." Tom was a wag. Ed looked sheepish and his wife laughed.

About a week later, Ed came to me and said, "Say kid, I got to take Hilda home today." Hilda was a strapping big Swedish girl who had been helping Ed's wife do some sewing. She lived about ten miles down on the Bow.

"What time are you going?" I asked.

"Well—" he shuffled, "I s'pose I ought to take her back this morning."

I was the only man on the ranch that Sunday and I was a bit nettled. If he wanted me to go, why didn't he come out and ask me like a man.

"Fine girl, Hilda," I remarked.

"Sure," he said perfunctorily, "she's all right."

I resumed my reading.

"I kinda didn't want to go today, but Hilda said that she promised her mother for today," he went on.

No rise.

"So I promised my wife I'd see what I could do. She wants I should help her in the house today," he almost pleaded.

"Well, go and catch up the team then and I'll take her down," I said, none too graciously, for that meant that I would have to brush up and change my clothes for Hilda's mother would insist upon my staying for a meal.

So I drove Hilda home. Hilda, with her two thick braids of tow colored hair over each shoulder. Hilda with her polka-dot print dress and pink sun bonnet, her strong capable hands clasped over a bulky bandana handkerchief bundle. The imperturbable Hilda with her large mouth and blue eyes, beaming a perennial smile of good nature.

I was glad I went, but I wonder what spirit of mischief possessed me. Perhaps it was that I was aggrieved at

being deprived of my quiet Sunday reading, or it may have been to see if the girl was eradicably smooth tempered. Anyway, I said, "I am not going round the road, Hilda. I shall strike across the mesa."

"Vot you like," she said, pleasantly.

Nothing but a mountain buckboard with two-inch rim wheels, one and a half inch axles and a mountain tread would have kept upright on that ride, or even remained whole. The mountain buckboard's bed rested immediately on the solid axle, only the seat being supported on the long elliptical springs.

Away we went over the rocks and sagebrush, that big team of greys never breaking a trot, but such a gallant trot. Down ravines and washes we went, across rocky ledges and boulder strewn water courses but not a peep of dismay or caution could I get out of Hilda.

So my heroic stunt fell a bit flat when Hilda got down at her mother's door and said I must come in and meet the family and stay to dinner. And I must rest and feed the team too. She said that she thought it was very kind of me to bring her home and she had never enjoyed a ride so much. And all the time she had that level, kindly smile, absolutely free from guile, or I should have thought she was reproving me in this way for a rough inconsiderate cavalier. Come to think of it, maybe she was stringing me a bit. In any event, I hope she found a good husband and raised a family, for she was of good stock—an' I learned about women from 'er!

The range foreman of the "UL," Ed McB., and I, had three carloads of Hereford bulls, newly imported to take out and string on the range. At noon the first day out we arrived at a ranch and decided to stop there for dinner. So we turned our bulls into the paddock, took our horses to the barn for feed and water and then went to the ranch house, as we saw nobody about and nobody had come out to greet us.

What was our surprise, when we stumped up onto the porch to find a very attractive young woman open the door and give us greeting! For the owner was a bachelor and we hadn't dreamed of meeting a woman at his place.

So Ed said, "Is Al anywheres around, marm?"

"Why, no," she replied, "he went to Carbon this morning. But I am expecting him back any minute," she added, rather nervously, I thought.

"Well," said Ed, "we are from the 'UL' and we just called to see if we could get a bite to eat. We expected to find Al here."

"Surely, I'll get you some dinner right away," she said. "Sit down and make yourselves at home," and off she bustled.

Ed sized up our hostess right away. "Now I wonder who she is?" he said. "Maybe his sister. Anyway, she's an easterner, not very long out and I'd say she was a schoolmarm. Wonder if Al snuck off on the quiet an' got married? The old son-of-a-gun!"

"See how scared she seemed when she said she expected Al back any minute? I'll bet she took us for a coupla bandits or something, like they have back East."

That young woman set forth a wonderful meal for us, such as our range cook had never attained to, especially the coffee, so different from our ranch decoctions. And it had real cream in it. We never saw anything but Ar--[10] at 18 cents a pound. As for her hot biscuits,—Ah!

We took our time over the meal and then went out and sat on the porch for ten minutes with cigarettes. The young woman kept out of sight in the back of the house except when she was serving us the grub. When it was time to be moving on, Ed rapped on the door and when the hostess appeared, to my horror he asked her, "How much do we owe you, madam?"

"Well," she said, "I don't know; I am new to this country. Al and I have only been married a week. I'm from Iowa. Whatever the customary charge is will be all right with me."

Now neither of us had a red cent. We did not need it —no place to spend it where we were going. So Ed said, "Well, Madam, it isn't the custom to charge a visitor anything in this country. When any of your boys are over our way we put 'em up—an so on."

"Oh, well!" she said, getting very pink, but smiling in spite of it, "in that case, of course, I shan't charge you anything. I am new to the country and want to learn the customs as soon as possible. Come in any time—both of you. Al will be sorry to have missed you, Mr.—?"

"Name of McB., foreman of the 'UL,'" said Ed, "and this is John Fox."

"Pleased to have met you, gentlemen—call again," she said graciously. And we departed.

As we went to the barn to get our horses, I was feeling very uncomfortable and mad, and I said, "Well, Ed, ain't you the pinhead! What did you want to ask her what we owed her for?"

"She was a stranger, an' a feller's got to be polite," he answered.

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[10]Arbuckle coffee was in general use.

"But you knew that neither of us had any money. Al would have told her it was all right. See how you made her blush—you silly ass!"

"I never thought of that," he replied and then laughed so loud that I had to punch him in the ribs and say, "Shut up you idiot! She'll hear you and guess what we are talking about."

So Ed subsided, but sniggered from time to time for the rest of the day.

Mrs. Jones, whose husband[11] kept the store, hotel, saloon and post office at Elk Mountain, (he was also Notary Public, Justice of the Peace and Deputy Sheriff)—Mrs. Jones was a right good sport and lady of the frontier. She was in her early forties and was the only woman I knew who used rouge and powder. There was no mistake at all about her coloring, for she fairly plastered it on and joked about it. She was a good cook, a good wife and mother and a good hostess; also she certainly knew and loved horses. What more do you want? And she was always "on the ball" without fuss or ostentation if anyone was sick or in trouble. As one of the boys said of her "She's all wool and a yard wide," even if she wasn't much to look at.

One Sunday morning I went over to the store and she said to me, "Just the boy I want. Tom, (a brother-in-law) is going to take the new school-marm for a ride up to the Johnson's this afternoon. I have to go along as chaperone, as she is staying with me. How'd you like to go along as my escort, so as to give 'em a chance?"

"Fine and dandy!" I replied. "What time do we start?"

"Right after dinner," said Mrs. Jones. "Put my saddle on 'Lady.' Dexter said I could have her."

Now "Lady" was a fiery little nag that Dex Jones used in cowpony races. She was gentle but waxed quite excitable if any horse near her went faster than a lope. However, after the mid-day meal—called "dinner" in those days, I saddled "Lady" up with Mrs. Jones' side saddle; the schoolmarm had a very gentle lady's pony, for she was newly out from the East, hence the demand for a chaperone, and I had my own trustworthy mount.

But Tom wanted to show off a bit, as is the way of young men before fair maids. And so he had no more sense than to saddle up a bronco that he had only ridden once, and that was not even bridle wise. We helped the ladies up and then I mounted. Tom had his colt all ready, with his eyes covered with a blind. He hopped up and raised

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[11]This was apparently J. S. Jones. He was also member of the House for Carbon County in the Territorial Legislature of 1882.

the blind. Instantly, the cayuse started to buck frantically. He dashed past Mrs. Jones, whose mare became excited and lit out.

So the pretty schoolmarm and I loped along at a gentle amble and we had quite a nice time together, for she was only "sweet seventeen or eighteen" and I barely twenty, with a natural delight in pretty maidens. Tom's bronco would balk and then come up to us again; then balk till Tom jammed him roughly with the spurs and then off he would fly again, in any direction—for he was being ridden with a hackamore (headstall and noseband) only; no bit. But we were not particularly interested in his capers except to laugh at them. Mrs. Jones was a mere speck in the distance, still going strong.

After a very pleasant ride, during which Tom had only appeared a few times, we arrived at the Johnson's and found Mrs. Jones there. Her nicely frizzed bangs or forehead fringe was all out of curl and plastered down. The rouge and the facepowder were furrowed and blotchy with her own dewy moisture and her natural skin was as red as a beet. She was grinning broadly and shook her finger archly at the schoolmarm and me when we entered, and pretty soon Tom came in, dusty and sweaty and cross. Why he should be glaring at me I could not imagine, but I finally had the sense to get up and let him sit beside his pretty schoolmarm.

Now, Tom was a first rate horseman and a good bronco buster and had always a pretty ready wit among men in bunkhouse or barroom banter. But when ladies were around he was rather tongue tied and shy. So he sat up the whole time we were in the Johnson's parlor, as crimson as a sunset and wearing a sickly strained smile, while the two married women jollied him.

Hilda (Mrs. Johnson) said, "Vell, Tom! I haff my opinion of a man vot lets a English boy take avay his bestest girl, right under his nose."

And Belle (Mrs. Jones), turning to me, said, "And I have my opinion of an escort who deliberately leaves me in the lurch and goes off with another woman. I might have been killed for all he cared. I'll never ask him to take me out again."

"I only took up the duty that you ran away from, Belle," I replied. "How could I leave that helpless young lady unattended?"

"That's right, too," said Mrs. Jones, "Tom was playing around all over the prairie, like a spaniel nosing for rabbits. You did quite right to stay with Rose."

"Vouldn't you like to take a bat', Tom?" said Hilda. "I vill lend you vun off my husband's shirts an' a clean towel. You look so varm and svetty."

Warm! Tom's face was as fiery as ever and his shirt was wringing with perspiration. Our buxom young hostess was warming up to the game of man baiting. "You sure worked your vay up here," she laughed.

"Tom's a good rider," added Belle. "Now that he's shown Rose what he **can** do, maybe next time he takes her out for a Sunday call, he'll use a 'made' horse."

"Sure!" said Hilda, promptly. "Dat iss, if dere **iss** a next time. Maybe Rose looses heart alretty vit such careless beau. Maybe she's int'rested in de English boy. Young people vorks fast dese days."

With true Norwegian hospitality, Hilda trotted out some coffee, cheese, cakes, flaky biscuits and butter—a charming little feast, I thought it, and Tom tried to bravely choke down some of it, though I knew he felt like anything but dainty fingering of trifles.

When we got out on the porch, preparing to leave, Tom grabbed me aside and said in a hoarse whisper, "Kid! You got to ride that 'dingaty-ding' colt home and let me have your horse. You see how it is, can't you, old man?"

"Nothing doing, Tom, absolutely nothing doing!"

"Well, but—see here, kid—I asked Rose to come with me and—."

"Belle asked me to escort her, to chaperone Rose, Tom. How can I escort a lady on a raw cayuse?"

"Escort," he angrily shouted. "How did you escort her coming? She was here ten or fifteen minutes ahead of you, and by jiminy—"

Then Belle came out of the house and shouted to me, "Now then, kid, you and I will have to change saddles, and you stay right with me. I'm not going to ride 'Lady' back. Too much like hard work."

So that settled it.

Tom's beautiful but rather uninteresting schoolmarm was in direct contrast to a native daughter living near us, Mattie N. This girl was only about seventeen and she lived with her folks along the foothills. Her father was a horse raiser in a very modest way and her brother was a puncher, working out for wages.

One day I was at the ranch alone and I saw a small figure come riding up from the lower pasture at a smart pace. It looked like a boy from the distance but the headgear was peculiar—just a white bunch. As the rider drew near, I could see that it was a girl riding astride on a man's saddle—the second time I had ever seen a girl riding this

Mrs. Frank Hadsell

way. When I could see underneath the big sunbonnet, lo, it was Mattie, in blue denim overalls and cowboy boots.

She dismounted in a very matter of fact way and said "How do, Jack."

"How do, Mattie. Come in and sit down and let me give your horse a feed," I said.

"Now, what on earth has she come up here for?" I thought. I soon found out, there was no beating about the bush, for when I returned to the kitchen she came right to the point at once.

"I've come up to c'lect that fifteen dollars that you owe Dunk (her brother) on the saddle you bought off him. He traded the debt to me as part payment on a colt I sold him. What's the chances?"

"Well, Mattie," I boggled, feeling a bit embarrassed, "I haven't a cent now but as soon as the foreman returns, I'll strike him for a check and leave it at the store for you. Will that be all right?"

"Sure thing," she said.

"You'll stop and have a bite, won't you? It's nearly noon," I said hoping that she would refuse, for I hated cooking, especially for a girl.

"Sure, I will," she replied. "No point in going away hungry."

"Well, I guess I'll have to make a batch of biscuits then," I said; for I only had a couple left—hoping that she would offer to do it for me.

"Go to it!" said the girl. "B'lieve I'll take a wash." And out she went, on to the porch, to wash her hands and face.

That was all right, but when she came back and sat on the edge of the table watching me mix the dough, build a fire and prepare potatoes and steak, I wished her in Halifax. Finally I said, "Can't you set the table, Mattie?"

"Sure!" she responded, with a smile. "You only got to ask. I'd made the biscuits for you if you'd wanted. What d'ye take me for—a mind reader?" and she laughed. That cleared the air for me.

"Are you going straight home, Mattie?" I asked, "or down to the Bow?"

"Home," she said, shortly. "Just on my way back from Saratoga."

And then she told that her brother, Duncan—"the dirty bum"—had been home while she was away; and had taken one of her colts that she had just broken for herself—"and broke gentle and kind, too, if I do say it as shouldn't"—and that he had left one of his jaded horses in its place.

She found out he had gone to Saratoga, on the Platte River and had promptly followed him, much to her mother's dismay. She had found he was in the saloon she expected him to be in, playing poker. She had not disturbed him, but went to the livery corral and got her own colt, leaving Duncan's cayuse in its place and was then on her way home, after a sixty mile ride. She had started the day before and had slept out in the Pass on her way home.

This is only intended for a slight character sketch of a girl of the period—a really nice girl with an unusual directness of manner and speech. The sunbonnet she wore was to protect her face from sunburn and she wore gloves for the same reason. Ranch girls of the '80's liked to preserve a white skin, yet they did not at all approve of pigments or cosmetics. The men would not have countenanced it and the work would not permit it. Belle Jones was an exception. Only women of the underworld painted.

These slight sketches may serve to shed some light on the life of a pioneer woman in the cow country, so as to correct a growing impression that she was a colorless, unhappy creature, who was always trailing along in a covered wagon, accompanied by rather dirty and unkempt men, who wore fuzzy beards like some of the emigrants that passed through and of whom mention has been made in these notes. There is always a hero in those old myths, who is shown alternately galloping up and down the line of wagons on an exceedingly well-appointed and well-groomed and conditioned horse, eternally beckoning to the rear wagons and pointing ahead, or making love to a very plainly dressed and rather unresponsive heroine.

It is true that the old pioneer stock of both sexes were of heroic makeup, though they would have been surprised to hear it. But they were anything but melodramatic. God bless 'em!

THE ROUNDUP

At this period the spring (or calf) roundup was the most important thing in Wyoming Territory. The whole country was laid off into districts and the chief owners in each district cooperated in the formation of a district calf roundup.

As most of the land was owned by the United States Government and was unfenced, everybody's cattle ranged at large, just as the buffalo had done only a very few years previously. The only way in which an owner could identify his animals was by the brand on them. So every spring

each large owner contributed a four horse cook wagon, a four horse bed wagon, a cook and horse wrangler and a dozen cowboys under a foreman. Smaller stockmen would run a wagon between them, each bearing his own relative expenses. The whole camp was put under the management of a capable stock and business man, who directed the operations and kept accounts of brandings, etc. He was the captain of the roundup. Each day he directed the itinerary of each bunch of men to ride on the "circle"—foremen and all—and determined the site of the next camp where all were to meet with the cattle they gathered, for his knowledge of the range was wide and intimate and he knew about what every part of it was likely to carry, in the way of stock at different periods of the year.

In gathering cattle from the range, the men extended by groups, covering a wide line. They would range along the hill tops and draws, and the cattle, wild as deer, would run together at the first "Whoopee!" and then gathering recruits as they went, they were simply headed in the direction of the next camp. Riding the circle might be likened to a pack of hounds, drawing a covert.

By ten o'clock in the morning, bunches of cattle would begin stringing into camp and before noon, most of the riders would be in with their contributions. The big bunch of cattle thus assembled was called a "cavvy."

After dinner two good "cut-out" men from each outfit, on well trained, alert, well-bitted horses entered the herd and, working in pairs, the cattle were cut out into separate groups according to brands.

After the big herd was so divided into half-a-dozen distinct bunches, each outfit built its own fires and branded its own calves—a long, tiring job, wrestling calves. It seemed rough on the poor brutes, for a male calf was not only branded and altered, but bits were cut from its ears, for distinguishing earmarks and some owners also cut one, two or three strips of skin on the dewlap so that they hung down and became tassels or tags and the animal could be identified a long way off.

After all the calves were branded, the entire bunch of cattle was turned loose in the direction from which we had come and a new strip of terrain was "drawn" the next day. After the whole district had been thoroughly covered, the calves were all supposed to have been branded. Yet many, perhaps hundreds of them, would naturally drift in behind us and be missed.

So the following year, having left the mother who was usually nursing a new calf, the unbranded animal was nobody's property, a yearling without a brand. Such an

animal was called a maverick and was supposed to be sold by the roundup captain to the highest bidder, the money going to the Stock Association, I was told.

Nevertheless, many a nice herd of cattle was said to have been started by cowboys who, finding such an animal would rope it and brand it and then turn it loose. It did not take long to rope and hog-tie a small "critter," make a little fire of sagebrush and stick a brand on.

HORSES

The characters of horses are perhaps as variable as those of mankind, and in many ways very similar. They are all great bluffers—no other word expresses this quality so well. For instance, when almost any horse sees a saddle or harness being brought to him, he will throw back his ears, raise his nostrils and sidle over threateningly. Yet at the word of command, "Stand over there!" he quickly comes to attention, though he cannot help biting his crib or the fence rail or snapping his teeth as the cinch is tightened.

Unlike horned stock, the horse prefers to stick to his own locality, and nothing but shortness of feed will lure him away from his own range. Cattle will keep on drifting and drifting, especially in a storm, and are not so keen on coming back. For this reason it was not so difficult to find and round up the saddle horses for the spring work, after their three or four months of idleness in the winter on the government range. When they were first brought in and corraled, the boys would sit on top of the corral fence and look at them by the hour—each man probably setting his heart on which ones he should like for his string. Each rider in the spring roundup was allotted a string of from seven to ten horses by the foreman. He could ride these and no others, riding two a day so that each animal could get three or four days rest.

The cut-out men and expert ropers were given the first pick. Bronco-busters had any outlaws or spoiled horses and were paid extra, and the horse wranglers took what they could get.

The horse wrangler's duties were to drive his outfit's herd of spare horses from camp to camp and take care of them all day, to find the best feed to be had for them, to help butcher a beef when it was his outfit's turn to kill, and to rustle wood and water for the cook. He also looked after unharnessing the cook's team at the new camp. A

beef was butchered nearly every day, the cooks using what they wanted and the coyotes had the rest.

The night herder (always called Nighthawk, with his brand in front for a distinguishing sign) took over the wrangler's herd of horses after supper and herded them til four o'clock A. M. He drove the bedwagon to the next camp and was then free to rest or do what he liked till the evening.

There were six such herds of horses in the roundup I wrangled for, as there were also two wagons and a cook to each of the six outfits. As soon as the captain had designated the location of our next camp, each horse-wrangler, after the boys had caught their mounts, would get his herd on the move as soon as possible, for the first wrangler in the new camp could get the pick of the feed for his horses. His standing with his fellows was somewhat governed by his ability and push in the matter of doing his horses well.

Each herd had to be kept separate, of course, and it was quite exciting to have two bunches abreast—each wrangler trying to get the lead on the trail. Once there, there was no passing.

One thing that struck me as peculiar was that all of the horses on the roundup were geldings. The foreman explained this by saying, "That's easy! Wherever there's females, there's sure to be trouble. And we don't want no more trouble in a cow camp than what the Lord sends us."

The man who spends from twelve to fourteen hours a day with a bunch of a hundred horses is bound to learn something of their peculiarities. A large number of them have one particular friend that the wrangler gets to recognize. Every day when the boys unsaddle to change horses, as the used animal trots towards the herd whinnying, his friend will trot out to meet him with a like greeting and off they go together quite contented. If they are not together at any time, you may be perfectly sure that the absent one is on duty.

There were always several old horses in the herd. It always seemed to annoy them whenever a couple or three youngsters got to romping, rearing, pretending to bite or kick, or racing about and nearly bumping. Then these old chaps would put back their ears, bare their teeth and rush at the youngsters with outstretched necks. I used to think of them as peevish old men, who could not brook the boisterous capers and the exuberant spirits of youth.

A horse with a Roman nose, bulging narrow brow, a ewe neck, a goose rump and small flat eyes could be classed as a "crook," usually a very poor specimen. He had a mean untrustworthy disposition, generally no ambition to please

in his work so he never worried; therefore he lasted too long. A good many of these ill-bred cayuses came from eastern Oregon, the result of interbreeding for many generations in a wild state.

But there were plenty of good home bred cow ponies that were positively amazing in their cow work and their quickness to know what was wanted of them—like well-trained polo ponies. The good points of a cow pony were: A well-ribbed barrel with plenty of depth at the girth (behind the shoulder), denoting roomy lungs and the works to supply them. He should be high at the withers, lean of shoulder, short in the back with muscular loins and not be too short in the neck. His legs should have plenty of bone, flattish and of good quality and they must be well set under him; a cow-hocked horse could not handle himself on the short turns, yet one with too straight hock would not last. The one would be liable to develop a "curb" and the other a "spavin." There is no work so hard on a horse as strenuous cow work, quite apart from the roping and handling of steers, which is not often necessary.

The cow pony's feet must be small and the hoof dense and preferably of dark color, because, as the ponies generally went barefoot, soft white horn cracks or wears down too quickly and the animal becomes tender-footed. He should have a fine tapering muzzle and large nostrils—that is, nostrils that will open up wide under stress of work. Good, full eyes, with plenty of width between them—the forehead slightly dished. A large jaw and small ears that are alert and move quickly and a thin mane and tail.

A horseman reading this description will think, "Why, this is meant for a weight carrying hunter." It is far more than that. These horses only averaged about 900 to 1000 pounds in weight and they had to carry a man of one hundred and sixty pounds, plus forty or more pounds of saddle and equipment, for four or five hours a day. And I must admit that very few horses had all the wonderful points that I have enumerated.

Such a horse, when broken by a real stockman, is a perpetual treasure and pleasure to his owner. Broken with a hackamore (i.e., with a noseband halter only) and later bitted carefully, he stops or turns at the least pressure of the rein, and takes as much pains to please his rider in cow work, as a sheep dog does for his shepherd master.

If cattle run out from the herd and have to be headed back, a good cow horse turns short the instant that the cow does, whether the rein touches his neck or not. Which has often occasioned unpleasant surprise to a new hand,

unused to such work. It is a humiliation to be unseated in such a manner.

A cowboy may at times use his spurs more than he should, under excitement, but he never, never strikes his pony over the head. And so a ridden cow pony never dodges the whirled rope, the uplifted quirt or the blacksnake, because he knows that it is not intended for his head. Ponies broken by the Indians were generally of small value, being spiritless and dull. This was said to be due to their being handled too young and then alternately starved and run hard, till all spirit and all ambition died in them. It seemed to be a reasonable explanation.

The bays and browns were favorite colors for horses. Next came dark sorrel, buckskin and blue roan. White horses with black skins were liked, but white horses with white skins were disliked. These latter had also pink noses and "glass" eyes, (blue eyes, showing the whites all round —generally with inflamed lids). Light sorrels, strawberry roans, light chestnuts, were supposed to be of delicate constitution and so were not favored. A good pinto or paint horse, either skewbald or piebald, was always favored.

If I have become tiresome and prosy over this horse talk, be it remembered that it was a daily subject on the range and one of never-ending interest. If in the present day, automobile owners love to talk car, which is only of incidental importance in their lives, how much more should the stockman talk of horses, when they were his most important adjunct for ten or more hours a day? Without a horse, he was helpless—useless. With a poor horse his best efforts were fettered. With a good horse, he was always vying with his fellows for supremacy in the daily work.

THE MEETING OF THE OUTFITS

This somewhat discursive description of a western cattle roundup must find its excuse in the reminiscent narrative form. It is intended to constitute a record of that period of far western history, just before the settlers came in, in large numbers and fenced up those vast public ranges. But it is necessary to include possibly trivial incidents in order to give life to the story. Without these incidents it would be incomplete and uninteresting.

If the writer has idealized his characters, either the men or the women of the period, it has been done unintentionally. The impressions of them, gained by daily intercourse, when he was a very young man, were true enough

to influence his whole life and to make him a better citizen than he might have been otherwise.

The personnel of the spring roundup was not up to that of the permanent cow hands. Extra men had to be hired from the towns, drifters, tin-horn gamblers, saloon bums and such, as well as new settlers, who wanted to earn some money with which to develop their new holdings.

In '85 all the six outfits of No. 27 were to meet at Breden's corral, near Rawlins City, some sixty miles from our ranch. Two or three of the outfits were already there when we arrived. And here occurred the first unpleasantness I had met with.

A man from one of the ranches, a stranger recently hired, had gone into a saloon and had drunk enough "red-eye" to become a nuisance. With his gun unlimbered, he was making the bar keeper set up free drinks to everybody that came into the bar room. Word was sent to the sheriff and his assistance asked. When he came in, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and his star thrust well forward he marched straight up to the drunk and said, "Now, then, Monty! You better get back to Seven Mile. You've had enough. Come on, now!"

But the voice of authority did not carry far enough. Monty trained his Colt on the sheriff and, with many expletives, ran him out of the place. Thereupon, everybody drifted quietly out, leaving only Monty and the bar keeper, tete-a-tete. The sheriff went to his office and returned shortly armed with a short old fashioned carbine of half-inch caliber. He kicked open the swinging doors and entered. Monty was leaning over the bar talking to the bar keeper, his back to the door.

"Now 'en, Monty! Back to Seven Mile!" rasped the sheriff, peremptorily. The bar keeper fell on his knees below the line of fire while Monty was foolish enough to reach for his gun.

At the inquest on Monty that same afternoon, it did not take more than twenty minutes to bring in a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide," and I heard that the jury added a rider, commending the sheriff for the prompt and efficient manner he had shown in carrying out his official business. Justice was swift and sure on this wonderful frontier. Piffling technicalities were ruled out where a man was caught red-handed. That is why it seems that the criminal lawyers of today—as a body—are a far greater menace to the nation than the criminals themselves.

Rawlins was quite a little town—said to claim 1000 inhabitants. It had one main street with the railroad running through it and some small streets on each side, as I

remember it; also some dug-outs and log cabins on the outskirts.

A freight train was pulling out as I rode into town with the foreman. As it was gathering speed, I saw a man run from under the water tank and apparently hurl himself beneath the wheels. I was horror struck and grabbing Ed's arm, I shouted, "Look! Look, Ed! There's a man committed suicide over there! I saw him throw himself under the train."

How Ed laughed. I did not hear the last of that for many a day. It was simply a hobo stealing a ride on the brake beams, the commonest way of traveling for tramps and dead-beats.

How interesting the life of a horse wrangler seemed to me then. Thirty dollars a month and board seemed to be a very handsome recompense for such work. There was so much to see and learn.

A good wrangler will spare himself no trouble to see that his animals find the best feed attainable, even if he has to go a mile or so from camp to get it. For the horses must be kept in good condition at any cost. While he is roaming around amongst his charges or sitting on the hillside doing nothing, he sees everything and has time to watch it. Every eagle, hawk or buzzard that enlivens the air is on some quest and you wonder what he has marked down. Antelope were ubiquitous—they could be seen daily, as one sees jack rabbits today. Prairie dog villages were very entertaining to watch, though we avoided them. To work cattle near a prairie dog colony was a nuisance, as the horses are looking at their work and prairie dog holes have broken many a leg.

Perhaps no one but a person whose duties keep him so busily idle, like a horse wrangler or a sheep herder for instance, has the opportunity to take in the vastness, the fullness and the beauty of the plains. I have never been lonesome there, not even when camped alone. The clearness of the mountain air is still amazing to me. The details of mountains thirty or forty miles distant are often so clear that they seem to be not more than ten or twelve miles away. At night the whole firmament seems to be doubled in size and brilliancy, the stars seem to be so large, pure and scintillating, against the soft blue background of the skies. Distant sounds come over clear and distinct, without reverberations, except in mountain valleys, where they excel in reproduction of sound. I loved to hear the singing of the coyotes at night—the blending voices on the long rising call, each ending with sharp fox-like barks. Two or three coyotes can sound like a pack in continuous song.

They sounded to me as the jolliest wags of animals I ever heard.

When driving, I liked to see the golden haze made by the sun on the cloud of fine dust that enveloped my horses, and to see other distant clouds of dust that told me of the movement of my brother wranglers' herds. It is not at all surprising that the Indians have always been so awed and impressed by the Great Spirit, for the whole visible universe, by day or by night, is alive and instinct with life in these high mountains and plateaus.

At those altitudes, 6000 to 7000 feet of elevation, the climate is stimulating and our calling was stimulating, as was the food. How tired one gets of beef three times a day. We had youth and health, no carking cares or responsibilities that were not equally shared by others. We slept in the open, without even a tent, rain or shine. If any man nursed a grouch, he had to cork it up or get out of camp. A perennial crab was not tolerated.

Which reminds me of a cook we once had for six weeks. Our own jolly roundup cook was taken ill and had to be sent to town and an old German was hired. He was about fifty years old and had never been on trail before, but we had to take him because it was no easy matter to get roundup cooks. A man that caters for twelve or fourteen men three times a day in the open earns his money. All the cooking, including bread, had to be done in Dutch ovens, which need hot coals beneath and hot coals on the covers.

On looking back, it is not surprising to me now, that "Dutch" was nervous and irritable, though youth makes no excuses for those evils. Who does? In the first place, there was the driving of the cook wagon from camp to camp each day. Dutch had never driven four horses before, and mountain trails are not always easy to negotiate. So he used to tie the wheelers' lines to the gate-stake at his feet and just drive the leaders. Going down steep grades he had to grab for the wheelers' lines, and he would jam on the foot brakes for all he was worth. I never saw such a man for wearing out brake blocks. All he had to do, so far as the team was concerned, was to drive his wagon from one camp to another, for his team was harnessed and hitched for him and the wrangler took care of the unhitching, and the care of his brakes. But Dutch was no horseman and that daily drive doubtless haunted him.

Then, he had to turn out soon after three o'clock in the morning to make hot pone, hash and steaks ready to eat by four or soon after. To do this with poor fuel, even in good weather, is a task.

After breakfast he had to wash up the tin plates, cups and "sich," stow his paraphernalia, climb onto his seat and light out. Arrived at the new camp, he had to go right to work again, make bread, boil potatoes and have roast beef ready by the time that the boys showed up—by ten thirty, when the first men might arrive with cattle. Then he had to keep the stuff warm till the last of the men would trail in—maybe at noon or after, when he generally had to face a few joshing remarks about the stuff being burnt up or cold.

Sometimes he would make three or four pies in the afternoon, using dried apples for the filling, or evaporated blackberries. These two fruits, stewed, were the only dessert (except the pies) obtainable on the roundup. They kept us in good condition, notwithstanding the purely beef diet. We had no fresh vegetables at all except potatoes. Dried pink beans (called Arizona strawberries) were always appreciated, but we rarely had them because they took such an eternity to cook at that altitude.

The poor cook never had any milk or butter to use on the roundup. It was as unobtainable as caviar. On the other hand he had no sponge to lay for light bread. The nights were too cold for that, so all the bread was made with baking powder or saleratus. Dutch could get a couple of hours rest in the afternoon and he always turned in at seven, after the supper dishes were washed up. This completes a summary of his life from day to day, so now to get on with the story.

Dutch complained about something from the very day he started. We had been over on the Big Muddy, in the alkali country, and good firewood had been very hard to obtain. Some days I had dug greasewood and brush roots, but had to supplement them with buffalo chips or dried cow dung. The latter smouldered and smouldered, making lots of smoke but little heat in spite of his continual fanning. Good hot glowing coals are needed to cook with in Dutch ovens and, though brush roots provided such coals and buffalo chips do not, I could not dig enough of them. It was hard to keep Dutch supplied with good fuel. Small firewood is soon burnt to ashes and yields no coals.

So after two or three days of constant complaints we reached the Platte river, where there is always plenty of cottonwood, willow and aspen. After securing a nice grassy bottom for my herd, I noticed a good dry log that had drifted on to the bank and was lying there. So I dismounted and put the loop of my "skin line" over the end of it and snaked it up to camp.

"There you are, cook," I said. "You've been shouting for wood for a week (which was stretching it a little)—

now let's see you whet your teeth on that," and I turned to go.

Dutch looked at that log and then glared at me "Py Gott! I vouldn't cut it up! Vat you t'ink?" he bellowed. "I vant vood now—right avay—you hear? I got no time to cut locks!"

"Please yourself, Dutch," I said, glad to get back at him at last. "There's the wood and there's the axe. I have to 'tend my horses."

Just then, Johnny W.—captain of the roundup came riding by. Dutch shrieked out, "Looky here, Cap! Jes' look vot dat dog-gone wrangler toted in for me to get dinner mit," and he pointed indignantly at the log, "Ain't it his job to cut vood for de cook?"

Johnny looked at me and grinned. He sized up the situation, no doubt. He said, "The man's right, kid. I guess you're elected. It's your job to put the wood in shape for him to use if he demands it," and he rode on.

Well! One does not question an order from the chief or the referee, and this seemed to settle it. So I dismounted, took the axe and went to work on that log. And the joke was certainly on me. All the time I was chopping it into firewood, that wretched old cook was sneering. "H—Hm! You *vould* bring me big locks to get dinner mit—Hein! Monkey bizness don't vork mit me, I tell you. Who's boss o' diss kitchen anyvay? De cook or de wood cutter, answer me dat? My! Vot a great—big—hard—lock! Glad I vouldn't haf' to cut id," and so on *ad nauseam.*

There wasn't anything to say, so I said nothing. No use bandying words with an old woman. But I noticed that he had set out four pies on the tail of his wagon—cooked the previous afternoon. They were tough and leathery but they were pies. So, as soon as I had cut enough wood for him to get dinner—and no more—I mounted my horse, rode up to the tail of the wagon and lifted a pie.

It was really a marvel that he was not seized with apoplexy. He looked murderous. Of course at dinner time he dispensed the pies himself with the aid of a large butcher knife and would not let me have any. He could not help telling the boys all about it, in loud indignant tones. They had been robbed by that greedy wrangler, etc. But their reception of his story was not calculated to mollify his indignation.

At the end of about six weeks he had to be fired, as the boys were tired of his eternal sighings and beratings. In even a small community, one man cannot oppose himself to all the other members and expect to continue to live with them. In western idiom, "It don't pay to buck the

crowd"—except on a matter of principle and then only if occasion demands it.

Our next cook was rather dirty and casual and he gave us no pies. However he was always "there" with a good natured repartee and the grub was well cooked and plentiful. His smile would have covered a multitude of shortcomings. Moreover he was a good horseman and teamster so never had to ask for help to cross a bad ford or get over rough places with his team. It was a pleasure to rustle wood and water for him. He always had something to say.

In sparsely settled communities every man must contribute to the gaiety, if only to applaud. Harmony is most certainly the strength and support of such a society in far greater measure than in a large community, because there is no alternative to be sought.

Even today in modern business it is evident that a trouble-maker, a man who cannot get along with his fellows, is not wanted. He is discharged and becomes an I.W.W. or a Communist, who imagines he has a grievance—that he has been badly used and the world is going to the dogs, and "what's the use of anythin'?" If it were suggested that he was a shirker, incompetent, lazy or bad tempered, he would feel grossly insulted, no matter how true it were. So, usually, a man with a grievance is a poor man to hire.

SOME OF THE BOYS

It was only when I was out with a man alone, that I could get him to talk about himself. Each man thought his own experience very common-place and matter of fact; but to me many of these little life stories were thrilling romances. But sometimes peculiar developments took place during the couple of hours we squatted around the fire of an evening before turning in.

One evening, in the course of talk regarding General Miles' campaign against the Apaches under Geronimo, I happened to revert to the Napoleonic wars and, finding that I had some interested listeners, I bucked up and entered into my subject with zest—superficial and meagre as my knowledge of the subject was.

Alas! "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Every audience may contain one man who knows more about the subject than the speaker. And such was the case with me. In the midst of my story I made a statement regarding the lineage of Napoleon wherein I was a bit mixed. A voice from the other side of the fire said, "You're wrong there,

kid. When you're running off a pedigree, whether of a man or a horse you got to get it right."

"All right. You tell it then, Cliff," I said, a bit nettled. "Maybe you know more about it than I do."

"Maybe I do," he replied, "that's my meat. I majored in history at the University."

We sat up till nine o'clock that night, and Cliff rolled off the genealogies of the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, the Dukes of Brandenburg and the German and English Royal houses—what they did and what it led to, in a quick succession of lightning sketches.

I was not humiliated after the first fall—not even when Cliff looked over at me with a quizzical smile and said, "Now, Professor."

"You win, Cliff," I said, with an answering grin.

"You have a fair smattering, kid," he said, "but only a smattering. Stick to your English."

This was not done in a patronizing way. It was a simple statement of fact. We remained sitting over the fire for some time after the boys were rolled in their blankets. Cliff told me that after he left college, he mixed with a rather wild bunch of fellows and became too fond of whiskey —the old, old story of the wastrel; that he simply drifted out west to get away from old and lost associations. He was only about thirty-five then, but there was not a vestige of the professor in his features, his voice, or his language, which was always well-peppered with unedifying adjectives. His walk was the inevitable cowboy lurch, but 'round the fire that night his sketches had been clear and in well-ordered sequence. He was a good cow hand and I never saw him depressed in spirits, though he must have been, after each recurring bout of drinking.

A cow camp is no place for vain introspection or fatuous regrets and self-pity. At the end of each season, Cliff went to town, bought himself new clothes or any new gear that he needed, and then handed the balance of his pay-check to the saloon keeper asking him to "tell me when it is all gone."

When he had run the gamut, he would return to the range and be a good boy until he had accumulated another stake and work was slack. He never got drunk on the roundup. The old saloon keeper would never let him have any of his money to play cards with when he was drunk, nor let anyone best him,—a pretty wise old banker for such a character.

I liked that old saloon man. He was kindly and human but would not tolerate a sot. No drunk or derelict was allowed to hang around his 'joint,' for the saloon was the

only club the West had, and he kept his as decent as he could.

One day, when nobody else was in there, as I drifted in from the restaurant, which was in a back room, he said to me, "Come over here while I show you a few tricks."

Then he took three walnut shells and a pea and nimbly demonstrated how the thimblerig was manipulated. Then he showed me three-card monte, throwing down the cards so slowly and altering their positions so deliberately, that I was quite sure that I could spot the right card. But, of course, I could not.

Next he brought out a small ivory top and said, "Now, let's bet." He twirled the little top, which had ten facets on the sides, marked from one to ten. "You can bet what you like before I spin the top," he said, "from one to five or from six to ten."

So I bet a dime that the face showing up would be five or under. It turned up six. After I had lost three times on the low call, I changed my betting and lost all my money.

"It's all off, Johnny, I'm broke," I announced.

He grinned and pushed my small cash back saying, "Take it, kid, I don't want to beat you."

"Nothing doing," I said indignantly, pushing the sixty cents back again. "You won it fairly. What d'ye take me for? I'm not a child nor an object of charity."

"No, but I didn't win it fairly, kid," he said. "That top's a cheat. I push the little peg over slightly through the top—so little that you can't notice it—and the face that turns up is five or under. If you bet five or under, I pull it back again with a slight pressure and the face number will be six or over."

I took the money in silence and waited.

"Now," continued Johnny, "I have showed you some of the cheating devices that you may meet with some place. They are never permitted in my place of business. Also a crooked faro dealer can't operate here, and it don't take me very long to get on to the phoney ones. I used to be a gambler myself—before I became respectable," he added.

"But now you know as there's lots of games of chance, that ain't games of chance at all. I've showed you on'y some of 'em. An' so for your own good, I say, 'never have anything to do with any of 'em.' Don't 'Buck the Tiger' (as betting on Faro or Keno was called), nor risk one nickel on the turn of a card outside yer own bunkhouse or with fellers you know well. The professional gambler plays a 'skin' game, first, last an' all the time. The lecture bein' now over, you are entitled to a drink on the house—what shall it be?"

"The best you've got is none too good," I returned promptly, and forthwith drank to his health with the friendliest thoughts.

Though a saloon keeper, Johnny was honest, kindly, hospitable and altogether human. His business was legitimate and well managed as a frontier place of entertainment could possibly be. He conducted a restaurant as well as a bar, with meals at stated times.

If, as sometimes happened, a mellowed cowboy felt moved to shoot a few necks from the bottles behind the bar, Johnny depended on others to gradually steer the wayward one away and simply sent in the bill of damages to the erring puncher's foreman or 'boss.'

The foreman would say, "I have a bill from Johnny against you for ten dollars, for bottles he says you smashed behind his bar last Tuesday. How about it? All right for me to pay the bill?"

The puncher would probably reply, "I guess it's all right, Bill. Whatever Johnny says goes with me. He wouldn't charge me with no more damage than what I done." And the bill would be paid.

One evening, on the Fourth of July, I sauntered into the back room of the saloon (the card room) and Johnny called me aside, saying, "Kid! Old Pingree's in the bar. He sold a big bunch of beaver pelts lately and has been lushin' up for two days and I want him away. He's gettin' the 'jim-jams.' Wonder if you could steer him off for me, bein' a fellow countryman of his?"

So I went into the saloon. Pingree was in a very nervous state, jammed right up in a corner by himself. He sat up with a start when I tapped him on the shoulder, and began to babble away about nothing. So I said, "Come on, Ping. Let's go to bed! I'm tired."

"All right, kid. But you got to stay with me!" he gasped, peeping about.

"Sure thing, partner—right in the old bunkhouse. Come on, I'll shake down your blankets for you."

So I grabbed his arm and we went out to the bunkhouse. I lit a candle—a tallow dip, that was stuck in a bottle, and grabbed the first bundle of blankets I came to, untied it and spread the covers on the floor. Then I pulled off his long boots and took off his jacket.

That poor, dismal candle created shadows which became almost black at the end of the long log bunkhouse, with its double row of bunks ranged on each side—one above the

other. Pingree grabbed me fearfully by the shoulder and began pointing at the darkened corners. "A—ha!" he shouted, with a catch in his throat. "I see you sneakin' away there. Don't you go makin' mouths at me, you devils. Look at that one, kid. Lookut him. Look! Look! Look!" —with a sobbing laugh that made my hair fairly move on its scalp. He was pointing at all the dark corners and under the bunks, till I could pretty nearly see things myself.

"Don't you take any notice of 'em, Ping!" I said, giving him a rough shake. "What do you care? Let's go to sleep."

"I can't lie down. I can't! I can't!" he bawled. "My head's afire. Can't you see the flames?"

So I rubbed my hands vigorously over his scalp and told him it was all out, and kept on smoothing and rubbing his head when he lay down, till finally he dropped off to sleep. If he moved or grabbed, I rubbed him some more. Not a soul showed up till early morning. Everybody was celebrating the glorious Fourth. It was a most dismal night, but Johnny gave the old boy an eye-opener the next day and told him to get back to camp, which he did.

Poor old Pingree. He had married a Paiute squaw and lived in an Indian tent, the year 'round, moving from place to place. He made his living as a trapper, and beaver were plentiful, as well as martens. Between seasons he trapped coyotes, and other "varmints" or did a bit of hunting for the market. Some months after the "jim-jam" episode, I passed near his camp, where he and his squaw were busy. I shouted out "Howdy, Ping!" and was going on, when he bawled out, "Hey, there! Kid, come on over here while I give ye a tobacker sack."

So I rode over to his tepee, where his squaw was scraping, stretching and drying peltries, and he handed me a good sized doeskin tobacco bag, beautifully trimmed with beads and wampum, daintily fringed at the bottom, and closed with a fine-pleated, split deer sinew string. The deer skin was as soft as velvet. His squaw must have chewed it for hours to get it so soft.

"There," he said, "I want you should have this. My squaw made it for me, but shucks!—I hain't got no use for gewgaws like that."

I looked at the squaw, who gave the ghost of an enigmatic smile and then looked wooden and expressionless again.

"Go on, take it," he said. I hesitated. "She don't care. She'll make me another one if I want it."

So I took the bag and went away, wondering what constituted the daily intercourse of such a pair, beyond following the trap lines. For old Pingree, a Scotchman,

was quite a reader of magazines. His squaw could not read, but she understood the handling and value of furs. Moreover, she was not more than half his age.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

The American "little red school house" was a marvelous institution. Next to the home it was the foundation upon which American character was built up. In conjunction with the home, it formulated and made concrete the high but unwritten code of ethics, whereby America became a great nation. It was the cradle of splendid Americanism of which foreigners and casual visitors can know little.

I do not pretend to know what the children learned of mere facts in the country school, but their demeanor towards their parents and in other people's houses was particularly noticeable to a fellow who had never attended a "mixed" school, or lived in any but a strictly conservative and class-ridden Victorian atmosphere. The children all had little chores to do on their return home and most of them went to and from school on horseback, sometimes two or even three on a horse.

This alone gave them an air of confidence and responsibility, both in the care and management of an intelligent animal and, for older children, the care of their younger brothers and sisters, a tacit authority which never seemed to be questioned, splendid training for future responsibility. The parents would see that such leadership never developed into tyranny.

The little home chores led to regular habits of living and doubtless created in the child a feeling that he was an important member of the household, for mutual service breeds self respect. It was this child's job to stack in stovewood for his mother, that child's job to get in the cow and perhaps milk it, another's to feed the poultry or hogs, or help the mother in the kitchen or bring water from the spring. There was plenty of time for them to play, but the assistance rendered was a great aid to the parents and of great benefit to the children. It was important training.

All the little meetings. whether religious, social or political were held at the little red schoolhouse. The "schoolmarm" might not be very learned but she was usually wise and capable with young people or she would not be there for long. She boarded at one of the ranch houses and was regarded with deference, a kindly intimate sort of deference by young and old, if her personality demanded

it. It generally did, for she was a daughter of the same class of people as her hosts and therefore tolerant and circumspect. It was this close association between the school and the home in these small communities that was chiefly instrumental in giving this pioneer stock its sterling value.

The children of yesteryear were not much different from those of today, but their training was different, at least in Wyoming.

SHEEPHERDERS

The life of a sheepherder was the most lonely it was possible to conceive. No wonder such a large proportion of them became insane, sooner or later. They had just their camp wagon, a team and saddle horse, three or four dogs, and were left to themselves in a way that a modern herder, with his regular tender, would not stand.

They made rough corrals of brush for bedding down their flocks at night, and the dogs watched them. If a bear, lion or coyote came too close, the dogs gave notice and the herder had to come out with his rifle. They had to cook all their own meals, which must have been always flavored with the sheep smell. The monotony of that smell and sheep sounds, day and night without change, without companionship, and in the sordid filth of a fly-infested, barren, itinerant sheep camp is appalling to think of. One can stand almost anything if there is a sharer of the discomfort, but to be alone for weeks, and even months, must have been desolating.

Think of it! No mail, no newspapers, constant moving, nothing to do but the daily round of feeding horses and dogs, cooking meals (including bread), occasional washing of clothes, cutting a little firewood and bedding the sheep. All this work had to be done regularly, hopelessly, with but one thing to look forward to, the appearance of the owner or camp tender with a new supply of bacon, coffee, flour, potatoes, lard, chewing tobacco, and magazines. No wonder they used to grow "queer" and lose the faculty of flowing human intercourse.

I was riding over the Laramie plains once, from Rock Creek ford to Lookout, jogging along at that slow dog-trot that is tiring to neither horse nor rider, but which eats up the miles, when I saw a man tearing across the plains, evidently to intercept me for he was waving his hat. Thinking that it was somebody who wanted a letter mailed or a message carried, I slowed down and waited for him to come up.

It was a sheepherder. He pulled up and nodded, "How do, sir."

"How do, sir," I replied, and waited.

He blew a chew of tobacco from his mouth, coughed and then said, "You goin' to Lookout?"

"I am," I replied. "Is your herd over the rise?"

His gaze wandered over the plain in the direction I indicated, and he nodded.

After a pause, I asked. "Are you wanting me to bring you anything or mail a letter?"

"No," he replied, absently. "Just rode over here, that's all. So long!" And he turned and trotted slowly away without meeting my eyes again.

Poor devil! He just wanted to come over and talk to somebody and then found that he had nothing to say. Probably only his dogs kept the spark of whatever it is alive in his brain.

On another occasion, I was camped for the night on Rock Creek, where it emerges from the mountains and comes out onto the plains. I had tethered my saddle horse and hobbled my pack animal and, having finished supper, was lying against a tree trunk, enjoying the post-prandial pipe, when I heard somebody coming through the brush behind me.

As it was a man afoot that I heard, I thought that it might be Bill Williams, an old Government Scout, who lived near the ford. But I heard him heel his dog, and I knew it must be a sheepherder, which it was, a fuzzy-wuzzy sheepherder, a man about forty, with a bushy tangled beard and taggy hair reaching to his shoulders. I greeted him without getting up and he squatted contentedly down by the remains of my fire and eyed my gear.

"I seen you ride in here," he said, "an' I thought I'd stop over an' get in a little visit. It gets mighty lonesome in a sheep camp."

"Doesn't your tender show up every week or two?" I asked.

"Ought to, but he don't," he replied. "They haven't be'n anigh my camp for goin' on six weeks and I'm might' nigh out o' everything, 'cept flour an' a little lard, no pig-meat, no canned stuff nor nothin', not even coffee."

"Well, you don't need to go hungry. You always have plenty of mutton handy," I suggested.

"Mutton, Mister, mutton!" he burst out, disgustedly, "I couldn't eat mutton, not if I was starvin'. An' more, you

couldn't ef you had the smell o' sheep in yer nose all day an' all night. I'm a-goin' to quit, soon as the boss shows up, that's what I'm a-goin' to do. It ain't a square deal, leavin' a man this-a-way," and he kept on eyeing my skillet.

"Had your supper yet?" I inquired.

"No, I hain't," he answered, I thought, a trifle hopefully.

"Could you do with a ham steak and some cold biscuit, then? I'm just through."

"*Could* I! Why, I smelled you half a mile away."

So I cut off a good thick ham steak that filled my skillet, stirred the hot embers of my fire and set the coffee pot on again. It was enough ham for two good hungry men, but he polished the lot and then ran his biscuit round and round the pan till not a vestige of fat was left in it. He finished all my bread and emptied the coffee pot, then sat back and sighed and smiled. His face shone with contentment and ham fat.

"I hain't had sich a meal as that in many a long day an' I thank you kindly, stranger. This yer camp, comp'ny an' all, is sure like livin' again," and he pulled out a little black stubby pipe and began gently knockin it's bowl in his palm.

"Want some of my 'baccy?"—offering him my sack.

He grabbed it, his eyes aglow, "Well now, stranger, that's mighty kind of you. I been out o' tobacker for a week, an' what do them wasters care? I been smokin' wormwood leaves for a hull week an' this yer 'Bull' sure looks good to me," and he settled himself down for a good laze.

"How about the sheep?" I asked.

"I bedded them a bit early tonight," he said, "when I seen you cross the ford. The dogs'll take care of 'em till I get back. Don't get a chance o' good comp'ny like this very often."

