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Mateo Tepee or Devils Tower, Crook County, Wyoming. *Stimson photo, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.*

Devils Tower National Monument—A History*

By

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The year 1956 marks the 50th Anniversary of the establishment of Devils Tower National Monument, the first of our national monuments. The same year is likewise the Golden Anniversary of the enactment of the Antiquities Act which authorized the President, by proclamation, to set aside "historical landmarks, historic and prehistoric structures, and other objects of historic or scientific interest that are upon lands owned or controlled by the United States as National Monuments."[1] Under this law and subsequent authorizations, 84 national monuments have now been established.

All who have seen the gigantic stump-like formation, known as Devils Tower, rising some 1,200 feet above the Belle Fourche River, will understand why it inspired the imagination of the Indians. They called it *Mateo Tepee,* meaning Grizzly Bear Lodge, and had several legends regarding its origin. According to the Kiowas, who at one time are reputed to have lived in the region, their tribe once camped on a stream where there were many bears. One day seven little girls were playing at a distance from the village and were chased by some bears. The girls ran toward the village and when the bears were about to catch them, they jumped to a low rock about three feet in height. One of them prayed to the rock, "Rock, take pity on us—Rock, save us." The rock heard them and began to elongate itself upwards, pushing the children higher and higher out of reach of the bears. When the bears jumped at them they scratched the rock, broke their claws and fell back upon the ground. The rock continued to push the children upward into the sky while the bears jumped at them. The children are still in the sky, seven little stars in a group (the pleiades). According to the legend, the marks of the bears' claws may be seen on the side of the rock.[2]

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* In preparing this article, the writer wishes to acknowledge the assistance given him by Mr. Newell F. Joyner, former Custodian of Devils Tower National Monument. Mr. Joyner, while stationed at the Tower, collected considerable material for a history of the area which was freely used by the author.

The Cheyenne version of the origin of the Tower is somewhat different. According to their legend, there were seven brothers. When the wife of the oldest brother went out to fix the smoke wings of her tipi, a big bear carried her away to his cave. Her husband mourned her loss deeply and would go out and cry defiantly to the bear. The youngest of the brothers was a medicine man and had great powers. He told the oldest one to go out and make a bow and four blunt arrows. Two arrows were to be painted red and set with eagle feathers; the other two were to be painted black and set with buzzard feathers. The youngest brother then took the bow and small arrows, told the older brothers to fill their quivers with arrows and they all went out after the big bear. At the entrance of the cave, the younger brother told the others to sit down and wait. He then turned himself into a gopher and dug a big hole in the bear's den. When he crawled in he found the bear lying with his head on the woman's lap. He then put the bear to sleep and changed himself back into an Indian. He then had the woman crawl back to the entrance where the six brothers were waiting. Then the hole closed up. After the Indians hurried away, the bear awoke. He started after them taking all the bears of which he was the leader.

The Indians finally came to the place where Devils Tower now stands. The youngest boy always carried a small rock in his hand. He told his six brothers and the woman to close their eyes. He sang a song. When he had finished the rock had grown. He sang four times and when he had finished singing the rock was just as high as it is today. When the bears reached the Tower, the brothers killed all of the bears except the leader, who kept jumping against the rock. His claws made the marks that are on the rock today. The youngest brother then shot two black arrows and a red arrow without effect. His last arrow killed the bear. The youngest brother then made a noise like a bald eagle. Four eagles came. They took hold of the eagles' legs and were carried to the ground.[3]

The Tower also was an object of curiosity to the early white explorers. Although early fur traders and others probably saw the gigantic formation at a distance, none ever mentioned it in their journals. Lt. G. K. Warren's Expedition of 1855 passed through the Black Hills en route from Fort Laramie to Fort Pierre but probably never was within sight of it.[4] In 1857, Warren, accompanied by Dr. F. V. Hayden and others, started from Fort Laramie to explore the Black Hills and then returned to the Missouri *via* the Niobrara River. At Inyan Kara, they met a large party of Sioux who threatened to attack if they attempted to advance farther. While here, Warren reported seeing the "Bear's Lodge" and "Little Missouri Buttes" to the north through a powerful spy-glass. It is not known if he was referring to the Bear Lodge Mountains or to the Tower itself. The explorers

retraced their route 40 miles and took another route eastward instead of the one originally planned.[5] When Capt. W. F. Raynolds' Yellowstone Expedition passed through the Black Hills region two years later, J. T. Hutton, topographer, and the Sioux interpreter, Zephyr Recontre, on July 20 reached the Tower and returned to the Expedition's camp on the Little Missouri River.[6] Neither Warren nor Raynolds, however, left descriptions of the formation.

It remained for the U. S. Geological Survey party, who made a reconnaissance of the Black Hills in 1875, to call attention to the uniqueness of the Tower. Col. Richard I. Dodge, commander of the military escort, described it in the following year as "one of the most remarkable peaks in this or any country."[7] Henry Newton (1845-1877), geological assistant to the expedition, wrote:

> . . . Its [the Tower's] remarkable structure, its symmetry, and its prominence made it an unfailing object of wonder. . . . It is a great remarkable obelisk of trachyte, with a columnar structure, giving it a vertically stratiated appearance, and it rises 625 feet almost perpendicular, from its base. Its summit is so entirely inaccesible that the energetic explorer, to whom the ascent of an ordinarily difficult crag is but a pleasant pastime, standing at its base could only look upward in despair of ever planting his feet on the top. . . .[8]

Colonel Dodge is generally credited with giving the formation its present name. In his book, entitled *The Black Hills,* published in 1876, he called it "Devils Tower," explaining "The Indians call this shaft The Bad God's Tower, a name adopted with proper modification, by our surveyors."[9] Newton, whose published work on the survey appeared in 1880, explained that the name Bear Lodge (Mateo Teepee) "appears on the earliest map of the region, and though more recently it is said to be known among the Indians as 'the bad god's tower,' or in better English, 'the devil's tower,' the former name, well applied, is still retained."[10] However, since that time, the name Devils Tower has been generally used. Geologists, on the other hand, have in some instances continued to use the original name.[11]

Over the years there have been changing theories concerning the origin of Devils Tower. The latest belief, based upon the most extensive geological field work yet done, probably will be supported by further study.

Briefly stated, about 60 million years ago when the Rocky Mountains were formed, there was similar upheaval which produced the Black Hills and associated mountains. Great masses of very hot, plastic material from within welled up into the earth's crust. In some instances it reached the surface to produce lava flows or spectacular explosive volcanoes which spread layers of ash many feet thick over a vast part of the Great Plains.

In the Devils Tower vicinity, this slowly upsurging, heated earth

substance spent its force before reaching the surface, cooling and becoming solid within the upper layers of the earth. During this process probably a very large mass of it, many miles across, moved within a few thousand feet of the surface. Before it cooled, fingers or branches of pasty-textured material moved upward along lines of weakness in the rock layers near the surface of the earth. Some of these pinched out, while others formed local masses of varying size and shape. Devils Tower and the nearby Missouri Buttes, as we know them today, represent some of these offshoot bodies which solidified in pretty much their present size and form at depths of possibly one to two thousand feet beneath the surface. The phonolite porphyry, as the rock of Devils Tower and the Missouri Buttes is known, is very hard.

During subsequent tens of millions of years, erosion has stripped away the softer rock layers in which these masses formed, leaving them standing as dominant landmarks. The process continues today as the Belle Fourche and Little Missouri Rivers and their tributary streams, aided by freezing, thawing, rain drops, and the other processes that break down the rock, continue to alter the face of the earth in this region.

Within less than a decade after the U. S. Geological Survey party passed through the region, the first settlers were to enter the western end of the Black Hills in which the Tower is located. The Treaty of 1868 guaranteed this region to the Indians. In 1874, in violation of this treaty, Gen. George A. Custer led a reconnaissance expedition into the Black Hills. As the result of his reports of the discovery of gold in paying quantities in the Hills, miners invaded the region. While the Government attempted to negotiate with the Indians to purchase the Hills, the Army endeavored to keep out the intruders. When the negotiations broke down in 1875, the troops were withdrawn and miners and settlers poured into the region. Towns such as Custer City and Deadwood sprung up over night. Many of the Indians, as a result, became convinced that they would lose their reservations in the Dakotas, Wyoming and Montana and joined the hostiles. By early 1876 the Government found a full-scale Indian war on its hands. Following the Battle of the Little Bighorn in June, the Army pursued the hostile groups relentlessly. In the fall of that year the Indians were compelled to cede the Black Hills and most of their lands in Wyoming to the whites. For several years, however, small marauding groups continued to wander through the region.

By the end of the decade, the vicinity around Devils Tower was comparatively safe for settlers. In the early 1880's the first of these came into the Belle Fourche Valley in the vicinity of Hulett. With the exception of such outfits as the Camp Stool and the D (Driscoll), most of these settlers were small-scale farmers and ranchers from the mid-western states. In the vicinity of Moor-

croft and the Tower, on the other hand, most of the land was occupied by large-scale outfits, such as the 101. From 1889 to 1892, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad extended its line from the South Dakota State Line through Newcastle, Moorcroft and thence to Sheridan.[12] From several points along this line, the Tower may be seen in the distance. It is not unreasonable to conjecture, therefore, that the railroad may have had some influence in the movement to give the area national protection.

Fortunately. the Government took early action to prevent the Tower from passing into the hands of individuals who might wish to exploit the scenic wonder for private gain. In February 1890, Charles Graham filed a preemption application for the lands on which the Tower is situated. In August of the same year, the General Land Office issued an order to reject all applications on these lands. This order forestalled other attempts to acquire the Tower for speculative purposes.[13]

Meanwhile, support grew for the idea of preserving the Tower as a national or state park. In February 1892, Senator Francis E. Warren (1844-1929) of Wyoming wrote the Commissioner of the General Land Office asking him for assistance in preventing the spoliation of Devils Tower and the Little Missouri Buttes, located several miles to the northeast.[14] Several weeks later, the Land Office issued an order setting aside, under the Forest Reserve Act of March 3, 1891, some 60.5 square miles, which included both the Tower and the Little Missouri Buttes, as a temporary forest reserve. This reserve was reduced in June 1892 to 18.75 square miles and the unreserved portion in 1898 was restored to settlement.

In the same year, Senator Warren introduced a bill (S. 3364) in the United States Senate for the establishment of "Devils Tower National Park." Acting on the advice of the General Land Office, the Senator requested in his proposal that 18.75 square miles or 11,974.24 acres, which include both Devils Tower and the Little Missouri Buttes, be set aside for the park. The bill, which was introduced on July 1, 1892, was read twice by its title and referred to the Committee on Territories. It appears that Congress took no further action on the proposal.[16]

It was not until fourteen years later that Devils Tower became a national monument. Although the proposal to make the area a national park apparently did not receive much public support, the proponents were sufficiently influential to keep it in timber reserve status. Following the passage of the Antiquities Act in June 1906, Frank W. Mondell (1860-1939), Representative-at-Large from Wyoming and resident of Newcastle, lent his support to the plan to have the area preserved as a national monument. Mondell was a member and later chairman of the important House Committee on Public Lands.[17] It was apparently as the result of his

William Rogers making first exhibition ascent of Devils Tower, July 4, 1893. *Courtesy National Park Service.*

DEVIL'S TOWER

[illegible] GREATEST NATURAL WONDERS [illegible] UNITED STATES

Situated in

CROOK COUNTY. WYOMING

The Devil's Tower is a perpendicular column of rock and no human being has ever stepped upon its top.

On July 4th, 1893, Old Glory will be flung to the breeze from the top of the Tower, 800 feet from the ground by Wm. Rogers.

The Committee of citizens of Crook County have organized the following programme:

SPEAKERS: [illegible]

[illegible]

LOTS OF HAY AND GRAIN FOR HORSES

[illegible] day and Night.

Perfect order will be maintained. The [illegible] sight [illegible] will be observed, and the 4th of July will be better spent at the Devil's Tower than at the World's Fair.

[illegible] Crook County Committee

Handbill of first exhibition ascent of Devils Tower, July 4, 1893. *Courtesy National Park Service.*

William Rogers. *Courtesy National Park Service.*

influence, more than that of any other individual, that President Theodore Roosevelt, on September 24, 1906, proclaimed Devils Tower as a national monument. Upon the recommendation of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, the acreage set aside was only 1,152.91 acres, believed by him to "be sufficiently large to provide for the proper care and management of the monument" under the terms of the Antiquities Act. The Little Missouri Buttes were not included in the monument area. The remainder of the reserve was opened to settlement in 1908.[18]

The question whether President Theodore Roosevelt ever visited Devils Tower is a matter of conjecture. Some elderly residents of the region claim that he visited the place on one of his hunting trips through the Black Hills; others, that he dedicated the monument when it was established. The writer has been unable to find any contemporary letters or newspaper accounts which show that he visited the Tower at any time.[19] On April 25, 1903, while on an extended tour through the West, Roosevelt made train stops at Gillette, Moorcroft and Sundance, Wyoming; and at Edgemont and Ardmore, South Dakota.[20] It is highly probable that he saw the Tower at a distance at that time. The several Wyoming newspapers published in September 1906, which were consulted by the writer, made no mention whatever of the Tower receiving national monument status.

Although it was difficult to reach, the Tower early became a favorite camping and picnicking spot for people living in the vicinity. One of the inviting features was the large spring of pure cold water located near its base. It was some distance from a railroad so it could be reached only over unimproved roads or trails by horseback, wagon or buckboard. One long-time resident of Hulett, some ten miles distant from the monument by present paved highway, informed the writer that in the 1890's, it was necessary to ford the Belle Fourche River seven times to get to the Tower. Many of the people in the vicinity went to the Tower once or twice a year and spent one or two nights there. The Fourth of July observances for the community were sometimes held there and people often came from considerable distance to these events.[21]

The best-known early event was the 4th of July celebration held at the Tower in 1893. According to the handbill circulated for the occasion,[22] the principal speakers were N. K. Griggs[23] of Beatrice, Nebraska, and Col. William R. Steele[24] of Deadwood, South Dakota. The handbill announced "There will be plenty to Eat and Drink on the Grounds;" "Lots of Hay and Grain for Horses;" and, "Dancing Day and Night." It also stated "Perfect order will be maintained." The feature attraction, however, of the day was to be the first climbing of the Tower by William Rogers, a local rancher.[25] The event was apparently given wide publicity.

Rogers made elaborate preparations for the big event. With the assistance of Willard Ripley, another local rancher, he prepared a 350-foot ladder to the summit of the Tower. This was accomplished by driving pegs, cut from native oak, ash and willow, 24 to 30 inches in length and sharpened on one end, into a continuous vertical crack found between the two columns on the southeast side of the giant formation. The pegs were then braced and secured to each other by a continuous wooden strip to which the outer end of each peg was fastened. Before making the exhibition ascent, the men took a 12-foot flagpole to the top and planted it into the ground. The building of the ladder by Rogers and Ripley was an undertaking perhaps more hazardous than the climbing of the Tower itself.[26]

People came for a distance from 100 to 125 miles to witness the first formal ascent of the Tower. The more conservative estimates are that about 1,000 people came by horseback, wagon and buckboard to see the spectacular feat. For many of them it was a trip requiring several days of tedious travel over rough and dusty trails. Rogers began his ascent following proper ceremonies which included an invocation. After climbing for about an hour, he reached the top. Amid much cheering from the many open-mouthed spectators some 865 feet below, he unfurled an American flag, which had been specially made for the occasion, from the flagpole. Devils Tower had at last been conquered in the full view of an assembled throng. During the afternoon, a gust of wind tore the flag loose and it drifted down to the base of the Tower. Here the promoters tore it up and sold the pieces for souvenirs.[27]

Others were soon to climb the Tower by Rogers' ladder. On July 4, 1895, Mrs. Rogers duplicated her husband's climb two years earlier and became the first woman to reach the summit. It is estimated that 25 people later made the ascent of the Tower by Rogers' ladder. The last to reach the top by this means was "Babe" White, "the Human Fly," in 1927. Much of the ladder has since been destroyed. However, a portion of it may still be seen on the southwest side of the Tower.[28] A viewing device on the Tower trail assists the visitor to locate the remnants of the ladder.

Almost a quarter of a century was to pass after Devils Tower was given national recognition before a full-time National Park Service employee was to be stationed at the monument. Consequently, there is little information about the area for the period from 1906 to 1930. When the monument was established, the Commissioner of the General Land Office directed the Special Agent of the district in which the area was located and the local Land Office to act as custodians of the newly-created area. They were to prevent vandalism, removal of objects and all unauthorized occupation or settlement of lands on the monument. Mr. E. O.

Fuller, of Laramie, served with the Sundance office of that agency as special investigator from 1908 to 1919. He informed the writer that, among his various duties, he was charged with the responsibility of looking after the Tower. Mr. Fuller related to the writer that on one occasion a Wyoming newspaper carried an article indicating that souvenir hunters were damaging the Tower by chipping it. The story soon reached the East, and within a short time one New York and several Washington, D. C., papers were carrying alarming stories that the giant formation was being undermined and seriously threatened. The fear was voiced that, if measures were not taken immediately to prevent it, the famous landmark would soon be destroyed. As a result of this publicity, the Commissioner of the General Land Office sent out instructions to place warning signs on the monument asking people not to molest the Tower. It was Mr. Fuller's responsibility to post these signs on the area. He visited the place from time to time to prevent people from destroying trees and damaging the natural features of the area.[29]

Meanwhile, Congressman Mondell made persistent efforts to interest the Federal Government in developing the monument as a tourist attraction. In February 1910, he introduced a bill (H.R. 21897) providing for an appropriation to build an iron stairway from the foot to the summit of Devils Tower. The proposal was referred to the Committee on Appropriations[30] and apparently never reported out. In 1911 and 1913 Mondell reintroduced identical bills (H.R. 8792 and H.R. 88) to the earlier one in the 62nd and 63rd Congresses and they too died in the committee.[31] In 1915 and 1917, he introduced bills (H.R. 165 and 60) to provide for the building of roads at the monument "and for other purposes." These met the same fate as the earlier bills. Mondell, however, continued to urge the Secretary of Interior and the Director of the National Park Service to build a bridge across the Belle Fourche River, east of the monument, and construct a suitable access road to the area.[32]

With the popularizing of the automobile, the need for visitor's facilities on the area increased. In 1916, the National Park Service was organized and the monument was placed under its jurisdiction. Prior to 1917, Congress made no general appropriations for the protection and maintenance of the national monuments. Until the 1930's the amounts allotted for this purpose continued to be very small.[33] Various groups continued to urge for a satisfactory access road to the area and for a bridge across the Belle Fourche River near the monument. Early in 1915, Mondell transmitted a request to the Secretary of the Interior from the three legislators from Crook County asking Congress for funds to build a road to the tower.[34] At a picnic held at the monument on July 4, 1916, which was attended by some 500 people, a petition was drafted and signed by 153 persons and sent to Congressman

Mondell. The petitioners complained that they had been compelled to walk a mile and a half that day over a trail which was "washed out and filled with logs" in order to reach the Tower. They asked Congress for an appropriation of $20,000 to convert the giant formation into a public resort and to build a bridge across the Belle Fourche.[35] Pressure from the various groups through Congressman Mondell was soon to bring some results. In 1917 the National Park Service, with the assistance of Crook County, built a 12 to 16-foot road three miles in length and with a grade of eight percent leading to the giant formation.[36] In the following year, this road was improved so that it could be reached more easily by automobile.[37] The spring at the base of the Tower was also made more serviceable.[38]

It was some time, however, before pressure was sufficiently strong to compel the Federal Government to build a bridge across the Belle Fourche near the monument. For many years, it had been necessary for those entering the area from the east to ford the river. During the summer months, the river was subject to sudden and unpredictable rises which frequently made it impossible for people visiting the area to return to the east bank until the waters subsided. In many instances, those so stranded were compelled to camp out one, and in some cases, several nights. Pressure from local people and travel organizations to build the bridge continued to be strong throughout the early 1920's. In 1923 a petition, containing seven pages of signatures of people from Wyoming and South Dakota, was submitted to the Secretary of the Interior asking that the Belle Fourche near the monument be bridged. Both Senators Warren and John B. Kendrick lent their support to the movement. It was not until 1928 that the bridge was built.[39]

During the 1920's, the National Park Service was able to provide only the most minimum accommodations for visitors at Devils Tower. Some work continued to be done in maintaining the roads. In 1921 John M. Thorn, County Commissioner of Crook County, of Hulett, was appointed custodian at an annual salary of $12 a year.[40] Thorn served primarily as foreman of maintenance work and performed the minimum paper work necessary in preparing payrolls and making purchases. In 1922 the Service built a log shelter to protect the visitors from inclement weather, cleaned the spring next to the Tower and improved the road within the monument boundaries. However, in spite of the improvements the Government was able to make, the maintenance at the monument must have been very inadequate. Trespassing stock continued to graze on the area and occupy the log shelter erected for visitors. The Secretary of Custer Battlefield Highway Association complained to the Director in 1929 that the road to the Tower the previous year "was a disgrace, many people turned

back because of the terrible road conditions." He also pointed out that the area needed a full-time custodian.[11]

Despite the hardships in reaching the Tower and the lack of accommodations after reaching there, visitation to the area continued to rise during the 1920's. "The monument is receiving an increasing number of visitors who like to camp on the ground," reported the Director in 1922.[12] From 1921 to 1930 the estimated number of visitors rose from 7,000 to 14,720, the average being 9,100.[13] After 1925 a register was kept at Grenier's Store which was located near the east entrance to the monument.

During this period the National Park Service was under continued pressure to authorize concessions at the Tower. Numerous applications were made by individuals and companies to erect restaurants, gasoline stations, hotels and recreational facilities there. The Service consistently maintained that such developments of a permanent character should be made outside the monument boundaries and not within the area itself.[14]

It has only been since 1930 that Devils Tower National Monument has become a national tourist attraction. This has been the result of several factors. During the latter part of the 1920's, the Custer Battlefield Highway (U. S. Highway 14) was built between Spearfish, South Dakota, and Gillette, Wyoming, and came within only seven miles of the Tower. The State also built improved roads into Sundance from U. S. Highways 85 and 16. A paved highway was also constructed from U. S. Highway 14 to Alva making the area from the south entirely accessible by paved roads. Local and state Chambers of Commerce, travel associations, newspapers and periodicals gave the Tower wide publicity as one of the natural "wonders of the world."[15]

The decade of the 1930's was one of extensive development for the monument. Although the Nation was in the throes of the Great Depression, considerable sums of money as well as manpower were made available for public works through the various relief agencies. Working under the supervision of the National Park Service, these agencies, particularly the Civilian Conservation Corps, inaugurated an extensive development program at the monument. From 1935-1938 a CCC camp was located there. Practically all of the improvements on the area at the present time are the results of their efforts. New roads were built, modern water and electrical systems installed, footpaths were laid out, picnic areas were established with tables and comfortable benches, and trailer and overnight camping areas were provided the visitors. Residences for employees, workshops and machine shops were erected. In 1938 a museum of sturdy log construction was completed.

The result of the improved roads and visitor facilities at the monument is reflected in travel records. During the ten-year period from 1931 to 1941, in spite of the Great Depression, the

number of visitors practically tripled. In 1931 the count was 11,000; in 1936, 26,503; in 1941, 32,951.

In the early 1930's, the first full-time custodian was stationed at the monument. This was George C. Crowe, who previously had been a Ranger-Naturalist at Yosemite National Park in California. Crowe served from April or May 1931 until March 1932 when he was transferred to Yellowstone National Park as Assistant Park Naturalist. Newell F. Joyner, who earlier had seen service at Yellowstone as Ranger and Naturalist, succeeded Crowe as Custodian.[16] Joyner served in this capacity for 15 years.

The big annual event each year at the monument, the Pioneers' Picnic, had its origin at this time. Although old-timers frequently met at the Tower prior to that time, it was not until 1932 that they formally organized. In that year, the Northern Black Hills Pioneer Association came into being. Its membership was limited to people who had resided in that section for at least 35 years. On one day each year, usually in June, this organization sponsors a program which features speakers, music, and sometimes contests.[17]

In the late 1930's, professional mountain climbers gave their attention to Devils Tower. Although the summit of the giant

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

DEVILS TOWER
NATIONAL MONUMENT,
WYOMING.

WARNING.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that any person or persons who injure or destroy or, without specific authority from the Secretary of the Interior, excavate or appropriate any historic or prehistoric ruin, monument, object of antiquity, or of scientific interest, for the protection of which this reservation was created, will be subject to arrest and punishment under the provisions of the acts of Congress approved February 6, 1905, and June 8, 1906.

APPLICATIONS FOR PERMITS under the provisions of section 3 of the act of June 8, 1906, from reputable museums, universities, colleges, or other recognized scientific institutions or their duly authorized agents, will be considered by the Secretary of the Interior

FRED DENNETT,
Commissioner.

Approved, November 6, 1908.
JAMES RUDOLPH GARFIELD,
Secretary of the Interior.

Poster issued by the General Land Office warning visitors not to vandalize Devils Tower. *Courtesy E. O. Fuller, Laramie Wyoming.*

Indian legend depicting the origin of Devils Tower. *Courtesy National Park Service.*

formation had by then been reached a number of times by means of the ladder which Rogers had built in 1893, no one had reached the top without this device. With the consent of the National Park Service, three mountain climbers, all members of the American Alpine Club of New York City, led by Fritz Wiessner, in 1937 made the first ascent of the Tower solely by rock-climbing techniques. They reached the top in four hours and forty-six minutes. This party made many scientific observations and brought down samples of the rock as well as vegetation found there. Eleven years later 16 members of the Iowa Mountain Climbers Club, after reaching the summit, hoisted bedding and food and spent the night. To date (November 1955), there have been 173 recorded individual ascents of the formation by skilled climbers.[18] Practically all of these were made on the southeast side of the Tower by three different climbing routes. In 1955 James McCarthy and John Rupley made the first ascent on the west side.

In the fall of 1941 the Tower made the headlines of the Nation's leading newspapers. This was brought about through the foolhardy stunt of a professional parachutist named George Hopkins. Without the consent or knowledge of National Park Service officials, Hopkins, who held a number of United States and world's records for spectacular jumps, on October 1 parachuted from an airplane to the top of the Tower. His plan was to make his descent by means of a one-half inch 1,000-foot rope which was dropped from the plane. Unfortunately, this rope landed on the side of the Tower and Hopkins was unable to get it. The Park Service was confronted with a serious problem, and newspapers throughout the country made the most of the predicament. Telegrams and letters offering advice on how to rescue Hopkins came from all over the United States. Meanwhile, food and blankets were dropped to him while Service officials considered how to get the man down from the giant formation.

After weighing carefully various methods, the Service, on October 3, decided to accept the offer of Jack Durrance, a student at Dartmouth College, skier and mountain climber who had led the second mountain-climbing ascent of the Tower in 1938, to lead the rescue party. More food, water, and blankets were dropped to Hopkins and assurances were given him that help was coming. Advice and offers of assistance continued. The Goodyear Company offered to loan the use of a blimp to effect the rescue. The Navy offered the use of a helicopter. Bad weather, meanwhile, grounded Durrance's plane, so the mountain climber had to travel to Denver by train. On October 5, Durrance and his party arrived at the monument. Working closely with Service officials, they laid out a safe climbing route for rescue operations. On the following day, Durrance led seven other climbers to the summit of the tower where they found Hopkins who, in spite of

his ordeal, was in excellent physical condition and in good spirits. The descent was made with little difficulty. The stranded stunt man and the rescue operations which received wide publicity attracted many spectators from all parts of the Nation. During the six-day period, some 7,000 visitors came to the monument to see him and witness rescue operations.[40]

Within a few months following the Hopkins episode, the United States entered World War II. Travel to the National Park Service areas, except by members of the Armed Forces, was not encouraged. Personnel, as well as appropriations, needed to maintain the areas, were reduced to a minimum. Gas and tire rationing, together with reduced vacation time resulting from the War effort, was soon to be reflected in reduced travel figures. In 1942 the visitors at the monument numbered 20,874; in 1943, 5,114; 1944, 6,024; 1945, 7,315.

In 1947 Raymond W. McIntyre, the present incumbent, succeeded Joyner as Superintendent of the monument. McIntyre, a native of North Dakota, was Park Ranger at Glacier National Park immediately prior to entering on duty at the Tower. He had previously served in the capacity of Ranger at Mount McKinley National Park in Alaska and a Ranger with the U. S. Forest Service.

Increased visitation following World War II has brought new problems to the National Park Service in the administration of the monument. From 1946 visitor totals jumped from 35,551 to an all-time high of 100,919 in 1954. This great increase in visitor use of the area has brought about a critical need for additional facilities. These include improved and enlarged camping facilities, additional housing for monument personnel, more trails, additional water and sewer developments and more interpretive facilities.

The problem at Devils Tower National Monument is not unique. The increased travel to all of the National Park Service areas since World War II has brought about similar needs elsewhere for expanded facilities and services. Assuming that this travel will continue to increase in the next decade as it has in the past, the Director in 1955 launched "MISSION 66." By this program, a long-range planning project for the National Park Service was begun to meet the needs of the Nation in the year 1966, the Golden Anniversary of that agency. The purpose of this program is "to make an intensive study of the problems of protection, public use, interpretation, development, staffing, legislation, financing, and all other phases of park operation, and to produce a comprehensive and integrated program of use and protection that is in harmony with the obligations of the National Park Service under the Act of 1916," under which the organization was established.

CHRONOLOGY OF DEVILS TOWER NATIONAL MONUMENT

1859 —Members of Capt. W. F. Raynolds' Yellowstone Expedition visit Bear Lodge (Devils Tower).

1875 —U. S. Geological Survey visits formation. Name changed from Bear Lodge to Devils Tower.

1892 —Area established as forest reserve. Senator Warren introduces bill to establish Devils Tower National Park.

1893 —William Rogers and Willard Ripley make first ascent of Tower by ladder.

1906 —President Theodore Roosevelt establishes Devils Tower as the first national monument.

1930 —First full-time custodian appointed for monument.

1933-1941—Area developed by Civilian Conservation Corps and other agencies, in cooperation with the National Park Service.

1937 —Fritz Wiessner and party first ascend Tower by mountain-climbing techniques.

1954 —Monument visitation passes 100,000 mark.

1956 —Golden Anniversary of Devils Tower National Monument observed.

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1. *U. S. Statutes at Large,* XXIV: 225; The Antiquities Act, which was enacted by the 59th Congress and approved June 8, 1906, was sponsored primarily by various archeological, historical and scientific societies of the United States. A similar measure was introduced in the 58th Congress. The chief objective of the Act was to preserve the many historic and prehistoric Indian ruins which were then on the huge public domain of the Southwest and also to save objects of scientific interest. See *House Report* No. 2224, 59th Congress, 1st Sess.; *Senate Report* No. 3797, 59th Cong., 1st Sess.

2. *Sundance Times,* Nov. 10, 1927; Reprinted from *Denver Rocky Mountain News,* July 24, 1927.

3. *Souvenir Program, Northern Black Hills Pioneer Association* (n.p., 1938).

4. *Sen. Ex. Doc.* No. 76, 34th Cong., 1st Sess., 1-79.

5. *House Ex. Doc.* No. 2, 35th Cong., 2nd Sess., 628-643.

6. *Report on the Exploration of the Yellowstone River Commanded by Bvt. Brig. Gen. W. F. Raynolds* (Washington, 1868), 33.

7. Richard I. Dodge, *The Black Hills* (New York, 1876), 95.

8. Henry Newton, E.M., and Walter P. Jenny, E. M., *Report on the Geology and Resources of the Black Hills* (Washington, 1880), 200-201.

9. Dodge, *loc. cit.*

10. Newton and Jenny, *loc. cit.*

11. Thomas A. Jaggar, "The Laccoliths of the Black Hills," *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior, 1900.* Thirty-first Annual Report of the Geological Survey, Part III (Washington, 1901), 251-266.

12. Mrs. Grace Bush, Mrs. Ett Butts, Mr. Roy Bush, Mr. Frank Proctor, Mr. Pat Murphy, Mrs. Goldie Hardy, all of Hulett, Wyo., interviews by

Ray H. Mattison Aug. 8 and 9, 1955; Mr. Victor French, Mrs. Alfred Nielson, both of Alva, Wyoming, interviews by Ray H. Mattison Aug. 8, 1955; Thomas M. Davis, "Lines West!—The Story of George W. Holdrege," *Nebraska History*, Vol. XXXI (Sept., 1950), 210-212.

13. Louis A. Groff, Commissioner, General Land Office, hereafter indicated as GLO, Letter to Register and Receiver, Buffalo, Wyoming, Aug. 11, 1890; Thomas H. Carter, Commissioner, GLO, to the Secretary of the Interior, Feb. 16, 1892; C. C. Moore, Commissioner, GLO, to Mr. Dick Stone, July 16, 1932.

14. Senator Francis E. Warren, Letter to Carter, Jan. 30, 1892, National Archives, hereafter indicated as NA.

15. Carter to the Secretary of the Interior, Feb. 16, 1892; Carter to Register and Receiver, GLO, Sundance, Wyo., March 5, 1892; N. J. O'Brien, Special Agent, to Commissioner, GLO, June 13, 1892; Binger Hermann, Commissioner, GLO, to the Secretary of the Interior, April 4, 1898; Secretary of the Interior to Commissioner, GLO, April 16, 1898, NA.

16. *Congressional Record*, 52nd Cong., 1st Sess., Vol. XXIII, Part 6, 5700; Commissioner, General Land Office, to the Secretary of the Interior, Sept. 1906, NA.

17. Mondell served as Representative-at-Large from Wyoming from 1895-1897 and 1899 to 1923. He was the majority floor leader in the 66th and 67th Congresses. According to his son William, the elder Mondell was always interested in the Tower and at one time was the author of an article about it, which the present writer has been unable to locate. He first visited the Tower in 1888 while looking for coal. Representative Mondell made his first political speech in a schoolhouse near the Tower in 1890 when he was running for the office of State Senator. William Mondell, interview by Ray H. Mattison, Aug. 12, 1955.

18. Commissioner, General Land Office, to the Secretary of the Interior, Sept. 1906, NA. Assistant Commissioner, GLO, to Register and Receiver, Sundance, Wyo., Feb. 28, 1908.

19. Elting E. Morison, Ed., *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt* (Cambridge, 1951-1954). 8 vols. *Passim.* In these volumes, the editor has compiled a fairly complete chronology giving a day-by-day summary of Roosevelt's activities from Aug. 1898 until he left the Presidency in March 1909. There are several gaps in this chronology in the last few years of his life. However, it does not indicate that Roosevelt ever visited the Tower. In answer to an inquiry by the writer if Roosevelt dedicated the Tower, Mr. Morison, on Feb. 14, 1955, replied:

> According to the chronology, ". . . Theodore Roosevelt was in Oyster Bay, New York, on September 24, 1906, so it would have been impossible for him to have dedicated the monument on that day. There is no record that he went West at all during the next two years, so I think it unlikely that he ever did actually dedicate it."

20. Morison, *op. cit.*, IV: 1,354; VIII: 1,471. This chronology does not indicate that Roosevelt was in Wyoming between April 1903 and August 1910.

21. Mrs. Grace Bush, Mrs. Ett Butts, Mr. Frank Proctor, Mr. Victor French, Mrs. Alfred Nielson, Mrs. Goldie Hardy, interview.

22. See copy of handbill in *The Sundance* (Wyoming) *Times*, Feb. 17, 1954.

23. N. K. Griggs was a prominent Nebraska lawyer. He was a member of the Nebraska Constitutional Convention in 1871 and member of the State Senate, of which he was President, from 1873 to 1877. A. T. Andreas, *History of Nebraska* (Chicago, 1882), 899.

24. William R. Steele (1842-1901), following the Civil War in which he served in the Union Army, went to Wyoming. He practiced law and was a member of the Legislative Council in 1871. He was a territorial Delegate to Congress from 1873 to 1877. In 1901, he died in Deadwood,

South Dakota. *South Dakota Historical Collections* (Pierre, 1922), XI: 466.

25. See copy of handbill in *Sundance Times,* Feb. 17, 1954.

26. Memorandum for the Historical Files by Mr. Newell Joyner, Custodian, Devils Tower National Monument, DT; *Sundance Times,* Nov. 10, 1927, reprinted from *Denver Rocky Mountain News,* July 24, 1927.

27. Joyner, *loc. cit.; Sundance Times,* March 3, 1955; Mrs. Orpha May Dow, Mrs. Ethel Kinney, Newcastle, Wyoming, interviews by Ray H. Mattison, Aug. 5, 1955; Mrs. Ett Butts, Mr. Roy Bush, Mr. Frank Proctor, Mr. Victor French, Mrs. Alfred Nielson, interviews.

28. Joyner, *loc. cit.*

29. Commissioner, GLO, to Secretary of Interior, Sept. 1906, NA; Mr. E. O. Fuller, interview by Ray H. Mattison, Aug. 18, 1955; Fuller to Mr. Raymond McIntyre, Superintendent, Devils Tower National Monument, Aug. 13, 1949, DT.

30. *Congressional Record,* 61st Cong., 2nd Sess., 2481

31. *Congressional Record,* 62nd Cong., 1st Sess., 1023; 63rd Cong., 1st Sess., 81.

32. *Congressional Record,* 64th Cong., 1st Sess., Vol. LIII, Part I, 17; *Congressional Record,* 65th Cong., 1st Sess., Vol. LV, Part I, 123; Dick Stone to the Director, NPS, July 10, 1922; F. W. Mondell to Director, NPS, May 17, April 4, 7, 1917; Aug. 5, 8, Oct. 17, 19, 1919; James J. Cotter to Mondell, Sept. 1, 1916; Mondell to the Secretary of the Interior, July 12, 1916, NA.

33. *Annual Reports of the Director, National Park Service,* hereafter abbreviated NPS, 1929, 59. During the 14-year period from 1917 to 1930, inclusive, the appropriations for the protection of national monuments varied from $3,500 in 1917 to $46,000 in 1930, the average being $19,248. In 1928, the amount allotted for Devils Tower National Monument was only $162; for 1929, $312. Arno Cammerer, Assistant Director, NPS, to John M. Thorn, May 1, 1928, NA.

34. Mondell to the Secretary of the Interior, Feb. 24, 1915, NA.

35. A. W. Storm, W. A. Ripley and C. C. Storm, letter to Mondell, July 6, 1916, together with petition, NA.

36. *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior, 1917,* I: 873.

37. *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior, 1918,* I: 898; Nils Nilson to Director, Sept. 26, 1918; Director to Mondell, Oct. 2, 1918, NA.

38. *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior,* 1919, I: 1038.

39. Senator John B. Kendrick to Director, NPS, March 22, 1921; Feb. 24, Oct. 24, 1922; May 9, 1924; Warren to the Secretary of the Interior, Nov. 19, 1924; Petition to Secretary of the Interior, Dec. 12, 1923; Cammerer to W. D. Fisher, Jan. 4, 1924; Dick Stone to Director, Aug. 22, July 24, 1922; A. E. Demaray, NPS, to Stone, Aug. 11, 1932; Stone to Cammerer, June 10, 1929; *Sundance Times,* Feb. 11, 1932.

40. *Annual Report of the Director, NPS, 1921,* 119-120.

41. *Annual Report of the Director, NPS, 1922,* 70; Stone to the Director, July 24, 1922; W. D. Fisher to Horace M. Albright, Director, NPS, March 15, 26, 1929; Stone to Acting Director, NPS, Apr. 12, 1924.

42. *Annual Report of the Director, NPS, 1922,* 157-158.

43. *Annual Report of the Director, NPS, 1926,* 71; *1929,* 51.

44. Devils Tower Tours (General), NA.

45. See Devils Tower: Publicity & Statistics Files, NA.

46. Joyner to Superintendent Rogers, Apr. 22, 1944, DT.

47. *Souvenir Program, Seventh Annual Picnic Northern Black Hills Pioneer Association,* June 19, 1938.

48. In the present-day climbing of a precipice, the members of a party are roped together as a safety precaution. For this purpose, nylon rope, having a tensile strength of 4,000 pounds, is generally used. The regular equipment used is the piton, carabinger or snaplink, and piton hammer.

Only one member climbs at a time while the others in the party wait and pay out the climber's line or take up the slack. When the first has reached a secure position, another moves up, each one in turn making his advance. This process is known as "belaying" the climber. Except in case of "tension climbing," when the surface of a wall is such that no footing is available for regular climbing or if it becomes necessary to climb over a bulge in the wall, a climber does not depend upon the rope for climbing, but only as a safety measure in the event of a fall. Belaying is also used in making the descent. The climbers sometime descend by means of sliding down the rope, known as "rappelling," secured from above.

49. Joyner, *Memorandum to the Director,* Oct. 10, 1941, DT.

Automobiles for the Park

Basin Republican, Friday, January 10, 1908

By

CODY STOCKGROWER

During his recent trip east Col. Cody has been busy on a proposition to secure legislation allowing automobiles to be run in the National Park and Forest Reserves.

A law was passed years ago prohibiting the entrance of steam vehicles to the park.

At that time automobiles were unknown, but the law was so drawn that it prohibits all such power vehicles, when the idea really was to prevent the construction of railways in the Park.

When the beautiful lake above the Shoshone canyon dam is filled with water and the road from Cody to the Park is completed along its banks to connect with the Forest Reserve road, it will make the most romantic and scenic auto boulevard in the United States, and the passage of an amendment to the present law so as to allow autos to be used in a trip from Cody to the Park and around the circle would greatly increase the pleasure of tourists and make this town a favorite gateway to Nature's Wonderland.

It is proposed to send to Congressman Mondell and our senators a petition requesting them to introduce and push a bill for such amendment. Everyone in and around Cody will be glad to push a good thing.

Plains History Revitalized

By

F. H. SINCLAIR

On September 17, 1851 a great conclave of plains tribes was held on the Platte river to join in a treaty of non-aggression. This document was designed to perpetuate peace between the warring plains tribes—a peace which hardly endured until the ink on the treaty was dry. But a few months elapsed before the Crows, Sioux, Cheyennes, Shoshones, Blackfeet and Arapahoes were again at one another's throats, and all but the Crows and Shoshones were bitterly opposing the white-man's increasing migration into Wyoming's great game country. It was an era of bloodshed and bitterness which lasted most of half a century.

Now more than 100 years later the same tribes which participated in that 1851 treaty come together at Sheridan, Wyoming—in fact many more tribes are represented than collected on the Platte—at an event which has attracted national attention because of its magnitude. In 1955 about 6000 plains Indians, representing more than 40 tribes from 20 states were present, and a large number is expected this year.

While there is still smouldering the fire of tribal antagonism, rivalry is no longer a matter of bullet and arrow, but differences are settled in friendly competition in the presentation of age old ceremonies, Indian sports and arts and crafts. Young, modern talented Indians—musicians, both instrumental and vocal, contribute to the programs to illustrate the advances made in the period of transition from an old way of life to an entirely new one.

The great Indian celebration, the producers point out, is not a commercialized Indian "pow-wow" for entertainment of tourists, but has more significant objectives behind it—the building of better understanding between the red and white races, the perpetuation of Indian song and legend, and the preservation of Indian arts and crafts which have contributed so much to our American culture.

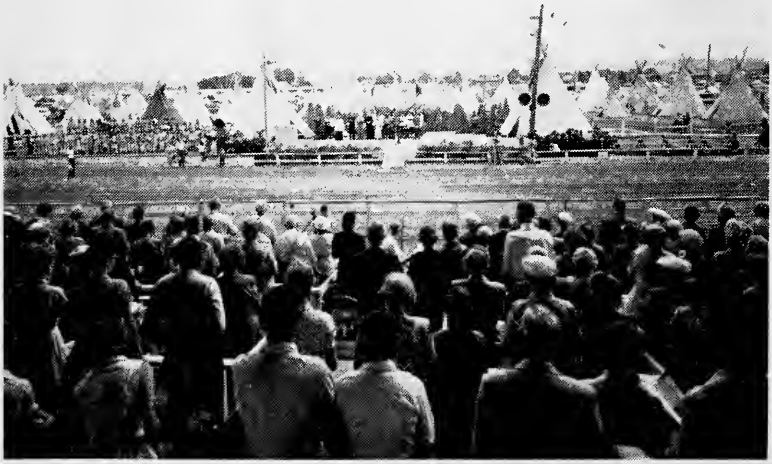
The Indians themselves have accepted the ideals back of the project and have joined to make it what one noted author said was the "greatest inter-racial cooperative effort in human relations of this century." At this time when segregation and integration has been occupying a prominent place in the public mind, the project has created country-wide attention. The Indian comes to participate at his own expense, without any compensation other than the prizes or premiums he may win in the contests, which are

but a small part of the cost to the redmen, some of whom travel more than 3000 miles round trip to take part.

The production is staged by Kalif Management Corporation, an operating non-profit, trust corporation, organized by Kalif Shrine Temple of Sheridan, with net returns to go to Shriners Hospitals For Crippled Children, which accept patients without regard to race or creed, and at which many Indian children have been treated, a fact which the Indian, being a great lover of children, appreciates.

The producers emphasize the fact that the project is not simply a community event, but that because of the fact that Indians come from many states and that historically these tribes participated in incidents which took place not only in the Sheridan country, but in parts of the entire northwest it is an area matter.

The great camp of tipis which is erected on the fairgrounds directly in front of the grandstand houses a larger population than many of the county seats in the state—and it occupies the very site of the camp of General George A. Crook's army which headquartered here during the campaign of 1876. It was here that the Shoshones under Chief Washakie and the Crows under Plenty Coups, Old Crow and Medicine Crow joined the expedition as allies. Old Crow's son, Simon Old Crow, and Medicine Crow's



Sunday inter-racial union religious services in great camp of 5,500 plains Indians—43 tribes from 20 states at Sheridan, Wyoming, August 7, 1955.

grandson, Joe Medicine Crow have prominent parts in All American Indian Days.

Coming with the Lakotas—the great Sioux nation—are descendents of John Richaud, Big Bat Pourrier, Major Twiss, Red Cloud and Spotted Tail—all historic characters in Wyoming's past. From Standing Rock come the relatives of Sitting Bull, Gall and Crow King—and John Little Crow, grandson of the famous Isanti chief of that name who headed the Minnesota uprising.

From far across the mountains come the Umatillas from Oregon, along with the Yakimas, the people of Chief Kamiakin. Chief Joseph's children, the Nez Perce, with whom can be seen the son and grandsons of Too-hul-hul-soot, the noted war chief, come from Idaho—and also from that state come the Bannocks and western Shoshones.

From Montana come the Blackfeet, Piegans, Bloods, the prairie Gros Ventre, Chippewa-Crees, Assiniboine and Yanktonnais. Montana also sends 700 "fighting Cheyennes" and over 1000 Crows.

Wyoming's Shoshones and the Arapahos, descendants of Sharp Nose and Black Coal cross the mountains to meet their relatives the southern Arapahos who come from far off Oklahoma. Other Oklahoma Indians include the Kiowas, Comanches, Creeks, Osages, Cherokees, southern Cheyennes and Pawnees. Among the latter are heard the names of Echohawk, Good Fox, Fancy Bear, members of the famous body of Pawnee Scouts who served with Crook.

Yellow Robe the 98 year old Cheyenne, veteran of the Little Big Horn, will attend the 1956 affair. He served as a scout under General Nelson A. Miles and was present at the surrender of Chief Joseph at Bear Paw Mountains in Montana in 1877. Several aged women who lived in the days of the buffalo and a number who are survivors of the Wounded Knee fight will be on hand.

The colorful festivities begin with a mammoth parade in which all of the tribes participate, each with its own division—with a wealth of white buckskin, gay embroidery of porcupine quills and beads, and eagle feather head-dresses waving in the breeze. Old shields, lances and warrior society staffs are resurrected from their hiding places and again appear in the colorful procession. Floats, travois and motor cars—the old and the new—are in line, and buffalo hunters along with young Indians, talented and well educated show the remarkable progress made by Indians within two generations.

The 5th Army Headquarters at Chicago took part by sending four outstanding Indian soldiers and two Indian WAACs from the 11th Airborne Division, Fort Campbell, Kentucky who acted as a color guard with the official stand of colors of the Fifth Army to head the parade. The Air Force sent a service band from Ellsworth Field, South Dakota. This year the 5th Army will again

send a color guard and have promised a division infantry band. The United States Marine Corps will send a color guard, and the 9th Naval District in Chicago will also participate.

Afternoons are devoted to Indian sports, Indian style horse racing, hide races, tipi races, lance throwing and other events seldom seen by whites—a program which the Indians enter into with all they have, as they are traditionally interested in contests of all kinds—and tribal rivalry sharpens the contests.

At the time the celebration is held the harvest moon rises over the great tipi village. Those who heard the Pawnee tenor, Basil Chapman and the lovely soprano of the same tribe, Lillie Realrider, sing the "Indian Love Call" from Sigmond Romberg's "Rose Marie" have stated that the composer himself would have been enthralled to hear real Indians render his beautiful composition, in full costume, and under a Wyoming moon.

The tribal ceremonies and dances are staged under 30,000 watts of electric lights, to the throb of tom toms and music which was old when Lewis & Clark first came into contact with the Mandans, Hidatsa and Arikiras who are present in considerable numbers. Wierd dances such as the humorous Thunderbird dance of the Yakimas provide the audience with a spectacular treat.

Left to right: Miss (Indian) America II Mary Louise Defender, Ft. Yates, N. D., Sioux; Miss (Indian) America III Rita Ann McLaughlin, Crow Agency, Montana, Sioux; Miss Wynema Rose Archambault, runner-up, Pawnee; Miss Geneva Whiteman, runner-up, Crow.

Youngsters in tribal finery do their stuff—with all of the dignity and pride of their elders. Crow women do a victory dance with costumes literally covered with elk teeth. 300 Arapahos in a blaze of color give the crowd a thrill as they emerge from the shadows into the well lighted entertainment area.

Youngsters in tribal finery do their stuff—with all of the dignity

Then there is the Miss (Indian) America contest. In 1955, 97 Indian beauties, representing 33 tribes, from 20 states entered the contest—intelligent and talented Indian girls, many of them college students. It is not a swim suit contest, but contestants must appear in authentic tribal regalia. Some of the costumes are a century old, museum items, which required months to make. The costume worn by Miss (Indian) America III weighed 65 pounds and was valued at $1000.

The judges of the contest in 1955, and who will serve in that capacity this year, were Herbert O. Brayer of Chicago, writer, publisher and historian, president of the Chicago Posse of Westerners; Dr. W. A. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), Norman, Okla., noted historian and author; Mrs. Emmie Mygatt of New York, prominent authoress, who has had many best sellers in the juvenile field; Mrs. Elizabeth Lochrie, of Butte, Mont., noted painter of Indian subjects and Mr. Randy Steffan, rising young painter and illustrator, of Cisco, Texas.

The winners of the Miss (Indian) America contest in the past have been the honor guests of the great Miss America Pageant—and the directors of the great beauty show say that having Miss (Indian) America there has now become a tradition. The present holder of the title who will preside over All American Indian Days this year is Rita Ann McLaughlin, Minne-wiyakpa-win, Shinging Water Woman, great granddaughter of Major James McLaughlin, the Standing Rock Indian agent who had the custody of Sitting Bull at the time the old medicine man was killed while resisting arrest.

Another contest which has drawn attention is the selection for the award given to the "Outstanding American Indian Of The Year"—which is made by a panel of judges from nominations sent in by the tribal councils throughout the country. The winner of the award in 1955 was Napoleon B. Johnson of the Cherokee tribe, who is chief justice of the Oklahoma Supreme Court. The judges, who will again serve this year, were Dr. Kenneth Wells. president of Freedoms Foundation, Valley Forge, Penna., W. C. (Tom) Sawyer, Chief Justice of the North Dakota Supreme Court. James Morris and former supreme court justice Charles R. Hayes of South Dakota. All are directors of Freedoms Foundation.

Then there is the arts and crafts exposition, where in the finest in Indian handicraft is exhibited—old weapons, shields, medicine bags, lances, wonderful beadwork and buckskin, buffalo hides—and even a buffalo hide tipi 100 years old! Pottery, silverware

and rugs from the southwestern Indians, as well as the $1000 squash blossom silver and turquoise necklace, especially hand crafted by Pueblo Indians, the gift of the Inter-tribal Ceremonial Association of Gallup, New Mexico—annually presented to Miss (Indian) America.

The third day of the celebration falls on Sunday. An impressive inter-denominational, inter-racial religious observance is held in which Indian and white clergymen take part, and music is furnished by both Indian and white choirs. The service begins with the camp crier calling the people to worship. Indian soloists, accompanied by a great concert Hammond organ, played by an Indian girl organist adds to the color. Those who have attended this unusual event in past years have found it to be one of the most inspirational experiences of their lives.

An so from the time the cannon fires to start the big colorful parade, which many have pronounced one of the most unique in America, until the drums stop throbbing at 5 o'clock in the morning following the last night of the show, it is a continuous thrilling affair. On the day following the tipis come down, lodge poles are stacked away and the hills which have looked down upon Indian camps for centuries, once more form the background for the open country where Crook and his blue clad cavalrymen spent the summer of 1876. As the very old Sioux warrior said at the end of last year it is "lila waste"—heap good! It is Wyoming's past history again come to life!

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

PART 2—THE INDIANS

The first men in the Hole-in-the-Wall country were Indians, as the trails and tracings plainly show. In that early period of peace, the land lay in unbroken calmness with only Powder River, the buffalo, the grass, the Indians and their lazy villages, the high mountains with their places for far-seeing, the big sky, and over all the quiet feeling of security and freedom. A rare, breath-taking picture of life—but only a moment in the fast "marching-on" of Time.

If the old trails along Powder River could disclose their many secrets what a lavish fund of information would be added to the history of Johnson County. The old trails, and they are many—some faint, some deeply worn, are quite as much a mystery as the land itself. They led in and out of the big grass country of the Middle Fork of the Powder River, made, doubtless, in the beginning by the hords of buffalo, who in their abundance made the land black. The Indians followed the buffalo north along the same trails.

To those who care to delve into the history of the Indian and the Indian wars of the west, the country known as the Hole-in-the-Wall offers a fertile field for research. While it was a part of the eastern slope of the Big Horns known as "Absaraka"—the Home of the Crows—there is little to support the theory that the Crows at any time held undisputed control over it. For the Snakes (Shoshones), Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Blackfeet undoubtedly used this ground for hunting and trapping as did the Crows. The legends of all these tribes teem with tales of battle fought in this country between the Indians even before the white men invaded this Indian paradise.

About 1760 the Sioux, or Dakota Indians, being driven out of Minnesota found their way to the Powder River country by way of the Black Hills and southeastern Montana, then southward up the Powder into Wyoming and present day Johnson County. The Sioux Indians were quite different from the other Indians in that they had a decided sense of organization. They wanted land upon which to found a kingdom, so to speak. They were large, fine-looking Indians, with mental ability quite outstanding—possessing a pride of race which made them the most dangerous of all Indians to the white man. Being natural horsemen they

became formidable enemies in time of battle. They were something to be reckoned with, for both Indian and white adversaries. When they beheld the Powder River country with its tall waving grasslands, its high wall of "shining mountains" to the west, its abundance of sheltered valleys and hidden canyons, they knew it was what they wanted and they took it, after many years of fighting. They drove the Crows and other tribes westward into the Basin country and brooked no interference on the Powder. They completely dominated the Cheyennes, who became their staunch allies. For 40 years, or more, until the Civil War period, they led a wonderful life. It was called the "Golden Age of the Sioux." It was a time of great contentment—food in abundance, peace and prosperity of a kind seldom equalled.

The Indians traveled in and out of the Hole-in-the-Wall country by way of two well-marked trails, the principal one being known to old timers as the "Sioux Trail". It extended the full length of Johnson County, north and south (north to Montana—south through southern Wyoming)—following as closely as possible along the east side of the Big Horns. Few historians seem to have made any record of it. It was marked at frequent intervals by mounds of rock which are plainly seen from Dayton, Wyoming, to and beyond the Hole-in-the-Wall Ranch on Buffalo Creek. It crossed the divide between the Tongue and Powder Rivers near Massacre Hill (where all Indian Trails in Wyoming unite). It passed the Piney Creeks west of the Guyer ranch at Story, Wyoming, then on to Shell Creek, Johnson and French Creek. Then it passed between the site of old Fort McKinney and the mountains (above Buffalo), going up Stevenson's Gulch, crossing Bull Creek above the old Kingberry ranch and Beaver Creek through the Willow Glenn ranch. Then it came up the mesa above Mayoworth and down to the Gene Cash ranch on the North Fork of Powder; on south, via the west side of E K mountain and through the west end of Dull Knife pass, on down Cotton Wood Creek—through Fraker Pass and on down the valley behind the red wall to Arminto and beyond. It is interesting to note that the Sioux Trail paralleled and intersected the Bozeman Trail from Dayton to the Middle Fork of Crazy Woman Creek. There the Bozeman Trail turned to the east and the Sioux Trail to the west.

The mounds of rock heaped along the trail at intervals seemed to have some obscure religious significance, like the stone wheel above Sheridan and the tiny mounds near Pryor Gap in Montana. The late Howard Lott of Buffalo, Wyoming, had in his possession two stones which marked the beginning of and identified an Indian monument, or pile of stones. They were found along the Sioux Trail in southern Johnson County and were identified and explained to him by Sherman Sage, an old Arapahoe Indian, living at that time on the Shoshone Indian Reservation. The smaller stone was placed on the ground at the intersection of a

cross marked in the earth. Other stones were then added and the large one left on top to serve as a special marker. Other Indian parties coming along the trail, seeing it, would stop and worship and worshipping add their own stones, (believing it was "Good Medicine" for them) always leaving the large stone on top as a marker—then pass on. No one actually seems to know the true meaning of these piles of rocks but they definitely mark the trail, whatever their real significance.

Another well-known Indian Crossing of the Big Horns was that long known as the N H Trail—from the brand of an English cattle company which occupied what is now the Harry Roberts ranch (D Cross outfit) at Barnum. Near this ranch the way led up the south side of Beaver Creek, a small tributary of the Middle Fork of the Powder, then across the "slope" and down by Little Canyon Creek and Spring Creek to the old W. H. Richards ranch and down to the Nowood Creek, a north-flowing tributary of the Big Horn River, whose entire basin was accessible by this route.

It is thought that it was by this trail that Hunt's Astorians passed over the Big Horns on their way to the Wind River Country in 1811. It is recorded that they were fortunate enough to come upon the trail of some Crow Indians returning from a trade journey to the Mandans and that after a number of vain attempts to find a passage over the Big Horns by themselves, solicited the guidance of Crow and Shoshone Indians who led them along the well known Indian road we call the Sioux Trail "until they came to a pass westward over the mountain—where many buffalo had marked the way to a north-running tributary of the Big Horn".

All along the Sioux Trail from the mesa (above Mayoworth) to the beginning of Buffalo Creek canyon are many interesting evidences of Indian habitation. Paintings are in evidence in Dull Knife Pass, and along Cottonwood Creek where it empties into Red Fork above the Alfred Brock Ranch. Pictograph drawings are on the rocks in Dull Knife Pass as are also Indian graves. There was a grave in a tree in a canyon south of the old abandoned Mayoworth-Tensleep road on the Hat Ranch. On a hill on the lower end of the Hat Ranch just west of the old McDowell place, five skeletons were taken from one grave by John Merriman and Douglas Cash. They also found a wealth of rare artifacts.

Numerous camp grounds are in evidence at regular intervals. There is one on the Gene Cash ranch that has been covered with several feet of silt and is exposed in a bank where N. Fork of Powder is undercutting this old camp ground. The Gene Cash boys have a great wealth of Indian trinkets, weapons and artifacts from this camp ground. Several graves are on the slate ridge south of the Gene Cash place—going up the slope on the Middle Fork of Powder are more of these rock piles—marking an Indian Trail. All along the way it is possible to find any amount of Indian "chippings" and arrow heads of all kinds. The walls of

Buffalo Creek Canyon are covered with Indian drawings, where fortunately, inaccessibility has kept them unmarred by wanton visitors.

Few people, I think, realize that the Powder River country behind the wall witnessed the end of over 200 years of warfare between the Indians. The Dull Knife Fight Nov. 25 and 26, 1876, marked the end of the struggle between the Indians and the white man for supremacy in the west. This location's very remoteness caused it to be a last "hide-out" for the most freedom loving of the Indians—those hoping against hope to remain uncontrolled by the fork-tongued white man with his everlasting lies.

The causes which led up to the Indian War of 1876 were numerous and replete with wrongs heaped upon the red man, and perhaps a brief summary of events preceding the Dull Knife Fight would not be amiss. Late in the summer of 1875, Indian Inspector E. C. Watkins made what he called a complete survey of the Indians who were still out. He reported as follows: "There are still out, and hostile, about 30 or 40 lodges of Hunkapapa Lacotas, under Sitting Bull, and about 300 lodges of Ogalalla Sioux under Crazy Horse". It is interesting to know that usually there were about 5 people to a tepee, including women and children, so it meant that from the above report there were 300 or 400 fighting men on the war path. Watkins apparently was uninformed concerning two northern Cheyenne villages, one under Chief Two-Moons and one under Dull Knife who were still out and hostile to the highest degree. The Department of the Interior had implicit faith in the agent Watkins (or perhaps, being so far removed from the scene, were unconcerned); at any rate orders were sent to the Indians to be on the appointed reservations by the first of Jan. 1876, or soldiers would be sent against them. How well the Indians, under leadership of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, took steps to gather the tribes and repel the soldiers is well known in historical circles. Instead of the three to four hundred of Watkins report there came together eight or nine thousand warriors, fierce and furious toward the whites, and as well organized as Indians ever were. General Terry, Commander in Dakota, and General Crook, Commander of the Platte, were ordered by General Sheridan to proceed to Powder River country and bring in the hostiles.

During this campaign the Indian met no decisive defeat as previously, and tasted victory at the Battle of the Rosebud and Battle of the Little Big Horn where Custer was wiped out, after which engagements they scattered far and wide in the Powder River country, always in small groups to evade detection.

When General Crook took the field again in November he had everything in his favor. The outfit was made up of eleven companies of Cavalry from the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th and 5th regi-

ments under Gen. Ronald S. MacKenzie, 4 companies of the 4th Artillery, dismounted, and eleven companies of infantry under Col. R. I. Dodge. No better-equipped or more forcefully organized army ever marched against the Indian. There were 1,500 officers and men including 6 surgeons. This was white men only. The Indian auxiliaries numbered about 400, including Sioux, Arapahoe, Shoshoni, Bannocks and Pawnees, and (most valuable of all in the ultimate outcome of the Red Fork Fight) a few Cheyennes.

Crook's military plans were good—with the Indian scouts scouring the country all around in advance to allow no surprise attacks and with Gen. MacKenzie's well picked Cavalry in readiness to rush forward to strike the first sharp blows; thus allowing the infantry time to make a firm stand. Crook had in addition 168 wagons and 7 ambulances with 219 drivers and attendants—also a pack train of 400 mules with 65 mule packers to follow MacKenzie whenever he cut loose from the main body. In short, no better equipped expedition ever set foot against the Indian. The men were seasoned Indian fighters and well-outfitted for winter weather—fur caps, and gloves—fur leggings, felt boots and overshoes. Each man had 3 blankets and a tent if he remained close to the wagons, and also was kept in close contact with food supplies. In brief, everything was taken into consideration, even the weather, for which they were equipped.

The Indian Scouts were divided into detachments according to tribal relations, commanded by Lt. Clark Schuyler and Major Frank North (famous for his Pawnee Indian Battalion). These Indian Scouts were undoubtedly above average, both physically and mentally, and were much impressed with the immense quantities of bacon, sugar and coffee carried on this expedition.

The most outstanding scouts were:

"Sharp Nose"—Arapahoe
"Leading Chief"—Pawnee
"Rag-picker"—Shoshoni
"Three Bears"—Sioux

They did all the talking and planning with the officers. Some of the other scouts were named as follows—(but I do not know their tribe) Yellow Shirt, Pretty Voiced Bull, Lone Feather, Charging Bear-Kills in Winter, Black Mouse, Fast Thunder, Lone Dog, No Neck, Sorrel Horse, White Elk, Bad Mocassin, Fox Belly, and Red Leaf.

On the 14th of November 1876 the Army of Crook left Ft. Fetterman. It was miserably cold as they crossed the Platte with its floating ice and wound their way over the long line of bluffs, northwest to Cantonment Reno. (It is about 90 miles between these Forts and was made in 4 days marching, facing a stinging snow storm.) At this time Ft. Reno had been abandoned as a Fort—but had been re-established several miles above the site

of the old Fort for a supply base for expeditions such as Crook's. Officers and men were living in holes excavated in the clay banks. It was here that the Shoshoni Indians joined the column (over 100 in number) under command of Tom Cosgrove.

They remained at Reno only until the storm abated and on Wednesday November 22nd Crook started for the Crazy Woman's Fork of the Powder, about 25 miles west of Reno. They camped at the spring that night on what was the Edgar Simmon's ranch, now owned by Frank Lawrence of Buffalo.

Shortly after dawn the next morning "Sitting Bear", a Cheyenne Indian, arrived in camp waving a white flag. He had been sent from the Red Cloud Agency to warn his people to surrender and save bloodshed. He reported a Cheyenne village, a large one, hidden in the canyons of the lower Big Horns near the source of Crazy Woman Creek.

So MacKenzie, the morning of Nov. 24th, was immediately ordered out to locate, surprise attack, and completely destroy this village. He was given the most reliable of the scouts, (their selection based entirely upon their knowledge of this particular section of the country) taking with his command about 1,100 men. There is some confusion as to the exact route taken by

MAP BY JAMES G. CONDIT

MacKenzie, but research by T. J. Gatchell and J. Elmer Brock and other local authorities, and visible evidences along the trail make the following one seem reasonable. The first day they camped on the N. Fork of Powder, undoubtedly where the old Sioux Trail hit the river on the Gene Cash ranch. The following day the scouts returned, reporting the location of the Cheyenne village on Willow Creek behind the red wall. They led the troops to a hidden camping site that day where they rested until night fall. This camp site was either in Dull Knife Pass, or in the Red Canyon (as evidenced by old canteens and army equipment found there) going from E K mountain down to Red Fork. *(See map)* They then made a night march which took them up Red Fork through what is now the Alfred Brock ranch to where Red Fork Canyon comes through the mountain range, then across the divide to the west where they approached the Barnum valley at the lower, eastern end. Here they waited to attack the following day at dawn.

The approach to the red wall country by this route is indeed hazardous. The country is rough and broken, full of dry creek-beds, gullies and wide crevices, whose icy sides made travel hard-going. Any one knowing the trail can fully realize what a stroke of military genius was displayed by MacKenzie as he led his 1100 men, mostly single-file, over the trail, going over the worst and most dangerous part, the canyon, at night. It speaks well for the Indian scouts and guides and discipline of men and animals. These were indeed no ordinary men who marched against the Cheyennes that November day.

The extreme northern end of the red wall country (where Dull Knife's village lay) is, in itself, a beautiful valley found unexpectedly tucked away and completely shut off on all sides—by Fraker Mountain to the north, the Big Horns to the west, and red buttes to the south (MacKenzie Hill being the largest of these) and to the east the solid rocky gorge through which only the creek Red Fork can pass easily.

In this valley the two prongs of Red Fork meet and wind their way gracefully through the gorge at the eastern end, which here narrows perceptibly. The northern prong is called Bear Trap; the southern branch was at that time called Willow Creek.

It was, and still is, one of the most secluded, peaceful places in the world. That's why, beyond a doubt, that the Cheyenne Indians selected it for their most-favored winter camp ground. Frank Grave's ranch buildings now stand on the village site (the valley widens out here) where then stood the 200 buffalo-hide lodges. The camp was full of all kinds of supplies such as ammunition and food, to last the Indians all winter.

First this valley was ideal because it was so carefully hidden; second, because it contributed in every way to their Indian com-

fort and well-being. Tall grass grew in abundance to feed their ponies, water was there—good water. All around were natural barriers for the pony herd (God-made corrals—little box canyons). Wild fruit grew in profusion, chokecherries, gooseberries, currants and plums. The grasslands on top of the wall were the feeding ground for deer and elk. To the south on the slopes of Middle Fork of Powder River were the big feeding grounds of the buffalo. All around were high places for seeing far, to learn of enemy approach.

A few miles up the slope a cold spring cropped out where they made arrow heads of the flint rock found in abundance thereabouts. All about this place was good; and they were mightily content. The Cheyenne Indian was a part of this land; he received its abundance gratefully. To him life was very simple: his home was the all-important. His love of home was as surely a part of him as were the miracles of nature. Even in the time of great danger he took time for "home-y" things—eating, singing, sleeping, visiting, courting, and feasting from fire to fire.

As mentioned before, this was the winter village of Chief Dull Knife, Little Wolf being second chief. Both men were tried and true warriors. Dull Knife's Cheyenne name was Woh-Hah-Hit (Morning Star). It was his allies, the Sioux, who named him Dull Knife, the hidden meaning being that he was such a formidable enemy that it would dull a knife if one tried to stab him.

This village consisted of about 200 lodges. The Cheyennes were by far the most artistic and skillful of the Plains Indians. Their tepees were exquisite, their bead work beautiful beyond a white man's words of description. Little did they realize that on this day of November 1876 they would forever be deprived of this favored spot by the approach of Colonel MacKenzie in command of the Cavalry contingent of the Crook column.

The whole night preceding the attack they had spent in dancing the scalp dance and other dances of rejoicing—to

CHIEF DULL KNIFE.
Courtesy Mrs. Thelma Condit.

celebrate the wonderful victory the Great Spirit had given them over Custer. So given were they to the ecstacy of their dancing that they were completely unaware of the enemy laying in wait in the canyon at the end of the valley. Everyone was gay, and, at the moment, felt secure and safe. Happily weary they went to their tepees in the still hours before dawn. They didn't know the enemy, so near, below them, were straining every muscle to keep perfect quiet lest a cough or a sneeze or a stomping hoof or a carbine dropped from a frost-numbed hand betray their presence.

At last just before dawn, complete stillness reigned, undisturbed except for an occasional howl of a coyote and the answering bark of a dog. It was at this moment the sleeping village was awakened by the thundering hooves of the attacking Cavalry. The warriors, stupid and drugged by the first intense moments of falling asleep, grabbed their weapons, rushed naked from their tepees[1] and attempted to repel the assault—but they were pitifully out-numbered and at a disadvantage, being taken unaware. The charging troops drove them and their women and children back, west, into the surrounding canyons.

The Shoshoni Scouts climbed the big hill to the south (MacKenzie Hill) and kept up an erratic fire on the Cheyennes as they attempted to salvage their belongings from the village. The Cheyennes finally made a stand on the hill north of the creek, and for a while held the troops off. Toward evening it started snowing, the weather turning very cold. The Indians, cut off from their supplies, suffered terribly—eleven babies froze to death in their mother's arms, horses were cut open that the old people might put their frozen feet into the warm insides for comfort. The only thing the Cheyennes could do was hold onto their natural fortifications in the high rocks in the canyons to the west until nightfall and then withdraw with their families, their wounded and their dead.

MacKenzie's orders were to completely wipe out the village, leaving nothing in useable condition. Never had such beautiful Indian things fallen into the hands of the white man—buffalo hide tepees and personal effects of rare workmanship. What a mighty blaze it all made as a winter's supply of buffalo meat and grease and all personal belongings of the defeated were tossed on the fire. The camp equipment was a queer conglomeration, not only Indian things but white man's things, such as an occasional mattress, cups and saucers, and pillows. There even were bottles of strychnine used by the Indians to poison wolves. Everywhere was evidence

1. Contrary to belief, Indians always slept naked. As the lodges were round in shape, in winter time a small fire was kept in the center and the occupants slept with their feet toward it. In those days when plenty of buffalo robes were obtainable, they were not uncomfortable even in the coldest weather .

Rock ledges up the canyon to the west of the Dull Knife battle site where the Cheyennes entrenched themselves. From here they made their escape north to Fraker Pass. *Courtesy Mrs. Thelma Condit.*

Dull Knife battle site. Looking west toward Big Horn Mountains, showing willows along Red Fork and the eastern end of MacKenzie Hill to the left. (From a very old picture.) *Courtesy Mrs. Thelma Condit.*

that these warriors had been implicated in the Custer Massacre, such as memorandum books, saddles, canteens, nose-bags, currency and guns. Seven hundred head of horses were seized, some branded U S 7 C. One hundred of these the Pawnee Scouts loaded with such loot as pleased their fancy.[2] Everything which would not burn was broken or poked full of bayonet holes.

MacKenzie's troops returned in a six days' march by the same route. They undoubtedly passed around the north end of E K mountain, for Elmer Brock found numerous horse skeletons there in the 1890's which were beyond question horses used by the military, as they all wore a peculiar shoe designed for use in snow. The horses had evidently become exhausted and been shot to keep the Indians from getting them, all being shot from the same side of the head.

Sam Stringer, an old stage driver who spent his last years in Buffalo, was one of Crook's teamsters and had remained at the Crazy Woman camp at the time of the Dull Knife Fight. He told Elmer Brock that the dead soldiers killed in the battle were buried by caving banks of earth off on them, and in the spring an expedition was sent for the bodies which were taken to Cantonment Reno[3] for burial.

The Indians retreated north through Fraker Pass by following up the many little canyons, thence going along the face of the Big Horns, striking Clear Creek and coming down back of Bald Mountain just above the present "Soldiers and Sailors Home". They camped for some time at the south end of Lake DeSmet. Game was plentiful and they gradually re-supplied themselves with food and clothing.

It is interesting to note the numerous evidences of their retreat from the battlefield. One half mile north of Dull Knife Pass on the crest of the ridge (Sec. 13, T.P. 44, R. 84 W.) are fortifications which could protect the high point on the mountain, as well as provide a most excellent observation point. There are also old stumps of small trees there, which were obviously cut with tomahawks. A few miles further up the ridge (Sec. 2, T.P. 44, R. 84, W.) is a high timbered knob and many evidences of trees that were downed with tomahawks. Farther up, along the Arch Creek ridge there was at one time two miles of shelter built up under the rock rim made of slabs of rotten logs

2. It is interesting to note at this time that 16 Cheyenne scalps were taken by Pawnees and Shoshones. The other Scouts refrained from scalping, being loyal to General Crook's wishes that no mutilating take place.

3. Lieut. Homer W. Wheeler was in charge of carrying the wounded from the Dull Knife Fight. His book *The Frontier Trail* page 179 tells of this. George Bird Grinnell in *The Fighting Cheyennes* gives the details of this battle.

and small trees. These undoubtedly sheltered the women and children.

Where Arch Creek turns sharply to the southwest before entering Bear Trap Creek, there are many fortifications and barricaded caves. The caves are just below the "arch", while above the "arch" are still numerous fortifications and shelters which were still bullet proof a few years ago. There is one square pen made of pitch logs with slab rocks leaning against it.

Frank Grouard, who was a scout with Crook and knew this country like a book, insisted that a detachment be sent to guard Dull Knife Pass, but this request was ignored and some of the Cheyennes were thought to have escaped through this pass after the Dull Knife Fight.

Hard Robe, a Cheyenne scout with MacKenzie, was with the Pawnees in this fight, though only a boy at the time. He visited the late Jim Gatchell of Buffalo years ago and told many interesting events connected with the fight. He said it was Frank Grouard who located the Cheyenne camp for MacKenzie. Grouard knew of the trail through Dull Knife Pass and by following it had looked down on the camp from Fraker Mountain.

Hard Robe was a very thin, wiry, quiet Indian, but spoke good English, having been a policeman on the reservation. He told how on the afternoon of the fighting MacKenzie sent Frank Grouard, Bill Rowland, (interpreter) and himself up the draw, west, to talk to the Indians and ask them to surrender and go to the reservation where they would be taken care of. They crawled up the draw on their hands and knees. Rowland opened up conversation with Little Wolf, who was in command there. Little Wolf replied to the message in this manner, "Dull Knife will never surrender. He says he has lost two sons in this fight, and you might as well go ahead and kill us all." To Frank Grouard he said, "Go away and take your Indians. We can whip the soldiers, but we can't whip you both."

Many were the deeds of bravery and daring that day. Momentary dashings here and there, making never-to-be-forgotten pictures on the memory of those remembering. Like Sharp Nose, the Arapahoe Chief, with his piercing eyes and hawk-like nose, dignified and commanding respect from all, as he wound his way in and out in the thick of things on his little wiry, gaily painted war horse.

Like Three Bears, the Sioux boy, young in years, but a man in warfare and intelligence, whose crafty maneuvering and quick wise thinking made him outstanding on this day.

Like the sprawled body of the dying Cheyenne boy, shot through the neck, as he was desperately trying to save the village's precious pony herd. Around his neck was wrapped his rope—no doubt he slept with it ever-ready in case of attack—this son of

Dull Knife's stiffening in death, giving his young life trying to do what most of all needed to be done.

Like the huge, fearless Cheyenne warrior on his large white horse, bearing on his left arm a magnificient shield of buffalo-hide from which eagle plume decorations hung so far down that they swept the ground at his horse's feet as he rode again and again into the very face of the foe, defying them; only to be filled with death-bringing lead for his pains.

Like the young Cheyenne, who charged recklessly into the enemy gun fire to bring back the body of his dead brother, only to be downed at the last moment of safety.

Hard Robe said the only ones who did not cover themselves with glory that day were the Shoshones. They didn't want to fight and kept dashing back to safety. They had a good place for concealment on top of MacKenzie Hill and didn't venture off too far.

It was in this battle that Medicine Bear "won his spurs". Weasle Bear, only 15 years old, also gained great glory that day. (These Indians were both Cheyennes and friends of T. J. Gatchell.)

Weasle Bear told how Captain North and a few of his Pawnee Indian scouts attempted to capture the horse herd, which was in the little natural corral (the pocket up Red Fork back of where the Frank Grave's house now stands.) Under fire from the Indians on the hills to the north, they got the herd started down the valley when North's horse, mortally wounded, plunged and fell to the ground. A big Pawnee Indian reached down and grabbed North by the belt and carried him to safety.

Bill Rowland, the squaw man interpreter, whose wife was a full-blooded Cheyenne, felt no compunctions about his part in betraying the Indians, for he said later that he thought this was the only way to subdue them.

A mention must be made of the mule-packers, too, for they played a most important part in Crook's campaign. Upon their integrity and efficiency depended the whole well-being of the Cavalry. Their close following with ammunition, food and bedding made for success during an engagement. General Crook was outstanding in the attention he gave his mule pack train, and much of his favorable campaigning was due to his meticulous choice of mules and packers. The latter were, of necessity, physically strong and active, cheerful, and willing to assume grueling work and responsibility. They also had to be good cooks.

Capt. John Bourke, who was in the Dull Knife Fight, kept a diary of the events. He thus describes a well known mule-packer, Uncle Dick Kloster. "He was clad from head to heel in fur and blanket-lined canvas, a muskrat cap upon his head, while from eyes to breast depends a snow-white beard, matted, like a board with frozen tobacco juice. . . . . Uncle Dick's idea of Paradise would be a place with abundance of grass and water for his mules

—no flies to bother them—and the very best of rations for his men, beans, bacon, and "yeast powder" bread, dried apples, coffee and chocolate and on occasion a "snootful" of something to drive away malaria."

Much admiration can be accorded the participants in this decisive fight—both red and white; but the thing standing clearest in the minds of those who know the red wall country is the sad inevitableness of this battle. It was a heart-breaking situation. The Cheyennes couldn't surrender, even though they knew in their hearts they couldn't win; and MacKenzie couldn't spare them, for he was ordered to wipe them out. Yes, the white man won, but it was no victory. Everything was in favor of the army—even Indian guides betraying and showing the way. It was not a victory, it was just a great pity—a sadness beyond compare. But out of the whole scene arises a glorious admiration for the Cheyenne Indian—a glory which will never die: that going-on when he was defeated; that not-giving-up when all was lost. That fine thing will always be a part of the Dull Knife Battlefield—it will always be there for those with the eyes to see; part of the very earth itself, unconquerable, undefeated, deathless.

And so ended Indian occupation in the Hole-in-the-Wall.

Oregon Trail Trek No. Two

Compiled by

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

October 25, 1953

On June 28, 1953, the first of a series of Oregon Trail Treks was held, under the guidance of Mr. L. C. Bishop, Wyoming State Engineer, and Mr. Albert Sims, a rancher from Douglas, Wyoming. The log of Oregon Trail Trek No. One appeared in the October 1955 *Annals of Wyoming.*

OFFICERS

Governor C. J. Rogers	Captain of the train
Albert Sims	Wagon Boss
Roy Amick	Assistant Wagon Boss
Frank Murphy	Assistant Wagon Boss
Clark Bishop	Assistant Wagon Boss
Maurine Carley	Historian
Red Kelso	Photographer & Press
Maj. H. W. Lloyd	Corporal of Guard & Registrar
Mrs. Pauline Peyton	Chaplain
Glenn A. Conner	Trumpeter

80 Participants - - - - - - - - - - 28 cars

Note: *Numbers preceding "M" indicate miles on the map west from the Nebraska-Wyoming line.*

At the crossing of Warm Springs Draw (45½ M), the trail forks—the south fork to go by Warm Springs (46¾ M) and on past Porters Rock, crossing Bitter Cottonwood three times and crossing Horseshoe Creek some 9 miles above where the north branch crosses, joining the right hand branch at the Oregon Trail Marker at 83¾ M. of the north branch and 86 M. of the south branch. This trek follows the north branch. (See map.)

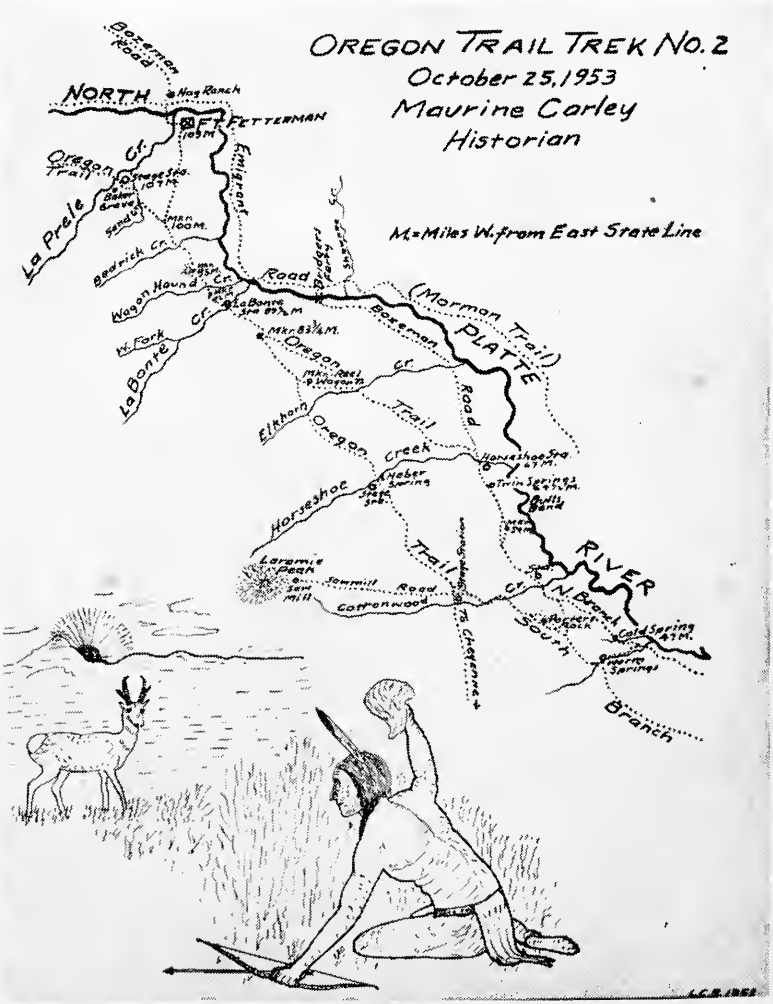
9:00 A. M. Following a prayer by the Chaplain, the caravan left the HENRY FREDERICK RANCH MUSEUM (½ M. west of 47 M) located just north of U. S. Highway 26, two miles west of Guernsey.

Prayer by Mrs. Peyton

"Oh, God of Mercy—Father of all, we ask Thy blessing upon this caravan. We thank Thee for the ideals of courage and freedom set forth by the men and women who first came over this trail and for Thy guidance in times of need. Help us to remember

in the days of plenty as well as in the time of poverty. There is need for unselfish service in the best and noblest things of life. May the sacred memories of those who blazed our Wyoming trails and died upon the unknown prairies become a regenerating influence in our lives, inspiring us to gratitude for all they did toward making this region a better place in which to live. Amen."

9:10 A.M. Paused at an Oregon Trail Marker (51 M.) where we traveled on the old road. A branch trail came in from the southwest at 50½ M.



9:15 A.M. Arrived at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (53½ M.) at old Badger Station on the Colorado and Southern R.R. just south of where the trail crossed Bitter Cottonwood Creek. (A Copy of Otto Herman's talk not made available.)

9:20 A.M. Passed old BITTER COTTONWOOD STAGE STATION (54 M.) 200 feet east of the present road.

9:25 A.M. Passed to north of an old brick kiln. (55 M.)

9:35 A.M. Halted (55½ M.) to point out old trail and bases of telephone poles. Otto Herman found a wood covered insulator here which was presented to the State Historical Museum together with a bracket and pole top found by Clark Bishop and Albert Sims.

9:40 A.M. Crossed Little Cottonwood Creek. (56½ M.)

9:55 A.M. Arrived at the divide opposite an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (59 M.) on an east branch of the road.

Mr. Lester Bagley gave a few remarks about this marker.

Ladies and gentlemen: We are now on what is known as the divide between Cottonwood Creek and Horseshoe Valley. Looking off to the north we see the Horseshoe Valley, and Sibley Peak which is located near the point where Horseshoe Creek intersects the valley and unites with the Platte River.

This monument was erected by the Landmarks Commission some years ago on what is believed to have been one of the early and much used divisions of the Oregon, California and Mormon Trails. We followed one of the old trails which we left just west of this point about a quarter of a mile. The trail we are on now was one of the first trails, and was probably used much earlier than that one about a quarter of a mile to the east. It was along that trail that the telegraph line was built.

Looking off to the north and east you will notice a high plateau. One of the trails passed over that high point and was used quite extensively by people who did not wish to cross the river during flood waters and wet periods in the spring. The trail used by the Mormon vanguard company in 1847 was about six miles west of this point and left the main trail shortly after climbing onto the divide after leaving Warm Springs. These trails were all used at different times, depending largely on weather conditions and the availability of food for animals.

From this point we proceed into the Horseshoe Valley where many interesting events took place.

10:00 A.M. Departed from Cottonwood Divide.

10:05 A.M. Crossed Bear Creek, traveled on a country road ½ mile to the west of the Oregon Trail.

10:20 A.M. Arrived at TWIN SPRINGS (64½ M.)

Mrs. Bob Trenholm gave the history of Twin Springs which is on the Trenholm ranch.

Twin Springs refreshed the trappers and traders, the Oregon bound emigrants who responded to Horace Greeley's plea, "Go West, young man," the Mormons in their quest for the Promised Land, and the reckless "California or Bust" emigrants who poured through this state.

While the Mormon Trail is generally conceded to have been on the other side of the river, the Mormon Cutoff, over what was later known as the Diamond A. Hills, is a reminder that the Mormons helped shorten and improve the Oregon Trail. They built the first of their series of mail stations joining Fort Laramie and Salt Lake City at Horseshoe Creek. Their other stations were at La Bonte, Deer Creek, Sweetwater, Devil's Gate, and Fort Bridger.

Judge Carter, first sutler at Fort Bridger, came to the West with the Johnston Army in 1857. In his diary, he mentions having breakfast at Twin Springs and notes the beautiful Horseshoe Valley through which he passed. The Mormon mail station —located approximately where Horseshoe Stage and Telegraph Station was later built—was in smouldering rüins as the Saints were burning their buildings before the advancing army.

As the roadway along the Platte was shortened and perfected, it was no longer known as the Oregon or California, but the Overland Trail. In the year 1859, the Overland Stage Company obtained all the mail contracts from the Missouri River to the West Coast. In order to improve its service, it built stations throughout the Western states. One of these was at Horseshoe Creek, one of the most historic sites this side of Fort Laramie.

It served as a Mormon Mail Station, an Overland Stage Station, a Pony Express stop, and Overland Telegraph Station and finally the Horseshoe Road Ranch, which was burned, in 1868, during a three-day battle with the Sioux. The encounter, which is generally known as the Battle of Horseshoe Creek, was concluded at Twin Springs. Perhaps many of you have read Captain John R. Smith's excellent account of this battle.

Captain Smith, a telegraph operator, and two companions were living at the ranch when Chief Crazy Horse and 67 Oglalla and Minneconjou Sioux attacked. The dogs gave the alarm with their barking, so Captain Smith and one of the men went up Sibley Peak to scout around. They were studying a coup stick they found when the Indians sprang from behind the rocks near the top of the butte and began shooting at them. They chased them back to the station, where they barred the door, opened the portholes, and prepared for a siege.

They had plenty of food but nothing to drink but Red Jack Bitters. The Indians set fire to the stockade, and the men could

not reach the well, which had been in the enclosure. The Indians then set fire to the stables, killed a mule, two horses, and wounded a third. Satisfied for the day, they withdrew to the Mouseau road ranch at Twin Springs, where they begged food, then returned to harrass the men at Horseshoe.

The Indians contented themselves through the night by barking like coyotes and hooting like owls. The next day, they withdrew a number of times only to reappear later. After dark they felt on all sides of the building to locate the portholes. Then they built fires between. They danced and howled with glee as they were sure that the white men were being roasted alive, but they had made their way through an opening in the kitchen floor to a tunnel which led to a small sod walled fortress about twelve feet from the building. While the fire was dying down, the men dug through the wall and escaped into the darkness. They managed to catch the crippled horse.

At Twin Springs, they found that Mouseau, his Indian wife, and children had fled when they found that the Indians were on the warpath. The two men at the station joined them, and they spent the night caching their supplies, including a ten gallon keg of whiskey, under the floor. The next morning, they set fire to the cabin, so that the dirt roof would fall in and cover their cached goods.

Then they set out for the Bellamy ranch on Cottonwood, eleven miles away. The men were re-enforced by a mule and an extra horse to carry their possessions. About noon they met David Dampier, a Frenchman, an employee of the Hudson Bay Company, who was on his way to Twin Springs in search of a horse that had strayed. When he found that the Indians were camped at Bull's Bend, he was glad to turn back. The refugees, now seven in number, trudged along until they reached the foothills later known as the Diamond A. Hills. Looking back, they saw a band of 63 Indians coming for them as fast as their ponies could gallop. The other four had been killed or wounded at Horseshoe.

When the Indians charged, their yelling stampeded the horses and mule which ran away with all of their possessions, including what money they had—around $500.00. This amount had been pooled and placed in the pocket of a pair of pants later seen on one of the Indians. He had cut out the crotch to make them into leggings and had apparently fallen heir to the money.

The Indians jumped from their horses and rushed up the hillside to surround the white men. When Captain Smith paused to take aim at Crazy Horse, a bullet grazed the skin over his heart, went through his sleeve, and flattened itself out on a rock behind him He lost no time joining his comrades on the knoll above. There he found Bill Harper, one of the men from Twin Springs, with an arrow imbedded in his eye. When Harper pulled out the arrow, bringing the eye with it, he commented that he would just

fight that much harder. But he was the first to fall. The white men scored several hits as the Indians swarmed around to scalp and mutilate him. During the maneuvering which followed, three of the Horseshoe men were wounded—Captain Smith, with an arrow in his arm; Bill Hill, by an arrow hitting the back of his head, and Bill Norrell, by an arrow which severed the tendons in the top of his left foot. Hill, bleeding profusely, could go no farther, so he begged his comrades to shoot him. When they refused, he took his own life rather than fall into the hands of the Indians. Dampier, who was the next to be killed, was shot in the back by a gun.

The four remaining refugees managed to hold off the Indians until peace terms could be agreed upon. Crazy Horse was hungry and tired of fighting. He made it known that he wished to return with the white men to their camp for food. "You four brave men," he said. "We not want to fight you any more."

They were about famished when they reached Twin Springs. Smith started to dip up a drink with an old, black coffee pot one of the Indians had been carrying. He thought it seemed heavy. Looking inside, he found the scalps of his three comrades, Harper, Hill, and Dampier. He flattened himself out on the ground beside the Indian who had been carrying the coffee pot as he drank from the refreshing spring.

After the white men had given their supplies to the Indians, they went into their small rock-walled fortress to dress their wounds and eat some crackers and cheese they had managed to save from the cache. When they heard the Indians again signalling with their eagle bone whistles, they put lighted candles in the portholes so that they would think that they were still there. Then they made their escape to Cottonwood ranch, which they reached at 2:30 A.M.

Bellamy relayed the word to Fort Laramie. When the soldiers came to inspect the battle ground and bury the dead, they found armloads of arrows, blood stained blankets, powder horns, etc. According to John Hunton, who accompanied the soldiers, the three men were buried in the vicinity of Bear Creek Draw, one near a telegraph pole.

10:35 A.M. Left Twin Springs.

10:45 A.M. Arrived at HORSESHOE STATION (67 M.) located on Jack Landcaster's Ranch.

Jack Landcaster gave the following report on Horseshoe Station.

The Mormon Mail station, according to a surveyor's map done at Horseshoe Creek, July 1857, for Hiram Kimball, mail contractor, included a 640 acre tract following the course of the creek. The gardens are shown on the north side, and a large irrigation ditch on the south, beginning about 50 rods east of where the

old trail crossed the stream. No definite record can be found regarding the extent of this station, though a letter of John Taylor's tells of the immense amount of money spent in building the mail stations along the route. He speaks of all of the station as having a corresponding number of animals, etc., as the Deer Creek Station, where there were 76 horses, 123 cattle and a stockade to enclose 42 houses. Such was the plant for Horseshoe, but it is probable that only a few of these houses were built at the time Brigham Young decided upon his scorched earth policy before the advancing Johnston Army.

Two of the earliest characters to pause at Horseshoe Station long enough to make history are Buffalo Bill, then Pony Express rider, and Alf Slade, Division Superintendent for the Overland Stage Company. Buffalo Bill, while bear hunting up Horseshoe Creek, encountered a band of horse thieves, somewhere in the region of the Clate Russell ranch. He barely escaped with his life.

According to Mark Twain, in *Roughing It* Slade was accused of more than twenty murders. Many were committed in this locality. Slade had already made a name for himself before being transferred to Horseshoe, for he had carried out his threat to live to carry Jules Reni's ears around in his pocket. Jules had previously ordered his burial, believing that he had successfully murdered him.

E. W. Whitcomb, who came to Horseshoe Creek to live in the spring of '61, tells of some of Slade's escapades. In his memoirs. he says that he found Slade a good neighbor. He would do anything in his power for someone he liked, but if he disliked someone, he was bound to have trouble with him when he was under the influence of liquor. Whitcomb, who was running a trading store at the time, had a stock of groceries, liquors, and clothing. Slade would often come to his place to play cards. Frequently he imbibed too freely.

Mrs. Slade, for whom Virginia Dale, Colorado, was named, decided that if he had to go farther for his liquor, she might not have so much trouble with him. So she proceeded to get the employes at the stage station drunk one night when Slade was away. She then directed them to set fire to Whitcomb's establishment which might have been on the Downey ranch. Charred ruins of this trading post may have given rise to the confusing belief that the Horseshoe Station was to the West of the present highway.

All that was saved at Whitcomb's store was some tobacco and two half barrels of whiskey, which was taken to Slade's. The top was knocked in on one of the barrels, a cup hung up, and everyone ordered to drink. The other was emptied into the well so that the boys would have a never failing supply.

The forty men assembled at the station were in such high spirits that when someone suggested that they set fire to the station, one of the men seized a fire brand and started for the hay stacks,

which were connected with the stables and other buildings. The telegraph line had been erected that fall, so Mrs. Slade telegraphed her husband at Julesburg and urged him to make haste in coming home. She then upset the barrel of whiskey and threatened to shoot anyone who made a move in her direction. Her determined action saved Horseshoe Station.

While Slade was in charge at Horseshoe, John Sarah, who had a road ranch on Bitter Cottonwood, displeased him. Slade sent a coach load of Overland Stage Agents to Sarah's. They killed him, his Indian wife, and an Indian visitor. Another man, who escaped, is said to have run twenty-five miles to Fort Laramie to give the alarm. Sarah's children escaped through a window. A little girl, twelve; her sister, eight; and the baby sister she was carrying on her back were found on the prairie two weeks later, dead from exposure. Sarah's five-year-old son separated from the girls and was picked up by Slade's agents, who took him to Horseshoe. He was adopted by Slade and was seen in Denver with Virginia Slade several years after the renegade was hanged by the vigilantes in Virginia City, Montana.

11:00 A.M. Departed from Horseshoe Station.

11:15 A.M. Arrived at Glendo where the Historical Landmark Commission dedicated a marker to the burning of the HECK REEL WAGON TRAIN and the murder of GEORGE THROSTLE by the Indians in 1876.

Mr. Joe Weppner gave the following dedication speech.

The A. H. Reel Bull Train was attacked August 1, 1876, twelve miles west of here on the Old Bozeman-Cheyenne-Ft. Fetterman Trail by the Indians. George Throstle, a teamster, was killed and scalped. Four horses, ten oxen were killed and three wagons were burned. There were sixteen men in the crew but the Indians outnumbered them several times and they had to escape after dark. The attack took place about 4 P.M. in the afternoon, and lasted until after dark. Some of the crew made their way to the nearest stage station and telegraphed the affair to Cheyenne.

A. H. Reel had contracted the hauling of supplies from Cheyenne to Fort Fetterman for the government and this particular train had such supplies. Mr. Reel was one of Cheyenne's early, prominent citizens, and was mayor of the town in the days when it was "Wild and Wooly." He had a fine record and a good administration. Mr. Richardson, chairman of our Commission knew the whole family very well.

George Throstle, the teamster killed by the Indians, and A. H. Reel and family are all buried in Cheyenne.

The Commission has erected a similar monument on the highway south of Lingle commemorating the Grattan Massacre the

past month. We also marked the spot in the field where it actually occurred and have also placed a small marker on the exact spot twelve miles west of here, where the burning of this train occurred. (The old Fetterman-Cheyenne Road and bases of the poles of the telegraph line are there today as shown by the Government field notes.—L. C. Bishop) We have also completed the marking on all cross highways of the Overland Stage Route across the southern past of the state. We have erected eight monuments on the Route.

11:30 A.M. Departed from Glendo. Paused at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER recently moved by the Glendo Boy Scouts from near Glendo on the Bozeman Trail to 73¾ M. on the Oregon Trail.

12:00 Noon. Arrived at the location of the burning of the Heck Reel Wagon Train and where George Throstle was killed and scalped by Indians August 1, 1876, on the Fort Laramie-Fort Fetterman branch on the Oregon Trail. (This location was taken from the field notes of the Government Survey and surveyed by J. A. Cole.) Accounts of the episode are hereby included.

The first account of the burning of the Heck Reel Wagon Train was written by J. C. Shaw.

Venerable George H. Cross' story of the "burnt wagon" fight was published a while ago. It occurred July, 1876. The place is about 12 miles west of Glendo, near the N.W. corner of Platte county. The wagon train was attacked by Sioux. It was the property of Heck Reel, a pioneer mayor of Cheyenne, whose residence stood where the Cox-Carroll service station is located. Wagon Chief of the train was George Throstle, who died in the fight. The account filed in the state annals is that of Sylvester Sherman, a bull-whacker with the train, who in his later years ranched on Rawhide Creek and there died in 1925. Sherman's story was reported by J. C. Shaw of Orin Junction. The Shaw report follows:[1]

On the 5th day of July 1876, we commenced to hire men and load up with government freight for Ft. Fetterman. We had to hire all kinds of men from good bull-whackers and Mexicans down to a few long haired Missourians.

Mr. Reel was there and told Throstle to furnish every man with a good forty-five sixshooter, and a forty-four Winchester, and have them carry the guns in the jocky box on the front end of the wagon, as there was plenty of Indian signs along the North Platte river, and all the time kept on the lookout for Indian signs and at all times be careful.

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1. Printed in *Annals of Wyoming* Vol. 3 No. 3, January 1926, pages 177-180. This issue is out of print and rare.

We broke camp at the lake above Cheyenne the morning of the 7th of July 1876 and traveled the old road. Cheyenne to Black Hills until we got to Bordeaux, and from there we traveled the cut off by way of the Billy Bacon ranch on the Laramie River, and by the old Toby Miller ranch on Cottenwood Creek, and by the St. Dennis ranch on Horseshoe, and we struck the old Fetterman road, from Ft. Laramie to Ft. Fetterman. At Elkhorn we camped for the night. The hill at Elkhorn was a long hard hill, and both Throstle and I stayed back until the last wagon was up it. Each wagon had one trail wagon and some had two. After we had got up the hill, we rode out ahead of the teams to look over the road. When we were about 300 yards away from the lead team (we were traveling along a divide Elkhorn on the left and some steep draws to our right) when it seemed that a hundred Indians jumped out of a draw shooting at us. Three bullets struck Throstle while only one struck me. He was next to them and just a little ahead of me. He threw up both hands and said "Oh! My God," and fell. Every Indian yelled and made a dash to cut me off from the wagon train. It was a close race as Throstle's horse made a wild rush for the train, and the Indians whipping, shooting and yelling caused both horses to circle instead of running straight. I had no time to shoot as I used both feet and both hands to whip with. As they got closer to the train they pulled away a little but kept up a constant fire at the men running up and down the teams, until they shot Irish Pete through the leg, and he yelled out cussing as loud as he could "Corall the Wagons, Ves, or they will kill every one of us." Then I came to myself and called to the lead man to corrall, and all the good men were driving the lead teams and knew what to do and in a short time we were corralled. In the meanwhile the men were each shooting at them with a six shooter, as they came up closer. One man jumped on a wagon and began to throw off sacks of flour while others commenced to build brestworks. I called for the rifles and there was only one man who knew where they were, and he jumped on a wagon and began to throw out flour. The guns had five thousand pounds of flour on top of them. We got our guns and each man got to his place in the brestworks. The Indians thought we had nothing but pistols, and were coming up close yelling the most hideous yells anyone ever heard, running by at full speed on their war horses, laying down on the horse's side and shooting under his neck. They seemed to have good guns and plenty of ammunition, and while they did not kill any of us, they were doing lots of damage to the work cattle and the few saddle horses we had. A Mexican was driving next to the last wagon and a long haired Missourian the last team. The Missourian saw that there was no show to get his team in so left it and came on up to the Mexican's (who had deserted at the first of the fighting and crawled in among the drygoods in one of the

lead wagons) and whacked it on in. It looked for awhile as if the Indians would get him but he shot with one hand and whacked the bulls with the other. After we got in a few good rounds with our guns they fell back and would only come up in sight. We laid there all day, and as night came on they came up to the wagon which was left on the outside, at about three hundred yards distance, that was loaded with ten thousand pounds of bacon, and forty kegs of beer, and threw off the beer and rolled it down a long hill and set the bacon on fire. The blaze seemed to reach two hundred feet high and we could have seen to have picked up a pin in the corrall. We were sure our scalps were gone. We knew that if they could get on a hill and look down on us they could see the situation, and charge us after dark, but they seemed to be afraid of us, and never even shot into the camp.