And so we sat talking till 'way into the night. It must have been nearly ten o'clock before he tore himself away, with half a sack of tobacco in his pocket and a light heart.

He told me all about himself, how he had a few sheep and his wife was taking care of them over in the Big Horn Basin. He was working out, so as to have some ready cash to go on improving the new holding. Yes. His wife was a good sheepman and could take care of things while he was away for the summer. He ought to have a letter and some reading matter from her, when that unfragrant, hybrid and otherwise highly qualified camp tender showed up. And when that happened he was determined to "speak his piece and not be mealy-mouthed about it either."

After having unbosomed himself of his wrongs and warmed up on the subject of his wife, his new home and ambitions for the future, he blossomed out into a few humorous anecdotes and started back to his camp, whistling.

If that sheepherder's camp tender had arrived on his return, there is no doubt that he would have slapped him on the back, given him a good welcome and busied himself starting a fire for the entertainment of the delinquent. Such is the result of a good well-relished meal and a sympathetic listener.

I found on the frontier, that a hasty word spoken *BEFORE* a meal, was ignored as being a physical weakness only. But if a man was grouchy *AFTER* a good dinner, then he is either sick, worried or ornery. If the latter, one has a right to ask, "What's eatin' you?" or to admonish with "Get it off your chest."

These recollections of the Far West in the '80's seem to be degenerating into what Tay Pay would call "Anecdotage." Yet the personal incidents that have been related are chiefly for the purpose of expounding the qualities of the characters presented, and to some extent, their mode of living. When these events occurred Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill, Calamity Jane, Billy the Kid, the McCandless gang and the James boys were still being talked about; the Custer massacre, an almost local happening, was only nine years history; Colonel Nelson A. Miles was still cleaning up Apaches in Arizona, Geronimo's Apaches; barbed wire was beginning to replace "buck" fences, but most of the new settlers still built "buck" fences because they could get the poles for nothing and barbed wire cost money; cut nails were used for nailing the "bucks" and rails, but they had to be put in a fire first to anneal them, otherwise they would break if once bent and you tried to straighten them; most of the ranch houses and barns of the settlers were built of logs and roofed with poles, hay and sods or gravel over the clay.

Wagons and buckboards had a wide tread, five feet two inches, with beds resting on the solid axle, but springs, long elliptical springs, supported the seats. Everybody had buffalo robes or bear robes for driving in the winter.

Stetson hats were almost universally worn by the best punchers. They had stiff wide brims (like a present day American cavalryman's hat), the two-gallon hat of the present day being unknown. It seems to be a sort of hybrid importation from Mexico or the border. A soft wide brim

would have covered a man's eyes half the time in the strong winds that prevailed in the mountains. As it was, a leather string under the chin and another under the poll was necessary to secure one's headgear on a windy day.

The chaps, or leather pants of the cowboys, were either trimmed at the sides with a leather fringe or simply laced, except such as were bearskin or goatskin sides. Nobody wore cloth pants on the roundup except in the winter, only blue overalls.

Every puncher wore a neckerchief and carried a toothbrush in his breast pocket. The latter was used after each meal, a very good custom, perhaps taken from the Indians who used a frayed stick for the same purpose.

Many men used "taps" or long stirrup covers made of leather, a foot or more long, to protect the toes of their light boots from injury when riding through heavy brush, an unnecessary addition to an already heavy equipment. A yellow oilskin pommel-slicker kept off the rain in wet weather.

How we all hated the wet weather when we were on the roundup. In the first place our beds were always muddy and wet when we rolled them up to throw into the wagon, in spite of the canvas sheet used to wrap them in. And then they became sticky and smelly when our bodies warmed them up the next night.

When it rained the ground became very slippery, especially in alkali sections, and there were many sprawling falls of men and horses while working the cattle under these conditions. Then, when we came into meals, we had to squat on our heels to eat, when the ground was muddy and the rain dripped from the rims of our hats into the food. Not so good!

But as soon as the weather cleared, all blankets were put out over the bushes to air and sweeten up. Growled curses changed to singing and foolery, for creature comforts count high in a primitive community, especially among the young animals that constitute a cow camp. After all, nobody but a saint disdains them, and we have our doubts even about the saintly ones. It seemed natural to reach for the choice cuts when they passed our way. The frontiersman who is not a good forager soon finds that he is out of luck. On the other hand, if he is a greedy person, it is quickly noticed and the matter is clearly and unmistakably pointed out to him. He has to mend his ways or pass on to other pastures.

It seems to me that democracy, in its social sense, was practiced in its best and purest form at this time and place. It was not a cult; it was a natural condition, a mode of life

that had grown up among generations of Americans of the country districts—more or less God-fearing men whose daily intercourse was based on the golden rule, self-control and self-respect, by example.

All seemed willing to help one another, though that help was rarely sought except when absolutely necessary, and never, if it was only to save the seeker the trouble of doing a thing himself. Even the wealthy owners of the big ranches unstrapped and laid out their own blankets and saddled their own horses on the rare occasions of their appearance on the beef roundup. They were also addressed by their given names by the old hands.

Discipline was good as there was no necessity to enforce it. No man's self-respect was wounded unless he needed a lesson, and even then it was not rubbed in. The foreman's orders would be something like this:

"'Rooster!' They seem to be a bit short-handed over at the 'Goose-egg.' You and 'Soapy' better go over there right away, I guess. Better take along two horses apiece and your blankets and stay as long as Bud wants you. Want any cash or tobacco or anything?"

"Ye-ah. Give me a plug o' eatin' tobacker an' maybe five dollars'll be all I'll want," might be the reply. An arbitrary, masterful manner was never used among the cowmen, so far as I saw. The best "hands" would not have stood it.

One of their stories was apropos of this, and it never failed to win applause. There was an Englishman named Sartoris who had a large ranch over toward the Freeze Out Mountains, probably the first dude ranch in the west. Some titled Britisher was going out there one day on a horse that he had hired from a livery stable in town, and he met one of the cowboys on the road. He pulled up as they met and said:

"Is this the way to Mr. Sartoris' ranch?"

"Yes, sir. Keep right on this road and you can't miss it."

"Do you work for Mr. Sartoris?"

"Yes, sir. I'm his foreman."

"Oh!" said the Englishman, "You see I'm just dropping in unexpectedly. Is your master at home?"

"No, sir!" said the puncher, with a piercing glare at his questioner, "the son-of-Belial ain't born yet." And he rode on, leaving his visitor speechless and mystified.

I learnt my little lesson in a small incident that occurred just after the calf roundup started. I had come to the tail of the wagon for my dinner, had poured out a cup

of coffee and heaped my tin plate with beef and potatoes, when a line-rider from an adjoining roundup rode up with a string of horses.

"Hello, Mike!" someone shouted. "Ain't you off your beat? Just in time for 'chuck.' Get off."

"I been detailed to your outfit," said Mike. "Where's the horse-wrangler?"

"Here he is," I said, without getting up. "What can I do for you?"

"Take my string up to the herd, kid," he said, and dismounted.

"Well, say!" I broke in, "I'm just eating dinner. Can't you take them up? The herd's only a little way up the creek. I'll take your packhorse up after I'm through."

He paused and looked at me quizzically until I felt uncomfortable. Then he said pleasantly:

"Yes, kid. I'll do that little thing. You're new to the game, aren't you? Sure. I'll take 'em up." And he remounted and rode off with his horses.

The foreman looked around at the bunch and said, "Well, I'll be dog-goned. What do you know about that? Here's a stranger as has rode thirty miles, comes to our camp all tired and hungry, an' then you tell him to wait on hisself. Is that yer English idea o' hospitality?" turning to me.

"Well," I said, nettled at the reference to English hospitality, "I'd have done as much fer him or any of you under the same circumstances and you know it."

"That ain't the point," Ed replied. "You was thinkin' o' your own convenience an' not his. An' anyway—ain't there plenty more meat in the kettle if yours is spoiled? Tend to a guest first an' then settle down to yer own comfort afterward—same as what you'd do in yer own house."

"This is certainly a lesson in manners," I said, weakened with vexation.

"Yer manners is all right. Everybody has a right to their own manners, long as they don't interfere with other people. It's *customs* a man gets to learn in a new country."

"Shut up, Ed, gol-darn it! Nuff said," put in one of the boys; and the lecture turned into some good-natured banter before Mike returned. Then I thanked him, unpacked his gear and unsaddled for him, saddling up the fresh horse that he had brought back and took the used animals back to the herd.

And so it behooved me to watch carefully and see how everything was done, without asking too many fool questions. Then, if I made mistakes, there was only good-

natured banter about it, followed by friendly explanations as to how to go about it.

I took turns cooking one winter for a few weeks in a cabin in Rattlesnake Pass. There were four of us. I could cook meat and potatoes, but had not yet learned to make bread, though I had watched the biscuit making closely.

So when my turn came to cook saleratus biscuits, I thought that if half-a-teaspoonful of soda made them light, more would make them lighter. So I doubled the amount of soda and slopped in twice the amount of lard.

When I heard the boys at the barn, I put the biscuits in the oven. In fifteen minutes, all was ready and I hailed them to supper. I proudly dumped my pan of tall golden rolls onto the table, and they were seized and broken open but they could not be eaten. They tasted like soap with all that soda and fat, and though golden without, they had a greenish tinge inside.

Of course there was much laughter and jeering, but one of the boys had some "bullwhacker" pone ready in another fifteen minutes. Later on I had lessons in the preparation of "salt-rising," "sour-dough," and saleratus bread, also baking-powder biscuits.

No pan was used in mixing the dough. A depression was made in the flour right in the mouth of the sack, water poured in, and the dough taken out after it had been thoroughly mixed by hand. It took about an hour to boil potatoes at that altitude (6000 feet) and more if they were large ones. Beans could not be cooked at all, without the addition of some soda, and then they took a long time.

Speaking of cooking beans, I was told of a certain Englishman, who was also new to the culinary art, who undertook to put up a mess of beans in the absence of a cook on one of the ranches. He had been told about the soda. As all his pots were dirty or in use, and as he did not want to wash up, he put the beans in a large tea-kettle, about two-thirds full, which he then filled with water and placed on the stove. Ten minutes later, he came back and found the lid raised by the swelling beans, so he squashed it down and put a thick block of stovewood between the lid and the kettle handle, in order to keep it down.

Inside of five minutes, the poor little beans began coming out of the spout, one by one, so he placed a pot beneath it to catch them. When he was found by one of the boys, he was said to have drawn his chair close up to the stove and was watching with pop-eyed interest as the beans continued their solemn procession and dropped from the spout. According to Buck, there must have been half a bushel of them. And, after all the water was gone, there

was a wad of burnt beans on the bottom of the kettle. This King Alfred was said to be an Oxford graduate. Not so good.

It takes brains, attention, forethought and savoir faire to prepare a meal that is to put everyone in a good humor. God bless our cooks! Anybody can open a tin.

Men of the outposts will respond to this "toast."

The use of a sobriquet instead of a man's own proper name seems to be a sort of primitive custom such as prevailed formerly at public schools. Long ago, I spotted an old schoolfellow on the platform at Paddington station in London, and when I went over to meet him, I could not, for the life of me, think of any other name than "Bunny," his sobriquet at school. He seemed to be delighted at the old tag, though he had grown to be a Harley Street physician, and was dressed for the part.

Very often the nickname was attached to a fellow because he had a long, hard name to remember, because of a physical oddity or mannerism or even for a deformity. As examples in Wyoming:

"Jerky Bill" was subject to periodic contractions or spasms of the neck muscles, when he would shoot out his jaw and jerk his head sharply to the left. I once saw him being shaved at Medicine Bow, and in the midst of the operation he said to the barber, "Hold on a second, I'm goin' to have a jerk." The barber paused, with poised razor; the jerk was satisfactorily disposed of and Bill said, "Go ahead."

"Tapes" was a name that I could not fathom and so I was obliged to inquire of one of the boys.

"Why, that's the short for 'Tapeworm'," he explained. "Hain' you never seen him eat? Ravenous ain't the word fer it. He can stow away more grub at a settin' than any two men in the outfit, little an' skinny as he is, an' then get hungry fer more while he's a pickin' of his teeth."

"Chalk-eye" had a white square mark in the brown iris of one eye, which looked like a chalk mark.

"Rattlesnake Dick" earned his name from his love of rattlesnake rattles. He had a whole band of them sewn around his hat and some more stitched onto the browband of his bridle. He was an inoffensive, quiet sort of chap, belying the terror of his name.

"Whiskey Cliff," "Long John," "Missouri John," "Red Jake," "Shorty," are all self-explanatory. Two Mexican brothers were called "Big and Little Tamales," and their father, a grizzled old man of forty-five, was called "Old

Doby" from adobe. The old boy proudly told me that his name was Vallanzuela. But what good was a name like that in a cow camp?

"Bloody Bill" was a Yorkshireman, who earned his sobriquet by using this sanguinary adjective to qualify everything in his whole monotonous conversation. He was very bitter against the country of his birth and very rough with his horses, from which I judged that he had earned whatever penalty had begotten his bitterness. An unpleasant character who could never hold a permanent job. He knocked down his pony with a club one day because it had nipped him a little, while he was cinching his saddle. Our cook immediately jumped him and gave him a thorough good whipping—this cook was a real horseman and a good fellow. So Bloody Bill was fired by the foreman for deliberate injury to the company's property. He had to "hoof it" ten miles to the nearest town, with his saddle and blankets on his head, and nobody said "Goodbye" to him.

The name "Pan" did not mean a sylvan god. He came from the Panhandle of Texas. "Bucktooth" had an underhung prognathous jaw and prominent incisors. "Humpy" was a powerful dwarf with an enlarged shoulder and a very short neck. "Ruby" was a Mexican, whose name was Rubio.

"Mormon Joe" was a Mormon, of course, and incidentally a peddler of the most salacious and disgusting stories I ever had to listen to. He was suspected of being a Danite or "Destroying Angel" as they were called then. I happened to mention the Danites to him one day and he was furious, declaring that there had never been any such body of men and that it was a foul calumny that had been raised against his religion. I had thought, from his loose talk, that he was a renegade and that he might tell me something, but I profited nothing. Anyway, he looked the part of a man that would stick at nothing, and he had no friends.

Then there was "Jimmy, the Dude," or simply, "The Dude," a youth who spent all his earnings on as fine apparel and gear as the calling allowed. He was slow and not a very valuable man, despite his airs of self-confidence. As "Buck" Taylor said, "He's got wonderful high action, but it don't get him anywheres. Showy to look at, but no speed."

Another temporary man called "Boots" (an ex-cavalryman) was evidently a bit of a shirker on the circle, for Buck said, "He's one o' them old soljers as on'y remembers how to mark time. I never seen him so much as put a

stick o' wood on the fire. He's a good waiter, on the other feller, as you may say." A pretty good summing-up of character in a few words.

SHOOTING

Many fanciful stories have been written about the wonderful prowess of Westerners with the rifle and revolver. It is not remarkable that they excelled with arms at which they had so much practice, and it is true that many good rifle shots existed, especially at point blank range.

But I personally knew only one man who could use two revolvers, one in either hand, and keep a tin can rolling with successive alternate shots. He could shoot the head off a bluebird at fifteen yards, but he was said to spend nearly all his wages on shells and revolvers. Just as soon as the rifling showed wear enough to make his shooting inaccurate, he bought a new Colt, always a .45 caliber. It was no wonder that he was an expert. Though he was only a little man, with a southern soft drawl in his speech, he was a highly respected member of the community.

He was a bronco-buster for Frank Hadsell and I camped with him for a short time in Rattlesnake Pass. He had five bunches of mares there, and every day we went out to give the five stallions a feed of grain. It was necessary to keep the bunches well apart, out of sight of each other to obviate horse fights, so they had to be driven back to their respective ranges if they drifted too close.

One day we had visited our respective herds. I had been to two and was on my way back to camp, when I spied Jimmy in the distance, not far from the narrow belt of timber that outlined the course of Pass Creek. I saw him dismount and crouch on the ground. Before I heard his shot, I noticed an animal that I thought was a cow, rear up on its hind legs. It was a bear and Jimmy's horse promptly ran off and left him.

I waited, expecting to hear another shot, for the bear seemed to be coming toward Jimmy, but none was forthcoming. I rode over as fast as I could and caught Jim's horse and took it to him.

"What's the matter? Why didn't you give him another shot, Jimmy?" I asked. "Where did he go?"

"Rifle jammed and I was trying to get the shell out with my knife. That's the worst o' worn rims," he said. He had not tried to run when he found his rifle jammed,

neither do I think he was perturbed, for if the animal had continued coming, Jim would doubtless have plugged him with his Colt.

"I hit him," said Jim, "and hurt him bad. I don't believe he's gone far. He was afraid to leave the timber. Bears is always scary if you ketch 'em out in the open. Le's go an' find him."

So we rode over to the timber, a good two hundred yards away, and the bloody trail led into thick underbrush of wild raspberries, dog-roses, willow scrub and buckbrush. I wasn't strong for crawling in there, but Jim went in and found the bear dead in a pool of blood beside the creek, shot well up in the lungs. This incident showed me the confidence a man has in himself when he is dead sure of his shooting. Jim was nothing special with a rifle—just average. It was the revolver shooting at which he was expert.

Now, old "Bald Charlie" who lived only five miles from Jim's temporary camp, was a real rifle shot. He killed game for market, the year round, though he used to do some trapping too, chiefly of 'varmint' such as coyotes, mountain-lions, lynxes, and occasionally bears.

The first time that I saw him I had been out hunting antelope—unsuccessfully, for though there were plenty to be seen, I had not been able to get within half a mile of them. The old man was driving a team attached to a light wagon. He stopped as I approached and passed the time of day.

After an exchange of introductions, saying who we were and why we were there and various little personal things, in the course of casual remarks, I told him that we were out of meat and that I was on my way to the sheep camp to get some mutton, as there were four hungry men depending on my prowess.

"Aw, shucks!" he said. "Don't eat that stuff. I got an elk in the back o' the wagon an' you're welcome to a quarter. I'll take it up to camp for ye." Which he did, and would not take anything for it, either flour, bacon, coffee, or anything else, saying, "You got to be neighborly. You'd do the same for me." That chunk of elk must have weighed close to two hundred pounds.

Thereafter I always called on Charlie whenever I was near his place, and occasionally took him a bottle of whiskey, which pleased him greatly. He was a confirmed old bachelor and he lived in a one-room log cabin with a small log barn adjacent. His cat and his dogs were his only companions, besides the pony team and he was always talking to them.

He had built a dam across the little stream that ran past his place, which was full of trout. These he fed regularly with chopped meat.

"Come and see my pet fish," he said, the first time I was there. Taking a little plate of food, he went to the edge of the pond and, reaching down, he tapped the water gently with his fingers and the little fish swarmed towards him. Old Charlie beamed with pleasure, looking at me for signs of approval.

The old man—he was old to me, though still in his fifties—regaled me with many hunting and Indian stories. Some of his tales were rather tall, but I did not weigh or scrutinize them too closely. He told me of one man in Laramie, who had commissioned him to obtain an unscathed lion skin for mounting. This he had promised to do, thinking that he would have to set out a poison bait, to which he strongly objected. A trapped animal would show scars of the trap, while a bullet or two would show in the smoothness of the skin.

"Well, one mornin'," he said, "I was poundin' the trail up round that spur you see yonder, with a forty pound bear trap on my shoulder and just afore I came to the point, there was a big 'painter,' right square in the middle o' the trail, 'bout a hundred yards away. I dropped the trap and drawed down on him an' he opened his mouth just as I fired. When I got up to him, there wasn't a sign of a bullet wound on him, not even a cracked tooth. An' the ball had gone clean through his heart. Now, that were not on'y a streak o' luck, it were darned profitable shootin'. I drawed down twenty dollars for that 'ere pelt an' skull."

I asked him if he ever went out with any eastern sportsmen, who were interested in big game hunting.

"I do not," he said, with decision. "An' what's more, I don't want to see any of 'em around my territory. I hear as they come 'round and shoot maybe three or four bull elk or even antelope an' mountain sheep, just so's to carry off the heads to nail up, an' then leave most o' the meat for the varmint. Why, that's as bad as the Indians as kill cow elk just so's to take the calves out of 'em for a tidbit, tho' it ain't offen as they kills to waste. Not the Paiutes don't."

At this time the Medicine Bow range of mountains was simply alive with game elk, deer (black tail and mule), bear, panther, lynx, and on one mountain, mountain sheep. The buffalo had gone, though their bones and skulls still lay everywhere on the ground, but the plains were plentifully supplied with antelope. Yet, old Charlie did not like to see one useful animal killed wantonly. Coyotes, timber wolves, the "cats" and other "varmint" certainly, when-

ever opportunity offered, but not even a sage-hen or grouse should be killed unless it were wanted for food.

Charlie got the weekly newspaper and occasional magazines, but the only books he had in his cabin were the *Bible, Pilgrim's Progress,* and Plutarch's *Lives.* The last book seemed to fascinate him, as it was history. I wonder what he got out of it.

This little sketch may give impressions of a professional hunter of his period, the only excuse for presenting it. After all, it is the people who are of lasting interest, as shown by Charlie's choice of literature. Events may be dramatic, but apparently our interest lies in their lasting effects on mankind.

Perhaps most men who live an active life, close to nature, especially where conditions are somewhat primitive, prefer history to any other reading, provided it records events of personal prowess under conditions that they can understand. In this they resemble matured minds who, having sickened of fiction, turn to history and biography.

Once, when I was journeying from Vera Cruz to New Orleans, we took on a rather surly pilot at the mouth of the Mississippi, who was to take charge of us up to the Crescent City, some twelve miles up the river.

I gave him a cigar and the good word. When I thought the time was auspicious, I asked him if he had read Mark Twain's *Mississippi Pilot.*

"Naw!" he replied, disgustedly. "All as he wrote was lies. What's the use o' readin' lies, or fiction as they do call it?"

"But you must have been a contemporary of Mark's. Didn't you know him?" I asked.

The second mate, who was present, answered for him. "No, sir. This is the most distinguished pilot on the Father of Waters. He has been a pilot for forty years and is the only one on the river who did not either teach Mark Twain his business or learn it under him."

"Why should a man read lies, when there's honest-to-god history to read, about real men and women? Give me the truth every time," said the pilot. "I never seen Clemens 'cause he was a up-river pilot an' I on'y operate twixt N'Orleans an' the Gulf, so we got nothin' to get chummy over. I like the Bible, 'cause it's God's own truth an' 'fects us all."

I found that the cowboys like history, though they were not narrow like the old pilot. They would listen, time after time, to the same accounts of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, to the story of Brigham Young's great

migration and settlement in Utah, and even to the retelling of the Custer massacre, which had taken place only a decade in the past. But it was living history. History and biographical sketches of virile men were devoured. They could follow the wanderings and vicissitudes of the Hudson Bay Company's hunters and trappers and the difficulties encountered by Kit Carson, Daniel Boone, and the Pony Express riders, because they knew the life of the frontier. The War of Independence was a grand epic. Incidents of the Civil War were constantly spoken of, though it was twenty years in the past.

It was amazing to find cowmen who liked to read even ancient histories. At one ranch, the only bound book I saw (except paper covered novels) was the *Works of Josephus*. I never saw an encyclopedia in the West, as I suppose that nobody could afford one. But how it would have been thumbed on a cattle ranch.

Bill Nye was read regularly. They liked his broad humor, some of which appeared each week in the paper. Artemus Ward was still read with as much gusto as when he was living. The humorous things were often read aloud to the bunch and such readings were highly appreciated. They held the boys' attention as long as a good reader would oblige. It seemed to be the correct thing, after a successful reading, for the reader to close the book with a bang and slam it down on the table, with the expression, "Aw, shucks!" or something like that; as much as to say, "All this is very puerile, but you fellows seem to like it."

Sea stories went down well and so did good virile poetry. But the precious meaningless vaporings of a pasty poetaster were anathema and the reader would be told to "tie it outside." Yet they could be stirred with the most blatant melodrama, provided it contained no glaring anachronisms within their ken. They could be moved to sniffing by what I considered the most maudlin songs about home and mother or tripe on the *Mistletoe Bough* order.

Music was highly appreciated and a great many of the boys carried a mouth organ or harmonica in their pockets. A harmonium or an old square piano was looked upon as a treasure in a ranch house, but such instruments were rare.

It is strange how easily men living an arduous, primitive life can be rendered silent, contemplative and even tender, by sentimental songs as find a ready response in their hearts and, directly afterwards, burst into peals of raucous laughter at some atrocious, ribald ditty. But so it was, as I witnessed time and again.

A great many of the sentimental songs were written in the minor, and they seemed to be in harmony with the life and surroundings. But when it came to music, waltzes, reels, hornpipes, strathspeys, and vigorous marches were favorites.

The air of the *Dying Cowboy's Lament* was very beautiful, though the song as a whole is not for polite ears. It recounts the man's downfall, owing to gambling and indulgence in the coarse pleasures of the town. The chorus as we all sang it was:

Then roll the drums merrily and play the fifes lively,
And carry me out with a dance and a song
Upon the lone prairie and bury me deeply;
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

Every man was silent during the singing of this song.

Twinkling Stars was a favorite, though only few men had the hardihood to sing it.

Round the camp-fire, almost any song with a good chorus to it was pleasing. It seemed to me to have response in the clear bright air, as though the wood nymphs and the spirits of the mountains were rejoicing too. The old *Turkey in the Straw* was a universal favorite as dramatic art could be introduced by the singer. It went—

O!— a possum he jump' in a racoon's nes'
An' de racoon got up an' bit um on de bres'—
He twe-e-e-e-ested his tail round a hickorye stump;
An' he rar'd an' he pitched but he couldn't make a jump!

This presents the picture of an animal, with his tail made fast, trying to leap and break in futile rage.

Chorus:

Turkey in the straw! Ye-e-e-e-s! Turkey in the straw:
Twe-e-e-s' about an' turn about, a high turkey paw;
An' a shake 'em up a toon called 'Turkey in the straw.

A bullfrog jump' in de bottom o' de spring;
But de water was so cold dat he could not swim—
A m-on-key was settin' in a pile o' straw,
A-winkin' at his mother-in-law.

Though the words are darky nonsense, the air is stirring and lively, and the chorus invariably met with generous support.

IDLE CHAT AND A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY

"I'd a heap ruther have a genuine crook around me than a lazy man," Buck T. remarked to me once. "You're always onto a crook and know as he ain't to be depended on in a deal. But, with a lazy man, you don't know where you're at—to say nothin' o' the aggravation o' havin' him putterin' around. An' they most gen'rally talk big too, as if they was always right up and a'comin'. There 'tis! They have to blow off their gaff, to try to make up for what they don't do—dod rot 'em.

"Take old 'Belly-go-fust,' " he continued (alluding to a saloon-keeper's fat brother-in-law, who was a sort of parasite—a doer of small chores). "He always was a chesty kind, from a boy, an' he never amounted to a row o' pins. I knowed him back in Missoura. Eats as much as any two men, he does, an' then sets aroun'. No wonder he got a paunch on him like a cow. He has to throw his shoulders back in order to pack it aroun'. A wonder he don't have to chew a cud! Looks important, don't he?" said Buck, grinning.

"Well, anyway he's honest, Buck," I suggested.

"Honest? Sure, prob'ly is, fur as I know," said Buck. "He never put anything over on me, if that's what you mean. He hain't got anythin' to be dishonest about. An' if he had, 't would be too much trouble to use what he calls his brains. If he was my brother-in-law an' wanted to board on me, he'd have to cut a cord o' stove wood a day an' stack it in, or go hungry."

In a new country, where any duties shirked by one man must be carried out by another, it may be realized how such a parasite would be despised by the whole community. Fortunately they were very few and they did not count as folks, any more than a cat at the fireside. Which simile is perhaps unjust to the cat, for she does earn her keep and does not intrude in men's talk.

It was interesting to see the emigrants that passed through Elk Mountain on their way to Washington Territory, as it was then. As has been remarked, Elk Mountain post office was just across the old toll-bridge over the Medicine Bow River. Johnny Jones, the postmaster, collected the tolls on all wagons and prairie schooners crossing the bridge and the emigrants were always poor people with very little cash. Sometimes a train of three or four wagons was held up for hours, while the emigrants were trying to wriggle out of paying toll.

Many would take a saddle horse and go down the river prospecting for a ford, but they had to come back and dig up some cash or else produce something of value that Johnny was willing to take in trade. Johnny would squat on that bridge with his rifle across his knees—sometimes with a man or two to support him if it were a very large train—and his deputy sheriff's badge well in evidence. He would talk pleasantly to the emigrants, but always collected his dues. He almost always had a cigar in his mouth, which he never lit but always chewed and chewed until the whole was chewed up.

These emigrants, with their canvas-covered wagons, looked very much like the ones seen in the cinema today, except that one never saw them thrashing or ill-treating their live stock, or traveling faster than about two miles an hour. Also, saddle horses were generally tied at the tail of the wagon unless they were needed for some special errand.

Almost all the children of the emigrants that we saw were barefoot and barelegged—even the girls of seventeen or eighteen, with their long hair hanging in plaits and their heads covered with the inevitable sunbonnet. Some of these girls and women chewed tobacco and liked to trade their long, green, homegrown stuff for a plug of manufactured.

They all seemed to be quite happy, except some of the men upon whom responsibility rested. The wagons contained an assortment of poor household goods and farm tools. It was easy to keep the caravan in meat, for game was plentiful and there was no closed season on anything—no game laws to check them from filling the larder. They carried tubs of home-rendered lard with them and lots of beans, so their expenses were few—a little coffee, flour and sugar being the chief purchases. The women with babies were the only ones I felt sorry for, though the growing children were good in helping. But how these young mothers must have longed for a cabin and four walls, and a place other than the creek to wash in—a chance for a little privacy.

We used to hear wonderful stories of Washington Territory—of the richness of the soil, of the lush timothy and clover pastures, the denseness of the timber and the immensity of the rivers and water courses, the large productive wheatfields and the plentiful supplies of fish and game and—last but not least—a climate free from blizzards, tornados or intense cold.

To these emigrants, both men and women, it was doubtless the constant contemplation of this land of promise,

that rendered them oblivious to the discomforts of weary months on the Overland Trail. It must have been faith, hope and ambition that tided them over many a dreary mile. These emigrants laid a course for themselves and steered for it steadfastly. There were few drifters, to be carried hither and yon by every changing breeze and cross-current. No matter what their disappointments and vicissitudes, at the end of the trail, their wanderings have been valuable and constructive. Their enterprise, stamina, and fortitude constitute the character foundation of the go-ahead people they have left behind them.

It is wonderful what foolish questions a green youth will ask, in strange surroundings, when the answers to them are self-evident.

One day in riding up through the timber toward the headwaters of the Medicine Bow River, before coming to the tie-camp, we passed through a clearing among the pines, and I looked with surprise to see that the stumps in this clearing were about twelve feet high from the ground. So I asked my companion how they managed to cut them off so high up and what was the reason for it.

"Why, kid," he said, looking at me in some surprise, "don't you know as they always cuts trees for ties in the winter time when the snow is on the ground? Them stumps mark just how deep the snow was when the ties was cut. Then they haul their stuff over to the river bank on the snow and hew 'em into ties with a broad-axe. Then they're all ready to dump into the river when the snow melts, and the water is strong enough to carry 'em down to the boom at the railroad."

"Who does the 'drivin' of the ties on the river?" was the next question.

"Why, them as cuts the ties, o'course," said Buck. "Them men is driving on the river four or five weeks, an' the men are never dry from the time the drive starts, till the last tie reaches the boom."

"That is a man's life," I remarked.

"It's a dog's life," said Buck. "An' what's more, them tie-punchers is a dirty outfit. They're most allus 'crumby.' If you ever have 'casion to stop over in their camp, you take my tip and bed down out in the woods. Don't trust yer blankets on their bunks or you'll be et up. That's one reason why cow-punchers and woodsmen don't mix. We may be a bit rough at times, but goldarn it, we're clean. I've heard said that they think as we put on dog, 'cause we're mounted and they're afoot. But it ain't so."

"That's a pretty sweeping statement for a whole body of men, Buck."

"Well, maybe 'tis," he said. "maybe 'tis. I know some mighty able men up here as earns good money an' lives decent. But most o' the decent ones has their own shacks. There's old Bill M. for instance. He's the best an' neatest tree-faller on the river, an' they say as he can hew the two sides of a log as smooth as if 'twas sawed. Why, he can sharpen a pencil with his broadaxe, an' I wouldn't be surprised as he could shave with it!"

One of the men interested in the Swan Land and Cattle Company was a fine young Scotchman named Charlie Anderson. I believe the name of the company was later changed to the Anderson Land and Cattle Company, though everybody called it the Swan outfit.

Everybody liked Charlie. Though he was a good mixer with the crowd, nobody ever "got too darned familiar"—as he would have put it. He was no Chesterfield, but he acted on the maxim, "Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar." And so Charlie stood ace-high. It was through him that I was first employed at the "UL," for he heard of a new Britisher down at the Bow and rode down to see me, when I promptly signed on.

The first time I met him and in the course of "getting my number" so to speak, he asked me if I had ever met a man named Roosevelt, who had a ranch up in South Dakota. I replied that I had never met nor heard of the man.

"Well," said Charlie, "if you ever do go up there, call and see him. If you get an invitation to stay—which you will—be sure and take it. He is a good sportsman, an excellent host and utterly reliable—democratic in the best sense, and the finest American I have ever met."

I never had the opportunity to even see Theodore Roosevelt, but he did develop, as all the world knows, into the greatest American and the greatest all-around MAN of his generation. R.I.P. Perhaps, some day I shall get a chance to meet him in the Happy Hunting Grounds. It will be interesting to see what sort of activity he has applied himself to, in what we know as "The Great Beyond." Whatever it is, it will be well worth while.

A man was truly in a parlous state who became seriously ill on the roundup, for there was no shelter, no rest from the flies and dust. no food for invalids, continuous moving and no quiet.

Poor Charlie developed a heavy cold, when he had been on the road only three day. But he kept on though for a day or two more, till he looked corpse like and had to admit that he was sick. So he took Tom H. with him to bring back his saddle horse and rode off into town. Tom said that he never spoke a word all the way and that he stopped in the middle of the main street in Rawlins and, dismounting, left without a word, just waving him off.

As it happened, Doctor R. of whom I have spoken earlier, was to be in Rawlins that day and, the two being great friends, he went over to speak to him and see what was the matter, for it was quite clear that something was wrong.

Charlie did not know him—he was already delirious. Doc took him down to Carbon in the first caboose that came along. But in three days he was dead from typhoid pneumonia. I think that he was only about twenty-five years old, but a capable man of the best type.

How he hated a drunken man.—"I will not have them around," he said to me once,—"There is no necessity for it. Any decent man knows when he has had enough." And yet the old boy could get away with a pint of Scotch in an evening, without any apparent effect,—which was enough to have bowled me out, as I told him.

"Yes, but every man knows his own capacity. You've got to be decent," he replied.

He was the only man on the range who wore English-cut riding breeches, (excepting myself) and the only one who wore English hunting boots. As he was a sort of manager and had an interest in the Company, he could get away with this without comment.

Charlie spoke very deliberately, as all Scotchmen must, in order to give that sonorous value to their R's that custom demands. But his cultured voice and well-chosen words were pleasing to my ears in that land so far removed from musical diction.

He also disliked remittance men,[13] that is, young Englishmen who were 'rotters' and had no ambition; men who

[13]A remittance man was one who lived chiefly on remittances from home. Prof. Denis L. Fox writes about his father's use of the term: "I feel quite certain that my father did not employ the term in its frequent British connotation, namely men who were in the manner of being characteristic idlers or ne'er-do-wells, and who were therefore paid remittances by the parents to keep them going, but away from home. Certainly he could not, I think, have considered either Mr. Brackenbury, who was remarkably successful out there, or the admirable chap who wore the mask, as remittance men in the common sense of the word, although it is more than probable that they received support at first."

had been sent abroad to get them out of the way, with a monthly or quarterly cheque from home to pay for their subsistence. There were not so many of them in the United States as in Canada, but we had a sprinkling. Wherever they went, they did not add to English prestige.

REMITTANCE MEN

There was one remittance man who was taken on as a cowhand at the Horse Creek Ranch. He could ride, certainly, but he had no heart in the hard work of handling stock. He would get tired and then slack off. On the circle he would ask the foreman to let him go on with the first bunch of cattle gathered, so as to be able to lie down and smoke and take it easy. No American would ever ask such a personal privilege. So the foreman always took him to the very outside and he was always the last to drift into camp.

Once he complained and the foreman, who had got very tired of him said, "So! You roll your blankets and get back to the ranch. You're more trouble than you're worth, ye lazy hound. You can call for your cheque when I send in a report," and the foreman turned his back and walked away, without waiting for any reply.

This was, of course, a summary dismissal. S. rolled his blankets and went merrily off, apparently not in the least ashamed.

More than two months later, when the Horse Creek outfit returned to headquarters, there was S. sitting out on the stoop, perfectly happy and unruffled.

The foreman asked him shortly what he was doing there.

"Why," he replied, brightly, "you sent me back to the ranch and here I am."

He had been there all the time, doing nothing except riding into town when the spirit moved him, to get reading matter and whiskey, and getting three square meals a day without doing a lick of work.

In the face of the foreman's amazement and his short order to the shamless beggar to "Beat it pronto, and don't come back," he pleaded poverty and begged to be allowed to stay on, until finally the foreman let him do it. He had to do chores, such as sweeping out the bunkhouse, mucking out the stables, preparing wood and vegetables for the cook and attending the milk cows and hogs. But he did not last long even at this work, as his monthly remittance was co-incident with a monthly debauch.

I met a very fine ex-remittance man later in California, who had snapped out of it and become a very useful and respected member of our circle. We sat up late one night comparing notes. He had come down from British Columbia, where he had been one of a number of remittance men. Some of the fellows were of quite good stock, he said, and triflers only because of their poor training at home. Hearing about them is sometimes funny, but living with them or being in frequent contact with them would be unbearable.

Thank heaven that the day of English remittance men has gone forever. Fathers have more sense nowadays than to subsidize erring sons in order to evade annoyance and responsibility by getting them out of the way.

D. and I talked the matter over several times. We agreed at that time, that something was lacking in an English boy's education (of that period) to fit him for independent action and an ability to cope with life's problems, excepting the Army, the Navy, the Church or the Civil Service. The English boy was good to obey orders when placed under authority, but all initiative had been denied him, and such as he might have been born with was atrophied for lack of development or a life governed by too many petty rules, yet served by too many menials.

Think of a boy coming from a well-ordered English home, where every possible personal service was to be obtained by ringing the bell, where pocket money or allowances were gratuitously provided by the parents, and a semi-public or good private school education was the medium of preparation for the battle of life, where tradespeople or small merchants as we call them here, were really regarded as very inferior persons indeed, and as for the day-laborers—well, they should be willing to put themselves to any inconvenience or abasement for a little condescension. Such really appeared to be the mental attitude of many of the remittance men.

But, to go on, the father of such a son, finding that his boy not only lacks ambition to do anything at all, but strongly objects to it (why should he, when all his life he has been taught that anything he wants is his without effort?) and finding that he is, in reality, a loafer, a parasite and a loose person, then that father pitchforks his worthless son into a half-civilized country and expects him, in some mysterious way, to make his fortune.

Is it any wonder that so many of them fell down? They had no training in character to fit them for such a fight. They were helpless in attending even to their own persons and personal attire, some of them getting indescribably filthy. What! Wash their own shirts and underclothes?

I should say not! Therefore it was no wonder that so many of the poor beggars degenerated into squaw-men and saloon bums. No wonder that, in some localities in Canada, when men were needed for the harvest, many farmers said, "No Englishmen wanted."

I have met, in the West, men from Clifton, Marlboro, Chatham, Blundell, Harrow, Stoneyhurst and Reading. Few of them have done as well as the average American of the same class, who has had a far less costly schooling but a far more efficient training. Oh, well! The superior and often snobbish respectability of the Victorian era seems to have followed the top-hat and the frock coat into limbo—thank heaven! D. and I agreed that the above explanation covered the case of the remittance men, to show that they were not altogether to blame for dwindling into rotters.

Well-trained English, Scotch and Irishmen are now looked upon with favor by American business houses. It is not only because they are well-trained, but because they can be relied upon to play the game. That's it. They are reliable. Of course, an equally well-trained American is given first choice. Everything considered that is natural. Besides, it is easier to check up on his credentials.

There was a young fellow on Sand Creek, a Dick B.[14] whom I used to meet, though I was at his ranch only twice. He had a comparatively small ranch and raised horses, range-herding them. His father, I believe, was commander of an important British fortress, and his brother had just attained his majority in an Indian Cavalry Regiment. He himself had failed at Sandhurst and did not relish getting a commission through the militia; did not care for the army at all, really, and had only tackled it to "please the Guv'ner."

He had come to the United States, feeling rather a failure, I gathered, to which feeling the disappointed Colonel had doubtless contributed. He went to a British colony in Tennessee first, found it being exploited by a "superior" dictator, who won recruits (with a handsome emolument with each) on the strength of his family connections, and. Dick being disgusted, had come on out to where I found him. He had a little money from home still, but was trying to make a success of things and stand on his own feet.

Dick had a sort of partner, a little bald-headed, red bearded carpenter from Wiltshire, who did the cooking

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[14]Dick B. refers to Richard Brackenbury according to Denis L. Fox, who writes that Brackenbury is now 84, lives at La Jolla, California, and has authorized the use of his name. E. N. Wentworth in his *American Sheep Trails* has several references to Brackenbury, and describes him, P. 608, as the leading sheep commission agent at the Denver market for many years.

and any mechanical work necessary. The little man seemed to be very proud of being hooked up with a fellow of Dick's caliber. He merits no further mention here.

But staying with them was a young man who, Dick said, was given a handsome allowance. It was the saddest case I had ever seen. We will call him 'Nemo.' I never saw his face. He had left England (and a most charming home, Dick said) at his own express wish, just to be able to get into the wilderness. He was an old school chum of Dick's, so he was probably not more than twenty-five or twenty-six years old. But a terrible lupus had destroyed one side of his face and his nose, and so he always wore a complete black silk mask.

Dick had already told me about him, but still, when he came into the room to meet me, it was a distinct shock. A beautiful head of wavy brown hair, then the black, silk mask, with only one sparkling brown eye to be seen. But he had a strong able body, for he sawed and chopped wood and rode daily in order to keep fit and happy.

But when he spoke and laughed it was, I thought, the most beautiful voice I had ever heard, and at some joke of Dick's, he broke into a musical laugh. It sounded such a happy laugh, too, that I could scarcely realize that its maker was hiding a horror behind that black silk.

Good old British pluck! I could imagine this fellow as a most lovable companion, son and brother. Yet he had doubtless laid out a course for himself in order to make the best of things. To relieve his own family from the depression and embarrassment of his constant presence, to enjoy what he could and not be a wet blanket to others, and to escape so far as possible, from being regarded with pity.

And so, out there on Sand Creek, he used to laugh and sing to the banjo, and enjoy taking part in conversations when possible, though he used to take his meals in his own room. Modern surgery could have prevented such a tragedy as his. That seems the pity of it.

Here were two remittance men who were far and away above type. Both of them made me feel that I should have some climbing to do before I could reach their high levels.

Richard Sherlock, father of Peter Sherlock of South Pass City, built one of the first public bath houses in Wyoming in 1868. The tubs were built of 21-inch planks. There were two water tanks, also made of wood. One tank, with an iron bottom, could be heated from a fire underneath. The charge was $1.00 per bath.

Kiskadden-Slade

Some Historical Incidents Recalled

By PERRY W. JENKINS*

Carlyle is the county seat of Clinton County, in the "Egypt" section of Illinois. The Slade family was one of the best in town. To this family about 1829 was born a son, Joseph Alfred, who from early boyhood was to be known as "Jack." As a boy Jack was a bright and likable lad, making many friends and holding the respect of all his neighbors.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War, in 1846, Jack volunteered in the company of Captain Killman. By his bravery and keen observation he soon gained the confidence of his commanding officer and was selected, one of twelve, for important scout duty.

He served with honor and distinction throughout the war but there contracted a habit that made a wreck of his later career. When sober he was a mild mannered friend of all, but when intoxicated, flew into a violent rage and knew no restraint to his demoniacal conduct. Returning to Carlyle at the close of hostilities, he found employment in various capacities until, at the age of twenty-six, in a violent quarrel, he killed a man and was compelled to flee from home and take refuge from the sheriff's posse in Texas. Here he met and married Virginia Marie, a beautiful and attractive young lady.

In 1859 they were living in Missouri where he was employed in guiding emigrant parties and conducting wagon trains. His enterprise and efficiency attracted the attention of Ben Holladay, the "stage coach king." Along the moun-

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*Perry Wilson Jenkins was born at Mount Carmel, Indiana, April 5, 1872, and was educated in the public schools of Ohio. He received his A. B. and A. M. degrees from Miami University, Ohio and later an A. M. degree at Columbia University. He taught mathematics and astronomy at several Universities and was a fellow and research student at the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago. In 1906 his health broke and he came to Wyoming where he settled at Cora. He began ranching and served in the state legislature from 1919 to 1929 as a member of both houses. Mr. Jenkins is Delta Kappa Epsilon, Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Beta Kappa Associate (the only Wyoming member), a member of the American Engineering Society, National Geographic Society, the Methodist Church, and a 32nd degree Scottish Rite Mason. At present he resides in Salt Lake City and is president of the Colorado River Water Users Association.

tain divisions of the stage line continual losses were sustained through Indian depredations, outlaws and dishonest employees.

Slade was made superintendent of this division by Holladay and with his wife, Virginia, located near the site of the present town of Glendo, Wyoming. Here he built a comfortable home, suitable and well protected quarters for the stage equipment. This was commonly known as the Horseshoe Creek Station, and from here Jack worked east and west along the route, overseeing the movement of the stages and the shipment and storage of supplies. Those who knew him at this time state that he was strictly honest, attentive and faithful to his employer. True he had to be watchful, bold and quick in action, but "with gentlemen, he was a gentleman," as recorded by Mark Twain in his *Roughing It.*

One of the stage stations was on the Platte River at the headquarters of Jules Reni (now called Julesburg). Jules, a violent French Canadian, was known to be dishonest with the stage company and was jealous of the authority of Slade. Trouble arose between them and Jules shot and dangerously wounded the Superintendent. Jules was hanged for his cowardly attack but before life was extinct was cut down by some of his friends.

After Slade's recovery and return to his division, Jules made further threats against his life. He was warned by the commandant of Fort Laramie to take no chances with the Frenchman. Jules was located at one of the stations and while tied to a post was shot and killed by Slade in a drunken rage. Circumstances connected with the killing brought censure from the public.

In 1862, Denver had become an important town of the Rocky Mountain region. The stage line was detoured to accommodate this increasing traffic. In order to have a more direct and less dangerous route, the contract with the government for carrying the mail was changed from the South Pass Road, to one leading over Bridger's Pass, known as the Overland Trail. This led across the Laramie Plains, by the foot of Elk Mountain and down Bitter Creek to Green River. Slade was made agent for the division between Denver and Green River.

A beautiful site was chosen for the home station on the low pass over the Laramie Range and was called Virginia Dale from the agent's charming wife. Although Slade kept the stages running regularly his drunken sprees became more frequent and violent. Within a year Holladay was compelled to discharge him.

After losing his job the Slades went east to Carlyle but only for a short time. The Alder Gulch gold discovery was causing thousands to seek a quick fortune in the new Eldorado. Soon after reaching the gold field, Slade secured a ranch in Meadow Creek Canyon, where he built a stone house resembling a castle more than a home. Twelve miles distance was a mushroom town, at first called Varina from the wife of Jefferson Davis, but later changed to Virginia City, it is said, in honor of the beautiful Mrs. Slade.

Jack's conduct now became more flagrant. He gambled, insulted and bullied without respect of person. His name caused law-abiding men to fear his presence and avoid his company. The Vigilantes, of which he was at first a member, were called to try to check his lurid career. He held up Judge Davis with a gun and tore up a warrant for his arrest.

Slade was seized by the Vigilantes on March 10, 1864, and told to prepare for his execution. He broke down and begged to see his wife, whom he dearly loved, but the leaders knowing her temper and fearing her presence might lead to more deaths, hastily prepared to carry out the sentence. After giving him time for prayer, he was mounted on a large store-box under the bar over a gateway. The noose was then fitted and the rope secured to the bar. At the order "Do your duty men," the box was jerked from under him and he was launched off into eternity.

When Slade was seized one of his friends rode out to the ranch and informed Virginia of what was taking place. She mounted her horse and rode into town as fast as possible but was too late to see her husband alive. As soon as Slade was pronounced dead his body was taken down and laid out in an inn. After a paroxysm of grief, Virginia had the body taken to the ranch. An elegant casket was made lined with tin. After placing Jack's body therein, it was filled with alcohol and hermetically sealed. When the spring had freed the mountains of snow and the roads were again passable, the casket was loaded into a vehicle and conveyed four hundred miles to Salt Lake City. There on July 20, 1864, Slade's body was interred and there it lies today. The city has crept up the hill and now surrounds the beautiful City Cemetery. The sexton's book for 1847-1864 records the following entry:

"No. 67, from Bannack, Montana mines, J. A. Slade, buried July 20, 1864 on lot B, single, Killed by the Vigilantees Committee, To be removed to Illinois in the fall."

But the body was never disinterred. Virginia, the southern beauty, had met a man of charming appearance and fine manners, well dressed and altogether attractive.

To this man, James Harry Kiskadden, she was married on March 22, 1865, and lived with him only six months, when she left her Salt Lake City home for St. Louis, never to return to her husband. Jim Kiskadden appeared in the court of Salt Lake County and asked for a divorce. On October 29, 1868, a decree of separation was granted and thereafter Virginia Marie is lost to history.

At the age of sixteen, in 1865, Asenath (Annie) Adams, the daughter of Barnabas Adams, a prosperous Mormon business man, was making a name as an actress in the old Salt Lake Theatre. She became enamored by the personable James Kiskadden. The father objected to their contemplated marriage on account of both her age and Kiskadden being a Gentile. To delay an early union Annie was sent on a visit to her grandparents in Clark County, Missouri. This exactly fitted into the young girl's plans. Kiskadden, who was then thirty-three years of age, followed her there and there they were married, August 15, 1869.

The couple soon returned to Salt Lake City, Kiskadden being interested in mining in Utah. Ethel Paul tells the story of her father's ride of twenty-five miles to the Alta mines at the head of Cottonwood Creek, to inform Jim Kiskadden that he was needed at home. He hurried down to the city to usher in the coming of his baby girl on November 11, 1872. The little miss received the name, Maude Kiskadden, but during her stage career she used her mother's maiden name of Adams. Maude first appeared on the stage at the early age of eight months.

The family moved to San Francisco, but as soon as Maude was old enough to go to school she was enrolled in the old Salt Lake Collegiate Institute, now Westminister College. James Kiskadden died in the Golden Gate City and his body was sent to Salt Lake for interment. The Sexton's record for Mt. Olivet Cemetery states that he "died of pneumonia in San Francisco and was buried in section A, Lot 17." The daughter, Maude, had one of the granite slabs, left in Little Cottonwood Canyon by the builders of the great Mormon Temple, prepared and placed over his grave bearing the inscription James H. Kiskadden, Born May 24, 1836—Died September 19, 1883. The wife and mother, Asenath (Annie) Adams Kiskadden, born November 9, 1848 and died March 17, 1916, lies buried by the side of her husband.

James Kiskadden had a brother William, who seems to have had excellent business connections, as we find in the *Reminiscences of Alexander Toponce:* "In July 1868, John W. Kerr, Governor Durkee and Bill Kiskadden, uncle of Maude Adams, the actress, took a contract to furnish

100,000 ties to the Union Pacific to be delivered at Hilliard, Wyoming. They had the ties cut on the headwaters of Bear River. I think they got 80 cents apiece for them."