The Mexican had a little dog that he seemed to love very much, but the dog was gun shy and would run out of camp at the sight of a gun, and as we lay looking through our port holes, Irish Pete and I side by side, we saw something crawling toward us. Irish Pete whispered, "It is an Indian we will both shoot, but let me shoot first as I feel sure I can hit him." We both fired and a dog howled out, and a shrill voice cried "You killed my dog, you killed my dog!"

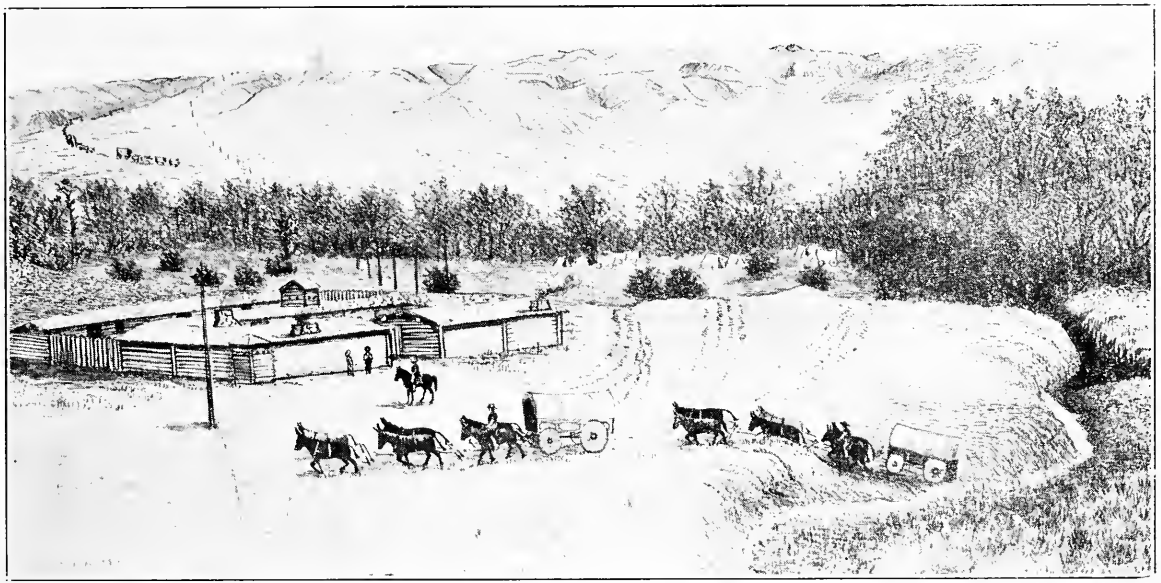
The next morning we unyoked our oxen and drove them back to Elkhorn to water, while others went to hunt for the teams that were hitched to the wagon. The wheel oxen were burned to death, and the next team was burned some, but they had pulled the front wheels out from the wagon, and five teams were grazing around still hitched together.

We broke camp about eleven o'clock, drove the lead wagon up to where Throstle had fallen, and found that they had taken his clothes, scalped him and cut out his heart. We laid him on a tarpaulin, on top of the groceries and covered him up.

As we went on up the road we met two cowpunchers, and after talking to them a minute we asked if they had seen any Indians. They laughed and said no that they did not believe there was any in the country. They said that they had been on LaPrele Creek for two years and had not as much as seen a moccasin track. I told them that we had had a fight with them the day before. They laughed again and said shown them the signs. I handed one of them my bridle reins, and stepped up on the brake and pulled the tarp back and let them see Throstle's body. They turned my horse loose, and turned and rode for Ft. Fetterman, and the last we saw of them they were riding like jockeys, on the last quarter in a mile race.

We camped at LaBonte that night, and on to Ft. Fetterman the next day. While we gave poor Throstle a good decent burial, there was no ceremony.

[After quoting Sherman, Shaw added a note:] "Mr. Sherman



La Bonte Stage Station, 1863, from a drawing by M. G. Houghton. Original located in Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

later showed me the exact spot where the battle was fought, and where the wagon was burned. At that time there were pieces of wagon irons and some hoops off of the beer kegs, and some pieces of broken ox shoes." I have tried to tell this in Mr. Sherman's language, just as he told me. [Mr. Sherman later became Heck Reel's foreman for the HR outfit in Laramie.]

Mr. Gordon Sherman recounted the following story of the burned wagon train as he remembered his father telling it.

We were traveling along the road from Cheyenne to Ft. Fetterman along a ridge between Elkhorn Creek and LaBonte Creek. George Throstle wagon master, and I (Vess Sherman), his assistant, were riding about a quarter of a mile ahead of the wagon train when the Indians came up a ravine from my side shooting at us. They shot past me killing George Throstle. He remarked, "Oh, God," or "My God," as he fell from his horse.

The horses both turned for the wagon train and thanks for a good horse, I outran them to the train although they tried to cut me off and were shooting at me all the time.

One of the bullets hit the fork of my saddle, On reaching the train, the lead driver said, "Vess, if we don't corral the wagons, they will kill all of us," so we succeeded in corraling all but the three trail wagons and shooting at the Indians with six shooters.

The driver of the third wagon from the rear left his team, so the other two had to leave theirs and all caught up with the wagons that were being corraled.

Our rifles were in a wagon under a load of flour which had to be unloaded before we could use them. We managed to fight them off without any loss of men. The Indians burned the three rear wagons that were loaded with bacon, whiskey and beer after unloading what they wanted to drink.

They fought us until later that evening. The next morning we picked up Throstle's body; they had scapled him and cut off his boots. That morning we met two cowboys horseback headed towards Cheyenne looking for work. We told them to watch for Indians, because we had a fight with them the day before. They wouldn't believe it until we showed them Throstle's body. Then they went back to Ft. Fetterman. We continued on without any more trouble.

The following information came from the *Cheyenne Daily Leader*

August 3, 1876

DOINGS OF DEVILS

Another Good Man Killed and Scalped by Red Fiends.

Mr. A. H. Reel received the following dispatch late last night;

Fort Laramie, Aug 2,

The Indians attacked your train near Elkhorn, yesterday about four o'clock.

They killed and scalped Geo. Throstle, wounded a teamster, killed four horses, ten oxen, and burned three wagons.

Sam Graves and Geo. Powell brought Throstle's body into this fort to-night. Your train is on the Labonte to-night.

John Hunton

George Throstle was a man who was esteemed highly by his numerous friends here, and enjoyed an extended acquaintance through this region. Brave almost to rashness, he was yet full of nerve and caution, and the Indians paid dearly for his scalp. He was master of the train, which was conveying Government freight to Fetterman, and had sixteen men under his command, all of whom were armed and certainly made a desperate fight.

Mr. Throstle had been in Reel's employ for nine years; was about 35 years old, and was faithful, industrious and temperate. Mr. Reel telegraphed instructions to have the body sent to Medicine Bow, and will himself meet it there immediately with a coffin, etc., when the body will be brought to this city and buried.

12:15 P.M. Left the spot of the tragedy.

12:25 P.M. Paused at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (83¾ M.) where we entered the CHEYENNE-FETTERMAN ROAD from the southwest.

12:40 P.M. Arrived at the LA BONTE STATION (89½ M.) where a stop was made for a twenty minute lunch period.

Mr. Fred Dilts, Jr. gave the following history of the La Bonte Station.

The information that I have received concerning this location is through the courtesy of Harry Pollard of Douglas, and Paul Henderson of Bridgeport, Nebraska.

We are on the scene not only of a historic fort, but also a cross road of cattle trails. Mr. Pollard, who came to La Bonte with his family in 1883, states that prior to the disastrous year of 1886, 100 thousand head of cattle came down the ridge to south of us. These herds from Texas and other southern states perished in the winter of 1886.

The La Bonte Stage station was named after a hunter named La Bonte. La Bonte was the son of a Kentucky mother and French father. He was reared in Mississippi. In 1825 he wintered in Brown's Hole on the Green River. In 1826 he married a Snake Squaw named Chil-Co-The (reed that bends). He later

acquired a second squaw and they quartered on the South Platte. While LaBonte was hunting on the North Platte, Arapahoes destroyed his lodge and took the squaws. The first one escaped and returned to him in 1828. Soon he appeared on this creek with an Indian named Cross Eagle, and while he was trapping on the creek, unfriendly Indians attacked the camp located at the fork of the creek and killed the squaws of the trappers. Thereafter the creek was known as La Bonte creek. After this, La Bonte removed to Lewis Fork of the Columbia river.

The diary of Wm. H. Jackson in 1866 states that the old road passed the ruins of Fort La Bonte. Evidently this is the year that station was burned. Further evidence of this date lies in the diary of Jake Pennock who on Aug. 5, 1865, recorded that he camped at La Bonte Station. Perhaps it is at this time that Camp Marshall came into existence to replace the burned Fort. The only date I could find on Camp Marshall is 1865-66; other than this date I know nothing.

The diaries of such travelers as Alex Ramsey 1849, E. B. Farnum 1849, Ceclia Hienes 1853, and George Keller 1851 all indicate that their impressions of the surrounding country were the same, "little grass, wretched country, steep hills etc." and La Bonte creek was a welcome relief with beautiful trees and water. Perhaps it was the dry trail between Horseshoe and La Bonte that gave them this distorted viewpoint.

The crossing of La Bonte was at no fixed point because of the action of floods upon the banks. Perhaps the most used crossing is to the south of us, because at this point the creek often was an eighth of a mile wide due to low banks and sandbars. Evidences of crossings may be found, or have been apparent four or five miles up and down the creek; however the Stage Station was the focal point of all the crossings.

Harry Pollard states that when he first arrived in La Bonte in 1883, that remains of cabins were scattered quite profusely in this area. Also some cords of wood were still stacked in some areas where they had been cut for fuel. There is a marker about a mile north of here, erected by Bill Hooker on the site of his cabin. It was purportedly the first cabin to be built on LaBonte Creek entirely of logs.

The site of the station is where the hay stacks stand. Digging still unearths the charred remnants of the fort. Mr. Pollard states that at the turn of the century, short posts and stubs remained as an out-line of the area circumscribed by the confines of the Fort. The stockade was evidently built of cottonwood logs embedded vertically side by side. The sides were perhaps 150 feet in length. The walls of the fortress also served as the outside walls of the buildings within the fort. On the north west corner was located the kitchen. The only gate was on the center of the west wall. The south side was divided into rooms. The east side was stables

Squad rooms divided the area into a parade ground on the west and corral on the east. The squad rooms were separated by a gate to the corral which allowed access to the outside gate. A hand dug well, located outside the walls of the fort, supplied water. I have marked the depression of the location of the well with a rag. Twenty years ago, this well was still four or five feet deep, but it necessarily had to be filled in because of the hazard.

At a point that I have indicated by a flag, seven soldiers were buried. I do not know how they met their death, or when it occurred, but Mr. Pollard said that when he was commissioned by the government to assist in their exhuming, musket balls and iron arrow heads were found with the remains, which indicates they were killed by Indians. Headboards were placed above the graves. The only legible one read "Andrew Kirkwood Age 18, 11th Ohio Inf." These bodies were moved to Fort McPherson in 1896, and reburied in the military graveyard.

This area must have been the scene of some activity. In my boyhood, my brother and myself used to come to this location and dig up beads of many colors from the anthills. This would indicate the presence of Indians perhaps in trading or at least in temporary camps. The broken fragments of four inch artillery shells unearthed by ploughing would indicate that all might not have been peaceful at some time.

1:20 P.M. Departed from LaBonte Station. Paused at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (92 M.) on La Bonte Wagon Hound Divide. Crossed Wagon Hound Creek (93 M.). The old road crossed 100 feet to the east.

1:50 P.M. Passed by an OREGON TRAIL MARKER on a large stone at east base of a hill 80 feet high where red earth is mentioned in some of the old diaries.

Mr. W. W. Morrison read excerpts from several diaries telling about this place.

Mountian men, traders, pioneers, and others passed this way. Here was the route of the Empire builders. Through their letters, their diaries, their personal records these great Americans have made us an eye-witness to their lives.

Few knew the name of this spot (Wagonhound) but none ever forgot its description for it was red-soil and rocks. For three or four miles the road was deep with what appeared to be brick dust. It rose in billows and hid the teams. One woman was so impressed by the lurid color and the general look of drastic upheaval that she painfully crawled to the top of one of the "mountains of red stone" and inscribed upon it, "Remember me in mercy O Lord."

The following descriptions of this area are taken from diaries: John Ball, 1832.

"June 15. Here also we found red standstone. It was a region of rattlesnakes and large fierce bears. Some of the best hunters of Captain Sublettes party shot one five or six times before they killed him."

Harriett, 1845.

"June 22nd. This morning we commenced our zigzag course through the red hills; roads bad, traveled 15 miles and encamped on a stream affording wood in abundance."

Hastings, 1847.

"July 4th. This day, Sunday, traveled across the redbanks. The red dust blew all over us; camped on a beautiful stream."

Greer, 1847

"July 20th. I could have written a great deal more if I had had an opportunity. Sometimes I would not get the chance to write for two or three days, and then would have to rise in the night when my baby and all hands were asleep, light a candle and write . . . Made 10 miles Sage still to cook with."

Birmingham Emigranting Company . . . Loomis, 1850.

"June 6, 1853. Got under way this morning at 5 o'clock drove brisk rather to fast, for the good of our horses, travelled through a mountaineous country, but roads very good, composed of what is called red sand, I think however, that it has more the appearance of clay than sand, it looks something like Spanish brown, we passed today many grand curiostities, one of which was a high mound of rocks some 75 to 80 feet high and piled up so perpendicularly that it was difficult for a man to climb to the top."

Sharp Diary, 1852.

"Sat. June 26th. This day we crossed Big Timber Creek and Marble creek. Road very rough. The hills for a considerable distance in the neighborhood of Marble creek are of red shale formation, and the country is picturesque and interesting. We advance about twenty-two miles. We encamped near the bed of a dry branch which had neither wood nor water."

2:05 P.M. Departed.

2:30 P.M. Arrived at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (100½ M.) where the Cheyenne-Fetterman road branched to the north. (9 miles north to Fort Fetterman.) This marker was recently moved to its present proper location by Albert Sims.

2:40 P.M. Departed (100¼ M.)

3.10 P.M. Arrived at the location of the old LA PRELE STAGE STATION (107 M.)

Mr. Glen R. Edwards gave an interesting account of the La Prele Stage Station.

Folks, I wish to say I am more than pleased that I was permitted to be one of your party. I feel I have learned a great deal and wish to say that Bishop and others who have made this memorable trip possible should be justly thanked and properly rewarded. Let us hope the good work of mapping and marking this Old Overland Highway may be continued another year.

The place we now stand, if we will face the East I will try to describe. The small piles of stone are the ruined chimneys of fireplaces of 4 log cabins where men who cared for the station lived and labored as we do today—looking and hoping for a better tomorrow. This is the ruins of the old well, perfectly walled with rock. Also the ruins of the old cellar. To your right, near the bank of the creek, lies the remains of a gallant soldier. Mr. Ayres cannot remember the name but does remember the marker, which was a board about 12 inches wide, engraved with a knife: [The following information was furnished by L. C. Bishop from the muster roll of Company, 11th Ohio Cavalry in the National Archives]

RALSTON BAKER
KILLED BY INDIANS
May 1, 1867
11th Ohio Cavalry

Now looking East you view the ruts of the old road, marking so plainly the mode of travel—the Stage Coaches, Pony Express and Telegraph line taking the shortest distance and going over the hill, while heavy loaded wagons took the longer route to your left and went around the hill.

Also to the east is Table Mountain. About ¼ mile to the northwest the Rock Creek-Ft. Fetterman Road crosses the Oregon Trail. Mail was carried from Ft. Laramie, also from Rock Creek. One stage a day each way. Stages did not drive in the night as they did on the Overland Trail. The Rock Creek Road went to Fetterman and for several years on north to Bozeman, Montana. Fort Fetterman was officially abandoned in 1884. Mail was carried until the building of the Fremont Elkhorn Missouri R. R. in 1886.

Just across the creek to the north was the pioneer home of George Powell who has been previously mentioned today. One mile to the north was the site of the first school house built in the north part of the state, Pleasant Valley School, District 6,

Albany County. It was built by the father of Clark Bishop. He was one of the early La Prele ranchers and father of a large family, who have all been a credit to their country.

To the west ½ mile is an Oregon Trail Marker. This stone is where the Natural Bridge road crosses this old road, The Natural Bridge, a public park maintained by Converse County and visited by several thousand tourists during the year, was donated as a pioneer monument by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ayres in 1921.

Sometime during the month of March in 1876 while the first expedition was away from Fort Fetterman, White Horse, a chief of the Arapahoes, reported to Major Alex Chambers, commanding Fort Fetterman, that a bad white man stole his ponies and drove them up the LaPrele Creek; Major Chambers detailed Sergeant Pat Sullivan of Co. "F" 4th U.S. Infantry to go with White Horse and get back his ponies. White Horse and his son kept to the hills and let Sullivan go up the creek. When Sullivan found the ponies and commenced to drive them to the Fort, Bill Chambers, the noted Persimmon Bill, shot Sullivan in the back, killing him instantly. He then robbed him of about $350.00 and his gun, the horse having run back to the Fort. Sergeant O'Brien's company then turned out and took up the double quick and went after the murderer, but the company being afoot and Persimmon Bill being mounted he reached Table Mountain before the troops and there defied them. The company took several shots at him but the range being too long found it was no use, and therefore had to give up their quest. Sergeant O'Brien has related to me several very trying cincumstances which happened in those early days before our country was properly settled and the most of the unruly Indians sent to their Happy Hunting grounds.

The following was written by Captain John D. O'Brien for A. C. Ayres for a school reading about the year 1904.

"George Powell, for nearly sixty years a resident of Wyoming, died at his home Sunday morning after a long illness. He was in his eighty-first year.

"Mr. Powell was a resident of Wyoming since 1866, when he came to old Fort Laramie from Denver. He was born at Fairfield, Iowa, October 22, 1844. He started for the west in 1864, going with a freight outfit from the Missouri River to Denver, before the days of railroads and when traveling through that section was full of danger from Indians. In 1866 he came to Fort Laramie, entering the service of the government as a freighter. He helped in the removal of Fort Casper and the erection of Forts Fetterman and McKinney. Later he engaged in the business of freighting from Medicine Bow to the northern army posts.

"In 1876 he settled on the La Prele and lived there at his Douglas residence until the time of his death. In 1878 he was married to Miss Margaret Skoglund, who survives him. Surviving also is a daughter, Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson of Douglas.

"Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the Hofmann Chapel, under the auspices of Ashlar Lodge of Masons, of which Mr. Powell had for many years been a member. Burial was in Douglas cemetery."

Folks, this has been a wonderful day and I trust we all look to another year when our work so well begun may be continued. With Divine guidance may we carry on and when we depart may we feel our work is well done. We will part as friends of the West have parted for the last 150 years. May you all winter well.

Mrs. Pauline Peyton also told about the La Prele Stage Station.

It has been suggested that I write about the Oregon Trail and other items pertaining to the Edwards historic ranch on La Prele creek.

Old Timers, including hunters, trappers, prospectors and others, who handed down legendary history before my time, by word of mouth, blazed the trail for my echo.

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Smith, brought my younger sister, Stella, and I to the Lower La Prele valley in Albany County, Wyoming Territory, in the year 1882 to make our home with them on father's homestead, which joined the George Powell ranch on the east.

At that time, the early settlers were more concerned about finding a way to re-route the Emigrants on the Oregon Trail with the hope of getting them out of the old camp grounds in the valley rather than placing gates in the fences for the convenience of the travelers.

I well remember hearing S. A. Bishop, our neighbor on the east say "Don't send any of your Emigrants over here," because he was trying to figure out a way to get rid of some of the old trails on his place. He also said, "that he would leave a little of the old road for a land mark when he plowed his meadow, because he could not pretend that he could not see the Mormon trail, when it ran through the center of our north meadow and clear across the George Powell place."

There was evidence of a Mormon settlement in the LaPrele valley at a very early period, and the above mentioned road entered the George Powell ranch on the east and ran diagonally through the east meadow, past the old Bunk house, between the Adobe house and the barn turning south at the old Mormon well, going up the creek about a quarter of a mile and half way up a steep hill before turning west. John Boyd, who made his home at the Powell place for a number of years, was often quoted "any one could tell that trail was the Mormon road because they were half way up that steep hill before they would admit that it would be a good idea to turn west and join the other white Emigrants going west a mile or two farther north."

Mr. Powell often chuckled to himself about the time he saw Emigrants turn back when they saw the Teepes of Ann Hornbacks Indian relatives in his meadow. He used to say it would be hard to tell which could eat a rancher out of house and home first when they camped on his place, the Injuns, as he called them, or the Mormons who were still coming over the trail to see if they had forgotten some of their people when the Arapahoes put them to flight."

The original branch of the northern Oregon Trail passed Ft. Laramie, crossed the Platte river, came through the Bed Tick country into Sand Creek country and followed that little stream, which was usually dry in most places until it came to a spring with a strong flow of water at the base of a small hill near the present home of the Jenkins family; here the road crossed the Sand Creek and followed it north to the confluence of the Sand Creek and the La Prele creek, crossing directly above the mouth of Sand Creek, going through the timber, which was quite dense at this point until most of the trees and wild fruit were cleared away on or about 1890.

Father allowed the old trail to remain at this place to the small hill that extended into our central meadow; here the old trail went north until it passed the northern boundary of our land, turning west about a few rods east of the place the Oregon trail marker was set on or about 1913.

This branch of the trail left the valley by going up a hill to the west, crossing the land eventually owned by Jim Abney and finally going through or near the Old Deer Creek Station.

Another well worn trail came across the hilltop from the south and crossed the original trail near an old lake which showed signs of having been worthy of the name lake at some time in the past. This trail went north almost to the Platte where it joined an old trail going toward the big camp at the ROCK IN THE GLEN (just west of the town of Glenrock.)

My father put gates in the east side of his fence for the convenience of Emigrants who were still coming through our land on the original trail and left the south side of our land unfenced for a few years because so many Emigrants were coming from the hill top of the Kellogg house (now Jenkins home).

Those travelers turned west up the LaPrele creek where a large deposit of gravel and sand could be seen near the other road west of Sand creek. Here the women washed and mended their clothes while the teams (some of which were oxen) rested before entering the George Powell ranch and crossing the creek at a shallow creek crossing south of the old log shed, that had been there so long no one seemed to know when or by whom it had been built.

There was much evidence of an old camp ground and graves upon both of these ranches. The above mentioned trail enjoyed

the company of the road to Deer Creek Station and also the deep path at the side of the road where those trails crossed the creek on the Powell ranch running diagonal across a small meadow west of the Adobe house and going up the hill from which they finally merged with the original Oregon Trail going west to Deer Creek Station, where the combined trails were called the Overland Trail.

George Powell showed his respect for the original Oregon Trail, which bounded his place upon the north, by setting his fence back a few feet, apparently donating that land to the country when the land on the opposite side of the trail was fenced.

We were told that the deep path that crossed the southwest corner of our land and entered the Powell place just north of the deep crack or gulch in the land had been made in early days by the mail carrier's pony, when the mail was delivered to Deer Creek Station and perhaps to other stops along the trail.

There was evidence of an old telegraph line, which I believe crossed the Powell land a little farther south; I remember seeing that line and later finding some of those heavy green bulb like things south of our place.

I can still remember seeing women, wearing card board slats in their sun bonnets, riding in covered wagons with their husbands and their children peeking out over the shoulders of their parents, who had no qualms about driving through our hay meadow on the Old Trail, past our house without consulting us in any way, prior to the year 1886 at which time the railroad reached the new town of Douglas.

I made my home on my father's homestead until after his death in 1897 and again during the years between 1907 and 1912 and all during that time our men folk were trying to figure out some way to reroute the travelers on the Oregon Trail, first the Emigrants and later the ranchmen including Charley Horr and others who were of the opinion that it was legal to trail their cattle through our meadow on the old trail at any time of the year.

It is not my desire to discredit any difference of opinion about old land marks before my time, but rather to state the truth about things that I saw or heard during the years the I lived upon the Lower La Prele ranch.

The following history about Fort Fetterman which is only nine miles from this station was given by Claude L. McDermott.

On account of the increasing attacks on the emigrants and United States Army in the Territory of Dakota (and the new territory of Wyoming which was created July 25th, 1868, when the bill creating the Territory of Wyoming was signed by President Andrew Johnson) it became necessary to locate a post on the North Platte River at a point where La Prele Creek empties into that stream. This was at the angle where the Bozeman Road turns to the north. Accordingly Major William McE. Dye, with

Companies A.C.H. and I, Fourth Infantry, was sent to construct the fort. These troops arrived on the ground on July 19, 1867, and at once commenced the erection of the necessary buildings. The fort was located on a beautiful plateau, 800 yards from the river and about 130 feet above it.

This fort became destined to play an important part in the development of Wyoming as well as the Pacific coast, especially the northwest part. When Fort Casper was abandoned and the three forts north of it, Reno, Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith, it became of necessity an important supply point for the army operating against the Indians in the Northwest. The post received its name in honor of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel W. J. Fetterman, Captain in the Twenty-seventh Infantry, who with his whole command, was killed in the Indian massacre near Fort Phil. Kearny, December 21, 1866.

With the first troops who came to Fort Fetterman was Captain John D. O'Brien, who after serving his time in the Army became a permanent resident of Douglas, Wyoming; from there he enlisted for service in the Spanish War and Commanded Company F, First Regiment of Wyoming Volunteers, and went with command to Manila, year 1898. He is buried in Douglas, Wyoming.

Fort Fetterman was abandoned in 1878, but was a shipping point for several years. The town of Douglas was established in June 1886. Bill Barlow, who was earlier associated with Bill Nye in newspaper work as well as being mail clerk on the Union Pacific, had established *Bill Barlow's Budget* at Fort Fetterman, and refused to move to the new town of Douglas, on the grounds that the location as set-up by the Pioneer Townsite Engineers was not the place for a town. But later in the summer of 1886 Bill Barlow moved to the town of Douglas, which was given this name in honor of Senator Douglas from Illinois. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad had extended its railroad to Douglas, Wyoming, which caused the transformation of the wild and wooly west's economic life.

Many things happened at Fort Fetterman of which I have heard and I knew many characters that were a part of this Frontier Post and several that were born here, but time will not permit at this point to give account of such things.

One outstanding feature of this settlement was the notable people who visited Fort Fetterman and here an idea was born in the mind of a great novelist Owen Wister, who wrote the Virginian. He lived at Fort Fetterman, and if you will read his book, the names of some of his characters lived in Douglas. Most of them were ex-soldiers and became cowboys; from this rough and ready life the western cowboy was created, and I believe, the first really western story to be staged on Broadway, was the Virginian. Dustin Farnum became a heroic actor and sprang to fame.

The author was Owen Wister, a Philadelphian, who came to Medicine Bow, Wyoming, and crossed over the Fetterman road to Fort Fetterman, where he lived and was closely associated with Dr. A. W. Barber, who had the Hospital there. Dr. Barber was also from Pennsylvania, I believe, and was the person who coached this young Novelist Owen Wister to write this thrilling story of the Wyoming plains.

The Virginian is a composite character, but Owen Wister followed the round-up of the CY Outfit (the Carey interest) and Missou Hynds was the foreman of this vast cattle organization. If you were acquainted with Missou Hynds and other people in the novel, you would guess that Owen Wister had lived with and around Missou Hynds and Dr. Barber, that his leading character would be none other than Missou Hynds.

Malcolm Campbell was a Deputy Sheriff at Fort Fetterman, which at this time was a part of Albany County. One day little Frenchie a peddler, carrying his wares on his back, made a fast walk from LaBonte Station to Fort Fetterman. He arrived nearly exhausted; he hastened to Malcolm Campbell's office and told him that the man-eater Parker, was working at the LaBonte station. Deputy Sheriff Campbell got his team harnessed, deputized his brother Dan and drove to LaBonte Station. When he arrived, Dan Campbell, Malcolm's brother, was not in a very good mood, slightly worried; however, to his surprise Parker walked up to the team, and the driver Dan throwed him the lines and he started to unhook the team. Dan stared at him in amazement, Malcolm Campbell climbed down from his position on the seat, coolly and walked up to the Man-eater Parker, placed hand-cuffs on him and then took him to Laramie City and placed him in jail. Parker was accused of killing several prospectors who went with him to find gold in the Colorado mountains. This Frenchy was a member of this party for a while and knew all the members. It was claimed that Parker ate these men to survive the winter as he was entrapped in the mountains and his food supply gave out. He was tried in Lake City, Colorado, and sentenced to be hung, but he was reprieved and served 17 years in the Colorado penitentary. A distorted story goes, that the Judge who tried and sentenced him remarked "Parker, you have committed a terrible crime. There were seven democrats in Hinsdale county, and you ate five of them."

Fort Fetterman became an important place in the west, as from here the people of all classes came and departed in various directions. Like all early forts hewn out of the wilderness, bleak plains, sandy hills and running water in the near-by river, a settlement near the Military reservation, which consisted of a few bizzare houses among the purple sage, sold fire water to anybody where the adventurous, both male and female, gathered to hold a rendezvous with glamour of the denizens, wild women, dangerous

men, daring soldiers and the settler, who was the only one to survive. There were many incidents that happened, for instance the duel between Billy Bacon and Sanders, the shooting of a store clerk and the lynching of the slayer; thus with this background as told and perhaps witnessed by some, the great western story was written at and near old Fort Fetterman and Owen Wister in *The Virginian* put the daring cowboy on a high pedestal ever since. This nearby settlement was known as the Hog Ranch.

There are many stories about Fort Fetterman, but now it is only a past memory to a few and is fading from Wyoming history.

Time will not permit a further discourse of the story of Fort Fetterman. I feel highly honored to be a member of this Oregon Trail Trek No. 2. Thanks.

The following letter from C. W. Horr to Clark Bishop is included here for its historical information.

Douglas, Wyoming
May 4, 1950

Dear Clark:

The first I ever heard of Billy Bacon was by Billie Ashby, who was foreman of the Bridle Bit outfit in Goshen Hole. Bacon and Jimmy Abney both worked for him. They used to have some fun with him. Would saddle Bacon up and Jimmy would try to ride him.

Bacon came to LaBonte in about '79 and ran a road ranch at the crossing. Just squatters right. Sold his right to Harry Pollard's father in the Spring of '83 for $5,000. Then he went to Cheyenne and was drinking and gambling, but some of his friends got him to leave, so he went back to LaBonte and bought a bunch of cows. He took the cows up to Bacon Park in June, '84. I saw him there. He had built a cabin and his wife was there in '85 or '86. He traded the cattle to Frank Gore—100 head—for Frank's Saloon in Fetterman, so that is how he came to be in Fetterman and Sanders owned the dance hall. Well, they fell out and started out to get each other. Bacon had a double-barrelled shotgun and Sanders had a .45 Six-shooter. When they met, Bacon shot Sanders in the stomach and Sanders shot Bacon in the throat. Sanders was badly shot and died the next day, and Bacon lived about a week. They sent to Fort McKinney and got a young surgeon. They put Bacon on the operating table and four men held him and Fred Schwartz was one of them. The surgeon was trying to get the bullet but it slipped down Bacon's throat or windpipe and choked him to death.

In the Spring of '87 or '88, I went to Brown Spring's Creek, where they started No. 6 Roundup. We worked the road between the Platte and Cheyenne Rivers. We got back to Fetterman the latter part of June. We had a big herd and laid over a day or two

to work this herd. That is the first time I ever saw Jimmy Abney. He was an inspector working for the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. He married Mrs. Bacon and stayed there.

It was about the time that John Fenix and Pretty Frank went over across the river to clean up the Hog Ranch. When they went in, Lawrence was behind the bar. Fenix shot at Lawrence and shot him in the stomach, and he shot at Pretty Frank and missed him. Pretty Frank and Fenix both ran out and were getting on their horses. Lawrence came out with a shotgun and shot one of Frank's eyes out. He always wore a patch over that eye after that. Fenix was in bed in the hotel (in Fetterman). I went in to see him. He looked very bad and died a few days later. I went to Colorado in 1881. Came to Wyoming 9th of June, 1883. My neighbors, when I first came to Wyoming: G. H. Cross, D. W. Leman, John Jones, Peter George, Charles Rice, Bill Howard and Charles George.

C. W. HORR

4:15 P.M. The Trek disbanded, some going to Fort Fetterman and some to the Natural Bridge, and others to their homes.

FOLLOWING IS AN INTERESTING SUMMARY OF TREK NO 2 BY VIRGINIA TRENHOLM, GLENDO, WYOMING.

October 25, 1953 was a disagreeable day from the standpoint of weather, but this failed to deter the delegation assembled at the Frederick Museum near Guernsey. Regardless of dreary skies and a raw wind, everyone was eager to learn more about the great trail to Oregon. When we recognized among the group many who had been with us on Trek No. 1, we felt a warm glow of friendship because of our mutual interest.

We left the present highway at Frederick's and proceeded along the general course of the trail toward old Badger Station on the C & S in the vicinity of Wendover. The name Badger, retained by the Wendover voting precinct, is reminiscent of the early days of the railroad. Here the C. & S. erected a monument showing where the trail crossed Bitter Cottonwood, as the stream was known to the emigrants because of the bitter type of cottonwood trees growing along its banks. The old stage station bearing the name of the stream was some 200 feet east of us.

Before reaching the Oregon Trail marker on the divide between Bitter Cottonwood and Bear Creek, we observed the bases of several Overland Telegraph poles.

Hesitating to brave the uncertainty of the road down Diamond A Hill, we stopped to look out over Bear Creek Draw and Cassa Flats. To our right we could see Bull's Bend, as the admirable location along the Platte was known before an engineer for the railroad gave it the high sounding name of Cassa.

Our next stop was at Twin Springs, a favorite camping place for the emigrants. The foundation of a small fortress is all that remains of the road ranch which was a scene in the three day battle with Crazy Horse and his warriors. The Indians were camping at Bull's Bend when they first staged their attack on Horseshoe Station. The battle ground stretched from there by Twin Springs to the Diamond A. Hill.

We were next given an account of famous, old Horseshoe Station at the site of the well where a bailing bucket was retrieved by Captain John R. Smith, sixty years after his battle with Crazy Horse. Captain Smith's account establishes definitely the location of the station.

The dedication of a marker memorializing Heck Reel's wagon train was held at the point where the Ridge Road leaves Highway 87. This was at Bellwood Court, which bears the name first given by Judge J. M. Carey to a stage station owned and operated by a Mrs. McDermott at Horseshoe Creek. This stage stop, across the highway and west of the old Horseshoe Stage and Telegraph Station, was in operation before the railroad was built connecting Badger with Orin Junction to the north.

When the railroad reached Glendo, Mrs. McDermott moved from her Horseshoe location to give the name Bellwood to the town's first hotel.

Following the Ridge Road, we finally arrived at the site of the burned wagon train. Here we were given a splendid account of the Indian attack by the son of Ves Sherman, Heck Reel's wagon boss.

Our stop for lunch was at the LaBonte Station, where Mr. Diltz told us something of the fur trapper for whom the station was known. We looked with interest at the depressions marking the empty graves of soldiers whose bodies had been moved elsewhere.

We paused at two more Oregon Trail markers before reaching the site of LaPrele Stage Station. Here we were given a brief account of nearby Fort Fetterman though time did not permit our visiting the site of the fort which served as an important supply station for the forts to the north on the Bozeman Trail.

Before leaving LaPrele, the reader might be interested in knowing that LaPrele, or Laparelle as it is locally pronounced, was not a Frenchman like LaRamie, LaBonte, etc., but rather a type of grass growing in the vicinity. This explanation is found in the writings of Fremont in '42.

The 1859 Overland Journal of Naturalist George Suckley

Edited by

RICHARD G. BEIDLEMAN

Many were the diaries and journals kept by travelers on the Oregon Trail in the last century. Most of the chronicles were of lean entries about stream crossings, sickness, mileages, encounters with bison and Indians, and so on. Only on rare occasions did some itinerant's penning rise above the ordinary and contribute a graphic portrayal of life on the famous overland trail. Francis Parkman's *The Oregon Trail* was, of course, the foremost of the classics, but becomingly increasingly of interest and importance are all those which described in some detail the new frontier country, with its topography, animal life, and plant life, since the ingredients of that frontier country are now rapidly vanishing.

The writings of itinerant naturalists are particularly to be valued. These men, many of them medical doctors, usually had educational backgrounds and professional interests which encouraged detailed, accurate, and significant observations. The journals of some, like John Kirk Townsend and Adolph Wislizenus, have been published, while a few are still to be encountered here and there in manuscript form.

The short diary which follows was written by one who was both doctor and professional naturalist, George Suckley. A native New Yorker, Suckley graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons (Columbia University) in 1851 and after a short period as resident physician at New York Hospital was invited to serve as naturalist for the eastern division of the government railroad survey to Washington Territory. He accompanied this expedition from Minnesota to the northwest coast during 1853, in December of that year being commissioned an assistant army surgeon at Fort Steilacoom on Puget Sound. In 1855 Suckley, on a six-month leave from the army, returned briefly to New York by sea, then continued his army residence in the Northwest until his resignation on October 3, 1856, at which time he sailed for China via San Francisco. During this entire army period Suckley maintained his interest and activity in the field of natural history, sending specimens to and corresponding with Dr. Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.

Suckley's jaunt on the Oregon Trail was under somewhat irreg-

ular circumstances. Several years after having resigned from the army medical service, Suckley decided to reenlist and on March 11, 1859, again passed the entrance examination in New York City. There were no vacancies for doctors in the army at that time, but in early May the Surgeon General's Office offered twenty-nine-year-old Suckley a special contract to accompany a party of army recruits to Utah Territory as a surgeon.

On May 9, 1859, Suckley wrote the Surgeon General's Office a letter of acceptance with the qualification that the contract be for a six-month period only. The same day he notified Dr. Baird of the impending expedition, adding that he would "endeavor to act for the S. I. as before." Later in the spring he wrote Baird again, asking if the Institution could furnish him with a "small box containing 2 copper cans & arsenic, labels, etc.," for collecting purposes, and a "bird & a mammal catalogue mailed to me with marks attached to such as you specially desire." Suckley realized that the nature of the expedition would limit his scientific endeavors to essential items.

By late May the young doctor was on his way west, and on June 1, 1859, when his diary commences, he was in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory. Some of the journal entries permit a rough postulation of the party's itinerary. The expedition departed from Fort Leavenworth about June 11, 1859, traveling northwestward and reaching Fort Kearney on the Platte River towards the end of June. On July 14, after journeying along the Oregon Trail, the cross-over from the South to the North Platte via Ash Hollow was accomplished. Fort Laramie was passed towards the end of July. Here the party took the southwest cutoff from the fort along the Chugwater River, over Cheyenne Pass to the Laramie plains, and westward from there. By August 12th, the latest date in the journal, the party was on the Muddy River west of the continental divide and Bridger's Pass. Presumably the route continued west beyond Fort Bridger and then southwest to Camp Floyd near Salt Lake City.[1]

The journal, in the manuscript collection of the U. S. National Museum Library, Washington, D. C., is a small, leather-covered notebook. It contains in pen and pencil not only diary entries for the period of June 1 through August 12, 1859, but also an annotated list of birds, eggs, and nests collected, and miscellaneous natural history observations. Many of the scientific names used by Suckley and included herein are obsolete today. In the following diary, clarification of identification using currently acceptable

1. Camp Floyd was established south of Salt Lake City in Cedar Valley in the summer of 1858 by the Utah Expedition under General Albert Sidney Johnston. Although withdrawal of troops commenced in 1860, the camp was not abandoned by the army until July, 1861.

common names adopted primarily from Roger Tory Peterson's *A Field Guide to the Birds* has been included in the text within parentheses rather than in footnotes, to facilitate readability.

This journal apparently represents Suckley's last scientific work. On August 3, 1861, he was again sworn into the Army Medical Department as a brigade surgeon with the rank of major. The doctor served quite sucessfully with the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War until his resignation in April of 1865 at the rank of colonel of volunteers. He died on July 30, 1869.

The author wishes to express his appreciation to the U. S. National Museum for permission to publish this journal and to Miss Reta Ridings of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department for assistance with certain points of Wyoming history.

June 1 Ft. Levenworth. Doves (mourning dove) Parakeets (Caroline paroquet) Quail (bob-white) Swallows Blackbirds abundant . . . . . also Picus erythrocephalus (redheaded woodpecker)

June 3 Startled a bird off its nest, made in a small clump of grass in open pasture. The nest was simply a depression in the earth with a few straws & dried blades of grass only laid around its sides and containing 4 large eggs, each with the small end pointing towards the centre. The nest belonged to the Actiturus Bartrami or Bartram's Snipe (upland plover). The old bird would sit very closely in the nest until almost trodden upon, when she would leave the nest, and by running & fluttering endeavor to decoy the intruder away sometimes uttering sharp cries Quail are whistling in every direction

June 17th We are now at a small stream near the Nemaha.[2] For several days we have passed over long reaches of rolling prairie, varied by small patches of wood near the streams. The birds commonly met with are those found breeding on the plains. A. bartramii (upland plover), Euspiza americana (dickcissel), &c. &c.—near the timber Quail & doves are found & in it all or nearly all the forest loving small birds common to the northern western States.

Today a young hawk, perhaps not more than 4 days hatched out, was brought to me: It was perfectly white & covered with soft down much like that of young domestic fowls.

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2. The company was probably encamped near the headwaters of the south fork of the Nemaha River which flows north through the present-day town of Seneca in northeastern Kansas. During Suckley's time this fork was also known as the "Big Nemaha," "Illinois Creek," or "Legerette Creek."

The only serpents noticed thus far have belonged to a single species of Pituophis or Bull-snake

A turtle, whose shell I preserved was caught, on a hook, from Grasshopper Creek.[3] It would weigh about 4 lbs & seemed to be a *male*. It made delicate delicious stew.

A very large "snapping turtle" which would probably weigh 12 lbs. was brought to me a few days since, but after wards escaped. A small "box" land tortoise (probably an ornate box turtle, *Terrapene ornata*) was got by me at Ft. Leavenworth, but not preserved.—

Blue "bottle flies" have been very annoying lately, "blowing" new white blankets to which they are attached by the rank unctuous smell common to those fabrics when recently manufactured.[4] Specimens of small Hyladae (probably swamp tree frog, *Pseudacris nigrita,* or cricket frog, *Acris gryllus*) which I caught in my tent coming up from the grass floor, are enclosed in alcohol Also a few "ticks" which are numerous & troublesome in this part of Kanzas[5]

June 19 Some long thick shelled unios (fresh-water mussels of the family Unionidae) obtained at crossing of Big Blue[6]

25 some unios from Little Blue[7]

After crossing the Big Blue River in going west heard no more quail (bob-white) & presume that at this parallel the river mentioned is their western limit—unless perhaps a few stragglers cross it—

Upon the Little Blue R, July 25th[8] found young blue winged teal & mergansers of the year (probably hooded mergansers,

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3. Grasshopper Creek, now known as the Delaware River, was a major tributary of the Kansas River, crossed by the expedition about thirty-five miles northwest of Fort Leavenworth.

4. Suckley probably referred to the common bluebottle fly *(Calliphora)* which is a member of the blow-fly family (Calliphoridae). These flies lay ("blow") their eggs on meat or other provisions, in this case on the white army blankets.

5. The army party left Ft. Leavenworth, traveling west and then northwest to traverse the northeastern corner of Kansas. They may have followed portions of the Butterfield Overland Express route or the earlier Fort Leavenworth-Fort Kearney road.

6. The Big Blue River, a tributary of the Platte, runs north through present-day Marysville into Nebraska. The company may have crossed the river near the later site of the town. In 1859 this point was at the western edge of settlement in Kansas Territory.

7. The Little Blue River was undoubtedly reached north of the Kansas-Nebraska border near present-day Fairbury. Like many earlier expeditions, Suckley's party probably followed the valley of the Little Blue northwest towards Fort Kearney on the Platte.

8. Suckley entered the wrong date. It should have been June 25th.

as young of other species normally would not be in this area during June). The latter were able to fly well. The former were pretty well feathered but could scarsely fly—Young bluejays were also seen, able to fly moderately well. Along the same river for the first time saw the great raven (probably the American raven).—We also at this place first struck the Buffalo which continue until we had passed Ft. Kearny about 120 miles." Two kinds of Catfish are found in the waters of the Platte, one more nocturnal than the other, is more numerous in the sloughs along the river—The latter also contain small sun fish, chubs red-finned shiners, & wall-eyed Pike—or Pike perch Lucio perca the dace ? of the Platte having a membranous valve in the nostril is found in the turbid waters of the Platte where the water is so darkened by the mud that the fish evidently must depend more upon the sense of smell than upon its eyesight when in pursuit of food. They are bold greedy feeders seizing the bait run off with it with a jerk & upon being hooked battle strongly to escape. Colors when first caught pale yellowish drab on the back tail upper fins & top of head; sides quite silvery, belly & lower fins silvery white.—[10]

Thursday July 14 Crossed over from S. Platte to N Platte 20 m. Entered the valley of the latter via Ash Hollow, an abrupt rock bordered canon. The cliffs are apparently of whitish limestone or hard white clay—[11] Swallows breed in them & cedar trees (actually junipers) grow here and there from their sides—Birds noticed doves, robins, Fringilla tristis (American goldfinch)—

The bottom of the canon has large beds of gravel & among the dried herbage are found various curious crickets & grasshoppers. On the sand a small lizard of which I obtained several specimens, near a small spring brook found 3 frogs & 1 toad, preserved also skull & foot bones of a wolf. also many curious beetles, hymenoptera (bees) & other insects. In the bluffs are found antelope (the pronghorn) jackass hares &

9. If Suckley's distance was correct, bison were first encountered in the vicinity of present-day Fairbury, Nebraska, farther east than records by many earlier chroniclers.

10. It would be difficult to identify specifically the species of fishes which Suckley mentioned. The red-finned shiner was probably *Notropis umbratilis,* a common Middle Western creek minnow.

11. Ash Hollow, named by Fremont, lay at the bottom of a precipitous canyon down which one branch of the Oregon Trail descended to the North Platte River near the present town of Lewellen in western Nebraska. Emigrant wagons often had to be lowered by ropes down this chasm. The cliffs were of the Ogallala geologic formation, deposited in late Miocene and Pliocene time about twelve million years ago. This formation is characterized by layers of white sandstone, calcareous sandstone and limestone, with some embedded clay, silt and fine sand.

some deer Capt Grover[12] saw today a small animal a little larger than a prairie dog.

Also 2 birds "about the size of ravens with white heads & tails & black bodies & wings" Eagles? (the description fits the adult bald eagle) a bird on the cliffs near Ash Hollow & along the N. Platte above it saw many swallow nests—One where a simple shelf in the rock has wall in front of the excavation made of small pellets of mud slightly held together by straws containing a small white egg with brown specks, which was evidently the n & e of the hirundo horreorum or Barn Swallow. The inside of nest lined with feathers. Nests of the Cliff Swallow H. lunifrons in vast numbers in certain favorite spots where the birds appear to breed in colonies size and shape of nests much like the mamma of a woman with a central hole replacing the nipple. A Sterna frenata (least tern) killed at camp of July 15th N. Fork Platte R.—Differed from descript. in having 3 black primaries & the feet orange, not orange red. Stomack contained apparently fragments of small fish—seized its prey by hoving & suddenly dropping upon it gull fashion Spinis (either the pine siskin or goldfinch) first met with today. Coturnis gramineus (vesper sparrow) abundant

Small squirrel obtained Platte R. July 17—They are rather abundant above Ash Hollow. July 18 Anas clypeata (shoveller duck) near Court House Rock[13] July 18 N Platte R near Court House Rock Young Black ducks (closely related to the mallard) near full grown & well feathered killed—Tur Dove (mourning dove or "turtle dove") are abundant Female Mergus cucculatus (hooded merganser) also killed Curious small egg obtained

20th Blue winged teal & A clypeata (shoveller)

29 Red eyed black billed cuckoo obtained & compared—Killed near the Chugwater N. T.[14] July 29th Skin much damaged and not preserved

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12. Captain Grover was probably Cuvier Grover from Maine, an 1846 graduate of the military academy at West Point. Grover, ranking fourth out of his graduating class of 59, received promotion to captain on September 17, 1858, and by the end of the Civil War had become a major general with the Union forces.

13. Courthouse Rock is a large sedimentary landmark south of the Oregon Trail near present-day Bridgeport in western Nebraska. According to some, the formation was named by early Saint Louis travelers who thought it looked like their home town courthouse.

14. The Chugwater is a branch of the Laramie River which swings southwest from Fort Laramie. The party was following what was called the "Fort Laramie and New Mexico Road," extending from Fort Laramie towards Denver and used mainly by emigrants.

31st Chugwater 50 m w of Laramie[15] Magpies were for the first reported to me. Grizzly sign for the first time reported. We have now struck the Black Hills in which are found elk deer (mule deer) & big horn[16]

August. 1 Saw several magpies Mountain sheep, (always in Blk Hills) antelope & deer numerous—but no buffalo. Skulls of buffalo which had probably been killed last winter have been seen. Dusky grouse shot, see Birds 15. Aug 1st Route through Blk Hills w of camp Walbach.[17] Hills of considerable height capped by rock containing much feldspar mice &c. & disintegrating freely.[18] Soil on the top made up principally of the detritis of this, which, altho of barren appearance, yields a pretty good crop of bunch grass

Aug 2nd We are still ascending & are within 15 miles of a ridge upon which is perpetual snow,[19] nights cold; the day coolish with thunder storms—& a hurricane passed near our camp prostrating everything before it.—Flowers are very numerous & are of many species—a kind of wild currant & several kinds of wild gooseberry are noticed; also the red raspberry, & to day a friend saw strawberries still green, also some of the vines having blossoms Uva ursi (kinnikinnick) abundant in the forests of Pine the "Red Rocky Mountain Pine" or P ponderosa (ponderosa pine or western yellow pine)

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15. By "Laramie," Suckley referred here to Fort Laramie.

16. The mountains to the west were not the Black Hills, although often called such by early travelers, but rather were the Laramie Mountains of the Rocky Mountain chain.

17. Camp or Fort Walbach was established at the head of Lodgepole Creek, elevation 6927 feet, on the so-called "Lodge Pole Trail" by an army order of September 20, 1858, although the spot may have been in use as an army camp earlier. Many emigrants were traveling the road through Cheyenne Pass (west of Walbach, see footnote No. 19) at this time as a cut-off from Fort Laramie to the Laramie plains, and the temporary camp was created to protect these emigrants from Indian depredations. The camp was officially abandoned on April 19, 1859, although, as Suckley's diary suggests, the location was still made use of. On September 4, 1916, a state monument was erected and dedicated near the site, about twenty miles northwest of Cheyenne.