The Vigilantes ceased to function after 1865 and with the advent of a transcontinental railroad lawlessness in the west was well under control by state and territorial governments.

Concerning Maude (Adams) Kiskadden we need say but little. She has her name in *Who's Who in America* and her place in the hearts of the American people. She has never forgotten her natal city of Salt Lake. In the state capitol are three life-sized portraits of the state's most famous actress presented by her to the people of the state. Now at the age of seventy-five she is still teaching in Stephens College at Columbia, Missouri. The fame she won in *The Little Minister, Joan of Arc* and *Peter Pan* will ever endear her to those who have seen those marvelous performances and for her, have won the honorary LL.D degree from the great University of Wisconsin.

Authorities consulted:

Vigilante Days and Ways by Langsford; *Vigilantes* by Dimsdale; *Forty years on the Frontier* by Stuart; *Ben Holladay* by Frederick; *The City of the Saints* by Burton; *Roughing It* by Mark Twain; *Research Notes* by Roderick Korns; Sexton's records of the City and Mt. Olivet cemeteries of Salt Lake City; grave markers; marriage records of Virginia City, Montana; records of Salt Lake County, Utah, and Clark County, Missouri; divorce records of Salt Lake County, Utah.

John Stratton, a carpenter, who worked at Gold Hill in the Medicine Bow Range during the excitement in the 1890's, used to borrow expensive tobacco from a neighborly prospector. Later Stratton drifted to Cripple Creek where he made the strike that devoloped into the Independence Mine. Ultimately he was worth $25,000,000. Each Christmas for many years he sent a $100 bill to his Wyoming prospector friend.

The dry work in the court of Col. Luke Murrin, first mayor and justice of the peace in Cheyenne after the city's incorporation by the Dakota Legislature, was relieved by the judge's habit of exacting 25 cents extra from each person fined, for the purchase of liquid refreshments for the court. It was the judge's custom to inflict a fine of $10 on any person shooting at another within the city limits "whether he hit anyone or not."

The Dedication of Texas Trail Monuments in Wyoming

By LOUISE LOVE*

Wyoming's early cattle men and the drivers of the old Texas Trail were honored at three impressive ceremonies in southeastern Wyoming, August 1. On that day old-time cowboys who remember the swirling dust and bawling cattle of the trail drives of the '70's and '80's gathered with members of the American Pioneer Trails Association and residents of the three communities to dedicate monuments in memory of the far-seeing cowmen who created a great cattle empire on the vast, empty plains of the West and of those dogged, valiant cowpunchers who trailed the cattle up the long way from Texas to the Indian infested range lands of Wyoming and Montana.

The three monuments mark the route of the old Texas Trail through Wyoming, along which the Trails Association, led by its president Dr. Howard R. Driggs of New York, made a commemorative trek. Two were newly dedicated, one at Pine Bluffs, where the Lincoln Highway intersects the route of the old trail, and one at the mouth of Rawhide Creek between Torrington and Lingle at a point where the path of the oft stampeding cattle crossed the present location of U. S. Highway 26. The third monument, which marks the route of the old trail as it traversed the site of modern LaGrange, had been dedicated seven years previously and was rededicated and formally presented to the state August 1.

The erection of the monument at Pine Bluffs was sponsored by the local Lions Club, the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, the families of D. H. and J. W. Snyder and the citizens of the city. One surface of the marker portrays a scene on the trail, with cowboys pointing the Texas long horns across a gulch, while Indian smoke signals rise in

*Louise O'Leary Love was born in New York but as a young child came to Cheyenne, where she attended the public schools. She graduated with honors from the University of Colorado receiving an A. B. degree. In 1929 she married Captain Ralph F. Love, U.S.A. and spent a number of years in the Philippines and Hawaii. After the death of Colonel Love in the Pacific Theater in World War II she and her son, Thomas Wilfred, returned to Cheyenne. She is a reporter and feature writer for the Wyoming Eagle at present.

Dedication of Texas Trail Monument, Pine Bluffs, August 1, 1948. Henry Swan, Dr. M. L. Morris, Dr. H. O. Brayer, Mrs. E. A. Dahlquist, E. A. Dahlquist, Col. E. N. Wentworth, Governor L. C. Hunt, Russell Thorp, Dr. Howard R. Driggs, A. A. Smith, W. D. Gordon, Mary A. McGrath, Clarence Jackson, Major Proctor.

the background, and in the lower right hand corner is a map tracing the route of the trail through Wyoming. On the reverse side is pictured a longhorn steer carrying the LF Connected brand, which was on the first herds to be grazed in Wyoming in 1867. This was the Snyder brand and was used here in partnership with John Iliff. Surrounding the likeness of the LF animal is a collection of other Texas Trail brands.

In dedicating the monument Mr. Russell Thorp, Secretary of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, made the following address:

"It is entirely fitting and proper that a memorial be placed on this spot, as Pine Bluffs in the early days was the largest live stock shipping point on the Union Pacific railroad; not only thousands of Wyoming cattle trailed to Pine Bluffs to load for market, but many thousands were trailed from southern Montana and northern Wyoming through Kessler's Gap to the northwest to this station.

"Wyoming has always been a cattleman's country, and the state will continue to be a cowman's stronghold.

"The story of the cattle business in Wyoming is one of glamour and romance, of tragedy and heartbreak, of hard work and splendid accomplishments. It is a story of years of affluence, prosperity and boom days almost beyond the realm of imagination; a story of unbelievable blizzards, drought and erosion, business 'panics' and depression, and great financial losses. It is also a story of cattle rustlers, sheep and cattle wars, struggles against so-called bureaucratic encroachment. It is a story of a satisfactory way of living, gained through a continual struggle to preserve the right to enjoy the freedom so cherished by every rugged individualist.

"The days of great herds of Texas longhorns grazing on unlimited acres that lay uninhabited and unclaimed until the cowman built his small ranch buildings and corral, have given way to an era of fenced-in pastures, limited ranges, modern ranch buildings and purebred herds. But despite the great continually changing background of Indians, rustlers, stock detectives, land sharks, and extremes of weather, the cattleman has survived because Wyoming offers the natural habitat and surroundings for his calling. He has created Wyoming's greatest industry.

"By 1868 the great migration of men and cattle from the south was well under way. Three hundred thousand cattle each year left Texas for the northern ranges with more than eight hundred thousand at the peak in 1884. From that time on, the numbers declined to the one last through herd in 1897, although about nine years prior to

that time the rail connections had been completed to Orin Junction.

"In reviewing the news items from the early files of the *Lusk Herald,* I find in 1887:

'A Hash Knife outfit from Texas is driving a herd of 2,300 cattle through the country.'

"And again in later issues:

'Two herds of Matadore cattle, numbering 4,500 head V brand, passed through Lusk last Monday on the way to Montana.'

'Two herds, numbering 4,300, passed through Lusk last week. They belonged to Lee and Scott and were being driven to Montana.'

'A Hash Knife herd of 2,000 head passed through Lusk on the way to ranges near Stoneville, Montana.'

"August 18, 1892, the *Herald* recorded:

'Probably the last trail herd of the season passed through here Sunday from the south bound for the northern ranges. It was the OX outfit consisting of 2,000 head.'

"The last record we find is dated June 24, 1896:

'Another XIT trail herd struck this town the first of the week on its way to Montana ranges.'

"Author J. Evetts Haley, eminent historian, records:

'In 1897 only one syndicate (XIT) herd, and its last, made the long trek. The coming of the nester, his control of waterings and his network of barbed wire fences brought to an end the greatest and most spectacular pastoral movement of all time.'

"I have in my records a log of the Texas Trail as kept by Ealy Moore, trail boss, in which he recorded his day by day movements from Texas to Montana. For example:

June 14, 1892. Camped fifteen miles of Pine Bluffs, Wyo.

June 15, 1892. Passed by Pine Bluffs. Rained that evening.

June 16, 1892. Camped twenty mile from Pine Bluffs.

June 17, 1892. Got to Horse Creek.

June 18, 1892. Got to Hawk Springs on Horse Creek.

June 19, 1892. Camped three miles north of Horse Creek.

And here is the interesting part:

June 20, 1892. Camped 3 miles of North Platte River. Helped a N—N herd and Chris across today.

June 21, 1892. Assisted Jim Vaughn to cross his herd in the forenoon, and tried to cross mine in the afternoon, but failed.

June 22,1892. Assisted Jack Horn to cross.

June 23, 1892. Helped to cross Mil's, my own and Dan's herds. Camped one mile from the river.

June 24, 1892. Camped 8 miles up Raw Hide from the river.

June 25, 1892. Made a cut off of about 4 miles and camped just below Coffee's ranch.

June 26, 1892. Camped 10 miles of Lusk.

June 27, 1892. Passed through Lusk, Wyo., and camped 6 miles beyond.

"Thus we find it required four days to swim seven herds of cattle, aggregating fifteen thousand head, across the Platte River at the mouth of Rawhide.

"I desire to commend and pay tribute to the Lions Club, Dr. Morris, and citizens of eastern Laramie County and the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, in erecting this beautiful, substantial monument to preserve for posterity a memorial to the Texas Trail drivers, and to mark permanently the Texas Trail over which passed that great procession of Texas longhorns that laid the foundation for the future of Wyoming and the great northwest. It is significant that the State of Wyoming gives appropriate recognition to this historic event."

Mr. Thorp quoted from a letter written by the late Senator John B. Kendrick, who first came to Wyoming as a Texas Trail driver and later became Governor, United States Senator and one of the leading cattle men:

"Another interesting thing I might mention is that I do not remember coming in contact with or seeing a wire fence between Fort Worth, Texas and the head of the Running Water in Wyoming," Senator Kendrick wrote. "The most hardened and unobservant cowboy could not help but be impressed with the beautiful and ever varying scenery on the way. The element of danger that was a part of almost every day's experience did not detract from the fascination of the trip, you may be sure—the danger from Indians and the holding of a large herd of cattle in a night so dark that no ray or glimmer of light was to be seen, and when the most insignificant incident or the slightest accident—a stumbling horse, a flash of lightning, the smell of a wild animal, might cause a stampede that would last for hours. After such a night of hardship and terror the men would be exhausted and utterly discouraged with their lot, but a good night's rest would cause them to look upon life in the same cheerful way again.

"What at one time was the great highway traversed by great herds of cattle in charge of capable men and accompanied by thousands of horses, has been abandoned and lives now, if at all, only as a part of the history and development of the great West."

Reverse side of Texas Trail Monument at Pine Bluffs, Wyoming

As a first hand description of life in Wyoming when the livestock industry was in its infancy, Mr. Thorp read a most interesting letter from the late Col. C. F. Coffee, who also trailed into Wyoming with the longhorns and remained to help establish ranching in the state.

The colonel related how he had hired out to D. H. and J. W. Snyder to drive a herd of cattle from Texas to Wyoming Territory in 1871.

"They were driving ten herds with about 1,500 head to the herd. In those days driving thru was a hardship, as we had to break the trail, fight Indians, and scare buffaloes out of the way to keep them from stampeding our cattle. There were thousands of them after striking Kansas and Nebraska. . . . Well, we got thru to Cheyenne along in August, after three months on the trail."

Following the dedication at Pine Bluffs the party moved on to LaGrange where the monument of the Texas Trail was rededicated and deeded to the Wyoming Historical Landmark Commission. This marker was originally dedicated on July 4, 1941 and was erected by the citizens of the community and the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

The monument at the mouth of Rawhide Creek is similar to the one at Pine Bluffs except that the reverse side bears sketches of four longhorns with the following brands: OW (Kendrick), OIO Bar (Coffee), JK (Warren Live Stock Co.), and HILL (Hill family). The Lions Clubs of Torrington and Lingle, the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, the Warren Live Stock Company and the families of Sen. John B. Kendrick, Col. C. F. Coffee and Mr. Hill sponsored the erection of this memorial.

Among the speakers at this dedication was Dr. Driggs who pleaded to have the story of the real cowboy given to the young people of the country. He believes that there is as much, or more heroism and romance in the true history of the West as there is in the radio and movie versions which are presented to the boys and girls today. He stressed the worth of real history in preserving America's traditions and ideals, and declared: "There is only one sure cure for Communism, and that's Americanism."

It is fitting that the long neglected story of the early cattlemen be placed before this and future generations. The organizations and individuals who have participated in the erection and dedication of these monuments deserve our heartfelt congratulations and cooperation.

The first postmaster at Banner lived on Prairie Dog Creek at the foot of Massacre Hill on the Bozeman Trail. His outfit had a flag as a brand, hence the name Banner.

ERRATA

The caption beneath cover illustration in the ANNALS OF WYOMING, Volume 20, No. 2, July 1948, is in error. The Yellowstone Park chronology for 1890 indicates that "the first steamboat, the *Zillah*, was hauled by horses from Cinnabar to the Lake. The boat was built in Dubuque, was in service on Lake Minnetonka, then taken to the Park by Captain Waters." The steamship began operations in July 1891 between Lake Hotel and West Thumb, making the round trip and stopping enroute at Dot Island where a zoo was maintained which included Big Horn sheep, bison, wapiti and antelope.

D. Harvey Attfield of Walford, England, who made a special trip to the United States in 1891, with the intention of purchasing soda lakes in Sweetwater County, arrived in Rawlins in February. After traveling from Rawlins to the lakes in a buckboard, a distance of sixty miles or more, over rough roads and through the severe cold, he decided to return to England without making the purchase.

An Indian maiden and her lover, following an eagle feather that had been blown from her hair by a gust of wind, discovered the giant Hot Springs at Thermopolis, according to an ancient Indian legend. Another legend has it that any feather dropped at the head of Wind River Canyon will float on the ever prevailing wind down to the Hot Springs at Thermopolis.

The first sheep sheared by the steam shearing method in this country was sheared by Mrs. J. B. Okie in 1894 at the Okie ranch at Lost Cabin. J. B. Okie operated the first steam sheep shearing plant in the United States. Before a large group of shearers, sheep owners, wool buyers and Casper citizens, Mrs. Okie sheared her sheep in less than five minutes.

Beaver Dick Lake in Grand Teton National Park was named for Richard Leigh, a well known hunter, trapper and guide of the area. Leigh received his nickname, "Beaver Dick," not because of his expertness at trapping beaver, but because of his striking resemblance to the rodent given him by two abnormally large upper front teeth.

The first bicycle tour of Yellowstone National Park was made by W. W. Owens in 1883 on an old time high wheel bicycle.

ACCESSIONS

to the

Wyoming Historical Department

May 15, 1948 to November 6, 1948

Torrey, Mrs. Sarah and Hodge, Wallace B., West Plains, Missouri: Gold and ivory gavel presented to Col. J. L. Torrey as speaker of the House of Representatives in 1895. May 19, 1948.

Brown, Mary A., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Picture of Edith K. O. Clark, Mrs. John B. Kendrick; certificate of election of Edith K. O. Clark. June 1, 1948.

Christian, Mrs. Elsie, Lusk, Wyoming: Large oil painting of Hat Creek Stage Station with which Mrs. Christian won 1st prize at the 1947 State Fair. June 5, 1948.

American and British Commonwealth Association through Archie Allison of Cheyenne, Wyoming: Fragment of British House of Commons bombed in 1941. June 1948.

Peilman, Gerald, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Rocks and artifacts. June 5, 1948.

Plummer, Roy O., San Diego, California: Six Pliocene fossils. June 18, 1948.

Hawkins, Ralph C., Casper, Wyoming: One piece of Indian pottery. June 29, 1948.

Ft. Laramie National Monument, Ft. Laramie, Wyoming: Piece of siding from "Old Bedlam" removed during restoration process. July 13, 1948.

Newton, A. A., Chicago, Illinois: Map showing passes in Continental Divide in Wyoming. July 13, 1948.

Kendall, Jane, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Large map of Laramie County, 1916. July 13, 1948.

Wolf, Mrs. Frank, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Indian drum band, pipe, moccasins, scrapper, beads, mano and metate. August 1, 1948.

Peters, Orin, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Old fashioned sterling silver dressing table accessories. August 5, 1948.

Richardson, Laura and Valeria, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Nine strings of beads. August 6, 1948.

Meyers, E. D., Cheyennne, Wyoming: Five books with early imprints; fossil fish. August 10, 1948.

Murphy, Edward, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Complete private's uniform from World War I. August 5, 1948.

Legler, Jerry, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Japanese gas mask, World War II. August 5, 1948.

Van Valin, Mrs. J. F., Powell, Wyoming: Picture of Bald Mountain City. August 20, 1948.

Morris, Jess, Dalhart, Texas: Song *Ridin' ol' Paint an' leadin' ol' Ball* together with letters regarding the song. August 20, 1948.

Department of the Army, Washington, D. C.: Gas mask, flame thrower, apparatus decontaminating, portable chemical cylinder. August 23, 1948.

McCulley, Wayne, Casper, Wyoming: Cannon ball, bayonet, trowle bayonet found near old Ft. Brown. August 20, 1948.

Ekdall, A. B., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Piece of ribbon barbed wire used to fence in the '70's. September 15, 1948.

Cooper, James F., Denver, Colorado: Picture of settlers in Wyoming between 1860-1870 and those between 1870-1890 taken at State Fair in 1914. Sept. 15, 1948.

Carlisle, Bill, Laramie, Wyoming: Laramie *Boomerang,* Jan. 26, 1891; large piece of petrified wood from Medicine Bow. October 1, 1948.

Mashek, Mrs. Grace, Lusk, Wyoming: Picture of first couple married at Lusk in 1896 and picture of Congregational Church at Lusk. Sept. 25, 1948.

Robinson, Mrs. Lance, Rock River, Wyoming: Pair of high laced ladies' shoes and old style black silk gloves. October 10, 1948.

Hendreschke, John, Farson, Wyoming: Old padlock found at Big Sandy Crossing on Oregon Trail. October 10, 1948.

Rietz, Mrs. Minnie A.: Photograph of 1897 country school class. October 4, 1948.

Books—Purchased

Mirsky, Jeannette, *The westward crossing.* Knopf, New York, 1946. Price $2.67.

Pikes Peak Guide, 1859, (Map reprint). Parker & Huyett, 1859. Price $3.00

Pikes Peak Guide, 1859, (Reprint.) Parker & Huyett, 1859. Price $5.00.

Swartwout, A. F., *Missie, historical biography of Annie Oakley.* Brown, Blanchester, Ohio, 1947. Price $3.15.

Wentworth, E. N., *America's sheep trails.* Iowa State College, Ames, 1948. Price $5.60.

Nye, Nelson C., *Outstanding modern quarter horse sires.* Morrow, New York, 1948. Price $3.35.

White, John, *Sketches from America.* Sampson Low, London, 1870. Price $7.50.

Hafen, LeRoy, *Overland routes to the gold fields.* Clark, Glendale, 1942. Price $7.50.

Thwaites, R. G., *Early Western Travels,* Vol. 21. Clark, Glendale, 1905. Price $10.00.

Spring, Agnes W., ed., *William Chapin Deming,* vols. 3 and 4. Clark, Glendale, 1947. Price $12.50.

Rollinson, J. K., *Wyoming cattle trails.* Caxton, Caldwell, 1948. Price $3.45.

Mills, Harlow B., *Bugs, birds and blizzards.* Collegiate press, Ames, Ia., 1937. Price $.44.

Cook, James H., *Longhorn cowboy.* Putnam, New York, 1942. Price $1.34.

Westerners Brand book, Los Angeles. Westerners, Los Angeles, 1948. Price $6.00.

Westerners Brand book, Chicago. Westerners, Chicago, 1948. Price $5.00.

Paul, Elliott, *A ghost town on the Yellowstone.* Random House, New York, 1948. Price $2.34.

Vestal, Stanley, *Warpath and council fire.* Random House, New York, 1948. Price $2.34.

Salisbury, Albert, *Here rolled the covered wagons.* Superior, Seattle, 1948. Price $4.00.

Books—Gifts

Union Pacific Railroad intermountain industrial properties. UPRR, n.d. Donated by Ray Emery, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Cheyenne City Directory, 1945. Polk, Salt Lake City, 1945. Donated by Cheyenne Chamber of Commerce.

Williams, Ralph B., and Matteson, Clyde P., Jr., *Wyoming hawks.* Wyoming Game and Fish Dept., Cheyenne, 1948. Donated by the department.

Holy Bible. 6 vols. London, 1810. Donated by Bruce Jones, Cheyenne, Wyoming, from the estate of Arthur Colley Jones, Laramie, Wyoming, 1882-1947.

Miscellaneous Purchases

Framed photograph of Wyoming Bar Association, Feb. 9, 1915. Purchased from J. E. Stimson, July 10, 1948. Cost $11.50.

Annals of Wyoming

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT
ELLEN CROWLEY
State Librarian and Ex-Officio State Historian
Cheyenne, Wyoming

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HAZEL NOBLE BOYACK was born in northern Arizona and obtained her early schooling there. Her parents and grandparents trekked over the Oregon Trail to the West in 1847-1862 and throughout their lives did extensive colonization work in the intermountain region. Mrs. Boyack attended the Brigham Young University from which she was graduated, the University of Utah, the University of Southern California and the University of Iowa. Since her marriage to Colonel A. R. Boyack in 1923, she has lived in Wyoming where she has done considerable research in Wyoming history and has been a leader in various civic activities. She is the mother of three children, Elnora, member of the B. Y. U. faculty; Virginia, graduate nurse; and Robert, Marine veteran and university student. Mrs. Boyack's article utilizes materials which she is collecting for a Master's Degree thesis in Western history. She has written other articles on the same subject which have appeared in various newspapers and magazines.

JENS K. GRONDAHL was editor of the RED WING DAILY REPUBLICAN in Red Wing, Minnesota from 1913 to 1938. He wrote numerous poems, sketches and songs, including "Fighting for Cuba," and the anthem, "America, My Country," which was selected for national community singing, and adopted for schools by educational departments of several states. He was prominent in state journalistic and political affairs and served three terms in the Minnesota State Legislature.

LOLA HOMSHER, Archivist, University of Wyoming, received her B. A. degree from Colorado State College of A. & M. in 1936, and her M. A. degree from the University of Wyoming in August 1949. From 1941 to 1943 she was Assistant Historian in the Wyoming State Historical Department. As a contributor to the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* in September 1946, she wrote concerning the Archives of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

DALE L. MORGAN. The introduction and notes to the diary of William A. Empey illustrate, to some degree, Mr. Morgan's dual historical interests: Mormonism and the Far West. Research and writing in the historical field have occupied Mr. Morgan ever since his graduation from the University of Utah in 1937, when he became historical editor for the WPA Historical Records Survey. He was appointed director of the Writers' Project in 1940.

Born in Salt Lake City in 1914, this native Westerner has published two books of his own on western history, *The Humboldt: Highroad of the West* (1943) in the Rivers of America series, and *The Great Salt Lake* (1947) in the American Lakes series. He has contributed to three other books and numerous magazines and historical and literary reviews, and has edited various publications for the Historical Records Survey and the Writers' Program.

Mr. Morgan is currently working on the final chapters of the first volume of the history of the Mormons for which he began research in 1947, with the aid of a fellowship granted by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. He carried on extensive research for this history in Washington, D. C., where he served from 1942 through 1946 on the staff of the Department of Information of

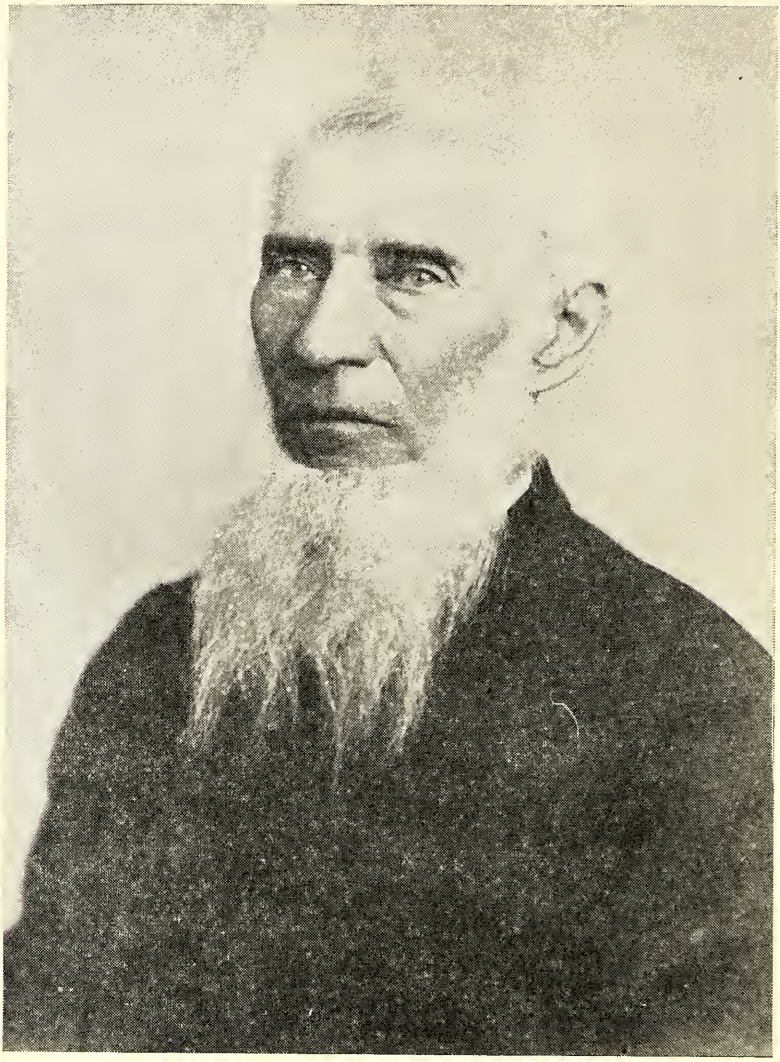
the OPA. After leaving Washington, he sought further information for his book in libraries from Massachusetts to California, and finally returned to Salt Lake City in April 1948. Serving now as acting editor of the *Utah Historical Quarterly,* and carrying on several other projects relating to the history of the Mormons and the West, Mr. Morgan plans to complete the first book of his Mormon history this fall. Two other books will complete the history, all of which is to be published by Rinehart and Company.

AGNES WRIGHT SPRING, for biography see *Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 13, p. 237.

MAE URBANEK, a resident of Niobrara County since 1931, was accorded nation-wide recognition this year when six of her poems were published in a collection entitled, *Important American Poets and Songwriters.* Her poem, "Fort Laramie," in this issue of the *Annals,* was written by special request for the centennial of Old Fort Laramie which was celebrated August 9, 1949. Her husband, Mr. Jerry Urbanek, recited the poem to open the pageant at Fort Laramie.

A graduate of Northwestern School of Journalism, Mrs. Urbanek has been active with such organizations as the Niobrara Homemakers' Council, *The Wyoming Clubwoman,* the Lusk Woman's Club, and the 4H Clubs.

She has been writing poetry for her own pleasure since childhood, and her work has appeared in the *Lusk Herald,* and *The Wyoming Clubwoman.* A collection of Mrs. Urbanek's poetry, *Niobrara Breezes,* was published in 1946, the proceeds from the sale of the pamphlet going to the Lusk Community Building Fund.



WILLIAM A. EMPEY
(Courtesy of Mrs. Ida Terry Empey)

The original photograph from which this print was made is inscribed by William A. Empey, August 10, 1890, just nine days before his death.

The Mormon Ferry on the North Platte

The Journal of William A. Empey

May 7—August 4, 1847

DALE L. MORGAN

The nine men Brigham Young detailed in 1847 from his Pioneer party to remain at the Upper Crossing of the North Platte and operate a ferry for the benefit of the Saints and the convenience of the Oregon and California immigration established a famous institution in the history of the Overland Trail. There had been ferries to serve overland travelers before this time, across the Missouri and the Kaw, but the Mormon ferry at the Upper Crossing of the Platte marked the beginning of commercial ferry operations in the Rocky Mountains, foreshadowed similar ferries across the Green and Bear rivers, and for six years played a prominent role in the westward movement.

During 1847 and 1848 the Mormons had a monopoly in the operation of ferries at the North Platte, though immigrants sometimes stayed on at the river for a time to pick up an extra dollar or two by ferry work. The gold rush to California broke up the Mormon monopoly, such as it was, rival companies finding it to their advantage to come out from the States to compete for the business. The ever-growing stream of overland travel finally rendered the ferries obsolete, by underwriting the investment required to bridge the river.

The journal of William A. Empey, as here published with supplemental extracts from the journal of Appleton M. Harmon, presents an almost complete picture of the operations of the Mormon ferry during its first year. No such records exist for the following years, but a general picture of the ferry can be gained in 1849 and 1850, and at least one reference is to be found to the Mormon ferry as late as 1852, the last year before John Richard's bridge permanently swept the ferries from the river.

The nine men selected to run the Mormon ferry as first established were Thomas Grover, John S. Higbee, William A. Empey, Appleton M. Harmon, Edmund Ellsworth, Luke Johnson, Francis M. Pomeroy, James Davenport, and Benjamin F. Stewart.[1] After the greater part of the Oregon and California immigration had passed, Grover,

Ellsworth, Pomeroy, and Stewart turned east to meet their families, who were coming along with the great migration following in the track of the Mormon Pioneers. Of those who waited at the ferry, three were to be disappointed in any expectations they may have had that their own families would be along, and these three, Empey, Harmon, and Johnson, after the Mormon immigration passed by, rode on down the Platte to wait at Fort Laramie for the Pioneers returning from the Great Salt Lake. Harmon found employment at the fort as a blacksmith, and stayed there until March, but Johnson and Empey journeyed on back to the States. All three men appear to have migrated to Utah with the immigration of 1848, and of the three only Harmon had any further connection with the Platte ferry.

Although little is known about their experiences or identity, a company of Saints journeyed to the Platte in the spring of 1848 for the dual purpose of operating the ferry and of taking East teams for the year's Mormon immigration. It is probably these of whom Eliza R. Snow writes in her diary on May 18, "Hancock, Ellsworth & others start with teams to meet the immigrants." And again on May 23, "Another com[pany] start with 35 wagons to meet the immigrants." In August, she and others having gone on an excursion up into the mountains above Salt Lake Valley, she noted that they returned in company with, "Ellsworth & Hancock who came up with us on Mon[day] from the Platte, & arriv'd in the valley on Fr[iday] the 18th."[2] From these notations, it would seem that Edmund Ellsworth and Levi Hancock were among those who served the ferry in 1848. The identity of the others is not easily established.

It was a forceful precedent that the ferrymen this year came from the West rather than from the East. After 1848, each year till the Platte Bridge was built, a company set out from Great Salt Lake City to reach the river in advance of the year's immigration. The overland journals of 1848 are few in number, and only one daily diary of an Oregon or California immigrant is known. Riley Root, headed for Oregon, arrived at the ferry on June 15 to find a group of Saints already there. "The Mormons from Salt Lake," he commented, "had arrived a few days previous, and prepared a raft for crossing." He crossed the river next day, though whether ferried by the Saints he neglects to say.[3]

Six weeks later, when the Mormon immigration reached the Upper Crossing, their brethren were awaiting them. Hosea Stout wrote in his journal on August 4, "several from the Valley . . . had come to meet us & had been also

ferrying the Oregon Emegrants over the Platte."[4] Their presence was welcome, not so much in crossing the river, which by August could usually be forded, as in the fresh teams they had ready to take up the burden from the failing oxen of the immigration.

Rather more is known about ferry operations in 1849. Appleton Harmon was one of a company of nine who traveled to the ferry, and in his autobiography he gives a condensed account of their experiences. They arrived, he says, on the 27th of May, "and commenced ferrying the 28 a very heavey emegration ware passing to California and in July 2 battalions of U. S. troops crossed at our ferry on their way to Oreigon[5] and one Company of our own emegrants going to the Valley. a bout the last of July and after the river became fordable we having earned and divided $646.50 cts to each of us. we bought each of us a waggon and oxen to draw it and Started to the valley."[6]

Besides Harmon, the ferrymen this year were Charles Shumway, Madison B. Hableton, James Allred, John Greene, Andrew Lytle, one Potter, and two others whose names do not appear. Shumway was evidently in charge, for a letter from him in the archives of the Church, written apparently at the end of May from the "Upper Platte Ferry," advises that his company "arrived there on the 27th, raised their boats, and found them in good order. . . . On the 29th the first company of emigrants for the California gold mines reached the ferry, who stated that the road thence to the Missouri river was lined with emigrant wagons for the same destination."[7]

Numerous overland journals of 1849 make mention of the Mormon ferry. Among the earliest was William G. Johnston, who noted in his journal on June 3, "Contrary to expectation, based upon the common reputation of these Latter-Day Saints, we found those in charge of the ferry men of respectable appearance, well informed, polite, and in every way agreeable. They showed us specimens of California gold, the first we had seen, and their accounts as to the Eldorado were as extravagant as any we have had."[8] William Kelly, who came along a day later, adds that the ferrymen were "strongly entrenched in a heavy timber palisading, for their own protection and the security of their animals," the Crows just then being troublesome in the extreme. As Kelly describes the ferryboat, it was similar in all respects to that of 1847; it was perhaps the same craft, even, consisting of a large platform constructed on two dug-out canoes. "This structure they worked with three large oars, one at each side, and one as a rudder,

getting over smoothly enough, but at a terrible slant, which gave them hard labour in again working up against the stream, even with the assistance of two yoke of oxen pulling on the bank as on a canal."[9]

William Johnston's cordial opinion of the Saints at the ferry was echoed by a Dr. Caldwell, who came along on June 27. "Entered our names to cross," his diary says, "when our turn comes. This is 5 miles below the old crossing, of Fremont & others. They have but one boat here, which is a good one, & very careful hands. The Mormons appear honest so far as dealing with them They conduct matters very well here, & have a smithery with 2 forges, but charge high. They are numerous at this place. Swim the cattle, & charge $3.00 per wagon for ferrying."[10]

But the Mormon ferrymen did not fare so well in every passerby's opinion. Israel F. Hale remarked on June 24 that the Saints apparently had "removed the ferry a few miles lower down that the emigrants may cross and leave the grass unmolested for their Mormon friends"[11] to arrive later in the summer. More violently stirred was J. Goldsborough Bruff, on July 16, who found the Saints so importunate in drumming up trade for their ferry that he threatened to blow a hole through one of the brethren.[12]

This struggle for business is more understandable when it is realized that rival ferries were operating all the way from the Mormon ferry site to Deer Creek. Amos Batchelder, who crossed on July 17 by the ferry just above Deer Creek, noted that it was maintained by a small company made up of men, women, and children, with three wagons and several cows, butter from which was an unexpected luxury.[13] Captain Howard Stansbury on July 25 crossed by this same ferry, paying $2 per wagon, which he thought by no means extortionate, considering that "the ferryman had been for months encamped here in a little tent, exposed to the assaults of hordes of wandering savages, for the sole purpose of affording this accommodation to travelers." He was informed that 28 men had been drowned trying to ford the river this year, though he received the information with all due skepticism.[14] Stansbury was near the tail end of the immigration, and the river was about to become fordable, hence it is quite possible that the Mormon ferry was abandoned by the time he passed its site.

In 1850 Appleton Harmon was destined for England as a missionary, rather than for the North Platte as a ferryman, but his journal is nevertheless once more a useful source on the ferry. The company of missionaries of which he was a member left Salt Lake Valley on April 20, and soon over-

took "Captain Andrew Lytles Company who ware goin to establish a ferry on the platte river." This year the California immigration had got the jump on the ferrymen, being met by the eastbound Saints as early as May 15, and as far west as the Dry Sandy.

Under date of May 25 Harmon writes: "we camped on the Platte bottom the river being verry high and our oxen being some what fatienged, we thought to Stop a fiew days and recruit. Capt. Lytles Co. ware here one day before us and had commenced a flat boat. we took hold and helped them and suceded in launching one on the 28 Tuesday and with that commenced operations in ferring this boat was maned with a crew. while the remainder of us went to work and Built a larger one. they went to the mountain for the gunwhales, and brought them down to the river and sawed plank out of the Cotton wood and put it together with wooden pins. Calked and pitched it."

Finally, on June 3, "we launched this big boat and commenced ferrying with it. it worked nice and the emegrants were anchously waiting to give us $4 a waggon to take them over the Platte was about 10 feet deep and one hundred and fifty yards wide. during this delay we had exchanged our oxen and waggons for four horses harness and wagon. . . . Capt Lytle gave us $125 for what we had done on the Boats. this we divided equally between us and we Crossed the River with our new team on the new Boat, took leave of Capt Lytle and Company and Started."[15]

Jesse W. Crosby, who also was enroute to the English mission, and who also had helped in the boat building, says there were 16 in the party left at the ferry, and adds that the boats "were managed by means of large ropes stretched across the stream, then with pully blocks working on the before named rope, then Guy ropes attached to each end of the boat, and to the two blocks with pulleys, then drop one end of the boat so that the force of the current pressing against it will push the boat across, then reverse the process and the boat will recross and make in about five minutes."[16]

Evidence of continued stiff competition for business is preserved in the year's overland diaries. Lorenzo Sawyer, arriving June 3, found "four boats running, one of which belonged to the Mormons."[17] Madison Berryman Moorman, on June 29, clarifies this somewhat by explaining that there were "four boats belonging to two parties:—one called the 'Missouri Ferry' & the other the 'Mormon Ferry.' The latter had but one boat & and the former three—all Buoy-boats. They are decidedly the best boats I ever saw—much

better than steam on as rapid a stream as this foaming Platte. . . . The Mo. Ferry, as I was told by the ferryman—averages about three hundred wagons a day at five dollars each, besides multiplied hundreds of oxen—horses & mules at from fifty cents to one dollar a piece."[18] Sawyer had found the fees slightly more moderate than Moorman, $4 per wagon and 25 cents per head for animals. These prices marked a stiff advance over those which prevailed in the first year of the ferry, and are evidence of the pressure upon the ferry facilities. This year, as in 1849, it seems to have been necessary for immigrants to register and wait their turn at the ferry.[19]

For the last two years the Mormon ferry presumably was maintained, little information seems to have survived. Although I have not searched the overland journals exhaustively, I have not seen a Mormon ferry mentioned in 1851, and only by the Clark-Brown party in 1852. John Hawkins Clark wrote on June 22, 1852, that his company paid $32 for the passage of the river, adding plaintively, "these plainsmen do not forget to charge. All have to ferry their wagons, but most of the immigrants swim their stock. Many cattle have been lost at this point and the ferryman has a record of fifteen men drowned within the last month. The boatman had, I think, located this ferry on a difficult place in the river in order to force custom over it." Clark does not say specifically that the ferry was run by Mormons, but Godfrey C. Ingrim, a member of the party whose reminiscences are quoted by Louise Barry in editing the Clark journal, says that "there was some Mormons that had a ferry here they charged five dollars a wagon and men had to swim their teams or stock."[20]

The end of the Platte ferries was foreshadowed in 1851, when the first mention of a bridge appears in the overland journals.[21] John S. Zeiber, on July 12, 1851, noted the presence of a bridge one mile above Deer Creek, or some 27 miles below the site of the original Mormon ferry, but as he himself was here traveling up the north bank of the river, a route first used by wagons in 1850, he had no occasion to resort to either bridge or ferry.[22] Albert Carrington, who had gone east in the fall of 1850 with Captain Stansbury, and who was enroute back to Utah, commented on this bridge on August 2, 1851, but he too was traveling up the north bank and did not use the bridge.[23] Robert Robe, who was one of those to travel up the south bank this year, wrote in his journal on June 22, "Travelled from Deer creek, which is a good camping place and arrived in the evening at the upper Ferry. There is a bridge over Platte

at Deer creek but this does not seem to be much used. There is also an intermediate ferry but this [*i.e.*, the upper ferry] is generally used."[24]

A year later another traveler coming up the north bank of the Platte wrote in his journal on June 29, "Our camp tonight is a few miles above the crossing of the North Platte, where the emigrants who traveled on the south side of the river crossed over to the road of those who traveled on the north side of the Platte. We understand that there is a bridge at this crossing of the Platte."[25] This diarist did not himself see the bridge, and his hearsay information does not permit an authoritative answer to the question whether the bridge actually was at the Upper Crossing or near Deer Creek.

The idea has been prevalent that the first substantial bridge across the North Platte was built in the winter of 1858-59, but the universal testimony of the overland journals is that such a bridge existed from 1853 on.[26] The later bridge is supposed to have been built by John Richard, but he was probably concerned in the bridge from the beginning. The 1853 diaries I have examined do not specifically mention Richard, but his name appears early enough in the overland journals to make it a reasonable certainty that the Platte Bridge was his enterprise from its inception. J. Robert Brown wrote in 1856, "The brothers Richards (pro. Rashaw) own the post and bridge here, and are coining money from it; they have made over $200,000 apiece, but that demon, gambling, keeps them down. They appear to be very clever men. They are from Florisant, [Missouri]."[27]

A correspondent of the *Missouri Republican,* writing in that paper as early as November 2, 1853, called the Platte Bridge a "substantial" affair, but it is not inconceivable that it was replaced by another structure early in 1858, for a later correspondent of the *Republican,* writing from Rulo, Nebraska, under date of August 22, 1858, comments, "Our fellow-citizens, Charles Martin and Wm. Renceleur, have just arrived from the Platte Bridge. They made the trip to this place in seventeen days. Their partner in the bridge, John Richards Esq., came with them."[28] They brought news of the high excitement over the Pikes Peak gold discoveries, which doubtless gave a healthy fillip to their business.

But it is not my purpose to pursue the history of the Platte Bridge, noted as it became in the history of Wyoming. A more useful object will be served by providing some biography of William A. Empey as an introduction to his diary of 1847.

William Adam Empey was born July 4, 1808, at Ossnabrook, Storment County, Canada, the son of Adam and Margaret Steenbergh Empey. His parents and grandparents were born in upper New York, but at some indeterminate date before William's birth moved to Canada. It is not known just when William became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Mormon Church, but it was at some time anterior to the death of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet.

In accordance with Mormon doctrine of the time, before the evacuation from Nauvoo Empey was "sealed" to Brigham Young as an "adopted son," and subsequently he often signed his name "William Y. Empey." When Brigham Young set out from Winter Quarters in 1847 to find an abiding place for the Saints, Empey was enlisted as a member of the fifth company of ten. After the formation of a night guard became prudent, he was one of 50 men selected, a distinction he found onerous, as the entries in his diary make plain. He had a reputation as a sober, conscientious, entirely dependable person, and his journal exhibits all these qualities.

The first pages of his journal are missing, the record beginning on May 7, three weeks after the journey commenced, and a week after the Mormon Pioneers came down to the north bank of the Platte near Grand Island. The laconic, somewhat monotonous entries made in the early pages of the diary do not compare in interest with other records of the Mormon Pioneer party. But fortunately, just where Empey's diary has most to offer, with the inception of the Mormon ferry, it becomes richest in detail. Though some pages are gone, depriving us of his record of the events of June 27-July 10, information about which must be had from the journal of Appleton M. Harmon, his journal is our sole record of the ferry from July 14 to August 4, Harmon's journal not extending beyond July 13.

With four others, Empey stayed on at the ferry until the arrival of the Mormon family immigration in mid-August of 1847. His journal would lead one to think that he had expected his family with the Second Company. If so, he was disappointed, and accordingly journeyed back to Winter Quarters during the fall.

It is not known absolutely when Empey settled in Salt Lake Valley, but he is included by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers with their lists for 1848,[29] and this seems reasonable because a Great Salt Lake City ordinance of November 10, 1849, appointed him from the Fifteenth Ward as one of a number of assistant supervisors of streets, which prob-

ably would not have happened had he just arrived in the Valley.[30] In February, 1850, he was given by the legislature of the State of Deseret a franchise for a ferry across the Bear River, and he was active at this business during the spring and summer of 1850.[31] The following winter he volunteered or was "called" for the Iron County Mission which settled Parowan, in southern Utah,[32] but evidently he retained an active interest in the operation of ferries, for the first legislature of the Territory of Utah, meeting during the winter of 1851-52, granted to him, Joseph Young, John Young, and David Fullmer the ferry rights for Bear River—meaning of course the lower river above its mouth in Great Salt Lake, rather than the upper river in present Wyoming.[33]

In the summer of 1852 he was one among the Saints called to serve a mission in England—a mission principally interesting because it was the first sent out after the public avowal of the principle and practice of plural marriage, and had the duty of defending that doctrine to the world. The only other diary by Empey known to exist, apart from the one here printed, describes this mission, beginning with his departure from Great Salt Lake City on September 15, 1852, and ending April 20, 1854, when he was again on the frontier preparing to set out for Utah.

Following his return to Utah, he again became associated in the operation of a ferry across the Bear River, but in 1862 was one of those called to strengthen the "Cotton Mission," and the remainder of his life was spent in Utah's "Dixie" country. He established a farm at Tonaquint, at the junction of the Virgin and Santa Clara rivers, and subsequently a ranch between Central and Pine Valley. His last years were devoted to viticulture. He died at St. George, Utah, August 19, 1890, at the age of 82. A Saint who practiced as well as preached the doctrine of plural marriage, he had three wives, Mary Ann Morgan (b. 18-?, d. February 24, 1891), whom he married in 1840 and by whom he had 10 children; Mary Harriet Porter (b. January 4, 1832, d. March 24, 1869), whom he married October 27, 1855, and by whom he had 6 children; and Martha Fielding (b. April 20, 1833, d. February 12, 1912), whom he married March 17, 1857, and by whom he had 9 children.[34]

The journal here reproduced has been deposited by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ida Terry Empey of St. George, Utah, in the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California, and is printed with her permission and that of the library. The manuscript is a loosely sewed notebook 24.8 x 19.5 cm., apparently consisting originally of 16 leaves of 32 numbered

pages. Pages 1-8 and 19-22 have been lost, while p. 32 is blank. The first part of the extant manuscript, to p. 18, is written in blue ink, with the last part in brown.

In writing his diary, Empey ran all the first section of it together, with no paragraph breaks whatever until the entry for June 26. To make this part of the diary more easily read, arbitrary paragraphing has been enforced upon it, though without eliminating his characteristic use of the conjunction "and," which is left at the end of many a paragraph. After June 26, perhaps influenced by the example of Appleton Harmon, from whose journal Empey seems at times to have copied, Empey characteristically wrote the date centered on the page, with the entry under it, an arrangement which has also been altered slightly in this printing.

The important hiatus in the Empey diary for the period June 27-July 10 has been filled, in the interests of a complete record of the Mormon ferry during 1847, from a transcription of the Harmon journal in the possession of the Utah State Historical Society, obtained through the courtesy of Harmon's daughter, Mrs. Julia Kessler, of Bountiful, Utah. Harmon's journal, itself incomplete, has recently been printed by Maybelle Harmon Anderson as *Appleton Milo Harmon Goes West* (Berkeley, 1946), though unfortunately with some excisions and some not always well-considered corrections of his spelling. The original of Harmon's diary is in the custody of the L. D. S. Church Historian's Office.

Other records of the Mormon Pioneer party which have been used in editing the Empey diary include *William Clayton's Journal* (Salt Lake City, 1921); Howard Egan's *Pioneering the West* (Salt Lake City, 1917), used in conjunction with Egan's original manuscript diary, now in the Coe Collection at Yale; the *Autobiography of Pioneer John Brown* (Salt Lake City, 1941); Matthew Cowley's *Wilford Woodruff, His Life and Labors* (Salt Lake City, 1909); Orson Pratt's "Interesting Items Concerning the Journeying of the Latter-Day Saints from the City of Nauvoo, Until Their Location in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake," printed originally in the Liverpool *Millennial Star,* 1849-50, vols. XI-XII, and lately reprinted separately at Salt Lake City by N. B. Lundwall as *Exodus from Modern Israel;* the diary of Erastus Snow, first published in *Improvement Era,* 1911-12, vols. XIV-XV, and subsequently reprinted in part and evidently with greater fidelity to the original manuscript in the *Utah Humanities Review,* 1948, vol. II; the diary of Lorenzo Dow Young and his wife Harriet, in *Utah Historical*

Quarterly, 1946, vol. XIV; the diary of Heber C. Kimball, published incomplete (because of the suspension of that magazine in 1940) in *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine,* 1939-40, vols. XXX-XXXI; and the extracts from the diary of Horace K. Whitney published in *Improvement Era,* 1947, vol. XLIX. Some diaries in manuscript which have also been used, from typed transcriptions in the collection of the Utah State Historical Society, include the important record by Norton Jacob, the no less important diary kept by Albert Carrington for Amasa Lyman (Carrington kept another, almost identical, for George A. Smith,[35] which—like the original of the Lyman diary—is in the custody of the L. D. S. Church Historian's Office), and the journal of Levi Jackman. Other diaries of the Pioneer party, not normally accessible to students, are in the possession of the Historian's Office.

Information helpful in the editing of William Empey's diary has been provided by Mrs. Juanita Brooks of St. George, who first brought the record to my attention, Mrs. Ida Terry Empey of St. George, Utah, Mrs. Effie Miller, Payson, Utah, and Mrs. Ruth Gubler, Panguitch, Utah, grand-daughters of Empey; Mr. Everett D. Graff of Chicago and Mr. Thomas W. Streeter of Morristown, N. J., well-known Chicago book collectors who examined certain rare titles in their collections for my benefit; Mrs. Brenda R. Gieseker, Librarian of the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Missouri; Miss Priscilla Knuth, Research Associate in the Oregon Historical Society, who searched the manuscript collections of the Society for information and clues to information about the 1847 Oregon immigrants, and who also sent me numerous helpful references from Sarah Hunt Steeves' *Book of Remembrance of Marion County, Oregon, Pioneers* (Portland, 1927); and the Utah State Historical Society, which has been helpful in more ways than I could hope to list. Numerous references to contemporary newspapers in the notes are from transcripts in my possession, gathered in connection with my researches for a larger history of Mormonism, for which I must express an obligation to a fellowship granted me by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation.

NOTES FOR INTRODUCTION

1. Brief biographies of all these men are printed by Andrew Jenson in his *Latter-day Saints' Biographical Encyclopedia,* vols. 2 and 4, though it will be seen in the light of the information in Empey's journal that most of these biographies are faulty insofar as they relate to the ferry.

2. "Pioneer Diary of Eliza R. Snow," *Improvement Era,* April, 1944, vol. XLVII, p. 239.

3. Riley Root, *Journal of Travels from St. Josephs to Oregon* (Galesburg, Ill., 1850), p. 20.

4. Hosea Stout, Journal No. 4, typed transcription in the WPA Collection of the Utah State Historical Society.

5. See the narrative by Osborne Cross, as edited by Raymond W. Settle, *The March of the Mounted Riflemen* (Glendale, 1940), pp. 110-112. The army officers found it more expedient to have their wagons ferried across by the Mormons at $4 each than to build rafts and hazard their wagons to them. The river was crossed July 2-3, 1849.

6. Appleton M. Harmon, Autobiography, typed transcription in the WPA Collection of the Utah State Historical Society; printed in *Appleton Milo Harmon Goes West* (Berkeley, 1946), pp. 53, 54.

7. Documentary History of the Church, 1849, p. 85, MS. in L. D. S. Church Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

8. See Johnston's *Experiences of a 49er,* (Pittsburgh, 1892), or the edition printed at Oakland, 1948, under the title, *Overland to California.*

9. William Kelly, *Across the Rocky Mountains, from New York to California* (Second Edition, London, 1852), pp. 126, 127. The first edition, *An Excursion to California over the Prairie, Rocky Mountains, and Great Sierra Nevada* (London, 1851), has different pagination.

10. Diary of [T. G.?] Caldwell, printed as an appendix to the diaries of J. Goldsborough Bruff in Georgia Willis Read's and Ruth Gaines' *Gold Rush* (New York, 1944) vol. II, p. 1255.