18. This was undoubtedly the igneous rock known as Sherman granite, which is coarse-grained and composed of pink feldspar, glassy-looking quartz, black hornblend and mica. This rock breaks readily into a gravelly soil.

19. Pole Mountain, 9100 feet in elevation, was about the right distance away (to the south) to fit Suckley's description but is ordinarily not covered with "perpetual snow." However, it may have been snow-capped during this particular August. The party crossed the Laramie range at Cheyenne Pass, 8591 feet, which lies about ten miles southeast of present-day Laramie and west of the site of Camp Walbach.

A panther (mountain lion) was seen at this place near a dead deer which it had apparently but just killed, & had partially devoured. We are camped (Aug. 2) at Lodge Pole Creek, about 14½ miles from Camp Walbach. Several curious green coleoptera (beetles) 1 Buprestes (a wood-boring beetle), & 1 other having green body & fiery red kind were captured.

Aug 5 Camp 11 miles E of Medicine Bow Creek[20]—Saw for the first a sage hen. Man died this Saturday evening (Dickensen)

Aug 12 2nd Camp on Muddy R[21]—We arrived at this after going 10 miles from last camp, which broke up this morning at sunrise Lt Thomas & myself, with servant, remained behind the command & hunted on the hills & in the river bottom around the deserted camp. We flushed about 35 sage fowl (sage hens), killing of that number 13.—Yesterday I killed seven about 5 miles above last night's camp on the same river—The sage fowl are very numerous along the bottom until the high, coarse sage bushes were met with. One bird killed by me was a male—the present specimen—the first that I have yet seen among some 40 or 50 birds which have brought into camp. This specimen rose like the others from behind a low sage brush on the valley bottom & was brought down in the ordinary manner. The white patches, greenish yellow "wattle pouches", feet grayish olive, iris hazel, Bill black (ed. note: measurements for this bird were given in the diary but have not been included here) The half grown brood when scattered have a call by which they come together. This is of two notes quickly repeated & is analogous to the call-note of the young turkey under similar circumstances—The half-grown young when wounded after having been caught utter a clear but feeble screaming most like that of a domestic fowl of the same age similarly seized.

The old female upon being flushed is apt to utter cackling noise much like that of the pinnated or sharp tailed grouse, & at times when alarmed & running makes a somewhat similar noise as a guide I suppose to the young. . . . (ed. note: except for further miscellaneous notes on sage hens, this concludes the diary section of the manuscript).

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20. Medicine Bow Creek lies about fifty miles northwest of present-day Laramie. The expedition apparently traveled northwest out of the Laramie plains, crossing several branches of the Laramie River (the "east fork" and "west fork") and eventually striking the above creek probably near the later site of Fort Halleck close to Elk Mountain.

21. This particular Muddy Creek is located a short distance west of Bridger Pass (see footnote No. 25).

LIST OF BIRDS COLLECTED EN ROUTE FROM FT. LEAVENWORTH. K. T. TO SALT LAKE U. T. — 1859

No. 1 Mimus carolinensis (catbird). Ft. Leavenworth June 8th This bird belonged to nest & eggs preserved & marked No. 3. See list of Nests & eggs

No. 2 Collyrio excubitoroides (loggerhead shrike) Camp near Ft. Leavenworth June 9th

No 3 Pipilo erythrophthalmus (towhee) Male Killed June 12th, 22 miles W. of Ft Leavenworth Nest & eggs preserver; marked No. 4. The female escaped but this bird was evidently her mate.

No. 4 Euspiza americana (dickcissel). Male near Turtle Creek, Kanzas.[22] June 16th. Belonging to nest & eggs marked No. 5. The species is quite abundant on the grass prairies of Eastern Kanzas., Builds its nest on the ground. That found was composed of grass neatly laid: those of the outside being coarse & those of the inside very fine—Eggs 4 of a pale blue: immaculate.

No. 5 Sturnella neglecta (western meadowlark) Male supposed parent of eggs invoiced 27 Ft Kearny June 30

No 6 Chordeilles popetue (nighthawk) Skin of female belonging to eggs marked 28

7 Set of 4 Athene hypugaea (burrowing owl) Platte R July 1859 The female was in brown plumage The males (3) were paler

8 Tyrannus verticalis ? (Arkansas kingbird) with lower tail coverts lemon yellow instead of dusky as in Bird Report[23] see T. verticalis

9 Otus wilsonianus (long-eared owl) Chugwater near Ft. Laramie July 29 Found in dense thicket. Flew a short distance & then "lit" Stomach contained the remains of what appeared to be a Dipodomys (kangaroo rat)—no gravel in stomach which was quite muscular. The hair of the mammal appeared to be in a process of separatim & was disposed to become matter, preparatory, I suppose, to the formation of small rolls to be expectorated by the mouth, as is the case with the screech owl. An owl of this size not the Prairie dog owl was seen by Mr. Frank Hunt to retreat to a p-dog burrow (probably the short-eared owl which, like the burrowing or "prairie dog owl," occurs in open country and is active during the daylight hours)

10 Plectrophanes ? (one of the longspurs) male 25 m W of Laramie July 29[15]

11 Plectrophanes ?—female (damaged skin) same locality. July 29

12 Same bird probably male same locality

13 Pipilo ? (towhee) Irids red. same locality & date

14 Dove (mourning dove), Chugwater July 31 See measurements on box.[24] Legs reddish flesh color not nearly of so bright a red as those of well marked male L. carolinensis (mourning dove)

15 Female Tetrao obscurus (dusky grouse) Cheyenne Pass about 15 miles from Camp Walbach. on the Chugwater side. (most Eastern locality?) July 31 59

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22. Turtle Creek was one of the small creeks east of the Nemaha River in northeastern Kansas. The name was probably a local one and seems no longer to be in use.

23. The bird report mentioned was Dr. Spencer F. Baird's *General Report on North American Birds,* published in 1858 as one of the series of *Reports of Explorations and Surveys of a Railroad Route to the Pacific Ocean.*

24. Suckley shipped his collections to the Smithsonian Institution from Fort Kearney, Fort Laramie, and also probably from Camp Floyd.

16 Erismatura rubida (ruddy duck) Aug 1st 10 miles on the Laramie side of Camp Walbach
17 Small prairie dog owl (burrowing owl) near Camp Walbach
18 Buteo Bairdii ? (Swainson's hawk) East Fork of Laramie Aug 3rd (Road to Bridgers Pass)[25] 22 50 14¼[26] Cere greenish yellow. base of both mandibles bluish slate color, the tip only of the lower being black. The greater portion of upper mand. black. Irids brownish yellow, Legs pale yellow, claws blk. Tail 10 Male ? Testicles (if such) much atrophied owing to lateness of the season
19 Larus delawarensis, Ring-billed Gull W. Fork Laramie Ri. Aug 4th/59 19 3/4 48½ 15
20 Sage fowl Adult female 24½ 38 11 Medicine Bow Creek Aug 6th 59 See notes under head of Sage fowl
21 Sage fowl same date & place young early brood
22 Sage fowl (young late brood) same date & locality
23 adult female same date & locality
24 Phalaropus wilsonianus (Wilson's phalarope) Med. Butte, shot on pond[27] legs & feet yellow, see page 705 Bird Rept.
25 Oroscoptes montanus (sage thrasher) Iris yellow, Legs greyish black. Bill pale bluish towards the base black tip. Was feeding on Prairie Bridger's Pass near & under a dead cow probably eating maggots. Inquisitive.

Eggs and Nests

June 7th Ft. Leavenworth. N & E marked 1 Bird not recognized
June 8 Fort Leavenworth Marked 2. The bird was destroyed From its description as the "Brown Thrasher" was probably the Harporhynchus rufus Cab. (brown thrasher) No. 2
No. 3 June 8th Marked 3. Nest & Eggs of Mimus felivox (catbird). Bird preserved
4 No. 4 22 m W of Ft Leavenworth June 12th N & eggs & male bird Pipilo (towhee) Bird preserved
5 N & E of Euspiza Americana (dickcissel) belonging to Bird-skin No. 4
6 Single egg June 18 Bird unknown
7 Single egg & nest Brown Thrush ? (brown thrasher) From near Big Blue R
8 Nest & eggs from near Big Blue R. Kanzas
9 Cat bird nest & eggs near Little Blue R
10 Harpo rufus ? (brown thrasher) near Little Blue R
11 Nest & eggs of a bird said by the man who brought it to belong to the meadow lark Sturnella neglecta (western meadowlark) Found on the ground. Little Blue River Kanzas June 25 Very doubtful
12 A broken egg of a small bird resembling Fringilla socialis (chipping sparrow). The nest was on the ground among the grass in an upland prairie near Little Blue R. Kanzas (Nebraska) obtained June 25th/59

25. Bridger's Pass was a continental divide crossing twenty miles southwest of present-day Rawlins, used particularly by the overland stages in the early 1860's.
26. These numbers refer to the following measurements of the specimen: total length, wingspread, and wing length.
27. Medicine Butte was a rocky knob, 8769 feet in elevation, located about twenty-five miles west of Fort Bridger. The name derived from the frequent establishment of Indian medicine men camps in the vicinity. There was apparently a temporary army post here known as Camp Medicine Butte, where Suckley's party may have stopped.

4 eggs were in the nest. Old bird could not be obtained. Eggs were broken while being brought to camp.

13 Loose Egg Little Blue R

14 A set of odd eggs collected at 32 mile creek near Ft Kearny, Neb.[28] like those of the Brown Thrush (brown thrasher) are paler than those of the species marked 15. The other eggs are broken cat-birds egg— 2 doves eggs (though stated by the soldier that brought them not to be of dove—that had a . . . . . .

15 5 eggs of Brown Thrush (brown thrasher) 32 mile creek near Ft Kearny Neb. T. June 26

No. 16 Egg of a bird said by the soldier who found the nest to be a "blackbird"

No. 18 3 whitish eggs found by soldiers on the surface of the ground on the plains at 32 mile creek near Ft Kearny

No. 19 2 eggs found in similar situation with No 18 and perhaps same— Eggs of Sturnella neglecta (western meadowlark)

No 20 Nest & eggs 32 m Creek

21 & 22 (ed. note: illegible notations)

23 Eggs of Tyrannus carolinensis (eastern kingbird) and no mistake. The old bird was killed & carefully compared with Baird's description

24 Single egg probably of Ectopistes carolinensis (mourning dove)

25 Single egg of unknown parents. The old bird was said to be dark

26 Eggs of Actiturus bartramii (upland plover) Ft. Kearny June 30 1859

27 Eggs & nest of a bird said to be the meadow lark The same soldier afterwards went to the place from whence the nest had been taken & killed a bird near by which seemed to him to be identical with that which had previously flown off the nest. This he brought to me & & proved to be the Sturnella neglecta (western meadowlark). The eggs were quite recent & as I have seen young larks apparently of the season already flying about I presume that the species incubates twice or oftener during the season

The foregoing were dispatched from Ft Kearny

28 Eggs of Chordeilles popetus (nighthawk) Female preserved July 3rd

29 Eggs of dove ?? Taken by a soldier from a nest in a bush

30 Two eggs obtained July 8 from a Prairie-dog "Town"—They were found by a soldier at the mouth of a burrow, & were said by him to be the eggs of the Prairie-dog Owl (burrowing owl) & that he saw the old owl—The eggs were nearly hatched out, upon removing the young from the shell I found their legs & feet much like those of various of the true plover, with 3 toes, & lacking the hind one[29] The length of egg about 1¼ inches color dingy green, speckled with black The black specks more numerous & larger on the butt half and of irregular size. (ed. note: two sketches of eggs included) The nest was simply a depression in the ground, bordered by a few coarse straws.

The stomacks of four owls have been examined. They contained fragments of grass-hoppers, Coleopterous insects (beetles), &c & in one I found the forefoot of some small rodent—The stomachs were thick & muscular gizzard-like, & generally packed full of food.

31 Nest containing 3 eggs obt. July 14 at Ash Hollow Young thrown in alcohol

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28. 32-mile Creek was a northern tributary of the Little Blue River, lying west of present-day Hastings, Nebraska.

29. This was perhaps the earliest description of the eggs and nest of the mountain plover. Suckley was commended for this discovery in the *Smithsonian Report* of 1859.

32 Nest N. Fork Platte, July 15/59
33 Nest, same locality & date 2 eggs—Found in ground
34 Nest & eggs of Sturnella neglecta (western meadowlark) N. Platte July 16 1859—These 2 eggs were addled. There were in the next two young just hatched. These thrown in alcohol in two bags
35 Eggs obtained by Capt. Grover July 17th see note on slip of paper with egg
36 Odd egg July 18. Platte R. near Court House Rock in box with specimen No. 30

Alcohol

June 14th Grasshopper Creek. Lino bag No. 1 containing small fishes Same date & locality No. 2 Unios (fresh-water mussels). Other unios are packed dry. A catfish from same stream, but larger than the other specimens was thrown loose in the can. A turtle which would weigh about 5 lbs was also caught & cooked shell preserved The catfish was of a light yellowish brown when first out of the water, but became of the ordinary dark olive color shortly after death
Small crayfish obtained from a pool near Nemaha creek K. T. July 17th[30] Leeches obtained sticking to the shell of a turtle—caught in Grasshopper Creek about June 14th They appeared to be parasitic.
Garfish plenty in Big Sandy[31]
June 18th Vermillion River about 100 miles west of Ft. Leavenworth.[32] Obtained several small Pmelock & other fish, enclosed in lino bag No. 3.
19th Small snake. Crossing of the Big Blue R. K. T.
19th Long unio—label No. 4 Thrown in bag. Other large thick ones are dried & enclosed from the same locality
No. 4 2 catfish from Big Sandy River
No. 5 Chubs from Little Blue
June 25 Catbird & other eggs found near Little Blue R—Enclosed in . . . box. Another egg & nest the . . . which was destroyed by a dog & the egg broken was obtained on a farm near the same locality. I am unable to say to which species the egg belongs.
June 25 A nest said to have been found on the prairie & belonging to the meadowlark of which I know nothing
Small fish in lino bag from E. Branch of Bitter Creek U. T.[33] Aug. 14th found in water excessively alkaline
Other small fish from Muddy R. Bridgers Pass were also gotten
Due Landow 1 duck 10 1 burrowing owl 10 2 gulls 20 1 hawk 20 1 owl 10 2 sage fowl 30

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30. Suckley again erred in writing the date. It should have been June 17.

31. It is difficult to ascertain which "Big Sandy" Suckley meant. There was an affluent of the Little Blue River known in Suckley's time as "Big Sandy Creek." The presence of garfish and catfish would suggest that it was this creek rather than the Big Sandy in western Wyoming to which the naturalist referred.

32. It is likely that Suckley meant either the Black Vermillion, which is an east tributary of the Big Blue River, or a western branch of the Black Vermillion known as the "Vermillion," or "Big Vermillion." The main Vermillion River is a tributary of the Kansas River and lay somewhat south of the company's apparent route.

33. Bitter Creek lies southeast of present-day Rock Springs, Wyoming. The army company probably struck the creek at about the later site of Barrel Springs stage station, which was built for overland stage use in 1862.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART VI—1862

LXIV

WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, ET AL., DATED OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, JULY 22, 1862.[147]

Jas. D. Doty Esq.
Supt. Ind. Affairs,

Luther Man[n] Junr. U. S. Agent
for Indians in Utah

Henry Martin Esqr.
Present

Gentlemen.

Congress at its recent session having appropriated Twenty Thousand dollars for the purpose of making a treaty with the Shoshonees or Snake Indians, you have been designated by the President to carry into effect the object of the said appropriation. —No sufficient reports of explorations are in the custody of this office to enable me to state definitely the boundaries of the Country inhabited and claimed by these Indians, but it is understood that they inhabit the Country in the Northern part of Utah and eastern portion of Washington Territories,[148] through which lies the route of the overland mail, and the emigrant route through Utah and into Washington Territory and it is mainly to secure

147. 37th Congress, 3rd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1157), pp. 536-537.

148. The Territory of Idaho was not created till March 3, 1863. The Territory of Washington was extended to include this area when Oregon became a State in 1859.

the safety of the travel along these routes that a treaty is desirable.[149]

It is not expected that the treaty will be negotiated with a view to the extinguishment of the Indian title to the Land, but it is believed that with the assurances you are authorized to make of the amicable relations which the United States desires to establish and perpetuate with them, and by the payment of twenty thousand dollars of annuities in such articles as by the President may be deemed suitable to their wants for which you are authorized to stipulate, you will be enabled to procure from them such articles of agreement as will render the routes indicated secure for travel and free from molestation; also a definite acknowledgment as well of the boundaries of the entire country they claim, as of the limits within which they will confine themselves, which limits it is hardly necessary to state should be as remote from said routes as practicable.

It must however be borne in mind that in stipulating for the payment of annuities the sum mentioned above is not to be exceeded, so that if for any reason, you are unable to treat with all the bands of the Shoshonees, the amount of annuities stipulated to be paid must be such a proportion of said sum as the number of the bands treated with bears to the number of the entire nation.

It will also be well so to frame the treaty that while on the one hand it is expressed that the United States being aware of the inconvenience resulting to the Indians in consequence of the driving away and destruction of the game along the route traveled by whites, are willing to fairly compensate them for the same, the Indians on the other hand shall acknowledge the reception of the annuities stipulated for, as a full equivalent therefore, and shall pledge themselves at all times hereafter to refrain from depredations and maintain peaceable relations with the United States and their Citizens.

Should you find it impracticable to make one treaty which will secure the good will and friendship of all the tribes or bands of Shoshonee Indians, you will then negotiate only with that tribe or band which is most dangerous to emigrants and settlers upon the route of travel over which the mails are carried and also the overland route of travel north of that, and you can only secure protection for one of said routes, you will negotiate a treaty with such tribe or bands as will secure that protection to the route over

149. As will be seen hereafter, 1862 was a critical year along the Overland Trail. Emigrant travel by the familiar South Pass route became hazardous, and the overland mail route was shifted south to the old Cherokee Trail between Denver and Fort Bridger. The U. S. Government, which so long had taken Shoshoni friendship for granted, all at once awakened to the value and meaning of that friendship and began to "talk treaty."

which the largest amount of travel and emigration passes without reference to the mails.

I have to direct that you arrange the times and places of your Councils with the Indians that so far as practicable the entire nation shall be represented, which it is presumed the amount appropriated will with proper economy enable you to very nearly if not completely accomplish.

Mr. Martin, one of your commissioners having filed the necessary bond, has been entrusted with the funds and will make all such arrangements for the purchase of goods and disment [i.e., disbursement] of money as may be necessary. . . .

LXV

HENRY MARTIN, SPECIAL AGENT, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 22, 1862.[150]

Sir

Fearing that it may be necessary for the safety of Government Trains transporting Indian goods in my charge, en route for the Sho Shone Indians, I desire the authority to call upon any Commanding officer on the Plains for the necessary military escort for that purpose, and for our personal safety during our sojourn in the Indian country on official business. . . .

LXVI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED UTAH TERRITORY, AUGUST 5, 1862.[151]

At Midnight on the 2d inst. Little Soldier, Chief of the Cum-um-bahs, or Utah Digger Indians,[152] who has always been a good friend to the white people, and who has always notified them of any approaching danger, arrived at the residence of D. B. Huntington, Interpreter for the Superintendency, and informed him as follows:

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150. M/613-1862. Martin three days before had officially transmitted his bond as "Special Agent to negotiate a treaty with the Shoshonees or Snake Indians" (M/610-1862).

151. D/639-1862 encl. Printed in 37th Congress, 3rd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1157), pp. 357-358.

152. Little Soldier has figured in many prior documents of this series as chief of a mixed band of Shoshoni and Utes living in the Great Salt Lake Valley and also ranging through the Wasatch Mountains.

That the Shoshone or snake Indians, and the Bannack Indians, inhabiting the northern part of this Territory and the Southern portion of Eastern Washington Territory, have united their forces for the purpose of making war upon, and committing depredations on the property of, the white people, settlers in this Territory, and the Emigrants to the Pacific coast by the Northern route. That for this purpose the Sho-sho-nee Indians have set aside Wash-i-kee, the great Chief of that Nation, because he is a man of peace and a friend to the whites, and have chosen in his place, as their leader, Pash-e-go, because he is a man of blood.[153] That they are trying very hard to get the Cum-um-bahs, the Gos-Utes, and Sho-e-gars or Bannock Diggers, to join them. That they have already killed a number of Emigrants and committed many depredations on the property of the Settlers and Emigrants, stealing horses, cattle, &c. —That lately they have stolen and run off one hundred and fifty horses & mules at and about Ft. Bridger; a large number in the northern part of the Territory, and three head north of and within ten miles and seven head within fifty miles of Great Salt Lake City. That they are now removing their families to the Salmon River country to get them out of danger—and that when the leaves turn red in the fall is the time they have agreed upon to assemble and when the leaves turn yellow and begin to fall the time they are to fall upon and exterminate all the settlers in the Territory. That all these war movements are instigated and led on by War-a-gi-ka, the great Bannock prophet, in whom the Bannocks and Sho-sho-nees have unbounded confidence and faith —who lives in the vicinity of Walla Walla, in Oregon, or Washington Territory.[154] Little Soldier, very urgently warns the people of the great danger hanging over them and advises them to have their guns with them at all times, in the Kanyons and in their fields. . . .

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153. Frederick Lander (see Document L1) placed the range of "Pash-e-go" as the head of John Days River and west of the Blue Mountains—that is, in Oregon and apparently it is he who is referred to here. But there seems to have been a subchief of similar name among the Wyoming Shoshoni, called by Lander "Push-e-can" or "Pur-chi-can," who as Lander said, bore upon his forehead "the scar of a blow of the tomahawk given by Washikee in one of their altercations." The diaries of Mat Field in the Missouri Historical Society mention this latter chief in connection with the celebrated raid by Cheyennes and Arapahoes upon the horses of Shoshoni and mountain men at Fort Bridger in the summer of 1843, and intermittent later mention may be found of him, e.g., Document XVIII. Some confusion of identify is possible.

154. See again Document L1. It seems likely that Doty was again referring to Pash-e-go, and that the name "War-a-gika" refers rather to the tribe or band, whose name was rendered by Lander as Warraricas, or sun flower seed-eaters. This was the division of the Bannock headed by Pash-e-go.

LXVII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 13, 1862.[155]

Sir:—On the 6th of March last I deemed it my duty to advise your Department, as also the Secretary of War, of the threatened attacks by the Shoshonees upon the Emigrant Trains passing through the Mountains the then coming season, and to suggest the occupation by a Regiment of Troops, of some point in the vicinity of Fort Hall on Shoshonee river, near the point of intersection of the Northern California road with the roads to Oregon, and from this City to Salmon river Gold Mines.

Subsequently, as additional information was received from friendly Indians that it was the intention to assemble a large force —estimated by them at two thousand—sufficient to overpower any Train, I ventured to again call the attention of the government to the threats and conduct of those Indians, and the prospect that many emigrants would lose their lives, or be robbed of their property, if military protection was not given at that point; and asked of the Secretary of War a portion of the $25,000 appropriation for the defence of Emigrants, to provide for their protection at the place threatened.[156]

The subject was renewed in my letters of April 11th; with the further information that they would certainly commence their depredations upon the Overland Mail Line East of this City. All the officers of the United States then here, and the officers of the Overland Mail and Telegraph Companies united in a Telegram to the Secretary of War, a copy of which is enclosed herewith, conveying to him the same intelligence, which they deemed altogether reliable, and urging that Troops be raised here for temporary service, and until the Troops of the United States could reach this country.

No notice appears to have been taken of these representations[157] —certainly no favorable response was given; and it is supposed, from the published Letter of Brigham Young also herewith en-

155. D/639-1862. Printed in the Serial cited above, pp. 354-356.

156. Congress had appropriated this money in an act approved January 27, 1862. The funds were principally expended by an "emigrant escort to Oregon and Washington Territory" commanded by Captain Medorem Crawford, whose journal is printed as 37th Congress, 3rd Session, *Senate Executive Document 17* (Serial 1149). West of South Pass Crawford traveled the Lander Cutoff; he notes that many parties went on ahead, as he stayed behind to look after the rear of the year's emigration. A Utah contribution to the security of the Overland Trail this year is noted below.

157. This matter got mixed up with the anti-Mormon politics of this period in Utah territorial history. A report by the Adjutant General of

closed, and from other information, our efforts to protect the lives and property of our citizens and the Overland Mail and Telegraph Lines, have been counteracted by his—or some other invisible influence, and that our exertions have resulted only in increasing his power in this country and not that of the United States—the President having conferred upon him the authority to raise troops and withheld it from the officers of the United States.

The events which have occurred since our communications were made confirm the correctness of our information, and prove that the assertion of Brigham Young was not reliable, that "the statements of the aforesaid Telegram are without foundation in truth," as he believed.

Before the Emigration appeared on the road the Shoshonees, in connection with Dakotahs and Cheyennes, robbed the Overland Co. of their Stock upon more than three hundred miles of the road west of Fort Laramie, killed several of their drivers & employes, and effectually stopped the mail.

Early in June, Smith, Kinkaid, and others, forming a small party, on their way from California to the States, were attacked by the Eastern Bannacks, who hunt with the Shoshonees between Raft river near Fort Hall, and Bear river, and all but Smith & another were murdered, and the entire party robbed. Smith was

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the Army on April 24, 1862, as to measures taken to make secure the Overland mail route to California notes in part:

> The suggestion of the acting Governor and other civil functionaries of Utah that a regiment of mounted men by raised in that Territory is not concurred in because it is not supposed so large a force is necessary. The proposition of Senator Latham, deemed by him most expedient and reasonable, is that Brigham Young be authorized to raise, arm, and equip a company of 100 mounted men for not less than three months, to protect the mail and route, and the telegraph line west of Salt Lake near Independence Rock, from Indian depredations and to recover the stock and property of the mail company which has been stolen. From the personal interest Brigham Young is said to have in the telegraphic communication with Salt Lake and from his known influence over his own people, and over the Indian tribes around, this plan is supposed to offer the most expeditious and economical remedy to the obstructions to the mail route. The objection to this plan is that Brigham Young is not a functionary recognized by the United States Government, and a requisition for volunteers from Utah should be made upon the Governor of the Territory. There are two companies of the Third Regular Cavalry, paroled men, now at Detroit. These might be mounted and sent to the point where troops are required, but a considerable time would elapse before they could reach there. (U. S. War Department, *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion* [Washington, 1897], Series I, Volume L, Part I, pp. 1023-1024.)

The sequel appears in the text. The company of Mormon volunteers eventually raised was commanded by Lot Smith. Their experiences are set forth in Margaret Fisher, *Utah and the Civil War* (Salt Lake City, 1929.)

shot in the back, with an arrow, but succeeded in reaching the settlement on Bear river, with the arrow yet in him.

In that month three Emigrant Trains were waylaid by the Shoshonees, near Soda Springs, and the people robbed & killed.

During the month of July, I am informed of several Trains being attacked & robbed, and many people killed. A man returned from Salmon River informs me, that at the crossing of the Salt Lake and California roads, he saw two waggons standing in the road, and the dead bodies of three white men lying beside them. There is no doubt that there have been many murders committed there of which no account has been given.

The robbery of 200 head of stock last month, owned by Jack Robinson and other settlers, took place near Fort Bridger, and within six miles of the camp of the forces put into service by Brigham Young.

I also transmit herewith a statement of the chief, "Little Soldier" —of the danger of a proposed general rising of the Shoshonees and Utahs made to the interpreter; and yesterday I received information that the Indians in Tuilla & Rush vallies declared their intention to commence robbing on the *Western* road. They have stolen many horses & cattle of late from the settlements, and they enter the houses of farmers, and in an insolent manner demand food, and that meals shall be cooked for them.

A regiment of California Volunteers, under the command of Col. Connor,[158] are said to be at Fort Churchill, in Nevada, 600 miles west of this, on their way to this City; but unless their march is hastened they will not reach here until winter. A telegraph-order from the Secretary of War to increase their speed, would soon bring them upon that part o the road which is threatened by these Utah Indians—

It is stated that General [James] Craig is five hundred miles east of this City, and that he has no orders to advance his troops into this territory, nor into the Washington territory. . . .

LXVIII

[Unidentified Newspaper Clipping][159]

* * * *

The federal authorities in Utah and Brigham Young have between them a question of veracity to settle, as will be seen by the

158. The California-Nevada Volunteers, commanded by Col. Patrick Edward Connor, reached Great Salk Lake City in October, and on the bench above the city founded the post which became Fort Douglas. The garrison was maintained until the close of the Civil War.

159. This clipping appears as an enclosure of D/635-1862, and is printed with it in the same Serial, pp. 356-357.

following correspondence. Brigham does not want any troops sent to Utah. It might interfere with his pretended State government.

Great Salt Lake City, April 11, 1862.

To Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Washington

The Indians in Utah are robbing the Overland Mail Company of their horses and provisions, and destroying their stations, and declare the paper wagons shall be stopped within two months. They are killing the cattle of the inhabitants, and demanding provisions of them and of the Superintendent in an insolent and threatening manner, and 2,000 Shoshones are now entering the northern settlements, demanding food and clothing. An imperative necessity demands immediate military protection for the mail company and settlers. We ask that the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, James Duane Doty, be authorized by the Secretary of War to raise and put in service immediately, under his command, at the expense of the General Government, a regiment of mounted rangers from inhabitants of the territory, with officers appointed by him, each man to furnish his own horse, clothing, arms and equipments, to serve three months or longer, if required, or until troops of the United States can reach the territory; and that he be authorized to procure the necessary subsistence.

(Signed)

Frank Fuller,
Acting Gov. of Utah.

J. F. Kinney,
Chief Justice Supreme Court, Terr. of Utah.

Samuel R. Fox,
Surgeon [Surveyor] General, Utah

Frederick Cook
Assistant Treas. Overland Mail Company

H. S. R. Rowe,
Superintendent Overland Mail Company

E. R. Purple,
Agent Overland Mail Company.

Joseph Hollady,
Agent Eastern Division Overland Mail Co.

W. B. Hibbad,
Assistant Superintendent Pacific Telegraph Company.

— — — — —

Great Salt Lake City, April 14, 1862.
Hon. John M. Bernhisel, Washington, D. C.

I am informed that a telegram has been forwarded from here over the signatures of Frank Fuller, J. F. Kinney, and six others, not one of whom is a permanent resident on this Territory, to the Secretary of War, asking him to authorize James D. Doty, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, to raise and officer a regiment here for three months, or until United States troops can reach here, under the general allegations that the property of the Overland Mail Company and the settlers are in danger from the Indians. So far as I know, the Indians in Utah are unusually quiet; and instead of 2,000 hostile Shoshones coming into our northern settlements, Washekeek, their chief, has wintered in the city and near it, perfectly friendly, and is about to go to his band. Besides, the militia of Utah are ready and able, as they ever have been, to take care of all the Indians, and are able and willing to protect the mail line if called upon so to do. *The statements of the aforesaid telegram are without foundation in truth,* so far as we know.

(Signed) BRIGHAM YOUNG

To these I will only add that I deeply regret the collision in these two despatches. I very much respect Fuller and Doty and the chief representatives of the Overland Mail, but am forced to say that the Indians have, I think to them, been greatly misrepresented by interested persons. I have seen times in the mountains when there was anxiety, but that is not the present time. If th traders on the eastern road, who are buying up stock for the Salmon River Mines, were all gibbeted, there would be less, if any at all, loss of mail stock.

UTAH.

LXIX

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUG. 25, 1862.[160]

Sir:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your Letter of Instructions dated July 7th, 1862, transmitting a printed Circular of the Secretary of the Interior dated June 5th, in relation to Contracts for the government; and requiring an estimate for the

160. D/635-1862.

amount of goods or service required to be made in time for the transmission of the contract for approval.— My Bond as Superintendent, executed according to the "form" received, was transmitted on the 23d. instant.

Also, by the same mail, the Commissioners Letter dated July 19th, was received, advising of the appointment of Luther Mann Jr. in conjunction with Henry Martin a special agent of the Department, to negotiate a Treaty with the Shoshonee nation of Indians; and that Mr. Martin, as disbursing agent, will arrange for all the necessary expenses. I have requested Mr. Mann, as directed, to hold himself in readiness to enter upon his duties; and I await Mr. Martin's arrival in the Country, from whom nothing has as yet been heard. . . .

LXX

Ben Holladay to M. P. Blair, dated Salt Lake, August 26, 1862.[161]

Sir: A general war with nearly all the tribes of Indians east [i.e., west] of the Missouri river is close at hand. I am expecting daily an interruption on my line, and nothing but prompt and decisive action on the part of government will prevent it. The lines should be protected by soldiers at intervals of one hundred miles. General Paige's force is too small. I think it my duty to give government this information through you. Colonel Conner's forces are four hundred miles west, travelling slowly.

I leave for home in the morning. Hope to see you by September 10. . . .

LXXI

James Duane Doty, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to William P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, August 29, 1862.[162]

Sir:— I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Letter dated July 22nd, enclosing "a copy of instructions issued to myself in connection with Messrs. Henry Martin & Luther Mann Jr. as Commissioners to negotiate a Treaty with the Shoshonee Indians." Mr. Martin has not yet arrived in this Territory, and I do not know when he can be expected, as I have not heard of his departure from the East.

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161. 37th Congress, 3rd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1157), p. 358. The writer of this letter was the celebrated Ben Holladay, who figures so largely in the annals of the overland mail. The recipient, Montgomery P. Blair, was at this time the Postmaster-General.

162. D/640-1862.

Those Indians have committed so many outrageous murders and depredations this season, that it is doubtful whether they will venture to meet us in Council. They still continue their attacks upon the Trains, near the junction of the Northern California, Oregon & Salmon river roads.

Military agricultural settlements along those roads, as suggested to the Department, & to the Secretary of War, in my communications last year, can alone be relied upon, in my opinion, to restrain these Indians and to give efficient and adequate protection to emigrants and property on those roads. Permission to form settlements and establish Ferries on the Shoshonee river ought perhaps to be obtained.

The robberies which they have lately [inserted with caret: been] committed in the vicinity of this City, of large bands of Horses, indicate their disposition, I think, to make war upon the white settlers. On Saturday last they took a drove of one hundred & forty horses from a ranch about twenty miles from this. . . .

LXXII

CHARLES E. MIX, ACTING COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS. OPEN LETTER, DATED OFFICE INDIAN AFFAIRS, SEPT. 19, 1862.[163]

TO THE PUBLIC: From information received at this department, deemed sufficiently reliable to warrant me in so doing, I consider it my duty to warn all persons contemplating the crossing of the plains this fall, to Utah or the Pacific coast, that there is good reason to apprehend hostilities on the part of the Bannack and Shoshone or Snake Indians, as well as the Indians upon the plains and along the Platte river.

The Indians referred to have, during the past summer, committed several robberies and murders; they are numerous, powerful, and warlike, and should they generally assume a hostile attitude are capable of rendering the emigrant routes across the plains extremely perilous; hence this warning.

By order of the Secretary of the Interior.

LXXIII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, SEPT. 20, 1862.[164]

Sir: I have the honor of submitting the following report relative to the affairs of this agency.

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163. 37th Congress, 3rd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1157), p. 359.

164. *Ibid.*, pp. 348-349. This is Mann's first annual report.

There is but one tribe in care of this agency, (the Shoshones;) there are, however, several small bands of Utes, numbering some thirty or forty lodges ranging upon the lands of the Shoshones by permission, awaiting, no doubt, the action of the government to settle them upon their own lands, the Uintah reservation.

The Shoshones within this agency number, as near as I can ascertain from information derived from the mountaineers, (some of whom have been living in this country for the last thirty years,[165] four thousand souls. The relative number of males or females of the different ages I am unable, with any degree of certainty, to state; suffice it to say, however, that the females very largely predominate.

I arrived at my agency December 19, 1861, entirely destitute of the means of transportation, or of funds belonging to the department to procure the same. I am unable, therefore, to give you but a limited amount of information in regard to the Indians under my charge. Those, however, who have ranged in the vicinity of this agency are in a very destitute condition, and from the best information that can be obtained, the whole tribe are unquestionably the poorest Indians that range in the mountains. A few ponies constitute their entire wealth.

There is very little game in this Territory, by which the Indians are enabled to procure the necessary means of subsistence. Large herds of buffalo that used to range in this vicinity have entirely disappeared, depriving them of their usual amount of food, likewise a great source of comfort derived from the manufacturing of the skins into tents and clothing to keep themselves comfortable in cold weather. The small amount of provisions and clothing distributed to them by Superintendent Martin, before my arrival in this Territory, was entirely inadequate to their wants. Owing to the limited amount of means placed in my hands, I have been unable, as fully as I should have desired, to supply their wants, thereby preventing them from supplying themselves by unlawful means.

Large numbers of the Shoshones, in conjunction with the Bannacks, who range along the southern boundary of Washington Territory, have been committing upon the emigrants travelling to California and Washington some of the most brutal murders ever perpetrated upon this continent.

I am glad to say, however, that Washakee, the head chief of the Shoshones, and his band, have abstained from any acts of violence or theft, which have characterized a large portion of the

165. More properly, 38 years. Ashley's men penetrated to the Fort Bridger area for the first time in 1824.

tribe. From conversations or talks recently held with Washakee, I am apprehensive that a general outbreak of hostilities will take place throughout this entire region of country. Large herds of stock have been stolen and driven off by predatory bands of Shoshones, during the present season, none of which have as yet been chastised for their stealing propensities, thereby emboldening them to commit further acts of theft and violence upon the whites living or travelling through this country.

In view, then, of the threatened or anticipated hostility of the Indians against the whites, as well as for the protection of the overland stage and telegraph lines, I would most earnestly recommend that three or four companies of soldiers be stationed at this post, its capacity being ample, without the expenditure of but a very small amount of means, to quarter that number.

In obedience to the request of circulars, I will transmit to the department separately the information desired: first, as to the employes; second, as to schools; also, as to farms and farming.

I cannot too strongly urge upon the department the necessity of placing the Shoshones upon a reservation to be located at one of the three points, viz: The Wind River valley, which is said to be one of the finest valleys in the mountains. It lies in the western portion of Nebraska, east of the Rocky range, and is susceptible of a high degree of cultivation. The only objection that can be urged against its location is its close proximity to other tribes with whom the Shoshones are at war.[166] The next location that I would mention is the valley of Smith's fork. This valley, however, is embraced within the limits of the large military reservation, twenty by twenty-five miles square. Large bodies of land along the fork are susceptible of a high state of cultivation. Judge Wm. A. Carter, the sutler at this post, is successfully farming some three hundred acres in that locality. The last and only location that I would call your attention to is the valley of Henry's fork, in conjunction with the Green River valley. This location is situated north of the Uintah range of mountains, and south and east of the military reserve. Large numbers of the mountaineers who are living in this locality have been in the habit of wintering there. The amount of lands susceptible of cultivation is somewhat limited.

Hoping that the department will approve of my recommendations in this report, alike vital to whites and Indians, I have the honor to be, very respectfully . . .

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166. Coming four and a half years after Forney's report of Feb. 10, 1858, which showed the Shoshoni frequenting the Wind River area (see Document XLII), Mann's proposal seems to have been the first to advance the idea of settling the Shoshoni permanently in that area.

LXXIV

HENRY MARTIN, SPECIAL AGENT TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED SAN FRANCISCO, OCT. 9, 1862.[107]

Sir:

From information derived by me as to the existing feeling & condition of the "Sho-sho-nee" Indians, I deem it expedient and necessary that the balance of the appropriation for making a treaty with those Indians, now remaining in your hands, five thousand dollars ($5000.) should be immediately remitted to me or placed to my credit in this city.

The hostility of these Indians toward the emigrants and white settlers, will, in my opinion, oblige me to make larger purchases of blankets &c. in this city, than I had at first anticipated, and in order for me to be able to do anything with them before the winter sets in I shall require nearly the entire amount of the appropriation, and therefore ask that the balance in your hands may be placed to my credit without delay. . . .

Please address me in care of Wells Fargo & Co to this city, and the letters will be forwarded to me wherever I am.

167. M/647-1862. This letter shows that Martin attempted to reach his assigned field of duty via California, not overland.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

W. L. MARION

The object of the State Historical Society is well stated in the by laws and in the articles of incorporation of the Society: "to collect and preserve all possible data and materials including historical relics, relating to the history of Wyoming and illustrative of the progress and development of the State; to promote the study and preservation of such data and materials and to encourage in every way possible interest in Wyoming history." Before the organization of the Society there was little or no concerted effort throughout Wyoming to accomplish what the Society has set out to do.

It is true there was the State Historical Department, but it lacked the money and staff to adequately gather the data relating to the history of our State; consequently much, too much, of our important history has been lost. In order to correct this sin of omission, a call went out in the summer of 1953 and the Society was organized in the city of Casper on October 18th. Mr. Frank Bowron of Casper was elected president; Mr. F. H. Sinclair of Sheridan, first vice president; W. L. Marion, Lander, second vice president; Miss Maurine Carley, of Cheyenne, secretary-treasurer; and Miss Lola Homsher, Director of the State Archives and Historical Department, executive secretary. Under the leadership of the president and the two secretaries the Society started in with a healthy growth. We now have ten Counties with real live chapters with two more in progress of organization. It is our sincere hope to see all twenty three of our Counties with active chapters; Albany, Campbell, Carbon, Fremont, Goshen, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona, Park and Washakie are all live going Chapters.

There seems to be some misunderstanding as to requirements to memberships in the Society, especially we have it so in Fremont County, for some seem to think that they have to be a resident of the State for at least twenty five years in order to apply for membership. This is not so. Any one interested in the history of our State is welcome to join with us in this work of gathering historical data relating to our State, and we especially welcome the faculties of our schools and colleges to membership. In fact some of the most active members of the Society are people who just recently came into our State.

Our State is a young State; our star in the constellation of our Union is the forty-fourth among forty-eight; our history as a State

dates back sixty six years, but a large part of our history goes back much farther—to the dim distant past. Before ever a white man set foot in what is now Wyoming, men trod the hills and valleys; their artifacts, some very crude and some showing a high degree of perfection, give mute testimony of their culture as do the pictographs chiseled on our cliffs and rocks. Rude cabins, the roofs long fallen in and logs rotting tell of the fur trade. Yes, before the trappers the arrastras in our mountains tell us that possibly the gold loving Spaniard went through our State long before the great emigration over the Emigrant (Oregon, Mormon Trail) or the Bozeman Trails.

It is our hope that as many as possible of the old historical sites will be marked before their locations are completely lost.

We were disappointed last summer on the trek over the old Emigrant Trail to see the poor markings of the old Pony Express and Telegraph Stations. Some of the old sites are very poorly marked and some are misleading and should be corrected. Mr. L. C. Bishop is doing a wonderful job in creating interest in the old Emigrant Trail, and we have an inkling that through his treks better monuments will mark the old sites.

Another matter that should be taken care of are the relics owned in the Pioneer Societies of our counties. We have not seen all of them, but at Lander and Thermopolis the buildings housing the relics are exceedingly vulnerable to fire. We would like to see this corrected; sure, we expect all of them carry fire insurance, but money could never replace the valuable historical relics the buildings now contain.

One other project we want to see started is the Indian Museum at Ft. Washakie on the Wind River Reservation. At present stored in the old mill building at Ft. Washakie are over two thousand artifacts taken out of the Dinwoodie Caves some years ago. These are all classified and should be on exhibit. We want this museum to be strictly an Indian project. Lacking at present is a building to house the exhibit, but we think this can be solved and we are working on it.

And now, we wish to extend to the members of the Wyoming State Historical Society and to all the Chapters our best wishes for a very successful year of 1956.

Figure 1
Axes

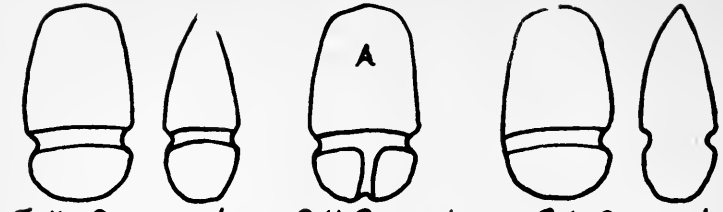

Figure 2
Celt
Adze

Figure 3
Chisel
Gouge

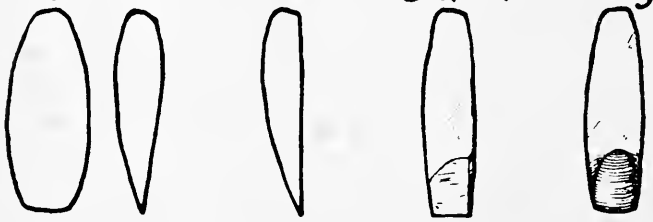

Figure 4
Hoes and Spades

Figure 5
Meat Chopper

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. Steege

With exception of projectile points, the chopping artifacts were probably the most widely used implements of all the Tribes and Cultures in the United States.

The most generally distributed chopping artifacts were the grooved axes. They ranged in size from a few ounces to ten and fifteen pounds. They were usually made of a fine grained, tough material, and show a very careful exacting workmanship. A great deal of time must have been consumed in the manufacture of these axes. Even after the selection of a river-worn or a glacial-worn blank, countless hours must have been spent in pecking a groove around the stone, shaping the bit and poll, and finally grinding and rubbing the entire surface to achieve a fine polish which in some cases rivals the art of modern lapidarists.

Since these polished axes are seldom found in graves or in mounds, it leads one to assume that they may have been handed down from father to son for many generations. A close examination of some of the ancient logs used by the Cliff Dwellers in the Mesa Verde region of Colorado reveals the work accomplished by these implements. Since the majority of the bits of these axes were not too sharp, only small chips were removed in the hacking process. This gives the hewn end of the log a similar appearance to beaver cuttings.

Axes are classified as full grooved and three quarter grooved. (Figure 1) On rare occasions half grooved axes have been found. These are recognized by grooves or flutes on the two faces only. Extremely rare are the double bitted polished axes which have no poll. Another rare type as found by the author in the State of Utah, is the base or poll grooved axe which consists of an additional groove around the poll at a right angle to the main groove around the body. (Figure 1A)

Grooveless polished axes are known as Celts. They derive this name from their similarity to the grooveless axe used by some of the early Celtic Nations of Europe. Celts, as a general rule, are wider at the bit than at the poll. They are fairly symmetrical which is a distinguishing characteristic from the adze, which is usually quite flat on one face and also much thinner. (Figure 2)

Most authorities classify a celt as being an unhafted axe, better known as a hand axe. This would place them in the category with the direct percussion choppers. Since many of the celts have

battered polls which could have been caused by hammering, I have placed them in the category of indirect percussion choppers. In reality, the celt must have been an all around tool and weapon. The smaller ones could have been encased in rawhide, mounted on a handle, and been a very effective tomahawk. Since there is such a variation in sizes, the celt could have been used as a hand axe as well as a chisel and wedge. The possibility of use as a skinning implement should not be overlooked.

Chisels differ from celts in as much as they are usually long and slender. They are highly polished and have a sharp cutting edge. The cutting edges of some chisels show evidence of having first been chipped and then ground in order to achieve the sharp tapered edge.

Gouges are similar to chisels except the cutting edge which is concave instead of straight. (Figure 3)

Whether or not ancient man used the chisel and gouge in the same manner as we do today is purely speculation. They must have been used by hand pressure only since very few, if any, would ever withstand any hammer blows.

In classifying hoes and spades, the names are synonymous with the larger types usually being called spades. They vary in size from about four inches to twenty inches in length. The most common shape is oval but some of the more rare types are notched and stemmed.

The three types of hoes and the probable method of hafting are shown in figure 4. The handle is a forked branch from a tree. The blade was held in place by rawhide lashings around it and the fork of the handle. The blank selected for the hoe or spade was shaped by percussion flaking with little or no emphasis stressed for sharpness, the main desire being a well tapered bit or chopping edge.

Hoes and spades were the agricultural implements of ancient man. They are seldom found in Wyoming, especially any which show a degree of soil polish from use. A great number of these artifacts have been found around the quarries in the "Spanish Diggings" area but I doubt if any were ever used in that area. The greatest concentration of these artifacts seems to be in the entire Mississippi Valley, with the hub centering in the States of Tennessee and Kentucky. Hoes and spades made of quartzite, which originated in the quarries in the "Spanish Diggings" area, have been found in mounds in Ohio. The extensive use of these digging tools can be visualized with the construction of one of these mounds. Thousands of cubic yards of earth had to be dug with these crude implements to account for the size of some of the mounds.

Probably the most popular chopping artifact of the Plains Indian was the meat chopper which was used in the same manner as our cleaver is today. They were very similar to the oval hoe

or spade, the main difference being the edge of the chopper. One edge was sharp for cutting and the opposite edge was blunt so as not to injure the hand holding it. (Figure 5) They were quite large and heavy. The weight, together with a sharp edge and the force of a hand working it in a downward stroke, made this chopper a very excellent implement for dividing a large carcass into smaller portions which could be handled more easily, and also for cleaving bones, joints and tendons. They were also used for splitting the long bones in order to extract the marrow.

Of all the chopping artifacts described in the preceding paragraphs, only the meat chopper is found in any abundance in Wyoming. A few grooved axes have been found, but celts, adzes, chisels and gouges are practically unknown. Hoes and spades are rare. Most all the choppers were artifacts of the more permanent type of cultures which existed throughout the Mississippi Valley and the Coastal areas of the United States.

The Building of Greybull

Basin Republican, Thursday, September 6, 1906

As an evidence of faith in the future of Big Horn county, the Big Horn River valley, and the town of Greybull, a large number of business men are preparing to launch various commercial enterprises at the new town, eight miles below Basin, in the near future.

At present Hardy & Cove have the only place of business, a saloon on the townsite, and a depot is being built. But this is not all. Everything is in readiness to begin the erection of a bank building for Cather & Sons, and by October 1 this firm will open the Greybull Bank, organized as a state institution and backed by plenty of capital, push, and excellent business ability. A large store building for a complete general merchandise stock is to be put up immediately by two young men from Illinois, and a commodious hotel is to be built near the depot. With these established, other business enterprises will follow, and the town at the mouth of Greybull will have commenced its career as a business center for a large district.

May it, with the other towns in Big Horn county, grow and prosper; for in the development of a country good live towns mean much in its advancement. And here it might be well to suggest that all petty jealousies should be thrust aside, and, although a good-natured competitive rivalry in business may exist, in a few years we'll have a county filled with prosperous farmers and ranchers, with here and there thriving and busy towns, all working in harmony for the upbuilding of one of the greatest and most resourceful sections on earth.

Book Reviews

Buffalo Bill; King of the Old West. By Elizabeth Jane Leonard and Julia Cody Goodman. (New York: Library Publishers, 1955. 320 pp. Illustrations. $4.95)

Buffalo Bill and the Wild West. By Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright. (New York: Oxford University Press, 1955. 278 pp. Illustrations. $6.95).

There are few book-length biographies of the pioneer builders of Wyoming. Among our worthies who have had biographical treatment William Frederick Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, 1846-1917, has received more attention than anyone else.

The famous hero of the Wild West Show ranks as one of the greatest showmen of all time. His extraordinary popular appeal was based on personality and promotion, but also on some rather remarkable feats of scouting, riding and hunting in the West. He earned millions of dollars. He was fabulously generous to his many friends. Moreover, he spent hundreds of thousands of dollars (some say millions) trying to develop the Big Horn Basin and the town of Cody.