11. "Diary of Trip to California in 1849. Written by Israel F. Hale," *Quarterly of the Society of California Pioneers,* June, 1925, vol. II, p. 85.

12. Read and Gaines, *op. cit.,* vol. I, p. 46.

13. Amos Batchelder, Journal of a Tour Across the Continent of North America from Boston, via Independence, Missouri, the Rocky Mountains, to San Francisco in 1849, MS., typed transcription in my possession.

14. Howard Stansbury, *Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, Including a Reconnaissance of a New Route Through the Rocky Mountains* (Washington, 1853), pp. 60, 61.

15. Appleton M. Harmon, Autobiography, MS. cited in Note 6.

16. "History and Journal of the Life and Travels of Jesse W. Crosby," *Annals of Wyoming,* July, 1939, vol. XI, pp. 187, 188.

17. Lorenzo Sawyer, *Wayside Sketches* (New York, 1926), p. 39.

18. *The Journal of Madison Berryman Moorman 1850-1851* (San Francisco, 1948), p. 33.

19. C. S. Abbott, *Recollections of a California Pioneer* (New York, 1917), pp. 40, 41.

20. "Overland to the Gold Fields of California in 1852," *Kansas Historical Quarterly,* August, 1942, vol. XI, p. 257.

21. Irene D. Paden, in *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner* (New York, 1943), p. 198, remarks that in 1849 "a few travelers noted a precarious bridge three miles below the site of the later bridge near the ferry," built by a fur company, and "apparently of no importance or use to the emigrants." She does not cite a source and I have seen no reference to a bridge across the Platte before 1851.

22. "Diary of John S. Zeiber, 1851," *Transactions of the Forty-Eighth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, 1920* (Portland, 1921), p. 317.

23. "Diary of Albert Carrington," in Daughters of Utah Pioneers, *Heart Throbs of the West* (Salt Lake City, 1947), vol. VIII, p. 121.

24. "Robert Robe's Diary While Crossing the Plains in 1851," *Washington Historical Quarterly,* January, 1928, vol. XIX, p. 53.

25. "Diary of E. W. Conyers, a Pioneer of 1852," *Transactions of the Thirty-Third Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, 1905* (Portland, 1906), p. 453.

26. See, *e.g.,* the diaries of 1853 kept by Orange Gaylord, *Transactions of the Forty-Fifth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, 1917* (Portland, 1920); Celinda E. Hines, *Transactions of the Forty-Sixth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, 1918* (Portland, 1921); Velina A. Williams, *Transactions of the Forty-Seventh Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, 1919* (Portland, 1922); John (or David) Dinwiddie, *The Frontier,* March, 1928; and Thomas Flint, *Annual Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California* (Los Angeles, 1923).

Flint wrote on July 29, 1853, "Passed a bridge across the Platt—a very strong one built of hewn timbers. Reported to have cost $14,000."

27. J. Robert Brown, *A Journal of a Trip Across the Plains of the U. S., from Missouri to California, in the year 1856* (Columbus, Ohio, 1860), pp. 51, 52.

28. St. Louis *Missouri Republican,* September 1, 1858.

29. Daughters of Utah Pioneers, *Heart Throbs of the West* (Salt Lake City, 1948), vol. IX, p. 484.

30. *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 1940, vol. VIII, pp. 237, 238.

31. *Ibid.,* p. 99; Journal of Lt. John W. Gunnison, MS., typed transcription in my possession.

32. George A. Smith, Journal of the Iron County Mission, MS., typed transcription in the Utah State Historical Society's WPA Collection.

33. *Laws of Utah,* 1852, pp. 167-169.

34. Biographical details when not otherwise documented are from a manuscript biographical sketch of Empey's life in the possession of Mrs. Ida Terry Empey. A copy is in the Utah State Historical Society.

35. Extracts from the diary of George A. Smith are being printed in *The Instructor,* organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union of the L. D. S. Church, and as this issue of *Annals of Wyoming* goes to press (July, 1949), *The Instructor* has reached the beginning of Smith's account of the Pioneer journey of 1847.

THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM A. EMPEY
May 7-August 4, 1847

noon it is a valley of dry bones for it looks as thousands of buffalows killed in the big platt it is a Delight ful country it appears as though there were milions of buffelows killed on this place The platt is about one mile in weadth and is about 2 feet and a half on a everage some of Brother Brigham teams give out on account of the of the pararie being burnt and the buffalow being so numerous that they have eaten the pararie bare we have averaged a bout **10** miles per Day, up to this preasant time being being the **7th** of the month;

we Started as usesial on the 8 and all was peace and quietness but our teams bing gun to fail the weather is cold for the time of the year we saw some hundreds of buffalow this morning where we camped at night near the Big platt[1] and we was a blige to sent out men to keep the buffalow from our cattl wee had a good nights rest and

persued on our jurney on the **9** [8] of the [?] we saw severl thousands of buffalow they would follow us for miles and we would set out Dogs on them to see them run. some times they would fight the dogs we this Day saw a bout 50 thousand but if I would com to the in particalar I think I could say with in bounds that there were 1.00 thousand we travled 14 [11¼] miles and they were so thick in places that that no person could see through them, for they were like a cloud strung along both sides of the river and in [?] every ille lan [*i.e.,* island] a long the platt[2] the woolfs are so numers that as son as you shoot a calf or buffalow that before you can get to the camp and back to fetch the meat the wolves has got persession of them; no grass for our teams on account of buffalows there is many Lies Dead I think on account of faood [?], we have made an estament of the distance up to this presant Date up to the bluffs being the 9 of May, thea numbrs of miles is 3,39 miles;[3] we rested this night in peace and

we arose as usesial by the sound of the bugal being the sabbath day and made preperations for a march on account of no food for our teams it being the 9 [10] of the month traveled 5 [3½] miles and camped, the brethren took a rope and run up to a buffalow caught him around the horns and Drove him for a little Distance and let him go we enjoided our selves well through the Day we had a meeting Br Amasy Lyman opined the meeting by prayer and Brother Orson pratt give us a fine Lecture on the good feelings that existe amoungst the Brethren he said he traveled to far west but

he never traveled amongst so many men that observed so good ordar and he new that the spirit of god weighs [?] in the camp Brother Amasy Lyman followed by making some good remarks that was applicable to our case and so Did Brotherly woodruff and Br Benson[4]

On May 10 we jurney on and and traveled 10 [9¾] miles and campeped[5] Shot one buffalow and one Deer and rested in peace and

on the 11 we started on wards to wards the mountains the weather is fine and we had but one shower of rain the season peares [?] to be verry Dry we are now a bout the south faulk [fork] and north faulk on the big platt near the bluffs we are enjoining good health through the camp and all peace except Zebedee Coulter [Coltrin] he and Brother [Sylvester H.] Earl separated this morning; Coulten has Done all the Rangling in the camp; with in a few exceptions he is counted by the majority of the camp a quarles some man Brother Earl appears to be a fine man and is well thought of by the camp of Pioneers the north Faulk a bout 1 mile in weadth the water is like the Masuira [Missouri] water we camped for the night and rested in peace we traveld 8 [8½] miles[6] and

on the **12th** we started by the sound of the bugal and saw severl flocks of buffalow and also saw were the indians killed severl and took the hides and skin and tongs And leff the meat Lie on the pararie the food is Giting better on account of the buffalow is not so numers it apears that the indians has hunted them a great deal the Land where we traveled to Day we traveled 12 miles campped for the night;[7] the hunters Shot 1 buffalow and we had to use buffalow chips for fewel to cook with the weather is verry Disagreeable it is cold for the season of the year; we have traveled riseing of 300 and 50 miles and have not traveled 25 rods through the timber so you may perceive that there is verry little timber; we rested in peace for the night, and

made ready for to persue on our jurney it being the 13 of the month we traveled a bout 5 miles and bated our teams one our and then made our way on our jurney and came to the bluff, conjunction fork river[8] we traveled 12 miles and camped for the night and rested in peace

we arose as usesial by the sound of the signal and paid our Devotions to to our Father in heaven; and had to clime the bluffs a bout 3 miles this Day we Shot 2 antilopes and 2 buffalow this was on the **14** of the month we traveled 11 [8] miles and 3 quarters and camped[9] about 11 o clock at night one of the gard [Rodney Badger] shot at what he supposed to be an indian he said he was a bout to take

hold of one of the mules we all gathered our teams and rested in peace for the night, and

on the 15 of the month we started and traveled a bout 3 [2¼] miles and camped on account of rain it cleared off and then we started on and traveled about 8 [6] miles and 3 quarters and camped for the night[10] we Shot 1 buffalow and 2 antilopes the weather is getting a little mileder this was Done on the 15 of may we rested in peace for the night and

on the 16 of thee month we rested on the sabath Day in peace the hunters shot 1 buffalow and 1 antilope Brother [Willard] Richard[s] and B heber [C. Kimball] and some others preached to the camp telling them the importance of our mishion, and the responsibility that rested on us as peoineers in keeping the commandments of god, he said he traveled to far west with a bout 2 hundred but he said he never traveled with a company that keept so good order and he feelt theat god was with us and he knew that the angels was continualey a round and a bout us to open our way to the place where god Desire for the saint to have a resting place where kings and quenn and all the rich would come to hear the word of the Lord and we as peioneers would be look on as angels of god and many more blessings to numerous to mention[11] this Day and night pased in peace and

on the 17 we prepareed to start on our jurney we passed severl butifull springs which came out of the bluffs and we traveled a bout 2 miles over the bluffs and came to a butifull flatte[12] and the hunters shot 3 buffalow and 1 antilope and we camped for the night and we traveled 12 miles and 3 quarters and we rested from our Day travel and paid our Devotions to almighty god for his kind care over us; and

we arose as usesial by the sound of the bugal and prepared to take our march brother Brigham called the capttians to gether and addressed them teling them the evil of killing so much game and wounded so many buffalow and wasting so mutch aminution and teling the camp to be care full of the meat that they had on hand they should not shoot any birds of any kind without orders from him; the bugle sounded and we started as usesial a long the platt we crossed a butifull stream of water wich proceded out of the bluffs[13] we also passed a little island wich was full of read sedar [red cedar] and on the opposite side of the river the bluffs [Cedar Point] came to the waters edge wich was butifull ly a dorrend with butifull read sedar and the cliffs of rocks we traveled 7 miles and a half and bated our teams the game is plenty buffalow antilopes

Deers and fowls & hares we traveled 15 miles and 3 quarters and camped for thee night and rested in peace and

a rose at the sound of the bugal at 5 o clock and started and traveled 3 miles to git better food for our teams we bated on our and refreshed our selves with a good breakfast and started on our jurney as usesial and came to the bluffs[14] were we crossed the bluffs was a mile and a quarter and came to the platt on the leavel the wather bein rather wet and rainy we halted for about 3 ours and started on and when started it began to rain we halted for the night and camped in a half a circle we traveled 8 miles it being the 19 of the month, and

on the 20 we arose and made ready for our jurney and started at the sound of the bugal and traveled 7 miles 3 quarters and bated our teams 1 our we have traveled a bout 90 miles without seeing on the north side of the platt a tree large anught for a hand spike till to Day we passed a read sedar a bout 3 feet a cross the stump the bluffs on both sides of the north bank is bluffs with legges of rocks and on the opposite side is groves of read sedar and mulbry trees and a fee scrubs of brush I have benn chosen as a Capt of ten for the purpose of night gard and have to stand every 3 night witch makes it purtey Sevear but it is nessay for it to be so[15] we camped to Day at noon the boys took skiff and crossed the platt and found where the road came Down from the south platt as [?] across to the north right opposite of us the place is knon by the nane of it is the ash hollow there an indian killed a white man for his horse and Brother Brown helped to berry him,[16] so we prepared to start and crossed cassel Creek a butifull Stream and sand bottom[17] we traveled 15 miles and 3 quarters and camped for the night and rested for the night; an

made ready for a start on the 21 of may and crosse an nother Creek [Lost Creek] and travele 7 miles and 3 quarters and halted and bated our teams one our and Started on our jurney as usesial the weather being in our favour it was arfine Day and the bluffs and legges of rock on the opposite sid of fork. We camped for thee night in a circle[18] there came 3 indians to us Dressed in mens clothing they started back on their horses over the bluffs their horses appeared to be team horses[19] we rested in peace for the night,

on the 22 we started as usesial by the sound of the bugal to persue our jurney the weather being fine and pleasant; the sous indians has caves in the legges rocks of the bluffs so that you come up on them un a wares it is not safe for one man to leave the Camp we traveled a bout 15 and a half

a bout 6 miles was over a Dessert place a bout 2 miles over the bluffs we passed severl Dry creeks there were a butifull groves on the opposite side of the river we camped for the night and rested in peace[20] and

arose on the 23 of thee month on the sabbath Day and rested and had Brother Brigham preach to us and said that he was sasfied with the Brothren for their be haveiour was good fore he said that he never asked them or required any request but what it was done the weather Darkened and it began to thunder and lighting and the wind began to blow and Rain and hail it was a Disagreeable night it being the 23 of the month and

on the 24 we arose and made ready for a start it being colder then I ever saw at this time a year it snowed a Little the bluffs was 2.35 feet a bove the Level of the water we started at the sound of the bugal on our jurney and traveled 10 miles and bated our teams and while we were taken our Dinner there came 2 indians up to the camp and we gave them some Dinner they went off and a bout 2 ours after there came 35 indians and squaws [Here interlineated is: We traveled 15 miles ½] Dressed in the most genteal manner[21] we gave them their suppers and they camped with us all night we risted in peace and in quieeness[22]

we arose in the morning and made ready for our jurney being the 25 of the month thoes were the sous indians we travele 12 miles and camped and rested in peace a little below Chimley [Chimney] rock this rock is 2.60 feet in height and 10 by 12 in seadth on the top[23]

we arose as usesial being the 26 of the month the hunters shot 5 antiopes and camped and took our Dinners and started on the bluffs is a great height no wood growing on this side of the platt in situ the weather is pleasant but cold nights we reached Chimley rock wich is 2.60 feet in height it is a Delightfull country the atmus phere is pleasant and clear, we traveled 12 [12¼] miles and camped for the night[24] and rested in peace, and

started on the 27 and traveled 6 miles and bated our teams one our the mountains is a great height there is one lone thwer [*i.e.*, tower] on the opposite side of the river the hunters killed 4 antilopes; we travele 13 miles and 3 quarters and camped in a circle for the night[25] and rested in peace; and

a rose by the sound of thee bugal as usesial and made ready for our jurney it being 28 of the month it rained a little through the night and at Day Light there was a fine mist of rain the country is in Different places Dersert and barren except what they call Devils toungs which grows on a Dersert[26]

the mountains is a great height a Long the platt the country is a Live with woolves & it rained till 10 oclock be fore we started on our jurney and had a fine Day for traveling we Drove 11 miles and a half and camped for the night[27] I planted my men on gard as usesial and at 12 oclock it began to rain a litle and

at Day light we a rose as usesial and paid our Devotions to our Father in heaven it being 29 of of the month it keept on raining a so it hindered us from starting at our regular our we was called together and Brother Brigham addressed us with the Word of the Lord to repent of uur sins and and folleys wich we was giltey of before the Lord sutch as Dansing and Dice playing and card playing wich [?] jumping Loud Lafter and all such habbits wich was a bomation in the sight of god and was a stink in his norstels he went on to tell us our Duty towards our god that we might better Spend our Luiser moments in prayer or in reading some good Books or in structing each other in rightousness for he knew that if we did not reform and turn to the Lord and repent that we would be cut of and would not have a preavilege to go on the mishion that we was appointed to be called for the [?] the cats [*i.e.*, captains] of tens to call out their men for he said he was not in a hurry nor would not go with men that had such a trifeling spirit he then called for a vote and a covnant of all thoes that would sererve the true and Living god he called on the twelve first wich was unanimous then on the high priest and then on the seventies and then on the elders and all and all thoes that that was not willing to reform would have the privileg to go back and he request all sutch would go we all as a man covenanted before god and man that we would reform and serve the true and Living god he then requested us as to morrow was the sabbath that we would fast and pray that god would have mercy uppon us and wood give us more of his holey spirit he then pronounced the blessing of god uppon us as his people and many others blessings that is to numers to mention and said that we was Discharged and every man to his waggon to start it being 9 oclock when we started[28] we traveld over a Dersert 4 miles and came to where there were grass and we passed horse Creek on the opposite side of the platt wich is 40 miles from fort Larama we traveled 8 miles and a half the weather being rainy we camped for the night in peace and in Love one with another we retired as usesial by the sound of the bugal and paid our Devotions to god and rested in peace[29]

we a rose as usesial called on the Lord and had a meeting at 8 oclock and the good Lord was preasan and blessed

us our meeting brok up at 10 and commenced at 11 and we per took of the Lords supper there, when good instructions to all and our prayers was offered up in the behalf of all saints under all surcumstances that they might recieve more of the spirit of god to gide them in all truth; it commenced raining a littl a bout 3 o clock this Day being 30 of the month we rested in peace and called on the Lord as usesial

we arose in the morning at 4 oclock and returned thanks to almighty god for his Loveing kindness to wards us as his servants we then started at 9 oclock and traveled 10 miles and bated our teams and took our Dinners it being the 31 of may we started and traveled over a Dersert all after noon we traveled 16 miles and 3 quarters and camted for the night a loung side of a creek called Raw Hide[30] we rested in in peace and

started at 9 oclock it being the first Day of june the weather pleasant and fair we traveled 12 miles and ½ half [12] an came to the fort—Larramie[31] and camped for the night in peace and found some of our Brethren from the missippie 3 famleys 9 men 5 women and 3 children wich came out in the year 1836 [1846] they went to fort perbolo and wintered and came to meet the rest of the saints in the spring[32] we hired a boat and ferried our teams and waggons[33] part of them on the 3 of june and visited the fort they treated us with kindness, and

on the fort 4 of june we finished ferring through the night it rained Rappedly; the jentle men of the fort said they had no rain for 2 years before this spring it is a Deloate country by all appearances thoes jentle men has got squass for their companions we gathered quite a quantity of beads on the pis aunts houses; the fourt is made of large green [unburnt] brick and is 100 and 68 [?] by a 1.00.16 in weadth and also an old fort a bout the same sise[34] we started about 11 oclock and traveled a bout 8 miles a halted and rested in peace for the night[35] and

started on our jurney on the 5the of june and we saw and traveled a long thee black hills [Laramie mountains] it is al Seder and pine and ash and some other kinds of timber we traveled on till a bout 12 oclock and halted by the warm spring wich proceded out of the Mountain[36] while we bated our teams there came a 11 waggons in company for oragon and passed us[37] we then started as usesial and over took the same company and camped for the night we traveled 17 miles. and rested in peace[38] and

got up by the sound of the bugal and paid our Devotions to our Father in Heaven it being the Sabbath Day; we fasted

and prayed one with another and Spoke of the goodness of god to wards us as a people wich was rejected from the jentiles nation I can sureley say that god poured out his spirrit up on us and we enjoided our selves well while at meeting there was reported that there was an nother company our meeting was brought to a close and there passed 19 waggons 72 yokes of cattle besides the Loose stock and horses[39] this [?] we then made preperations to start to it being the 6 of the month to travel 6 miles to a good camping place we starte and over took one of the camps that went by us the same Day and we camped we trave 5 miles and rested in peace[40] and

arose at the sound of the bugal being the 7, of the month there is four companys behind in about 20 miles the country a pears to be helthy and pleasant the Land in the flats is good the mountains is a great height my gard is a blight toe Stand every 3 night half of the of the night we are united in Love and in harmany the spirit of the Lord is with us continuley we started as usesial by the sound of the bugal on our jurney and traveled 7 miles and a half and bated our teams oposite of fourt john [Laramie] peak it is a chain of the rockemountains wich is south west course there is quitee a quantity of snow on the mountains; while we were a bating our teams there passed a 13 waggons and teams going to oragon from Illinois[41] this is the 3 company that has passed us in going 40 miles they said that the waar is still going on in Illinois one side a gainst annother[42] we traveled 13 miles and camped for the night a Long horse shoe creek[43] the hunters shot 2 Deer the Deer has black tails and one antilope wich suplied our wants for the preasant we took our suppers and paid our Devotions to our god and rested in peace for the night the mountains is covered with pine and all over the bluffs a Long thee creeks is thee broade Leaf willow and cotton wood

we started on our Jurney on the 8 Day of june the weather being verry cold we traveled 25 miles and a half and camped for the night a Long side of big timber Creek[44] the hunters shot 2 antilopes and one Deer & there came 6 traders from the mountains with 5 teams Loded with furs[45] we rested in peace for the night and

arose on the 9 of the month and started at sun rise to go to better feed and camped and took our break fast and started on as usesial the Day is pleasant but cold wind from the mountain we trave 10 miles and bated our teams and started on our way and Traveled in all 19 miles and a quarter and camped a Lonng side of Alapier Creek[46] were we enjoided our selves in peace and in Love and

started on in the morning it being the 10 of the month we sent of on the 9. 18 waggons and some horse men to secure the bull hide boat that the traders gave us the privileg of crossing with there were so many companys a head that we knew that if we Did not send some a head we would be Deaiad [delayed][47] we traveled over the black and read hills on the 9 & we traveled 8 miles and a quarter and bated our teams a Long side of Fourche Boisce Creek; we then started on and traviled this 17 miles and 3 quarters and camped a Long side of Deer creek it is a Delightful place situated a Long side of the Platt we left the platt 18 miles a bove Ft. john on the 5 of june and we traveled over the Black and read hills and came to the platt on the 10 of the month; we rested in peace and in quiteness and

started on the 11 of june at the sound of the bugal the country is more beautiful then we saw it since we Left winters quarters; Brother B Young say he will have a few famley farm it on Deer Creek for it is a Delightful place[48] we found a coal mind a half a mile Long and 10 feet thick of first quality of coal[49] we traveled 9 miles and a quarter in the fouer noon a long side of the platt in cotton wood grove and we traveled in the after noon 7 miles and 3 quarters which makes 17 miles and camped a Long side of the platt in a butifull valley[50] we rested in peace for the night I for got to say that I shot one antilope on the 11 and there were 7 or 8 shot the same Day shot

we started on our jurney as usesial by the sound of the bugal it being the 12 of june we traveled and Traveled 11 miles and a quarter and came to were our company was ferreying the Emmagrants a cross the platt[51] we had a Dollar and a half a waggon for 22 waggons we got flour at 2 Dollars and a half per hundred and bacon at 6 Dollars per hundred.[52] we rested in peace for the night and

on the 13 of the month was the Sabbath we held a prayer meeting and had Br Kimble Speak to us and also Br Young we truley was blessed with the spirit of the Lord was in our midst after metting Br young counciled us to take one team to each ten and a few men with guns and axes and go to the mountains [Casper Range] and cut pine poles for ferrying a cross the Platt so we Started and went accordingley and Got to the mountains and there we found plentey snow on the 13 of june we washed our faces with snow we came back with our poles at 9 oclock at night it being 7 miles to the mountains opposite of of the ferry on the platt and

on the 14 of june we commenced ferriing a cross the platt takeing 2 waggons side of each other and put holes

[poles] under the the waggons and Lashed them fast and took a Long rope a cross the stream and some [worked] on raffs and as we come menced our opperations we soon found that this would not Do we then made 4 or five raffs and we on the 15 of the month we got a bout 2 thirds a cross the platt the weather being rather to our Disadvantage it being stormmey[54] on the 16 of the month in the four noon we passed over severl waggons and the the wind began to blow and the water began to rise some did not not do much in the after noon but prepair our craffs on [?] for the night there come too companyes of emagrants one was from Masura and the others from ohiwa and came to us to make a bargan for to have us to Cross them we a greed to Do so for pay[55] Br Young then thought it would be wisdom for some of our Brethern to go to work and make toe canoes and make a ferry and pint some good faith full men to stay at the platt and cross all the companeys that would come so we might get means to sustains thee saints and he would not have any men to stay that would not come on when our Brethren came that we might go on with them The wind a bated a bout 4 oclock in the after noon and we ferried over severl teams and rested in peace for the night and

on the 17 of the mont we commenced ferriing and ferryed over severl waggons and then the wind commenced blowing so we was a blige to stop we got too canoe made to ferry with and too raffs the canoes worked first rate so we Laid by the rafts and worked with the canoes we finished ferring our teams and waggons on the 17 of the month;[56] and on the 19 of june the camp started on their jurney; we ferried a cross the platt besides our teams of the Emagrants 64 waggons wich a mounted to 94 dollars wich we took provishions for flower at 2 Dollars and 50 cents per hundred, and pork at 6 per hundred; on the 18 we ferried all Day for the emagrants and on the 19 we ferried 16 waggons wich finished ferring for them the twelve set in council and appointed 9 men to stay and ferry till our Brethren the 2 camp came up so that we might assis them in crossing and we might have all we made in ferring we then was called together thoes that where chosen to stay and Brother Brigham young gave us in struct how to proceed with the jentiles

North Fork of Platt River Upper Ferry: Juene 18; 1847
125 miles west of Fort
Laraie or St john[57]

Instructions to Thomas Grover John J [S] Higbee Wm Empey; appleton m Harman. Edmund Elsworth. Luke johnson Francies. m. Pomera, James Devenport & Benjamine

F Stewart: Brethren as you are a bout to stop at this place for a little season for the purpose of passing Emagrants over the river, and assisting the saints. We have thought fit appoint Thomas Grover Superintendent of the ferry, and of your Company; which if you approve; we want you to agree that you will follow his council implicitly and, without gainsaying; and we desire that you will be agreed in all your operations, actions in Concert keeping together continually, and not scatter to hunt, &c, and at your leisure moments put up a comfortable room that will afford yourselves and horses protection against the Indians should a war partey pass this way; but, first of all, see that you boat is propperley coupled; by fastining Raw Hides over the tops of the Canoes, or some better process. Complete the Landings and be carefull of the Lives and property of all you labour for, remembering that you are responsible for all accidents though your carelessness or negligence and see that ye Retain not that which belongeth to the Traveller

For one wagon . . Famiiey &. you will charge $1.50 fo payment in Flower and Provisions at state prices; or three Dollars in cash, but you had better take young stock at a fair valation in stead of cash. and. a team if you shall want the same to remove

Should generl Emagration cease before our brethren arrive—Cachet your effects and return to Laramie and wait thier arrival and come on with them to the place of location and we promis you that, the superintendent of the Ferry shall never lack wisdom or knowledge to devise and council you in righteousness and for your best good; if you will always be a greed; and in all humility watch and pray without ceasing

When our Emigration companies arrives: if the river is not fordable, ferry them, and let them who are able pay a reasonable sum, the the council of their camp will decide who are able to pay.

Let a strict account be kept of every mans labour also of all Wagons and teams &c ferried and of all receipts and expenditures allowing each according to his labor and justice; and if any one feels aggrieved let him not murmur; but be patient till you come up, and let the council decide and the way not to be aggrieved is for every man to Love his brother as him self

By order, and in behalf of the council
We remain your Brethren in Christ
Brigham Young President

we the Subscribers whose names inserted in the foregoing instructions fully concur therein and cheerfulley agree that we will implicitly follow the Council theirein contained; and that of our Superintendent according to best of our ability relying on our Heavenly Father continually for his assistance in testimony whereof we have here unto set set our hands at the time and place above specified

Thomas Grover	Edmund Ellsworth
Appleton M. Harmon	James Devenport
John S Higbee	Benjamin F Stewart
Frances m Pomeray	Luke Johnson

and

on the 20 we finished Ferying the company[58] and on the 21 Capt grover chosed too men to go to Deer creek for a load of coals at Deer creek the Distance of 30 miles Wm Y Empey and steward was appointed to go wich was Disagreeable on account of indians but we went[59] we traveled within 2 miles of Deer creek and there we on 22 we got our Load of coal and returned on our jurney on the 22. and on the 23 we arrived to our Ferry;[60]

on the 23 there came 4 Canadian Traders and one squaw with 6 horses and they stopped all night with us[61] and

on the 24 there came 2 men in a carriage and got some work done in the Line of black smithing they told us that there were severl Companies between St john and were we was at the ferry the Companies of our Brethren from Purbelow was on there way to California on our rout

Friday the 25th in the morning we ferried John Battice[62] & 3 of his companions french men & one squaw they had 10 horses with them Capt Wm Vaugn[63] & his company arived a bout noon & imploy us to Ferry him & company not with standing a man from the upper ferry met them some 8 miles below here & proffered them the use of the Ferry boat gratis we ferryed 5 of their waggons & way obliged to stop on a count of winds blowing. Capt Hodge arived with with 11 waggons[64] we a greed to ferry them for 5 [50] cents a waggon thinking if we gave the uper ferry no chance of employment they would not remain Long. a bout 5 oclock P. M. John Higby discovered the baby [*i.e., body*] of Wesley T Dustin[65] floting down the river that was drowned june the 19. 2/2 [2½] ms a bove here at Hill Ferry[66] Capt bounyn [Vounyn?] went with the boat picked up the corpes, he was interd by Capt Vanghns Company near our ferry their was found in his possessian a pocket knife & a dollar and 60 cents cents in money wich a jentle man Said he would forward to his parents that ware a head

Saturday the 26th we ferried this day 40 waggons which ampleted the 2 companies a bout $15.00 dollars worthe of black smithing in the after noon the ferry boat that was a bove us came floating down past us Cut to peices the companies that had went up they all got across & they seeing no chance of specalation dis troyed their boats & went a head our arrangement for Labour for this Day is as follows for this Day is as John Higbee[67]

. . . . . .

[Extract from the Journal of Appleton M. Harmon, June 26-July 10, 1847]

Amasa Lyman Roswell Stephens Thomas Wolsey & 2 of the soldiers arrived a bout 6 P. M. having left Capt [James] Brown & his battalion a few miles back[68]

Sunday the 27th a Company of 11 wagons drove up Mr Cox foreman[69] ferryed them for $16.00 in cash & done $3.75 worth of blacksmithing for them Capt Brown arived with his Battalion a bout 8 A. M. Capt Saunders[70] company arived a bout 2 P. M. and refused to pay us 75 cts a waggon for ferrying them & got a raft that was left thare by Some of the former Companies & commenced operations Some Jobs of Smithing Commenced for Capt Browns Company 7 of Capt Saunders Co got Sick of raft ing & returned to us & we ferryed them for 75 cts a wagon the morning of the 28th

Tuesday June 29th we then ferryed Br [Elam] Ludding-ton for $1.00 2 waggons for Thomas Willeams $2.00 1 wag-gon for [William or Benjamin] Matthews $1.00 & one wag-gon for Mis [Mrs. Nicholas] Kelly gratis making 75 wag-gons during the day

Wednesday the 30eth Capt Brown & his Detachment Started as all So Amasa Lyman[71] we ferryed Capt Saunders Co or the remainder of it who had refused to give us 75 cts a waggon they havein worked 2 days & got 2 waggons a crost only, & then returned to us & wated until we fer-ryed 90 waggons that ware a head of them & they paid us $1.00 a waggon for the 12 waggons remaining we then ferryed Capt Higgins Co of 23 waggons for $23.00 in cash[72] allso Capt McCloys [?] Co of 23 waggons [73] & Capt Taylors Co of 12 waggons[74] & Capt Patter Sons Co of 16 waggons[75] & done $6.50 worth of black Smithing this day we have ferryed 73 waggons & made 2 extra trips, 2 of the trips Namely, [Jonathan] Pugmyer & [Marcus] East man Stade here on a furlow[76]

Thursday July the 1st we ferryed Capt F A Collards Co of 18 waggons,[77] Capt Turpens Co mulkey Pilot[78] of 23 waggons Capt Elisha Bidwells Co of 15 waggons[79] & done $12.85 worth of blacksmithing making 56 waggons this day & we ware all very tiard & wanted rest Capt Palmers Co of 35 waggons[80] went up a bove & we afterwards learned that they crossed on our raft

Friday July the 2ond we ferryed Capt Snooks Co of 17 waggons,[81] Capt Dodsons Co 11 waggons[82] Capt Daniel Putman Co of 11 waggons[83] & done $7.60 worth of blacksmithing

Saturday the 3rd Weather rather clowdy & a Strong wind from the South Mr. James Bridger of Bridgers fort[84] arived bout 11 A. M. & brought a line from prest Young as follows

June 29, 1847 Little Sandy

Mr Thomas Grover and Company

we introduce to your notice Mr James Bridger who we expected to have seen at his fort he is now on his way to Fort Laramie we wish you to cross him & his 2 men on our a count B Y

he was agoing to Laramie & expected to return to his fort in in time to Pilot the Pioneers through to Salt Lake he said that he could take us to a place that would Suit us, thare ware 4 of our Soldiers form Browns detachment came back with Mr Bridger on a furlow & was agoing to the States,[85] we ferryed Capt Ingersols Co of 11 waggons & 1 extra load for $12,[86] the oregon mail arived a bout Sun down thare ware 8 men of them & several pack horses & mules they had been ever since the 5th of May on the rout they came by way of California, we ferryed their packs for $1.00[87] I wrote a line by the request of Capt grover to our next Co Notify fying them that we ware here keeping a ferry & intended to .stay until they came up giving them all so the latest news we had from the Pioneers, & sent it by mr Bridger to Laramie Ingerslos Co ware agoing to Calafornia

Sunday July the 4th 1847 morning Clowdy & apearnce of rain I wrote a letter to my wife several of the breathering wrote to their wives or relatives & sent the letters by Makas [Marcus] Eastman who went back with the 4 a bove mentioned they Started a bout 10 A. M.[88] F. M. Pumeroy bought a horse of one of them for $25.00 we ferreyed Capt John McKinneys Co of 27 waggons for $27.00 & done $2.35 cts worth of blacksmithing[89]

Monday the 5 of July we ferryed 6 waggons for Retford & Bodall[90] for $4.00 each

Tuesday the 6th we ferryed Capt Wards Co of 18 waggons[91] for 50 cts a wagon & 3 of them went of with out paing their ferage we done $3.63 cents worth of blacksmithing for them Capt Whitcoms Co of 22 wagons[92] went above to ford which could be done by raising their waggon beds for the river hass been for Some days falling verry fast Capt Hocketts Co of 20 wagons[93] arived here & got Some work done

Wednesday the 7th 1847 we ferryed Capt Magones Co of 36 wagons for $1.00 a waggon 8 waggons of the same Co went above to ford making 44 waggons in Said Co[94] I furnished Capt Magone with the Names of the Captains of all the Companies & the Number of wagons, which he said would be published thare was a catholick bishop & 7 priests in Capt Magones Co 2 of their names ware Blachets the others I did not learn,[95]—8 men from oregon arived with pack horses & mules[96] we ferryed them & their packs for $1.00 & done $7.75 cts worth of blacksmithing Capt Hocketts Co went above to ford

Thursday the 8th thare was done $6.40 cts worth of black Smithing & Some other jobs commenced Luke Johnson got $3.00 for cleaning teeth & Doctoring which was put into the jineral pile

Friday the 9th our men ware imployed this day in the following manner T Grover Wm Empey John Higbee — Johnathan Pugmyer worked at Black Smithing Setting tyer &c I A M Harmon put in an exaltree for Elsworth, & a hown for 1 of the emegrants & assisted in putting on tyer &c L Johnson Doctor ing & cleaning teeth B. F. Stuart at herding Cattle F m Pumeroy hunting his horse Elsworth & Devenport sick—done this day a bout $30.00 worth of blacksmithing $2½ worth of waggon work $3.00 Doctoring &c Capt Whiles [White's] Co of 50 waggons passed up a bove us to ford[97]

Saturday the 10th $7.20 cts worth of blacksmithing done, L Johnson Shot a buffalo a bout 3 ms from here 1 of the emegrants that ware camped here brought it in the Company all together bought about $100.00 worth of goods of Mr H. Quelling a Quaker[98]—he had a Rhoadometer on 1 of his waggons—Capt Bonsers Co of 12 waggons[99]

. . . . . .

X[The Journal of William A. Empey resumes on July 11.]

Sunday 11 the[100] Received for Blacksmithing $16. Dol and 45 cents worth for waggon work $1 Dol for Ferrying 12 waggons of Capt Bonser Co $10.55 cents in cash we ferryed a nusery of 700 Trees they ware apple peach plumb pare Curnd Grapes rasberry and cherryes all grow-

ing in a clover patch and were owned by Mr H Lieuelling a Quaker from Salim Iowa & Phineous Young Aaron Faf, Gorge Wodward Herrick Glines Wm Waker, John Cazar arrived from the Camp of Pioniers they Left the camp at Green River july the 4the & got here a bout 10 A M they were a going back to pilot our Brethrening through that ware a coming[101] the rive is fordable the Emagrants is nigh done for this year Emagration & our Bretheren, that were at the ferry thought it adviseable to go back with thoese that had come from the campt to meet their famleys Capt Grover stated that he thought that we would Devide our substance of what we had gained equally amoung us it was a greed so to do

Monday the 12the the Bretrening ware prepareing to go back to Larama When, we Discovered 2 buffalow on the north side of the platt river coming towards us. Luke Johnson & Phineous Young started off persuity [?] of them and soon killed one of them Luke johnson gave him the Death wound and we fetched the buffalow to the campt and Dryed the meat for our Brethren and our selves

Theusday the 13 the Capt Grover Called together our company and addressed us as our capt in the most feeling manner how the Lord had prospered us on the mishon thatt the presadent had appointed to us and said that he was a bout to Leave for a short time to go to meet his famley and he would nomiate Wm Y Empey for Capt in his Abscence till his return it was second and carried there were six of us to stay nameley John Higbee Who is quite sick Luke johnson james Devenport A M Harmon and Br Glines, and after they went off we went to work at cuting up our meat to Drye it for the compy Devenport refused to work and said that if we moved his tools he would not set them up a gain to work he told Br Glines that if he went to work he would hire a man he told Br Luke johnson the same Br Appleton harmon the same

Wensday the 14 the we moved our waggons to the upper Ferry were there was good feed for our teams and stock on the platt river according to Council of our capt[102] and shorteley after there came 24 waggons and teams of Emagrants and Capt McGee at their head[103] they camped a Long side of our camp and we went to work at setting tyre we sot 15 for 15 Dollars and some other work.

Thirsday the 15 the We finished moveing our effects and made preperations to take care of our meat and so passed the Day working at Diferent work at hawling coals &[104]

Friday the 16 the month[105] We arose as usesial in good helth and in good spirits although in a strange Land

and in a willderness the Lord has benn verry mercifull towards us and blessed us with health to labour and gain a sustanance for our selves and famleys we went to work at chopping coal wood while Luke johnson cooked Devenport and Br A. M harmon at blacksmithing Br john Higbee herding cattle Br Glines and my self chopping coal wood for to kee the work a going on so we might have all things in readeness when our Brethren comes & about sunset there came fourteen men in company from oragon with 40 horses and mules a going to ohio thef told us that could not get through this season they started from oragon the 6 of may and reached here on the 16 of the month of july[106]

Satterday the 17the month We a rose in good health and strenght and went about our work as usesial we went to Drawing wood for a coalpit and set it up and covered it, and sot it a fire while the rest of Brethren were a bout their work & Capt McGee started on their jurney a bout 4 oclock in the Evening which Left us a lone 6 men of us

Sunday the 18the july the 12 waggons a bove mentioned started & and we enjoid a short season of rest I would here mention that 2 or 3 of the last Co. have lost a great No of their Cattle which the say is occationed by the murrin but I think it is over driving & going with out water as the Last Emagrants have Lost some hundred head of cattle

Capt. Mc Kees Co Lost 7 head with in the Last 30 miles

Monday the 19 the Month of july Luke johnson & Erick Glings went a hunting—

A. P. M Harmon J Devenport Staed at home My Self and Brother Higbee went down to the old Ferry ground to secure thee boat a bout 2 P M. Luke johnson & Eric Glines rreturned to the Camp with the meat & hide of a large Griselly Bear & tells the following story they had been up near the foot of the mountain each of them on horse back Dr johnson had his 11 Shooter they as yet having Seen no game within shot had turned their Course home ward & ware following down a little Crick or Spring branch when all of a sudden their horses took fright at some thing to their riders un seen but thought it either was indians or a bear but keeing a good Loukout soon Discovered a young cub through a thicket of under woods they road a round to an opening which Lead in to the thicket where they Discovered the Damb Diging roots for the cubs within 50 feet of them Dr johnson sliped Carefully of of my mare & perpared for the Combat the moment he struck the ground the bear Discovered him & came to wards him

at the top of her Speed with her mouth wide open & each Jump a companied with an awah awah oo the Dr let go my mare that he might not bee in cumbered & it not until the bear was within 20 feet of him with 3 of her cubs at her heels coming in the Same fright in ful position, with that he fired with un uring aim at his antagonist which Cause her to turn & run som 8 rods & fell Dead the ball having struck her in the breast passed through the heart Lights liver &c.

Tuesday the 20the James Devenport & A. P. M Harmon went down the river in search of our cattle they having strayed of the Evening previous they followed their tracks down the road some 10 or 11 miles until they met met a Company of Emagrants of 33 waggons formely belonging to Capt Davis Co.[107] they had picked up our cattle some 7 miles below where we met them a ware of Driving them a Long they took our cattle & drove them to the campt & Dr Johnson Erick Glines and my self went in search of the cubs that they had seen the Day before but did not find them Dr johnson wounded a buffalow but did not get him & all is peace but no word of our company

Wednesday the 21eth a Company of 18 men from oragon with 60 horses & mules a going to the states passed us 2 of them that Came by way of Fort Bridger said they saw the campt of peioniers at the fort there ware in their Company 1 famley a going back on horse back 3 of them Famley were woomin[108] & Devenport done 65 cts worth of black smithing for the com. a bove mentioned Com of 33 waggons passed us about 10 A. M. the remainder part of the Day passed a way verry Lonesom we being in a strange Land and far from our homes and famleys being near to us we would often talk what we would give if we oneley knew the situation of them it gave a many a Lonesome our medtetation &

Thirsday the 22the we a rose in good spirits and in good helth the Day being pleasant and fair we took breckfast and we happended to cast our eyes towards the mountains we saw 2 buffalow Dr johnson said if I would get my mares he would go and try and Shoot one of them so him and Br Glines went they went of together they Did not return till Dark and they shot 2 buffalow and fetched part of them home & there came a company of 10 men from oragon with a bout 40 ponies and mules there were also a famley with them going to the states[109] & Devenport bought a poney and started with them back to winters quarters on Friday[110] they started on their jurney there came a company of 19 waggons & Capt Fredrick Company 17 in com[111]

& Capt Smith 24 waggons in com[112] & Br johnson and Br Glines went out a hunting and came back but Did not succeed in geting a game to Day Devenport Done some Blacksmithing a mounted to $400 as near as I could find out he said to them that he would go to council bluffs with them & pilot them the road if they would sell a horse & waitt until the next morning till he could get ready they concluded to do so and in the Evening I said james Devenport as you are a bout to leave us it be comes my duty to have a Settlement with you to have our our substance Eaquley Devided a moungts the company according to council of our supeiriors I them Called upon Br A. P. M Harmon he being the clerk for the company and stated to him to read the a mount over that we have earned since Cap Grover Left us it was Done accordingly the a mount $29.85. Cts with the exception of what he had Done that Day a bout $4.00 I said that I was willing that he should keep that providing the rist of the Bretheren was willing rather then to have any hard feelings a bout it, it was a greed that he should have the 4 Dollars extra but I wanted an Eaquel Division of the $29.86 Cets [?] for we all helped to earn it but Br Devenport was not willing to Do so saying that was robing him of his Earnings & he would not stay with such a people & as we Done the coking and burned the coal and helped him at the shop we herded his cows and it being according to greement &c thought ourselves, justifiable in Shareing equal with him there were a part of it earned other wise be sides Blacksmithing we pressed [?] to make an equal Division all tho he was not satisfied Br John Higbee bought his cow & gave him $10.00 for her it being $2.00 more than he gave & all he asked for her & A P M Harmon bought some salt he could not carry Brother Johnson bought his trunk Some other things

Friday the 23d 1847 James Devenport started having bought a horse for $25.00 a saddle & Larett for $4.00 and the Com was to pack his things for him through to council Bluffs he went of dissatisfied and refused to tak 50. cts that was tendered to him to make an equeal Division of our Last Earnings & he went and told Co that he was going with that we robed him; Erick Glines heard it & told them the circumstances &c Capt Freddericks Co bought a stear of Luke johnson belonging to E. Elsworth; Co [? lo?] he had Lost his whole 5 yoke of oxen & 2 horses they ware run of by the buffalow he said as I under stood some 20 head of horses [were lost] at the same time in the same way & there was a widdow moving in the same company belonging to our church a going to oragon with her

Brother[113] She said she would go to the church the first oppertunity She had she was acquainted with Br Higbee

Satterday the 24th there passed here 4 men from California with 12 mules & 1 horse a going to the States they saw the camp of peioniers with in 4 Days travel of the salt Lake on the 10 Day of july[114] they met the soldiers at green river & Capt Chapman Co of 16 waggons passed here on their way to oragon[115] they said that they ware the Last Co this Season that is they Knowed of no others on the road they had lost all their horses since they Left the States there started 17 head ran of at 1 time a mongst the buffalow &c for the Last week the Companies that have past says that the buffalow ware tremendious thick a Long on thee south platt they crossed from the north platt over the river to the south the rest of the companies saw none at tall

Capt Chapmans Co said that 40 head of their stock ran off with with the buffalow & they hunted 2 Days but Did not git them a tall

Sunday the 25th july **1847** John s Higbee bought a cow for which he paid $4.00 She was a little Lame he bought her of mr Canfield[116] from Oskaluey of Capt Chapmans Co & this Day passed of verry Lonesome as we can get no news of or from the Long expectted co of our Breathering & the matter for journalism is rather Scarce of this Day unless I sould record the expreshsions of anxiety now & then droped from the breathering of the Long looked for appearance of our Comp from Winters Quarters

Monday the 26 1847 A heavey Shower last night attended with thunder & light ning, which raised cannon Creek[117] full to the edge of the banks the Days pleasand butt the nights cool

Nothing more worth recording to Day

Thursday the 27th my Self Br A. P M harmon and Br Johnson went a hunting & tokk with us waggon & went a bout 10 ms up cannon Creek on the north side of the platt we saw a large herd of buffalow we wounded 2 but did not git them Br Johnson Killed 2 antelopes & we returned back to our camp

Wednesday the 28th We a rose in good helth and attended to our antilopes that we killed we put it out to day and Dressing the Skins, this evening Cold & Clowdy & and Severl panthers has been seen with in a few Days past & our ears has been Saluted with their terific yells by night

Thursday the 29the 1847 we arose in good helth and strenght and we a greed that Eric Glines and A. P. M. Harmon went a bout 15 ms down the river with the horses

and waggon after the Iron of an old waggon that was left there by the Emegrants they got it. Br Luke johnson took my Grey mare and went up the river a bout 3 or 4 ms to hunt his Knife and gun strap that he Lost the Day before on his return he saw an antilope wich caused him to follow to the river he spied a trail where Indians traveled a bout 2 or 3 ours before he turned a bout and came to wards the camp at Lenght he heard a report of a gun towards our camp he then thought within him self that the indians had got to us he then gave speed to the mare and came in haste and it being off of the road made suspect it was a war party of Indians at this juncture he heard a gun fire in the direction of our camp by Jorge says he to him self I dont know but hostilities has commenced & if so they will want my help he took a straight short cut for home & he said that my mare tail Stuck out be hind Like a skillet handle & he soon joined us and told us the kness we had not as yet Discovered the party & soon Discovered his apprehentions to us we loaded all our guns & pistols Cashed our best goods and more esspecially our purses Br johnson made a kind of breast work of some Chests & boxes with 19 shots al ready & amuition at his hand my self with 6 shots posted in a tree as a spy to watch the 1st appearance of the enemy I soon Discovered 2 men on the opposite Side of the river riding up & Down it at Length 1 of them crossed the river at the ford & came to wards our camp which at that Distance had the appearance over the hills of an Indian at at this Junc ture Gen Carny made his appearance over the hills some 2 ms Distant with 40 men & about 140 head of Anamials which at that Distance we could not tell but what they were indians I then mounted my mare by the council of Br Luke johnson and B Higbee to goo and Look to the cattle before I reached the cattle I had got of a bout a ½ a mile when I looked back and saw the a bove mentioned personage approaching on horse back at full speed riding after me Spanish custom I turned back as quick as my horse could go and met him at the waggons Brother Higbee with 3 Shots ready he went and met him without arms a few rods from the waggons and behold it was Br Binley[118] & it was not until he was with in a few steps of him that he did distinguish whather it was a White man or an In dian and behold their a mag anry antagonists ware proved to be Gen. Carney & severl of our breathrn and many other officers from the Battalion[119] Col Fremont Soon hove in sight be tween us & the mountains having Crossed the river a bove the old ford with a bout 200 head of animals. Spanish horses & mules passed down by us a bout 1 mile

from the road[120] our boys came home at Dark and all was well Br Binley stated that he saw ware some 50 souls of the Emmagrants had perished Last winter a crossing thee [?] mountains he helped to berry severl one women in paticular she was sawed to peaces her head was sawe 4 peaces her legs was sawed of by her body one of the men was a Long that was in that awful situation and told how they was a blige to eat each other to keep a Live some of them made their escape to the settlement and got releif from them the snow was so Deep that may souls perished[121]

Friday the 30th Br Binly got his Discharge from Gen Carney and Stoped here with us to wait until his famley Should Come up for he expected them with the camp we sold major Sword [Thomas W. Swords] $200 worth of Dryed buffalow meat Br Binley stoped here with us he also bought him self a horse [lower quarter of p. 30 left blank]

Saturday the 31st 1847 I and Brother A. P. M. Harmon worked a little at Blacksmithing &c mad some pickets pins &c towards morning had quite a gale of wind from the west 13 head of our cattle went off our hole stock is 24 head of horned cattle 2 calves and 4 head of horses we have for our night guard 5 dogs &c I set a trap and caught a wolf in the Evening for we wanted the oil to Dress our Antilopes Skins with &c

August the 1.st 1847 Sunday, the 1st of August a storm of wind from the S. W. Brother Glines went off on horse back after our cattle that went off in the storm &c we begin to think that Some aciident has happened our Brethren that they Do not Come for when we stopped here we Suposed 3 or 4 weeks at the out side would bring them here[122] as Br Glines returned a bout Noo with the cattle he found them a bout 8 ms below Where we camped &c it seems some Like the fall of the cold nights and cold high winds we feel verry Lonesome to Day in a barren wilderness severls hundred miles from any in habitance but the wild men of the forest and all kinds of wild Animals roaring at Knight time

Monday the 2.ond quite a pleasant morning Br Luke johnson & Br Binley went up to wards the mountains a hunting Br Luke killed a Large fine fat antilope, he shot him Through the heart at the Distance 1.95 yards the returned in the after part of the Day with 5 feasants & the above mentioned antilope &c I and Br harmon went to work at Blacksmithing set 3 tyre & Done some other Little jobs

Tuesday the 3d Done some little jobs of Blacksmithing Br Luke johnson. Eric Glines & Br Binley went down the river a hunting &c—

Wednesday the 4th we a rose in good helth the Day being pleasant Brother Luke johnson & Br Binley went a hunting up Canno Crick, for that is the name of the Crick that comes in on the north side of the river as we ware in formed by Gen Carneys Guide it having arrived its name from the fact that a cannon was cashed on east as I understand on said Creek a bout 4 years a go by a Co of dragoons under col Carney &c[123]

NOTES TO EMPEY JOURNAL

1. The night encampment was 6 miles northwest of the site of Gothenburg, Nebraska. On this day William Clayton made the first effort at mechanical measurement of the distance traveled, an idea which had its fruition a few days later in the roadometer built by Appleton M. Harmon to Orson Pratt's specifications. From May 8 the distances traveled were measured.