It does not follow that many Wyoming folks hold Buffalo Bill in high esteem. He got practically no votes two years ago in the balloting for the state's outstanding deceased citizen. No matter how Bill excelled as a frontiersman and showman, too many people still remember him as he was in his tragic last years, or have heard derogatory comments about him. In a society where temperance, faithfulness to one's spouse, and thrift are held to be important virtues Buffalo Bill cannot be elected as the greatest citizen. The race is not to the swiftest on horseback!

Both of the books before us give Buffalo Bill his due—and more. Both of them make some contribution to our knowledge of his career. Both are popular rather than scholarly. The Leonard-Goodman biography falls short of the pretension announced on the jacket that it is "definitive." Buffalo Bill's eldest sister, Julia Cody Goodman, began the book before she died in 1928. A novelist, Elizabeth Jane Leonard, undertook to help her out. In turn an editor, James William Hoffman, joined the enterprise actively enough to get his name on the title page. Hoffman writes in an introductory note that he "collated and arranged, after research and authentication, the material which Julia Cody Goodman had furnished and which Elizabeth Jane Leonard had written so well."

The basic weakness of the book is that it presents with never a doubt many of the tall tales that Bill and his press agents manufactured for publicity purposes. If one would separate fact and

fancy about Buffalo Bill a good place at which to begin is Thomas J. Walsh's book, *The Making of Buffalo Bill* (New York, 1928). Admittedly truth and fiction are so interwoven in Buffalo Bill's three "autobiographies" that it may never be known for sure where the line should be drawn. However, the Leonard-Goodman book does the incredible—swallows everything. Also, it says nothing about Bill's notorious weaknesses for whisky and women, nothing about his unhappy home life, nothing about his days in court. The authors even try to improve on Bill's autobiographies. For example, when Bill related that once he left a Chicago ballroom after the first dance and spent the rest of the evening in the bar, this book says "he slipped into the cloakroom and remained out of sight for the rest of the evening." Oh, yes, the book "bears the full endorsement of the Cody Family Organization."

One of the book's rare statements that might be construed as critical is one in which it is said that Bill had "little understanding of the world of business and finance." This is really not critical, however, for it gives him more credit than he deserves. It was no accident that he died broke.

The Leonard-Goodman book thins out markedly as time goes on. The hectic and tragic last 15 years of the great man's life take up only 15 pages. Perhaps the explanation is that even a devoted sister could find little to adore in those declining years.

Despite its excessive eulogizing the book adds something to our knowledge of Buffalo Bill. It publishes several letters from Bill to sister Julia, and in many passages Julia's recollections of her brother are drawn upon. The book includes a note on Mrs. Cody's family and a Cody Genealogy which purports to trace a direct line back to Philip Le Cody, a French Huguenot, who was living in Massachusetts in the 17th century. This is contrary to the usual story that Cody was of Irish descent.

The Sell-Weybright book is a more impressive publication. Sell, who is proud to be a distant kinsman of Buffalo Bill, edited Harper's Bazaar in the 1920s. He operated a Chicago advertising agency for 20 years, and is now president of Sell's Specialties, Inc., packers of Sell's Liver Pate, as well as editor of *Town & Country Magazine*. His co-author, Weybright, has enjoyed a varied career in writing and publishing, and has been since 1945 chairman of the board and editor-in-chief of The New American Library of World Literature. In preparing their Buffalo Bill book Sell and Weybright have put research assistants to work in many places and have devoted quite a lot of their own time to the project. Their acknowledgments are numerous and farflung. In particular they give much credit to the W. R. Coe Collection of Western Americana at Yale University.

Sell and Weybright have been able to command a first-line publisher who was willing to put out a really beautiful book that includes 137 half-tone illustrations besides a four-color frontis-

piece reproduction of Rosa Bonheur's portrait of Buffalo Bill on a white horse.

Sell and Weybright trace Buffalo Bill's ancestry to an Irishman who came to Massachusetts in 1746. Unlike the authors of the book reviewed above, they reflect some of the doubts which earlier writers have had about many of Bill's yarns. They recognize their hero's weaknesses, but are more sympathetic than Walsh was in his 1928 study and Croft-Cooke and Meadmore were in their 1952 biography. Sell and Weybright do not picture Bill as an incorrigible adolescent who never grew up, as some have done. They picture Louisa, to whom he was married from the age of 20 till he died, as a sharp-tempered, nagging, jealous wife who took "violent and seemingly irrational dislikes to Cody's friends." They defend Bill: He didn't chase women—they chased him; he didn't get drunk—though he drank prodigiously. They relate that in his later years, when his contract restricted him to three drinks of whisky a day, he lived up to the letter if not the spirit by taking the whisky in over-sized beer mugs. They discuss his love affair with the English actress on whom he spent $80,000 before his abortive attempt to get a divorce so he could marry her. And they mention that at 55 he was enjoying "occasional brief passing romances with attractive young ladies."

Sell and Weybright handle Bill's early life in the West rather sketchily. No fresh attempt, based on thorough research, is made to get at the truth of Bill's activities before he entered show business. Easily the best part of the book comes thereafter. Nowhere else is the rise and fall of the Wild West Show, in the U. S. and abroad, told so well and with such lavish illustrations.

In a book which obviously enjoyed so much loving care from authors and publishers it is surprising to find misstatements like the following: The Gold Rush began "in 1849 when gold had been found in Sutter's Creek in California" [in 1848 in the American River]; Fremont was at Fort Laramie with an expedition in 1844 [he was there in 1842 and 1847 but not in 1844]; the Pony Express went north from Salt Lake to Sacramento [west]; Cheyenne is derived from the French word for dog [from the Sioux word *Shahiyena*]; the Carey Act established the Reclamation Service [the Newlands Act did]. And there isn't space here to permit explanation of several gross errors in references to Custer's last battle.

Even so, Sell and Weybright have produced quite a remarkable book, and the authors will probably infect some of their readers with the "tremendous admiration for Buffalo Bill" that they themselves profess to have.

Sell and Weybright apparently believe that Bill should have been buried in Wyoming: "The old man told his friends that he wanted to die in the Big Horn Basin, and to be buried there . . . . Whose was the decision to bury Buffalo Bill at Lookout Mountain?

Evidently it was decided by Louisa Cody. She paid for the funeral expenses. But the story has persisted that she was persuaded to make this decision by Harry Tammen. The Denver *Post* said it was the Colonel's wish to be buried at Lookout Mountain. Nobody heard him express such a wish before his death. It was also said and believed by many people in Denver and Cody that Mrs. Cody was paid ten thousand dollars by Mr. Tammen, for the privilege of selecting, with Bonfils, the burial place."

In sum, the first book will be preferred by those who like their history romantic and unsullied by skepticism, and by those who believe it improper to speak ill of those who have departed; the second book will be preferred by others, although there is enjoyment in both books for all readers.

University of Wyoming T. A. Larson

Social Anthropology of North American Tribes. Edited by Fred Eggan. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1955 (2nd edition). $6.50)

This volume was originally a group of essays in social organization, law, and religion presented to the late British anthropologist, A. R. Radcliffe-Brown, by certain of his American students. Most of the essays were published under the same title in 1937. The present work is enlarged to include two new articles by Sol Tax and Fred Eggan.

The book's importance is testified to by the fact that a second edition has been issued at this late date. It should be valuable to several different kinds of people. The student of social science will find it an excellent introduction to the methods and history of current American ethnological theory. The student of the American Indian, who is intent upon delving deeper into the social systems which were encountered (embodied in aroused Indians) during the fight for the American frontier, will find particular tribes placed in carefully documented perspective. The average reader too can benefit from reading selected essays in terms of his special interests. For the book is not merely a study of Indians. It is an integrated approach to general problems of history, law. belief systems, social structure, and social process.

Following an introduction by Robert Redfield, the plan of the book unfolds from explicit tribal studies to general syntheses, and it ends with a statement of the current work in American anthropology and its prospects. Quite properly leading off, Sol Tax's classic article on principles of social organization sets the stage for the following monographs. It states clearly most of the problems to be dealt with in the rest of the book. Fred Eggan's treatment of Cheyenne and Arapaho kinship focuses on the patterning

of terminology in comparable social and ecological situations. Two pioneer studies of Southern Athapaskan social organization are represented by Morris Opler's and J. Gilbert McAllister's monographs on the Chiricahua and Kiowa Apache. William Gilbert's study of Eastern Cherokee social organization demonstrates the high level of social regulation to be found among American Indian groups, especially those with clan or linear organization. John Provinse's article on the underlying sanctions of Plains Indian culture was one of the first to focus on the "primitive" legal institutions of the aboriginal American hunter. Philleo Nash presents an analysis of culture contact (Indian-White on the Klamath reservation) which results in deprivation and an ensuing religious revivalism among the minority group.

The above essays were in the original edition. There are two additional papers which make this volume even more important than the 1937 edition. Sol Tax's short history of the study of social organization at least partially fills the long felt need for an outline of the development of ethnologic thought and theory. And in his concise statement on the theoretical background for contemporary work in social anthropology, Fred Eggan analyzes the work already done in each cultural area of North America, that in process, and that which has yet to be accomplished.

The book stands as a monument to the theoretical framework of Radcliffe-Brown who died in 1955. He left behind a generation of students who, through their works and stimulation of still another generation, have advanced anthropology . . . the study of man . . . several degrees farther toward the *science* of man. When one finishes any of the articles he is left with a feeling of excitement—an itching to know more. The essays are probing and tentative, but they are also full of promise that the future will reveal man more completely to himself.

University of Wyoming CHARLES R. KAUT

Wheels West. By Homer Croy. (New York: Hastings House, 1955. 242 pp. $3.75)

In *Wheels West* Homer Croy has recreated the tragic and grisly story of the ill-fated Donner expedition to California in 1846-47. Eighty-seven people were members of this wagon train but only forty-four survived to reach their destination. What happened to the people on their way is the subject of this book.

The general outline of the story of the Donner Expedition—how they were caught in the snows, starved and resorted to cannibalism—is well known to readers of western history. Croy, however, has done considerable research in attempting to find out as much as possible about the people who comprised the Donner

party and has attempted to present them as individuals. This tends to add considerable human interest to this book.

While the whole great epoch of westward migration is in a sense the story of family and society movements, yet it was individuals who made the decision to go, who suffered, triumphed or died in seeking the end of the long trails. The wagon train that carried the Donner party west was composed of such individuals and their personal struggles are well recorded here.

The strength and heroism of Margaret Reed, Tamsen Donner, the bestiality of Keseberg who came to prefer human flesh to wild meat—help make *Wheels West* a clear and gripping story of one of the great tragedies of the westward movement. This book helps illustrate once again the qualities of strength and courage required and the sacrifices that were demanded of those who rode the wagon trains on the trails west.

Homer Croy has attempted, as he says, to "simplify the Donner Story." Certainly, for the general reader, the simplification has added to, rather than detracted from, the book. He retraced the path taken by the Donner Party to Sacramento, California in the process of researching for this book. Wyoming readers may be interested in a passage from the introduction—

> I think the biggest trail thrill that I had was to walk along the Donner-Oregon Trail near Fort Laramie, Wyoming—fifty feet wide, it was, and deep enough to hide a hay cock. And at Guernsey, Wyoming, the trail is cut in stone as deep as my waist. Could it be possible? I asked myself. But there it was and there I was and there was History.

It was at Fort Laramie that the Donner party was warned by a mountain man against taking the Hastings Cutoff into California. Failure to take this advice was later to cause the death of many of the expedition.

Wheels West is not a great book in the sense of *The Way West,* but it is an eminently readable book about the tragic story of the Donner party.

Torrington, Wyoming WALTER L. SAMSON

Saddles and Spurs: The Pony Express Saga by Raymond W. Settle and Mary Lund Settle (Harrisburg: The Stackpole Company, 1955. ix + 217 pp. Preface, illus., map, bibliography. $3.75)

The Pony Express by Lee Jensen (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1955. 154 pp. Illus., maps, short bibliography. $2.50).

Despite the recent revival of Davy Crockett and the re-enshrinement of the coonskin cap in the frontier hall of fame, the earlier

American frontier is hard put to compete with its off-spring the Trans-Mississippi West. The last frontier had all the advantages because it had all the props. Cowboys, stage coaches, mobile and highly painted Indians, colorful river steamers, grizzled mountain men, and blue-clad cavalry troopers paraded across the stage before the admiring eyes of a deeply impressed American public. It is no wonder that Ned Buntline could sell his stuff; many a visitor who returned, and who had "seen the elephant," swore that all seemed to be action and excitement west of the river. Most dramatic of all, and exemplifying American ingenuity and impatience, is the experiment known as the Pony Express.

The origin of the mail service arose out of the distances that separated golden California from the rest of "the states." After 1849 not only national, but world, attention was focused upon the new bonanza and Americans were anxious not only to keep in close touch with it, but to secure the land closely to its governmental parent. Hopefully, railroad surveyors cover the intervening distance, but the decade of the Fifties was clouded by a rising section question and no rails reached out for California before the Civil War. That did not mean that men stayed home. Rich strikes in Nevada and Colorado in 1859 siphoned off men from the East in great numbers. Most of them had one aim in mind: sudden wealth and an early trip home. Their desire to keep up with affairs at home led to a great demand for mail and news. They usually got it through express companies, at a rate of from twenty five to fifty cents a letter. But there were business men—entrepreneurs of the new boom—who demanded much faster service. They wanted the quickest means of communication between the booming West Coast and eastern financial centers.

Starting in April, 1860, and running for approximately a year and a half, the Pony Express carried tissue-paper letters from St. Joseph to San Francisco by way of the old California Trail. A single horse and rider could deliver as much as $3200. worth of mail at a single trip, the rate being five dollars per half ounce and twenty pounds the capacity. But even at these rates high overhead costs and an absence of governmental subsidies spelled failure. Then came the telegraph, a monument to communication that proved to be the tombstone of the Pony Express.

The two most recent works about the last frontier's dramatic experiment are quite different in their presentation. The Settle volume indicates the extensive research the authors claim for it but in the judgment of this reviewer they have fallen short of their desire to produce more than simply another book on the subject. More time, or care, in the writing, and particularly in the organization, would have borne rich fruit. Fascinated by the facts they have produced, they succumb to the understandable desire to use them all. The result is too often a descent into peripheral materials, interesting as they are, to the detriment of the larger view.

Jensen's volume, apparently intended for teenagers, compares very favorably with the Settle book. Frequent illustrations by the incomparable Nicholas Eggenhofer add tremendously to its value. In addition to Eggenhofer's fine pen work, the author has collected an excellent representation of photograph and drawings of his subject. The story is well organized, easily written and avoids the pitfall of discussing the ancestry of each and every rider, or suspected rider, of the Express. The background material employed is done in good taste, sufficiently to illustrate the significance and necessity of the mail service but brief enough to keep the story in focus.

Both volumes underscore the fact that the work of the Pony Express was carried on by young men. We have a tendency to think of the "old pioneers" and somehow imagine that the frontiersmen were advanced in age when they accomplished their feats of valor. The saga of the postmen on horseback reminds us that the youthful, the daring, the vigorous, were the ones who gambled with the dangerous and tricky wastes of land that lay beyond civilization. Their exploits were more than a business operation; the aura of romance surrounding their venture fired the imagination of an already excited American public and dramatized the possibility of the West's conquest.

University of Colorado ROBERT G. ATHEARN

The Wyoming Bubble. By Allan Vaughan Elston. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1955. 222 pages, $2.75)

There have been a great many fictional stories written about the West, but a small percentage of them have as an authentic historical background as does *The Wyoming Bubble*. This book is based on the history of Cheyenne during the year of 1883 when cattle frauds still occurred now and then and gun-play was performed by those who felt themselves as being above the law. Allan Vaughan Elston has done an extensive piece of research in the *Cheyenne Leader* and other reference sources, as well as visiting various sections of Cheyenne and the vicinity north and west for about 60 miles distance.

The main plot of the novel centers around fictitious characters, one of whom is a Russ Hyatt. There is also a member, in good standing, of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, trying to sell his brand on a falsified spring Tally report to a man from the east interested in buying into the Wyoming cattle business. One exciting episode after another, filled with action and suspense, retains the deep interest of the reader from the very first paragraph when Hyatt has his horse Tony shot out from under him by a bullet intended for Russ Hyatt himself.

In the historical background real historical individuals, who were prominent in Cheyenne at the time, are mentioned, like Hi Kelly, Joseph M. Carey, Francis E. Warren, Luke Voorhees and others. Famous places such as the Inter-Ocean Hotel, the Cheyenne Club, the Opera House, the Hi Kelly ranch, and the City and County Jails, play an important part in the story, around which various events take place. Mr. Elston has made his descriptions of places and people so interesting and vivid one would think he was actually witnessing the happenings of the 1880's, as a few present day citizens of Cheyenne did. The vividness of the description of the old Cheyenne Club, for an example, one would find quite accurate if he were to look at a picture of the exterior of the building after reading the story.

Allan V. Elston is well qualified to write novels like *The Wyoming Bubble,* the *Forbidden Valley*, and the *Long Lope to Lander,* to mention only three of the fourteen stories of the West which he has written. Though born in Kansas City, Elston spent most of his boyhood days in Colorado and worked for a time up around Lander and South Pass, Wyoming. One thing, however, seems lacking in Mr. Elston's books which the reviewer feels would be a great addition. A good story like *The Wyoming Bubble* never seems complete unless it is possible to have at least two or three photographs to better illustrate the authentic historical background.

Cheyenne, Wyoming HERBERT J. SALISBURY

Cattle and Men. By Charles W. Towne and Edward N. Wentworth. (Norman, Okla.: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955. 379 pp. $4.00)

Since the dim dawn of prehistoric times man has been utilizing the meat of animals. At first he utilized the flesh of wild animals which he could kill with his crude stone and metal weapons. Meat is one of the essential bearers of amino acids, the building blocks of the body, and when protein is not available in the diet man's metabolism starts at once to tear down the tissues of the body to supply that essential.

The story of the slaughter of cattle for hides and tallow at the California missions (Pages 123-129) is interesting but brings up a point of practicability. Could 2,000 cattle be killed in one day, for even skillful riders and knife wielders could hardly catch up with that many, and it would take a little army of riders to hold up the herd during the butchering? Once blood was spilled the other cattle would be leaving the country if not tightly restrained, and one can readily see that it might be impossible to restrain them.

On page 12 a mention is made of the Indians running the buffalo over a cliff and killing them wholesale. It is interesting to note that the name of Chugwater Creek in southeastern Wyoming comes from this practice. The buffalo were run over the steep cliffs which border on this stream and when they hit the stream the noise was described as Chug—chug.

On page 23 mention is made of hybrids between cattle and other species. The reviewer when in Chinghai Province in Northwest China in 1946 saw many hybrids between Yellow Cattle and Yaks. The first cross were called Pien Nu and the second cross, Calaba. Only a few Calaba are raised as they are very delicate and the Pien Nu are for the most part sterile.

The authors were brought up in the livestock-saturated atmosphere of the country during the last century and their handling of the material in "Cattle and Men" shows not only scholarly and orderly display of material, but also a love of the livestock and land which is the birthright of all Britons. The skillful handling of the material amplifies the close dependence of man on cattle throughout history not only for food and raiment but also for sport and financial income of many kinds. Their arrangement of the material and the theme of interdependence makes a book which is interesting to the last page with not a trace of boredom; and at the same time the great mass of material and the complete index and bibliography make the book a most valuable one in any livestock man's library.

University of Wyoming R. H. "Bob" Burns

Wyoming's Pioneer Ranches. By Robert Homer Burns, Andrew Springs Gillespie and Willing Gay Richardson. (Laramie: Top-of-the-World Press, 1955. vii plus 752 pp., illus. $10.00)

This book is a huge one, in keeping with the broad sweep of the Laramie Plains with which it deals. The handsome red-covered volume measures 10¼x7 inches, is two inches thick and weighs four pounds. It offers no light reading.

What it does offer is a rich collection of facts about the men and women who pioneered in establishment of the livestock industry in Wyoming, especially the Laramie Plains and Chugwater region. All three of the authors of this book are descendants of Wyoming ranch families and have played roles in the life of which they write. Recording of this story has been with them a labor of love, and they have labored devotedly and well to preserve the basic information about the people and the land they know so well. What the book may lack in literary embellishment it makes up for in genuineness.

Much of the information rounded up in this volume was published serially, in the Laramie Republican-Boomerang and the Laramie Plains Chronicle, over a period beginning in 1952. Some parts were published before that, in the Westerner. Collection of the material in this form is a solid contribution to the literature of the shortgrass plains.

There are pictures, maps, diagrams and facsimile reproductions galore. More than five hundred photographs are included—a few of them twice. Some of the old photographs are indistinct but have some historical interest in spite of this. Some are of much value because of the detail shown.

As is the case with the pictures, little selectivity has been exercised. The plan apparently was to pour into the book every scrap of information that could be obtained. Handling this mass of material made checking and verification difficult, and the result is that inaccuracies have crept in. An attempt has been made to repair this damage by inserting six pages of fine type at the back of the book. Captioned "Addenda," this is mostly Errata, correcting errors in the text or picture captions. Even this device did not catch them all; for example, Page 252 says that Agnes Wright Spring, noted Wyoming and Colorado historian and author, is the daughter of Gordon Wright and in the next paragraph says her father was John Wright. A picture caption speaks of the George Wright ranch. In all three cases, as might easily have been ascertained, the name should be Gordon L. Wright.

A valuable part of the book is the explanation, by Dr. Burns in Chapter VI, of "Landmarks on the Laramie Plains," and, in Chapter VII, of "Land Descriptions. Origins of Terms Section, Township and Range." The detail given in Chapter VIII by Mr. Gillespie, on "Roads and Freighting on the Laramie Plains," is likewise valuable.

The great worth of the book lies in the many accounts of the lives, adventures and activities of the ranchers and cowboys of a day that is gone. The student of those times, the western fiction writer seeking authentic local color and detail, and the reader who just reads to get the feeling and catch the spirit of the plains pioneers, will all find what they seek here. The book's faults are minor, compared with its virtues.

Denver, Colorado MAURICE FRINK

Whoop-Up Country. By Paul F. Sharp. (University of Minnesota Press, 1955. 347 pp., plates. $5.00)

Paul F. Sharp has presented a studied and thoroughly documented story of one of the American West's most colorful chapters.

An associate professor of history at the University of Wisconsin,

he approaches his subject quite academically. While his story telling may lack a certain breeziness and fluidity, the author is so well grounded in facts and so acquainted with the era of which he reports that readers cannot fail to grasp a vivid picture of the period and the people who lived it and made it colorful.

Whoop-Up Country specifically defined is that area of the Rocky Mountain west just east of the continental divide stretching northward from the banks of the Missouri river into Canada to a point somewhere above the present site of Calgery. It is anchored in Montana at Fort Benton and in Alberta at Ft. McLeod, first outpost of the Northwest Mounted Police.

It is the land of the Blackfeet Indians who once roamed up and down its grassy reaches undisturbed by an artificial boundary at the 49th parallel the white man decided was politically necessary. Sharp's book is a stormy tale of how this area was brought completely under dominance by the white man between 1865 and 1885, how local forces fought for commerce and resources, often brutally and frequently without logic.

Yet the people you meet in the pages of *Whoop-Up Country,* whether petty politicians, soldiers, stage drivers and bullwhackers, thieves or cattlemen, dishonest officials or men of the cloth, become very real in light of their surroundings and demands upon them by the times and their associates. All breathe a certain lustiness which is characteristic of the period.

The author, sifting rumor from fact and fiction from truth, probably comes as close to historical honesty as any writer of today can do in his treatment of this strange, wild country of many opposing forces and numerous conflicting interests. In explaining the massacre at Cypress Hills of 1873 where a party of Fort Benton hunters and whiskey traders virtually wiped out a band of North Assiniboins, Sharp gives a clue to his approach. He says:

"It heightened the tension already existing between Britain and the United States and fanned the smoldering embers of national spirit into flame on both sides of the international boundary in North America."

"In such an atmosphere, national bias quickly distorted fact and fiction to create as vigorous a set of legends and myths as surround any incident in American history."

While on the American side of the line the raiders were eulogized by local historians as "valiant frontiersmen bravely fighting for their lives against fearful odds as savages sought to wipe them out," the Canadian version painted them as "Boarder ruffians, drunk with whiskey and greed, brutally slaughtering innocent and defenseless Indians without purpose or justification."

Of this Sharp declares neither interpretation seems defensible in view of available evidence. To create a truer picture he gives both sides of the story, then takes a critical look at the men in-

volved as well as their reputations and the circumstances of the times.

The book's name, *Whoop-Up Country,* is no title dreamed up in the fertile brain of a publisher as an eye catcher, for the Whoop-Up Trail, that thin, rutted high road of adventure and commerce, actually existed. A phrase based on life surrounding the trail is still used in some quarters when persons refer to "whooping it up."

Sharp offers an adequate cross section of the period and the hectic development of the country prior to the penetration of the railroads into this part of the western plains. With it he supplies considerable background, wherever necessary, to give the reader a more firm foundation for understanding the era and its people.

The invasion of free traders, beginnings of the Canadian Mounties, their policies as opposed to those on the American side of the line, law such as existed around Fort Benton, and life in that river town as far up the Missouri as steamers dared to travel, brings to light the social, economic and political events of the period.

Whoop-Up Country is good, solid reading. It is not a novel in any sense of the word. Rather, it represents an honest approach to an era and geographical area in the west which for some reason has been largely overlooked by historians.

Helena, Montana BRAD SLACK

The Frontier Years. By Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton. (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1955. 272 pp. Illus. $10.00)

Two years after the red men were victorious in their last ditch stand (which in reality spelled their doom) on that sage brush ridge of the Little Big Horns in southern Montana, a young man with the urge of his pioneering midwestern forefathers came to Fort Keogh, Montana Territory. He had in his pocket a letter of introduction addressed to the garrison's commandant, General Nelson Miles. The attention given this written recommendation was to determine the course of the remaining days of that young man's life.

He was Laton Alton Huffman and he was seeking the position of Fort photographer, a civilian post. His father, before him, had been a picture taker, and although their bread and butter came off their Iowa farm, yet they satisfied their ascetic souls with the mirrored delights from processing the wet plate negatives by the smelly bath from the collodion bottle.

The Frontier Years, the work of authors Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton, rounds out the biography of L. A. Huffman, and presents 124 photographs of the vanishing west and a picture of the subject taken in 1926, five years before his death.

Both the text and the photos depict the day of the buffalo

hunters—red and white—that final war of extermination upon the vast prairie herds in the wastelands of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. There is a glimpse into the lives of the Indians as it was in those times. Then came the freight lines and the cattlemen's ranges and the advent of the railroads after which Huffman claims "there was no more West."

But it was of the Montana he knew in the early years of the eighties that Huffman's portrayals became famous. Even as he made his way to that frontier outpost Little Wolfe and Dull Knife were leading their homesick Northern Cheyennes on the historic trek from Oklahoma Indian Territory to their Montana homeland. And the Sioux, that proud and populous tribe, was yet to be coerced by confinement to a reservation.

At Fort Keogh the new post photographer took up his position without salary. But he had the occupancy of a rude cottonwood log building, the privilege of the officers' club and an opportunity to engage in his enterprise. (His predecessor had gone broke on a similar arrangment.) Huffman decided that if he were to be successful he would pursue some side businesses—guiding and hunting and acquiring a small ranch—for their mercenary benefits.

But the garrison did provide him with interesting subjects for his camera. He met scouts and soldiers who had starved with Crook, officers who had charged with MacKenzie, and cavalrymen who had ridden with Custer. He came face to face with frontiersmen of that day—Yellowstone Kelly, Liver-Eating Johnson, Big Leggins Broguier, as well as others famed in questionable pursuits —Big Nose George, Calamity Jane and Charlie Northrup.

Later the picture taker was to open a studio at Miles City—called Miles Town. It was in that historic old cow town that he continued his exciting profession, although he was not content to remain in the dark room. He took to the trails and his lenses caught hunting expeditions, Indian encampments, jerk lines and bull trains, roundup scenes and finally the laying of the steel rails. Between trips he jotted down impressions and wrote letters back home.

Compiling the book itself surely must have been a labor of love —for W. R. Felton was Huffman's son-in-law. Bessie Huffman Felton, and another daughter, Ruth Huffman Scott, had faithfully preserved their father's negatives, letters, diaries, newspaper clippings and notes and which provide an intimate and accurate background in the presentation of the lexicon of their father.

The Frontier Years includes, besides the very excellent photographs, a prologue and epilogue, and index and bibliography and seven sections concerned with: Montana, 1860-1878; The Frontier Photographer; Hide Hunters and Sportsmen; Soldiers—Red and White; Bright Lights on the Prairie; Hayburners and Wood Burners; Native Americans.

While the printed page does much to portray the vivid and

dramatic past, yet it is Huffman's camera that has supplied that precise record of the days of the redman, buffalo, open range and the changing times. As did W. H. Jackson, Morrow and Illingsworth make a place for themselves as pioneer photographers of the Seventies, so now we may list Huffman's contribution of the next decades when he gives students and casual viewers an authentic and candid glimpse of his era. His pictures throughout the publication of later day Indians are unexcelled.

If there is one regret to be expressed concerning *The Frontier Years* it is that the printing is offset, and one has a feeling that such a priceless accumulation of history deserves the beauty of engraving. Then, too, this reviewer found errors in the bibliography—the spelling of Carrie Adell Strayhorn—instead of Strahorn;—and Alexander Toponce (correctly it should be Topence). But these are minor defects, and the authors are to be praised for their contribution, *The Frontier Years,* to Western Americana.

Laramie, Wyoming MARY LOU PENCE

Tragedy Strikes at Wounded Knee. By Will H. Spindler. (Gordon, Nebraska: Gordon Journal Publishing Company. 1955. 88 pp. $1.50)

Will H. Spindler has spent a quarter of a century in the United States Indian Service where he is still employed as an Indian day school teacher on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation of South Dakota. In addition to teaching school for the government, Spindler has written several books depicting Indian life and various other phases of Western Americana.

His most recent book *Tragedy Strikes at Wounded Knee* is really a collection of some 16 short stories covering interesting events and Indian life at the Pine Ridge Reservation since the tragic Wounded Knee Massacre which occurred December 29, 1890. It is a little sad that Spindler was not able to come up with aspects of the massacre after all of his years of living near the site of that bloody battle that have not been written and rewritten during the past fifty to sixty years. But, in describing the Wounded Knee affair, Spindler was at least accurate. The photos used in conjunction with the story are the usual pictures most every reader has seen many times. This reader wondered why Spindler did not get permission to use some of the drawings and photographs used in the 14th *Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1892-93,* "The Ghost-Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890" by James Mooney. The reproduction of these drawings and photographs would have added much more reader appeal to his book.

For those interested in other facets of Indian life, particularly

Sioux Indian life, since 1890, the other 15 stories in Spindler's book will be of real interest. And, in keeping with the position white man is now giving his red brother, Spindler's introduction is truly up to date. He says, "The Indian is nobody's tool. He is intelligent, keen witted, and quick to see through any trickery, 'synthetic' business or friendship, chicanery, or subterfuge. The day of 'soft-soaping' him and treating him as a child has passed—gone the way of the old open range cowboy and the buffalo . . . . The time has come when we must treat him as a man and give him a man's place in a man's world."

And basing his collection of stories upon the above, Spindler truly gives the Indian (Sioux at least) his rightful place in society.

Cheyenne, Wyoming WILLIAM F. BRAGG, JR.

Contributors

RAY HAROLD MATTISON has been with the National Park Service since 1948, serving at Shiloh National Military Park, Tennessee, Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park, and since 1950 as Historian, Region Two Office, at Omaha. A native of Nebraska, Mr. Mattison took his undergraduate work at Wayne State Teachers College, Wayne, Nebraska, and received his M. A. from the University of Nebraska. He is the author of fifteen articles which have appeared in the historical journals: of Georgia, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Nebraska.

FRANCIS HOWARD SINCLAIR, a resident of Sheridan since 1941 where he is a journalist and public relations counsel, is Secretary-Manager of All American Indian Days, a position for which he is notably fitted. Born in Glendive, Montana, the son of Daniel and Mary Sinclair, Montana pioneers, he has the rare distinction of being an adopted member of several Indian tribes: the Hunkpapa Sioux, Chief Soldiers Lodge of the Northern Cheyenne, the Arapaho tribe, and a member of the Pueblo Brotherhood, Jemez Pueblos. He is at present chairman of the Wyoming Indian Affairs Commission, secretary of the 20 State Governor's Interstate Indian Council, and Continental Chief of Continental Confederation of Adopted Indians.

Mr. Sinclair has written for numerous publications and news-

papers, and stories for several movies including All Flesh is Grass and Roamin' Wyoming.

He was editor of the Bill Brothers Publishing Co., New York, 1921-41, and he served as Public Relations Director of the American National Cattlemen's Ass'n, 1946-50. His newspaper column, written under the pseudonym of "Neckyoke Jones", is widely read through the Sheridan *Press* and the Wyoming Stockgrower's Ass'n magazine *Cow Country*.

RICHARD G. BEIDLEMAN, assistant professor of zoology at Colorado A. & M. College since 1948, is a native of North Dakota. Dr. Beidleman has served as seasonal ranger naturalist at Yosemite National Park (1948-49) and Rocky Mountain National Park (1950-56). In 1954-55 while on special leave from the College he made a study of "The Significance of the American Frontier on Natural Science" on a Ford Foundation Fund Education Grant. His studies took him through 40 states following the trails of early naturalists and examining their journals and their collections. He has to date authored 75 publications in the field of popular and technical science, primarily zoology, his most recent work being a "Guide to the Winter Birds of Colorado." Dr. Beidleman received his education at Brown University, University of New Mexico and the University of Colorado.

ERRATUM

In the October 1955 issue of the *Annals of Wyoming*, at the top of page 139, the following line was omitted: "loaf of bread and literally covered with giant mahogany bushes,"

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Holmes Quarries, Spanish Diggings. Mrs. Spencer standing in pit, Jerry Urbanek at top of picture.

Stone Age Industry In Wyoming

By

MAE URBANEK
Lusk, Wyoming

While expeditions of scientists search the frozen wastes of northern Canada and Antarctica for clues to the life and habits of the earliest stone age man on the North American continent, vast ancient stone quarries of a prehistoric race lie peaceful and undisturbed in eastern Wyoming. Here is the earliest evidence of specialization, mass production, and assembly line techniques. The thousands of tipi rings, the trainloads of scattered rejects, and the hundreds of silent, empty pits on the hill tops mutely tell of great activity here over five thousand years ago. Cattle now graze over the roadless expanse and only an occasional jeep invades the prairie solitude enjoyed by jackrabbits, antelopes, and deer.

A pioneer rancher, A. A. Spaugh of Manville, is credited with having discovered the quarries in 1879. The following summer when two cowboys, J. L. Stein and William Lauk, viewed the open pit mines, they thought them the work of Spanish conquistadores, prospecting for gold. These cowboys called the area "Mexican Mines" or "Spanish Diggings". But Coronado, the noted Spanish explorer of the fifteenth century, had not traveled this far north, nor would he have wasted his time digging in the quartzite veins where there was no sign of gold. Plains Indians have no theories or traditions concerning the diggings, and admit their ancestors would never have labored so hard. Scientists agree that the quarries were dug by stone age men struggling to secure material from which they could fashion the first crude axes, hoes, and spears to aid them in their battle for survival. These stone tools alone are left to tell the unwritten history of aboriginal man.

In his *History of Wyoming,* I. S. Bartlett states that prehistoric remains in New Mexico and Arizona cannot compare in size, impressiveness, weirdness, and mystery to these remains in Wyoming. The so-called Spanish Diggings may well contain the buried records of the primitive beginnings of mankind, and are one of the richest archaeological fields on the North American continent.

Prehistoric quarries are scattered over an area of approximately four hundred square miles, lying in parts of Niobrara, Goshen, and Platte counties. The area, about ten miles wide and forty miles long, is roughly bounded by Highway 20 on the north; Highway 85

on the east; Highway 26 on the south; and Highway 87 on the west. Although a large sign describing the Spanish Diggings is located on Highway 20, three miles west of Keeline, no road over which modern cars can travel leads to the main diggings from this direction. The main quarries are approximately sixteen miles south of the sign. Owners and lessees of the land surrounding the quarries do not encourage tourist travel. In the past they have had their water tanks plugged with bullets, their cattle scared, their fences torn down, and their gates left open. It is very difficult for a stranger to find the pits and workshops of Spanish Diggings.

The easiest approach to them is from a graveled road which turns off from Highway 87 one mile north of Glendo, and runs east to Meadowdale, an inland store and postoffice. Nine miles east of Glendo, or nine miles west of Meadowdale, the traveler should turn north through an auto gate or cattle guard where a sign lists the names of Roy McCormick, Douglas Lay, and Bill Ziska. An ungraded and unmarked road leads north and east through fields and farm yards for six miles to where a dim trail turns left to the top of a hill where there are three government geological stakes. The main quarries are about a mile east of these stakes.

The region is practically a wilderness, weird and picturesque. To the far west rises the imposing blue height of Laramie Peak. In all directions the land slopes away in a series of rounded hills, interspersed with irregular gullies and accented with grotesque rock formations. It is short grass country, supporting only a scant growth of sagebrush. From a usually dry creek rises a series of sandstone and quartzite cliffs. On the top of this high mesa are the quarries, pits, open cuts, and great rock dumps that tell of tremendous mining operations that probably lasted several centuries.

Eight or ten feet of worthless rock had to be removed, carried away and dumped down hillsides, before quartzite which could be chipped into tools and weapons was uncovered. All work was done with stone wedges and hammers of granite which probably were brought here from the vicinity of Laramie Peak. There is no native granite in this area.

The mining was a slow, laborious process, requiring hundreds of workers to accomplish what one man with explosives, steel tools, and engines could do today. The pits were dug in series or rows and average twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter. They probably were about thirty feet deep. James L. Stein in 1882 cleaned out one pit to a depth of twenty-two feet but never reached the bottom. When the vein of quartzite in one pit had been mined, the pit apparently was abandoned and used as a refuse dump for the next pit beside it, so that today the deepest pits are

only ten to twelve feet deep, and contain great quantities of worked and discarded stone.

Many scientists visited the quarries in the thirty years following their discovery, and practically all artifacts of any value were removed for study and display in various institutions. The Holmes Quarries, named for W. H. Holmes of the Smithsonian Institute, are about a half mile northeast of the geological stakes previously mentioned. The Barbour Quarries are on another hill about a mile east of the stakes and were so called in honor of Dr. Edwin H. Barbour of the University of Nebraska. The Dorsey Quarries about a mile to the southeast of the Holmes Quarries were named for Dr. George A. Dorsey, curator of the Field Museum of Chicago. Other archaeologists who visited and wrote about the area were Dr. Harlem I. Smith of the Canadian Geological Survey, and C. H. Robinson from Illinois State Museum.

Hans Gautschi of Lusk acted as guide for C. H. Robinson when he explored not only the Spanish Diggings but the whole area of prehistoric activity which extends north to within six miles of Manville, and south to Whalen and Saw Mill Canyons east of Sunrise. Mr. Gautschi has a large collection of artifacts from the Spanish Diggings proper, which include only the main pits in the Spanish Hills and do not extend more than a mile or two in any direction from the geological stakes. He also has numerous artifacts gathered from the whole area explored by him and C. H. Robinson, as well as many polished stones. Part of these are in his home and part of them in the Lusk Museum which is located near the Standard Filling Station that Mr. Gautschi operates in Lusk.

It is believed that the Holmes pits are older than the Barbour quarries where the rejected stone is still clean and free of lichens. In the Holmes pits the growth of lichens on the walls and worked rock give scientists a clue to the great age of the mines. In this very arid country, it takes centuries for the first lichen to form on the disturbed rocks. After it has established itself, a second type of lichen can grow, profiting by the moisture accumulated by the first species. Again growth is very, very slow but eventually the third variety, a leafy type of lichen, appears. Since all three kinds of lichen exist in the Holmes pits, E. B. Renaud of the University of Denver, reasoned that the first pits were dug centuries ago in prehistoric time by stone age or Neanderthal men.

There is some additional evidence that helps to give substance to this theory according to J. R. Wilson of Glendo, a well-known artist and collector of fossils and artifacts. Mr. Wilson says that twenty-five years ago Harrison Peyton, a rancher, uncovered a fossilized human skull while digging an irrigation ditch. The skull was sent to the Colorado Museum of Natural History where it was studied by authorities who pronounced it of "Mongoloid-Negroid"

type or a close approach to the Neanderthal type skulls found in Africa, Europe, and China. Crude stone implements comparable in type to those at Spanish Diggings were found in connection with the fossils of these stone age men.

Mr. Wilson says, "These men who worked the Spanish Diggings were a different race from the American Indians, and probably belonged to the race of old Neanderthal men who migrated across Europe to China, and then across the Bering Strait to become the original human settlers of America. Centuries later another and more advanced race of savages, maybe the ancestors of the American Indians, again crossed the Bering Strait and with their improved weapons and knowledge wiped out the original stone age man on this continent."

The bones of the skull found near Glendo were thicker than those of any existing race, the forehead low and retreating, the bony ridge above the eye sockets exceedingly prominent. From the crudely chipped artifacts found in the region, mostly scrapers, hoes, skinning knives, lance heads, and hammers, it is apparent that the people were a peaceful agricultural race not nearly as far advanced intellectually or as warlike as the Plains Indians. The tools are large as if used by a powerful people.

From a biography of fossilized bones and rocks, the stone age man might be described as being built for existence on cold, barren tundras left by the last retreating glaciers. He was a shambling figure on slow, flat feet, with a thigh curved and a knee never quite straight. He probably had a powerful chest and shoulders with huge hands and awkward thumbs. His jaw was large with a forward thrust; his nose prominent, and over his eyes the heavy ridges of his low skull met.

But he knew the use of fire, and had learned to clothe himself in animal skins. He prepared these skins with crude knives of stone, after he had killed their original owners with rough hand-tossed spears or rocks, or by driving them over steep cliffs. Probably the bison was his chief source of food and clothing, while he may have captured rats and rabbits in snares or killed them with rocks. Meat, the marrow from crushed bones, berries, prairie mushrooms and turnips, and the fruit of the prickly pear cactus served as food. He had not discovered the wheel, and had no domesticated animals with the possible exception of the half-wild wolf or coyote.

This stone age man had time for few sentiments, and may not have even bothered to bury his dead. No burial grounds have ever been found at or near the Spanish Diggings. But apparently he had learned the value of cooperation with fellow men, and of better stone tools made possible by specialization. While one group of men mined the rocks, another group processed them into tools, and a third group spent their time hunting and trapping

animals for food. Such extensive evacuations into hills of solid rock would not have been possible if each man had taken time to hunt food for himself and family. This stone age man must have developed a property sense in the possession of stone tools secured with such great labor, and passed them down from generation to generation.

On the hillsides sloping away from the pits in all directions were thousands of villages, their sites now marked by the half-sunken circles of rocks which once rested on the edges of hide tents. The sizes of the villages vary, but about twenty tipi rings usually form a group. Then several rods of space intervene before another group of circling stones mark another village. In one secluded, sunny place in the valley, several tipi rings larger than the others are set off by themselves. Could the ruler or medicine man have lived here in solitude and primitive splendor?

The tipi rings are about eight to ten feet in diameter indicating smaller tents than those used by the Plains Indians, who had horses to help in transportation and so could afford more spacious living quarters. Heat-chipped stones are usually outside of the rings indicating that this was only a summer workshop, and that the laborers migrated to a warmer climate in winter. It is possible that many tribes inhabiting the great drainage bed of the Mississippi River came here on expeditions to secure the quartzite for making their tools.

A cache of quartzite implements that are exact duplicates of those found in Spanish Diggings were first discovered by a man digging a ditch near Belleville, Illinois, about 1867. At that time no stone of this kind had been found in America. These artifacts were so strange and unusual that they were sent to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C. Similar crude tools have been found in Ohio, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and other states. Since the only known source of that particular quartzite is in Wyoming, the finding of these widely scattered artifacts would indicate these stone age men either bartered their prized tools or came on their own mining expeditions.

This rare purplish, golden brown, and grey quartzite is very hard and dense and chips with a conchoidal fracture that allows the rocks to be easily worked into different shapes with sharp edges. It was formed by silicious water seeping over sandstone. While five to ten feet of rock on top are too brittle to chip well, the lower stratas are more dense and tougher, thus making the deeper mines worth the tremendous extra work it took to dig them. At intervals nodes of jasper, chalcedony, and agatized quartz are found and these were excellent for finer chipping and smaller points.

There are few signs of chipping at or near the quarries. Apparently once the good rock was mined, it was rough-blocked and

carried away, sometimes as far as fifty miles to finishing shops located in pleasant valleys and near springs. Even here it may have been only roughly shaped into the primary leaf patterns which could have been transported hundreds of miles away before being finished into knives and scrapers. For the vast quantity of rock mined, the amount of chips and spalls are few at Spanish Diggings. The village sites are strewn with thousands of tons of rejects or partially shaped rocks which would not chip down to the necessary thinness. While there are imperfect and broken spear heads, knives, and scrapers in the area, about the only place it is now possible to find perfect specimens is in gullies and ravines where water is uncovering the artifacts that it and the wind buried centuries ago.

The artisans who did the chipping had their favorite work spots now marked by piles of tiny spalls and chips. Some seemed to prefer to work with the purple rock, while others specialized in the brown or grey. On one rock a smooth hollow was apparently worn by the worker's feet while he sat on another rock higher up and fashioned his tools. The view is magnificent from this place, the prairie broken by hills and shadows stretching away fifty miles to the south and east, with the outstanding form of Flattop peak dominating the scene. The rocks spaced farther apart in the tipi rings show that the doorways opened to the south and east. Often to one side of the doorway is a pile of chips.

Present day Indians claim that they do not know how to chip rocks into artifacts; that the skills have been lost. In the "Handbook of Aboriginal American Antiquites" W. H. Holmes of the Smithsonian Institute, Bureau of American Ethnology, discussed at great length the art of rock fracture. He believes that after the quartzite, flint, and jasper was rough blocked into the approximate size of the desired weapon or tool, it was grasped firmly in the left hand, which was protected by a piece of tanned hide. The rock was then struck lightly, near the edge, with a downward blow by a hammer rock held in the right hand. The chip would break from the underside, its size being determined by the distance the hammer blow was from the edge.

The artisan turned the rock in his hand, spacing the blows, and so shaping the desired tool. After one revolution of the rock, it would be reversed and chipped from the other side. If the center portion of the rock did not work down to the desired thinness it was discarded. The finishing work was probably done with a bone splinter, tooth, or sharpened end of a deer horn held in the right hand, and pressed firmly against the edge of the rock, thus breaking off a much smaller spall than could be done with a rock hammer stone. The hand acted as a cushion, so that the rock would not be broken by the hammer blows. Two artisans might work together, one holding the rock and a bone punch, and the other hitting the punch with a rock hammer.

Sometimes the worker might rest his artifact on another anvil rock, holding it there with his left hand, and hitting it with a rock hammer held in his right hand. Many of these small, hard hammer stones with abrasions showing they have been used in this way have been found in the area. The quartzite found at Spanish Diggings works up readily by either method of chipping, and even an amateur can fashion a crude tool in a half hour.

Below the Barbour quarries on a hillside sloping to the northeast and toward the summer sunrise is a strange mosaic figure formed by rocks that are now deeply sunken into the dry earth. The figure is outlined by two parallel rows of evenly spaced stones which are about five feet apart and extend for about a hundred feet down the hillside. Groups of rocks placed at right angles near the top of the figure may represent either the outstretched arms of a man or a cross. Similar groupings of rocks at the base of the figure may form the legs of a man or the base of a cross. Many of the stones have been disturbed by visitors, and no one agrees as to what the strange figure may represent. Stone mounds run northeast from the figure into the valley for nearly a half mile. Excavations have disclosed no buried bones or tools.

The shop sites about twenty-five miles south of Spanish Diggings in Whalen and Saw Mill Canyons near Platte River are especially extensive. Piles of chips and spalls mark many workshops in protected valleys. One artisan seems to have specialized in making hoes, another knives, or scrapers. In nearly all work sites a center block or stone anvil has been found, indicating that the workman rested the tool he was chipping on another rock.

Natural caves in limestone cliffs at the head of Whalen Canyon have preserved both animal and human bones, as well as charcoal from fires long dead. A few logs found here show the marks of the stone axe. Although these caves may have served as shelters for the easliest stone age men, both the bones and logs probably belonged to a more recent race. Artifacts which show greater skill in chipping than the easliest man possessed are also scattered over this region, indicating the work of a more modern race.

Unless the visitor comes to the Spanish Diggings with an interest in the historic beginnings of the human race, and an imagination great enough to picture the barren hillsides swarming with hordes of skin-clad men and women lugging their burdens of stone and raw flesh, he will be disappointed. All he will see will be disorganized piles and pits of rock; great gullies partly filled with discarded rocks; hillsides strewn with broken rocks, and tipi rings. Nothing but silent rocks guarded by great bald eagles.

But if this visitor comes in an inquiring, imaginative mood, he will view a great amphitheater of early human drama with the mysterious blue background curtain of Laramie range hanging in the west. To him the broken rocks on the high mesa will

speak in mute testimony of the struggles and ambitions and co-operation of a race that lived some fifty centuries ago. The chords of wind music sometimes weird, and sometimes strangely peaceful will be the only sounds in this vast, abandoned cathedral which once echoed with sharp blows of rock on rock, and the shouts and cries of laboring stone age men.

God's Obelisk

By

MAE URBANEK

A joking soldier named me "Devil's Tower";
But God created me, a tapered spire
To raise all searching eyes above the earth,
To lift their vision upward to the stars.
The Red Men gave to me a fabulous birth
That saved three maidens from an angry bear;
While men of science patiently explain
Me as a monolith, volcanic-born.
In homage, Roosevelt proclaimed this site
The first of many Monuments, so pines
And native flowers could thrive around my base.

A thousand tapered pentagons of stone
Compose my whole. Each fluted shaft alone
Would crumble, fall, disintegrate to dust;
Together as a triumphant whole they have
Endured. The blasts of hail, bombastic winds
Of fifty million years proved trivial
As dew on blades of grass. God's Obelisk
Upon a mountain top, I symbolize
The permanence and peace of unity.

Editor's Note: This poem won first place in a state poetry contest sponsored by the Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs in 1956.

Riverton: From Sage To City

By

VADA F. CARLSON

Half a century ago, on August 15, 1906, the now thriving city of Riverton, Wyoming had its auspicious beginning.

It did not, as some towns do, just grow up, like Topsy. No slow and uneventful process of crossroads store and clustering community preceded its birth. It came into being on that birthday, a real town, platted and planned, though without a building in sight. And luck were the first settlers who had a good tent to pitch there!

Preparation for the town-to-be had its real beginning two years earlier, on April 21, 1904, when a treaty between the United States and the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians of the Shoshone or Wind River Reservation was executed, ceding to the United States Government more than 2,000 square miles of reservation land.

This great, roughly-triangular area lay in the Wind River Basin. It was bounded by the Big Wind River which, rising near the Continental Divide, flows southeasterly to a point just beyond the present site of Riverton, then abruptly changes course and flows northward, and by the Shoshone and Owl Creek Mountain ranges along the north.

This treaty was ratified and confirmed by Congress on March 3, 1905. The ceded portion was surveyed and platted and a proclamation by President Theodore Roosevelt on June 2, 1906 established the manner in which the ceded lands were to be opened for entry and settlement.