2. The Saints were enormously impressed with the buffalo, which they first encountered on May 1. "No pen nor tongue," William Clayton wrote, "can give an idea of the multitude now in sight continually, and it appears difficult to keep them away from the wagons." Their numbers presented a serious problem in obtaining feed for the Mormon livestock, as Empey notes in his entry for May 10. The whole face of the earth, Norton Jacob commented, was "eat up here by the thousands upon thousands of buffalo."

3. By William Clayton's reckoning, posted up for the Mormon companies that were to follow, the distance from Winter Quarters (north of present Omaha) was 300 miles at the end of this day's travel. The encampment was 9½ miles northwest of present Gothenburg.

4. The most interesting account of the day's discourses is that of Norton Jacob. Orson Pratt, Jacob writes, "said that some had supposed that we should be able to get over into Bear River valley in time to put in spring crops, but he had not thought so, but we must prepare for difficulties that we should be in condition to cope with whatever circumstances we should be thrown into and make the best of it. If we do not get there in time enough to return next fall we must winter there and make the best of it." In the journal Albert Carrington was keeping for Amasa Lyman, he writes that Lyman "spoke upon the principle of learning all the time to be patient in the school we are in, which would be better to us than gold or silver." This theme of the necessity for obedience occupied the Mormon leaders throughout the journey.

5. The night's camp was made approximately 8 miles southeast of present Pawnee, Nebraska.

6. The encampment was on the site of Pawnee, Nebraska.

7. On Whitehorse Creek, 4 miles north and slightly west of the present city of North Platte, Nebraska.

8. Empey's language is somewhat confused. The night's encampment, at the end of a 10¾ mile journey, was on Birdwood Creek, 5 miles north and a little east of present Sutherland, Nebraska. Variant names are applied to Birdwood Creek in the Mormon journals: Conjunction Fork River, Junction Bluff Creek, or, as Brigham Young preferred, North Bluff Fork.

9. This night's encampment was made on the bank of the Platte 6 miles northwest of Sutherland, Nebraska.

10. On the Platte about 14 miles east of present Keystone, Nebraska. The whole day's travel was 6¾ miles, not 11¾, as Empey's language would suggest.

11. Kimball's allusion is to the march of Zion's Camp from Kirtland, Ohio, to western Missouri in 1834, for which see his "Journal," *Times and Seasons*, vol. VI, p. 770 ff. Nine members of Zion's Camp were in the Pioneer party.

12. The "butifull flatte" is the site of Keystone, Nebraska.

13. The stream was Whitetail Creek, named by Brigham Young "Rattlesnake Creek." Immediately west of the stream rise bluffs which, the Mormon journals note, were called by Fremont in 1842 Cedar Bluffs. The encampment this night was on Sand Creek, 13 miles farther west.

14. These bluffs, lying immediately west of Otter Creek, a stream Brigham Young named "Wolf Creek," extend to the bank of the Platte. Camp was made near the river, three-quarters of a mile east of present Clear Creek.

15. This appointment to the guard was not made on this night, as Empey's language might indicate, but on April 17. He was captain of the second ten in the guard.

16. The reconnaissance across the Platte, made at William Clayton's suggestion to aid the Saints in orienting themselves in relation to Frémont's map, was by Orson Pratt, Amasa Lyman, Luke Johnson, and John Brown. The year before, Brown had led west along the Oregon Trail a small company of Saints from Mississippi, who had hoped to meet somewhere in the Platte Valley the large Mormon immigration out of Nauvoo. When the Mississippi Saints, here at Ash Hollow, on July 2, 1846, met James Clyman's eastbound company from California and learned that no Mormons were ahead of them on the trail, the 43 persons who comprised Brown's party went on in some perplexity to Fort Bernard, a few miles below Fort Laramie, and then south to Pueblo, on the Arkansas River, where they wintered in company with the Sick Detachment of the Mormon Battalion. Brown himself, once his company was settled at Pueblo, journeyed down the Plains to the States, returning to the mountains with the Pioneer party of 1847.

The reference to Brown's having helped bury a man is not understood. Neither Brown nor the records of 1846 refer to such an incident, though at Ash Hollow Brown's party lost a few horses to Pawnees. Perhaps the man killed was Edward Trimble, but this happened farther east. See Joel Palmer's account in his *Journal of Travels over the Rocky Mountains* (Thwaites edition, 1906), pp. 251-255.

17. Castle Creek, now Blue Creek, was so called by the Saints because the bluffs along its west bank, which they named Castle Bluffs, seemed so much to resemble "the rock on which Lancaster Castle is built." The night encampment was 5 miles northwest of present Lewellen, Nebraska.

18. On the bank of the Platte near the mouth of Mutton Creek, the day's travel being 15¾ miles.

19. There were two, not three, Indians, a brave and a squaw. They were Sioux, and Appleton Harmon identifies them as Sants. The editor of Harmon's journal (*Appleton Milo Harmon Goes West*, Berkeley, 1946) has metamorphosed this to "Saints" and called them "Mormon Indians."

20. The encampment was at the Remsburg Ranch near present Lisco, Nebraska.

21. Clayton says of them, "They are all well dressed and very noble looking, some of them having good clean blankets, others nice robes artfully ornamented with beads and paintings. All had many ornaments on their clothing and ears, some had nice painted shells suspended from the ear. All appeared to be well armed with muskets. Their moccasins were indeed clean and beautiful. One had a pair of moccasins of clear white, ornamented with beads, etc. They fit very tight to the foot. For cleanness and neatness, they will vie with the most tasteful whites. They are thirty-five in number, about half squaws and children. They are Sioux and have two recommends certifying as to their friendship, etc."

22. This night's camp was on the Platte 2 miles southeast of present Northport, Nebraska.

23. They encamped about 3 miles southeast of Bayard, Nebraska, which is just east of the meridian of Chimney Rock.

24. The night's encampment was approximately a mile southeast of Minitare, Nebraska. The lone tower Empey refers to in the next day's entry was evidently Castle Rock, which the Saints passed on the afternoon of the 26th.

25. The campsite was 3 miles northwest of the site of the modern town of Scottsbluff, Nebraska, on the north bank opposite the famous Scottsbluff, now a National Monument.

26. Empey's "Devil's Tongue" was described by Orson Pratt in his journal for May 8. "On the top of some of these sand hills, in the driest places, grew a vegetable, the top of which very much resembled a pineapple; one being dug, the root was about one and a half inch in diameter, and two feet in length. It was called by some of the company, a Spanish soap weed. The roots being pounded up, they make a very good suds, and are used in Mexico for washing raiment, etc." The plant is a variety of yucca, familiar throughout the Southwest as Spanish bayonet or "oose."

27. This night's encampment was on the bank of the Platte immediately south of Morrill, Nebraska.

28. This memorable dressing down Brigham Young gave the Saints electrifies every Mormon journal of 1847.

29. The encampment was nearly on, perhaps a little west of, the present Wyoming-Nebraska state line.

30. The Rawhide, still so called, had been named by the fur traders, how early is not known, but very likely after the establishment of Fort Laramie in 1834. The encampment was about 8 miles northwest of present Torrington, Wyoming.

31. The camp remained on the north bank of the Platte about three-quarters of a mile above its confluence with the Laramie River. They stayed there over the next day while Brigham Young and others crossed the river to visit the fur company's establishment at Fort Laramie, situated on the Laramie River, two miles farther south.

32. The little detachment of the Mississippi Saints here mentioned had come on in advance of their brethren from Pueblo. They consisted of Robert Crow, his wife and 8 children, a gentile son-in-law, two grandchildren, and three unattached men. One of these latter, Lewis B. Myers, was a mountain man who had joined the Crows at Pueblo; he acted as their hunter, and he was to play a part in the establishment of the Mormon ferry at the upper crossing of the Platte.

33. The traders at the fort had a flatboat which the Saints rented for $15. The average time to get a wagon across, according to William Clayton, was 11 minutes.

34. The "old fort" was a rival post called Fort Platte, established in 1840 or 1841 and abandoned in 1845. It was located on the south bank of the North Platte, three-quarters of a mile above the confluence with the Laramie, or nearly opposite the point where the Mormons crossed the river. Ground plans of both forts, as drawn by Thomas Bullock, clerk to the Mormon camp, are reproduced in L. R. Hafen and F. M. Young, *Fort Laramie* (Glendale, 1938), p. 127.

35. The night's encampment was on the south bank of the North Platte, some 8 miles northwest of Fort Laramie.

36. The Warm Spring was a famous watering place on the Overland Trail. The Saints reached it by following the bank of the Platte to the mouth of Warm Springs Canyon, then ascending that canyon to where the spring broke out.

37. This is Empey's first mention of the year's Oregon immigration, but a pack party had brought news of the immigration to Fort Laramie June 2, before the Saints resumed their journey west. Orson Pratt wrote in his journal on June 3, "Yesterday afternoon we saw with our glasses three or four white men coming in on horseback; they were on the opposite side of the Platte, and soon arrived at the fort. This morning brought us the news that they were from the States, having made the journey in seventeen days, passing about 2,000 wagons in detached companies on their way to Oregon. One small company is expected in to-morrow, another larger the next day, and one still larger the day following. We understand that these emigrants are principally from Missouri, Illinois, and Iowa." Howard Egan says that these men, four in all, had come from St. Joseph. Erastus Snow says they estimated 5,000 immigrants to be with the 2,000 wagons, but William Clayton exhibited some skepticism at these numbers, a skepticism well justified, as the year's Oregon and California immigration did not total more than 1,000 wagons.

None of the Mormon journals name the captain of this company which had overtaken the Saints at the Warm Spring, but Clayton noted that they had left Independence April 22 and intended to stay ahead of all companies on the road. They brought news that two more companies had arrived at Fort Laramie as they were leaving, and that three other companies were within 20 miles of the fort. Albert Carrington, in the journal he was keeping for Amasa Lyman, noted that these Oregon immigrants were mostly from Illinois, not far from Chicago, and that the 11 "wagons" Empey refers to consisted in reality of 9 wagons, 1 cart, and 1 handsome 2-horse carriage. With them, Carrington observed, was "one Gabriel Priedeaum . . . who belongs at the missionary station on St. Mary's, a tributary of the Columbia, 4½ days ride on horseback from Ft. Hall." This man, he was interested to learn, had been over the trail before. As a matter of fact, in Gabriel Prudhomme, Carrington was talking to a person of some distinction in the history of the West. He was the half-breed interpreter, "Gabriel," who had served Father De Smet so well in 1841-42, and taken him down the Missouri to St. Louis. He had then returned to the mountains, for De Smet had found him at the Catholic mission station on the St. Mary's (Bitterroot) River in Montana on returning there in 1844. Probably he had again taken De Smet to St. Louis in the fall of 1846 and was on his way back to the mountains. Prudhomme's death at Fort Owen, January 15, 1856, is recorded in *The Journals and Letters of Major John Owen* (New York, 1927), p. 115.

38. On Cottonwood, or as it was sometimes called, Bitter Cottonwood Creek, a little south of present Wendover, Wyoming.

39. The Mormon journals are not in entire agreement, but evidently this second Oregon company consisted of 19 wagons and 2 carriages. Carrington says they were from Illinois and Missouri; Levi Jackman adds that they had all ox teams, from 3 to 5 yoke to the wagon; and Norton Jacob comments that they had a large drove of cattle and horses. Anybody from Missouri was regarded with grave suspicion by the Saints, and the members of this company were no exception. See Clayton's journal.

40. The night's camp was on a run called Bear Creek, some 5 miles south of Cassa, Wyoming. It was not the practice of the Saints to travel on Sundays, but an exception was made in this case because it was more than a day's journey from Cottonwood Creek to the next water west of Bear Creek.

41. The other Mormon journals agree that this company was not from Illinois but from Andrew County, Missouri.

42. Agitation by the anti-Mormons did not die down in Illinois immediately, even after the formal expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo in September, 1846; and in Massac County a species of civil war was being carried on by and against some "Regulators."

43. The stream is still so named. The camp site was some 4 miles southwest of present Cassa, Wyoming.

44. Empey's "Big Timber Creek" is more readily recognizable as LaBonte Creek or River.

45. The Saints had been looking for this party from the mountains ever since their departure from Fort Laramie. Brigham Young's journal records, "Met James H. Grieve, William Tucker, James Woodrie, James Bonoir and six other Frenchmen from whom we learn that Mr. Bridger was located about 300 miles west, that the mountaineers could ride to Salt Lake from Bridger's Fort in two days and that the Utah country was beautiful." The Mormon journals disagree considerably as to how many actually composed this company, the discrepancy presumably arising because the traders' encampment was west of that of the Mormons, and not all of the mountain men visited the Saints. Albert Carrington notes that a squaw was included among their number and that they had 3 carts and 1 wagon loaded with furs. Appleton Harmon says the men "ware a goin to fort John from thare to fort Lookout on the missouri river with 3 waggon loads of peltry from thare I under stood that one of them would go to Councilbluffs by water thare ware Some letters sent by them."

The meeting with these traders led directly to the establishment of the Mormon ferry at the upper crossing of the North Platte. William Clayton writes that they "had left a kind of ferry made of three buffalo skins [*i.e.*, a bullboat] hung in a tree on the Platte and wanted Brother Crow's company to have it." This generous inclination undoubtedly was born of their prior acquaintance with Lewis B. Myers, the mountain man who had rallied to the fortunes of the Crow family.

46. Present-day La Prele Creek, probably given originally the French name "a la prele," most recurrently appears in the Mormon journals as Alapier or a la Pierre.

47. See Note 45 above. William Clayton writes concerning this party, "It was decided to send a company ahead to overreach the Missouri companies and get the ferry before they could arrive, and also build a raft for us to cross on, kill game, etc. . . . Nineteen wagons were sent ahead and about forty men to attend to this business. All of Brother Crow's company went, Aaron

Farr, J. Redding, the cutter [the Saints' leather boat, the *Revenue Cutter*], etc., being five wagons from the 1st division and fourteen from the 2nd." They were commanded by John S. Higbee. John Brown was one of those sent ahead to the ferry, but of their experiences he says only, "A company of us were detached and sent on to get the boat before the emigrants got it. We reached the ferry first but could find nothing of the boat. We turned out and killed a fine lot of meat by the time the camp came up." Ferrying of the Oregon immigrants, nevertheless, began immediately on the arrival of the advance party at the river, the *Revenue Cutter* being employed.

48. Such a settlement was actually made by the Saints, but not until 10 years later, as a station for the short-lived express company established by Brigham Young. The settlement, like the express company, was broken up in the summer of 1857 by the affair of the Utah Expedition.

49. The coal outcropping was discovered by Albert Carrington who says that it was "the first ever found to our knowledge on the Platte or any of its tributaries, it rests upon a fine grit sandstone, commonly called grindstone, grit of excellent quality of a whitish or light grey color, except where stained by sulphuret of iron, then yellowish, as far as it shows, from the creek to coal bed is from 40 to 50 ft. thick, then the coal bed, probably from 6 to 10 ft. thick traced nearly 1 mile, then overlaid by a brown micaceous slate, could not determine its thickness without mineing. . . ." The coal was subsequently used by the Mormon blacksmiths at the ferry but found to be of less than first quality. Coal had been noted here at least as early as 1846.

50. The night's encampment was about 8 miles east of the site of Casper, Wyoming. Here, William Clayton writes, "we came to a halt on account of seeing a number of wagons about a half mile ahead which proved to be two of the Missouri companies camped on the banks of the river and preparing to cross here. It was also ascertained that there is no camping place beyond them unless we go some distance. . . . These Missourian companies inform us that the regular crossing place is twelve miles farther and that our brethren are gone on there and also the balance of the Missourian companies. These men have got a light flat boat with them and have already got one load over." Orson Pratt says of these same immigrants, "A short distance above us, two small companies which had passed us a few days before, were encamped; they were building a raft to cross at that place. The day before their teams took a fright by the running of a horse, upsetting two of their wagons; one woman and two children considerably injured, but no bones broken: some crockery, &c destroyed."

51. On the morning of June 12 the Saints traveled 7¼ miles to the vicinity of Casper, where, Norton Jacob makes note, "there is an excellent fording place which has been much used by emigrants." James Case and Stephen Markham forded the river experimentally here, finding the water about 4½ feet deep in the channel, and the current very swift. "Of course it could not be forded with loads in the wagons," William Clayton records, "but the loading would have to be ferried in the boat. They made a report of this kind on their return to camp and about the same time Brother [Alexander] Chesley came down from the brethren ahead and reported their progress and the nature of the crossing place, etc. A number of the brethren in company with Elder Kimball and Chesley went to the river opposite the camp to decide whether to cross here or go on. Brother Markham and Case again

went over, but it was finally concluded to go up to the other ferry." The Saints moved on up the river 4 miles and made their night encampment half a mile below where the provisional Mormon ferry was being operated, which was some 3¾ miles above present Casper.

52. William Clayton writes, concerning the inception of the ferry, that the brethren sent ahead had arrived at the river about noon of the 11th. "Two of the Missourian companies arrived about the same time. The brethren concluded that a raft would be of no use on account of the swiftness of the current. The Missourian company offered to pay them well if they woud carry their company over in the boat and a contract was made to do so for $1.50 per load, the brethren to receive their pay in flour at $2.50 per hundred. They commenced soon after and this evening [June 12] finished their work, and received the pay mostly in flour, a little meal and some bacon. They have made $34.00 with the cutter all in provisions which is a great blessing to the camp inasmuch as a number of the brethren have had no bread stuff for some days. . . . The Missourian company seem to feel well toward us and express their joy at having got across the river so soon."

53. Experiment proved that attempting to take across more than one wagon at a time, so far from saving time and energy, multiplied the problems and resulted in serious damage to the wagons. When the Saints quit work on the 14th, Clayton makes note, 23 of their wagons had been ferried over the river. "There was no difficulty in getting the freight over for one man can carry it in the cutter faster than all the rest of the camp can get the wagons over." On the 18th the Saints put into service a ferry boat to replace their makeshift rafts, and it was this craft that served the immigration through the rest of the season. Appleton Harmon describes it as "built of 2 dugouts 23 feet long & ties a crost they being placed 6 feet apart and run plank lengthwise."

54. William Clayton remarks that on this day it was concluded "to leave several brethren here to make a boat and keep a ferry till the next [Mormon] company comes up. By that means they will probably make enough to supply a large company of emigrants coming up on the north side of the Platt above Grand Island. There are doubtless some of our brethren and if so they will probably reach us before we get through." The rumor Clayton alludes to was without foundation—the Mormon Second Company of 1847 on this date was just setting out from Winter Quarters, on the Missouri River, but the rumor played its part in the establishing of the ferry.

The company of Missourians referred to is noted by Appleton Harmon as being "an oregon company of 18 wagons commanded by Capt Smith . . . Judge Kimsey with him." It would seem likely that the Captain Smith referred to was Doctor Smith, the father of Moses Ira Smith. Sarah Hunt Steeves writes concerning the son, in her *Book of Remembrance of Marion County, Oregon, Pioneers* (Portland, 1927), pp. 118, 120: "Doctor Smith and his wife, Nancy Scott-Wisdom Smith, were his parents. Doctor was just a given name. . . . Moses' father had been elected captain of the train, that started out with about thirty wagons, and others joined them, until in time there were two hundred white-covered wagons. . . . At the second crossing of the Platte (North Platte) they overtook Brigham Young, the great Mormon apostle, who was camped here with his many followers and five hundred wagons [actually, 77 wagons and 1 cart], preparing to cross the river, on their way to the Great Salt Lake. He had sent men to the timber

in the hills about fifteen miles away, where they dug up whole trees and from them made dug-out canoes. By fastening two of these together as a basis for rafts, they would carry a loaded wagon across in safety, returning again for another. Brigham Young was very kind to the immigrants in many ways. He proposed to take their train across on his rafts, before he did his own and only charged at the rate of fifty pounds of flour per wagon for this service. Moses' father had known Brigham in Missouri, and no doubt these two men were glad to renew their old acquaintance and enjoyed talking over things in old Missouri. . ."

Doctor Smith, captain of this train, died at Green River.

55. It is difficult to disentangle the companies of the Oregon immigration during this and the next couple of days—perhaps because, as Norton Jacob declares, "there was one hundred eight emigrant waggons within four miles all wanting to cross the river." Some, he adds, "hired us to cross them at $1.50 paid in flour and at $2.50 per hundred, and others crossed themselves." Although the 16th was principally occupied in getting across the Saints' own wagons, Appleton Harmon says that "a company of ten [Oregon] wagons came up and we engaged to ferry them for $1.50 per waggon."

Historians of the overland trail having commented on Brigham Young's great shrewdness, if not tight-fistedness, in fixing the ferry fees at low States' prices for the provisions accepted in payment, it is worth noting that the standard fee was established, by bargaining between the Oregon immigrants and the Saints sent to the ferry, before Young arrived on the scene.

56. William Clayton adds a footnote which illustrates the ingenuity of the Saints in turning an extra dollar. After the last Mormon wagon was got over, there remained two Missouri companies which had made application to be set over at $1.50 per load. "When the contract was made with the first company to be sent across as soon as our wagons were over, the other company of ten wagons offered to pay the brethren 50¢ per man extra if they would set them over first, making $5.00 over the stated price for ferriage being ten of the brethren to work at it. Colonel [Albert] Rockwood [commanding the second division] had made a contract to the above effect with the first company and did not like to break it. However, he received a hint that this was Colonel [Stephen] Markham's day for the use of the boat and consequently Colonel Markham [commanding the first division] had a right to take the last offer if he chose. He took the hint and they went to work forthwith at a dollar and a half a wagon in provisions at Missouri prices and 50¢ extra per man in what they preferred for themselves. . . . The ferrying was continued all night and till daylight at which time many of the Missourians' wagons in the two companies were over."

57. The nine men named to stay at the ferry were Thomas Grover, John S. Higbee, William Empey, Appleton Harmon, Edmund Ellsworth, Luke Johnson, Francis M. Pomeroy, James Davenport, and Benjamin F. Stewart. A tenth man, Eric Glines, stayed on without Brigham Young's sanction. Of him William Clayton wrote on June 18, "The President . . . referred to Brother Glines who was wishful to stay but the president said he had no council for him to tarry, but he might do as he had a mind to. Some explanations followed by Glines, but the unanimous feeling of the brethren was to have him go on." Glines remained at the ferry until the 23rd, but then had a change of heart and set out

after the Pioneer party, which he overtook on the 26th, three days' journey west.

58. For this date Appleton Harmon's journal has an amusing entry showing that the benefits of competition in free enterprise were no more appreciated in 1847 than they have been in many a year since: "br Empy & Sturart Started with 4 horses & a waggon after coal back to Deer crick 28 *ms* a companied by F. M. Pumeroy & glines who went to rekanorter the ferry below & see if it could be chartered for laramie post they returned Jest at evening & reported that the boat was on the opposite Side the river & 3 men thare with a waggon apearent ly waiting for a nother company Luke Johnson, Edmund Elsworth, went down on the north Side to make a more close examination but returned about day light having found it well guarded & a faith ful watch dog"

59. Harmon's journal, as quoted in Note 58, would indicate that Empey and Stewart set out on the 20th, rather than the 21st. While they were gone, Harmon records (June 21) an important change in the affairs of the Mormon ferry:

"I arose early & in company with John Higbee by the request of Capt grover went down to the lower ferry hunting horses & to see how long those men ware to Stay there, they sed that they expected to Stay until a company of 27 waggons should bee crossed that they expected they would git thare to night, we got our things together finished blacsmithing got a cow in pay ment put our things most of them on to the boat Capt Grover my Self J. Higbee, F. M. Pumeroy & J Debenport, shoved of with the ferry boat & leather skift leaving. Luke Johnson & Edmund Elsworth with the 2 waggons & things that remain thair while we floted down the river in quest of a ferrying ground below those a bove mentioned we Stuck on 2 Sand bears but got of with but verry little difficulty we halted a short time at their ferry Capt grover asked them if they ware willing for us to fery at the Same place with them, and working in concert with them but they seemed to choose to run the risk a lone of gitting what they could So we moved on down the river a bout 2 *ms* & landed on the South Side the river in a grove of Scatering cotton woods close by the road whare the feed is good & a good Cite for a ferry after a few moments consultation we unamously agreed that this should be the Spot We acordingly unloaded our things br debenport put up his black Smith tools &c Herick glines Started with the cattle to drive them down to whare we ware a going, but when we landed we found that he was a head of us, we Set up some punchaon & bords that we had on the boat to break the wind offrom us & made our beds on the ground, we ware called to gether by capt Grover & returned thanks to the God of Jacob as usial & retierd to our lodging."

It would appear that the rival ferry was something over a mile below Casper, and the reestablished Mormon ferry from 2 to 2½ miles farther down.

60. Harmon's journal says that Empey and Stewart were gone from the 20th to noon of the 22nd, whereas Empey makes it from the 21st to the 23rd. Being more full, Harmon's journal is presumably more reliable. Harmon adds that the two men put up an advertisement at Deer Creek as follows:

NOTICE

To the ferry 28 ms the ferry good & safe maned by experienced men black Smithing horse & ox Shoing done all so a wheel right

Thomas, Grover,

The 28 miles given as the distance from Deer Creek was correct for the original location, but now of course the Mormon ferry was about 7 miles closer.

61. The 4 French traders, so Harmon writes, "enformed us that the Soldiers [Sick Detachment of the Mormon Battalion] from Peublo ware at fort John [Fort Laramie] when they lift & would be here in a few days."

62. John Battice, or Jean Baptiste, figures often in the annals of Fort Bridger, trading in association with Jim Bridger.

63. Vaughn's company is not clearly distinguished in the Oregon annals, but is mentioned in a report of the 1847 inmmigration in the St. Joseph *Gazette,* May 28, 1847. The *Gazette's* informant met "Vaughn's company," then consisting of 48 wagons, on May 17, apparently on the Little Blue. Empey's journal entry for the 25th is almost word for word the same as Harmon's indicating that one diarist copied from the other.

64. Captain Hodge was possibly Jesse Monroe Hodges, or his son, D. R. Hodges. Bancroft notes in his *History of Oregon* (San Francisco, 1886), vol. I, pp. 628, 629, "Jesse Monroe Hodges was born in Melbourne Co., S. C., Dec. 18, 1788. In 1811 he married Catherine Stanley of N. C. He served in the war of 1812, and fought under General Jackson at Horse Shoe Bend. In 1817 he moved to Tenn., thence to Ind., and thence in 1839 to Mo., making his last remove to Oregon in 1847, and settling in Benton County. He died at the residence of his son, D. R. Hodges, March 27, 1877. His mental condition was sound up to his latest moments, though over 88 years of age."

65. Harmon had written on June 20, before the change in location of the ferry, "A Young man got Drowned 5 **ms** below here by the name of Wesley Tustin aged 18 years while Swiming a horse he was not found." Albert Carrington, who heard of the incident on the trail two days later, was informed that the young man was from Morgan Co., Illinois. Harmon and Carrington spelled the name Tustin, which was evidently right; the *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* March 1919, vol. XX, p. 139, records the death of Caleb S. Tustin, born in Illinois in 1830, came to Oregon in 1847, died at McMinnville, February 11, 1919. Caleb was apparently Wesley's younger brother.

66. The name, "Hill Ferry," is explained by an entry in Harmon's journal of June 23, to the effect that James Davenport had "Done some black Smithing for Mr. [Henry?] Hill that has remained 2 miles a bove us with the ferry above mentioned."

67. At this point two leaves are gone from the manuscript, comprising pp. 19-22 and the entries from June 26 to July 10. Fortunately the gap can be filled with an extract from Appleton Harmon's journal. In Harmon's own journal, however, the first part of the entry for June 26 is evidently missing.

68. Amasa Lyman, Roswell Stevens, and Thomas Woolsey, together with John H. Tippetts, had been detached from the Pioneer party at Fort Laramie on June 3, to go south and meet the Mississippi Saints and the Sick Detachment of the Mormon Battalion. They met on June 11, according to a letter now in the Church archives, written by Lyman on June 28 from "Grover Ferry, on Fork of Platte." John Steele was a member of the detachment commanded by Brown, and he writes, "On the 27th of June came to the crossing of the Platte, found there Brother Groves & Co. ferrying missionaries across the river on their way to Oregon and charging $1.50 for crossing. . . . There are hundreds

of emigrants here and find the Mormons a God-send to help them across the river. We crossed over July 1st, 1847." See Steele's journal, *Utah Historical Quarterly,* January, 1933, vol. VI, p. 16.

69. The company was evidently that of Thomas Cox, alluded to as the Chicago company, and consisting originally of some 14 wagons. Bancroft (*op. cit.,* pp. 629, 630) writes of him that he "was by birth a Virginian. When but a small child he removed with his parents to Ross Co., Ohio. In 1811 he married Martha Cox, who though of the same name was not a relative. He removed with his family of three children and their mother to Bartholomew Co., where he built the first grist and carding mills in that place. He afterward removed to the Wabash River country, and there also erected flour and carding mills at the mouth of the Shawnee River. He also manufactured guns and gunpowder, and carried on a general blacksmithing business. In 1834 he made another remove, this time to Illinois, where he settled in Will County, and laid out the town of Winchester, the name of which was afterward changed to Wilmington, and where he again erected mills for flouring and carding, and opened a general merchandise business. During the period of land speculation and 'wild-cat' banks, Cox resisted the gambling spirit, and managed to save his property, while others were ruined. In 1846 he made preparations for emigrating to Oregon, in company with his married son, Joseph, and two sons-in-law, Elias Brown and Peter Polley." Cox settled in Salem and set up a store with goods brought across the Plains. Later he turned to fruit-raising, and died at Salem October 3, 1862. See also Ralph C. Geer's account in *Transactions of the Seventh Annual Re-Union of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1879* (Salem, 1880), p. 40, which says the Cox store at Salem was the first such establishment south of Champoeg.

70. If "Captain Saunders" was L. W. Saunders, he was from Oskaloosa, Iowa, subsequently taught school at Waiilatpu, and was killed in the Whitman Massacre, leaving a widow and 5 children. It is more likely that L. W. Saunders was a member of the Chapman company. See Note 115.

71. Brown and Lyman carried west a letter, now in the Church archives, from Thomas Grover to Brigham Young:

Platte river, June 29, 1847.

President Young.

Dear Sir. Having an opportunity of communication a few lines to you by Brother Amasa Lyman, we embrace the same. We are all well at present, but are rather lonesome since you left us. We have just finished ferrying Capt. Brown and company consisting of 19 wagons, four extra loads, three dollars per trip, and also 150 men and women, who are in the United States service at twelve and a half cents and also for Blacksmithing.

$66.00
18.75
22.50

$106.25

Capt. Brown has left with us six oxen that could not be driven any further for us to bring on if they should be able to travel when our brethren come on with a promise to settle the bill as you say is right when we come on.

We remain as ever, your brethren,

Thos. Grover.

Grover's arithmetic would seem to have been somewhat faulty, but not his adherence to a long-established American practice, of

soaking the government twice as much as a private individual for services rendered. At rates charged the Oregon immigration, the fee for ferrying the 19 wagons and four extra loads would have been $34.50.

72. At first glance Captain Higgins most plausibly would seem to be Captain Nelson Higgins of the Mormon Battalion, since no Higgins appears in the lists of the year's Oregon and California immigration. The 23 wagons, however, is so unaccountably large a number for him to be captaining, even if some of them belonged to the Mississippi Saints, as to suggest that the name may have been Wiggins rather than Higgins. William Wiggins seems to have started out from Independence as guide to the contingent with which the Blanchets traveled. His party was belated on the trail, and he attempted to get through to California by a route substantially that of the Lassen Cutoff of 1849, but he had to turn north into Oregon and finally reached California by sea. The safety of his company was a constant theme of anxiety for the California newspapers during the fall and early winter of 1847-48, especially so because of the tragic experiences of the Donner party in the mountains the year before.

73. Captain McClay or McCay is not identifiable. A John McCoy is listed by Bancroft as an Oregon immigrant of this year.

74. I cannot distinguish which Taylor this may be. Christopher, John F., and L. Taylor were Oregon immigrants of 1847. There may have been others.

75. In *To Oregon by Ox-Team in '47* (Portland, n. d.), Fred Lockley develops the history of the Hunt family, wnose train Elijah Patterson captained, as told by a grandson, Jeptha Hunt. The Hunts were from Indiana, and Jeptha says, "At Independence grandfather [J. S. Hunt] met a young man, Elijah Patterson, who was anxious to go to Oregon but did not have sufficient money to outfit himself for the trip. An arrangement was made whereby Elijah Patterson would furnish a yoke of oxen and a yoke of young cows in exchange for his board while crossing the plains. At Indian Grove a wagon train consisting of 21 wagons was organized and Elijah Patterson was elected captain of the train. . . . On the North Platte they overtook a large company of Mormons enroute for the Great Salt Lake. . . ." Jeptha adds that in 1851 his grandfather married Mrs. Nancy Smith, the widow of Doctor Smith (see Note 54).

Sarah Hunt Steeves, *op. cit.*, p. 97, quotes George Washington Hunt, Jeptha's father, as saying, "After we arrived at Independence, Mo., my father's money running short, he took in an excellent young man from Texas by the name of Elijah Patterson. . . . From Independence we made our way to Indian Grove, our next camp on the line of the Indian Territory (now Kansas). Here Patterson was elected captain of 21 wagons and we rolled out for Oregon. . . . The Mormons crossed us over North Platte in a rather loose affair called a ferry."

76. Jonathan Pugmyer, Jr., and Marcus N. Eastman were members of the Mormon Battalion evidently furloughed to meet their families coming along in the Second Company, or to return to the States. See Harmon's journal entry for July 4.

77. Felix A. Collard is listed in the pioneer index of the Oregon Historical Society. He was born in Kentucky in 1810, settled in Illinois, and then journeyed to Oregon in 1847; he was a farmer, merchant, blacksmith, and member of the Oregon legislature.

78. Captain Turpen presumably was William Turpin, included in Bancroft's list of the 1847 immigrants. The Oregon

Historical Society has a typescript of reminiscences by Cyrenius Mulkey, "Eighty-One Years of Frontier Life," which relates that he and his family crossed the plains in 1847, when he was only 15. His father, a preacher whose given name does not appear, or his father's brother, Johnson Mulkey, might have been the Mulkey referred to as pilot for "Captain Turpen." They started from Missouri and of course traveled the North Platte. The *Transactions of the Twenty-Ninth Annual Reunion of the Orgeon Pioneer Association for 1901* (Portland, 1902), contains an address of welcome by "Frederick W. Mulkey, son of Marion F. Mulkey and grandson of Mulkey, pioneers of 1847," but this contains no information on the family and does not supply the given name of the grandfather. The only Mulkey appearing in Bancroft's list is Johnson Mulkey, but "Westly Mulkey" has been listed with the immigration of 1844.

79. Elisha Bidwell, the E. Bidwell of Bancroft's list, is presumably the Elisha Bedwell who appears in the pioneer index of the Oregon Historical Society, though without any evidence that he came as captain of a company. He was born in La Fayette County, Missouri, September 9, 1819, moved to Texas, returned to Missouri, and started across the plains April 12, 1847, arriving in Oregon the following October. He settled in Yamhill.

80. Joel Palmer was the most significant figure in the Oregon immigration of 1847. He went to Oregon in 1845, returned east in 1846 to publish his famous *Journal,* and then immediately returned to the Pacific at the head of an immigrant company. Palmer set out from St. Joseph, and the *Gazette* of that place on May 28, 1847, printed the report of an informant who had met Palmer's party of 99 wagons on May 18, then the ninth company in line along the trail. "Capt. Palmer had taken the census of his company, which was as follows:—129 males and 72 females over 16 years of age; and under 16 years, 85 males and 83 females. His company had also 1012 head of cattle, 66 horses, 2 mules, and 45 sheep." After the usual fashion of immigrant companies, by the time Palmer reached the Mormon ferry, his company had split up into smaller segments. The *Oregon Spectator,* August 19, 1847, printing news of the oncoming immigration, was pleased to learn of Palmer among them. "Mr. Palmer, who, but a short time since, was a citizen of this country, and has numerous friends here, we are happy to learn, is on his return, and has been honored with the command of a large company of wagons, principally from Missouri. . . ."

81. Captain Snooks remains unidentified. A person of this name was mentioned by James Clyman as among his fellow wayfarers to Oregon in 1844, and Charles L. Camp has suggested that he may be the P. Snooks who was wounded in the Cascade fight in the Yakima war of 1856. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* vol. II, p. 457, alludes to a major of the 68th Ohio Regiment during the Civil War as "a former resident of Oregon named Snooks, of the immigration of 1844." Possibly all these are one and the same man.

82. The only name resembling Dodson in the lists of the immigration is D. D. Dostins, but there were Dodsons in Oregon as early as 1845.

83. The pioneer index of the Oregon Historical Society lists a Daniel B. Putman, born in Illinois April 15, 1810, who came overland to Oregon in 1847, arriving October 3; he was a mill wright who settled at Oregon City.

84. Jim Bridger, eastbound to Fort Laramie, had met the Mormon Pioneer party at the Little Sandy on June 28. He and the Saints interrupted their journey for a long conference through the afternoon and evening, the remarkable account of which is found, in particular, in the journals of William Clayton and Norton Jacob. It was then thought that Bridger would return to his fort in time to aid the Saints in finding a location. These plans, however, did not work out.

85. Who the four furloughed Battalion members were does not appear.

86. Chester Ingersoll wrote apparently the only contemporary account of the year's California immigration, in 10 letters published in the *Joliet* [Ill.] *Signal,* reprinted in 1937 at Chicago by Douglas C. McMurtrie as *Overland to California in 1847.* Ingersoll's letters, sent back as opportunity offered, are in effect an intermittent journal of the trip. He set out from Independence, embarking upon the plains on May 10. There were 78 wagons in the company originally, but this number was unwieldy, and split up into smaller detachments, Ingersoll's section consisting of "30 wagons, and 45 able bodied men, with a guide that has traveled the route eight times." He writes on July 2, "Travelled 18 miles to the place of crossing the river which was too high to be forded, but we found a company of Mormons at the ford with a boat. They ferried us over for one dollar per wagon." Next day, "Most of the day was occupied in crossing the river." From Harmon's notation as to the size of the company, it had undergone some further fission since mid-May. Ingersoll reached Johnson's Ranch, above Sutter's Fort, on October 2. Bancroft's index of the California pioneers records that Ingersoll died in San Francisco in 1849, leaving a family.

Additional notes on the California immigration of 1847 were published by Charles L. Camp in "William Alexander Trubody and the Overland Pioneers of 1847," *California Historical Society Quarterly,* vol. XVI, June, 1937. The Trubody family reached California under the guidance of Charles Hopper, but if Hopper commanded a company east of Fort Hall, the record does not appear in the Mormon journals kept at the Platte ferry. The total number of wagons that reached California this year seems to have been 70.

87. There are some difficulties about identifying the eastbound parties from Oregon in 1847 because they all seem to have split up and recombined in a greater or lesser degree. These 8 men were evidently those who had been encountered by the Mormon Pioneer party at South Pass on the night of June 26, their guide at that point being the famous mountain man, Moses "Black" Harris. Clayton observes that they had "over twenty horses and mules with them mostly laden with packs of robes, skins, etc.," while Orson Pratt remarks that they had left the Oregon settlements on May 5.

They were evidently one division of the company of 19 men guided by Levi Scott who left the Rickreal Valley on May 5 and came east by the Applegate Cutoff, the so-called southern or "California" route to which Harmon's journal alludes. Their departure was noted in the *Oregon Spectator,* April 15, May 13, and June 10, 1847. Levi Scott went, evidently, only as far as Fort Hall, since he guided back to Oregon by the Applegate Cutoff some 60 wagons of the year's immigration, his return noted in the *Spectator* of October 14, 1847. Where the party split up is not certain, but it is reasonably clear that the second party from Oregon whose

passage Harmon notes on July 7 was a subdivision of the larger party by the Applegate Cutoff. The Mormon leader in California, Sam Brannan, who crossed the Sierras in May, in a letter of June 18 written from Fort Hall, remarks that a company from Oregon had arrived at the fort the day before and that he had sent letters in their care *(Millenial Star,* October 15, 1847, vol. IX, pp. 304, 305), but otherwise gives no information about them.

Niles' National Register, August 14, 1847, vol. 72, p. 370, records the arrival on the frontier of Messrs. Shaw, Bolden, and Thompson, "direct from Oregon, having left the frontier settlement on the 5th of May, and made the trip to St. Joseph's in 83 days." They had met Brannan at Fort Hall, which makes it likely that they were the party by the Applegate Cutoff. The *St. Louis Daily Union,* August 5, 1847, notes the arrival last night of Mr. Huber, who "left the principal settlements in Willamette Valley on the 7th of May, and arrived at St. Joseph, Mo., on the 28th of July. He was accompanied by fourteen men." Evidently 15 men were in the Oregon company (whose arrival at St. Joseph on July 28 was noted in the *Gazette* of July 30.) If the 16th man was Black Harris, this would indicate that the two parties of 8 recombined in traveling through the Sioux and Pawnee territory, Harris remaining behind.

88. It is difficult to trace the movements of these 5 men, except for what may be learned from a letter by Orson Hyde, dated St. Louis, August 5, 1847. "In coming from the [Council] Bluffs to St. Joseph's, about five days ago, I met five of our battalion of soldiers returning. They came to fort Laramie, from Purbelo, in company with about 150 others. . . . Upon their arrival at the fort, the soldiers, all except these five whom I met, went on with brother Amasa after the pioneers. A small party from Oregon overtook our five returning soldiers. They met our pioneers beyond the 'south pass' in the mountains. All well." The 5 Battalion men may thus have been with the company which reached St. Joseph July 28. *(Millennial Star,* September 15, 1847, vol. IX, pp. 272, 273.)

89. Sarah Hunt Steeves, *op. cit.,* pp. 137, 138, writes: "Rev. John McKinney was born in Tennessee, April 3, 1798. . . . From Tennessee the family moved to Jackson county, Missouri. . . . Of the party to start across the plains from the McKinney farm in 1847, many came from St. Joseph and other places. Of this company were a Mr. Doty; John and Hugh Harrison, with their families; Hadley Hobson and family; Mr. Thompkins and family; Dr. Prettyman and family; the two McKinneys; Rev. John McKinney, William McKinney and wife Matilda; a Mr. Davis, who was hauling a set of mill burrs across the plains; Mr. Luellyn who had planted an embryo nursery in a wagon bed . . .; Dick Adams, and a Major Magoon, with many others. The company numbered about one hundred wagons, with Major Magoon in charge. . . Very soon, however, dissension arose over who should be officers . . . caused the train to divide into ten groups of ten wagons each, with Major Magoon as head over all companies. Each ten wagons elected a captain and thus they were enabled to travel with more harmony. . . . Rev. John McKinney was chosen captain of the ten wagons comprising the two of the McKinneys, Mr. Davis . . ., Mr. Doty, the Harrisons, Hobsons, Dr. Prettyman, Thompkins, the Luellyn family with the nursery stock and Major Magoon." When his father was sick, William McKinney acted as captain.

90. Retford and Bodall are unidentified.

91. Ward also for the present defies identification.

92. Whitcom is presumably Lot Whitcomb, whose name is found in Bancroft's list of the year's Oregon immigration. The St. Joseph *Gazette*, May 28, 1847, referred to Whitcomb's as having been on May 20 the twelfth company in line on the trail, consisting then of 109 wagons.

93. Captain Hockett is not readily identifiable. He may have been the J. C. Holgate on Bancroft's list, "identified with the early histories of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho," and killed in a mining difficulty at Owyhee in March, 1868.

94. The "Reminiscences of James Jory," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* September, 1902, vol. III, pp. 271-283, describe the experiences of Joseph Magone's company, which started from Independence. "Magone was from New York, an unmarried man, young, handsome, and deservedly popular. He had hired his passage with the train, and was out for an adventure, but when it was represented that he was the best man for captain, being free-handed and well-informed, he set aside personal considerations and accepted. He proved to be one of the best emigrant captains ever on the Plains, alert, cheerful, watchful of the needs of every one, and promising all that he would see the last one through safely to the banks of the Willamette, and he most bravely redeemed his promise. . . . Magone was married after reaching Oregon to a Miss Tomlinson that he met on the Plains; and long afterwards, indeed after the railroad was built, illustrated his original love of adventure by walking back East for a visit." See also Note 89.

95. The Catholics alluded to by Appleton Harmon were Francis Norbert Blanchet, newly consecrated archbishop of Oregon, his brother, A. M. A. Blanchet, who on reaching Oregon was to become the first bishop of Walla Walla, and six others whose names are not recorded. F. N. Blanchet had opened Catholic missionary activity in Oregon in 1838, returning to Quebec by sea in 1845 to receive his ordination as archbishop. He had then gone to Europe to raise funds and was now returning to his vicariate. Chester Ingersoll, *op. cit.*, p. 17, on setting out from Independence early in May, noted the presence of the 7 priests and the bishop among his fellow travelers. A. M. A. Blanchet's account of his journey *(Rapport sur les Missions du Diocese de Quebec,* Quebec, April, 1849, p. 19), mentions his arrival at the Mormon ferry on July 6, the Mormon blacksmithing operations, and the fact that many of his fellow immigrants preferred to go up the river 8 miles and ferry themselves across than to pay the Mormon fee: "Aprés avoir passé la Riviére aux Chevreuils, nous etions a la nouvelle traverse de la Platte. Des Mormons y avaient etabli une forge pour réparer les chariots, et un bac pour les transporter sur la rive gauche. Nous fumes contents de donner une piastre pour chacun des nôtres; mais plusiers de nos compagnons préférérent aller traverser, á 8 milles plus haut." The Catholic travelers reached Walla Walla on September 5.

96. See note 87 above.

97. White was, according to a member of his company, Loren B. Hastings, a Methodist preacher, but his first name does not appear. (Bancroft lists a Luther, a Rev., and a Thomas White.) Hastings' journal, published in *Transactions of the Fifty-first Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, 1923* (Portland, 1926), is a document of considerable interest. White was elected captain on May 20, shortly after the departure from St. Joseph.

Hastings does not say how many wagons they had on setting out, but this information is supplied by the St. Joseph *Gazette,* May 28, 1847, which gives the number as 37, and their place 13th in the line of travel. Hastings writes:

"July 9. This day arrived at the Mormon ferry and blacksmith shop; the 20 wagon (Captain Bonsers Co. as it is called) had gone ahead, but we found them here; my company (called Captain Whites Co.) went ahead; myself and some others remained with Captain Bonsers Co. to set our wagon tires, etc.

"July 10. This day the Mormons set my wagon tire; the boys killed a buffalo.

"July 11. This day, Sunday, intended to move, but some of our cattle were minus. Mr. Taylor and myself went out on mules to hunt our cattle. . . . Six wagons went up to the ford on the south side of the river, crossed over and camped. The Mormons ferried over the balance at the shop and we moved up on the north side of the river and camped three miles below the other wagons."

98. Henderson Luelling, a Quaker from Salem, Iowa, is memorable in the immigration of 1847 for the "traveling nursery" he took along. Ralph Geer (*op. cit.,* pp. 40, 41) recalled that Luelling made two boxes 12 inches deep, and just wide and long enough to fill the wagon bed, filling them with a compost composed principally of charcoal and earth, into which he planted about 700 trees and shrubs, from 20 inches to 4 feet high, protected from the stock by a light but strong frame fastened to the wagon box. He permitted no one to discourage him in the undertaking, and reached The Dalles with his nursery about October 1. "That load of trees contained health, wealth and comfort, for the old Pioneers of Oregon. It was the mother of all our early nurseries and orchards. . . . That load of living trees and shrubs brought more wealth to Oregon than any ship that ever entered the Columbia river."

Harmon's mention of a roadometer on one of Luelling's wagons is interesting, for Harmon was the mechanic who constructed the first Mormon roadometer. Credit for absolute invention and first use of the roadometer for Plains travel has long been given to the Mormons, but Luelling's device makes it obvious that roadometers were simultaneously evolved in several places to answer the exigencies of trans-Plains travel, and that the question of first use must be left open.

99. Luelling traveled as a member of Stephen Bonser's company. As seen in note 97, Loren B. Hastings consistently referred to Bonser's as being a company of 20 wagons rather than 12, as here recorded. Bonser was one of those who set out from St. Joseph. Geer says that he "brought a herd of fine cattle and improved the herds of the Columbia bottoms vastly."

100. Here William Empey's journal again picks up the story from Appleton Harmon's. The entries in the two diaries from July 11 to 14, however, are so strikingly alike as to make it obvious one journal is based upon the other. The style being more characteristic of Harmon, it is likely Empey was the copyist.

101. Phineas Young, Aron Farr, George Woodard, Eric Glines, and Rodney Badger were detached from the Pioneer party on the west bank of Green River, on July 4, to go back and meet the Second Company of the Mormon immigration. Just as they were setting out, 13 men of the Sick Detachment of the Mormon Battalion overtook the Pioneer party, and one of their number, William Walker, turned back with the other five to meet his wife.

Rodney Badger did not go as far as the Platte ferry, turning about instead to guide the Mississippi Saints and the Sick Detachment of the Battalion. Evidently John Cazier of the Battalion was furloughed to take his place.

102. Harmon says under this date, "we prepaired to move our effects up the river to whare thare is better feed acording to Capt Grovers request Br Empy went up with 1 waggon at a time, Makees Co of 24 Wagons arived a bout noon & wanted some work done & as the feed was poor they thought best to assist in moving the black Smith tools up whare we ware a going they acordingly done so Br devenport set up his tools a gain at our camping place 6 ms a bove & commenced work setting tyer &c I assisted him Br glines assisted a bout moveing Br Higbee is a gitting Somebetter Luke Johnson Stayed at the old camp to watch the things until to morow."

From these remarks, the third location of the Mormon ferry was very near its original site, from 3½ to 4 miles above present Casper.

103. Variously named McGee, Makee, and McKee by Empey and Harmon, the captain of this Oregon company was possibly Joel McKee, listed by Bancroft.

104. Harmon gives a fuller account of the day's activities: "my Self & James Devenport went to work at the Black Smith shop Br Glines went below after some Coal & the ballance of the things that ware left there Br Empy & Higbee took care of the Buffalo meat & Cattle &c I would here mention that Br luke last night while watching our buffalo meat &c below was mutch troubled by the wolves & had ocation to fire on them he wounded one reloaded & fired again the the gun bursted, it burnt his face & arm & hand ConSiderable & Slightly wounded his hand & arm, a piece of the lock or Something alse passed through his hat with great violinc which closely graced his head."

105. This day's journal entry terminates Appleton Harmon's record of the Mormon ferry: "worked at black smithing &c Capt McKees Co Stil remained here gitting work done near evening a young man by the name of Jacob Cooper was married to Kittean Huckelbee by ex Squire Tullis of said Company from the State of Indiana a Company of 14 men arived from oregon with 50 pack horses & mules a going to the States a part of which came by way of fort Bridger & met our Company of Pioneers with in 15 ms of that place

Doct L Johnson Cook
J. Devenport Black Smith
A. M. Harmon BlackSmiths assistant
Wm Empy & Erick glines Coliers
John Higbee Herdsman, is the order of this day

Quite a Shower Came up some vapers of clowds hung of between us & the Mountains"

106. This company from Oregon seems to be that described in the St. Louis *Missouri Republican,* August 24, 1847: "On Saturday evening, Captain T. G. Drake, of the British ship Modeste . . . and Mr. John G. Campbell, arrived in this city from Oregon. They left Oregon on the 6th of May, and travelled to Fort Hall in company with a brigade of the Hudson Bay Company. They left Fort Hall with only four men, but overtook another party of seven, and arrived in the settlements with a party of fourteen. . . . Between Fort Hall and Soda Spring, they were overtaken by a party of four men from California. This party left California on the 4th of June."

Ralph Geer (*op. cit.*, p. 35) gives the names of two others with Drake and Campbell, presumably the whole group which set out from Oregon together: "At the snow bank we met J. G. Campbell, of Oregon City, and Wm. and Samuel Campbell, who were going back east for their father and family." The *Oregon Spectator* of June 10 reported that Captain Drake and J. G. Campbell had reached Fort Wallawalla on May 23 and started forward early the next morning. Although Harmon's journal says this company had met the Mormon Pioneer party within 15 miles of Fort Bridger, singularly enough not one of the journals of the Pioneer party mentions such an encounter.

107. Bancroft's list includes an Albert G., C., Eli, Henry W., and a Leander L. Davis. I cannot determine which if any might be "Captain Davis." A more likely choice may be D. D. Davis, from Green Bay, Lee County, Iowa. The Oregon Historical Society has a letter from James N. to Daniel Harty, dated "Platt River, June 29th 1847," which alludes to the election of Davis as Captain of Harty's company. At the time, there were apparently 47 wagons and 75 men in the company. The *Oregon Spectator,* November 25, 1847, indicates that 11 wagons under a Captain Davis took the Applegate Cutoff. See also Note 89.

108. This company from Oregon may, from the language used, have been constituted from two or more smaller groups. From the reference to the Mormon Pioneers at Fort Bridger, one of their number was Colonel William Finley, who had gone out to Oregon in 1845, for in a letter Brigham Young wrote Amasa Lyman from the fort on July 8, a letter now in the Church archives, he commented, "Col. Findley left here this morning for the states, direct from Oregon, doubtless you will see him." There is frequent mention of Finley's intended departure east in the *Oregon Spectator,* and in the diary of George Gary at Oregon City (see *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* December, 1923, vol. XXIV, pp. 398-401). The *Spectator,* of June 10 reported that Finley's party had reached The Dalles on May 30 and left next day. How it happened that only one or two of this group went by way of Fort Bridger is not clear. Perhaps some of Finley's original group were among those who arrived at St. Joseph with Drake and Campbell.

Loren Hastings, who had met this party 5 days earlier on the Sweetwater, commented, "In the company was a man and his wife and family. They were going back to Adams County, Illinois. The woman rode with one foot on the one side of her pony and the other foot on the other side. This is the greatest curiosity I have seen yet, it knocks everything else into the shade." Perhaps this is the same family Ralph Geer tells of (*op. cit.*, pp. 35, 36), though Geer recalled the man as being from Missouri: "At the last crossing of Sweetwater, we met a man by the name of Grant, with his whole family on his way back to Missouri. When asked what his objections to Oregon were, he said: 'In the first place they have no bees there; and in the second place, they can't raise corn, and whar they can't raise corn they can't raise hogs, and whar they can't raise hogs they can't have bacon, and I'm going back to old Missouri whar I can have corn bread, bacon and honey.'"

109. When Nathaniel V. Jones, with Kearny's escort, overtook this company at Wolf River on August 19, almost a month later, he observed that among them "was a missionary by the name of Little-John." ("The Journal of Nathaniel V. Jones," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* January, 1931, vol. IV, p. 23) P. B. Littlejohn

had gone to Oregon with his wife in 1840 as an independent Presbyterian missionary, and during the seven years he was there, appears frequently in the correspondence of Narcissa Whitman. In one of her last letters, under date of August 23, 1847, she commented, "Mr. Littlejohn and family have gone home to the States; they started this spring. . . . [Mrs. Littlejohn] was Adeline Saddler. . . . She was very unwilling to leave the country, but her husband has become such an hypochondiac that there was no living with him in peace. He wanted to kill himself last winter. It is well for him that he has gone to the States, where he can be taken care of." (*Transactions of the Twenty-First Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1893* [Portland, 1894], p. 213) George H. Gary's diary (*op. cit.*, p. 399), on May 6 noted that the Littlejohns with their 2 children were leaving. Loren. Hastings wrote concerning him on July 18, "Met another returning company from Oregon. In the company was a missionary who had been in Oregon seven years and his family with him. His ladies rode like the ladies we met yesterday (that is, astride). A little child not old enough to talk was lashed on to a pony and they drove the pony before them."

110. Although Davenport left with this party evidently on the understanding he would serve them as a guide to Winter Quarters, the company kept to the route south of the Platte, and when overtaken by Kearny, as seen in the previous note, had nearly reach St. Joseph. Jones noted the presence of Davenport with this group. Notwithstanding his falling out with his brethren, Davenport maintained his fellowship with the Saints, migrating to Utah in 1848 and living there until his death at Richmond about 1885.

111. Captain Frederick remains unidentified.

112. Captain Smith was Cornelius Smith, as identified by the disappointingly laconic journal of a member of his party, Mrs. Elizabeth Dixon Smith, later Mrs. Geer, published in *Transactions of the 35th Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, 1907* (Portland, 1908). Although her company crossed the Platte on either July 22 or 23, in her diary she merely notes that they traveled 15 miles on the one day, and 16 on the second. She herself was from LaPorte, Ind. It is not clear whether Cornelius Smith was her husband.

113. One of the unsolved, and perhaps insoluble mysteries of Western history is how many Mormons went West before the organized Church immigration to Utah began. C. G. Coutant, *History of Wyoming,* (Laramie, 1899), p. 341, relates a purported reconnaissance of the Great Salt Lake country by Mormons in 1846, but his source has been printed in *Annals of Wyoming,* July-October, 1929, vol. VI, p. 240, and this is just the maundering of an old mountain man. Nevertheless, it seems certain that Mormons passed through Salt Lake Valley in 1846 as members of the Harlan-Young and Donner-Reed parties. There are fugitive glimpses of some others in California in 1846-47. Several dozen of the Saints, in all, may have anticipated Brigham Young in coming west.

114. These 4 men had come east from California with Miles Goodyear, the red-headed mountain man who built the first home on the site of Ogden. They met the Mormons at Bear River, some 6 miles southeast of present Evanston, on July 10. Learning that the Oregon immigration was earlier than usual, Goodyear and his two Indian helpers separated from the others, going on down Bear River to intersect the immigration where it came down

Bridgers Creek to the Bear Valley. The four who continued on east were a Mr. Craig of Ray County, Missouri, a Mr. Truete of Shelby County, Illinois, and two others, names not given. Craig was the John Craig who with Larkin Stanley got the first immigrant wagons to California in 1846 (see Edwin Bryant, *What I Saw in California,* New York, 1848, pp. 210, 373; and Maude A. Rucker, *The Oregon Trail and Some of Its Blazers,* New York, 1930, p. 240). Craig and Stanley joined Frémont's California Battalion, but Stanley died of typhoid on the march south. Next spring, in the *California Star,* April 3, 1847, Craig announced his intention of going east, and the *New Helvetia Diary* on May 22 notes his departure. The records do not disclose who his companions were, except that the "Mr. Truete" remarked on by Albert Carrington may have been Samuel Truitt.

115. Sarah Hunt Steeves, *op. cit.,* p. 143, writes concerning Wiley Chapman, "Born in Tennessee, he married a young girl of the same place. . . . They then moved to Pike county, Illinois. . . . Illinois was only the frontier at that time, and they had not much to leave behind, so these young folk decided to cast their lot with an immigrant train of about 40 wagons, made up of Isaac Baker, the Canfields, Robinsons, Wrights, Matlocks, Truesdales, Saunders and others. . . . The train was known as the Oscaloosa, Iowa, train. . . ." Chapman was chosen captain. See also Fred Lockley, "Reminiscences of James E. R. Harrell," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* June, 1923, vol. XXIV, pp. 186-192.

116. Possibly Robert or W. D. Canfield.

117. Casper Creek. See Note 123.

118. John Binley, one of the 15 members of the Mormon Battalion included in Kearny's escort. The discharge given him next day was granted, Nathaniel Jones remarks, because he was unwell.

119. General Stephen W. Kearny had left Sutter's June 16. There were 64 in the party, increased to 66 on June 17 when Edwin Bryant and his servant joined the company. Their guide, according to the official report of the march written by Kearny's aide, Captain Henry A. Turner, was a Mr. Murphy. They picked up Black Harris in the Bear River Valley apparently on July 19. They reached Fort Leavenworth August 22. Under date of July 28, leaving the Sweetwater, Turner writes in the report, "Met the rear-most party of emigrants; who seemed to despair of getting farther than Fort Hall this Season—Cool. With very few exceptions the entire emigration this year is to Oregon: a few families were destined to California; a good deal of pains having been taken to obtain correct information, the following statistical list is the result & may be relied on: 1336 Men—789 women—1384 both sexes under 16 years of age—929 Horses & Mules—7946 Cattle—469 Sheep—941 Wagons." (Journal of Gen. Kearny's Return from California in 1847, Records of Adjutant General, War Department, National Archives, filemark 249 Kearny. Sept: 30/47.) Notwithstanding Turner's pains with his statistical table, it was defective to the extent that it could not have included those who were late on the road and took the branch of the trail via Fort Bridger, Kearny having taken the Greenwood or Sublette Cutoff.

120. Under technical arrest, Frémont was proceeding east for the famous court martial that grew out of his conflict with Kearny. He had asked permission to be relieved from all connection with his topographical party of 19 men, and allowed to return to the States with a small party made up by his private means, but in

a letter of June 14, 1847, dated "Camp near New Helvetia, Calif.," Kearny brusquely refused. (Kearny Letterbook, 1846-47, pp. 164, 165, MS. in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.) Seemingly, Frémont crossed the Platte above the old ford which was near the Red Buttes.

121. Nathaniel V. Jones's journal gives a graphic picture of conditions at the Donner camp in the Sierras when Kearny's force marched past. Empey declares that a member of the Donner party was actually in Kearny's escort. It is difficult to say who this might have been. Though the guide was a Mr. Murphy, and though Murphy is a famous name in the annals of the Donner party, the sons of the widowed Lavinia Murphy were only in their early teens in 1847.

122. The brethren at the ferry still had a long and lonesome wait ahead of them. It was not until August 18 that the Second Company reached the Platte ferry. See the journal of Jesse W. Crosby in *Annals of Wyoming,* July, 1939, vol. XI, p. 178.

123. This explanation of the derivation of the name "Cannon Creek," as applied to present Casper Creek, is the last entry in the diary. The allusion is evidently to Kearny's dragoon expedition to South Pass in 1845. Two howitzers were taken along, but none of the journals or reports mention caching one of them.

Fort Laramie

Two hundred years ago this was
La-no-wa, Land of Paradise,
Land of the grass-clothed plains and blue,
Majestic mountains capped with ice.
Here Indians, camping by the bend
Of the river, dried their buffalo meat,
And in the smoke of camp fires danced
To the boom, ta ta boom of the tom-tom beat.

Then to this Red Man's paradise
Came change, as bearded men explored
The streams or climbed the mountain heights,
Blazed trails and marked the river ford.
Sometimes with Indians they smoked
A pipe of peace and promised wealth
In stocks of glittering ornaments.
Their frauds provoked the native stealth.

Here La Rameé explored and trapped,
And, massacred, he left his name
To dot Wyoming's map. And here
The long, grass-covered mounds acclaim
The last of those first buildings made
In this vast wilderness, where trade
And treaty with the Indians
Brought need for force and armed brigade.

In eighteen forty-nine The Stars
And Stripes were raised above a fort,
That stood where rivers blend and flow
Together; in seas of grass a port
Half way to California
And Oregon where tired and worn,
The weary caravans could rest,
And resting find their dreams reborn.

To eastward lay the dusty miles,
The heat and hunger, broken wheels,
The stone-marked graves along the trail;
The disappointments life reveals.
To westward rose the dim blue peak
Of Laramie, lone mountain scout,
That promised them the gold they sought,
And freedom for the more devout.

The plodding caravans are gone.
In rocks their tracks may still be seen.
Some of the palisade's old walls
Still stand, although they seem to lean
And crumble with a century's weight.
Bare rivers now are edged with trees,
While homes surround an ancient fort
Immortalized with memories.

Mae Urbanek

Lusk, Wyoming
July, 1949

Historic Fort Laramie, The Hub of Early Western History--1834-1849

By HAZEL NOBLE BOYACK

The history of the early West lives again in the fascinating story of that historic landmark, Old Fort Laramie! Its founding came at an important moment in history, when the great drama of western colonization was getting under way with a mighty, surging wave of humanity coming from the east to the west, home-hungry, land-hungry, liberty-hungry. The ox-drawn covered wagon, symbol of these pioneers, would pass in review before this wilderness outpost, a pivotal point that served first as a central trading post, the capitol of this early western empire, and later as a military garrison on the old Oregon Trail. Under the Stars and Stripes, the fort administered authority over an area with a radius of many hundreds of miles, its period of usefulness ending only with the passing of the western frontier.

A STRATEGIC LOCATION

Genius and geography entered into the choosing of this strategic spot for the location of a fort. In eastern Wyoming the waters of the tranquil North Platte and Laramie Rivers unite. Here in this borderland region between mountain and plain, a network of western trails would converge and like the spokes from the hub of a great wheel, radiate again onto the high plateaus and beyond the shining mountains of the great west.

Nourished in the bottomlands of the Laramie grew luxuriant, natural grasses. Along the stream's margin were thick growths of cottonwood, boxelder, ash and willow. The broken expanses of prairie uplands surrounding this spot were carpeted with thick tufted buffalo grass, while here and there grew hedges of wild roses interspersed with waving fields of blue and white daisies. It was an inviting domain for the large herds of buffalo, deer and antelope that came to feast upon the lush vegetation. The Redmen, always alert to the hunt, swarmed along intersecting trails which led to this hunter's paradise.

For many years the white man had frequented this western wilderness, traversed the rivers which interlaced its forests, and conquered those rugged barriers, the Rocky

Mountains, by finding a delightful pass that led to the shores of the Pacific.

THE WESTERN VANGUARD

The early trappers and traders were the men who composed the vanguard in the movement to the west. Seasoned to hardship, they cared little for wind or weather, nor were they apprehensive of the dangers that lay in wait to destroy them. The toils and perils of the period receded into unimportance matched with the fascinating pursuit of skins. One cannot disparage the tenacity of purpose and the hardiness which carried the traders and trappers through this inhospitable period of the west.

In the early days of Western America the wealth of the wilderness was reckoned in the furs of wild animals, of which the beaver was chief. It has been said by writers that the history of the west could be written on a beaver skin. The direct results of the Lewis and Clark expedition, which told of rich fur-bearing streams, first stirred the youth of America and other countries to action. From France, England and Spain, as well as the United States, they came. If it were adventure which these frontiersmen were seeking, the wilderness could provide enough to satisfy the most daring, and as the Seven Cities of Cibola lured Coronado, so the elusive "pot of gold" in the fur country called the trapper, acting as a driving force that sent him to hunt for a fortune in the wilderness.

The French were among the first to frequent these western wilds, to navigate the streams and to explore the mountains and forests. They joined Indian tribes, married the dark maidens of the forest, and adopted Indian dress and customs. The names of many of these rugged frontiersmen appear in the pages of Fort Laramie history.

A hardy French Canadian, Jacques la Ramie, entered Wyoming Territory in the early 1820's. As a free and restless trapper of the period, he sought his fortune in the streams of the West. While thus engaged, he met death at the hands of an Arapahoe band. His arrow-pierced body was found in a lonely cabin he had built beside a small stream that later bore his name. Many other landmarks were to be christened in honor of this romantic character, chief of which was old Fort Laramie, watchful defender and guardian of the frontier for more than half a century.

The fur trade had written a thrilling chapter in western history. In this virgin land of yesterday many intrepid fur traders and trappers of note had come and gone leaving the

streams depleted by their rich catches of beaver, otter, mink, and fox. The buffalo, the monarch of the plains, however, still roamed in countless numbers over the grass-mantled prairies. Bryant wrote of him:

> "Twice twenty leagues
> Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
> Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
> The earth with thundering steps."[1]

Alert frontiersmen saw in those vast herds a fortune in buffalo hides, and plans were made for an established trading post to handle the traffic in this free commodity of the western prairies.

At this period in our story, two buckskin-clad pioneers enter the scene. Their names were already familiar to western lore. One of them was William Sublette, a native of Kentucky and one of a family of five brothers, all of whom had tasted the fortunes of the West. William, however, was to become the most famous. Gifted with an astute mind and the qualities of leadership, he was quick to note that a transition period had reached the West. Fashion had decreed the end of the beaver hat and with it would go the companies of trappers and that colorful western show, the annual rendezvous. In the new era a storage place for the bulky buffalo hides would be the first requirement.

THE TRADING POST FOUNDED

Robert Campbell, a man of Irish descent and one who had come west with William H. Ashley in 1824, became Sublette's partner and together they founded the first fort on the Laramie in June 1834. It was christened Fort William in honor of Mr. Sublette.

The post was rectangular in shape and constructed of hewn cottonwood logs, to a height of about fifteen feet. A large gate midway in the wall gave entrance. A smaller gate on the opposite side provided a private entrance. Bastions were set at diagonal corners and provided with loopholes for defense. Inside the rectangle, rooms were built against the walls with windows and doors opening into the enclosure. These rooms were used for storage and living quarters. On one side was a corral for horses and mules. The main court was clear. C. G. Coutant, early historian of Wyoming who interviewed many old trappers, gives the following details:

> "The force was completely organized. A detachment was sent to the woods for timber, and a band

of hunters supplied buffalo, elk, deer, and mountain sheep. By the time winter approached, there was an abundant larder and plenty of fuel had been gathered to keep up cheerful fires during the long winter months."[2]

No sooner had the walls of the fort begun to rise than the pageant of western history began to pass before this lonely outpost.

MISSIONARIES

Up to this period, missionaries among the Indian tribes were practically unknown. It was startling when four chiefs of the northwest tribes came to St. Louis in 1832 and inquired about the "White Man's Book of Heaven," asking that it be sent to them. The request was widely circulated in the press and instantly caught the imagination of readers, stimulating Christian men and women to answer the demands of and to administer to the Indians. Among the first to enter the field were Jason and Daniel Lee and Samuel Parker. The missionaries to the West became a part of the westwardly moving caravan as they labored over sunny knolls and along the winding course of the Platte. Valiant men and women were these missionaries in the wilderness who performed their chosen vocation at great sacrifice, even at the loss of their lives.

Among the outstanding pioneers in the field were Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman and Reverend and Mrs. Henry Spalding, notable because Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spalding were the first white women to cross Wyoming and the Rocky Mountains. This party joined a caravan of traders at Loup Fork who were being led by that veteran trapper and guide, Thomas Fitzpatrick. The party reached Fort William (Laramie) in June 1836. Here they were greeted by a motley group characteristic of the fort, trappers, traders, their Indian wives and many children. The fort, erected on rising ground, lay silhouetted against the western sky and presented a welcome sight to weary travelers. In the course of hundreds of miles from the Missouri frontier it was the first building, the first touch of home. Within its protecting walls they might sleep at night. There would be tables and chairs, yes, even chairs on which to sit.

Sunday morning, June 17, 1836 dawned warm, tranquil and bright. Reverend Spalding was asked to address a large group which had assembled in the shade of the trees at the Fort. His audience gave rapt attention to his topic, "The Prodigal Son."[3] Many other missionaries were to pioneer in this western field, chief among them being

Father Pierre Jean De Smet who labored diligently and zealously among the various Indian tribes. Thus was launched the missionary movement, and the trading post on the Laramie witnessed its inception as these true Christians passed through on their way west.

In the meantime, the fort had passed into other hands. About a year after its construction, the property was sold to Thomas (Brokenhand) Fitzpatrick, Milton Sublette and James Bridger, who in turn, sold it to the American Fur Company which was directed by that great financial genius and greatest of all American fur merchants, John Jacob Astor. Under this new ownership it was rebuilt and enlarged at a cost of $10,000. Adobe (sun dried bricks) replaced the cottonwood logs. The walls were about four feet thick, whitewashed and picketed. Over the entrance was a tower provided with loop holes as were the bastions that stood diagonally at the corners. The sturdy, new post, rechristened "Fort John" after John B. Sarpy, official of the American Fur Company, was still not permanently named. Mail addressed to "Fort John on the Laramie," or to the "Fort on the Laramie," soon brought into usage the title it bore for some fifty years, Fort Laramie.

The fort had become the fur capitol of the Rocky Mountain area. A contributing factor in the attainment of this position was the appearance of the Sioux tribe in that portion of the country. "The American Fur Company, in 1832, in order to extend their business and make it as profitable as possible decided to organize the Indians to work for furs and chose the fort for a central post. Accordingly, they sent Keplin and Sabille to Bear Butte and the Black Hills of Dakota to persuade the Sioux Indians to come over and hunt their game and live in the vicinity of the Fort. The ambassadors returned with one hundred lodges of the Ogallala Sioux under the Chief, Bull Bear. This was the first appearance of the Sioux nation in that portion of the country. These Indians were well impressed with the hunting ground and sent back for more of their tribe. After becoming established near Fort Laramie they expanded northwest into that fertile hunting ground in Northern Wyoming and into the Big Horn basin. They soon overran the country and drove away the Cheyennes, Pawnees and Crows and later were the most hostile Indians with whom the soldiers had to deal."[4]

It has been established that $75,000 worth of buffalo robes were shipped from Fort Laramie at one time. These, together with small bales of beaver pelts, found passage down the Platte when the stream was navigable, but usually

the furs were shipped by wagon train to the fur emporium of the West, St. Louis.

Historians have said that in character, volume and rate of progress, the westward movement in America is not paralleled elsewhere in the history of the world. Conquering hordes have swept over many lands, but nowhere has so large a section been settled in so short a time. It was a period of "Go west, young man." Stories of fertile acres ready to be reclaimed and made productive, of forested coastal valleys, of a delightful climate, were told around the hearthstones at night and plans laid for a journey west in the spring. These anecdotes sent thousands of emigrants to the fertile valleys of Oregon, the golden shores of California and the desert stretches of Utah.

In May 1841, a small band of home-seekers and missionaries left the Missouri frontier and entered upon the dim trail toward the setting sun. This road was fast becoming a national highway, one that history would recall as the Old Oregon Trail. Road of destiny? Yes. And the people who trod it were people of destiny. The Oregon Trail held a unique place in the story of westward expansion. It was the longest trail in history.[5] Along its route were great natural barriers. The trail wound through arid wastes, deep rivers blocked its course and snowcapped mountains rose like giants in its path. Despite these difficulties, it became a highway thronged with eager, adventurous spirits, a pathway of romance, daring, courage, human misery and death. The deep imprints in the rock, sandstone, and sod along the course of the trail, made by the thousands of covered wagons as they rolled westward, will preserve this pathway forever as a symbol of heroism, patriotism and courage of a pioneer era.

The year 1843 brought a migration of 1000 souls to the Oregon country. Fort Laramie stood beside the Oregon Trail and always entered into the plans for a journey to the West. At the fort, repairs could be made on the wagons, and fresh oxen obtained for the journey ahead. In the 1843 migration were health seekers, hunting parties of which Sir William Drummond Stewart was a member, and explorers led by John C. Fremont, known to history as the "pathfinder." In one group was the famous artist, Alfred J. Miller, who had made some very worthy sketches of Fort Laramie as early as 1837.

During the "fabulous forties" the caravans increased. Horace Greeley wrote:

> ". . . the white covering of the many emigrant and transport wagons dotted the landscape giving the

trail the appearance of a river running through great meadows with many ships sailing on its bosom."

The creaking and grinding of wagon wheels, the report of rifle shots as game were slaughtered for food and sport, made strange and foreboding music to the Redman as he surveyed grimly the invasion of his domain. The Indian had given little trouble up to that period, but echoes of a growing resentment were heard at Fort Laramie.

MILITARY TROOPS COME WEST

The first movement of United States troops over the Oregon Trail occurred in 1845 when Colonel Stephen W. Kearny and his five companies of dragoons came to Fort Laramie. Ideal camping grounds were found three miles west of the post. About 2000 of the Sioux tribe had pitched their lodges near by. The situation was ideal for impressing upon the Indians the fact that they must submit to the "long knives" invasion of their ancestral lands. To accomplish this mission, the chiefs were visited, the peace pipes smoked, and presents distributed. The pledge of peace was conducive to optimistic expectations of amicable relations with the Redman.

THE MORMON EXODUS

In February 1846, out of the little city of Nauvoo, Illinois, began a migration of people who were to write a most remarkable chapter in western colonization. It was not a matter of waiting until the grass was green on the prairies or the warmth of spring arrived. The Mormons were literally forced from the frontiers of civilization because of their religious beliefs. So rigid was the weather that February day in '46, that these exiles crossed the Mississippi river on ice and entered onto the wind-swept prairies of Iowa. Families huddled together in tents and covered wagons to escape the driving sleet and rain, but despite the hardships, they moved gallantly forward.

These folk were unlike those who had trekked west before them. They cared not for the lure of exploring the wilds or a fortune in furs or gold. Bound together by a religious ideal, they sought a refuge where they might worship God in peace.

In the fall of 1846, under the leadership of Brigham Young, the Mormons founded a city of the plains near the

present site of Omaha, Nebraska and named it Winter Quarters. In hastily built sod and log houses, some 15,000 people spent the winter of 1846-1847. Their sufferings were intense. The long march, exposure, and lack of food caused many deaths. On a green hillside near the camp, 600 new graves were made.

In early April, 1847, Brigham Young, together with 142 men, left for the Rocky Mountains to locate a place suitable for settlement. Their route lay along the north bank of the Platte River until Fort Laramie was reached on June 1, 1847. Here wagons were ferried across the stream and camp made at the fort for three days. James Bordeaux, superintendent of the post, commented upon the manly decorum of the band. They would go nowhere without permission. Their portable blacksmith shop was set up and wagons repaired.[6] Orson Pratt, scientist of the party, took the measurements of Fort Laramie. In his journal entry for June 1, 1847, he records the measurements of the exterior of the fort as being 168 feet by 116 feet. Inside were eighteen rooms occupied by the men and their families. Mr. Pratt also estimated the latitude and longitude of its location and the height of Laramie Peak about forty miles to the west. Dr. Luke Johnson attended some who were sick at the fort and was repaid by the exchange of moccasins and skins.

The Mormon Vanguard Company obtained the use of a flat boat from the agents of the American Fur Company for the sum of $18 and on June 2, for two days thereafter, they ferried their 73 wagons across the Laramie, in readiness for the journey ahead. Up to the advent of the railroad in 1869, more than 80,000 Mormon pioneers had trekked past this wilderness outpost. It was used as an important half-way station between Winter Quarters and Salt Lake City.

During the years of heavy emigration to the West a register was kept at Fort Laramie, and the train captains were asked to enter the names of all adult members of their parties. Many prominent people were listed during the year 1846, among them being W. H. Russell of freighting fame and later father of the Pony Express; ex-Governor L. W. Boggs and family from Missouri enroute to California; Edwin Bryant, the journalist; and Francis Parkman, the Bostonian, who gave to us one of our finest works on the Oregon Trail.[7] This was the year also of the ill-fated Donner-Reed party who, too long delayed, were caught in the heavy snows of the high Sierra range. Of the 81 in that party only 45 survived that dreadful winter.

GOLD DISCOVERED IN CALIFORNIA

An event occurred in Sacramento Valley, California, in 1848 that echoed around the world. A Swiss adventurer, John August Sutter, had secured a large tract of land in that region and erected a fort upon it called New Helvetia. A sawmill was needed to supply timber for the project and James W. Marshall, one of the workmen at New Helvetia, set about building one. In an effort to deepen the tail-race to the mill, he flooded it with water each night. The morning of January 24, 1848, he stepped down into the ditch to see what progress had been made when he noticed some bright, shiny nuggets lying on the bed-rock. It proved to be gold. Gold discovered on the American River in California!

People from every land and clime came to California in search of the metal. It was reported that between December 1848 and the end of January 1849, sixty-one vessels carrying passengers from all over the world set sail from Atlantic ports. The largest number of people, however, were to come by land. It was easier to trade for wagons, acquire teams and food supplies than to get the required money for ocean passage. Many routes west were followed, but the greatest movement was along the Oregon-California Trail, up the Platte, past Fort Laramie, and over South Pass to Fort Bridger. Here the emigrants had the choice of two roads, one the Mormon Trail to Salt Lake City thence to the Sacramento Valley. The other road led to Fort Hall enroute to the coast. Stories of the fabulous gold finds in California led one man to say: "I believe I'll go. I know most of this talk is widely exaggerated but I'm sensible enough to discount it and disbelieve absurd stories. If I don't pick up more than a hatful of gold a day I'll be satisfied." During the early part of 1849, George A. Smith, a Mormon missionary writing from Iowa said that 12,000 wagons had crossed the Missouri River below Council Bluffs and that 40,000 men were on their way to the gold fields.

Added to the ordinary hazards of the journey, the '49ers suffered from an outbreak of cholera that became the scourge of the trail. Many fresh graves soon dotted the prairie and the camping places. It was a year of heartbreak for hundreds of emigrants; in fact, the Oregon Trail has been called one of the greatest cemeteries of the West.[8] Those who escaped the misfortunes of the journey pushed on with all haste in their eagerness to arrive at the gold fields. They abandoned all expendible furniture, food, and implements of all kinds. The carcasses of dead animals, broken-

down wagons and carts bespoke the haste and distress of the gold-seekers.

The surging waves of gold-hungry people in 1849 taxed to the limit the resources of the fort. It also brought again into the limelight the urgent need for military posts along the route of the Oregon Trail. For many years this matter had been vigorously urged. Thomas Fitzpatrick, Indian agent for the Plains Tribes, counseled such action with the congressmen in Washington. John C. Fremont, in 1842, had made a plea for the establishment of military posts as a means of protection to the emigrants. Senator Benton, fiery representative from Missouri and chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, exerted his influence in support of the measure. Francis Parkman, who had been in the region of Fort Laramie, noted the insolent attitude of the Indians and warned of trouble ahead. Consequently, in May 1846, a law was enacted providing for military forts in the West. At this time war clouds were hanging heavy over the country and a call to arms had been sounded to settle the difficulties with Mexico, hence action on the matter was delayed. In 1849, however, with the rush of the gold-seekers to California, immediate action came from the Army.

The strategic location of Fort Laramie made it ideal for a military garrison. There was an abundance of building material available within a short distance. From the Laramie River a constant supply of good water was assured. Lush grasses grew in the valley of the Laramie, and plenty of fuel for warmth could be secured with little effort. Then too, the post was already regarded as important because it was located in the midst of several powerful tribes of Indians, the principals of which, the Sioux and the Crows, had never been friendly to the whites. Consequently, on June 16, 1849, Major Winslow F. Sanderson of the United States Army, together with four other officers and fifty-eight men, arrived at the fort. Lieutenant Daniel P. Woodberry of the Engineer Corps was authorized to purchase the adobe structure from Mr. Bruce Husband, the proprietor, for $4,000. Additional troops soon arrived, followed by a supply train of 400 wagons out of Fort Leavenworth.

In the meantime Congress had appropriated $18,000 with which to begin construction on much needed buildings. The area about the fort became a hive of industry. The sound of the hammer, saw and ax amid the shouts of busy men, echoed in the near by hills. By winter the troops were comfortably housed in their new quarters.

Thus the flag of the United States was unfurled five-hundred miles from the frontiers of civilization, and Fort Laramie, ushered into her new role as the outstretched hand of the government, was to see her greatest period of service on the frontier of the Great West.

NOTES TO "FORT LARAMIE"

1. Francis Parkman. *California and Oregon Trail.* (New York, n.d.) p. 58.

2. C. G. Coutant. *History of Wyoming.* (Laramie, Wyoming, 1899) Vol. 1, p. 300.

3. LeRoy R. Hafen. *Fort Laramie, and the Pageant of the West, 1834-1890.* (California, 1938) p. 42.

4. Clyde Meehan Owens, "The Fur Traders," State of Wyoming Historical Department *Quarterly Bulletin,* Vol. 2 (January 15, 1925), p. 44; W. H. Powell, "Fort Laramie," *Collections of the Wyoming Historical Society,* (Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1897) Vol. 1, p. 177.

5. Grace Raymond Hebard. *The Pathbreakers from River to Ocean . . .* (California, 1940) p. 122. Comparing the Oregon Trail with the Santa Fe Trail, Dr. Hebard declared that the Oregon Trail, two thousand twenty miles long, "was very much the longer and more difficult, but it was proportionately more useful in the development of the far West."

6. B. H. Roberts. *Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.* (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1936), Vol. 3, p. 192.

7. Hafen, *op. cit.,* p. 120.

8. Alexander Majors. *Seventy Years on the Frontier.* (Denver, 1893) p. 259.

History of Albany County to 1880

SETTING THE STAGE: PRE-TERRITORIAL HISTORY

By LOLA HOMSHER

With the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, the area which is now known as Albany County, Wyoming, passed from the hands of the French into the possession of the United States. Although this portion of the Great American Desert was but little known, the French had apparently gained some idea of the terrain. At least it has been claimed that a Paris map of 1720, which showed the western regions, marked plainly the Laramie and Medicine Bow mountains and the Laramie Plains, though no details were given.[1] C. G. Coutant devotes a chapter to possible Spanish entry into present Wyoming, but if the Spanish entered this region, they left no known records which would substantiate his story.[2] Nor did the nomadic Indian tribes which traversed the country leave many permanent marks on it.

Southeastern Wyoming, in the later period, was the home of a branch of the Algonquian family of the American Indians, whose western division comprised three groups: the Blackfoot, the Cheyenne and the Arapaho.[3] Lewis and Clark found the Cheyenne, whose original habitat was in Minnesota, in the Black Hills region of present South Dakota. Pressure by the Sioux had driven them west,[4] and by the middle of the century both the Sioux and Cheyenne were in the Laramie Plains region.

The Indians were interested in this area for two reasons: from the "Good Medicine Bow" forest they obtained fine, straight poles for their teepees, and the Laramie Plains were a summer home of the buffalo.[5] That the plains were

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1. Francis Birkhead Beard, *Wyoming From Territorial Days to the Present*, Vol. I (Chicago, 1933), p. 2.
2. C. G. Coutant, *History of Wyoming*, Vol. I (Laramie, 1899), pp. 23-32. Breed disagrees with Coutant's theory and states that the Spanish advanced no farther than the forks of the Platte River in present Nebraska. He further contends that if Spanish trade goods were found in this territory they probably came here indirectly through a second trader, possibly the Blackfeet. Noel J. Breed, "Wyoming, 1873-1852, The Road to the West" (University of California, n.d.), pp. 1-5.
3. Frederick Webb Hodge, Ed., *Handbook of American Indians*, Vol. I (Washington, D. C., 1912), p. 39.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 251.
5. Coutant Notes, Albany County file, Hebard Collection, located in the Archives and Historical Manuscripts Division of the University of Wyoming Library.

also the natural home of an abundance of other wild life, even in a later period, is attested to by some of the geographic designations which still remain: Antelope Creek, Badger Lake, Bear Lake and Bear Creek, Beaver Dam Creek, Blacktail Creek, Bluejay Mountain, Bobcat Creek, Bull Creek, Coyote Canyon, Deer Creek and Deer Canyon, Duck Creek, Elk Creek, Foxpark and Fox Creek, Grouse Creek, Jackrabbit Creek, Sheep Mountain, Wild Cat Canyon and Silver Tip Creek.[6]

The Indians early in the nineteenth century began to have white visitors who came among them to remain and to trap the beaver. In Europe the beaver hat had become popular, and as the demand for beaver pelts grew, so Europe's demand began to change and to tame the West. Inroads were made upon the habitats of the Indians, who began early to feel the impact of Western civilization and to attempt to stem the tide.

The Laramie Plains and bordering mountains were not on the main line of travel. From the south it was easier to stay to the east of the Laramie Mountains, and the plains were not safe as, according to C. G. Coutant, this area was the battleground between the northern and southern tribes of Indians.[7] However, trappers did come into the area, either through the easy access from the north or because a path through the mountain heights shortened the length of the journey to their advantage.

According to Coutant the first white men to enter the area were Ezekiel Williams and his eight companions about 1807 or 1808. His story relates that Williams and his party had traveled to the headwaters of the Yellowstone River and its tributaries, where they successfully trapped for a time. But the Blackfeet, traditional enemies of the whites, drove them south. In the first battle against the Indians five of the party were killed, and in succeeding encounters with other tribes in their retreat, eight more lost their lives. It is possible that in making their way to safety the remainder of the group entered this region, crossed the range to the south, and went into present Colorado.[8]

Breed, however, discredits this story. He states that Williams was merely one of Manuel Lisa's trappers who

6. Raymond C. Emery, "A Dictionary of Albany County Place-Names" (Thesis submitted to the Department of English and Committee on Graduate Study at the University of Wyoming, 1940), pp. 97-98.

7. C. G. Coutant, *op. cit.*, p. 298.

8. *Ibid.*, pp. 70-73. Much of this story is based upon the book *The Lost Trappers* by D. H. Coyner (Cincinnati, 1859). Breed calls the whole thing a "newspaper story" by "a journalist writing western tales for a Virginia newspaper." Breed, *op. cit.*, p. 69.

was on a trading expedition with the Arapaho. According to his findings the party in which Williams was a member went south from Fort Manuel in 1810 or 1811 and followed the North Platte to its source in North Park.[9] If this is true, Williams probably did not enter present Albany County.

The legendary figure of Jacques la Ramie[10] was possibly the next trapper to enter the area. According to John Hunton, a pioneer of the Fort Laramie region who knew Jim Bridger and claimed to have heard the story directly from him, la Ramie came to that country at the head of a number of independent trappers about 1817. These men trapped along the Platte River and north, Jim Bridger being with them. In 1820 la Ramie went up the Laramie River, against the advice of the others and failed to return in the spring. A few years later the trappers learned that he had been killed by Indians and his body stuffed under the ice in a beaver pond.[11] Although the details of this story can probably never be confirmed Laramie did leave to the region the legacy of his name.

The Laramie Plains, soon after their bloody christening, were to be crossed by one of the most famous of the western fur barons, General Ashley, who broke the path for the later Overland Trail. Leaving Fort Atkinson at the mouth of the Platte River on November 3, 1824, Ashley and his party followed the river to the forks, where he chose the southern branch. Following the general course of the Long expedition of 1820, he turned in the vicinity of present-day Fort Collins, crossed the range to the north and entered the Laramie Plains, arriving about March 10, 1825.[12] Ashley was pleased with the valley and gave the first known description of it:

> . . . [he] was delighted with the varigated [sic] scenery presented by the valleys and mountains, which were enlivened by innumerable herds of buffalo, antelope and mountain sheep grazing on them, and what mostly added

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9. Breed, *loc. cit.*, p. 72.

10. The name is variously spelled as la Ramee, la Ramie, Larame, and Laramie. Most sources agree that he was a French Canadian.

11. Agnes Wright Spring, "Old Letter Book," *Annals of Wyoming,* Vol. 13 (October 1941), pp. 240-41; John Hunton, "Jim Bridger's Recollection of Jacques La Ramie about 1819 or 1820," *First Biennial Report of the State Historian of the State of Wyoming, with Wyoming Historical Collections.* (Laramie, 1920), p. 154. Hiram M. Chittenden gives the date of his death as 1821. H. M. Chittenden, *The American Fur Trade of the Far West,* Vol. I (New York, 1935), p. 468.

12. Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 33, and W. J. Ghent, *The Road to Oregon* (New York, 1929), p. 19.

> to their interest to the whole scene were the many small streams issuing from the mountains, bordered with a thin growth of small willows and richly stocked with beaver.[13]

The prospects were so exciting that his party moved slowly, trapping as they went, and remained on the plains until March 24.[14]

Yet another trapper was to leave an imprint upon this area. La Bonte, for whom a stream in the northern extreme of the county is named, trapped in the area in the 1840's. George F. Ruxton, an Englishman who spent a short time among the trappers of the Rocky Mountains at that date, recorded that the country where La Bonte and his companions were trapping

> . . . is very curiously situated in the extensive bend of the Platte which includes the Black Hill range on the north, and which bounds the large expanse of broken tract known as the Laramie Plains, their southern limit being the base of the Medicine Bow Mountains . . .[15]

Although others may have also trapped this area, for beaver were plentiful, they have left no known records of their adventures.

After Ashley's journey in 1825, there was some travel along the later Overland Trail,[16] but the first official exploration of this area was made by Captain John C. Fremont. In 1842 he had explored the South Pass country, and in 1843 he took the southern route, following General Ashley's trail of 1824-25. The party consisted of thirty-nine men, principally Creoles and Canadian French and a few Americans. Thomas Fitzpatrick acted as guide to the party[17] and Kit Carson was also a member.[18]

On July 30, 1843, Fremont's party encamped on a high prairie, broken by buttes and boulders and forming the dividing crest between the Laramie and the Cache la Poudre rivers.[19] By the following evening the party had reached the Laramie River proper. Commenting on the Laramie Plains, Fremont expressed himself much as had Ashley eighteen years earlier:

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13. Beard, *Loc. cit.*
14. *Ibid.*
15. George Frederick Ruxton, *In the Old West,* Horace Kephart, ed. (New York, 1924), p. 131.
16. Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 121.
17. Captain J. C. Fremont, *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the year 1842 and to Oregon and North California in the years 1843-44, 28 Congress, 2nd Session, Senate 174* (Washington, D. C., 1845), p. 105.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 116.
19. *Ibid.*, pp. 365-66.

> As we emerged on a small tributary of the Laramie River, coming in sight of its principal stream, the flora became perfectly magnificent; and we congratulated ourselves, as we rode along our pleasant road, that we had substituted this for the uninteresting country between Laramie hills and the Sweet Water valley. We had no meat for supper last night or breakfast this morning, and were glad to see Carson come in at noon with a good antelope.[20]

Although Fremont spent but three days on the Laramie Plains,[21] he proved that it was a part of the practicable route which in two decades hundreds of emigrants would follow, and across which the Overland Stage would thunder.

Six years were to elapse before the next military exploration was to include the Laramie Plains and vicinity again. On September 26, 1849, Captain Howard Stansbury and his party entered the area from the northwest and crossed southeasterly to the headwaters of Lodge Pole Creek.[22]

Excitement attended Stansbury's crossing, for on the second day eleven scouts in the party gave an alarm that Indians had been sighted. Immediately the train was halted. As no natural defense was available, the pack-mules and loose animals were caught and led by halters, the men formed into two lines behind the wagon, between which the led animals were driven, and the whole closed up by a guard in the rear.[23] When the alarm proved false, the party moved on, but an appearance of Indians a short time later made it prudent to stop on the banks of the Laramie River where an enclosure could be made.

In this situation Jim Bridger, the guide, proved of great value. The Indians, it was discovered, were a band of Ogallala Sioux who had believed the soldiers to be Crows. With the exchange of gifts and some slight thievery by the Indians, the two parties passed on without further molestation, Stansbury's party crossing the Laramie Mountains via Lodge Pole Creek,[24] a later emigrant route.

During this same year a party of Cherokee Indians, bound for California under Captain Evans of Arkansas, entered the Laramie Plains from the south, rounded Elk Mountain at the north end of the Medicine Bow Mountains,

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20. *Ibid.*, pp. 122-23.
21. *Ibid.*, pp. 365-68.
22. Howard Stansbury, *Exploration and Survey of the Great Salt Lake of Utah*, Special Session, March 1851, Ex. No. 3 (Washington, D. C., 1853), p. 251.
23. *Ibid.*
24. *Ibid.*, pp. 253-58.

and continued west. This event gave the name of Cherokee Trail to a part of the later Overland Trail.[25]

In 1854 the plains area saw its first private pleasure expedition, that of Sir George Gore of Sligo, Ireland. This wealthy peer had with him forty retainers, fourteen dogs, six wagons, twenty-one carts, twelve yoke of oxen and 112 horses.[26] Coutant states that his first pleasure excursion was through the Black Hills,[27] across the Laramie Plains and into North Park. This same account relates that one of Gore's men washed out some gold from a stream on the Laramie Plains, which would be the first recorded discovery of that mineral in present Albany County. Gore immediately moved camp to prevent a stampede of desertions from his ranks and kept the discovery from his men.[28]

The Laramie Plains area did not see much of permanent importance transpire until 1862. Because of Indian depredations along the old Oregon Trail, which made travel dangerous and expensive, and because of the gold rush in the present Denver area, Ben Holladay found it economically advantageous to change the route of his overland stage from the more northern route to one which went into present-day Colorado and then turned to cross the southern part of what is now Wyoming.[29] The new line, which was shorter, followed the South Platte River to the Cache la Poudre and up the valley to Virginia Dale. The line then crossed the Black Hills, traversed the Laramie Plains and rounded Elk Mountain, following closely the Cherokee Trail. The road, however, now took on the name of the stage company and became the Overland Trail.

Stations were built along the new line, and a table of distances indicates those located in present-day Albany County:[30]

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25. Ghent, *op. cit.*, pp. 156-57; Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 121; Le Roy Hafen, *Overland Mail* (Glendale, 1926), p. 230.

26. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *Bancroft's Works*, Vol. XXV (San Francisco, 1890), pp. 695-96.

27. The Laramie Mountains were often called the Black Hills because of their dark appearance on the eastern slopes, caused by heavy forests. Louis C. Coughlin, District Forest Supervisor, Laramie, April 3, 1949. Chittenden, *op. cit.*, p. 728.

28. Coutant, *op. cit.*, pp. 324-25; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, pp. 695-96. states only that Gore's party went north of Fort Laramie and makes no mention of a trip southwest of the fort.

29. Hafen, *op. cit.*, p. 231; Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

30. Frank A. Root and William E. Connelley, *The Overland Stage to California* (Topeka, 1901), p. 102.

Virginia Dale [Colorado], to Willow Springs, [Wyoming]	15 miles
Willow Springs to Big Laramie	15 miles
Big Laramie to Little Laramie	14 miles
Little Laramie to Cooper Creek	17 miles
Cooper Creek to Rock Creek [Carbon County]	11 miles

Emigrants soon changed their course across country also, and in 1864 Dr. J. W. Finfrock, acting surgeon at Fort Halleck on the southern Overland Trail in present Carbon County, recorded the following numbers had passed that point: "Waggons 4264; Stock, 50,000; Men &c. 17,584."[31]

The move to the south was fairly safe for a few years, but in 1865 a great deal of trouble was experienced on the Cherokee Trail section of the overland route. A number of raids were made by the Indians, seriously interrupting both stage and emigrant travel.

On June 8, 1865, a stage station near Ft. Halleck was attacked and five of the seven men stationed there were killed.[32] In August trouble again occurred between Fort Collins and Fort Halleck, and on August 4 twelve whites were killed and two captured between the Big Laramie and Rock Creek stage stations. N. E. Lewis, a hospital steward at Fort Halleck, later related how one of the captured men had been scalped, tied to a wheel of a wagon, bacon piled around him, and "he was burned in its flames."[33]

To carry out the mail contract, Frank A. Root, an employee of the Overland Stage Company, related how Bob Spotswood and Jim Steward, division agents, evolved a plan which proved successful:

> . . . (The plan), while it did not protect them from attack, still made victory rather difficult for the savages. Each allowed seven days' mail to accumulate at the headquarters of his division; the passenger travel, owing to the troubles, being very light. An escort of ten to fifteen cavalrymen, supplied from Fort Collins, went along, and, with this retinue, the seven coaches, and ten or a dozen men about the station, the two trains, west and eastbound, would forge along towards each other and meet midway. Among the prominent drivers of the coaches were Jim Enos, Bill Opdyke, Jake Hawk, Hank Brown, and several others, all more or less skilled in the "art" of fighting Indians. When everything went smoothly, it would only take a short time to exchange the mail and a few frightened passengers; then the teams and coaches would be turned back. Strange as it may seem, all the traveling in

31. Diary of Dr. J. W. Finfrock, 1864, last page. Finfrock Collection, archives and Historical Manuscripts Division of the University of Wyoming Library.

32. Hafen, *op. cit.*, p. 268.

33. *Ibid.*, p. 269; W. L. Kuykendall, *Frontier Days* (privately printed, 1917), p. 96.

this way was done at night, as it is a custom of the Indians seldom to fight except in the daytime. For over 200 miles all the stations were abandoned, and the stage men congregated for these expeditions at Virginia Dale and Sulphur Springs.[34]

The emigrants fared little better than did the stage employees. This same summer a party of thirty-five, returning from the west, were attacked, and a running battle ensued while the party attempted to reach Rock Creek Station. A woman and her two daughters, aged ten and sixteen, were killed while the remainder of the party were rescued by a large freight outfit. A white woman, who had been captured earlier by this party of warriors, was turned loose at this time, but nothing could be gleaned from her as she had lost her mind.[35]

Another battle occurred about the same time between a small detachment of soldiers and Indians. Sergeant Cooley of the First Colorado Cavalry and a detail of nine men, who were escorting two government supply wagons, saw a band of Indians approaching and ran for Phil Mandel's stage station on the Little Laramie. One soldier was killed and Sergeant Cooley, while holding the Indians from the rest of his party, also lost his life. The others of the group were aided by the station employees and escaped. A few days later it was discovered that the Indians had feasted on Mandel's cattle.[36]

Small parties were in grave danger during this year, and in spite of warnings they often attempted to travel to the west. One man, his wife and mother-in-law disregarded the warnings at La Porte and continued on. About seven miles from Mandel's station on the Little Laramie a party of Indians appeared, killed the mother-in-law, captured the wife and left the husband for dead. Being stunned only, he soon attracted the attention of a coach which had a military guard and had turned back to the Big Laramie to escape the Indians. The fate of the wife was never known.[37]

Al Huston and Jim Enos were stationed at Virginia Dale as hunters. Huston, feeling that the danger was too great in the timber, brush and rocks which surrounded the station, requested and secured a transfer to the Big Laramie sta-

34. Root, *op. cit.*, pp. 255-56. Sulphur Springs was a station just beyond Bridger Pass.
35. Kuykendall, *op. cit.*, pp. 92-94.
36. *Ibid.*, pp. 95-96.
37. *Ibid.*, pp. 96-97. No evidence seems to connect this with the story previously related of the woman who lost her mind.

tion. Enos remained at his post and was killed shortly afterwards.[38]

With travel increasing over the Laramie Mountains via the Lodge Pole route and over the Overland Trail, it became expedient to have a military post erected near the junction of these two routes which lay in the center of the Indian disturbances. Consequently 1866 saw the first permanent structures, other than the rude station houses, erected upon the Laramie Plains.

On June 19, 1866, Captain Henry R. Mizner assumed command of Fort Halleck under orders to dismantle it and remove it to a suitable site on the Big Laramie River and as near to the Overland Stage Route as possible.[39]

Mizner proceeded to obey instructions and reported on July 12, 1866, to Major J. P. Sherburne, Assistant Adjutant General, Department of the Missouri, that he had located the post so as to have a commanding position within a mile of Lodge Pole Creek route "over which the bulk of the emigration passes."[40]

In spite of instructions to locate close to the Overland Stage route, Mizner chose a spot on the east side of the river, six miles from the stage line, because, as he wrote,

> It would be impossible to complete the work assigned me, even by November, had I located on the westerly side of the river, especially as it is past fording, and I should be compelled to use the bridge of the Overland Stage Company at the same extortionate rates as characterize the Company or its employees in the charges to Emigrants, Freighters, &c. wherever a stream is met with, who freely declare more dread of these extortions than of the Indians. Already my Qr. Mr. has been notified that a charge is made against my command of $2.50 per wagon—over $1.00 for crossing on the bridge, and I cannot conscienciously approve such claim. . .[41]

A further difficulty arose with the Overland Stage Company when it claimed all hay for a breadth of twenty-five miles along its route.[42] This would have included all the good hay grounds near the military reservation, which occupied an area six miles square. To settle this question, Mizner ordered that the reservation be enlarged to nine miles square so that it would include the springs, which

38. *Ibid.*, p. 97.
39. Mizner to Bvt. Maj. General L. Thomas, Adj. Gen. U.S.A., Washington, D. C., June 19, 1866. This and following correspondence regarding Fort Sanders was obtained from the National Archives on microfilm by the Archives and Historical Manuscripts Division of the University of Wyoming Library.
40. Mizner to Sherburne, July 12, 1866.
41. *Ibid.*
42. Mizner to Sherburne, July 29, 1866.

were the source of Spring Creek, and the hay grounds.[43] Both difficulties were amicably settled when Mizner's order was carried out and the stage company moved its route so that it would be closer to the post.[44]

The post, originally intended for four companies, was named Fort John Buford when it was established, and it retained that name until September 1866 when it was changed to Fort Sanders in honor of Brig. Gen. W. P. Sanders.[45]

Difficulties of many kinds harassed Captain Mizner during the construction of the post. On September 14 he reported that a band of thieves on the Lodge Pole Creek route had run off several hundred horses and mules in a thirty-day period, one outfit losing nearly eighty animals. He complained that whites and Indians were both apparently causing trouble, but that while the post was under construction he did not have enough men to do anything about it.[46]

An incident which may have been related to this report was the experience of William L. H. Millar, a one-time messenger for the Overland Stage Company. In July of 1866 Millar had started for Salt Lake as a "mule whacker" driving a six-mule team. When the outfit reached Lodge Pole Creek the redskins stampeded all the mules, eighty-four head, and surrounded the party for five days. Government teams finally came to their relief and took them to Fort Sanders where the owners contracted with Abner Loomis to take them to Salt Lake with ox teams.[47]

About this time W. L. Kuykendall reported that while looking for a hay site north of the reservation he barely escaped a band of Indians who fled to the hills when he reached the safety of the fort.