Back of all this was the dream of irrigating the hundreds of thousands of rich, irrigable land in the ceded portion and converting it to farmland.

Ex-Governor Fenimore Chatterton is credited with being one of the first to see the possibilities of irrigation in this area. He is said to have begun work on the idea soon after a trip he made through the area in 1900.

In June, 1905, he is credited with having spiked a move to divert the waters of the Big Horn—as the Big Wind is called after emerging from Wind River Canyon—for irrigation of Montana lands. The following month he met with New York financiers who subscribed $5,000,000 to finance an irrigation project, provided he could obtain permission from the Interior Department to construct canals prior to the land opening.

On July 1, 1906 Chatterton organized the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company, with Joy Morton, president, and himself as vice-president and general manager.

Notices of the coming land drawing were widely published and frontier-minded people were attracted. When the first trains came to Shoshoni in 1906 excursion rates were offered and many special trainloads of prospective settlers arrived.

Shoshoni was at that time as wild as any tent and shack town could well be. Some of the settlers took one look and went home. Others argued realistically that things would settle down later and surveyed the situation level-headedly, coming to the conclusion that this was the opportunity of a lifetime, as it proved to be for many.

The land drawing, after registration at Worland, Shoshoni, Lander and Thermopolis, took place at Lander on Aug. 4, 1906. Gov. Richards, Ex-congressman McGinnis of Helena and Ex-Mayor Schnitger of Cheyenne were the commissioners in charge.

Hans Berlin of Laramie was the first name drawn.

Among other well known Riverton people whose names were listed among the first 100 names drawn were James A. (Gus) Morrow, Mrs. Catharine Connaghan, J. E. Connahan, Dot Fuller, Luther F. Sproule, Archie Bugher, William Cook, Pete Berlin, Joe Tiffany, Thomas Malone, A. N. Holmberg, Frank E. Lamar, James A. Hurst, James Bolton, F. Reynolds, Fred M. Haymaker (for whom Haymaker Gulch north of Riverton was named), William Gilliland, Charles Ackenhauser and Charles Breniman.

These were homestead entries. There were others who elected to wait until August 15 and squat on town lots. Among those so-minded were David and Roy E. Hays, E. T. Glenn, Frank H. Allyn, W. T. Judkins, W. S. Adams, J. A. L. Chenery, J. J. Jewett, William Mooney, Byron Mason, Dr A. B. Tonkin and many others who were to make their influence felt in the affairs of the newly established town.

The townsite, which had been withdrawn earlier, was located on the north side of the Big Wind, near the Big Bend where it makes its northward turn. North and a little east of St. Stephen's, the Catholic Mission established in 1884, it was on a well-favored flat which had been in use for many years as a round-up site.

It was on a bench above the river's bottom land and there was not a tree on it. Neither was there water up there.

Prior to the opening Goyne Drummond and William Stuart Adams, deputy government surveyors, with a crew of men, went over from Shoshoni to stake the townsite. Drummond had previously surveyed the proposed Riverton Project for the Bureau of Reclamation (in 1904) according to a letter from Glenn D. Thompson, Chief of the Division of Personnel, dated Sept. 30, 1955. This was the first known survey of the Project, according to this authority.

Mrs. William S. Adams (Alzada E.) came to the townsite with her husband, accompanied by their children, Ferne, Heston and Thelma, and cooked the first meal on the townsite on August 14. She is credited with having been the first white woman on the townsite. She remembers using the sideboards of a lumber-wagon, laid on boxes, as a table on which to serve the first meals in the new town.

It is interesting to note the names of the streets on the original plat of the Town of Riverton, drawn up by Frank H. Allyn for the surveyors, and placed on record at the County Seat, Lander, Wyo., accompanied by Goyne Drummond's notarized statement certifying to the completion of the survey of the townsite on Aug. 15, 1906. From north to south the east-west avenues were listed as Williams, Gaddie, Main Street, Gill, Gregory, Drummond, Adams and Independence.

Drummond and Adams were, of course, named for the surveyors. Gill, Gregory and Gaddie were named for Shoshoni men of those names who are said to have established the townsite company with J. W. Gudmundsen also of Shoshoni, as their legal advisor.

The streets have since been renamed, and now are known as Jackson, Fremont, Main Street, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

North-south streets still carry the numbers: that is, First, Second, Third and so on. The original townsite was seven blocks square.

At first the townsite company intended selling 50-foot main street lots, but the sharp demand encouraged them to divide them into 25-foot lots, thereby doubling their revenue.

The chief excitement on opening day in Riverton was the attempt made to declare the survey incorrect and the occupancy of lots illegal. Colored troops from Ft. Washakie, under the command of Capt. Thomas G. Carson, of the 10th Cavalry, cleared the townsite temporarily, but frantic telegrams cleared the situation and the dispossessed citizens returned to their lots, if, that is, someone more determined didn't beat them to them.

A dim old snapshot, taken two weeks after the opening of the townsite, reveals a little tent town with box cars on the rails in the background. But within a month the picture had changed. The Riverton Hotel had been built by Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Adams, and one wing added. The Roy E. Hays Co. store, though perhaps still unfinished inside, loomed as a new structure. The Savage Hotel and the Forney saloon building were tall on the prairie and there were smaller buildings in varying stages of construction.

The sheer misery of living on that treeless flat, without a particle of shade, except that provided by the tents and wagons, must have been an incentive to the pioneers to build—to build anything, rather than endure the blasting sun and the dust storms.

Besides, in this section of Wyoming there is very little time between the 15th of August and the first snowfall. Some of the townspeople knew this and made haste to put a roof over their heads. But, in spite of the possibility of heavy snow, many of the first settlers lived in boarded-up tents, set on platforms, not only that winter but for several years to come.

That winter, happily, was exceedingly mild, though the next April was unpleasant.

The majority of the Rivertonites were young and hardy and could endure hardships without too much discomfort. Nevertheless, there were times, that fall, when their lot seemed a bit hard.

For instance, all water had to be hauled from the river. Many local men took part in this labor, selling the water at three barrels for one dollar, but George and Bob Doughty are best remembered as men who manned the "water wagon."

Modern day families, living in air-conditioned homes, have no idea what it is like to be without water and exposed to the hot sun and dust storms as were those early residents of Riverton.

Mrs. E. S. Primm, a neat little woman whose husband, with the help of his brown horse "Buster", ran the local express wagon, lined her tent with green silkolene, apple-blossom-sprigged, to break the glare, and probably the widow who dug an 8 x 8 foot hole in the ground and roofed it with planks and dirt, hanging a blanket for a door, was less uncomfortable than some of the others in the tents.

Mrs. Tom Sanders took a job cooking for Mrs. Savage at the Savage Hotel and nearly stifled in the little corrugated iron lean-to kitchen.

Cooking over a sagebrush fire in the open is not recommended for either temper or complexion, but many of the "first ladies" did just that, considering themselves lucky if, perchance, they had a little sheet iron stove to set on the ground.

Mrs. E. T. Glenn remembers one "company" dinner she cooked during those first days on the townsite. Someone had given her some rabbits. She fried these and a pan of potatoes and was about to serve the food when a dust devil danced across the flat, swirling dust over the food.

After Mr. and Mrs. Adams built their hotel and began providing rooms and board for the homeless, Mrs. Adams was plagued by curious and hungry Indians from the reservation across the river. They came unbidden into her little kitchen, begged for food, and sometimes reached into the skillets and kettles with their dirty fingers before she could prevent it, soon learning this was a good way to persuade her to give them the contents they had contaminated

Considering that the people who made up that new town were from widely separated states and were, for the most part, complete

strangers, they welded themselves into a closely knit "family" in record time. The Stork family had come over from Sheridan; the Connaghans were from Niantic, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Glenn and their small daughter, Daisy, were from Montana; Dot Fuller and her brother, Lauchie G., came from Iowa; O. N. Gibson, lucky one of a trainload of Missourians, was from Trenton; David Hays and his son, Roy E. Hays, had been traders on the Navajo Reservation over in Arizona's Four Corners country; Mr. and Mrs. Lee Mote came from Kokomo, Indiana; the Allyns were from Cheyenne; Mr. and Mrs. Adams and their family came from Saratoga; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Judkins moved over from Basin with their children; there were several Nebraska families, and many others from various states.

Almost before the sagebrush was grubbed from the wide Main street they knew each other and were a community in spirit.

Those who had drawn land adjacent to the town lived there while their new homes were being built, patronizing the hotels—the Riverton Hotel, the Wyoming Inn owned by Harry Waugh and his mother, the Savage, or Pioneer, as it was called for a time, and the Wind River Hotel, the impressive two-story structure built by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Luthy, who had come to Riverton from the little new town of Shoshoni.

During those first days of Riverton there were few two-story structures. The Forney saloon, the Madden and Gaylord building, the Savage Hotel, the Wind River Hotel and Stratton Hardware were the first.

The Strattons were from Nebraska. F. M. Stratton, father of Fred D., A. J., and Thad Stratton, stopped in Lander to visit with Fred before going to Oregon to seek a new business site and was persuaded to cast his lot with the people of Riverton. He bought lots from Miss Allie Davis, pioneer county superintendent of schools, and stocked his hardware store, his sons joining him later, Thad becoming cashier of the First State Bank.

The new town immediately began to get organized for business and W. E. Young served as Mayor, with Fred D. Stratton, Charles Parker, Charles Berger and C. H. Laiblin as council, or trustees.

Fred Stratton was later given a power of attorney to make all lot transactions; many of the old documents bear his signature. He has continued to make Riverton his home and from 1950 to 1954 served as its very able Mayor.

William T. Judkins was appointed first postmaster of the town and a tiny building was built on Main street to serve as postoffice. Mail was carried in a flour sack until regulation pouches were made available.

Michael W. Lichty was the first depot agent in Riverton, and C. P. Cox, who had handled the railroad's business until Lichty's arrival, was telegrapher.

James Dale is listed as the little sagebrush city's first marshal.

Mrs. F. H. Allyn and her daughters, Laura and Sadie, arrived in Riverton on Sept. 12, and on the 15th—when the town was one month old—she taught the first Sunday School in her boarded-up tent house, giving her the distinction of being the first person to hold religious services in the town. Ten town youngsters, including her own daughters, attended the meeting.

With no building ready for use as a schoolhouse the first Riverton school convened in a tent with a Miss Thompson as teacher. She stayed only a short time—perhaps a month or less—and no records have been found by this writer to reveal her first name or her previous residence.

The tent school was most unsatisfactory. Dogs, cats and chickens wandered in and out at will, and as the days grew colder the tent became a breezy place for children.

The townsmen began the construction of a small, tar-roofed, tar-papered shack on the lots that had been set aside for a school, and when it was finished they hired Mrs. Mildred Belle Mote, a newcomer from Indiana, to teach the children.

J. A. L. Chenery and F. M. Gill were two of the outstanding newspaper men of those pioneer days. Chenery and Weeks ran the Riverton Republican; F. M. Gill edited the Riverton News.

Chenery, a well educated man with a splendid vocabulary and an acid wit, soon became known throughout the West and later abroad because of his "Big Bend Bazoo", a column which he ran weekly in the newspaper. To this day there are early day residents who can quote some of his humorous limericks and other writings, and always with a chuckle of appreciation.

He was from Illinois and a student and admirer of Abraham Lincoln. Among his other talents Jack Chenery was a musician. Not a great one, but a much appreciated one, since he could be counted upon to play for dances when there was no one else to do it. Since dancing was one of the very few diversions of the townspeople, this became most important.

He was also a lover of flowers, and is said to have been behind the edict that all lot owners must plant trees along their frontage. His own place of residence, throughout his long stay in Riverton, was always well kept and his yard beautiful with flowers and lawns.

Another gardener and flower lover of the early days was Little Chris Nielsen. "Little Chris", like Jack Chenery, was a bachelor. He was a little man in a hurry and early-day Rivertonites will remember him scurrying up and down Main street pushing a cart on which were the mail sacks, being taken to or from the post-office to the depot. His shot-legged, running walk marked him as far as he could be seen.

Across from the depot, in the yard of his home, he planted gardens which were the envy of other gardeners, and "Little Chris"

with his arms full of sweetpeas was familiar to travelers on the railroad. He met the trains to sell his fragrant wares, then rushed off to work in his gardens, which he gradually increased in size.

The first winter of the town was marked by the Flick-Forney fight on New Year's Eve. It was a scrap in the true Old West tradition of angry men and blazing guns, but no one was seriously injured in spite of the shots fired.

The lot jumping of the first few days of the town had settled down by December—that is, until Flick had a load of lumber unloaded on a lot Forney considered belonged to him.

With his men from the saloon he operated Forney removed the lumber to the middle of Main street, drenched it with kerosene and set it ablaze, then he and his men paraded the street, daring Flick and the men from his saloon to come and fight it out.

This they were too sensible to do, though they did do some shooting from concealment. One woman looked out to see what was going on and received a slight buckshot wound, but there were no fatalities and the men later settled their difficulties.

That December, having by then built their residence at the corner of Fifth and Main, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Adams and their family moved from the hotel, leasing it to C. J. and M. A. Green, who ran it until Mr. and Mrs. William Cook took over the lease.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook later moved into the Forney building on Main street and operated a hotel, calling it the Grand Central. Both this building and the hastily constructed Savage Hotel burned.

The first real fire in Riverton's history was in a cleaner's shop on Main street in 1909 and was hastily quelled by the volunteer fire department with the little hose cart, H. H. Waugh as hoseman and A. J. Stratton engineering the fight.

Destruction of old records has made it impossible to report on the fall election at Riverton, or to list the names of the first voters.

A scanning of the County Commissioners' proceedings for that year, however, did reveal that James Vine, Democrat, and William S. Adams, Republican, were appointed to act as registry agents for the general election in election district 9, and that L. Miller, C. H. Laiblin and E. M. Peterson were named election judges.

Vine was a realtor in Riverton at that time.

Evidently W. E. Young did not take his office of Mayor too seriously, as old papers tell of his stays in Montana and elsewhere. He was replaced the next spring by Dr. A. B. Tonkin.

Dr. Tonkin's first office in the Riverton area was in a tent. He had been hired by the railroad to follow the construction crews as they slowly laid the rails from Casper to Lander. Arrived in Riverton, he decided to stay and hastily built a little office on his Main street lots, now the site of the impressive Tonkin Building.

The municipal election was held May 14, 1907, and Dr. Tonkin

1. Riverton, September 1, 1906
2. Riverton, September 1, 1907
3. Riverton, 1913—Right, background is first brick school, occupied in 1911. The home in the foreground was the homestead house of Hans Berlin who held No. 1 in the land drawing in 1906.

was notified of his election on May 16, thus becoming the first duly elected mayor.

C. H. Oatman was town clerk during the previous term, and the notice was signed by him.

During Tonkin's term H. H. Waugh was city clerk, J. J. Jewett was treasurer, Charles Parker was marshal and the new councilmen were C. H. Laiblin, Ed Ryan and a man named Daniels.

Dr. Tonkin was a perfect master of ceremonies and was often chosen to conduct meetings. He had a poised and friendly manner that put both audiences and patients at ease.

A bachelor when he came to Riverton, he became a benedict on Oct. 7, 1908, bringing the former Miss Cora B. Nicholson to the little town as his bride.

As a pioneer doctor's wife, Mrs. Tonkin displayed the greatest courage and sympathy, often taking sick people into her home and nursing them, because there was no hospital in the town.

Dr. John G. Cogswell was another of Riverton's early doctors who established a home and reared a family here.

Another bachelor to settle in Riverton, then bring a bride here, was James J. Jewett, Sr.

He had been a teacher in Casper, but entered the employ of the Nicolaysen Lumber Company and was sent to Shoshoni where he worked with Jesse Keith until Riverton's opening day. He came to Riverton, then, and was thereafter associated with the lumber and hardware business.

When her school was out the following June, "J. J." went to Casper and married Miss Bertha Gutzman, bringing her to a new home he had built for her in Riverton.

Throughout Mr. Jewett's life both he and Mrs. Jewett worked together to promote better educational advantages for Riverton children.

Who was the first child born in Riverton? Mrs. Jessie Herring, whose son Frank was born Jan. 2, 1907, is positive that a boy child was born to a family named Crabtree in September of 1906 soon after she arrived in Riverton, and remembers a party given for the parents and child in honor of the event. Unfortunately, no records establishing this birth are to be found, and the Crabtrees were not for long a part of the Riverton scene.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Landers' son Glen, who passed on the next year, was born Oct. 6, 1906.

Kathryn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nevin, was born the following month, which makes it all but positive that she was the first girl born in Riverton.

Among the early Riverton marriages were those of Vera Cain and Robert Stork, in June of 1907; Kathleen Cook and Harry O. Hall in July of 1907, and Julia Doughty to Claude Mitchum on the first birthday of Riverton, August 15, 1907.

By that time Riverton claimed a population of 700 and had finally won full recognition as "Riverton" though the railroad was slow to change the station's name from "Wadsworth" to the name chosen by the Riverton people themselves.

"Wadsworth" was a fighting word to the old-timers, who blamed Harry Wadsworth, then Indian agent at Ft. Washakie, for the encroachment of Cavalry troops on the townsite during the opening.

Had Jack Chenery had his way the town would no doubt have been named Big Bend, a name which would have been in every way suitable, since the big bend of the river is one of the most remarkable features of the landscape and had been known to trappers and traders since the early 1800s.

It was here at the confluence of the rivers that some of the great gatherings of traders, trappers and Indians were held. "Meet at the Popo Agie" was the legend printed on signposts along Green River, and in 1838 there was a tremendous rendezvous here, according to Myra Eells, a member of the Walker-Eells-Smith and Gray party, bound for the Oregon Country and the missions set up by Whitman and Spaulding.

The four women, their husbands and assistants, were prevented by high water from crossing to the scene of the rendezvous the first night or so, but the men came to their camp, frightening them with their drunken shouts and laughter.

They were no doubt the first white women to see the site of Riverton.

Without a doubt the most important event of 1907 occurred on April 5, when Fenimore Chatterton, vice president and general manager of the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company, accompanied by Mrs. Chatterton and their small daughters, Eleanor and Constance, had the pleasure of diverting water from the Big Wind river into the Riverton Canal.

Work on this canal had been begun October 10, 1906. It was completed April 1, 1907. It was 15 feet wide on the bottom, according to information given in the newspapers of that day, with an average depth of seven feet.

After those eight arid months on the treeless, dusty flat, the Riverton residents greeted the trickling water that came down the town's little irrigation ditches with almost hysterical joy. The saplings they had planted would grow and provide shade. They could plant gardens and flowers. Besides, they would have water at their own front doors, and would no longer have to depend on the water wagon.

The Wyoming Central, through Mr. Chatterton, gave the town a free right to water, provided trees were planted on each side of the streets. The residents were only too happy to comply with this condition, and within a few years the trees were providing welcome shade.

Now, after almost fifty years, many of the trees planted that first year are being removed, having become a menace because of their great size and their brittle age. Those old timers who planted the trees themselves, or watched their parents plant them, feel a genuine pang at parting with these old friends.

Among the many families who made up the early population of Riverton and Riverton Valley were the Sproules, the Doughtys, the Judkins, the Hainses, the Storks, the Jensens, the Deardorffs, the Lichtys, the Coens, the Crams, the Fullers, the Connaghans, the Gardners, the Glenns, the Strattons, the Dykemans, the Burnaughs, the Gibsons, the Holmbergs, the Kiles, the Hayses, the Gilberts, the Hansons, the Harrises, the Cains, the Malones, the Herrings, the Griffeys, the Cooks, the LeMars, the Vincents, the Reynolds, and others of that pioneer breed.

Lowther Sproule was a true pioneer, having come to the Lander Valley in the 1860's. His eldest son, Luther, filed on acreage near the big bend of the river and the Sproule place became a show place of the valley, with wonderful crops each year.

The Doughtys came to Riverton in the early part of September, 1906, two of the girls, Jessie and Dulcie, riding horseback. There were, in this family, six girls and four boys, Jim, Tom, George and Robert, and Ella (Wolf), Fannie (Goehring), Mary (Whitley), Jessie (Quisenberry), Julia (Mitchum) and Dulcie (Lowe). Those who did not come to Riverton in 1906 soon followed the portion of the family established here.

A contract for cutting and hauling wood for the furnaces of the stamp mills at Atlantic City, brought the Stork boys—Ed, Tom, Bob, John, Bert and Bill, and their sister Alma, to this area in 1905. They came over from Sheridan, over the Wolton Divide and along the old Muskrat freight road. Crossing the Double Dives below the present site of Riberton, they continued to Lander and the gold mining area.

However, the stamp mills soon closed down, so their long trip was not remunerative. But they knew about the land which was to be opened for settlement and bided their time. The older members of the family came to Riverton immediately after the opening, but Mrs. Stork and the two younger boys, Bert and Bill, waited until fall to follow. A. M. Stork, their father, arrived in the spring.

Jens P. Jensen brought his motherless family of five—Herbert, Lud, Eda, Sylvia and Esther—to Riverton just a year after the opening. Eda, now Mrs. E. T. Abra, and Sylvia, now Mrs. Frank Zimmer, still live in Riverton on the property purchased by their father when the town was new.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Deardorff were residents of Riverton for many years, Mr. Deardorff replacing M. W. Lichty as depot agent. After he resigned from the railroad he filled the position of city manager for some years. His widow now lives in California.

The Lichtys, Coens, Crams, Fullers, Gardners and Connaghans were among the homesteaders in Riverton Valley.

Mrs. Catharine Connaghan, recently widowed in 1906, came here from Niantic, Ill. at the suggestion of her brother, John Phelan, who had been a member of the early surveying crews. Her brother helped her with the building of her homestead home and she was so fortunate as to hire an Illinois farmer to be overseer of her ranch. His name was John O'Hearn, but he was not a relative of the John O'Hearn who was a clothier in Riverton for many years.

Two of Mrs. Connaghan's daughters live in Riverton at the present time. They are Mrs. Lawrence J. Kirch and Miss Lucile Connaghan. The only son of the pioneer matron, Robert Connaghan, is a resident of Cheyenne.

Orion N. Gibson, early Riverton attorney, came with a special trainload of prospective settlers from Trenton, Mo. It was not his intention to locate here. He had come as a reporter for a Trenton newspaper.

Almost blind, but a brilliant man and a very sensitive one, Mr. Gibson absorbed enough of the color and excitement of the new country to convince him he should at least register for the drawing. When the drawing was made he proved to be the only one in his group who drew a low number. He persuaded his brother, Henry, to come to Riverton and farm the land for him. His sister, Fannie, also came to cook for her bachelor brothers, and in 1912 they were joined by a younger sister, Olga, and her husband, Charles A. Logan.

Of this pioneer group only Mr. Logan remains. He still lives on the old homestead north of town.

One man drew a low number and located himself on a dry farm, providing a most magnificent view, but little else. His name was L. G. Griffey; his homestead the beautiful bench on which the modern Riverton Airport has been built.

Undaunted by its rocky dryness, Mr. Griffey plowed his fields and planted his grain, potatoes and other produce. His dry land potatoes, free from disease that plagued the irrigated tubers, were immediately in demand.

Until his death in 1933 he remained stubbornly convinced that his land would yield in spite of dry weather.

There was no water on the place, meaning that they had to haul water from Riverton or the river. Now, with a son of the pioneer occupying the old place, a well has been drilled. The son, Orville, makes no effort to farm. Two daughters, Mrs. Lena Statebake, and Mrs. Archie Bugher, still live in Riverton.

Oscar T. Jordan, whose homestead was in the Lost Wells Butte region, was the first Riverton man to ship pen-fattened lambs to market from the new town. He was accompanied to Riverton by

Mrs. Jordan and their younger daughter, Grace. Their other daughter, Josephine, now Mrs. Walter Breniman, became one of the first Riverton school teachers, arriving a year or so later.

Other early teachers included Jeanette Connaghan, now deceased, her sister, Mary, now Mrs. Kirch, and Miss Helen Petersdorf, now Fremont County superintendent of schools.

Mrs. Henrietta Petersdorf, Miss Helen's mother, had a homestead in the valley, and Miss Helen homesteaded a parcel of land in Missouri Valley, about 20 miles from town. She lived on it weekends, leaving after school on Fridays and riding out to stay until Sunday afternoon.

The absence of fear was a remarkable thing among those early women homesteaders. They felt there was nothing to be afraid of, worse than an occasional prowling coyote or pack rats, and there is no record of harm befalling one of them.

Storms were more to be feared than varmints or men. One lady, a Miss Peede, was lost overnight in a blizzard when she started home from a neighboring homesteader's house that first winter. She was found by Edmo Le Clair, famous Indian scout. She had had presence of mind enough to keep walking, knowing that she would not rise again should she lie down to rest.

Edmo Le Clair was, in many ways, a remarkable man. He and his family lived "up the river" in a roomy log house to which everyone in the country was welcome. He had no peer when it came to tracking men or animals and had served the Army with distinction during the last of the Indian skirmishes.

In 1911, already a white-bearded man, 60 or thereabouts, he won the calf roping contest at the August 15 celebration, acting with precision and agility.

That celebration also was notable because of the airplane flight of W. S. Adams, said to have been the first flight ever made in Wyoming.

Mr. Adams shipped the plane in, assembled it and took off in it to the amazement of the celebrants. The craft was a Curtis Pusher, 4-cylinder, water-cooled plane.

Adams and LeClair, both pioneers in their ways, bridged a great span of history, from the ox-team and Indian battles to aerial transportation and speed.

A tragedy remembered vividly by all those who knew about it was the killing of young Leo Wolf Bear by the morning train, eastbound from Lander, on June 8, 1909.

The young man had either fallen unconscious on the rails or had lain down to rest after a night in Riverton, during which he was known to have been drinking the white man's firewater.

The mourning of the women of his family, done in the primitive "keening" manner, is still remembered by the women of the town as most pathetic and frightening in its intensity.

Easily the most outstanding personality of 1913 was Jacob A. Delfelder.

"Del", as he was familiarly and affectionately known, was a big man with an impressive manner. He was the sort of man in whom one instinctively felt confidence would not be misplaced.

At that time Riverton and its leaders were getting a trifle shaky as to its future. The scheduled ditch had not been built and the homesteaders still had no water for their crops. (The first ditch, mentioned earlier, provided water for only a small portion of the irrigable land in the valley.)

At about the time Delfelder came to Riverton he was said to have had about 20,000 sheep and at least 2,000 head of cattle, as well as 500 horses. He was 42 years old and in his prime.

When he bought the imposing Blake house and moved his family into Riverton he became a part of Riverton. The people took him and his wife and son to their hearts, persuading him to become a candidate for Mayor.

He won easily and to get him off to flying start he had James J. Jewett, lumberman; Roy E. Hays, of the Roy E. Hays Co.; Fred D. Stratton, of the hardware store, and Fred Hanson, of the Central Meat Market, on the council.

Lawrence J. Kirch, who had been associated with Delfelder for many years, became city clerk, and before long Riverton's best known marshal, Abe Boland, was hired.

"Del's" first move was to buy for the city an 80-acre tract of river-bottom land, which he promised would be converted into a race track and ball diamond.

Riverton took on a new aura of prosperity and confidence and the people won back their faltering optimism.

The townsmen were not disappointed in him. He represented them loyally, serving as a member of the state legislature and making many friends by introducing a bill which brought about an investigation of the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company, whose wealthy backers had failed miserably in keeping their early promises of water.

In 1919 Delfelder, in common with the other stockmen of Fremont County, suffered great financial losses. Snow piled deeply on the range, making it necessary for them to ship their starving sheep and cattle outside or ship in feed for them.

It was a terrific blow for any man to take and may have had some bearing on his health. At any rate he did begin to fail in health and passed on March 28, 1921.

Another colorful and influential man came to Riverton in that same important year of 1913. He was William J. McLaughlin, called "Daddy Mack" by hundreds.

He came to study the possibilities of setting up a tie and timber company, with a tie treating plant at Riverton to handle the ties he and his tie hacks would drive down the river.

Again Riverton received a mental lift. A new industry, especially one of that scope, would mean increased prosperity for the town.

There had been one drive down the Big Wind, but it was logs, not ties, that the water floated, and that was back in the summer of 1906. The town was solidly behind any movement that would mean progress, and it was not long until new families began moving in, meaning more houses had to be built for them, and otherwise boosting business.

On Feb. 2, 1914 the first tie was felled in the timber above Dubois and the business which was to continue to be a major one in the Riverton district for 33 years was launched.

W. H. McLaughlin, no relation to W. J., but a former employe, came to Riverton with his family in the summer of 1913 to continue his work for W. J. McLaughlin and was a key figure of the concern (The Wyoming Tie and Timber Company) then and after W. J.'s interests were purchased in 1920 by Ricker Van Metre.

The first tie drive was held in 1914, the first tie appearing at the pond in Riverton on Aug. 1 and exciting much interest. That year 35,000 ties were driven from the woods to Riverton and the tie drive dinner which climaxed the drive was attended by nearly everyone in the town.

The 1927 drive was the largest—700,000—though the 1929 drive was also very large. The last drive took place in 1947, and the enterprise was sold to J. N. Fisher, who established a saw mill on Wind River, below Dubois.

In the late winter of 1914 Frank Holt of O'Neill, Nebr. came to Riverton to investigate possibilities of starting a telephone company and installing a telephone system and switchboard. His impression of the town was good and his reception warm, so he returned soon after the first of the year to begin work.

Until then Riverton had been getting along with a telephone in the post office, one in Dr. Tonkin's office and one in the office of the Riverton Lumber Company. There was also a small country line, put in for and by the farmers down the valley.

Holt rushed the work and in June of that year, 1915, telephone service was made available to Riverton. The first directory issued listed 72 patrons, but this was rapidly increased.

Many changes had taken place during those first years; for one thing Frank H. Allyn had succeeded William T. Judkins as postmaster, a position he held until 1914, when Mrs. Nellie Gilbert was appointed.

Good homes had been built and by 1915 the Main street was beginning to take on a more modern appearance, the old false-fronted stores and hotels giving way to good brick business buildings.

The year of 1915 was a prosperous and busy year in Riverton. Actually the year's expansion seemed to begin on Dec. 5, 1914, when Peter B. Dykeman's electric light plant began operation and lights flashed on all over the town. At that time the old kerosene lamps were set on the shelves of the home owners and a new era was entered.

Among the many new buildings erected during 1915 were the Rhoades Hotel, the Riverton Garage, the Cain Building and the Tonkin building. The First State Bank building had been erected and in use for a year. The Popo Agie Light and Power Co. was already enlarging its plant; the Berlin Addition—new homesites on the land drawn by Hans Berlin at the 1906 opening—was opening up; a candy store was started by Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wettlin; W. H. J. Bowey started the Riverton Chronicle, buying Jack Chenery's old paper, the Lander Eagle, and its antiquated machinery; Mrs. Lee Mote had become the theater operator of Riverton, with films being shown in the old Forney building near the postoffice; the treating plant for ties and telephone poles was being completed; an alfalfa mill, said to be the largest in the world, was under construction; the Birmingham and Nesbitt Lumber Co. was building on the lots at the rear of the E. T. Glenn Store.

The old Wind River Hotel, purchased by John Lapeyre in 1910, was moved to the rear of the lot to make way for the modern brick Lapeyre Hotel; the first flour was ground at the new roller mill by T. E. Goodman and there were many other minor activities going on in the building line.

Also that year dedicatory services were held at the First Baptist Church, and it is significant that Mrs. Frank H. Allyn is listed among the charter members, which is proof that her interest in church affairs had not slackened since she conducted the first religious service in Riverton in Sept. of 1906.

Adding to Riverton's prosperity at that time was the oil boom which was bringing speculators from all over the United States and had resulted in hopes for a very bright future in that industry.

The following few years saw the building of the "little Acme" Theater, a gem of a theater but all too soon outgrown, since it seated only 250; the Teton Hotel, the Masonic Temple, the remodeled and enlarged Roy E. Hays store; the Dykeman building and others. The new Acme, in use today, was not ready for occupancy until June of 1920.

World War I had taken its toll and made its many changes during 1917-18-19, but with the boys home again from the service the little town settled down to its well-deserved era of prosperity.

The Bureau of Reclamation had begun work on the big ditch by 1920 and again there was a wave of growth, with more and more new dwellings being constructed to house the increasing population.

Probably the worst shock the town ever experienced was the failure of the First State Bank in 1924 and the resulting depression. But the all but final blow came in August of 1932, when the Riverton State Bank also closed its doors.

But Riverton people had kept their chins up in the first hard years of the new town; they were not to be squelched without a struggle. As soon as they recovered from the shock they set about salvaging the pieces of the shattered civic economy. A Clearing House was set up by local merchants for cashing small local checks, providing change and keeping money in circulation.

The Lions Club issued scrip in denominations of $1, 25 cents, 10 cents and 5 cents, and later put out an issue of buckskin 50 cent pieces that have become valued souvenirs of the depression.

During the fall of 1933 more than a thousand Riverton men were out of work. Then relief agencies were started and Riverton benefited, with a new airport project, country club building and golf course, sewers and rodeo grounds and other civic improvements on the program.

Orion N. Gibson, one of the original settlers and first attorney in Riverton, died in 1933, and Dr. A. B. Tonkin, one of the first doctors in the town, passed on January 19, 1934.

Riverton's one dry farmer of 1906—Lorenzo George Griffey—also died in 1933, after spending 27 years on the rocky mesa that bears his name—Griffey Hill.

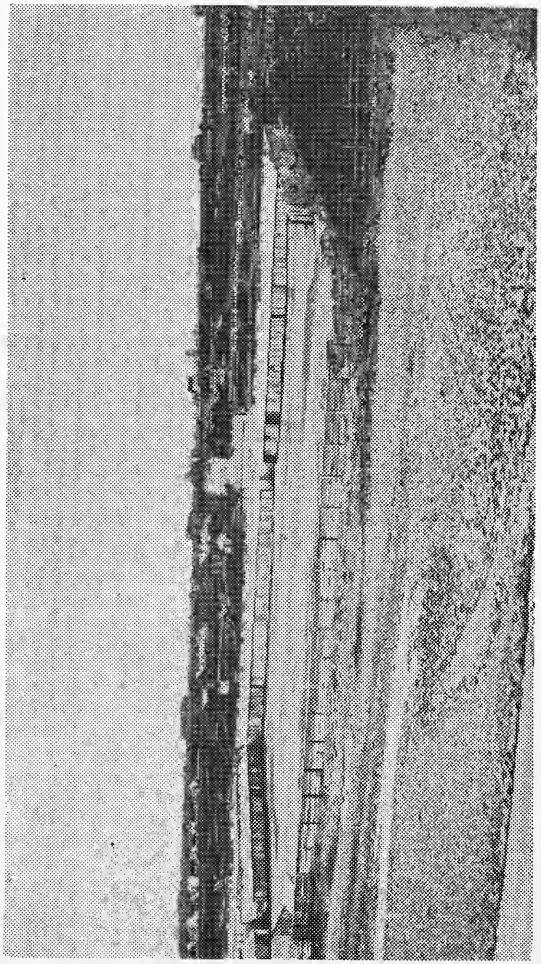
When the First National Bank opened its doors on Thursday, April 12, 1934, the new era of prosperity, which has continued uninterrupted until now, was ushered in. The shaky development years were a thing of the past.

World War II years, though full of personal grief, saw much progress in this area. There was no holding the town down, once it was on the forward march.

The opening of additional farming land under the new ditches of the "Project" has brought hundreds of new people to the valleys adjacent to Riverton, and a comparative boost to Riverton business.

The little landing strip started in '33 has now grown into a fine and modern air terminal; Riverton's once rutted and muddy, and but recently rough and dusty, streets are in process of being paved; the city now boasts stop lights on Main street, and has become in every way a modern city of which its residents may be proud.

The optimistic forecasts of the pioneers, though a little behind schedule, are being fulfilled.



Camp Carlin About 1882

Camp Carlin

By

CHARLES D. CAREY*

Much of the fabulous story of the settling of Wyoming is passing into oblivion and it is regrettable. Most of the material found in this paper has come from interviews with the several residents of Cheyenne who are familiar with the assigned subject and from the few articles and letters that are on file in the State Historical Society. From the interviews, as is the case where man's impressions and opinions are reflected, there was found some variance in the facts. In those cases I have tried to be as objective as possible in relating them. It is believed that the information set forth is correct.

Little did I realize when assigned this paper that I was to write about a unique military establishment. The varied operations and the many handicaps under which they were performed made Camp Carlin similar to no other Quartermaster Depot in the United States.

The name of the Depot is of little importance today but it is interesting to note the facts about it. Officially, the military designation was the Cheyenne Depot; though it was well known as Camp Carlin or Carling, and even in the official records the spelling is found to be either when not referred to as the Cheyenne Depot. Colonel Elias B. Carling in August 1867 selected the site for the Depot and was its first Commandant. Little is known about Colonel Carling and the only reference found to him was in "Diary and Letters of the Reverend Joseph W. Cook", an Episcopalian Missionary who came to Cheyenne 1867-1868 to start an Episcopal Church. Carling served on the vestry. In his diary, Cook often referred to the Colonel who was most helpful in getting the church organized and who had his carpenters make such things as the wooden alms basins at the Depot for use at the Sunday services which were held at that time in the school house. Even in those days ministers had their problems with their wayward parishioners, for in an entry dated March 18th, 1868 he writes: "Went to city at noon. Called on Mr. S. B. Reed and notified him of vestry meeting. Made several other calls. On return to bank I was horrified to find Mr. Woolley and Colonel Carling there in a terribly maudlin condition." He goes on to

* This paper was read before the Young Men's Literary Club of Cheyenne September 18, 1953.

write that the Colonel and Mr. Woolley came to the vestry meeting, at which the former presented a plan for the Church to which the Reverend could not agree, and ended the entry by saying that the Colonel "was not in condition to talk".

In the Cheyenne Daily Leader on September 19, 1867, No. I. Volume 1, Mr. N. A. Baker in the issue stated that "the end of the track of the Union Pacific Railroad was within fifty-five miles of Cheyenne and would arrive by the middle of October. The 30th Infantry, under the command of General Stevenson, moved its tents and other equipage up the creek to the military reservation and construction was immediately begun. Bids for lumber were advertised in the Denver newspapers and a contractor by the name of J. Mason began freighting in the materials. Green lumber eighty dollars per thousand; seasoned lumber ninety dollars per thousand, clear lumber one hundred dollars per thousand, dressed one hundred ten dollars per thousand and shingles twelve dollars per thousand. On November 23rd, the road bed for the railroad siding to the Cheyenne Depot was begun, and on December 10th the construction train and track crews of Dan Casement's outfit laid the two mile length of track, thus putting Camp Carlin and Fort D. A. Russell on the Union Pacific."

The Cheyenne Depot was situated one and one-half miles west of Cheyenne on Crow Creek, or about half way between what was then the Boundaries of Cheyenne and Fort D. A. Russell-Along the north bank of Crow Creek were the large corrals, stables, and hay stacks. The harness, carpenter, blacksmith, wheelright and other shops lay to the north, and west of them and easterly were the sales store, cook and bunk houses and wagon-sheds. The Union Pacific spur lay north of all these servicing the warehouses. Farther to the North and on top of a higher hill were erected three officers quarters. Along the north bank of the creek to the east of the corrals and shops civilian superintendents lived. All the buildings were built of wood and painted a drab brown. One hundred wagons and five pack trains operated from the depot and a thousand mules were always in the corrals. At one time twenty-five hundred animals were under its care. Camp Carlin was the second largest Quartermaster Depot in the United States until the railroad supplanted the mule and wagon, and it then passed out of existence.

From the Carlin warehouses were shipped to points five hundred miles distant the materials and supplies that were needed to equip and house the officers and men who were stationed at outlying Forts, established to protect the few white settlers and control the Indian uprisings. In the Wyoming Territory these Posts were: Fort D. A. Russell, Fort Sanders, Fort Fred Steele, Fort Bridger, Fort Washakie, Fort Fetterman, Fort Laramie, Fort McKenzie, Rock Creek Station. In Nebraska: Fort Sidney, Fort Omaha, Fort Robinson; In Utah—Fort Douglas; In Idaho—Fort

Hall; and in the last years before being abandoned—Meeker, Colorado, after the Thornburg Massacre which will be mentioned later. In addition to supplying these Forts and their Field Detachments, Carlin likewise furnished annuity goods to the many Indian tribes that had made treaties with the United States. Under the treaties the Indians received such items as food, clothing, bedding, tobacco, to mention but a few. Cataloging here the articles warehoused would be endless, as one can readily imagine the quantities and varieties of items needed and stored to maintain fourteen outposts, their field detachments, as well as thousands of Indians.

In a letter to H. H. Bancroft dated November 14, 1884, J. F. Jenkins Captain of the Commissary, United States Army, Spanish American War, writes, "I went to work in the Indian Department at Camp Carlin in 1876 when everywhere there was Indian talk and movements to suppress the warring Indians—I saw one thousand mules unloaded that day and seven thousand tons of hay. The first work I did was to receive goods for the Indians consisting of flour, beans, rice, bacon, salt port, baking powder, calico for dresses, cloth for shirts, bales of blankets, tobacco and thread. One shipment consisted of one million six thousand pounds. This was freighted to the Red Cloud and the Spotted Tail agencies in Northern Nebraska."

To run the Depot some ten to twelve hundred civilians were employed filling jobs as teamsters, packers, laborers, and artisans. Many of the civilian employees were drifters following the Union Pacific tracks on their wasy to the west, northwest or Alaska to seek their fortunes. One Marcus Daly, a mule skinner, later amassed a fortune in Montana. Some artisans like Conroy, Crowley and Fitzgerald, blacksmith, carpenter and harness man, liked the Cheyenne settlement so well that after Carlin passed out of existence, made Cheyenne their home, and today their descendants are among its citizens—The late E. T. Logan's father was sent out from St. Louis in 1868 to manage the Ordnance Department, where he remained until 1874, at which time he resigned to open a small repair and hardware shop in Cheyenne. C. P. Organ, while a superintendent at Carlin, had such great hopes that Cheyenne would one day become a farming community that he had constructed a six mile ditch from Crow Creek about a mile and one-half west of Fort Russell around Cheyenne to some land he owned to the east. It was his belief that he could take the headwaters from Crow Creek to his land, but there was never a sufficient head of water except during a flood to make the ditch a success.

How the first skilled artisan came to be employed at Camp Carlin is an interesting sidelight. The Conroys, as an example, who had settled in western Nebraska and were operating a stage-stop, received word of an Indian uprising which was sweeping through the area and that lonely settlements were being attacked.

Conroy, realizing that he could not stand off such a raid, packed up his family and followed the railroad west. One afternoon as they were making camp along Crow Creek between Cheyenne and Carlin, Colonel Carling, as was his custom, rode amongst the campers hiring all the able bodied men who wanted work. When he learned that Conroy had been a blacksmith at one time he offered him one hundred twenty gold pieces to work at the Camp. Skilled help was difficult to hire in those days, and to keep the wagons and harness alone in repair fourteen to sixteen blacksmiths and eight to ten harness workers were employed.

From Carlin went scheduled wagon and mule trains to the various Forts and Indian Agencies made up of three, four, possibly six hundred pack mules, each carrying two to three hundred pounds of supplies and ten to thirty four to six-mule wagons. Records do not show the number of men involved in such a movement but it must have been sizeable. There were the mule team drivers, wagon drivers, the packmakers, the cooks, military escorts and the escort wagon which was similar to our modern day ambulance. A stage coach often accompanied the train for the military protection. The "bell mare", a grey or white animal with a bell around her neck, lead the procession, and there were always several replacements so that when one played out another took its place.

The pack train was divided into sections according to the type of supplies—ammunition forward—food center—household equipment and clothing to the rear, followed by the wagons with perhaps hay, building materials, furniture, and last, of course, the camp wagon. In the earliest days of the Depot many trips were made solely by mule team as trails and bridges had not been built and there were many places that the wagons could not go. As routes were established to the Forts camp sites sprang up from use where water and wood were plentiful at some twenty-five mile intervals. In addition to the scheduled shipments to the Forts and Indian Agencies, emergencies supplies were constantly needed by the field troops sent out from any of the many forts to subdue the warring Indians.

Like our G I's of today, the fifteen to sixteen hand mules were kept in condition with practice runs starting about nine in the morning and ending about four in the afternoon. These exercises were simulated to the last detail, including heavy packs filled with hay, to the regular trips to observe the mules' behavior and acquaint the animals with all types of conditions as well as to train new personnel. Many of the children, Bill Haas recalls, at Carlin and Cheyenne went along on these trips for the excitement.

There were no social activities at the Camp for the personnel. The few officers who were in command had at their disposal the functions at Russell. There were no churches, hospitals, schools, guardhouses or Community buildings of any type. A sales store

was maintained where the employees could purchase foods and a few other necessities, with a bar in the rear where one could buy a drink for fifteen cents—two for a quarter. The week days were full with regular duties. Every Sunday, T. Joe Cahill remembers, the women prepared quantities of food prior to going to church to Cheyenne with the rest of the family. . On these afternoons open houses were held and everyone called on each other. Life was routine from all aspects, and the only incident of any consequence was found in an article in the Cheyenne Sun, dated Sunday, July 1, 1890, entitled—"Memories of Camp Carlin", from which the following is quoted. "About the only thing that ever occurred at the camp out of the usual run of daily life was a duel that was fought about 1869 between Superintendent Botchford and Lt. Mason. They had a quarrel and the Lt. brought two revolvers to Botchford, telling him to take one and fight it out. Botchford declined, saying he would get one of his own pistols, which he did. There were seconds. They stood about 30 paces apart and fired. Botchford shot the Lt. in the abdomen, from which he died immediately. Botchford gave himself up to the police, was tried and acquitted."

The few records about Camp Carlin do not show the various officers in command or their aides. Two of the latter were a Major Lord and a Captain Humphrey, both of whom were well known to the residents of Cheyenne. The latter became Quartermaster General of the Army and won distinction and prominence during the Spanish American War.

One of the last big supply movements from the Cheyenne Depot was made at the time of the Thornburg Massacre, which took place in northwestern Colorado—Meeker, an Indian Agent for the Utes, and his family had been killed by the Indians. Troops were rushed to check the uprising. Supplies, mule teams, wagons, drivers and packers were sent out from Carlin via the Union Pacific Railroad to Rawlins, where they detrained and moved into the Ute Territory. Major Thornburg planned and led the attack; although counseled that his plan was folly, Thornburg nevertheless carried it out, resulting in heavy losses to the military.

In May 1890, Cheyenne Depot was abandoned. Orders from Washington stated complete demolition of the Camp. All the buildings were sold on site for approximately $50.00 each to be demolished or moved away at the purchasers' expense. Major Lord's house now stands at 22nd and Thomes.

In 1935 the location of the Carlin cemetery was established when workmen uncovered four caskets while laying a watermain at 906 Dodge Court. The unmarked graves were but two feet under ground and were moved to Lakeview Cemetery.

Today nothing remains of the Cheyenne Depot. Erosion and time have worn away trails, building sites, and have even changed the topography so completely that the few remaining early settlers

cannot point out the various locations of the buildings without the aid of a map. The last cottonwood tree which shaded the Commanding Officer's house was felled several years ago—and only a bronze plaque which was placed by the local chapter of the D. A. R. shows the site of this once important Quartermaster Depot.

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

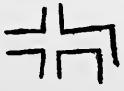
PART III—THE WOLFERS

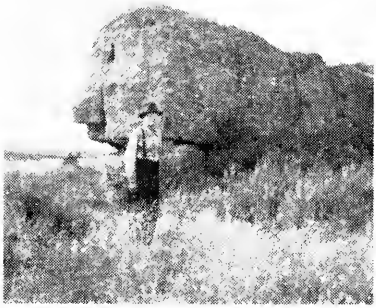
The large gray timber wolf followed the buffalo herds into the Hole-in-the-Wall. As he sat outlined against the sky on the crest of the trail, sending forth into that vast emptiness his unearthly, eerie wolf call, little did he realize that here, he, too, like the Cheyenne Indian, was doomed to keep his date with destiny at the hands of the white man. Tearing viciously at the hindquarters of the still-live buffalo calf, he felt secure in this big valley with its many hidden den-places and its water and grass, where wild game fed contentedly—wild game of all kinds upon which to satisfy his rapacious appetite. Being the most fierce and most powerful of the predatory animals he had no natural enemies, so thrived and multiplied and was content. No one of importance had heard the agonized bawling of the buffalo calf, its tortured cry being only a brief tragicalness in the ever-present mysteriousness of the Hole-in-the-Wall.

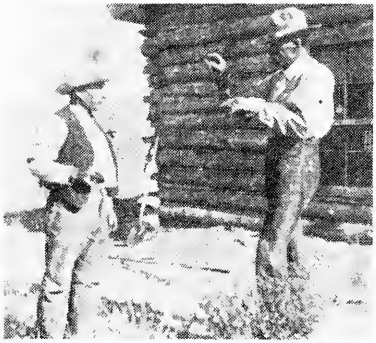
The Indian in his comings and goings caused little disturbance —he made no commotion or big noise. We know the wolf figured prominently in the life of the Sioux and Cheyenne, for in their pictographs in the Hole-in-the-Wall are many wolves.[1] Also we are made aware of this fact by the frequency in which "wolf" is used in their names, (especially among the Cheyennes who had many outstanding chiefs by name of Wolf, such as Little Wolf, Yellow Wolf, Lean Wolf, and Lone Wolf, etc.)

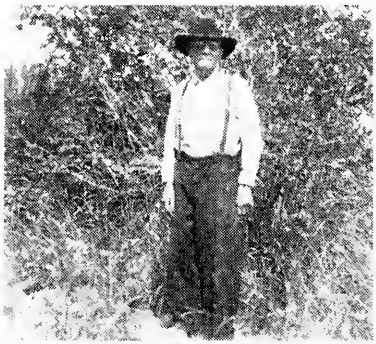
In the beginning the wolf was killed only for purposes of ornamentation. Indian attire was either symbolic or decorative—never, not even primarily, to cover nakedness. It was designed individually to satisfy each wearer's artistic need, or to suit his own particular fancy (and therefore was an excellent designation of character.) The Cheyenne prized personal bravery, therefore constantly wore articles of dress accentuating this trait. The wolf, being sagacious, fleet of foot, and almost uncanny in its power of

1. Wolf pictograph









1. Wild Cat Sam Abernathy.
2. Herbert Andrus and "Old Man Murphy."
3. Murphy Creek Crossing just east of "Old Man Murphy" face.
4. Shortie (John) Wheelwright *(left)* and "Poison Joe" James.
5. Herbert Andrus of Kaycee, one of the first wolfers in the Hole-in-the-Wall.

—Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit

endurance, appealed greatly to the Indian mind, so the wolf tail, head or feet were very desirable for personal adornment. Little Wolf, a noted Cheyenne warrior, wore wolf tails suspended from the back of his breech-clout to denote strength and bravery. It meant that he was not only a powerful fighter but also in an emergency had the fleetness and endurance to escape from the enemy and survive any ensuing hardships. Many tribes had spectacular wolf dances in which the entire hide was used. The wolf was a sacred being whose calls the Indian learned and whose ways he watched and mimicked.

According to George Bird Grinnell the Cheyenne built traps to catch the smaller wolves. First he constructed a little trench in the ground over which was built a mound of willow twigs, thrust into the ground on either side of the trench and bent in a half circle. Over this mound was placed grass and earth and more grass. Leading up to the opening of the mound a little fence-like structure was built on either side, and just inside the opening itself a deadfall of the ordinary type was arranged (the fall log and bottom log being lodge pole pine). For bait he used a bit of tallow slightly roasted which was placed on a bone spindle. A pull on the bait dislodged the spindle and first the supporting stick and then the log fell on the animal's neck or back, killing it. To lure the animal to the trap, the hunter went off a little distance and gave the wolf call which he had thoroughly mastered.

As the buffalo herds became depleted, of necessity the Indian turned more and more to the large timber wolf to supply his never-ending need for strong, tough hides. Sewed together with sinew they were almost as good as buffalo skins.[2] The white wolf hide was greatly prized, not so much because of its rarity and beauty, as for its sacredness as a symbol of power, sagacity and physical strength. So, it is truly seen that the wolf population had little to fear at the hand of the Indian.

However, a change came with the passing of the years. Peace no longer reigned on the Powder River, for the white man had entered the scene and wherever he came things changed and there was trouble—much trouble in the satisfying of his greed and his need for ever-new adventure.

The falling-off of the big buffalo hunting and beaver trapping days and the ending of Indian warfare in the West left many white men stranded in a hostile country—men, who for reasons known only to themselves, did not wish to return to their former life. Many turned to wolfing. Generally alone, trappers ranged the whole Powder River country. It is a common matter of conjec-

2. Among the Sioux Indians were found wolf robes on which were painted pictographs forming a crude sort of chronology system for recording events.

ture why these men voluntarily adopted means of livelihood so full of danger, and how it was possible for most of them to escape death in such a perilous environment; but really it isn't hard to understand—there wasn't much choice as to ways of earning a living in those days in this place; and only the hardy, tough, fearless men remained in the West. The wolfers were all rugged individualists, by nature rebels, wanting to escape conformity to the dullness of conventional living—men who loved freedom and adventure and hated restraint of any kind. Wolfing was not only lucrative, it was also exciting. What more could be desired?[3]

Of a certainty these early wolfers were not glamorous-looking characters, nor could they, in themselves, demand a prominent place in history. Perhaps their only claim to greatness lay in their diversity of personalities—so typical of the times. They added a touch of interest and color, a bit of variance to the "over-all" picture of early days. They were indeed a motley crew —some educated, some illiterate, some humorous or queer, and others just plain cruel and dangerous.

The first wolfers we hear about in Johnson County were connected with Fort Reno. This fort on the Middle Fork of Powder River during its short and scantily-recorded period of existence harbored many stalwart wolfers, whose visits were not only welcomed but solicited; for the wolves, in large numbers, presented a constant threat to the horses of the post. A lonely little pile of rocks about a quarter of a mile northwest of the fort site marks the grave of a wolfer whose fearlessness availed him naught against the Sioux arrow that so swiftly and unexpectedly pierced his breast as he skinned the wolf he'd shot.[4]

"Shortie" (John) Wheelwright was one of the best remembered early trappers in the Hole-in-the-Wall—he was decidedly outstanding because of his toughness and his successfulness in getting wolves. Shortie first came to Wyoming in 1876 as a mule-skinner in a government freighting outfit hauling supplies to General Crook. Frank Grouard, head scout under Crook, was instrumental in getting Shortie hired as a scout, too, because he spoke the Sioux tongue as fluently as an Indian. Pursuing Indians in and out of the Hole-in-the-Wall with Crook and Grouard, Shortie became very familiar with the Powder River country and liked it so well he stayed on after the Indian Wars, building himself a cabin on the slope west of the red wall where he trapped wolves.

Shortie was a Canadian from the Red River area. He'd had

3. It was in 1866-67 that wolf pelts first became valuable—from then on there was a good market for them. Wolfers often made 3 or 4 thousand dollars a year—big money then. But they, for the most part, spent it foolishly—drinking and gambling.

4. Little is known of this man, other than he was killed by a Sioux—he was the only wolfer I know of killed while pursuing his trade.

first-hand experience trapping there and in Minnesota. He was a short little fellow, round-faced with a close-cropped mustache and gray gimlet eyes, sharp as nails. He was built compact and solid—even his fingers were short and stubby. His walk was peculiar. He might have had a broomstick for a back bone so straight and stiff was his posture. He never turned his head like ordinary people; there wasn't even the slightest expression on his face. He was always clean-shaven however; carried an old gray granite cup along to shave with—used cold water and plain old soap. There was no doubt about his being a dangerous fellow—he drank and gambled and was "touchy as a garter snake" about accepting favors from anyone. Nobody crossed Shortie when he was drinking—that is, not safely—for he'd shoot a man as quickly as he'd hatchet a wolf. Yet he was loyal to his friends and always liked children—truly a queer mixture of a man.

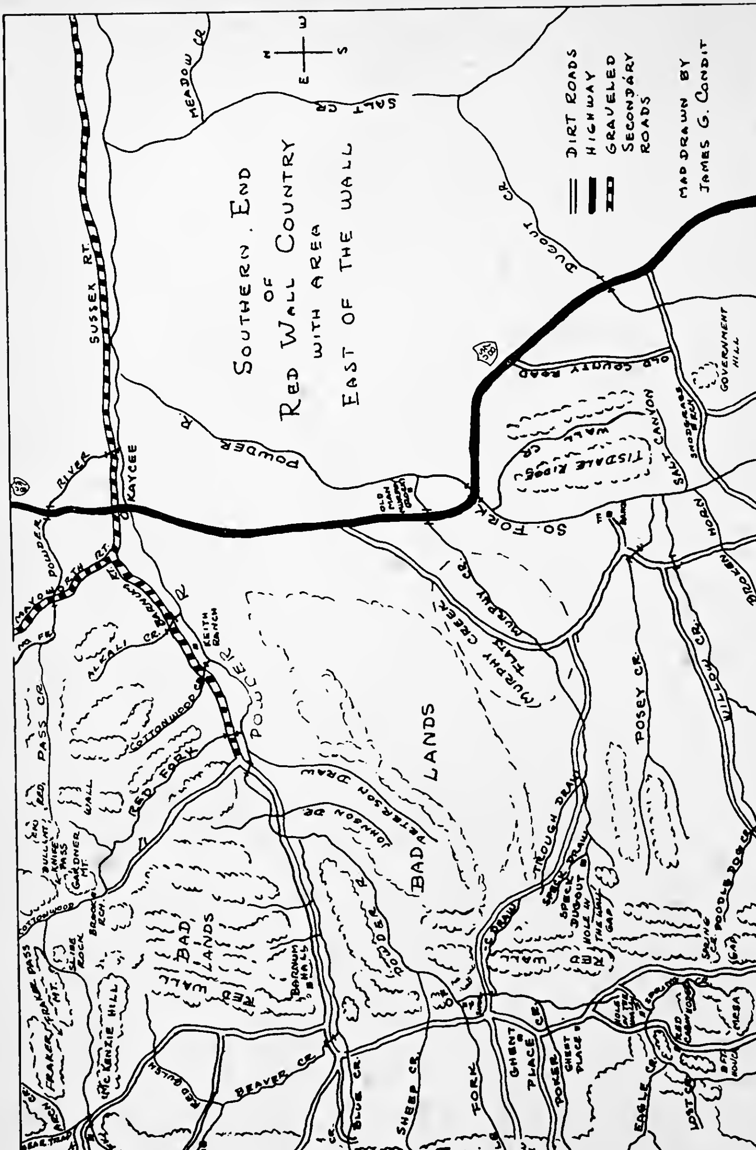
He rode a big, tall, black horse called "Hooligan"—it was quite a sight to see the stubby short-legged man on the tall, lean horse loaded down with traps.

One fall Shortie got 600 wolves, mostly in traps. He'd never shoot a wolf caught in a trap but pushed close enough to the end of the chain to hit him with his hatchet. One bitterly cold winter day he found a huge female in one of his traps—she was definitely on the fight, lunging savagely on the chain. Shortie began cautiously pulling in the chain and when he figured he had her at the end of it he raised his hatchet to finish her off—but she was a cute one and had saved enough chain to enable her to give one mighty lunge. She viciously tore at his upraised arm ripping through his heavy clothing into the flesh and knocking him down. Shortie quickly rolled out of reach and grabbed his six shooter and shot her. (Shortie died at the age of 99, a ward of Johnson County—he was practically blind and very unhappy to end his days so ignobly.) He never did seem able to adjust to the changing times—he forever belonged to the old frontier.

Herbert Andrus, an old time resident of Kaycee, tells many interesting accounts of his trapping experiences in this area, which he says are, by far, the most eventful years of his life. He came to the Powder River country as a young wolfer from Fort Custer. He says, "There was money in trapping wolves in those days—it was big business—wolf robes were valuable and very serviceable, several being sewed together and lined with an army blanket."

Andrus, upon arrival, established headquarters of sorts at the Circle F Ranch (old Willow Glen Ranch) on Beaver Creek, a tributary of the South Fork of Crazy Woman Creek. From there he trapped in the Murphy Creek and Hole-in-the-Wall areas, often using as a secondary camp a spot on the Middle Fork of Powder River on the old John Nolan ranch across the river from present-day Kaycee.

Richard Car, an Englishman, and Henry James, from Wales,


Southern End of Red Wall Country with Area East of the Wall
Dirt Roads
Highway
Graveled Secondary Roads
Map drawn by James G. Condit
N
S
E
W
Sussex Rt.
Kaycee
Powder River
Salt Cr.
Meadow Cr.
Dugout Cr.
Old County Road
Government Hill
Tisdale Ridge
Salt Canyon
Wall Cr.
So. Fork
Murphy Cr.
Murphy Flat Creek
Bad Lands
Posey Cr.
Willow Cr.
Broken Horn
Trough Draw
Peterson Draw
Johnson Dr.
Red Fork
Cottonwood Cr.
Alkali Cr.
Barnum
Keith Ranch
Powder R.
Red Wall
McKenzie Hill
Beaver Cr.
Blue Cr.
Sheep Cr.
Red Gulch
Big Horn Mts.
Middle Fork
Ghent Place
Poker
Eagle Cr.
Lost Cr.
Outlaw Cave
Hole in the Wall Gap
Poodle Rose
Mesa

ran the Circle F. They raised blooded livestock, mostly horses, and were considered prosperous. Their ranch had become a favorite stopping place, sort of a road ranch, probably, for Dick Car was an interesting fellow—very friendly—so many noteworthy persons were attracted to the Circle F because of this genial atmosphere.

It was here that Andrus met Sam Abernathy (Wild Cat Sam), who was a wolfer from North Platte, Nebraska. It was the beginning of a firm friendship which resulted in many memorable wolfing trips into the later famous Red Wall country.

Sam was a terrific rifle shot—his nerves and eyesight perfect. He'd invariably make bead-shots on game at extreme ranges. He had peculiar round eyes (like marbles) and when shaven his facial expression resembled that of a wildcat; so Dick Car, who had a keen sense of humor, nicknamed him Wild Cat Sam. Sam was truly a unique character—he could neither read nor write. This lack of education coupled with the propensity to spin yarns often made him appear ludicrous. However, there was nothing wrong with Sam—he was good-hearted and one of the most expert trappers that ever hit the Powder. It was understandable why Andrus, then a boy of 16, was attracted to Sam, who was warm-hearted and willing to help a boy. Mr. Andrus said "The more you could learn in those days made it that much better for you to get along."

Sam's tall tales would fill a book—(he was Johnson County's Paul Bunyan)—and certainly furnished plenty of merriment for those associating with him around the wolfer's camp fires.[5]

Sam said of himself once, "I'm not pretty, but I'm hell for strong." In spite of his windiness Sam's expert shooting gained him the respect of his companions—they knew he wasn't one to be trifled with in a pinch.

Andrus and Sam followed the wolf trails west from Murphy Creek into the Hole-in-the-Wall. A well-known early day land mark is still in evidence just below the South Fork of Powder River crossing on the old county road south of Kaycee, where Murphy Creek used to flow into South Fork of the Powder (see picture and map). It's a large bank-like, gumbo structure, whose south end in relief looks like an old Irishman's face. The wolfers

5. One of Sam's tales: "One morning I was leading my pack horses, 'moseying' along—the sun was just comin' up—I stopped to look around for somethin' for breakfast. Pretty soon I seen a grouse sitting on a hill; so I drew a bead on it and darned if the danged thing hadn't flown into a tree, a sitting there as pretty as you please. I emptied my danged gun on that fool grouse and be darned if it weren't still sitting in that tree. Finally come to find out it was a louse on my own eyebrow—every time I'd squint it'd come down hangin' loose over my shootin' eye. Sure had me wonderin' for awhile."

started calling it "Old Man Murphy."[6] "Old Man Murphy" is still there—easily found on J-U land east of hiway 87, a few miles southeast of Kaycee.

Andrus and Sam covered their territory on saddle horses with a couple of pack horses to carry their tents, bedding and trapping gear. They always owned the best of rifles and a revolver, hunting knife and hatchet, and a buffalo robe if it could be managed.

The first thing to be done was to prepare their camp against the weather. Often they built a dug-out covered with brush, which was warmer than a tent in severe weather. From this permanent camp they'd ride their trap line, which was in a big circle covering many miles and presenting many hazards and difficulties. Traps and carcasses would be stolen—(mostly by Indians, who hated the wolfers because many of their dogs took the poisoned baits); badweather would bring suffering (often the wolf carcasses would be frozen in the snow and have to be chopped out and carried to camp to thaw before skinning); and sometimes their horses would stray or be stolen. "But we always had good grub," said Andrus. "Bacon, coffee and beans and always meat—plenty of wild game."

There was much work involved in preparing wolf bait. A "must" was fish oil, the "king of stinks," which was made by filling a jar with little minnows and setting in the sun to bring out the oil. To this was added a few drops of oil of rhodium, which had a peculiar attraction for wolves. Also a drop or two of the oil of annis was put in, as well as some dried beaver castors (glands) (they were a part of every trapper's equipment—no matter how they might disagree on other ingredients.) This scent mixture was used with a "bleached-bone set" on a cut bank on a regular wolf run. Wild Cat Sam taught Andrus to set 2 traps on a bank. When caught, the wolf's first impulse was to jump over the ledge. The next wolf, not able to see him, thus entirely unaware of any danger, would get caught in like manner in the second trap. So the men would come along and find two wolves hanging over a ledge, each caught by a foot. This type of set had another advantage—the wolf in such a position had less chance of uprooting a trap in his struggle to get away, his efforts being quite useless.

The first wolfers made no attempt to seek out the dens—their primary concern was money from pelts—not extermination of the wolf. Mr. Andrus said it was hard to believe the number of wolves running on the Powder at that time. He and Sam had a

6. Just to the left of the face is the famous old Murphy Creek freight road crossing. It was the one dreaded spot for freighters, being the worst mud-hole on the whole route. Mr. Andrus said, "If you ever wanted a freighter, you could always find one stuck in the Murphy Creek crossing pounding on his mules." One day he and Sam found a freighter stuck there. He had on 3 barrels of whiskey and 2 boxes of prunes. Sam looked the load over and said, "Who's goin' to eat all them prunes?"

most unusual experience one day while following their trap line on lower Murphy Creek. They were going along an old trail when a nasty storm blew up, forcing them to stop and consider plans for some immediate shelter. They hastily constructed a dug-out on the north bank of the creek, using some old logs for the front (the remains of an old cabin no doubt). They built a fireplace in one end with a chimney of green sticks plastered with dobe mud and used an old piece of canvas for a door. A heavy snow fell that afternoon leaving about 5 inches on the ground by night. Mr. Andrus said, "About 10 o'clock from the dug-out we heard a pack of wolves apparently on Powder River near the mouth of Salt Creek—the howling became louder and louder, appearing from the sound that it was a large pack—two or more joined for the prowl. The howling indicated they were coming up the creek and traveling fast, evidently heading for some particular place. We put out the fire and waited.

"Then more howling was heard—other packs answering from different directions until we counted 7 different packs. The first wolves were now close, and from the sound we estimated there were about 25 or more. Congregating on the flat south of the dug-out, they set up a most terrific howling—some milling around keeping up a continuous baying, and others sitting still uttering one prolonged wolf-howl after another. Two or three, presumably the leaders, gave the peculiar grey wolf-call—a loud booming sound gradually dying away to a long drawn-out wail that seems to tremble clearly on the air to the last faint sound.

"The other packs kept answering and arriving, one at a time, each arrival being greeted by a new outburst of howling. While the dirst roof of the dugout afforded us a lot of protection, it was terrific the way the sound hit our ears. There was continuous movement, howling, snarling and snapping. We hoped for the moon to come out but in this we were disappointed. About 3 A. M. they began to disperse and soon all was quiet. We had the feeling that we had been a party to something few white men were ever fortunate enough to witness. Somehow it gave us a new understanding of wolf nature. We figured several hundred wolves had met that night—many heading back toward the Tisdale Mountains, as we clearly saw by the tracks next morning.

"At first thought it would seem that such a gathering of wolves had been a pre-arranged affair; however the gray wolves in winter traveled in packs usually from 8 to 14—each pack having a particular circle and making the round in about 14 days—seldom varying more than 2 days and often passing a given spot on the circle within 2 hours of its regular time. (It was this peculiar habit of regularity that finally caused the wolf to be wiped out.) These circles naturally overlapped and crossed so that several packs traversed the same territory (but at different times). The baying of a pack of wolves can be heard quite plainly at a distance

of 9 miles under favorable atmospheric conditions, (and no doubt much farther by the sensitive wolf ear) so it is probable that the various packs were attracted by the calls and left their regular run to come to the meeting. You know, there is nothing on earth like a lone wolf call—it makes you draw a little closer to the fire, dig a little deeper into your blanket and shudder, knowing in your heart the many things you'll never know. It brings shivers up and down the stoutest man's spine. Perhaps the wolf, too, even in his animal's sense knows this feeling of the futility of life and is thus sending forth his call of loneliness into the night."

For the really bizarre wolfer we have Rattlesnake Jack. He hung around the Tisdale and May outfit a lot (present TTT ranch, see map). He was a dirty, evil-looking, wizened-up fellow who wore a feather-decorated fur cap the year round. He was extremely dark complexioned—like an Indian and reeked so strongly of wolf scent he could be smelled for miles around. Undoubtedly this was one reason he was so successful as a trapper, he smelled so like his bait. Also this personal filth probably accounted for his safety in carrying rattlesnakes around in his shirt. He'd get drunk, open his shirt front, and out would crawl 2 or 3 huge rattlesnakes. He'd play with and fondle them in utter fearlessness and seemingly without danger to himself. He always had three horses—one which he rode and 2 tailed together which he packed and led. Sometimes he'd be seen with a coyote or wolf pup in a cage on his pack horse. He was a dope fiend which, no doubt, accounted in part for his eccentricity.

Poison Joe James was a wolfer who was well bred and educated. He had studied to be a dentist (to please his mother) but the great open spaces kept calling him—he wanted to be a trapper. He landed in the Hole-in-the-Wall at the time Butch Cassidy's gang was there. He fell in with Cassidy and went on several robbery jobs that didn't amount to much, so he decided he wasn't cut out for an outlaw and took to wolfing as being more to his liking. He built himself a cabin and corral on upper South Fork of Powder and set about going western. He read a lot and drank a lot and got himself 14 saddle ponies and a bunch of traps.

The Indians nicknamed him "Poison Joe." About this time, becoming partially civilized, they found it easier to poison coyotes and wolves rather than ride a trap line. They traded pelts for goods at Ft. Washakie. They got strychnine from the fort. One particular time there was no strychnine to be had, so Joe decided he'd make some easy money. He filled old strychnine bottles with salt and sold them to the Indian for wolf poison. So they called him "Poison Joe." Wasn't long, however, before they got even with him. One morning upon getting out of bed Joe discovered a band of Indians camped out by his corral. He went out to be sociable and in due time spied a very comely Indian maid whom

he decided then and there would make him a good wife. After considerable dickering he finally make the deal to get her for 7 ponies. Everything seemed fine—the maid fulfilled his anticipated expectations and he figured he'd made a good bargain. But after a time duty forced him to tear himself away from his bride to ride his trap line. He reluctantly set out and was gone about a week. Upon his return, to his dismay and chagrin, he found not only his wife gone but his remaining horses and all things loose of any value. So Joe quit trapping and went to moonshining. He was very versatile.

As the big cow outfits came into Johnson County and the country began to settle up, wolf trapping took on a new outlook. No longer was the wolf pelt looked upon as a money-bringer—wolfing now turned into a bitter fight for the extermination of this powerful predator. The wolf, himself, too, now faced an unfavorable outlook. With the coming of the cattle herds, wild game became scarcer and scarcer and his food supply became more and more of a problem. Of cattle and horses there was plenty, it's true, but they had more "fight" in them than the wild creatures and there were far too many men to plan against and watch out for. Change always brings its problems. The wolfer didn't want the dens cleaned out, for the den was his assurance of more hides to sell. (Old Harmon Fraker who was homesteading on the site of the Dull Knife Fight protected his wolf dens at the point of a gun.) The cowman couldn't afford the terrific slaughter of his horses and cattle—for the wolf seemed ever empty and there was no end to his killing.

So the wolfers began signing contracts with the cattlemen wanting to collect the large reward offered for any kind of wolf. Uncannily sensing his danger, the wolf now grew wary preferring for the most part to kill fresh meat rather than take bait. Many things were tried to tempt him—such as putting strychnine in lard and spreading it on bacon rinds. Some wolfers used cubes of mutton tallow about one inch square, inside of which was inserted a 10 grain dose of potassium sulphate, a deadly instantaneous poison. (They used the New House No. 4½ steel trap.) But still the killings went on.

During the summer wolves paired off and lived in the timbered or sheltered places subsisting on food near at hand, if possible. (Wolves mated for life—as long as each lived.) As soon as it turned cold they collected in packs under a wolf dog leader. When attacking they separated into three groups; one slipping in between the main herd and a small bunch they desired to cut off; the second, under the guidance of the leader, would move straight to the head of the chosen victim; while the third group acted as rear guard—thus completely surrounding their prey. Those under the leader would seize the muzzle of the quarry while the rear

guard slipped up and hamstrung him. The victim, being thus helpless, was easily downed and devoured.

These huge wolves weighed from 125 to 150 pounds and were prolific breeders—having from 10 to 12 whelps to the litter. Being very fleet of foot, it was seldom possible to get a killing shot at one. The infuriating thing about their attacks, especially when in pairs, was the fact that they ate only the choice part of the animal, leaving the rest to the buzzards and magpies. (When running in packs, if not disturbed, they cleaned the carcass.)

So the wolfers, ranchers and government trappers began seeking out the dens when the pups were about a month old. (Pups were born in late April or early May.) This was slow, tedious work, considering the rugged, broken terrain of the Hole-in-the-Wall country and discouraged many of the wolfers who preferred the more exciting method of earlier days.

In the early 1900's the wolves were being driven out of Canada and came drifting down this way. Their ferocity and audacity was almost unbelievable. The late J. Elmer Brock told some very exciting and alarming experiences they had with wolves on their ranch east of EK Mountain.

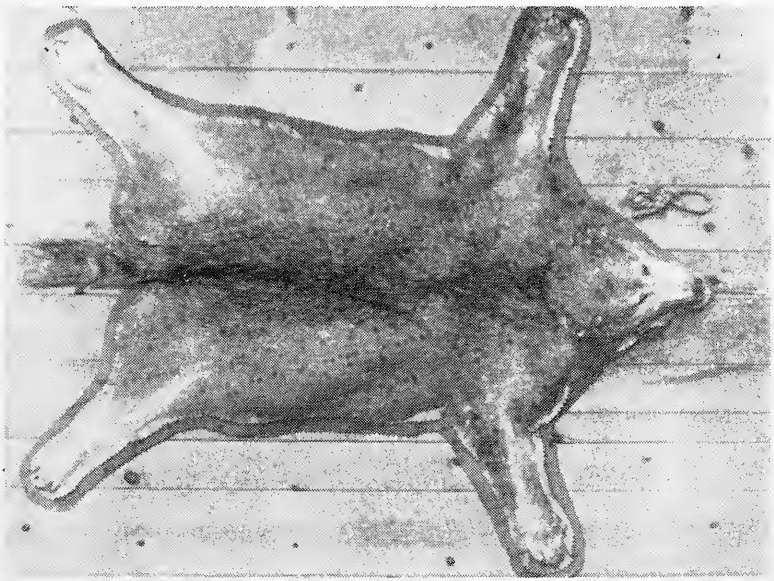
One day the wolves had the cattle bunched up between the barn and the house, the poor critters in their panic crowding close to the buildings. One yearling calf escaped the vicious onslaught, only to die on the front door step with his entrails hanging out. The wolves in their fiendish hunger threw caution to the winds.

Another time twelve or more grown hogs were killed on their way to the house, being forced in from the fields nearby by the attacking wolves.

Elmer Brock always kept a grain-fed horse ready in the barn at all times preparatory to chasing wolves on a minute's notice. There was one male wolf killing his colts. Horseflesh was valuable in those days and it was a most nauseating sight to see a fine colt gutted and left, with only a few mouthfuls eaten. Elmer spent some time watching this wolf's route and one day circumstances broke right for the chase. Elmer preferred trailing alone—it was far less confusing and more advantageous for a good shot. He rode his favorite and most trusted roping horse which had plenty of speed and endurance. It wasn't too long before he drew near enough for a long range shot, but the bullet only struck and broke one hind leg. Continuing the pursuit and coming closer, Elmer saw that the wolf was truly a fine specimen—a beautiful creature in spite of his vicious habits. It seemed a shame to shoot him and ruin the hide (for the only ammunition he had with him was the explosive type). Mounted wolf hides were very popular as rugs and couch covers and of a certainty this beast's pelt would make a rug worth owning; so Elmer suddenly decided to rope the wolf. He was an expert roper and his horse was one of the best.

He immediately gave chase which wasn't difficult since the wounded wolf couldn't make the usual head-way. As you can imagine, Elmer felt a thrill of exultation as his loop slipped over the wolf's head and tightened as his horse backed off. But the wolf was not to be so easily captured. He promptly turned his head and with his powerful jaws bit the rope in two just below the honda; and now free took off as fast as his hanging, useless leg permitted. Elmer, not to be undone, made another honda and took after the wolf, which he roped a second time. And a second time the wolf snapped the rope in his teeth as if it were nothing. This was repeated until there was no more rope, but by that time the wolf was about played out. Pretty soon he stopped on a little rise, so exhausted he lay down. Elmer withdrew a short distance and waited, holding a bead on him, hoping eventually for a favorable shot. After a time the wolf raised up facing the gun and the bullet landed in his chest.

Elmer was justly proud of his catch for the wolf was a monster. When the wolf was skinned, he held it as high as he could reach with some of the pelt doubled over his hand, and it touched the ground (Elmer was 6 ft. tall). The mounted hide along with the bitten honda now adorns the wall in the living room of the Brock Livestock Company ranch house where Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hanson live (she was Margaret Brock, Elmer's daughter). Part of the



Wolf killed by J. Elmer Brock. Note chewed rope. *Courtesy Mrs. Dan Hanson*

tail has fallen off and the hide has shrunk through the years, but it still measures over 7 feet from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. (See picture).

A man by the name of Harry Williams was one of the last professional wolf hunters on the Powder River. He used to come often to visit with the Brocks and Mart Tisdale. Elmer, Mart and Harry spent hours trying out each other's rifles—often swapping guns. Harry was a government trapper and got to be quite deaf from shooting wolves in dens. He said, "Nine times out of ten you could tie a female up when you cornered her in the den—the cave being the last retreat she just sort of 'gave up'." Sometimes, however, he had to kill one, and this close-quarter shooting was hard on ears.

Harry would follow a wolf till he got him, no matter how long it took. He had one experience that really made him mad. He'd tracked a wolf for days—until both he and his horse were played out and his grub gone—and then in a final exhausting burst of speed when he at last came close enough and had his rifle raised for the longed-for shot, he heard a ping and he saw his quarry drop dead in its tracks. At the same moment a homesteader's kid on a spotted pony came nonchalantly riding along from behind a hill and claimed the wolf which he'd shot with his "22". He'd spied the lagging wolf and finished him off with no effort at all, and of course he collected the reward. (Harry couldn't have gotten it anyway, for he was trapping for Uncle Sam.)

Around 1910 most of the wolves were gone, except a pair on Blue Creek. The male had been caught in a trap by a foot sometime or other and was plenty educated. His foot was all spread out and deformed so they got to calling him "Big Foot." He and his mate denned about a mile west of the Blue Creek Ranch, site of old George Curry (outlaw) ranch, and ranged from Buffalo Creek on the south to the North Fork of Powder on the north and east to Murphy Creek. The pair would kill as high as 15 head of yearlings in a night. The ranchers in the area finally offered a reward of $1000 for Big Foot (he was the killer) and $500 for his mate. L. R. A. Condit, who'd bought the Union Cattle Company on Beaver Creek (present D+ Cattle Company Ranch), and Jim Stubbs, of the Blue Creek outfit, bought some hounds to trail wolves. Every spare day some one was trailing them, but the hounds were either afraid of the wolves when cornered or else preferred to chase deer and rabbits.

So Big Foot and his mate went their own way—couldn't get them near a trap or bait and they were too clever to get in a place to be shot at. In 1915 a fellow by the name of John Torrence hired out as a ranch hand at Condit's. He did ranch work in

summer and trapped in the winter time.[7] John was an energetic, little, dark-haired fellow with one crossed eye. At first glance he seemed all mouth and teeth, so large were they in proportion to the rest of him and the gold plate work in front showed up conspicuously when he smiled, which was often. John loved nothing better than chasing wolves.

One 4th of July a cowpuncher rode in saying Big Foot had been seen over in the Buffalo Creek area where he'd done a bad killing job. John decided to forego the 4th of July picnic and celebration and go wolfing. He rode Jeff, a little, short, heavy-legged black horse belonging to the Condit outfit. He was hard as nails and could take a long jaunt. After a fatiguing day's ride on Buffalo Creek John, toward evening, headed out over the trail onto the head of Murphy Creek. To his keen joy, he spotted Big Foot galloping over a ridge at the head of the draw about 300 yards away, running straight from him. John let the lead go and the bullet landed behind Big Foot, tearing up a blinding cloud of dust that momentarily stopped the wolf. That split second pause was unlucky, for John, raising his sights, instantaneously fired the second shot which struck him in the back of the head.

This, then, was the end of wolf days in the Hole-in-the-Wall. John collected the reward and later became a government trapper of coyotes and bobcats (who took over the wolf's job of preying on livestock).

The wolfer is gone. His pack is thrown aside and his old battered coffee pot hangs on a broken limb. But he is to be remembered with envy, not so much because of his courage in blazing the trails into the Hole-in-the-Wall country and thus paving the way for the future ranchers, as for his absolute independence. For he, alone, of all white men, I believe, achieved the thing he most desired, the opportunity to live a life of complete freedom, unrestrained, uninhibited and beholden to none.

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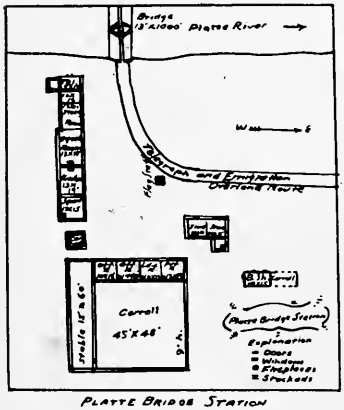
7. Then every man was doing a little trapping on the side—coyotes, bobcats and wolves—earning a little extra money for the kids' Christmas or something to supplement wages which were low. The pelts were sent to Sears, Roebuck and Co.

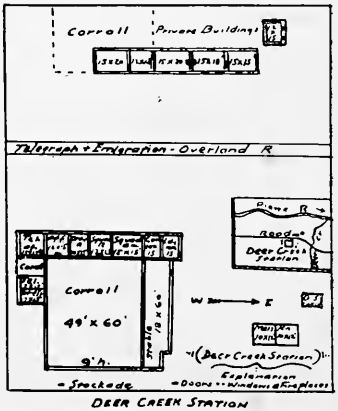
OREGON TRAIL TREK No. 3

— May 30, 1954 —

Maurine Carley, Historian



PLATTE BRIDGE STATION



DEER CREEK STATION

THESE SKETCHES WERE COPIED BY L.C. BISHOP IN APR. 1935 FROM THE ORIGINALS SENT TO HIS MOTHER BY LIEUT. CASPAR COLLINS THE WINTERS OF 1863 AND 1864.

Oregon Trail Trek No. Three

Compiled by

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

May 30, 1954

109 Participants - - - - - - - - - - 25 cars

Note: *Numbers preceding "M" indicate miles on the map west from the Nebraska-Wyoming line.* Old Fort Laramie is 33 M. The marker where the Trek started May 30th was 107½ M. While about 90% of the old trail is plain from the starting point to Deer Creek Station (now Glenrock) it was necessary to travel mostly on present day roads to avoid fences and ditches.

OFFICERS

General R. L. Esmay	in command of military escort
Col. W. R. Bradley	Captain of caravan
Maj. H. W. Lloyd	Sergeant of Guard and Registrar
Frank Murphy	Wagon Boss
Albert Sims	Assistant Wagon Boss
Mate N. Wheeler	Assistant Wagon Boss
Maurine Carley	Historian
E. P. Hanway	Photographer and Press
Red Kelso	Photographer and Press
Keith Rider	Photographer and Press
Colonel A. R. Boyack	Chaplain
Glenn A. Conner	Trumpeter

9:00 A.M. The Caravan left the La Bonte Hotel in Douglas.

9:30 A.M. Arrived at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (107½ M.) located about 150 feet south of where the main Oregon Trail crosses the present Natural Bridge road. Clement Ayres who has lived all of his life near here, told about the surrounding country.

9:45 A.M. Arrived at the beautiful AYRES NATURAL BRIDGE PARK.

9:55 A.M. Departed from the Natural Bridge Park.

10:20 A.M. Arrived at a point (109½ M.) where two branches of the old road met. Here the trail crossed the La Prele-Box Elder Divide. Frank Murphy pointed out the Rock Creek-Lower La Prele road that was used after the country was fenced.

10:30 A.M. Departed from 109½ M.

10:50 A.M. Arrived at five pioneer graves (113 M.) on a divide just south of the trail, about three quarters of a mile west of where it crossed Little Box Elder Creek. Mr. W. W. Morrison told of the massacre of four men and a small girl, and about the burning of six wagons by Indians, which took place near that spot in July 1864. (The remains of the four men—Mr. Sharp, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Franklin and Frank (Negro servant) were moved May 15, 1954 from a knoll just west of where the trail crossed Little Box Elder Creek and south of old trail to just south of the grave of Mary Kelly on the divide. Native sandstone markers were placed with the names of the 4 men at the west end of the mass grave and one with the name of the little girl at the west end of her grave.)

Following is the story as told at the grave of Mary Kelly near Little Box Elder Creek Crossing by W. W. Morrison.

On Saturday, May 15th, just two days short of ninety years since their wagons rolled out of Geneva, Kansas, the mortal remains of three members of that wagon train, and the mortal remains of one other were removed to higher ground in the valley of Little Box Elder, Wyoming.

Waters from a new dam when finished will cover the massacre site and the lonely spot where the bodies of four Pioneers lay in a single grave since the 13th day of July, 1864.

Rocks, heaped upon the mound some 40 or 50 feet from the Oregon Trail marked the spot, reminded others in covered wagons passing in the late sixties and early seventies what tragedy might befall them before their journey's end.

After the last wagon passed that way, loneliness mantled the Valley of Little Box Elder. Fences came. Then grass and sage brush grew over the old Trail. As they grew over the Trail, so they grew over the lonely mound. And the seasons and the years passed by.

One summer day in 1945, while following the trail we came to the crossing of Little Box Elder. Having familiarized ourselves pretty well with the Fanny Kelly story we decided to search the valley thoroughly in an effort to locate the graves and the massacre site.

That summer, and four summers thereafter, we returned to the Valley, often spending from daylight until dark there. When satisfied each spot was established, we made wooden markers and erected them at each place so they might not be lost forever, or until such a time as permanent markers might be had. They were, "Little Box Elder Crossing." "The Mass Grave." "Where Mary Fell," and "The grave of little Mary."

Those who know history, know also there are usually two sides to every story. But this one is so full of cowardice, trickery and

deceit by the red man that members of the Ogallala band of the Sioux Nation never have, nor can ever be proud of their Chief Ottawa and his band of 250 warriors, who lay in wait, and attacked a train of 4 wagons consisting of eleven souls, four of which were women and children. They killed the helpless emigrants while they were preparing for the savages, who outnumbered them 25 to 1. Some victory for the Indian braves to gather around their evening campfires and boast about. Here's the story:

In the cool of evening, July 12th, 1864, the wagon train crossed Little Box Elder and was ascending the opposite bank, when suddenly, and without warning a band of Indians, painted and equipped for war, appeared on the bluffs before the emigrants, uttering their wild warwhoops, and firing a signal volley of guns into the air.

Almost before the startled emigrants had a chance to corral their wagons, the main body of Indians were close upon them. Mr. Kelly, leader of the little train, advanced to meet the savage leader and learn his intentions.

His name was Ottawa. He rode forward uttering the words "How! How!" To be more deceitful he struck himself on the breast saying, "Good Indian, me!", and pointing to the others he continued, "Heap Good Indians, hunt buffalo and deer". And then the Indians began to shake hands with all the emigrants.

After a while the chief told them they might move on, and promised that they should not be molested. After the wagons were in motion, the Indians became very familiar and insisted on driving the herd. Mr. Kelly soon called a halt, for he saw they were approaching a rocky glen where he believed they might attack them. The Indians urged them forward but they refused to move.

The savages requested they prepare supper for them. The men thought it best to give them a feast, and each were busy in helping, when the massacre started. Here are the exact words from the lips of Fanny Kelly:-

"Mr. Larimer and Frank were making the fire; Mr. Wakefield was getting provisions out of the wagon; Mr. Taylor was attending to his team; Mr. Kelly and Andy were out some distance gathering wood; Mr. Sharp was distributing sugar among the Indians; supper, that they asked for, was in rapid progress of preparation, when suddenly our terrible enemies threw off their masks and displayed their truly demoniac natures. There was a simultaneous discharge of arms, and when the cloud of smoke cleared away, I could see the retreating form of Mr. Larimer and the slow motion of poor Mr. Wakefield, for he was mortally wounded.

"Mr. Kelly and Andy made a miraculous escape with their lives. Mr. Sharp was killed within a few feet of me. Mr. Taylor

—I never can forget his face as I saw him shot through the forehead with a rifle ball. He looked at me as he fell backward to the ground a corpse. I was the last object that met his dying gaze. Our poor faithful Frank fell at my feet pierced by many arrows."

East of the crossing a wagon came in sight. A lone horseman rode in advance. The chief immediately dispatched a part of his band to capture or cut them off. The horseman was killed immediately. The teamster quickly turned his team, and started them east at full speed. He gave the whip and lines to his wife, who held in her arms a small child, and he went to the rear of his wagon, and, with his revolver, kept the Indians at bay. Several arrows and bullets passed through the wagon-cover, one passing through the sleeve of the child's dress. Finally the Indians left them and rode back to the scene of the murder, where the other Indians were tearing off covers, breaking, crushing and smashing boxes and trunks and distributing goods.

Fanny Kelly and her daughter, Mary, and Mrs. Larimer and her son were led a short distance from the wagons and placed under guard. All of the plunder which the Indians could not carry was gathered into a pile and lighted. The two women were put on horses, and their children behind them, and then the Indians started, leading them northward. Darkness had come when they left the valley of Little Box Elder.

During their ride in the darkness Fanny Kelly planned an escape for little Mary. Whispering in her ear she said "Mary, we are only a few miles from our camp, and the stream we have crossed you can easily wade. I have dropped letters on the way to guide our friends in the direction we have taken; they will guide you back again, and it may be your only chance of escape from destruction. Drop gently down, and lie on the ground for a little while to avoid being seen; then retrace your steps, and may God in Mercy go with you. If I can, I will follow you."

Watching the opportunity, she dropped the little girl to the ground and she lay there all alone while Fanny Kelly, Mrs. Larimer and her child rode on in captivity. Later, Mrs. Larimer and her child escaped and found their way back, but Fanny Kelly was in captivity for five months, finally being delivered up at Fort Sully.

Mr. Kelly and Andy were some distance from the wagons when the first shot was fired. They dropped to the ground and concealed themselves in some tall grass and sage brush where they lay awaiting darkness. An Indian in search for them came within a few feet of where Mr. Kelly lay, when a huge rattle snake raised up beside him and gave a warning rattle. Others nearby repeated it. Hearing them, the Indian retreated. Watching his chance when darkness came, Mr. Kelly crawled out of his hiding place and ran with all his might eastward until he reached a large

wagon train which was encamped along the Trail. Soon after, Andy reached the same train.

There must be a rattlesnake den near the massacre site. Once, when doing research in the valley, walking three abreast over the same spot, we came upon four huge rattlesnakes all within one acre. But to go on with the story.

In the forenoon of July 13th, the large wagon train in which Mr. Kelly and Andy had sought refuge moved on toward the massacre sight. A little time brought them to where the dead body of the horseman lay. They placed the body in a wagon and proceeded on to where the attack occurred. Mr. Kelly and Andy were among the first to search the spot. The bodies of Mr. Sharp, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Franklin were lying where they had fallen. Mr. Larimer was near with one arrow in his limbs. Mr. Wakefield was still alive, pierced by 3 arrows.

A wide grave was dug, and the four bodies were lowered into it. A buffalo robe was placed above them, and then the grave was filled in.

Little Mary found her way back to the trail. And on the afternoon of July 13, she was sitting on a bluff overlooking the road. Three or four soldiers returning from Fort Laramie saw the little girl holding out her hands imploring them to save her.

The soldiers had, on the day before, been chased by Indians; had just passed the scene of the massacre and were using every measure of precaution.

There was a large ravine between them and the little girl on the bluff. The soldiers were about to cross to the little girl when some Indians appeared in sight. Thinking the little figure to be a decoy, and, that the ravine might be filled with savages they turned and fled. When they reached Dear Creek station they made known their experiences.

When the wagon train in which Mr. Kelly and Andy were in reached Deer Creek Station that evening, they heard the story of the little girl. And Mr. Kelly recognized the description of the child as little Mary. He applied to the officer in command for a detail of soldiers to go with him in search for her.

On the morning of the 14th, when he and the squad of soldiers were walking east, they noticed some emigrants standing a little way from the trail. When they reached the scene, they discovered the mutilated remains of the little girl. Three arrows had pierced her body. She had been tomahawked and scalped . . . "When discovered" wrote Fanny Kelly, "her body lay with its little hands outstretched as if she had received, while running, the fatal arrows."

The arrows were extracted from the little form, and she was wrapped in a sheet. A grave was made not far away, and she was

taken there and placed in it. Mr. Kelly smoothed the earth over her burial place. And then they left the little grave all alone.

In her book *My Captivity Among the Sioux* Fanny Kelly wrote of her:-

In the far-off land of Indian homes,
Where western winds fan "hills of black,"
'Mid lovely flowers, and golden scenes,
They laid our loved one down to rest.

Where brightest birds, with silvery wings,
Sing their sweet songs upon her grave,
And the moonbeam's soft and pearly beams
With prairie grasses o'er it wave.

No simple stone e'er marks the spot
Where Mary sleeps in dreamless sleep,
But the moaning wind, with mournful sound,
Doth nightly o'er it vigils keep.

The careless tread of savage feet,
And the weary travelers, pass it by,
Nor heed they her, who came so far
In her youth and innocence to die.

But her happy spirit soared away
To blissful climes above;
She found sweet rest and endless joy
In her bright home of love.

11:15 A.M. Departed from the Little Box Elder.

11:40 A.M. Arrived at the Bixby ranch (115½ M.) where the old trail crossed the Box Elder (La Boise River in the old diaries). There was a Pony Express and Stage Station at this crossing at one time.

Mr. Sandford Kenney, manager of the ranch gave an interesting account of the history of this place. Everyone enjoyed lunch under the big trees by the creek.

12:35 A.M. Left the ranch.

12:50 A.M. Paused at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (119½ M.) where Frank Murphy explained where the trail crossed the present highway. He also pointed out the A. H. UNTHANK GRAVE (1850) just south of the present highway 1/3 of a mile ahead. This was the same Unthank who had carved his name on Register Cliff one week before.

1:15 P.M. Arrived at DEER CREEK STATION (125 M.) where there was once a Pony Express Stage and Telegraph Station.

Mr. Al Brubaker read a paper written by the late Allen R. Kimball on the site of the Old Deer Creek Stage and Telegraph Station.

SOME "ANCIENT" HISTORY AND SOME "UNFORGETTABLE" CHARACTERS.

By Allen R. Kimball Glenrock, Wyoming.

At site of old Deer Creek Stage and Telegraph Station

May 30, 1954

Since very little has been written about the early history of this, our home town, I will make an effort to set down here some of the interesting facts that have been written by others and published in various books, magazines and newspapers, and also some quite interesting things I know from personal knowledge.

The first reference I find to this particular location was written by Robert Stuart in a narrative describing a trip he made down the South bank of the North Platte River in December, 1812, quoted in *Footprints on the Frontier* by Virginia Cole Trenholm, and describing Deer, Boxelder and LaPrele Creeks and the mountains to the south.

General John C. Fremont came thru here in 1842 and in his writings mentions the prele (horse-tail grass) along the creeks and from which LaPrele Creek was probably named. He also mentioned the large size of the artemisia (sage brush) and the strong odor thereof. He had as guide, Kit Carson, and they hid their wagons in the brush on the banks of Deer Creek and proceeded west by pack train.

Jim Bridger, the famous "mountain man" and scout came to what is now Wyoming in the 1820's, being closely identified with early day Fort Laramie and later building his own Fort Bridger.

In 1857 he operated a ferry across the Platte River near Orin in competition with one run by the Mormons, who also had settlements with irrigation ditches and buildings on what were later the V. R. Seymour, and Lockett ranches.

Mormon Canyon took its name from the Mormons who, in 1853 went southward from here to Medicine Bow and on to Salt Lake City.

Jim Bridger, in 1855-56, guided Sir George Gore's elaborate hunting party of titled Englishmen up the river from Fort Laramie to the Yellowstone River country. The party killed hundreds of buffalo, elk, deer and antelope.

In 1856 a Mormon named Hiram Kimball was awarded a contract by the Federal Government to carry mail from Fort Laramie to Salt Lake City. Stage Stations were at Horseshoe, LaBonte, Deer Creek, Sweetwater, Devil's Gate and Fort Bridger. The Deer Creek station was just West across the creek from our

Glenrock Park on what is now the W. L. Brown place. It had a telegraph station and an operator by the name of Collister, who had quite an interesting romance with an Indian maiden by the name of Bright Star.

William Henry Jackson, the noted pioneer artist-photographer who erected the monument by the Tabor Hotel, tells in his autobiography, *Time Exposure,* of staying near Deer Creek Station in 1866, where he paid 75 cents per pound for sugar. His party moved on West the day the Indians burned the station.

Apparently there was some kind of a settlement here in 1856 which was referred to as "Upper Platte Agency", perhaps a sort of semi-military establishment for guarding emigrants who traveled the "Oregon Trail". The famous Pony Express also came thru here for the brief time it was operated.

Some of the names of places and their origins are interesting. Pratt's Peak or Buck's Peak, as it is sometimes called, was named for Buck Pratt, a great uncle of Mrs. Bryon Parks. He was a prospector and used to stay frequently at our ranch on Boxelder going to and returning from town. He was an old "batch", had long gray whiskers, and one of his ears had been bitten off by a horse. He was one of the kindliest old souls I ever knew. When he stayed all night he usually slept with me and I remember his snoring was of the saw-mill variety.

And speaking of sawmills, there were several in this first range of hills back in the 80's and 90's. All were abandoned before 1900. I remember there had been one down in Boxelder Canyon below our ranch, one on Bat's Creek near the present I.O.O.F. Picnic Ground, one or two between Big and Little Boxelder Creeks and others in the Big and Little Deer Creek region.

A man named Todd ran one of them and Uncle Dick Sutphin and his brother Mart ran another. Many of the first buildings here were built of this native lumber. The rest were built of logs. Bat's Creek and Bat's Canyon, above the old Clayton Ranch, were named for a French-Canadian trapper by the name of Baptiste Garnier, who was known as "Little Bat" and lived here in pre-railroad days. Hunton's Canyon and Hunton Creek were named for one of the few real early day pioneers who remained to write of the period from 1867 on, John Hunton. The old Thayer Ranch, now Hugh Duncan's is situated in Hunton's Canyon.

Hunton's name reminds one that the original Carey Ranch was first owned by Malcolm Campbell, then John Hunton, then Williams & Smith, then Taylor, Coffee, and Gill, and in 1885 by J. M. Carey & Bro. John Hunton, who had another outfit down near Fort Laramie, used the S O brand, and when they sold cattle, they vented the SO by adding L D, making the brands on the animals SOLD.

The *Midwest Review,* a magazine published by the Midwest Refining Co. in their August 1926 issue featured Converse County. Its editors, R. S. Ellison and D. W. Greenburg were both intensely interested in early day Wyoming history and spent a lot of time and effort in preparing this particular issue. In it is a picture of A. R. Converse, for whom our county is named, drawings and pictures of Fort Fetterman in 1870 and 1874, a picture of Glenrock in 1887, an article by John Hunton, many pictures of Douglas, Glenrock, Big Muddy Oil Field, Continental Refinery and numerous pioneers and citizens of Converse County.

D. W. Greenburg says "Glenrock came to life with the building of the railroad (The Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley) in 1887."

"Deer Creek Station was the name applied in the 60's, but as that outpost fell into disuse, a settlement grew up at the mouth of Deer Creek, which was called Mercedes. After the discovery of coal, the place was named Nuttall, from Wm. Nuttall, who found and developed the coal property. In 1887 it took the name of Glenrock (when the buildings were moved to the present location), from the sandstone eminence near the refinery." The name Glenrock means "Rock in the Valley."

The *Midwest Review* says John Hunton was the first settler on Boxelder, but *Footprints on the Frontier* says "The famous S O Ranch, the nucleus of which was found in the 10 x 12 adobe house on nearby Boxelder Creek, sold to John Hunton in 1874 by Malcolm Campbell, became the property of the Carey family." This was quoted from the story of Glenrock, by E. B. Shaffner, and which was published in The Glenrock *Independent.* There are several pages of Mr. Shaffner's story quoted and it is well worth reading. The book also tells of one very dangerous crossing of the Platte near Deer Creek in 1849. Also of the establishment on Deer Creek of a settlement of German Lutheran missionaries, who tried but failed to Christianize the Indians. They held a Christmas celebration and distributed presents to the Indians from what was described as the first Christmas tree in the Territory of Nebraska. Teaching the squaws to dance quadrilles; the burial of a young squaw who died here; keeping the telegraph line in repair in spite of the Indians; and many other interesting incidents are told, including a small-pox epidemic among the Indians. Prominent residents in the 1860's were a Major Twiss, Jos. Bissonette, and John Reshaw, who was described as being sort of a renegade.

One day in the summer of 1947 I took Jap Sumner and Joe Slaughter out to the V R Ranch. Mr. Jolley, the present owner told us the origin of the V R brand. He said the original Scotch owners adopted the brand in honor of Britain's Queen Victoria—The V for Victoria and the R for Regina (Queen). On the way home we drove down thru the original homesteads of Jap & Joe

on the lower part of the ranch and they recalled how they used to shoot sage chickens from their cabin doors. Mr. Sumner came to this locality in 1879, Mr. Slaughter in 1881.