A few days following this encounter an owner of a large mule train encamped for dinner near old Fort Walbach and was financially ruined when the Indians ran off his stock.[48]

A nuisance to the post commander was Jimmie Ferris, a former soldier, who established a road house at the Big Laramie overland stage station and planned a second one

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43. Mizner to Maj. H. G. Litchfield, Aide-de-camp [Omaha], Sept. 19, 1866.
44. *Ibid.*
45. "Record of Medical History of Posts No. 308, 1868-1872." (Located in the A.G.O. Division of the National Archives), p. 1.
46. Mizner to Litchfield, Sept. 14, 1866.
47. Root, *op. cit.*, p. 80. Abner Loomis was later a prominent stockgrower in northern Colorado.
48. Kuykendall, *op. cit.*, pp. 101-102.

at Seven Mile Creek. When soldiers began obtaining whiskey from Ferris, he was arrested and detained in the guard house, and temporarily at least this problem was solved.[49]

Although there were but a handful of people who had settled in present Albany County by choice in 1866, the area had become an important link in the east-west line of communication, and the foundations for a more secure future had been laid. The military post gave some assurance to those who wished to remain. A telegraph line, built by Ed. Creighton and C. H. Hutton in that year from Denver to Salt Lake City, gave instant communication with the outside world and removed a barrier to the region's isolation.[50] The transcontinental railroad, long discussed, was already approaching the territory and would soon cross the Laramie Mountains and the Laramie Plains. Its requirements would cause a permanent population to settle here. Political recognition was in the very near future, and the area would soon be able to take its place as a political entity on the map of the West.

POLITICAL BOUNDARIES

From 1821 to 1834 the Albany County area lay in the Unorganized Country of the Louisiana Purchase, for which there was no central government. During this period the territory was technically under the military supervision of the Western Department of the United States Army and under the administrative authority of the Upper Missouri Agency. This agency had been established in 1818 at Council Bluffs and apparently had in its territory all Indian tribes in the area drained by the Missouri River and its tributaries.[51]

In 1834 all lands both east and west of the Mississippi River which were not within the boundaries of any state or territory were named Indian Country. A Commissioner of Indian Affairs under the auspices of the War Department was given the power to regulate all intercourse and trade with the Indian tribes and to see that peace was maintained on the frontier. Under this status the future Albany County remained until 1854.[52]

While government could not affect the Albany County area because of its remoteness, the region was a part of three successive territories between 1854 and 1868. The

49. *Ibid.*, pp. 99-100.
50. Coutant Notes, *op. cit.*
51. Marie H. Erwin, *Wyoming Historical Blue Book* (Denver, 1946), p. 114.
52. *Ibid.*

first of these was Nebraska Territory which was created in 1854. Although a change in the territorial status of the northern half of present Wyoming was made in 1861, present Albany County was not affected until 1863 when it became a part of Idaho Territory.[53] In 1864 a change was again made and the area became a part of Dakota Territory,[54] remaining under this jurisdiction until the Territory of Wyoming was created on July 25, 1868, when President Andrew Johnson signed the Organic Act for the new territory.[55]

Government was by 1867 beginning to encroach upon the Laramie Plains area, for on January 9 of that year Laramie County was created with the county seat located at Fort Sanders. This new political division of Dakota included all of what is now Wyoming with the exception of the present Uinta, Lincoln, and Teton counties and Yellowstone Park. These were then a part of the territories of Utah and Idaho.[56]

W. L. Kuykendall, one of the first County Commissioners, gave as a reason for the creation of the new county that "The harsh exercise of military authority caused the Legislature of Dakota at its session the winter of 1866 to provide for the organization of Laramie County . . ."[57] Undoubtedly the vastness of the area and its isolation from the Dakota Territorial government also influenced the legislature in making the change.

Although the basis for the beginning of a form of government had been laid by the legislature, nothing was done, for, as Kuykendall explained:

> Hinman, Hopkins and myself were named as County Commissioners. We did not organize the county, for in the spring of 1867 there were not more than two hundred civilians all told and not a real settler in what is now Wyoming (unless Phil Mandel could be classed as such), very few having any property not exempt from taxation. The most potent reason, however, was our getting together somewhere on account of the Indians, as we were widely separated from each other. . .[58]

Failure to organize a government was not of great importance, however, for civilization was rapidly approaching on iron rails, and with the founding of Cheyenne in that year the Dakota Legislature redefined the boundaries

53. *Ibid.*, p. 116.
54. *Ibid.*
55. *Ibid.*, p. 128.
56. *Ibid.*, p. 406.
57. W. L. Kuykendall, *Frontier Days* (privately printed, 1917), p. 101.
58. *Ibid.*, p. 101.

of Laramie County, cutting it down to make Carter County in the western half and moving the county seat from Fort Sanders to Cheyenne on January 3, 1868.[59] The Laramie Plains area thus continued as a part of Laramie County, but the new county of Albany was soon to be created.

Laramie City was established in May of 1868 and on December 16 of that year Albany County was formed out of the western part of Laramie County with Laramie as the county seat. Albany County was, upon the establishment of Wyoming Territory, one of the four original counties,[60] although its government was not organized until after the creation of that territory.[61]

When the first territorial legislature of Wyoming met in 1869, the eastern boundary of Albany County as defined by the Dakota laws was accepted, but the western boundary was changed.[62] The boundaries as defined by law extended Albany County from the Colorado boundary on the south to the Montana boundary on the north. The eastern boundary lay on a north-south line which was indicated as lying through Bufort *(sic)* station of the Union Pacific Railroad.[63] The western boundary, also on a north-south line, lay one-half mile east of Como station of the Union Pacific.[64]

The Laramie County legislators of the Second Territorial Legislature, however, were not content with the defining of their western boundary, and on November 24, 1871, Council File number 15 was introduced,[65] which moved the boundary west of Buford so that it began in the center of Dale Creek Bridge on the Union Pacific Railroad and ran due north.[66] The second reading of the bill took place on November 27, at which time it was referred to the committee of the whole.[67] On December 5 the committee reported on the bill, recommending that it "do pass," which it did by a vote of five to four. J. E. Gates and S. W.

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59. Erwin, *op. cit.*, p. 407.
60. *Ibid.*, p. 408.
61. I. S. Bartlett, *History of Wyoming,* Vol. I (Chicago, 1918), p. 503.
62. Erwin, *op. cit.*, p. 409.
63. *General Laws, Memorials and Resolutions of the Territory of Wyoming, Passed at the First Session of the Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, October 12, 1869* (Cheyenne, 1870), pp. 388-89.
64. *Ibid.*, p. 387.
65. *Council Journal of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Wyoming, Second Session.* (Cheyenne, 1872), p. 49.
66. *General Laws, Resolutions and Memorials of the Territory of Wyoming, Passed at the Second Session of the Legislative Assembly* (Cheyenne, 1872), pp. 124-25.
67. *Council Journal,* Second Session, p. 50.

Downey, the Albany County representation, both voted against the measure.[68]

The House received the bill on December 5 and on that date it was rushed through the first and second readings.[69] On December 6 the bill was read the third time and passed.[70]

The Laramie Daily *Sentinel* immediately set up a cry at the action of the "rump" of the legislature, for at the time of the action by the House all of the Albany County representatives, M. C. Brown, T. J. Dayton and Ora Haley, who had returned home for the Thanksgiving holiday, were snowed in at Laramie and could not return to Cheyenne.[71]

On December 14 Governor Campbell returned the bill to the Council with a veto message. He had been petitioned to do so by citizens of Albany County, by two-thirds of the Council and by a majority of the House who asked that it be returned for reconsideration.[72] Twenty-four citizens of Sherman presented a petition for its recall claiming that the action "was predicated on a bogus and fraudulent petition, presented by a member of the House of Representatives from Laramie County."[73]

In spite of this action the Council passed the bill over the governor's veto on the day it was returned. The Albany County Council delegates split their votes with Gates voting against and Downey voting for it.[74] On the following day the House also passed the bill over the veto with the Albany County delegation voting solidly against it.[75] The bill then became one of the regular laws which appeared in the 1871 statutes and was signed by the Speaker of the House Sheeks and Council President Nuckolls as passed over the governor's veto.[76]

The area under dispute contained some $200,000 worth of taxable property, not an inconsiderable amount at that date,[77] and Albany County refused to give it up. The question was immediately brought before the Supreme Court and, on November 12, 1872, a decision was handed down by that body which declared that the act of the legislature

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68. *Ibid.*, pp. 61-63.
69. *House Journal of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Wyoming, 2nd Session* (Cheyenne, 1872), p. 91.
70. *Ibid.*, p. 92.
71. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* December 7, 1871, 3:3.
72. *Council Journal,* Second Session, p. 99.
73. *House Journal,* Second Session, p. 166.
74. *Council Journal,* Second Session, p. 99.
75. *House Journal,* Second Session, p. 165.
76. *General Laws,* Second Session, pp. 124-25.
77. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* December 7, 1871, 3:3.

was not in accordance with the organic act and consequently was illegal and void.[78]

The railroad had meanwhile paid the tax on its assets between Buford and Dale Creek to Laramie County, and Albany County was anxious to collect this amount. The Albany County Commissioner appointed Ludolph Abrams, Chairman of the Board, to collect the money from the Union Pacific Company for taxes for the year 1872 on property in this area "which has been in dispute between the counties of Laramie and Albany."[79] In 1881 the Albany County Commissioners attempted to settle all future boundary differences by asking Laramie County to defray half the expense for a survey and marking of the boundary.[80]

In 1873 a second dispute arose between Albany and Laramie counties with Carbon County also involved. Laramie County brought suit against the other two counties in an attempt to recover a portion of the indebtedness existing against Laramie County at the time of the organization of Albany and Carbon counties,[81] amounting to some $18,000.[82] The suit was dismissed in the Territorial Supreme Court upon the ground that the court had no power to levy a contribution upon the defendants to pay this indebtedness in the absence of any legislative act authorizing the collection.[83]

The suit was eventually carried to the United States Supreme Court where a decision was handed down against Laramie County in 1876. Albany County disclaimed any responsibility and claimed that the indebtedness was incurred before there were either people or taxable property in Carbon and Albany counties,[84] though it would be reasonable to assume that some expense must have accumulated during the eleven months that these counties were a part of the larger Laramie County.

While the population of Albany County was centered in the southern section, and the northern portion was in the Indian Territory north of the Platte River which was closed to all settlement by whites, very little consideration was given to the northern end of the county. Attempts

78. *Ibid.*, November 13, 1872, 3:2.
79. County Commissioners Record, 1871-1882 (Albany County Clerk's Office, Laramie), February 24, 1873, p. 120.
80. *Ibid.*, February 16, 1881, p. 484.
81. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* March 13, 1873, 3:1.
82. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel,* March 27, 1876, 2:1.
83. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* March 13, 1873, 3:1.
84. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel,* March 27, 1876, 2:1. W. C. Bramel and W. W. Corlett handled this case before the U. S. Supreme Court for Albany County. County Commissioners Record, 1871-1882, May 6, 1874, p. 166.

were constantly being made to force the government to abrogate the treaty with the Indians, and in 1876 this became an accomplished fact. Anticipating the transfer of the jurisdiction of this area from the Indian Bureau to the Territory and a resulting influx of population, Governor Thayer in his message to the Fourth Legislative Assembly recommended that new counties in this area be provided for. As reasons for this suggestion he pointed out that the new centers of population would be located at great distances from the county seats, especially in Laramie, Albany, Carbon and a part of Sweetwater counties, all of which would be affected, and this would consequently vastly increase the cost of all public business and in a large degree deprive these new settlers of the protection and assistance of the government.[85]

Following this advice, the legislature, on December 8, 1875, formed two new counties, Pease and Crook, the latter of which was taken from the northern portions of Albany and Laramie counties. This changed the northern boundaries of the old counties from the parallel of 45° north latitude, the northern boundary of Wyoming Territory, to the parallel of 43° 30′ north latitude,[86] breaking for the first time the longitudinal boundary lines of four of the five original counties.

The act also provided that the new counties would be organized only upon petition of 500 electors residing within the limits of the counties.[87] Settlers were slow to move into the Crook County area and the county was not organized until January 22, 1885. Laramie therefore remained the nominal seat of government for part of the area until that date.[88]

Albany County citizens made no objections to the cutting off of the northern portion of their land, for they were at this same time interested in the more pressing problem of their southwestern boundary. As the editor of the daily newspaper stated the proposition:

> There is one matter to which we wish to call the attention of the Legislature, which is, to change the western boundary line of Albany county, so as to include the Centennial mining district in this county. We here have no wish to encroach upon the railroad or other taxable property of Carbon county, but these mines are, so far as now discovered, owned and worked by the residents of this

85. John M. Thayer, *Message of Governor Thayer to the Fourth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, Convened at Cheyenne, November 2, 1875* (Cheyenne, 1875), p. 7.
86. *Compiled Laws of Wyoming* (Cheyenne 1876), pp. 198-201.
87. *Ibid.*, p. 199.
88. Erwin, *op. cit.*, p. 1164.

> county and city, and this place is where they want to come to make their filings and do their business.
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> If they are to be compelled to go clear to Rawlins they must come here to Laramie City and then go 140 miles from home to do their business, which will subject them to great cost and inconvenience. And before the meeting of another Legislature there is liable to be a large population there—large enough, in fact, to outvote all the rest of Carbon county, and even bring the county seat of that county to them instead of going clear to Rawlins to transact their business.[89]

No change of this kind was forthcoming in 1875, however, but as mining in the Keystone and Jelm area continued to grow in importance, more agitation secured a change in this boundary in the Ninth Wyoming Legislative Assembly in 1886, and Albany County lost its longitudinal character when it detached from Carbon County a rectangle of territory.[90]

Albany County was to experience but one more change in her boundaries. On March 9, 1888, the Tenth Wyoming Legislative Assembly created and defined the boundaries of Converse County, cutting the northern boundary of Albany County to the Seventh Standard parallel north.[91]

PHYSICAL FEATURES

Albany County contains an area of 2,824,720 acres,[92] a large portion of which is occupied by the Laramie Plains, an area approximately ninety miles long and thirty miles at its greatest width. The surface of this plains area is gently rolling with broad valleys along the principal streams separated by low, flat-topped ridges. A number of depressions are to be found, the largest of which is Big Hollow, an area about nine miles long and three miles wide with a maximum depth of about 200 feet below its rim, located on the divide between the Laramie and Little Laramie rivers. Big Basin, northwest of Laramie, is similar in character but smaller. Both depressions contain small alkaline ponds. Cooper Lake and James Lake in this vicinity form two other depressions which are much smaller. In

89. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* November 23, 1875, 3:1.

90. *Revised Statutes of Wyoming, In Force January 1, 1887* (Cheyenne 1887), p. 235.

91. *Session Laws of Wyoming Territory passed by the Tenth Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne on the Tenth Day of January, 1888* (Cheyenne 1888), p. 217.

92. J. F. Deeds, Depue Falck, E. R. Greenslet, R. E. Morgan and W. L. Hopper, "Land Classification of the Central Great Plains, Part 3, Southeastern Wyoming" (U.S.G.S. mimeographed pamphlet No. 25654, N.D.), p. 27.

the southern part of the county are to be found numerous other small lakes and ponds,[93] including Hutton, Creighton, and George lakes, all of which contain pure water, and Steamboat Lake which is impregnated with alkali.[94]

To the south, east and north of the plains the Laramie Mountains curve along the boundary line, forming a great semicircle which cuts the Laramie Plains from the Great Plains area. To the west of the plains lie the Medicine Bow Mountains, curving away from the plains about two-thirds of the way up from the southern boundary and forming a natural pass to the west. The altitude of the entire county is high, ranging from about 7,000 feet[95] to 10,274 feet, the summit of Laramie Peak.[96]

The county lies in the drainage basin of the North and South Platte Rivers. The Laramie River enters the area between the Laramie and Medicine Bow Mountains in the southwestern corner and flows northward across the Laramie basin, eastward through the Laramie Mountains and across the high plains to the North Platte. It is fed by tributaries from both the Medicine Bow and Laramie mountains.[97]

The northeastern corner of the county is drained by tributaries of the Medicine Bow River, also a tributary of the North Platte. The southeastern corner of the area lies within the drainage basin of the tributaries to the South Platte River, with Lodgepole and Crow creeks the principal streams.[98]

Because of the extreme altitude of the entire area, the climate is rather severe. At Centennial records kept 1899-1907 and 1911-1926 indicate that that immediate area has a growing season of eighty-nine days and an annual precipitation of 17.43 inches. At Fox Park tabulations kept 1910-1926 record frost every month. The rainfall measured at this point for that period was 17.82 inches, most of which drains off into the Platte River drainage basin. Rock River records 1913-1918 indicate an average growing season of ninety-six days and a precipitation of 12.14 inches. At Laramie the average growing season is 111 days, long enough for the growth of a number of crops, but the average

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93. *Ibid.*, pp. 5-6.
94. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, September 22, 1871, 3:3.
95. Wyoming Highway Map, 1947.
96. Deeds, *op. cit.*, pp. 28-29.
97. *Ibid.*, p. 6; U.S.G.S. Base Map compiled by R. B. Marshall, Chief Geographer, and A. F. Hassan, Cartographer, 1913.
98. *Ibid.*

rainfall of 11.33 inches, measured for the years 1869-1926, is one of the principal factors adverse to agriculture.[99]

In the Laramie Plains area the soils consist mainly of clay or sandy loam mixed with gravel. In the depressions excess quantities of alkali salts have been deposited from the run-off which has entered the areas and evaporated.[100] In the adjacent mountain area the soil is principally a granitic gravelly loam.[101]

The vegetation of the county plains area consists chiefly of gama grass, nigger wool, prairie June grass and wheat grass. On the better soils needle grass is found, and tripple awn is noticeable on dry gravelly benches. Rabbit brush, mountain sage and match weed are found in widely scattered areas. Where the soil is alkaline, particularly in the depressions, salt grass and greasewood dominate. The western boundary of the Laramie Plains marks approximately the western limit of the short-grass vegetation in Wyoming, and along this line the short-grass gives way to a shrub type, and species of both are found intermingled.[102]

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99. Deeds, *op. cit.*, pp. 16-17.
100. *Ibid.*, p. 7.
101. *Ibid.*, pp. 28-29.
102. *Ibid.*, pp. 14-15.

TOWNS AND VILLAGES

Laramie

The sale of lots in Laramie began about April 20, 1868. Anticipating large profits through lot speculation, between two and three hundred people had, for nearly a month prior to that date, been camped on the plains surrounding the site which the Union Pacific had platted for the town. Within the first week over four hundred lots were sold or contracted for, and in less than two weeks five hundred structures were erected.[1] Buildings were crude and of a temporary character, composed of logs, cross ties stood on end with canvas roof, tents and boards, all of which could be easily taken down and moved to a new point on the road.[2] But a new town had been born, and when the railroad entered it on May 10, 1868, a gala crowd was at hand to cheer it onward.[3]

The first population was in the aggregate composed largely of the flotsam and jetsam of humanity which followed the railroad. According to Triggs, early historian of Laramie, the population grew to about 5,000 in the first three months,[4] but as the railroad extended westward the majority followed it, and two years later the census showed a population of only 828 in Laramie and the immediate vicinity.[5]

An early attempt was made for city government, and on May 8, 1868, a mass meeting was held at which the following officers were nominated: M. C. Brown for Mayor, John Gurrelle for Marshal, E. Nagle, J. C. Chrisman, G. P. Drake, and M. Townsley for Trustees, and P. H. Tooley for Clerk. The entire slate was elected on May 12, and an effort was made to form a strong and efficient government. But the rough element of the new town was too strong, and by the end of third week in office the newly elected government began resigning, leaving the town with no government whatsoever.[6]

1. J. H. Triggs, *History and Directory of Laramie City, Wyoming Territory* (Laramie, 1875), pp. 3-5; Mrs. Cyrus Beard, "Early Days in Wyoming Territory," *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol 10, No. 2 (April 1938), p. 92.
2. Triggs, *op. cit.*, p. 5.
3. *Ibid.* *The Cheyenne Leader* on May 5, 1868, reported that the first train reached Laramie May 4 and that "Real estate went up as the fluid extract of corn went down, and the value of city lots exceeded greenbacks." 4:3, Most sources gave May 10 as the date of entry of the first train into Laramie.
4. *Ibid.*
5. *Statistics of the Population of the United States*, Ninth Census, Vol. I (Washington, D. C., 1872), p. 295.
6. Triggs, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

The wild element ruled without interference until August, when a vigilance committee, composed of about twenty members, organized in an attempt to bring some order out of chaos and make the town safe for honest people. Their one action, the hanging of a young man known as the "Kid," quickly organized the lawless element who boasted of their strength and the vengeance they would inflict upon those who complained. The crime wave, however, grew to such proportions that a second vigilance committee numbering several hundred was formed.

The vigilantes laid their plans carefully, and on the night of October 18 planned to strike simultaneously at all the gambling halls. Although the plan miscarried and the dance hall "Belle of the West" was attacked before the given time, the raid was successful from the standpoint of results. Three men were killed, one of the committee, a member of the band and a noted desperado, and about fifteen were wounded. Three of the leading roughs, Con Wager, Asa Moore and Big Ed were hanged that night and the next morning Big Steve joined them on a nearby telegraph pole. The majority of the lawless element left town within a few days and the remainder joined the vigilance committee.[7]

With the restoration of a kind of order, the majority of substantial citizens dropped from the vigilance group, leaving it to the rougher element which had joined it. As a result unsettled and somewhat lawless conditions remained until the new territorial government became effective. With the appointment of the territorial court and with the services of N. K. Boswell, first sheriff of the county, a greater security was established.[8]

The citizens of Laramie had a second cause of insecurity: they could not perfect titles to their lots. The railroad company had platted the townsite not upon their own land, as was usually the case, but upon the Fort Sanders Military reservation which occupied part of a section the Union Pacific should have received. The company had sold lots without the legal right to do so, and the citizens of Laramie who had paid their money in good faith did not know whether or not they would be allowed to keep their property. Agitation was begun in 1870 for the cutting down of the reservation, and it was urged that the title be given to the company by Congress. If this were not done,

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7. *Ibid.*, pp. 7-11. Editor Hayford later kept the skull of Big Neck (Ed Buston) on his desk, *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, May 1, 1875, 3:1.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 13-17.

it was feared that the land might be thrown open for settlers, and titles obtained from the company would be worthless.[9]

Nothing was done in regard to reducing the reservation until 1874. While the question was being discussed in Congress, a number of persons jumped claims and fenced lands on the townsite, with the hope that the land would not revert to the railroad company. They were warned against this practice and, when the act was passed and approved June 9, 1874, were forced to move from it when the land became the property of the company.[10]

In 1871 an act providing for the election of two justices and three constables had been passed by the Territorial Legislature, but no provision was made under which the town could form a city government.[11] This situation was not too satisfactory, and agitation for an act allowing the city to incorporate secured the passage of such a law in December of 1873.[12]

Laramie began its career of city government in January, 1874, with the election of five trustees: Dr. William Harris; Dr. J. H. Finfrock; Robert Galbraith, Division Master Mechanic of the U.P.R.R.; T. J. Webster of the firm of Slack and Webster, *Laramie Independent;* and James Vine, furniture dealer.[13] Dr. Harris was elected chairman of the board and *ex officio* Mayor. The new board appointed as city officers John McLeod, Clerk and Assessor; M. A. Hance, Marshal; and L. D. Pease, Treasurer.[14] Immediate organization was affected and city ordinances were passed.

Satisfaction was expressed in regard to the new government for it was believed that it would not cost more than under the old arrangement whereby citizens paid fifty cents or a dollar a week for a night watchman and were forced to buy all water without hope of a city government to aid in supplying that commodity.[15] Salaries were set at $75 per month for marshal, and $50 per month for city clerk, treasurer, assessor and policemen.[16]

Laramie had not been entirely without public services, although as indicated the people had furnished them without the aid of government. Agitation for the organization

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9. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, December 12, 1870, 2:1.
10. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* June 20, 1874, 3:3. Prices of lots ranged from $25 on the outskirts of town to $250 in the business district, May 30, 1875, 3:4.
11. *Ibid.*, December 30, 1871, 3:2. *General Laws, Second Session* (Cheyenne, 1872), pp. 91-101.
12. *Ibid.*, December 26, 1873, 3:1.
13. *Ibid.*, January 14, 1873, 3:1; Triggs, *op. cit.*, p. 17.
14. *Ibid.*, January 20, 1874, 3:2.
15. *Ibid.*, June 23, 1874, 3:1.
16. *Ibid.*, January 21, 1875, 3:1.

of a fire-fighting company was begun in 1870, but it took a fire to bring home to the people their needs in that regard. On January 9, 1871, Laramie was visited by its first fire and two buildings were badly damaged.[17] Citizens were warned to be careful of chimneys and coal oil lamps, as it was pointed out that Laramie might have been completely destroyed had a wind been blowing.

Working quietly N. F. Spicer immediately collected a sum of money with which he purchased four long ladders with hooks and trails, three hooks, one truck wagon, four axes, eighteen buckets and ropes and chains.[18] A permanent volunteer fire company was organized which served the community until the government took over that function.[19]

A second public service which was supplied to the townspeople by private initiative was the furnishing of water. Water was taken from the city springs east of Laramie and brought through town by means of ditches. This proved to be a source of convenience and danger, convenient as one had to but step to the street to draw a bucket of water for his use, but dangerous for small children at any time and to adults at night. Mrs. M. C. Brown related that

> Most people used the water from the ditches for ordinary purposes, but for drinking we had water brought from the river which was quite expensive. People often sank barrels in the ditches and so had a quantity to dip from, but those barrels were very treacherous on a dark night; one was liable to step into them. My sister-in-law, in getting out of a carriage one night very agilely jumped right into one. The worst of it was she had on a beautiful new gown her mother had sent her from Philadelphia . . . There were no sidewalks to guide one and the ditches were level with the streets so it was quit a feat to keep out of the water. I often wonder how mothers ever kept their little children out of those attractive ditches for there were no fences around the shacks of houses people lived in.[20]

The ditches gave to Laramie one advantage over many other plains towns; they enabled people to plant trees and

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17. *Ibid.*, January 9, 1871, 2:1-2.
18. *Ibid.*, January 24, 1871, 3:1; October 20, 1871, 3:2.
19. County Commissioners Record, 1871-1882 (Albany County Clerk's Office) May 7, 1873, p. 128.
20. Hebard Collection, Albany County, Archives and Historical Manuscripts Division, University of Wyoming Library.

to water gardens, giving to the town a more attractive appearance than it might otherwise have had.

In 1871 a company took charge of the water supply and ditches under the charge of N. F. Spicer, Henry Hodgman, Ira Pease and their associates. They proposed to lay wooden pipes, deep enough to be safe from frost, to Laramie from the springs and to pipe it to individual homes.[21] One thousand logs were cut for this purpose,[22] but the work was apparently never accomplished.

The Board of County Commissioners regulated the rates charged by the company and established the following:

Ranches for irrigating purposes	$ .25 per week per acre
City lots, for irrigating purposes	.10 per week per lot
Stone and brick masons	1.00 per week each
Stores	.25 per week each
Saloons	.50 per week each
Hotels	1.00 per week each
Restaurants	.50 per week each
Bakeries	.50 per week each
Private houses	.25 per week each
Blacksmith	.50 per week each[23]

Complaints were often made about this water supply. The farmers east of town broke the ditches to irrigate their crops, cutting the supply to town completely off.[24] The townspeople were careless about throwing rubbage into the ditches with the result that they became filthy. They were also careless about the rubbage which piled up in the streets and about their homes, and it became almost impossible to keep that from the ditches when the wind blew.[25] The company changed hands several times and finally the government was forced to take it over and regulate both the upkeep of the ditches and the distribution of the water. Because of the growth of the town and the needs of the farmers, the town was divided into six districts, with one district being served each day. The Board of Trustees further passed an ordinance which stated that any person placing a barrel, tub or receptacle for water in the "street, alley or side walk without keeping it covered (was) liable to a fine of five to fifty dollars and deemed guilty of a nuisance."[26]

21. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* April 8, 1871, 3:2.
22. *Ibid.,* June 24, 1871, 3:2.
23. County Commissioners Record, 1871-1882, July 17, 1871, p. 35.
24. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* June 13, 1871, 3:2.
25. *Ibid.,* May 20, 1874, 1:1.
26. *Ibid.,* May 21, 1873, 3:1.

The water supplied by private individuals from the river for drinking purposes was often unsatisfactory also. Complaint was made of it that it was "filthy, rily water, which washes all the barnyards, corrells (sic) and dead sheep and cattle on the river bottom between here and the mountains."[26] But the people did not feel that the city springs water was pure, and until the rolling mills piped the water into town they continued to buy it by the barrel for drinking purposes.[27]

The people of Laramie were not without cleanliness however, as an advertisement in the *Sentinel* in 1874 would testify:

> Cleanliness next to Godliness. C. A. Jones' Bath House. Now open to the public with all the improvements and modern conveniences.
>
> Hot Baths, 50 cts.
> Cold or Plunge Baths, 25 cts.
> Saturdays till 4 p. m., exclusively for Ladies.
> Rooms South of Machine Shops.
> Cigars and Soda Water for refreshments.[28]

Water was piped to Laramie by the Union Pacific company at the time they built the rolling mills in 1875, and some individuals were quick to take advantage of the new convenience. Editor Hayford on April 3, 1875, expressed his gratitude to Mr. Joseph Richardson for the privilege of being ahead of everyone else in getting water piped into his residence.[29] This was not generally true, however. In 1876 the railroad company offered to lay pipes at cost on streets where there were enough residents who were willing to pay for the work and the water, and individuals were restrained from tampering with pipes for their own use.[30]

The Laramie water situation was finally settled when a bill was passed by the Territorial Legislature which gave control of the water works and the supply to the city.[31] This bill was introduced at the suggestion of the railroad officials who had expressed a willingness to turn them over to the city authorities who thereafter became responsible for their upkeep.[32]

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27. Interview with Mrs. Mary Bellamy, Laramie, February, 1949.
28. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* June 8, 1874, 3:4. This ran in the paper for many months.
29. *Ibid.,* April 3, 1875, 3:3.
30. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel,* May 22, 1876, 2:4.
31. *Revised Statutes of Wyoming,* 1887 (Cheyenne 1887), pp. 137-38.
32. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel,* December 24, 1877, 2:4.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company had supplied the town of Laramie with the services of a hospital at the time of its founding. This was the only hospital on the main line of road at that date and it was designed to accommodate all the sick or wounded among its employees. Laramieites were certain that the Laramie Plains had been chosen because of the "peculiar healthiness of the locality and the salubrity of the air and water, . . ."[33] The company hospital was maintained until early in 1871 when it was discontinued as a result of a new plan under which the company cared for the sick and wounded on each separate subdivision of the road.[34]

For the next few years the question of a hospital was one which troubled the people of Laramie, and several attempts were made to attract religious orders whose members cared for the sick and afflicted. The first of these negotiations took place in 1871 between the Railroad Company and Father Paulus of the Alexandrine Brothers. Father Paulus was interested in the possibilities of a hospital at Laramie, and stated that if the advantages of the country would justify it, he would also interest himself in locating German colonies in the valley.[35] Apparently an agreement could not be reached, for the German Monks did not come to Laramie.

A second attempt to establish a hospital was made by Father Cusson of the Catholic Church, which was very successful. Arrangements were made with Mother Xavier Rose of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas, for a group of the Sisters to organize and run the former Union Pacific hospital.[36] Four Sisters of Charity arrived in Laramie in December of 1875 to begin the work of getting the hospital ready for use. The citizens of the town were called upon to contribute to the necessary means to furnish it,[37] but the railroad company, at its own expense, completely repaired and rearranged the building into convenient wards and rooms.[38] On February 1, 1876, Sister Joanna, Sister Martha, Sister Mary Agnes and Sister Mary de Pazzeii opened the hospital for patients.[39]

Laramie's first medical insurance plan was begun on a voluntary basis when it became established that the Sisters

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33. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* May 4, 1871, 3:2.
34. *Ibid.,* September 16, 1870, 3:1; January 3, 1871, 3:1.
35. *Ibid.,* May 9, 1871, 3:2.
36. Patrick McGovern, *History of the Diocese of Cheyenne* (Cheyenne 1941), p. 120.
37. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* December, 14, 1875, 3:1.
38. *Ibid.,* December 31, 1875, 3:3.
39. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel,* January 31, 1876, 2:2.

were to open and have charge of the hospital. Citizens circulated papers which were extensively signed under which the signers agreed to pay a monthly stipend of about one dollar per month in consideration of which the signer was to have free care at the hospital in case of sickness or accident.[40] For the same purpose the railroad company made plans to levy a tax of perhaps fifty cents per month on all employees who did not have homes and families in Laramie.[41] Whether or not this plan was carried into effect is not known, although each of the rolling mill employees did contribute that amount monthly.[42]

The hospital which the Union Pacific had furnished soon proved inadequate, and a new building was planned. Colonel Downey, feeling that the institution should be built, at least in part, by a public tax, introduced a bill in the Territorial Legislature in 1877 which provided for the appropriation of $3,000 to aid in its erection. The cornerstone for the new building was laid on August 31, 1878, with appropriate ceremonies,[43] but before its completion it was destined to meet with great difficulties. By January, 1879, the building was but half completed, the organization was $5,000 in debt, and $15,000 more was required for its completion. Construction was halted for a considerable time, and it was not until 1883 that the three-story brick building known as St. Joseph's hospital was ready for occupation.[44]

Laramie was early supplied with business houses of all descriptions and many of the earliest merchants became prominent citizens of the town for many years to follow. The Laramie City Business Directory in May of 1870 listed the following establishments:

Banking: Rogers & Co.
Bakery: A. T. Williams
Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods: Silverstein Bros., H. Frank, L. T. Wilcox
Crockery and Glassware: Shuler & Spindler, L. T. Wilcox
Dry Goods: Mrs. Amelia Hatcher, Silverstein Bros.
Drugs and Medicines: O. Gramm
Groceries and Provisions: E. Ivinson, M. G. Tonn, H. H. Richards, L. T. Wilcox
Hardware: Shuler & Spindler, C. R. Leroy, L. T. Wilcox
Hotels: European Hotel, New York House, Frontier Hotel

40. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, September 19, 1875, 3:4.
41. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, January 31, 1876, 2:2.
42. *Ibid.*, August 7, 1876, 1:4.
43. *Ibid.*, August 31, 1878, 2:4.
44. McGovern, *op. cit.*, p. 123. This building is now the property of the University of Wyoming and is known as Talbot Hall.

Jewelry: Miller & Pfeiffer, L. T. Wilcox
Liquors and Tobacco: H. Altman, Dawson & Bros.
Livery: John Wright
Meats and Vegetables: Hutton & Co.
News and Stationery: T. D. Abbott
Painting: C. Kuster[45]

Before the end of the year A. Vogelseng had opened a shoe business in which he advertised himself as a manufacturer and wholesale and retail dealer in boots, shoes and leather.[46] McFadden & Bishop opened a photo studio and advertised "Pictures taken in all styles and sizes of the art, up to a full life-sized portrait. Pictures finished in India Ink or Oil Colors."[47] A. T. Williams' Soda and Ice Cream rooms at the Eagle Bakery were opened and offered a man a place he could go "with his lady friends and sit down in the cool quiet rooms and have a dish of strawberries and cream, a glass of Soda or iced lemonade, and any quantity and variety of cooling tropical fruits."[48] N. C. Worth entered the dry goods, grocery, liquor and tobacco business,[49] but he was later better known for Worth's Hotel which he ran for many years.[50]

Other merchants who opened businesses in Laramie during the 1870's and whose families are either still in business or are yet well remembered were: W. H. Holliday & Co. whose lumber yard was started in Laramie in 1871;[51] Simon Durlacher, who opened a clothing store in 1872;[52] James Vine, furniture dealer;[53] Fred Bath, who opened a brewery and beer garden near the railroad bridge;[54] Mrs. William Cordiner who opened a millinery and dress making establishment in 1874;[55] S. M. Hartwell, photographer, who established himself in Laramie in 1875;[56] and Dr. J. H. Finfrock who opened his drug store in the same year.[57]

Henry Wagner has been given credit for being the first merchant to come to Laramie. In February of 1868 he brought a small stock of clothing and dry goods to the

45. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* May 10, 1870, 3:1.
46. *Ibid.,* June 2, 1870, 3:3.
47. *Ibid.,* May 26, 1870, 2:2.
48. *Ibid.,* June 24, 1870, 3:2.
49. *Ibid.,* November 25, 1870.
50. *Ibid.,* January 14, 1873, 3:4.
51. *Ibid.,* January 23, 1871.
52. *Ibid.,* April 10, 1872, 3:2.
53. *Ibid.,* June 6, 1871, 3:1.
54. *Ibid.,* June 9, 1873, 3:1.
55. *Ibid.,* September 30, 1874, 3:5; November 10, 1874, 3:2.
56. *Ibid.,* August 17, 1875, 3:1.
57. *Ibid.,* July 29, 1875, 3:5.

vicinity and opened up a business in a tent near the creek. In April of the same year he built a cabin, the first building to be put up in Laramie, and began business in the new town. In 1869 he put up a two story frame building which he occupied until he completed the first brick building in Laramie September of 1871, when his store was moved into the new quarters.[58]

The banking business changed hands rapidly the first few years of Laramie's existence. Posey S. Wilson and Company followed Rogers and Company, and in May, 1871, Mr. Edward Ivinson bought out the Wilson Company.[59] Both Rogers and Wilson were Cheyenne bankers, and it was with relief that Laramie felt she would no longer have to "depend for . . . stability upon the fortunes of war between rival and foreign Bankers, nor upon the caprice or financial condition of citizens of a rival town." Mr. Ivinson had been one of the first citizens of Laramie, one of its most important business men, and was highly respected.[60]

Editor Hayford and Edward Ivinson were not on good terms during much of the 1870's, and Hayford took every opportunity, beginning in 1873, to vilify him[61] and to urge the establishment of a second bank. This was not accomplished until June of 1877 when Wagner and Dunbar opened their banking concern.[62] By August 20 Hayford solemnly declared that

> Their bank, during the brief period since it commenced business here, has reduced the price of exchange one-half and of interest one-third. . . . The need of good healthy competition in the banking business has long been felt here, and we trust the new bank will receive liberal patronage and encouragement from our business men.[63]

Professional services were at hand for Laramie from its founding, also. The professional directory of 1870 listed the following professional people, the majority of whom had been here since 1868:

A. G. Swain—Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds
L. D. Pease—County Clerk and Recorder and Justice of the Peace

58. *Ibid.*, September 20, 1871, 3:2; October 26, 1874, 3:2.
59. *Ibid.*, May 29, 1871, 3:3.
60. *Ibid.*, May 29, 1871, 3:3.
61. *Ibid.*, May 31, 1873, 3:2; August 5, 1873, 3:1; May 29, 1874, 3:1.
62. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, June 11, 1877, 3:1.
63. *Ibid.*, August 20, 1877, 3:1.

M. C. Brown—Attorney at Law
E. L. Kerr—Attorney and Counselor at Law
L. P. Cory—Attorney at Law
Dr. G. F. Hilton—Physician, Surgeon & Oculist
Stephen W. Downey—Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, Prosecuting Attorney
J. H. Finfrock—M. D.
H. Latham, M. D.—Physician and Surgeon for U.P.R.R. exclusively
J. J. Clark—Dentist. Teeth extracted without pain. All operations warranted.[64]

C. W. Bramel, Attorney at Law, added his name to the professional directory of Laramie in September 1872, and he was for many years a prominent citizen of the town.[65]

Laramie grew rapidly, but not as rapidly as was claimed for it. In 1871 she claimed nearly twice the population she actually had,[66] but she was making progress. By 1872 she could report that the "old land marks are fast disappearing in our city. The old buildings that are so familiar to us, are being taken down one by one to give place to more substantial, and imposing edifices."[67] Nearly forty-six buildings were in the process of erection in that year.[68] By 1874 W. O. Downey, county surveyor, called to the attention of the residents the fact that Front and Second streets were built up nearly solidly on each side for a full mile in length.[69] By 1875 Laramie claimed a population of 2,698,[70] and if this were true no growth was experienced between that date and 1880 when the U. S. Census gave the town a population of 2,696.[71]

Laramie had advanced rapidly in morality, also, and Editor Hayford was proud to point out by 1870 that

> Now our streets are filled with hard-working, industrious people, intent on business. Vice, idleness and debauchery, if they exist at all, are driven into obscurity, and are no longer able to brave the indignation of the virtuous. On Sunday, the stores are all shut up, the churches all open, the streets quiet and orderly, and our town wears the garb of a staid New England village. The laws are respected, the Courts are in perfect opera-

64. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* May 11, 1870, 1:1.
65. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* September 21, 1872, 3:4.
66. *Ibid.,* January 10, 1871, 1:2.
67. *Ibid.,* May 24, 1872, 3:3.
68. *Ibid.,* October 11, 1872, 3:1.
69. *Ibid.,* October, 21, 1874, 3:1.
70. *Ibid.,* February 24, 1875, 3:1.
71. Tenth Census, *op. cit.,* p. 375.

tion; and morality, religion and justice give the tone and character to society.[72]

Although Hayford would occasionally complain about the recurrence of crime, he scrupulously refrained from printing any details of it. He believed in Laramie and its future and would have no part of anything detrimental to it.

Villages

The majority of small centers of population in Albany County were to be found along the Union Pacific Railroad line, for it was necessary that the company have stations and side tracks at regular intervals.

Buford was the first among these stops as the railroad entered the county from the east. In 1869 this point on the road consisted of a water-house and three buildings.[73] It was a regular side-track station and a storage place for much of the lumber which was taken from the surrounding mountains.[74] Water for the station had to be elevated from springs in a ravine to the south.[75]

Seven miles beyond Buford was Sherman, the highest point on any railroad in the United States at that time. By 1869 it was a lively place with twelve buildings, a good station-house and a population of between 150 and 200 inhabitants.[76] Among the merchants located at this point then were: Baldwin & Epsy, shoemakers; D. Crawford, contractor; Gilman & Carter, merchants and contractors; Harmon & Teats, merchants; Holt, Reed & Rhoades, carpenters; Mrs. Larmier, photographer; W. J. Larmier, contractor; A. G. Lathrop, lumber dealer; L. E. Layton, hotel; Charles Marsh, station agent; William Rea, blacksmith; D. W. Trout, merchant and contractor; J. H. Teats, grocer and postmaster; Underwood & Co., boots and shoes; Uncle John & Co., proprietors of the Summit House, bakery and saloon; and N. T. Webber, lumber dealer.[77]

Although the population and importance of Sherman declined for a few years, probably because of the disappearance of nearby timber resources, it was again completely

72. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* October 11, 1870, 2:1.
73. C. E. Brown, *Brown's Gazetteer of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, and Branches, and of the Union Pacific Rail Road* (Chicago 1869), p. 20.
74. George A. Crofutt, *Crofutt's Trans-Continental Tourist's Guide* (New York), 1872, p. 60.
75. George A. Crofutt, *Crofutt's New Overland Tourist and Pacific Coast Guide* (Omaha, 1880), p. 78.
76. Brown, *op. cit.,* p. 20. Sherman has since been moved from its first location which was near the site of Ames Monument.
77. *Ibid.,* p. 313.

occupied in 1878,[78] and by 1880 the station had grown slightly so that it included a comfortable station, a small repair shop, a round-house of five stalls, a post office, telegraph and express offices, one store, two hotels, two saloons, and about twenty houses.[79]

For a short time in 1872 Sherman had hopes of having established there a government observatory which was to have become one of the principal signal stations in the storm signal system of the government.[80] The work was under the direction of the Coast Survey Department to whom an appropriation of $5,000 had been given by Congress for the purpose of investigating sites. General R. D. Cutts led an expedition of scientists to Sherman and for several months they made a number of experiments. Professor B. A. Colonna of the party informed the editor of the *Sentinel* that it was "felt a spectral analysis of the sun would be more satisfactory than at sea level, and if this theory proved correct there is to be a national observatory built . . . and a corps of scientific men stationed there permanently."[81] Apparently the experiments were not successful, for the observatory was not mentioned again.

A few miles beyond Sherman at the site of the Dale Creek Bridge, Dale City sprang up for a brief but rowdy existence. With the founding of Laramie and the completion of the bridge, the population moved on *en masse*.[82] Ten years later the only vestige which remained of the defunct town was a line of tumble down chimneys marking the once lively main street.[83]

Tie Siding, six miles beyond Sherman, began its existence in 1874. J. S. McCoole, a business man from Colorado, built the first general store at this site, and he was followed almost immediately by several other merchants and saloon keepers. Tie Siding soon became an extensive shipping point for railroad ties, telegraph and fence poles and timber of every description.[84] By the 1880's it had a permanent population of about fifty and was powerful enough to help swing some of the county elections.[85]

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78. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, July 20, 1878, 1:6.
79. Crofutt, 1880, *op. cit.*, p. 78.
80. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, June 7, 1872, 3:2.
81. *Ibid.*, July 8, 1872, 2:1-2.
82. W. L. Kuykendall, *Frontier Days* (privately published 1917), p. 124.
83. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, August 31, 1878, 3:3.
84. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, February 3, 1874, 3:1; Board of Immigration, *The Territory of Wyoming Its History, Soil, Climate, Resources, etc.* (Laramie, 1874), p. 37.
85. Interview with Mrs. Hugh Moreland, Laramie, June, 1947; Hebard Collection, *op. cit.*

Red Buttes, one of the small stations on the Union Pacific, was the object of Mr. McCoole's next venture. In 1875 he built a store at that place and hoped to make it as much of a tie depot as Tie Siding had become.[86] Although several other buildings were erected at Red Buttes, he was not able to make it important.

At Wyoming Station the Union Pacific Company had platted a townsite and in May, 1868, had sold a few lots.[87] For a short time it was important as a receiving point for ties floated down the Laramie River, but the point never gained much more prominence than being a station en route.[88]

Rock Creek was the last station of any importance on the line of the railroad in the county. Until 1870 it was of little importance other than being a station on the railroad. At that date, however, a mail line was established from that point to Fort Fetterman which was continued until the building of the railroad to the fort in the middle 1880's.[89] Rock Creek was also the starting point for much of the freight which was hauled to northern Wyoming over the government road also established that year.[90]

During the 1870's small villages sprang up at two mining centers. In 1876 the Centennial Mining Company built a large store, a residence for the superintendent and offices, and Messrs. Little and Coolbroth erected a comfortable hotel at the site.[91] The village took its name from the mining company. At Douglas a small center was established which was discussed in Chapter III.

Frederick B. Goddard in 1869 wrote that "The durability and growth of these *avant couriers* of civilization and development, depend much upon the local advantages of soil, climate and mineral productiveness—sustaining forces without which a vigorous and healthy existence can not long be enjoyed."[92] Laramie had, at least, withstood the test and could by 1880 look forward to a prosperous and secure future.

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86. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* October 2, 1875, 3:1.
87. Marie M. Frazer, "Some Phases of the History of the Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming" (Thesis submitted to Dept. of History, University of Wyoming, 1927), p. 35.
88. Crofutt, 1872, *op. cit.,* p. 70.
89. Coutant Notes, Hebard Collection, *op. cit.*
90. *Laramie Daily Sentinel,* November 17, 1870, 3:1. Rock Creek Station was moved ten miles southwest of the original site and renamed Rock River in 1902 when the railroad changed its route.
91. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel,* May 15, 1876, 4:6.
92. Goddard, *Where to Emigrate and Why* (Philadelphia 1869), p. 544.

The Slaughter of the Bison

(Red Wing Daily Republican, June 7, 1926.)

Salt Lake City—(By Associated Press)—What probably will be the largest buffalo hunt since the days when Colonel Bill Cody had the contract to furnish meat for the construction crews building the Union Pacific railroad, is being organized by A. H. Leonard of Port Pierre, S. D. It will undoubtedly be the last hunt of its kind in history. Many of the big game hunters of the country have been invited to participate, one incentive being a signed and sealed certificate that the possessor had killed a buffalo, which can be framed and handed down to posterity.

The doomed herd of the majestic beasts that were so plentiful in the central western plains during the pioneer days, numbering upwards of 300 head, now roams Antelope island in Great Salt Lake.

The herd was purchased some months ago by Leonard, whose original plan was to ship the animals to his ranch at Fort Pierre. However, Wm. Powell, a Sioux Indian, long employed by Leonard has reported after three months' study of the herd, that they are "Too Wild to be caught and shipped."

The Slaughter of the Bison

By JENS K. GRONDAHL

The Invitation

"Come on, ye Nimrods, known the world around,
Famed for your daring and for deadly aim,
E'er and anon prepared to kill or maim—
Come on I bid ye. At the trumpet's sound
The bisons' corral all ye braves surround.
Already trapped, hemmed in by salten sea,
The noble beasts by us destroyed shall be,
And it will be a royal sport—no shame
To crown your prowess with so great a game.

"Three hundred bisons, what a mighty herd!
Too proud to yield their freedom to my will,
Too wild for me to tame—these shall we kill—
So I invite ye. Ah, upon my word,
Our triumph, sires, shall not be long deferred.
Graven on steel, embossed in gold I send
This message to each valiant huntsman friend,
That your brave souls again may taste the thrill
Of blood and bone that mingle in the kill.

"Red-blooded man in chance and chase delights,
Bellowing brutes are music to his ear,
Nostrils aflame with madness and with fear
Inspire his manhood to divinest heights—
Yea, this is chivalry and we the knights.
So, fellow huntsmen, gather ye betimes
On sabbath morn when toll the solemn chimes,
Beseech ye the Great Spirit to the feast
To bless the last great slaughter of the beast."

★ ★ ★

The Response

"Save for the herds that o'er the prairies roamed,
Pioneer and plainsman would have perished there,
But food and raiment met them ev'rywhere.
Then driven, slaughtered—to extinction doomed,
The bisons bound not where the wild rose bloomed.
And this great nation impotent stands by
Watching the noble remnants foully die.
What butchering hand where bisons now shall bleed
Covets a parchment to record the deed?

Cursed be the eye that sights the fatal aim,
Palsied the hand that raises arm to fire—
Who draws a bead for lust of blood or hire,
To you and yours who play the ghoulish game—
Be yours forevermore the badge of shame.
Ah, sport debauched, and sportsmanship defiled
By all the land your "hunt" shall be reviled,
Kill thou the bison that thou canst not tame,
And history shall e'er deride thy name."

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Quote and Unquote

In June, 1949, following the 77th Annual Convention of The Wyoming Stock Growers Association, the resignation of Russell Thorp, secretary-treasurer and chief inspector of the association for 19 years, was accepted "regretfully."[1] To quote Mr. Thorp, "The Wyoming Stock Growers Association . . . is probably the most typically characteristic of Wyoming among all groups in the State. An outgrowth of the State's paramount industry and a guardian of that industry through the years, it was largely responsible for the development of Wyoming territory and for the winning of Wyoming's statehood before the population really justified it."[2] The contributions of Russell Thorp to this "influential organization"[3] and his services to the state of Wyoming are of no mean importance and magnitude. "In recognition of his outstanding services to the Association and the industry, he was elected an honorary life member of the Wyoming Association by the executive committee at the closing session of the (77th) state convention."[4] He is the fifteenth person to be so honored in seventy-seven years.

During the week of June 7, 1949 the newspapers in Wyoming reported on the activities of that convention. The Sheridan Press issued the STOCK GROWERS EDITION devoted to valuable historical material as well as important news items about the current projects of the Association. These newspaper articles provided the impetus for the following article. Newspaper stories lose their historical value when they are not presented as a unified whole. In the aggregate they assume a significance hitherto unrealized.

The Wyoming Stock Growers Association originated when a small group of stockmen were prompted by the shibboleth, "United we stand; divided we fall." The history of this association has been effectively presented by Dan Greenburg in *Sixty Years,* and by Agnes Wright Spring's book, *Seventy Years; a Panoramic History of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association,* which paid tribute to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association on the seventieth anniversary of that organization. As the annals of this association and the minutes of its meetings are examined, the five words conspicuous through repetition are:

". . . and Russell Thorp was reelected . . ."

"Mr. Thorp was first elected to membership in the Stock Growers Association in 1902 and served on the executive

committee in 1927. He became field secretary in 1930 and was elected secretary and chief inspector in 1931. . . .”[5] In 1932 when elected Executive Secretary and chief inspector, he brought to his new position a wide background of experience in the cattle business. In June, 1946, he was elected secretary, chief inspector and treasurer. A “veteran cattleman himself and owner of the celebrated “Damfino” brand, and son of the founder of the R-Bar-T layout of Raw Hide Buttes near the present site of Lusk, Wyoming”[6] Russell Thorp was well qualified for his work as secretary of the Association. Experience, not hearsay, taught him that “it is much simpler to train a welder, a ship builder, a mechanic, or even a soldier than to train a good livestock hand, who has to grow up with the business.”[7] He is responsible for the publication of COW COUNTRY, the official bulletin of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association “issued for the information of our members.” “With characteristic fairness, the Association’s Secretary opened the columns of COW COUNTRY to the members and printed some of the letters on the so-called ‘trespass or herd law’.”[8] With a keen sense of fair play “Secretary Thorp gave everyone an equal chance to express opinion. He did not hesitate to publish letters from those who did not agree with the Association’s policies.”[9]

As perhaps one of the most qualified persons to expound the accomplishments of Russell Thorp, Agnes Wright Spring has stated:

> “Mr. Thorp has exceptional foresight and the ability to organize. He stimulates loyalty and team work among his staff and the members of the Association. Through hard work, thoroughness and unusual executive ability he has built up the finest system of stock inspection of any state in the union. As a devotee of western history he has assembled one of the best collections of museum pieces and documents pertaining to cattle industry, now extant.
>
> “Russell Thorp is what is known in newspaper parlance as ‘Good Copy.’ He has a keen sense of humor and has a nose for a good publicity story with the human interest angle. He has brought to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association a wealth of good publicity, quite unsolicited on his part.
>
> “Ralph E. Johnson writing for COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, September 1941, said, in part: ‘Thorp drives about 30,000 miles annually in line of duty; his auto tires know their way along every highway,

> trail and cowpath in wide Wyoming. . . . Range riders and cattlemen like to help Thorp add to the museum in the association offices, and they send him an odd assortment of things they find. . . .
>
> "Thorp is modest about what he has done. 'I have the support and advice of able men as officers and executive committee members,' he points out. 'A lot of credit is due them'."[10]

"From the beginning of his work as Field Secretary, Mr. Thorp began to wage relentless war against rustlers."[11] In January, 1936 he was appointed "Chairman of the national committee on brand inspection, thefts, and truck depredations. The main purpose of the committee was to bring about unity of action in brand inspection between states, as well as between peace officers within the states."[12] He advocated stiff penalties for convicted rubber tire rustlers whose depredations harassed the ranchers despite the inspection service maintained by the association, cooperation with county sheriffs, small fines, and even zero weather. In November, 1936, Russell Thorp announced that the Stock Growers Association "which has waged a struggle with the cattle rustler for more than 60 years, will ask the legislature to establish ports of entry on all main Wyoming highways, to increase the state highway patrol to at least 23 men and to regulate auction sale rings. . . . The Wyoming association pays $500 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of a rustler."[13]

The drought of 1934 seriously threatened the economic welfare of Wyoming. Russell Thorp declared that "Ranchers are selling off the old cow which produces the calf which produces the wealth of this state. . . . Many stockmen are reduced far below their normal carrying capacity and thereby will be unable to meet the necessary cost of operating their ranches. . . . This will ultimately reflect on the tax revenues of Wyoming, a state dependent to a large extent on the revenues of the livestock industry to maintain its government."[14] He "called upon the members of the Executive Committee who resided within the affected areas to take immediate action. He informed them that lists of available pastures could be obtained from railroads, county agents and Association headquarters. With characteristic foresight he also filed application for emergency draught rates on feed, which were granted. The Government buying of cattle, at the markets, was started."[15]

Reliance on the leadership and counsel of Russell Thorp was well placed during the trying days of the blizzard of

'49. Everyone was concerned about the plight of the ranchers and their stock in the stricken areas. As executive chairman of the six-man panel established to meet the problems of the blizzard, Russell Thorp received requests that the roads be opened from Colorado to Montana. Shortly after the first impact Governor A. G. Crane appointed Mr. Thorp chairman of the state emergency relief board. He rounded up machinery to be used in the distressed areas and continued to report on the conditions of the roads. The board was in "almost constant session for many days."[16] One month after the storm struck Wyoming, Mr. Thorp praised the "clear cool thinking of Governor Crane," declaring that we should be thankful that "Wyoming was organized shortly after the first big blizzard hit on January 2, 3 and 4, 1949."[17] Reporting on "Operation Snowbound," General R. L. Esmay, Adjutant General of Wyoming, Wyoming National Guard, commended Russell Thorp saying

> "We operated under the direction, not of any Federal military authority, but under the direction of your own hard, winter-beaten, wise and efficient executive secretary, Mr. Russell Thorp. I have worked under many commanders, but none has ever turned in as superb a job as Russell Thorp turned in as the chairman and officer-in-charge of the Wyoming Emergency Relief Board. We all owe him a vote of confidence, appreciation, and gratitude for his skillful leadership during Wyoming's greatest civil emergency."

Russell Thorp, being "a native, pioneer resident of the state" and "well informed on the ramifications of the cattle industry, due to a lifetime in the Wyoming cow country,"[18] was well aware of the necessity of the proper kind of legislative action to support organizational planning. During 1931-1932 he was "an able lieutenant of President Brock in working out the details for the formation of county tax leagues which has resulted in a statewide tax association."[19] "Proposed legislation, sponsored by the Association to curb rubber-tired rustling became law in 1931. By this law the drivers, operators or those in charge of trucks, automobiles, and other motor or horse drawn vehicles transporting livestock, poultry, or carcasses of livestock were required to exhibit to peace officers upon demand, written permits or written statements for conveyance of such."[20]

"As a member of the Wyoming Agricultural Council, Russell Thorp was appointed chairman of its Live Stock Legislative Committee. He assisted in formulating a Legis-

lative Petition setting out items of proposed legislation and asking sympathetic and helpful consideration by the Legislature of the needs of the livestock industry. His committee did some especially effective work in preventing the passage of three bills that were introduced in the 1935 legislative session. These bills pertained to the right of way for fishermen to enter ranch property, a herd law involving fencing, and the removal of tax on oleomargarine."[21] "On December 7 (1936) Secretary Thorp represented the Association at the Governor's State Grasshopper Control Commission, which later was successful in getting a legislative appropriation of $65,000 for grasshopper and Mormon cricket control."[22]

Not only Wyoming, but the entire Rocky Mountain region bears the imprint of Russell Thorp's attention. In 1937, in addition to attending the brand inspection meetings in Cheyenne, he also "represented the Wyoming Stock Growers Association at many other meetings of importance including the Sublette County Cattle Growers Association in the early summer; Doctor Davis' rustler meetings at Greeley, Colorado; a state meeting of stockmen and peace officers at Denver; hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission at Denver on the railroad classification of 85% stocker and feeder rate; a hearing on the Farm Bill before a subcommittee of the U. S. Senate; the annual convention of the Nevada State Cattle Growers Association at Elko, Nevada; the Livestock and Sanitary Board meeting in Cheyenne; the statewide conference of the Wild Life Federation; the annual meetings of the State Farm Bureau and of the Board of Equalization; and the Rock Springs Cattle Growers Association. . . . Among the many expressions of appreciation of the work of Secretary Thorp, at this time, was the following letter from Max D. Cohn, President of the Idaho Cattle and Horse Growers Association: 'You are what I call a Good Friend and a very unusual secretary, because you not only take care of your own association, but you give every help possible, to your neighboring state associations'."[23] The citizens of La Grange and Eastern Goshen County invited Russell Thorp to deliver an address on July 4, 1941 at the dedication of a monument in memory of the Texas Trail Drivers. His sympathy with the Trail Drivers was expressed in 1940 when Wyoming was celebrating her Golden Jubilee. At the dedication of the unveiling of the Texas Trail monument near Lusk, he exclaimed, "The Texas Trail was no mere cow path. It was the Course of Empire!"[24]

Through its journal, COW COUNTRY, the Wyoming Stock Growers Association encouraged the preservation and collection of mementos, the true and living symbols of the history of Wyoming, when it featured an article which explained that "The association has carefully preserved all records, executive orders, letters, brand books—everything pertaining to the association from the time of the first minute book in 1873. These records are systematically and expertly filed and kept in a fireproof vault. In addition to the preservation of written records, the association is eager to have an extensive collection of relics in order to round out the source material relative to the cattle industry of Wyoming and the West. In the collection which was started by Russell Thorp, executive secretary of the association, there are manuscripts by old timers, photographs of early day ranches, cowmen and cowboys, frontier towns, stage stations and settlements; there are first-hand accounts of early herds, ranches, etc.; and there are all kinds of relics, including running irons, guns, branding irons, spurs, bridles, picket pins, a treasure chest from the old Cheyenne-Black Hills-Deadwood stage line, etc. These are all catalogued and attract much attention on display in the windows of the headquarters in Cheyenne. Additions from all parts of the state are desired! All contributions sent in to this collection will be permanently preserved and will add materially to the history of the cow country, and will round out the history of the cattle business in Wyoming and eventually become a part of the state historical collection."[25]

Russell Thorp was as good as his words. In May, 1945 he presented to the Wyoming State Museum what is acknowledged as "perhaps the most valuable contribution ever made."[26] His interest in collecting these souvenirs or monuments of the past, is not inspired by a possessive instinct nor is it prompted by personal ambitions. The purpose for such a collection and its importance as a museum display are best described in his own words at the occasion when the presentation was made:

> ". . . A study of the cattle business of our great West should furnish inspiration and incentive to all young Americans, especially those who have been and still are fighting for the principles embodied in the Constitution of the United States.
>
> ". . . Therefore, anything we can do to bring the history of our country and state to their attention should be worth while. In addition to the use of

textbooks and the teaching of history in schools and colleges, it seems to me there is a tremendous opportunity to present our history through attractive museum displays. . ."[27]

NOTES TO "QUOTE AND UNQUOTE"

1. *Sheridan Press,* June 10, 1949, p. 1.
2. *Sheridan Press,* Stockman's Edition, June 7, 1949, p. 2.
3. *Ibid.,* p. 16.
4. *Sheridan Press,* June 10, 1949, p. 1.
5. Greenburg, Dan W. *Sixty Years, a Brief Review of the Cattle Industry in Wyoming.* 1st ed. (Cheyenne, 1932) p. 61.
6. *Wyoming Stockman Farmer,* November 1935, p. 3.
7. Agnes Wright Spring. *Seventy Years; a Panoramic History of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.* (Cheyenne, 1942) p. 109.
8. *Ibid.,* p. 211.
9. *Ibid.,* p. 145.
10. *Ibid.,* p. 109.
11. *Ibid.,* p. 111.
12. *Ibid.,* p. 151.
13. *Wyoming Stockman Farmer,* November, 1936, p. 8.
14. *Id.,* December, 1936, p. 6.
15. Agnes Wright Spring, *Seventy Years. (supra)* p. 154.
16. *Wyoming State Tribune,* January 23, 1949, p. 2.
17. *Id.,* February 2, 1949, p. 1.
18. Greenburg. *Sixty Years. (supra),* p. 61.
19. *Ibid.*
20. Spring. *Seventy Years. (supra),* p. 111.
21. *Ibid.,* p. 146.
22. *Ibid.,* p. 157.
23. *Ibid.,* pp. 165-166.
24. *Ibid.,* pp. 204-205.
25. *Wyoming Stockman Farmer,* April 1937, p. 7.
26. *Cow Country,* Vol. 73, No. 1, July 7, 1945.
27. *Ibid.*

Landmarks

"Use your dollars, your talents, and your efforts to save Americanism," urged Dr. Howard Driggs at the dedication of the new wing of the Scottsbluff, Nebraska Museum, August 8, 1949.

Acting on this principle today are many individuals in isolated communities in the Rocky Mountain states. In June of this year, at Ash Hollow, Nebraska, a group of school children and townspeople from nearby Lewellen dedicated a monument to mark the grave of Rachel E. Pattison, who was buried there 100 years ago. Students of Lewellen High School provided a bronze plaque for the monument which was designed by Mr. W. W. Morrison of Cheyenne, Wyoming. Purchase of materials and construction of the monument was carried out entirely by the residents of Lewellen.

Mr. Morrison hopes, through the designing of such memorials, to immortalize the story and spirit of the old West. He plans next to restore the grave of Elva Ingram, marked 1852, near the old trail northwest of Guernsey, Wyoming. It is hoped that others of hardy pioneer stock will be inspired to locate and mark the graves of our ancestors who succumbed during the westward trek and to whom we owe our heritage. These memorials will endure for many years and stir the imaginations of generations to come.

* * *

On August 1, 1948, there were ceremonies in honor of the pioneer cattle men and the Texas Trail drivers.

At the dedication of the Texas Trail Monument at Pine Bluffs, members of the Wyoming Historical Landmark Commission were present, including Mr. Warren Richardson, Chairman of the Commission, Mr. Joseph Weppner, Secretary, Mr. Ernest Dahlquist and Mr. Russell Thorp. Mr. Richardson formally dedicated and accepted the monument on behalf of the State of Wyoming.

Mr. R. E. MacLeod presided at the dedication of the monument at the crossing of Rawhide Creek between Torrington and Lingle. Mr. Joseph Weppner, Secretary of the Wyoming State Landmark Commission, officially dedicated and accepted it on behalf of the State of Wyoming.

AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

The Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes

By Agnes Wright Spring. (Glendale 4, California: Arthur H. Clark, 1949. 418 pp. Acknowledgments, illus., app., index. $7.50.)

In this new work, the sixth of the "American Trails Series," Mrs. Spring has done much to remedy a serious omission in Western Americana. She has entered a field practically untouched by other authors and has collected and presented material formerly scattered and unavailable to students of frontier lore.

The account begins with the announced discovery of gold in the Black Hills region in 1874, and ends with the advent of the railroad into that area and the subsequent death of the stage company in 1887. It describes the struggle by the government to keep the miners out of the Indian territory. "Men knew that orders had been issued by the government forbidding them to enter the Hills, yet, with about the same amount of reason as each individual hoped to pick up huge gold nuggets along every stream bed, each hoped that Washington would play the role of an expert locksmith and would swing open the the doors of the Hills over night." The story pictures the competition between the infant Cheyenne and Sidney, Nebraska, to become the "jumping off" point for the gold fields, and it pursues Cheyenne's progress to its ultimate position as a substantial center.

Upon the opening of the Indian territory north of the Platte River, the stage line to the Black Hills became a reality. With great precision and detail Mrs. Spring follows its fortunes and numerous changes, for the trail was not a single track, and its course was changed and branches added as each new situation developed. In guide-book fashion, the stage stations and their keepers are described as if to resurrect for twentieth century consumption and appreciation the locale and personages who contributed to the advancement of our civilization. Related to these stop-over and relay stations are the events which inspired their inauguration, and which created their significance and caused their eventual extinction. An excellent map drawn by the author enables the reader to follow this part of the story with keener comprehension.

As the staging operations grew in importance and as wealth began to pour from the hills, there arose outlaw bands to plague the stage companies. The author writes a full and matter-of-fact story of this reign of terror. From these "Knights of the road" is stripped their cloak of glamour which has always pervaded and unbalanced so much of the story of the West.

The author has not limited her narrative to the stage and freighting route from the "Magic City of the Plains" to Deadwood. Interpolated in the story of Luke Voorhees' preparations for his stage line is a fine description of the old Concord coaches. Many familiar names and nicknames, such as Calamity Jane, H. E. (Stuttering) Brown, John (Jack) T. Gilmer, Persimmon Bill, Johnny Slaughter, C. P. (Dub) Meek, contribute to this historical mosaic. The innovation of the freighting teams was accompanied by a great and new business, and by famously talented bull-whackers. The valuable whip and the use made of it were accorded detailed treatment by the author. Discouragement over the necessity for military protection could not deter the "steady, progressive development" of Joseph M. Carey, Alex Swan, Francis E. Warren, and Judge William L. Kuykendall.

The elements of nature which, throughout the era, militated against ambitions and progress are not treated comprehensively, but neither is their importance minimized. Great hardships were suffered because of heavy snow in December of 1876, which made the roads almost impassable but did not prevent continual Indian rampages. The severe hailstorm in Cheyenne on August 10, 1878, resulted in runaways and great excitement. The blizzard of '48-'49 caused suffering "almost beyond description."

Permanent imprints were made by the miners, the merchants, the stage drivers, the "Hillers," the wheelers, and the gold hunters. Their contributions will live forever. The result of Mrs. Spring's research will also make a lasting impression on the history and literature of the West. As history it will be an important source book. Its readers will not forget soon the awe arising from the breathless succession of facts. On a remarkable, but not the least unusual, page the reader is apprised of "five thousand miles of daily stage lines in operation;" of the extent of the monthly payroll of the drivers, of the Christmas chinook which caused the mercury to skyrocket "to forty-two degrees above zero in just one hundred and twenty minutes;" of the sixty-two miles an hour "breeze" in Cheyenne, of the New Year which was ushered in with "a little random shooting," and of the fact that Governor and Mrs. Hoyt were "at home" on New Year's day.

Included in the book are four appendices containing valuable information about the owners and some of the employees of the stage company; descriptions of the coaches which are now museum pieces and also of the markers on the Cheyenne-Deadwood routes; and excerpts from the diary of George V. Ayres in which he recorded his trip from Cheyenne to Custer City in 1876. A comprehensive index contributes to the importance of this work.

The late William H. Jackson painted two water colors especially for this volume. There are also seventeen sepia illustrations of old portraits and western scenes.

Despite the abundance of facts which are woven into the narrative, Mrs. Spring has avoided a pedantic and uninteresting presentation. The spirit of the West is integrated into the fabric of her facts, for she is a native of the West to which she has dedicated her life and for which she has a genuine affection. This volume gives mute testimony to years of research. The author has gathered her information from the reminiscences of those who played a part in the events she describes. Opportunely she interviewed Mrs. Thomas F. Durbin, P. A. Gushurst, Mrs. Anna Maxwell Scott, and others who were able to relate hitherto unpublished accounts of their experiences. We are indebted to Mrs. Spring's foresight in gathering much of her data before these pioneers had passed beyond the Great Divide. She was fortunate to have had access to the records of the library of Russell Thorp, and to the vast store of narratives told to him by his father, an owner of one of the great stage lines.

Although Mrs. Spring now resides in Denver, Wyoming claims her for its own. The daughter of a pioneer Colorado and Wyoming stage owner, she grew up on a Wyoming ranch on the Laramie Plains and was graduated at the University of Wyoming. She was formerly the Wyoming State Librarian and State Historian. A prolific writer, *Caspar Collins* and *Seventy Years, Cow Country* rank among her best known works.

—LOLA HOMSHER

Wyoming's Cow-Belles

Auxiliary to
Wyoming Stock Growers
Association

"All the pursuits of men
are the pursuits of women
also, and in all of them a
woman is only a lesser man."

—Plato, *The Republic.*
Bk. IV, sec. 455.

WHY COW-BELLES?

On June 7, 1949, Mrs. Joe H. Watt, President of the Wyoming Cow-Belles' Association, addressed the Wyoming Stock Growers Association's 77th annual convention in Sheridan, Wyoming:

"Any organization to survive must accomplish some useful purpose. The Cow-Belles are no exception to this rule, and I should like to explain our purpose as an auxiliary to the Wyoming Stock Growers. It has long been an accepted practice for successful ranchers to keep in contact with each other in order to learn more efficient and profitable ranch operations and for the broadening of their business and marketing experiences. The Wyoming Stock Growers' Association is an ideal place for such an exchange of views and opinions.

"It is equally important for their wives to have a central meeting place where they may broaden their views and opinions also. Any woman will be of more value to her family and community if she will keep mentally alert. Traditionally, the ranch women stay home more than the men and do not always have the opportunity to contact other women who have the same interests. We ranch women appreciate this chance of making new friends and renewing old acquaintances. Friendship is a very real commodity, one without price.

"It is a heart warming experience to walk into convention headquarters and to be able to greet almost everyone by name. The Cow-Belles have formed warm and lasting

friendships through their associations at these meetings and often have influenced similar relationships among the husbands. You ranchers should be proud that your wives will take the time and interest to go with you whenever possible. Any interest shared draws a family closer together and makes a happier and more contented life. The good times we share with you at our convention mean pleasant memories for both the Stock Growers and Cow-Belles.

"However, it is not alone for social activities we like to come to this convention. We too, are vitally interested in all problems pertaining to the live stock industry. What woman here has not been reading anxiously the proposed farm program of Secretary Brannan and wondering what effect it will have on cattle prices? I know I speak for a large majority when I say we women are opposed to any over-all grants of authority that will tend to regulate our ranching activities. Who among us does not follow carefully the experiments to control grasshoppers and other pests, reseeding of the range, the recent outbreak of the hoof and mouth disease or anything that affects the cattle industry?

"Every Cow-Belle last winter took her place beside her husband in fighting the blizzards and hazards of that terrible six weeks. Perhaps it was only having hot, nourishing meals ready, and a warm, comfortable house, but who would underestimate their importance when you came in hungry, cold, and tired?

"We have also, in a small way, given wide-spread publicity to the Wyoming Stock Growers through the publishing of the Wyoming's Cow-Bell Cook Book. This book, to our delighted surprise was a sell-out and was sold from Florida to California.

"Inquiries from Florida, Kansas, Arizona and California, have come to me asking for a copy of our constitution and by-laws that they might organize a Cow-Belle Association in their states. We hope we are contributing our share to the solidification of cattle growers everywhere.

"May I remind you that in union there is strength, and any organization dedicated to the best interests of the stock industry should be a help."

* * *

Francis Carpenter, formerly associated with the *Record Stockman,* has described the activities of several women who have contributed their time and efforts to the cattle industry in Wyoming.

We extend our condolences to the family and friends of Mrs. Dugald Whitaker who died on February 27, 1949;

and of Mrs. R. S. Van Tassell who died July 25, 1949; and of Mrs. John L. Jordan who died July 18, 1949.

With the permission of the *Record Stockman,* we are reprinting a portion of the following article which appeared in the *1948 Annual Edition of the Record Stockman,* p. 114:

WOMEN OF THE RANGE

There is possibly no industry in the United States in which so many women are engaged in "big business" as in livestock industry. Only a very small percent of these women have invaded this ultra masculine occupation of raising cattle, sheep and horses by their own choosing. They have been left these great ranches in the estates of their husbands so that their having become ranch owners and operators certainly has not been of their choice.

Wyoming is probably as typical as any of our great western states in ownership of ranches by women. At the last count 90 women, who own and operate their ranches, were members of the Wyoming Stockgrowers Assn. Besides being active in the association, most of them now belong to the association auxiliary, the Cow-Belles.

Many of these women had enjoyed no business experience, as men are accustomed to think of such work, before they had to assume the great responsibilities which accompany ownership of a stock ranch.

Probably two factors have contributed to the rather phenomenal success of these women in the livestock-raising industry.

First, the ranch managers who had managed for their husbands have in many cases remained as managers when the women have had to take over the operation. And these women owners are unstinting in their praise of these men who have continued to manage their properties and herds, usually ending with the statement: "I could never have carried on after my husband's passing had Mr. and Mrs. (then she names the manager and his wife) not remained on the ranch."

Second, these women who at one time or another lived on their ranches, probably during the early years of their marriage, learned much of ranch operation and herd management.

One well-known Wyoming ranchman says it this way, "You know, we ranch people have to live pretty much to ourselves. And when we as ranchers have a problem that's worrying us, we've got to talk to someone. That 'someone' is our wife because she is the only one we can use as our sounding board. Naturally, thru the years, she

has seen and heard many a knotty ranching problem solved, and has experience in and knowledge of ranching she little realizes she possesses until she has to use it."

Most impressive is the respect for the ability of these women of the ranges that is shown by men in the same industry. These women have not been given quarter in the industry because of their sex. Business is business, and each has had to work out her own salvation in stock raising, and in many cases also keep up her home. Each, you will agree, is a full-time occupation.

Of the hundreds of women in the West, as indicated by the number in Wyoming, who are operating ranches from a few thousand to many thousands of acres, many are typical of the successful woman rancher.

To name a few, there are Mrs. Thomas Hunter, Mrs. R. S. Van Tassell and Mrs. Dugald R. Whitaker, all of Cheyenne, Wyo., and Mrs. Essie Davis, Mrs. Helen Hager and Mrs. Ellen Moran of the far-famed Nebraska Sandhills country, with Hyannis as their post office.

Perhaps Mrs. Van Tassell has the most difficult ranching operation to manage of the women named. The Van Tassell properties cover some 40,000 acres, but are in four separate ranches. The original Van Tassell ranch is at Van Tassell, Wyo., east of Lusk on the Wyoming-Nebraska border, and a half day's drive from Mrs. Van Tassell's home in Cheyenne. The second of the ranches is as Islay, Wyo., 27 miles north of Cheyenne, while the other two are west of the state's capital city, 20 and 35 miles, respectively.

Mrs. Van Tassell, who was Maude Bradley before her marriage in 1913, was born in Chicago, but fortunately was reared in Cheyenne, next door to the great cattle ranges. It is nearly 17 years since she had to take over the operation of the Van Tassell properties on the death of her husband in 1931, but she had been closely in touch with the business during her husband's life time so was familiar with the operation of the famous "Quarter Circle V" ranches. Hereford cattle are run on all four places.

Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Whitaker both became ranch operators in the middle 1930's—in the midst of the depression, the bottom of the deepest drouth known in eastern Wyoming, and when it was a full-time job to ascertain the meaning of the agricultural regulations emanating from Washington.

To Mrs. Hunter, whose home since her marriage has always been the delightful Colonial frame house at 320 East Seventeenth St., Cheyenne, Wyo., the running of a ranch was entirely new, save the bookkeeping. The bookkeeping for the Hunter ranch at Meriden, Wyo., has been

a "first love" of Ruie Aitken from the time she became Mrs. Hunter.

"Keeping the books gave me some insight into the operation of the ranch and, of course, was no burden to continue," Mrs. Hunter recalls, "but I give our foreman, William Scoon, the credit for the successful carrying on of the Hunter ranch."

Mr. and Mrs. William Scoon had taken residence on the ranch eight years before Mr. Hunter's death in 1935 and before him his father, Alfred Scoon, had managed the ranch for Mr. Hunter and his father, Collin Hunter, as the Hunter family bought the place from Johnny Gordon, about the turn of the century, after having been in partnership with him. This is why the Hunter Herefords are known for their JG brand.

Altho Mrs. Hunter has not learned ranching by living on a ranch, she takes an active interest in the property. She visits the ranch weekly during the summers and always runs the tally at branding time.

* * *

But with greatest pride, Mrs. Hunter and Mr. Scoon point to the 95 per cent calf crop attained since they began nine years ago to inoculate the heifers against Bang's disease.

"We have worked hard, as have most ranchers, to bring our herd up to par and feel we are getting there as our two-year-old steers averaged 1,055 pounds when sold this fall," Mrs. Hunter says.

Besides being left a ranch to operate, Mrs. Hunter had two sons on the threshold of their careers at the time of Mr. Hunter's passing. One son, Richard, to become a doctor, and the other, James, like his father, to become a lawyer. Home from the war, James is now settled in Cheyenne and preparing to take over the strenuous operation of the ranch from his mother.

Altho Mrs. Whitaker will take little credit for successfully carrying on the operation of the Whitaker ranch northwest of Cheyenne on Horse Creek, yet she inherited the property in the midst of the worst drouth man has seen in eastern Wyoming.

In her first year as head of the Whitaker ranch, famous for its "grout" buildings erected during the Carey ownership of the land, Mrs. Whitaker had to buy hay to feed the cattle. This was the first time in the history of the ranch that hay was bought, because the ranch has been developed as a hay and cattle ranch.

Mrs. Whitaker, who was Elizabeth Smith before her marriage in 1901, came to Cheyenne with her mother and sisters in 1884; she and Mr. Whitaker made their home on the ranch for several months after their marriage while their home was being built in Cheyenne, and they always spent the summers there, but, besides giving full credit to Paul Dearcorn, foreman on the place for 18 years, Mrs. Whitaker attributes the successful management of the ranch since Mr. Whitaker's death to her daughter, Mrs. Robert G. Caldwell of Cheyenne.

"Elizabeth," Mrs. Whitaker will say, "was always with her father and learned ranch operation first hand from him."

The ranch was the proud heritage of 40 years' development by Mr. Whitaker, who came to Wyoming and entered the livestock business in 1893, immediately after his graduation from Oxford.

Besides the ranch, Mr. Whitaker left his widow and daughter a wealth of friends among Wyoming stockmen, for he had been active in the Wyoming Stockgrowers Assn. more than a quarter of a century and was association president at the time of his death. Too, Mrs. Whitaker has had close association with the cattle-raising industry through her sister, Alice Smith, who was secretary of the Wyoming Stockgrowers Assn. for 25 years. She was, herself, an early president of the Wyoming Cow-Belles.

"Conditions have changed in the 11 years my daughter and I have operated the ranch," Mrs. Whitaker comments. "We now feed cake through the winters on the meadows and we can no longer find the good Shorthorn stock out here to use with our Herefords that we used to have. For this reason we are getting registered Hereford bulls to use on our commercial cow herd." * * *

IMPRESSIONS OF A BOSTONIAN

On June 21, 1949 the third annual Armour and Company tour brought to Cheyenne women writers, nutritionists, economists, and educators. Greeted by representatives of the cattle industry, they visited the Warren Live Stock Company and were escorted to the Fred D. Boice and Sons PO ranch where they were treated to a round-up chuck wagon supper. Upon returning home, Alta Maloney, Traveler Staff Reporter expressed her enthusiasm for her visit West in the following newspaper article which appeared in the *Boston Traveler* on June 28, 1949:

"COW-BELLES" WOW SISTERS FROM BACK EAST

Three Typical Wyoming Women Live 'Rough' Despite Luxuries

"These wonderful Wyoming women" is a phrase you hear a lot around these parts, and Eastern women hearing it are likely to elevate their noses and eyebrows until they find out that the day of the pioneer woman is not over.

Wyoming men are used to expecting a lot of their "women folks," and the women seem to thrive on living up to those expectations. Take, for instance, just three of the well-coifed, beautifully dressed "Cow-Belles" who turned out to greet the group of Eastern women who landed here near the end of the Armour and Company meat and livestock industry tour to study the ranchers' problems.

There was Mrs. Fred Boice, whose diamond-crusted fingers held a crooked cane and whose soft silk print dress and sable trimmed coat were covered with a flour apron. There was Mrs. P. J. Quealy, whose quick eye could tell how much a steer weighed a quarter of a mile away. And there was Mrs. Bert McGee, whose sparkling blue eyes and plump pink cheeks looked as if she never had seen anything but green pastures.

Out in the country, where "a stranger is someone you never met," you find out a lot about people in a short time, and none of it is ever meant for publication. But the stories of these three women who have watched Wyoming grow through 40 or more years is in a way a history of the state.

Mrs. Boice, for one, gives a nod of recognition to Eastern "culture." As Marguerite McIntosh, she went to Wellesley College, class of 1908, and later spent eight years on the concert stage and as a singer, with studios in Copley Square, Boston. She went home to marry and started living on the ranch outside the capital city. Her early life there with its lack of electricity and water was not easy, but it seemed like a breeze in comparison, when several years later her husband was hurt and handed to her the job of running the ranch and raising their two small boys.

"Pestering" her county agent for help, she got him to arrange for her "a bear of a course" at the State University, where as "the oldest living undergraduate," she studied animal husbandry and the modern methods of farming.

Until a few years ago when she permanently injured herself by dragging a broken hip through snow drifts for more than a mile to get help for a friend in a wrecked car on a lonely road, Mrs. Boice continued to build the ranch through blizzard and drought, good times and bad, until today her sons are running one of the most profitable outfits

in these parts. With all that, she has found time to be a "clubber" and has been prominent in the State Federation of Women's Clubs, as well as an organizer of the "Cow Belles," a group of 500 or more ranchers' wives.

Mrs. Quealy is a thorough-going Westerner, and if you spent days with her, she could not cover all of the activities which have crowded her life. A soft-spoken woman with large, expressive eyes and a small frame, she met her husband at 15 when she was "back east" in Omaha. Her husband became one of the leading citizens in Wyoming, and she still lives in Kemmerer, one of the four towns he founded on the western side of the state. Since his death, she has run the ranches and within the past few years was the first woman ever elected an official of the American Livestock Association.

She is president also of a bank, is Democratic state committee woman and until a few weeks ago when she lay awake one night worrying about what John Lewis was going to do, was the owner of a coal mine.

And they say that when she expresses the wish to go to New York, the Union Pacific Railroad goes off the track to pick her up. She was the originator of an award which goes annually to the most outstanding woman in each Wyoming county who has managed to overcome the rigors of prairie life, but she has never won it herself.

Mrs. McGee was born on Columbus avenue, Boston, and went west on a stretcher, "dying" of tuberculosis. Her brother had just died and her father was dying so the mother decided that the young girl might just as well die on the train as in Boston. She met her cowboy on a blind date and married him within a year, gradually learning from him everything a rancher's wife has to know, such as washing butter with cold water and not hot.

Though she says that she and other Wyoming women are "uncomfortable" about the amount of prosperity the past few years have brought them, she still makes her own butter and cooks the big outdoor meals for the hands at branding time.

To all of these women who are in a position now to enjoy the fruits of their hard lives, the chief interest is still the problems of the cattle business—the amount of rain, the market prices and haying. And to the Eastern women, who never even had to contend with the minor difficulties of hard water, they seemed just as "wonderful" as their men thought they were.

* * *

"There is a woman at the beginning of all great things."
—Lamartine.

"Merci" Train

Wyoming accepted its own special car of the "Merci" train on February 15, 1949 at ceremonies which took place in front of the State Capitol building in Cheyenne. The gifts in the Wyoming car came, as did those in the other 47 cars, with the heartfelt thanks of the people of France for the American "Freedom Train," which carried food to the French when their country was poor and hungry as a result of World War II.

The French gifts to Wyoming were loaded, in their boxcar, upon a trailer and carried from the Union Pacific depot to the Capitol with the accompaniment of a band from Fort Francis E. Warren, a police escort, and an honor guard. Governor A. G. Crane, President of the Senate, George Burke and Speaker of the House of Representatives, Herman Mayland received the gifts on behalf of the state of Wyoming. The proceedings were broadcast over station KFBC and relayed to France through world-wide broadcasting facilities.

The French gifts were first exhibited to the public during the last week of March, in two rooms set aside for the purpose at National Guard Headquarters in Cheyenne. General R. L. Esmay, executive chairman of the state distributing committee for the "Merci" train, clarified at that time the significance of the "Thank you" gifts. He said, "The French people gave more than we did. We gave from our abundance; they gave from their poverty."

The tokens of appreciation presented by the citizens of France to those of the United States were given by a people who had lost many of their material possessions. The gifts were given, though perhaps at a real sacrifice, freely and gratefully.

The state distributing committee, in charge of dividing the gifts among the 23 counties of Wyoming, classified all the articles into four categories. Each county received, as a loan, an approximately equal share of the articles in each category. In this way the committee intended to distribute the gifts throughout the state, where it is hoped that they will promote good will and international understanding in our citizens toward those of France. The Wyoming State Museum has arranged a permanent exhibit of some of the gifts.

Acting on the recommendation of the state committee, each county formed a supervisory group which arranged for the display of its portion of the gifts in local schools, libraries, or museums. Represented on the county committees, under the chairmanship of the county superintendent of school, are the county commissioner, county library, county museum, and local veteran's and men's and women's organizations.

With the "Merci" train gifts so widely distributed throughout the state, everyone in Wyoming will have an opportunity to examine some of the French remembrances and thereby develop a more intimate feeling for his neighbors in France. Some will see a red, white and blue cord with an inscription which will perhaps arouse in them the feeling which prompted the sending of the "Merci" train. The inscription reads: "This cord, symbol of French-American friendship, has been woven from the tissues of the American and French flags which were flying from the Eiffel Tower in Paris on the day of liberation in 1944."

ACCESSIONS

to the

Wyoming State Historical Department

From November 7, 1948 to August 15, 1949

Covert, Dean, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Framed picture of Governor Deforest Richards and Staff; picture of Governor Chatterton and a staff of nine; picture of Governor Chatterton and a staff of five; picture of the launching of the monitor "Wyoming"; Governor Richards and staff, taken in San Francisco; two pictures of a parade in San Francisco on the occasion of the return of the Wyoming boys from Manilla after the Spanish-American War; picture of the transport which brought Wyoming soldiers of the Spanish-American War home from Manilla; chartered tug boat which Deforest Richards hired to meet Wyoming boys returning from the Spanish-American War; Governor Deforest Richards on the tug boat; two pictures —Governor Deforest Richards and a staff at a meeting of Wyoming troops returning from the Spanish-American War; Governor Deforest Richards and lady on a transport; General Hansen and lady on a transport; three pictures of the launching of the monitor "Wyoming"; souvenir of luncheon given to the Wyoming governor and his staff, by Governor Henry T. Gage of California at the Palace Hotel, September 10, 1900; picture of Governor B. B. Brooks; picture of Clarence T. Johnston, State Engineer, 1907; two pictures of the Board of Control under Governor Brooks.

Cheyenne Senior High School, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Collection of 78 birds, mounted by Frank Bond in about 1898, with large case. October 1948.

Laramie County School Board, District No. 2, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Large case containing a collection of Wyoming birds, numbering 76. These were collected and stuffed by Frank Bond in about 1895. October 1948.

Phelan, Elizabeth, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Picture of Cheyenne Little Symphony Orchestra, February 27, 1938, Junior High School; Music Study Class, 1938, Junior High School; campaign badge of F. D. Roosevelt, issued by the state of Virginia; War Production Board pin, 1943; O.P.A. pin; Russian War Relief pin. November 1948.

Robertson, John, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Approximately 100 arrow heads and scrapers, mostly unfinished. Picked up on the Laramie Plains. November 1948.

Pennington, Mrs. Julia Ann, Las Animas, Colorado: Copy of a letter written by F. A. Moore to his wife, Julia Moore, July 6, 1850, as he was crossing Wyoming. November 1948.

Fullerton, Ellen Miller, Los Angeles, California: Short sketch of the life of David Miller, written by his daughter; two photographs of David Miller; newspaper clippings, some concerning David Miller; poem on David Miller's letterheads by W. P. Carroll. November 1948.

Garber, Mrs. Elizabeth, Evanston, Illinois: Handkerchief case made from a dress which was worn by Mrs. William F. Cody about 1900. November 1948.

Winters, Wayne, Douglas, Wyoming: An aerial photograph of the site of old Fort Fetterman. November 1948.

Ford, Irene, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Oil painting; picture of the signing of the Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower. November 1948.

Governor's Office, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Letter written in 1869 by J. A. Campbell, first Wyoming Territorial Governor, to Mr. Norris J. Frink; also in the same frame is an explanatory letter by Amelia Frink Redfield, written in 1939; original sketch of "Bucking Horse" designed by Governor Lester C. Hunt and copyrighted by him and used on the state license plates since 1936. November 1948.

Rothwell, John P., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Arsenic healing ball found by J. F. Dillinger on the North Fork of Powder River. March 1949.

Thorp, Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming: A kettle which was brought up the Texas Trail with Snyder Brothers and John Iliff herds. Found at Iliff pens south of Cheyenne by Mrs. Dean Prosser and presented by her to the Wyoming Stockgrowers Association; two branding irons used by G. H. Snyder of Snyder Brothers, Texas, in the late 1860's and 1870's, presented to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association by Mrs. John Kendrick; fly chaser, used in the old days in the hotel at Carbon, Wyoming (1860's and 1870's); prospector's pan; ox yoke used by Beckwith and Quinn, old time railroad contractors and cattlemen, used in the construction of the Oregon Shortline railroad; tree stump cut down by beavers; hitching post used in the 1870's, presented to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association by Russell Dietz Thorp. March 1949.

Anderson, Mrs. Ida B., Newcastle, Wyoming: Flute owned by Corydon C. Olney, a Civil War veteran; affidavit dated 1865, which gives a brief history of the duties of C. C. Olney during Civil War times; shoulder decoration of Colonel Barkwell, Spanish-American War officer. March 1949.

Carey, Charles D., Jr., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Four Moro knives brought to this country from the Philippines by his father, Charles D. Carey, Sr. March 1949.

Bretney, H. Clay, Jacksonville, Florida: Indian chief's coat with bead work; hand drawn roster, Company G, 11th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, reported to have been painted by either Caspar Collins or Charles F. Moellman. Brought to Wyoming by Lt. Henry C. Bretney, the donor's father, 1886. April 1949.

Rockafield, Mrs. Bertha Bulla, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Kerosene lamp owned by Homer Skinner of Galesburg, Illinois, grandfather of Mrs. Rockafield. Bought in 1860 and used continuously for over 50 years. April 1949.

Petersen, Allen, Moorcroft, Wyoming: Confederate money. Five dollar bill dated February 17, 1864 bears the imprint, "The Confederate States of America." Given to Mr. Allen in 1947 by Mrs. E. W. R. Wilson, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1845. This money came into her possession while she was a maid in the White House during Abraham Lincoln's presidency. April 1949.

Mead, George S.: Picture frame and copy of Charles M. Russell's print, 1897, "Cold Springs Harbor Hold-Up;" handcuffs presented to Mr. George Mead by a friend who used them on Big Nose George. Presented by Mrs. Lulu Goins in memory of her father, Mr. George S. Mead, Cheyenne, Wyoming. May 1949.

Provines, Kate Ellena, New York, N. Y.: City Council cards for the years 1882, 1883, 1885, 1887; hand written appointment and official oath of W. G. Provines as Special Master, March 1876; commission of William G. Provines as Civil Engineer of the City of Cheyenne, January 18, 1887. May 1949.

Fuller, E. O.: Nine pieces of Japanese paper money, of denominations from one cent to $1000. June 1949.

Caldwell, Mrs. Robert G., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Wyoming's Cow-Belle Cook Book; two souvenir pins; copy of the address Mrs. D. R. Whitaker gave at the Cow-Belle Convention in 1943. June 1949.

Union Pacific Railroad, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Large unframed picture of the Teton Mountains, presented by W. W. Morrison. June 1949.

"Merci" Train: Wedding gown, veil, wreath; two sabers; hand carved cabinet of the Renaissance period; iron plaque of Napoleon III era; three cork screws; glass ash tray; set of door knockers and gate ornaments; bronze plaque with this inscription: "Box Car used in Ist World War presented by the French national railroads to the State of Wyoming in gratitude for the help given to France by the American people;" Marie Bataillou style picture of 1864; pewter plate and cream pitcher; vase with red designs; hand painted platter; friendship knot made from the ravelings of an American Flag; wooden statue; musket powder horn; wine colored petit point slippers; set of scales to weigh small coins; an old oil lighter; an iron hook with rings, used in a very old fire place for cooking; hand made bracelet of the Louis Philippe era; ink-well, old padlock; original etchings by Admond La Joux, "Chaffeurs Alpins" or "Les Diables Blues;" one hundred illustrations of Paris-Lyon-Marseille Rail Road; books: Louise Dulay de Geradmer, *Antheor Poems; la lyre barbelle;* an edition taken from the *l'flag XXI Schubin* by Jean Bouvier; Poster, Le President. June 1949.

Roberts, Charles D., Chevy Chase, Maryland: Picture of the officers of the 17th and 21st Infantry Garrison of Fort Bridger, Wyoming, 1888, in front of Carter store and residence; picture of the bridge in the parade ground at Fort Bridger, 1890. July 1949.

Wilde, A. E., State Director, United States Savings Bonds Division of United States Treasury Department, Federal Building, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Navy blue German coat; navy blue German blouse and cap; grey German coat; Minute Man banner; four scrap books; book on National Conference from 1941-1946; emblem, "schools at war;" four banners numbered 199170-3: The U. S. Flag is at the top, and below it is written an inscription in seven different languages: French, Annamese, Thai, Chinese, Korean, Japanese and Lao; three banners for a bond drive, one red and two blue; American flag; three buttons of the Defense Saving Staff; Manuscript of talks by Morris M. Townsend to Bankers Association in eleven states; five magazines: Schools at Work and at War; forty-three issues of the Minute Man Magazine; three posters, "This Time It's You!", "Speaking of Bonds" and "Willy Jeep." July 1949.

Wallace, Mrs. Hershill G.: Four pieces of paper money: ten centavos, one peso, ten pesos, one thousand pesos. July 1949.

Smalley, Edith A. (Mrs. E. J.), Cheyenne, Wyoming: Framed picture of Mrs. E. J. Smalley; framed picture of Mrs. B. H. Smalley; the Lariat for the years 1924 through 1929. July 1949.

Keith, Dr. M. C., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Frame with 136 arrow heads and three spear heads arranged in a star design; frame with 82 arrow heads and spear heads; frame with 76 arrow heads and spear heads, hatchet heads, stone charms, awls, and scrapers; frame with 10 metal arrow or spear heads, and 109 stone arrow heads, awls, scrapers, and spear heads, arranged in a tree design; frame with 57 spear heads, hatchet heads, scrapers, knives, arranged in a star design; frame with 25 spear heads, knives, and scrapers, and 38 small arrow heads arranged in a swastika design; frame with 18 large hammer heads and axes; frame with 33 scrapers and knives; frame with 13 large scrapers, hammers and knives; frame with 86 points, arrows, spears from Hell's Half Acre and 10 fleshers, 7 knives from Central, Wyoming; frame with 50 awls, scrapers and knives; frame with 126 awls and arrow heads and one charm with identification shown; frame with 65 hammer heads, axes, scrapers and knives; frame with 3 obsidian knives, 6 awls, 9 scrapers, 2 spear heads and 10 arrow heads; framed photograph of Chief Washakie; box of mixed arrow heads and scraper fragments; 7 pipes; 2 bone handled stone knives; charm (hole in stone); stone knife with handle; 16 war clubs; 5 polished axes with hammer heads; two small black grinding bowls with grinders; dish of polished stone; stone moccasin; 9 fragments of arrow heads; bottle of beads picked up in ant hills near the site of Old Fort Casper Bridge, Casper, Wyoming; 1 box of Peyote buds; beaded belt with silver buckle; beaded leather case; 2 strings of stone and bone beads; 2 woven bands; toy papoose carrier; toy hammer; 6 pairs of beaded moccasins; 1 large flat and 2 deep grinding bowls. Presented by Mrs. M. C. Keith in memory of her husband, Dr. M. C. Keith. July 1949.

DeTilla, George M., Braymer, Missouri: United States Flag with 14 stars. August 1949.

Stephens, G. A., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Badge of the Durant Fire Company No. 1, Cheyenne, Wyoming; Certificate of Membership for G. A. Stephens Duran Fire Company No. 1, of the City of Cheyenne, Wyoming, April 2, 1902. August 1949.

Haygood, Allen W., Granite Canyon, Wyoming: Ox yoke, presented by his son Henry R. Haygood. August 1949.

Krakel, C. D., Fort Collins, Colorado: Two pieces of petrified alga. August 1949.

McGee, Mr. and Mrs. Bert, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Silver cowbell souvenir, designed for the 9th meeting of the Wyoming Cow Belle Association, Sheridan, Wyoming, June 1949; *Souvenir Booklet of the Midwest,* glimpses of Cheyenne Frontier Days, 1896-1902; *Cheyenne, The Magic City,* Booklet of photographs c. 1890, C. D. Kirkland photographer. September 1949.

Books—Gifts

October 1948-August 1949

Shoemaker, Floyd C. *Semicentennial History, 1898-1948.* Missouri State Historical Society, 1948. Donated by the Missouri State Historical Society.

Eberstadt, Edward. *William Robertson Coe Collection of Western Americana.* Privately printed, 1948. Donated by W. R. Coe.

Drury, John. *Old Illinois Houses.* State of Illinois, 1948. Donated by the Illinois Historical Society.

Books—Purchased

October 1948-August 1949

Mississippi Valley Historical Review, Index 1914-1929, Vols. 1-15. Mississippi Valley Historical Association, 1932.

Meek, Stephen Hall. *A Mountain Man.* Glen Dawson, Pasadena, California, 1948.

Schmitt, Martin F. *Fighting Indians of the West.* Scribner's, New York, 1948.

Adams, James T. *Album of American History.* Vol. 4. Scribner's, New York, 1948.

Price, George F. *Across the Continent with the 5th Cavalry.* Van Nostrand, New York, 1883.

Adams, Ramon F. *Charles M. Russell, Biography.* Trails End, Pasadena, California, 1948.

Yost, Karl. *Charles M. Russell, Bibliography.* Trails End, Pasadena, California, 1948.

Wyoming-Idaho Sampler. Harbinger.

Lavender, David. *The Big Divide.* Doubleday (Prairie) Garden City, N. Y., 1948.

Spring, Agnes Wright. *Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes.* Arthur H. Clark, Glendale, California, 1948.

Beasley, Norman. *Main Street Merchant.* McGraw-Hill, New York, 1948.

Augspurger, Marie M. *Yellowstone National Park.* Naegele-Auer, Middletown, Ohio, 1948.

Muller, Dan. *My Life With Buffalo Bill.* Rilly & Lee, Chicago, 1948.

Bauer, Clyde M. *Yellowstone, Its Wonderworld.* Permission of National Park Service, Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1948.

West, Ray B. ed., *Rocky Mountain Cities.* Norton, New York, 1949.

Tierney, Luke. *Gold Discoveries on the North Platte River.* Published by Authors, Pacific City, Iowa, 1949.

Eyre, Alice. *Famous Fremonts and Their America.* Fine Arts, 1948.

Clark, Dan E. *West in American History.* Crowell, New York, 1937.

GENERAL INDEX

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Compiled by Mary Elizabeth Cody

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