Glenrock came near being the metropolis of central Wyoming. The railroad company offered to make this the end of the road if the coal company would give them half of the town lots. The coal company refused, whereupon the railroad company established a townsite of their own where the refinery now stands and they built the depot and section house there. Selling no lots, they built the railroad on West and made Casper the terminal.

About 1880 a group of Colorado men opened a coal mine here on the East bank of Deer Creek and operated it till about 1906 when it was abandoned. The old "town" called Nuttall was about where the baseball diamond now is in Glenrock Park.

From 1906 to 1916 the population was about 200. It had been 500 when the coal mine was at its best. In 1916 the original discovery well was brought in the Big Muddy field by Humphrey & Whiteside and in 1917 and '18 the population had zoomed to 2000. Wildcatting in the field caused wild excitement in the town. Lots sold for 20 times their real value.

Two efforts to incorporate the town failed. One was defeated by the coal company because the proposed corporate limits included too much of their land and the other attempt failed because it took in too much land belonging to the railroad company. But in 1908 a third attempt, which left out the coal company and railroad lands was successful. Jos. R. Slaughter was the first mayor; Wm. Veitch, Jos. Lythgoe, Geo. Lockett and Chas. Padden were the Councilmen, Roy C. Wyland was Town Clerk and Treas. and Geo. Devoe was Marshal.

The discovery of oil on Mrs. Geo. D. McDonald's ranch adjoining Glenrock on the North, on Thanksgiving Day, 1949, brings to mind Ed. J. Wells (son-in-law of Wm. Nuttall). He and his brother Charlie prospected and promoted mining claims in the hills south of town for many years, probably never dreaming that he was living right on top of an oil dome.

Then there was Tom Seymour, the original owner of the Tvaruzek, new Brubaker place. Mr. Seymour and Cy. Iba were among, if not the very first, to stake out oil claims in the Salt Creek field. Mr. Iba still owned his claims when the field was proved, but Mr. Seymour had let his go. But, of course, that was long before the days of the seismograph and deep drilling. Well, these old boys couldn't have suspected oil under their land back in the 1890's when the rest of us didn't even suspect it in 1948.

The original owner of the V R Ranch was Major Frank Wolcott, leader of the Cattlemen's Invasion of Johnson County in 1892. The Burlington Railroad built thru here in 1913.

The Mutual Oil Co. Refinery, now Continental, was built in 1917. The Sinclair Tank Farm, now Stanolind, was built in 1923.

The city water works were built in 1913, the electric light plant and sewer system about 1917 or '18. Glenrock Park was bought in 1920. The Glenrock Public Library building was acquired in 1943. The High School, the Grade School, the I.O.O.F. building, the Commerce Block, the Lincoln Building, the Higgins Hotel (now the Tabor), the Baptist and Catholic Churches and most of the finer homes were built during or soon after the 1917 boom. The first church was the Episcopal. The original building, which was burned down, was on the same lots as the present building, and was built prior to 1895.

The Stork, the wise old bird with the "bundles from Heaven" seems to have established an air route passing directly over "D" street between 4th and 5th. Occasionally, when he is passing over with too heavy a load, he will drop off a couple of these "bundles" instead of the one ordered. Thus, in a period of about 30 years he had delivered twin boys to the Leon Chamberlain, Chas. Morgan, Geo. Lasky and Vaden Rock families and his most recent delivery was twin girls to the Nerwin Reeds. The street has come to be known as Twin Street. Only one other set of twins has ever been born in the town.

With the coming of the railroad in 1886 it was expected that Fort Fetterman, which had been abandoned as a fort, would become a town, and many businesses had been established there. My father, E. H. Kimball, started the first newspaper in central Wyoming there on May 26, 1886. It was called *The Rowdy West* and was moved to Douglas when that town was started. The first paper in Glenrock was the *Glenrock Graphic* edited and published by my brother, (the late) Wilson S. Kimball, later of Casper. In his recent column "Ye Good Old Days" printed in the Casper *Tribune-Herald* he had related many interesting early day incidents of Glenrock and vicinity.

In the Spanish-American and 1st and 2nd World wars Glenrock lost three men killed in action, Jesse Martin, Wade Norton and Paul Rawdon, Jr.

What is the oldest building in town? No one seems to know for sure, but it is undoubtedly one of the old log houses in "Happy Hollow". Edward Clark's house and Lyle Reckling's garage are shown in a photograph taken in 1887 and are probably the oldest in this part of town.

Among the many "Unforgettable Characters" I seem to remember best are Judge Thomas, Jerky Bill Clayton, Col. Kimball, Mrs. Higgins and Billy Fenex.

"The Judge" was elected Mayor more or less as a joke but turned out to be one of the best we ever had. To him went the credit for building the fine water works system we now enjoy. When he was Justice of the Peace, he once told a bunch of celebrating cowpunchers "Shoot 'em up boys, the Court's with you."

"Jerky Bill", so named because he was afflicted with St. Vitus's dance was certainly one of the best riders who ever lived. He was utterly fearless of horses and if he was ever thrown no one around here ever heard of it. He had been a top rider in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show but had been discharged for shooting powder into the Indians' faces during their sham battles. I have seen him gallop a horse down Main Street, jumping on and off, shooting two pistols into the air and throwing sand at the horses ears. The sand he had grabbed off the ground with one hand while hanging on to the saddle horn with the other while the horse was in motion. He had a choice collection of original words and phrases which he delighted in using on new acquaintances, like the following which I heard him spring on a traveling man: "Circumstances alter cases in a great many respects, but notwithstanding, nevertheless however, you have to use your jurisdictional ideas in a simplified manner, shape and form, take observation into consideration, use all your experimental knowledge appertaining to the facts, and then if your diabolical system don't sogashitate with your other comprosities, you're in a hell of a predicament and not properly prepared for the coming of the "Great Millenial Dawn."

"The Colonel" my father, E. H. Kimball, I remember best for his ready wit and humor. He was soldier, school teacher, lawyer, newspaper man and rancher, and during the Johnson County Invasion he was Deputy Sheriff under Sheriff Malcolm Campbell. He used to say he could digest anything an ostrich could and when hungry he "could eat a fricasseed missionary." His comment on birth control: "Hens have the thing down pat—they lay eggs, then if they don't want to hatch 'em, they can eat 'em."

Mrs. Higgins was of Italian parentage but was born and educated in France. She had the sharpest mind I have ever known in anyone and she used it to make a million dollars, when millionaires were about the scarcest commodity in Wyoming. Of course her husband, the late John E. Higgins, was a working partner in all their business ventures, yet it was conceded by all that she was the financial genius of the family.

Billy Fenex I remember for his well-told stories of the early days. One of his best was about the Chinook wind, the first one he ever experienced. It seems he and Jap Sumner had been having a little spree in Douglas. The time was midwinter in about 1887. They stopped for the night at a rooming house in old Fort Fetterman and when they went to bed there were about six inches of snow on the ground and the temperature was around zero. Shortly after they turned in a Chinook wind came along and when Billy awoke and looked out of the window, the parade ground was covered with water. Opening the window, he discovered the air was warm and balmy. Going back to the bed where Jap was still sleeping, he got hold of his shoulder, gave him a shake, and said "Dam it Jap, wake up, we've been asleep all winter."

Henry Bierman also was a "character". Asked by Claud Lam if he was going to attend the funeral of his divorced wife, he replied "Nope, she had no business dyin'."

Rhody Adams was an old bachelor cowboy. One winter he boarded at my Mother's Hotel Kimball. He was a very hearty eater and when St. Valentine's Day came along some of the other boarders sent him a comic valentine of a big fat hog with a mean verse under the picture. The letter was mailed in the Post Office and of course one of the other boarders just happened to get the mail and handed Rhody his letter at the dining table. He opened it up, looked at it awhile, then said, "Well, I see some fella sent me his photograph", and put it in his pocket and went on with his eating.

And as I close, I am wondering how many of us now living here will be remembered as "Unforgettable characters."

Cowboy Prayer at Grave

"Oh, God if there is a God, have mercy on this man's soul, if he's got a soul".

A pioneer grave found by some boys where it had washed out of a bank was moved 30 feet south by Eugene Poiret, E. B. Shaffner and Clark Bishop about 1938 has been moved from the south outskirts of Glenrock to the cemetery. The marker gave the name of E. B. Platt of Canton. 1849. This was traced through a Masonic marker on the stone.

1:40 P.M. Departed from 125 M.

1:50 P.M. Paused at the grave of J. P. Parker and M. Ringo (128 M.). These are just north of the present highway. The two graves are enclosed by a fence. Placed there by Howard Jackson a pioneer resident of Glenrock.

One headstone reads

J. P. Parker
Died
July 1 1860
Age 41 yrs.
Iowa

Arrived at the Ada Magill Grave (130½ M.). Mr. Clark Bishop told that he had moved the remains 30 feet north when the highway was built in 1912. It was located on a knoll just north of the Oregon Trail. Now it is a few feet north of the old highway. He also told that Ada, a little daughter of the Magill's, had become ill at Deer Creek Station but the family had continued west with the wagon train. She became so sick at this point that the wagon train stopped when she died. Her parents buried her in a little box and walled the grave with rocks. Later a brother ate a poison weed and he also died along the way.

Mr. W. W. Morrison read appropriate verses from Revelation and spoke briefly at the Ada Magill grave:

The little services held at Ada Magill's grave ended. Lillies growing there upon that little grave were planted by Wanda and me in 1946.

"Whether there were ever any other services held there I cannot say. I have not known of any. The wreaths put upon those lonely graves by the kind man from Douglas should be remembered. Probably those were the only flowers ever put upon the graves—the only flowers near the graves, save those growing wild on mother nature's breast—these long 90 years."

2:30 P.M. Departed from the Ada Magill grave.

3:00 P.M. Arrived at old Fort Casper (153 M.) in the rain.

Verne Mokler related the following exciting story of Caspar Collins and other events at the old Fort Caspar.

About fifty years ago, as a boy, I spent many hours searching among the ruins of the old buildings of Fort Caspar and in the vicinity of the fort for arrow heads, buttons from soldier uniforms and other relics of by-gone days. Many mementos of interest were picked up at that time.

One hundred years ago, and at this time of the day, the location where we are now congregated was undoubtedly the scene of much activity, a camp of hundreds of people who had traveled far according to those times and had suffered many inconveniences to say nothing of hardships. Their covered wagons undoubtedly were parked for their convenience, some in the shade that was available and close to water. The women were, no doubt, busily engaged in preparing the evening meal while the men were visiting or working on their equipment; the horses, cattle and other livestock were grazing nearby, and closely guarded. But still covered wagons, push carts, hand carts, and other modes of transportation of that day were constantly arriving from the east, after the long trek from Independence, Missouri, the jumping off place on the Oregon Trail for the California and Oregon Territory. These people, part of the approximate three hundred thousand that traveled over this trail during a period of twenty-five years, were enjoying a few days of rest and relaxation after weeks of travel, a few miles a day, from Independence, a distance of 794 miles, the last 127 from Fort Laramie, having been inconvenient, uncomfortable, difficult and oftentimes hazardous.

They were now at Camp Platte, one of the stations along their highway, which was one of the most hated by the hostile Indians, and they still had hundreds of miles to travel, which were rough, dusty and full of hardships much greater than any they had previously traveled. Death was lurking at every turn of the road,

either through sickness, fatigue, or from the hands of the marauding Indians; it was not a bright outlook and these emigrants were happy to stay a few hours or a few days before pushing on to distant lands.

Camp Platte, organized in 1840 was approximately 127 miles west of Fort Laramie. It consisted of a few adobe houses and a small group of permanent residents or soldiers so provided little protection. It was known as Camp Platte for seven years, when the name was changed to Mormon Ferry. However the number of permanent inhabitants did not materially increase, but it did become a little better known as a resting and watering place. As the vandalism and pilfering by the Indians became more prevalent a larger contingent of soldiers was stationed there, providing a little more protection and security for the weary travelers. The name of Mormon Ferry was dropped in 1859, after a bridge spanning the Platte had been constructed by Louis Guinard, after the abandonment of the station by the War Department. The bridge was apparently not built from the bigness of his heart as history tells of toll charges from $1.00 to $6.00. The price was not based on the amount of the load as much as on the condition of the river—the fee going up when the river was high and down when the river was low. It was decided that Mormon Ferry was not an appropriate name as the bridge had been constructed to eliminate the fording of the river, so the fort became known as Platte Bridge station.

The completion of the Pacific Telegraph line, erected along the route in the fall of 1861, added to the hostile feeling of the Indians, and soon after the sending of the first message on October 24th of that year many of the poles were chopped down and the wire cut and carried off. These depredations caused military stations to be established along the line to keep it in repair and maintain service.

Platte Bridge station, after being abandoned for eight years, was reoccupied by troops, who were to serve as an escort for emigrants and to protect the telegraph line. A telegraph office was located near the south approach to the bridge.

Colonel William O. Collins of Hillsboro, Ohio, received orders from President Lincoln, early in 1862, to proceed immediately to the "Indian country" to assist in the protection of the emigrants on their way to the west coast. He was accompanied by his eighteen year old son Caspar Wever Collins who, from close application to his studies in school, was not at that time in good physical condition. Caspar and his father were initiated in Indian warfare soon after they left Fort Laramie as an estimated 500 Indians attacked a squad of thirty soldiers sent ahead to protect a wagon train. These soldiers were saved by the arrival of troops from the main contingent. For the next year Caspar spent most of the time at

the several stations in the vicinity of South Pass and assisted his father and Jim Bridger in transferring stage property from the route to a new southern one, necessitated by the hostilities of the Indians near the South Pass country. His first year in the area was one that not many people of his age, even at that time, had a chance to experience. He learned much of the ways of the trail and of the habits of the Indian.

In the spring of 1863 Colonel Collins returned east to recruit more men for service in the Indian Country. He was accompanied by Caspar, who had enlisted on June 30th, and was commissioned a second lieutenant because of his year's experience in the West. He immediately returned to duty in the area where he had spent the past year and assumed the duties and responsibilities of his office. According to all reports, he was a good and loyal soldier.

In the fall of 1864 he was stationed at Sweetwater station, a mile east of Independence Rock, where he was in charge of four block stations, about forty miles apart and extending as far west as South Pass. Conditions steadily worsened and during the early months of 1865 the Northern Cheyenne, the Ogallala Sioux, the Southern Cheyenne and other wandering tribes held a council of war at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. From that day on they were constantly on the warpath, committing daily depredations and no line of travel was safe for the whites.

Possibly due to the foresightedness of Colonel William O. Collins, and upon his recommendations, Platte Bridge Station was early in 1865 changed from an 'occassional' troop station to a permanent fort, consisting of stores, blacksmith shop, telegraph station, and other buildings sufficient to garrison 100 men. The adobe buildings that had been in use for years were assigned to the soldiers on duty at the fort.

Because of duties well performed Caspar Collins was promoted to first lieutenant, and in the middle of July went to Fort Laramie to receive his commission and get more horses for his men. On the way he and the two soldiers with him approached one of the army stations (Rocky Ridge) to see all the buildings on fire and to learn that the place had been attacked by 150 Indians. Remembering these incidents Caspar did not deem it advisable to return to his station unaccompanied so lingered at the fort a couple of days, since he had been given permission to do so by Captain Bretney. Hearing that Collins was still at the fort, the commanding officer, General Connor, ordered him to report at once to his command at Sweetwater station, about 179 miles distant. When the men at Fort Laramie heard of the order they induced Collins to remain in their quarters until July 20th, when a Corporal Paul Grim and twelve of the Eleventh Kansas Cavalry were leaving for Platte Bridge station with the mail ambulance. Lieutenant Collins and this detachment arrived at Platte Bridge late in the afternoon

of July 25th. Excitement was running high because of the vast number of Indians gathered around the station, and because of a fight that had occurred that day in which Chief High-Backed Wolf had been killed. Late in the afternoon the Indians had withdrawn from the south side of the river and all fighting had ceased. Everything at the post that evening was quiet and there were no taunts or shouts from the Indians, and had it not been for the signal fires on the hills north and west of the river the occupants of the fort might have been led to believe the Indians had left the vicinity.

As the supply of ammunition at the post was low many of the men were put to work "running bullets" and loading cartridges. Some of the soldiers were armed with breech loading carbines, some with repeating rifles, and some with Springfield muskets. A strong guard was placed about the fort and every precaution taken against a surprise night attack. About two o'clock in the morning of the 26th, Captain Henry C. Bretney of Company G. 11th Ohio Cavalry, with ten men arrived at the fort, having come from Sweetwater station enroute to Fort Laramie. They reported they had seen numerous Indians enroute to Platte Bridge and had heard their warcries, which they knew meant trouble.

On his arrival at Platte Bridge, Captain Bretney reported to the commanding officer, Major Anderson, and told him that a rescue party should be sent immediately to Willow Spring creek to bring in a wagon train that was returning from an assignment to Sweetwater station. He reported that he and his party had seen hundreds of Indians on their way into the fort. However, Major Anderson must have felt that Captain Bretney was unduly alarmed as he did not send out the rescue party.

At dawn the Indians were seen on the nearby hilltops in vastly increased numbers. Warriors smeared with war paint and in their grotesque regalia, rode around the fort shouting and making numerous demonstrations. Skirmishing began with the usual exchange of shots and the situation began to look very serious.

Major Anderson called his officers together and detailed twenty men from Companies K and I, under Sergeant Hankammer, including the mail party under Corporal Grim, to go to the relief of Sergeant Custard and his twenty-three men comprising the wagon train which had been reported by Captain Bretney. Sergeant Hankammer and the five line officers stationed at the post were "all on sick call or had other flimsy excuses" so were not available for duty. At seven o'clock Major Anderson sent for Lieutenant Caspar Collins and ordered him to proceed with twenty men from the Eleventh Kansas cavalry to the relief of the wagon train on Willow Spring creek. Although only casually stopping at Platte Bridge on the way to his command at Sweetwater station, Lieutenant Collins was in no way bound to accept the order, but he made ready to go at once.

He went to his fellow officer and close comrade, Captain Bretney, and asked to borrow his pistols. The captain attempted to dissuade him from going. He explained that he had told Major Anderson early in the morning of the seriousness of the situation with the wagon train; that he knew there was an unusually large number of Indians in the locality; that there were several officers in the fort who could be assigned to that duty, and besides; that it meant almost certain death to endeavor to do anything at that time. John Friend, telegraph operator at Sweetwater station and a good friend of Caspar, said, "It is not your place to go, you don't know these men and it is up to their officers to go." Collins answered his friends, "I know what it means to go out there with such a small number of men, but I've never disobeyed an order. I am a soldier's son, and I must go out and try and rescue those men".

Captain Bretney then went to Major Anderson, protesting the order sending Lieutenant Collins on the mission. He argued that it was a hazardous undertaking with such a small number of men; that Collins was under orders to return to his assignment at Sweetwater station; that a captain and three lieutenants of the Kansas Cavalry who knew the men were at the post; and that if anyone was to be sent it should be one of them. While this argument was going on Collins borrowed a horse from the regimental band leader and was ready to leave on the mission.

Dressed in his new uniform, a revolver in the top of each boot, Collins led his men (after a last farewell to Captain Bretney and John Friend) across the bridge and towards the bluffs and hills north of the river. Immediately after Collins and his men had crossed the bridge, Captain Bretney and Captain Lybe with thirty men followed on foot to give protection to Collins and his men from any attack from the rear or right flank.

When Collins and his men reached the foot of the bluffs the Indians began to swarm on them from the hills and from all sides. It is estimated that from one or two thousand or more Indians were in the vicinity, and had it not been for the protection given by the thirty men and two captains, undoubtedly Caspar Collins and his twenty men would have all been killed. Collins saw that some of his men had been killed and several wounded. He had suffered a severe wound himself, having been shot in the hip. Realizing that it would be impossible to go further without losing all his men he gave the command to return to the bridge. One man, not understanding the order dismounted and was fighting from a washout in the road when one of his companions yelled for him to run for the bridge. However, he was surrounded by Indians and that was the last seen of him. Another soldier, George Camp, was killed as he was crawling on his hands and knees towards the bridge.

Although severely wounded Collins fought desperately to keep the savages back so his men, yet living, could make their escape to the bridge. When he reached the bottom land and had a fairly clear passage to the bridge a cry was heard from Adam Culp, a wounded soldier, lying on the ground, "Don't leave me—For God's sake don't leave me here". Although badly wounded, Collins whirled his horse and rode to the spot where Culp was lying, thus risking the possibility of saving his own life. Lifting the wounded man, Collins put him on his horse in front of him and undoubtedly would have rescued him had the horse not suddenly become unmanageable and stampeded. The wounded soldier was thrown to the ground and Collins on the wild, unmanageable horse was carried into the midst of the Indians on the northern hills. With both revolvers drawn and the bridle reins in his deeth he fought until he was surrounded and overpowered by the savages. He was carried out of sight of his companions and was seen no more until his mutilated body was found two days later.

The troopers returning to the bridge were protected by the fire of the dismounted men under the command of Captains Bretney and Lybe, who themselves had to run at topmost speed to the bridge to keep from being surrounded by the Indians. Later several of the mounted soldiers attempted to follow the route of Collins on his runaway horse but there were still hundreds of Indians bent on destruction and they were forced to return to the fort.

This was the end of what is now termed the "Battle of Platte Bridge" which commenced shortly after 7:30 in the morning and ended in less than an hour.

The men who fell along the roadside were hacked with tomahawks, their clothing stripped from them and their bodies mutilated. The remains of Collins were found nearly two miles north of the bridge. It was stripped of his uniform, a piece of telegraph wire twisted around the body, which had been dragged through the cactus and sagebrush for several hundred yards apparently before his death. One foot and one hand was hacked off; his heart cut out; powder had been placed in his mouth and exploded; his body badly mutilated; and more than two dozen arrows were still sticking in the body.

Three of the soldiers who fell in this fight were buried on the field of battle but the body of Collins was brought to the fort and interred in the soldiers' cemetery, where it remained until March 19, 1866, when it was taken to Fort Laramie. On June 14th the body was exhumed and escorted by the members of his company to Fort Leavenworth and from there to his boyhood home at Hillsboro, Ohio, where in the afternoon of July 24th, the remains were laid to final rest in the family burial plot. A monument was placed at the grave bearing the inscription: "Lt. Caspar

Wever Collins, Born Hillsboro, Ohio, September 30, 1844. Killed in battle leading a forlorn hope against Indians at Platte Bridge, July 26, 1865."

In the handwriting of his father in the family Bible was written "Pure, brave, hospitable, generous, true."

On November 21, 1865, Major General Pope issued Order No. 49 as follows: "The Military Post situated at Platte Bridge, between Deer and Rock Creeks, on the Platte River, will hereafter be known as Fort Casper, in honor of Lt. Caspar Collins, 11th Ohio Cavalry, who lost his life while gallantly attacking a superior force of Indians at that place." (The original order on file in the National archives in Washington, D. C. Caspar Collins' name was spelled "Casper" and the name of the fort the same. All orders signed at this old fort and contracts of the QM on file in the National Archives use the spelling "CASPER"—L. C. Bishop).

However Fort Caspar did not exist for long for under date of October 19, 1867, the War Department issued orders abandoning the fort, and soon thereafter a majority of the buildings and the bridge were almost completely destroyed by the Indians.

It is only fitting that the name of the fort was changed to honor the young man not twenty-one years of age, who gave his life and possibly saved the lives of more than one hundred soldiers stationed at the fort. He was also the one who had drawn the sketch and floor plans for the fort as it was to be (and as the replica now stands, with the exception of the stockade).

In addition to the changing of the name of the fort in honor of Caspar Collins, Casper was named in his memory, Casper Mountain was changed from the former name of Black Hills, Dry Creek became Casper Creek and several fraternal organizations honor his name. The gold and silver communion set used in St. Mark's Episcopal church is a present from the sister of Caspar Collins, it being provided in her will that $100.00 should be used to purchase a permanent memorial for her brother. On Easter in 1919, this set was used for the first time in the church.

Edness Kimball Wilkins read the following very interesting paper on The Restoration of Old Fort Caspar.

You have heard Verne Mokler's stirring story of the death of Lt. Caspar Collins, and of the final burning of the fort that was named in his memory. I will take up the tale from there.

As the Frontier recedes further and further into the past, the interest of our people in preserving the history of the pioneers and their trials and tragedies increases.

From the very beginning of Casper the early settlers understood the great sacrifices that had been made in winning the West, and they revered and treasured the memories of the heroic men and women who had given their lives in the supreme effort. The Indian days were still very close to this new little town, and the

citizens had a feeling of gratitude and of the kinship with the earlier pioneers and soldiers who had suffered and fought and died on the trails. For you see, it was only twenty years from the burning of the Fort to the founding of the town of Casper.

Each "Decoration Day" as it was called in early Casper, some of you who are here today, or your parents and mine, went out to the ruins of the old Fort Casper and placed wild flowers on the graves of the soldiers who were buried there. When the river washed out its south bank and exposed more bodies, they were taken to Highland Cemetery in 1899, and the pioneers also decorated those graves.

Almost forty years later (1938) when the road that you see to the east of us—the Mills Road—was under construction, another group of bodies was uncovered. Bob David saw some of those pitiful remains. One of the victims had 50 steel-pointed arrowheads still embedded in his jawbone and several others deep in his backbone. All of the sad little group had been riddled by arrows.

Frances Seeley Webb also saw some of the skeletons. She said two were men over six feet tall, with red hair. The last body found was a woman. A locket containing a blond curl was found near her skull, and a small braid of auburn hair still clung to her head. The locket can be seen in one of the display cases in Fort Casper.

Mrs. Mary Astin, who turned the shovel of ground when reconstruction of the Fort was first started, also saw the skeletons. She said there were indications that they were military personnel, as there were uniform buttons and other such items scattered near them.

No record of the victims could be found, but the search for information still goes on. Mr. Clark Bishop is even now searching the old military records and rosters, trying to identify them. They may have been emigrants massacred on the Oregon Trail, or lone trappers killed from time to time; or civilians at the very old Platte Bridge post; or the woman may have been the wife of a soldier.

A fence was built around the burial mound in an attempt to protect the graves, and work has recently been started on a monument to perpetuate the memory of the victims who met such a tragic death on the plains. Many other bodies are doubtless still resting under our feet as we walk over and near this hallowed ground.

Soon after the War Department abandoned the bridge and the Fort in 1867, the Indians set fire to them; but some of the walls and buildings were still standing in 1898. Some of the buildings had been repaired from time to time by people seeking temporary shelter; others had been gradually torn down, as logs or materials were needed by ranchers or other settlers. Men still living in Casper can remember as boys playing in the old buildings. Sena-

tor Bob Carey, a cousin of our own Bob David, remembered staying in the old buildings with his parents when he was four years old, while the CY ranch buildings were under construction. (Those are the buildings you can see under the trees in the distance.) Bob Carey, himself, was so interested in the restoration of the Fort that he donated a strip of land 80 feet wide, bordering the CY ranch, for a direct road to the Fort. (That is now 13th Street, over which you have just driven on your way here.)

I have been informed confidentially that the sleeping quarters that were built for use of the superintendent of the ranch when he came to the CY from the SO ranch were built from the logs from the old original Fort, and I understand that this building still stands and is the west end of the present bunkhouse at the CY, now called the HY ranch. Someday perhaps, they will be returned and again made a part of the old Fort.

The land on which Fort Casper stood was filed on for a homestead by "Uncle Matt" and "Aunt Fannie" Campfield, two of Casper's most respected and best beloved pioneer citizens, and our first Negro residents. Uncle Matt came to Casper in 1888 and was elected and reelected the first coroner of Natrona County. He had his barbershop in rooms he rented from my father, next to the little Kimball Drug Store which was then located on Center Street where the Arcade Bar now stands. Uncle Matt and Aunt Fannie brought the first domestic chickens to this part of the country.

Uncle Matt died before patent for the homestead was issued, so the patent was issued to Aunt Fannie who later sold the land to Antonio K. Feil before she returned to her home in the east. Uncle Matt is buried in Highland Cemetery, near my father and Charley Bucknum and his other early day friends.

From the beginning of the century, when the Natrona County Pioneer Association was started in 1901, there had been talk of making Fort Casper into a memorial park. In 1914 the Chamber of Commerce had a committee working on it, but the usual obstacle was encountered—lack of funds.

Then during the first oil boom the west 40 acres of Fort Casper were plotted into city lots, and again a desperate effort was underway to save the rest of the ground for a memorial park, and finally, in 1922, the city council bought this hundred acres. Throughout those years and many that followed, I think my father (W. S. Kimball) and Verne Mokler's father (A. J. Mokler) served almost continually on various committees in connection with Fort Casper.

In 1925 a committee from the Natrona County Historical Society (W. S. Kimball, A. J. Mokler, Tom Cooper and Bob Ellison) prevailed on Tom Mills to deed to the Society that strip of land 100 feet wide that you can see leading from the Oregon Trail monument to the river, and taking in the abutments to the old

Platte River Station bridge (the old Guinard bridge.) At that time, twenty-nine years ago, many of the original logs and rocks and big iron spikes and pinnings were uncovered. (You understand, of course, that the river has changed its course through the years. It used to be right near where the monument now stands.)

Plans for restoration of the old Fort and the bridge, and construction of a circle drive were finally underway—but, alas, it was then the fateful year 1929—and the terrible depression was on. But in spite of the depression a meeting was held in January, 1930, and the Fort Casper Association was formed by men and women undaunted by the black economic clouds of those years.

1935 arrived, and the days of the W.P.A., and funds were found available for reconstruction of Fort Casper if the citizens raised an equivalent amount. Engineers, architects and historians and businessmen donated their services, together with the W. P. A. and the C. C. C.

On December 18, 1935, a flag was raised, the High School band played the Star Spangled Banner, there were speeches by senators and other prominent citizens, and the first shovelful of dirt was turned. (My stepmother, Martha Converse Kimball, who had worked so earnestly and inspired so many others, was too ill to attend the ceremony; Mrs. Mary Astin turned the shovelful of dirt for her.) One year later the work on the buildings was finished, and Fort Casper was restored. Each building you now see stands on its original site, restored from sketches that had been drawn by Lt. Casper Collins himself, and each stands on the very foundations where the original building was. The fireplaces were constructed from the old foundation stones excavated from the ruins of old Fort Casper. Girl guides, dressed in beautiful buckskin dresses, guided visitors through the buildings, and related the story of Fort Casper. (Mrs. Astin tells me she has the dresses stored in her home.)

But then the picture changed—time passed. In the twenty years since the work was started most of the members of the original committees had died, and the Fort was gradually forgotten by the changing city administrations. No funds were voted for its upkeep; questions arose as to ownership and jurisdiction—whether the State, the County or the city had responsibility—or perhaps the Natrona County Historical Society or the Pioneers. Criticism was heard on every side concerning the condition of this wonderful monument. It was deteriorating fast, hastened by vandals and thieves. Parts of the land that had been dedicated for use only as a park, became part of the county fairgrounds. Other parts were leased to the Round-Up Club, for private use. Some was used by the city for its water pumping station. The Isaac Walton League has a fence across the land that was to be used for restoration of the old bridge.

Last winter the Commission was reactivated and new members appointed by the Mayor and Council. But it was the same familiar story—the City lacked the necessary funds to repair and protect this investment of over $100,000 in cash, and of untold suffering and loss of life back through the Indian Wars.

Now I am sure you have all seen the thrilling movies where the wagon train was attacked by Indians, and the Cavalry dashed to the rescue. Well, just like the Cavalry of old, the Sertoma Club of Casper has come to the rescue of the old Fort. That organization is donating and building the fence to protect the buildings against future vandals. This week a flagpole was placed right where one stood a century ago, located by that sketch drawn by Lt. Casper Collins himself. Ultimately, lights will help guard this precious heritage. Someday, perhaps, part of the old bridge will even be restored.

The Sertoma Club, the Pioneers, all of you who are here this evening, and other citizens of Casper will, I believe, treasure in your hearts the stories you have heard tonight, and you will understand the full meaning of the message that is engraved on bronze tablets on that beautiful stone gate you came through, that was given to Fort Casper by the Daughters of the American Revolution. On those bronze plates it is written.

"Love the land with love far brought
from out the storied past."

(The gates mentioned above are now some distance from the Fort entrance, because of the piece of land that was given to the County for use as part of the Fair Grounds.)

Thus ended another Trek. Although the weather was bad, the spirits of the trekkers were not dampened as they all looked forward to Trek No. 4.

Following is an interesting summary of Trek No. 3 by Hazel Noble Boyack.

The morning sun rode high in a bright blue orbit as we neared Douglas, Wyoming, the starting point for the day's trek on the Trail. Douglas—that enterprising and alert little city which proudly bears the name of the once famed Stephen A. Douglas, the "little giant" of the political and oratorical arena of American History in the eighteen fifties.

The party of trekkers were to assemble at the Hotel LaBonte prior to the day's journey. It was an ideal starting point, the very name being tinged with the flavor of the early west, and one recalled to mind the rugged frontiersman, LaBonte, who came to the West about 1825 from his home state of Mississippi.

At 9:00 A. M. Colonel William R. Bradley of the Wyoming Highway Patrol led the caravan through the streets of Douglas onto the highway where we headed West for a few miles, then

turned to the South where the Old Trail had crossed the present Natural Bridge Park Road. Here a pause was made, and Mr. Clement Ayres, a long-time resident of that area, told of historic events incident to the early West. "The high tide of the emigration" said Mr. Ayres, "was between 1849 and 1851, when more than 150,000 men, women and children passed through the section just south of Douglas, bringing with them more than 100,000 head of cattle. Johnston's Army to Utah, in 1857, also passed that way."

The caravan slowly got into action again, and in a few moments we arrived at a delightful spot, Ayres Natural Bridge Park. Here the group was graciously received by the custodians of the grounds, Frank and Sula Splitek.

The discovery of this remarkable Natural Bridge dates back to August 17, 1870, when Dr. F. V. Hayden, of the United States Geological Survey, in company with William H. Jackson, famous picture maker of the old West, first visited the spot. Mr. Jackson photographed the first likeness of the bridge. The LaPrele creek, a clear, sparkling stream, flows gently under the giant arch of the bridge. The name LaPrele is of French origin, and means "Horse tail" or "Shave tail", designating the type of grass that grows along the banks. The bridge's massive arch is a tribute to nature's masterful way of building, and supports several hundred tons of sandstone.

We left, with reluctance, this shaded dell and park with its fireplaces, green lawns and cool cottonwoods, but other points of interest beckoned and soon we found ourselves where the main Trail crosses the LaPrele and Box Elder divide.

It was along the Little Box Elder Creek where one of the saddest tragedies of the Old Oregon Trail occurred. The story was ably told by Mr. W. W. Morrison, of our party.

The graves of the four men killed here by the Indians had recently been moved to a new location near the spot where the trekkers gathered. The party stood in thoughtful silence as the Chaplain of the day, Colonel Archie R. Boyack, offered a beautiful prayer. The spot indeed seemed a sacred one, dedicated to those valiant people of yesterday who had given their all that these western regions might be colonized.

After taps had been sounded by the trumpeter, the Caravan moved forward to where the Trail crossed the Box Elder, just below the Bixby ranch. At this point there once stood a Pony Express and Stage Station.

One of the delightful parts of any Trek is the lunch hour. The cool morning air and gentle breezes had whetted our appetites, and soon delicious repasts were being taken out of dust-proof containers and being enjoyed by all. (Notes from the bits of conversation heard during lunch period—"Why haven't we seen the famed Jackalope??? This area is its natural habitat.")

After lunch the party eagerly took to the highways and byways of our afternoon journey along the Trail. A pause was made just north of an old Oregon Trail marker where the Trail crosses the present highway. Here the grave of A. H. Unthank (1849) was pointed out to us. This gentleman had etched his name on the Register Cliffs just a few days previous. The name is clearly discernible on the cliffs today. Arriving at Deer Creek, the party noted the site of another Pony Express, Stage and Telegraph Station. These early outposts in the western wilderness during the early 1860's expressed a spirit of daring and adventure that will not come again. Here Mr. Brubaker gave a fine discussion of historical events incident to the region and the early West.

Just north of the present highway are the graves of two other pioneers, J. P. Parker (1860) and M. Ringo (no date). Ruts of the Trail cut deep into the prairie sod are still evident. Here the Chaplain offered a prayer and taps were sounded by the Trumpeter.

The little Ada McGill grave! Usually the Trek West was a pleasant and happy one for the children. Too young to realize the hazards of the trip, they journeyed along happy in the adventures the day brought. But death also took its toll from among this group. In the solitary spots that mark their resting places, the stars keep vigil at night, and over the graves the prairie winds murmer and sigh. This grave is one hundred thirty and a half miles from the starting point of the Old Trail in Wyoming. The Chaplain offered a brief prayer, and taps were sounded.

With eagerness our caravan of trekkers approached old Fort Casper, a place of stirring memories in early Western History. Edness Kimball Wilkins gave an excellent discussion of the history of the Fort. The Fort derived its name from a gallant young Officer, Lieutenant Casper Collins, who, on July 26, 1865, lost his life while battling a vastly superior force of Indians. "Your noble and gallant son", wrote General Dodge to the young officer's father, Colonel William O. Collins, ". . . furnishes by his brave conduct a bright example for heroism to the country and to my command."

Mr. Verne Mokler gave a fine paper on the battle of Red Buttes and related history. This desperate fight had to do with the wagon train under the command of Sergeant Amos J. Custard, enroute to Platte Bridge from the Sweetwater Station near Independence Rock. Out of the twenty-one men in the train, only three escaped with their lives. The blood of many fine American youths was spilled during these years when the Indians and the White Men battled for supremacy of these vast western regions.

Thus ended on May 30, 1954 at the site of Old Fort Casper, the delightful and historic Trek Number Three Along The Old Oregon Trail.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART VII—1862-1863

LXXV

DAVID MOORE, ET AL., TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED OGDEN, NOV. 23, 1862.[168]

Sir

We understand through Indian Tom that a company of Cavalry from Col. Connor's Command are in search of a white child, said to be in Bear Hunters band,

(Who are freindly indians and never known to be engaged in plundering Emigrants) From Indian Tom's positive information and other reliable statements their is no white child in that band, but their is a half breed the son of a French Mountaineer—by the sister of the cheif WashaKee principal cheif of the Sho-sho-Nee Nation, Said child is about 15 years old with yellow hair and light complection cannot talk English, on the approach of the Soldiers the Band fled to the Mountains to avoid colission with them, and sent this Indian as a Messenger of peace

David Moore Col. Com^{dg}
5th Regt Weber Co. Mil.
F. A. Hammond Major
George Hill Indian interpreter
pf Danl. Gamble clk.

LXXVI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, NOV. 26, 1862.[169]

Sir:—The Shoshonee Tribe have been engaged with the Banucks during the past summer in committing depredations upon

168. Utah Field Papers, 1862.
169. D/723-1862.

Emigrant Trains, and the inhabitants of this Territory. On the termination of their attacks upon the Trains, the Chiefs with a majority of the Tribe proceeded immediately up Shoshonee [Snake] river to the Buffalo hunting grounds on the tributaries of Missouri river and the Eastern slope of the Mountains. There they will remain until spring, from three to six hundred miles distant from this place.

Whether they can be induced to meet the Commissioners in Council and enter into a Treaty, after what has transpired, remains doubtful. I think they cannot be assembled until Spring, about the first of May. A point on Shoshonee river should be selected for that purpose, about two hundred miles north of this City, where they may be met on their return from their Buffalo hunt. The point which I would select, is on the Northern California road, near its junction with the Oregon road and the road to the northern Gold Mines, where there is a plenty of fish in the streams and game in the mountains for their support. It is the field of their massacres for years past.

The Shoshonees and Banucks are now mixed; they live and hunt together, ranging through Nevada, Utah & Washington Territories, into the Western parts of Nebraska and Dakotah Territories. The Shoshonees are also much mixed with the Utahs; and it is not probable that a Council can be held with the Shoshonees without many Banucks and Utahs being present.

It will, I think, be hazardous to the lives and property of the white men in Nevada and Utah who are surrounded by the Utahs, and to the peace of the country, for the Commissioners to treat with the Shoshonees, and not in the same season to treat with the Utahs and Banucks. They at once say, that the Shoshonees receive presents for killing the white men; and conclude that they will be rewarded in like manner if they do the same. The Utahs have several times this season threatened to rob the Mail Stations and Trains on the road west of this City, saying, that until they do so they will not receive from the Whites what they demand in provisions and clothing. For this reason I have deemed it imprudent to attempt to treat with the Shoshonees this fall or winter; hoping that Congress will early this winter make an appropriation for a Treaty with the Utahs in this Territory and Nevada, and for another with the Banucks in Oregon, Nevada, Utah & Washington. This appropriation I would earnestly recommend. I understand from the Commissioners Letter of instructions that the appropriation made at the last session of Congress only authorizes a Treaty with the Shoshonees, and therefore it is presumed no other Tribe can receive any portion of it.

If, according to our instructions, cessions of territory so as to include the white settlements—and thus relieve the settlers from

the tribute constantly demanded of them by individuals of these Tribes, are not to be made in the Treaty, provision I think ought to be made by which the discoverers of gold, silver and other minerals are permitted to explore and occupy any portion of the country for mining purposes. At this moment valuable discoveries of gold & silver are being made in this Territory, as well as in Nevada and the Eastern part of Washington, in the country claimed by these Tribes, but now in the actual possession of several thousand miners.

The goods required for presents, to be made to the Shoshonees when treating with them if purchased at San Francisco, cannot be forwarded from San Pedro before the 25th December. They will probably arrive here soon after the first of February. Messengers ought to be despatched then to the principal Shoshonee Chiefs, inviting them to the Council. The Commissioner will perceive the impossibility of assembling them and holding the Treaty earlier than the month of May next. They will not leave their hunting grounds until about the first of April. . . .

LXXVII

JOSEPH A. GEBOW, INDIAN INTERPRETER, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED OGDEN, DEC. 18, 1862.[170]

To

Ex Governor Doty,
Superintendent of Indian Affairs

Dear Sir,—

To your request, if the weather is favourable I shall meet at the time appointed. I have met Mr. [David] Moore in Ogden with two Copies one of Demic and Jebows Dialect,[171] our mind was quite congenial concerning the interpretation of words that pertains to the Indian language hoping that your health will keep with maturity & a long life upon this Earth, and you shall live fourfold, and have a happy time in this and next world—Your true & faithful friend . . .

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170. *Ibid.*

171. Gebow's language is somewhat obscure, but apparently he has reference to Dimick B. Huntington's *Vocabulary of the Utah and Sho-Sho-Ne or Snake Dialects,* first printed at Salt Lake City in 1854, and his own *A Vocabulary of the Snake or Shoshone Dialect,* first printed at Great Salk Lake City in 1859, reprinted in 1864, and in 1868 reprinted at Green River as one of the earliest Wyoming imprints. A note on the third edition of Gebow's work is printed in *Annals of Wyoming,* April, 1939, vol. XI, p. 113.

LXXVIII

LUTHER MANN, JR., TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, DEC. 21, 1862.[172]

Sir I Send you by Coach to day two Mountain Sheep Skins presented to you by Jack Robertson You will please accept them as a token of Old Jacks regard for you and greatly oblige . . . .

LXXIX

LUTHER MANN, JR., TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, JAN. 10, 1863.[173]

Sir

I have to acknowledge the receipt of drafts for Salaries of Jack Robertson and myself I would like to get Gebo^{s} Vocabulary of the Snake language if you will procure a copy and forward to this place with Bill I will forward the amount Having but very little to do I have concluded to study the language . . . .

LXXX

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO SCHUYLER COLFAX, DATED FORT BRIDGER, JAN. 19, 1863.[174]

Sir

My Interpreter Jack Robertson had stolen from him last July by the ShoShonee or Snake Indians five Mules and One hundred and Sixty Horses two Emigrants on their way from California to the States while Encamped on Bear River had some forty head of Horses stolen by the Same Indians Francis Boisvert a Citazen of this country had some Forty Eight head taken by the Same Indians about the first of Jany 1863 What course can they pursue if any to recover the pay from the Government Robertson was in the Employ of the Go^{t} at the time the two Emigrants wer traveling from California to the States the Other was a private Citazen living in the Country You will confer a favour by making Enquiry of the Com of Indian Affairs what course if any the Parties can take to be remunerated partially for their losses Your Early attention is desired. All well . . . .

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172. Utah Field Papers, 1862.
173. Utah Field Papers, 1863.
174. C/57-1863. Schuyler Colfax, then a member of Congress from Indiana, later this year became Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was Vice President during Grant's first term. The letter sounds as though Mann might have owed his appointment as Indian Agent to Colfax's influence.

How did the Boys behave themselves at the Election last fall if any of them Played fals please inform me who they are

LXXXI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JAN. 28, 1863.[175]

Sir:

I have received your two Letters dated December 23d, 1862, with circulars, regarding degrees of relationship among different Nations—

I have given the Circulars to the Interpreters of the Utah & Shoshonee Nations, an requested them to reply to the questions as they are able, or can obtain information.

Allow me to suggest, that if an intelligent clerk was employed for this purpose, one who has resided long enough in this Country to form an acquaintance with these Tribes—the information obtained, I have no doubt, would prove to be more reliable and much more satisfactory. The Interpreters in this Country are not educated men. . . .

LXXXII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, FEB. 16, 1863.[176]

Sir:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your Letter of January 15th, approving the nomination of Joseph A. Gebow as Shoshonee Interpreter. He is now on a visit to some of that nation, who, I have learned, are disposed to be friendly to the whites; and if this is so, to see that they are separated from those who are hostile who I expect will soon be attacked or pursued by the soldiers. The Indians state that there were 255 men, women and children killed in the late engagement on Bear river.[177] Their camp was well filled with provisions, bacon, sugar, coffee &c. and with various other articles, all of which had obviously been taken from the Trains which they had robbed during the past season. I enclose the Colonels account of the affair. The killed

175. D/39-1863.
176. D/61-1863.
177. Connor on Jan. 30, 1863, attacked the mixed bands of Bannocks and Shoshoni then living in Cache Valley. The "Battle of Bear River" drastically solved the Indian problem in this area, and led to the early colonization by the Mormons of this part of Idaho.

were chiefly of the Bands of Bear Hunter and Sagowits, including those chiefs.

When Mr. Gebow returns, I shall make the arrangement with him as to salary as directed, or discharge him. I had not intended to retain him more than one quarter, having heard of an excellent Interpreter, formerly in the employ of the Hudsons Bay Co., now residing at Deer Lodge, 450 miles north of this City, to whom I have written and offered the Situation. I hope at least to obtain his services when the Treaty is held with the Shoshonees in the Spring. The main body of the Shoshonees and Bannacks are now in his vicinity* * * *

[Enclosed, as a clipping from an unidentified paper, is a dispatch from Col. P. Edward Connor, Franklin, Utah, Jan. 31, 1863, with a brief account of the battle on Bear River the day before; also a second dispatch dated Salt Lake City, February 1]

LXXXIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 30, 1863.[178]

Sir:—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt today of your Letter dated Febry. 21st. 1863, informing that Special Agent Hy. Martin has been directed to turn over the property & funds in his hands to Supts, Wentworth or Hansen &c.—Mr. Martin sent to me at this City from San Francisco last month, a few articles of Stationary, and $500. in Treasury notes, for which I gave him a receipt by the gentleman who brought them. I had previously requested Mr. M. to send me this sum, to enable me to send Runners to the Shoshonees, inviting them to meet the Commrs. early this spring, according to the arrangement made with him last fall.

But, learning that he had returned to Washington at the time I was about to dispatch the Runners, I have delayed them until I can receive further instructions. The Commissioner will readily perceive that I cannot with propriety make any proposition to these Indians to treat, unless the funds *are here,* or under my control, and the persons appointed to treat, are also in this country. Mr. Mann and myself are at all times ready; but when a third Commissioner will arrive—or whether he will come at all—cannot be calculated. I have therefore deemed it prudent *not* to communicate with the Indians on this subject of a Treaty.

When they return from their Buffalo Hunt in April and May would, as I have heretofore suggested, undoubtedly have been the best time to assemble them. The scattering Bands who have

178. D/95-1863.

not been to the Hunt, and who have lived chiefly upon the plunder taken from Emigrants & travellers last season, are now being pursued by a few of the U. S. Troops stationed here. They have lately attacked the Mail Station in the Goaship country, on the Overland road, about 200 miles west of this, killed a stage driver on his box, wounded a passenger who will probably die, and killed two Station keepers. They burned two station houses &c., and took 12 of the Company's horses. They also stole 30 horses from a gentleman residing at Ibimpah. I hope soon to hear that they have been overtaken by the Troops, and punished. It is a wanton aggression on their part, and was without the slightest provocation. . . .

LXXXIV

WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, JUNE 1, 1863.[179]

Sir

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 30th March last in relation to the proposed Treaty with the Shoshonees.

I exceedingly regret that unforeseen circumstances have combined to cause so much delay in the attempt to effect the contemplated negotiation. From the instruction forwarded to late Special Agent Martin in February last I had reason to suppose that fund would be at the disposal of yourself and Agent Mann so that a council with the Indians could be held early in the Spring. In this however I was disappointed as late Agent Martin returned bringing with him the unexpended balance of the funds entrusted to him.

An answer to your letter has been delayed some days with a view to consulting with Gov. Nye (who has been expected in this City) in relation to the Treaty. As it is now probable that Gov. Nye will not now visit this place I have to inform you that the balance of the funds returned by late Agent Martin amounting to the sum of $15,783.88. will be deposited to your credit with John I. Cisco Asst. Treas. U. S. at New York when notice shall be received from you as to the time that the negotiation will be attempted, and that the funds are needed for that purpose.

Agent Martin having wholly failed in accomplishing the object of his appointment, the negotiation will henceforth be confided to

179. 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), pp. 514-515.

you and Agent Mann under the instructions heretofore issued, unless it shall be found practicable, and in your judgment expedient to associate with you Gov. Nye of Nevada and Gov Wallace of the New Territory of Idaho in addition to Agent Mann, in which event you will be authorized to do so, but I suggest that no great delay, nor any considerable expense should be incurred for that purpose.

In regard to the suggestions of your letter of 27th Nov. last in relation to the necessity of treaties with the Utahs and Bannacks I have to state that you are authorized to make a joint treaty with these tribes and the Shoshones if one can be negotiated with the funds appropriated for the purpose of treating with the latter and now at your disposal.

While I do not hesitate in view of the urgent necessities of the case and the weighty reasons therefore suggested by you to divert the specific application of the appropriation to the extent indicated, I do not feel warranted in attempting any negotiation with the Utahs and Bannacks in advance of an appropriation, unless it shall be found practicable to accomplish it as above indicated.

In view of the limited amount of the appropriation it is exceedingly vexatious that so much thereof should have been expended by late Agent Martin to so little purpose and that the necessity for the exercise of the strictest economy should thereby be enhanced to so great an extent, I have however full confidence that whatsoever is practicable will be accomplished by yourself and those who may be associated with you.

Trusting that I may receive an early and favorable report from you . . . .

LXXXV

Luther Mann, Jr., to William P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Telegram dated Fort Bridger, June 1863[180]

Sir.

Five hundred Shossonee or Snake Indians will visit this agency today for the purpose of delivering up the stolen stock in their possession & of pledging themselves to keep quiet in the future they are entirely destitute of food or clothing shall I feed them for a few days Please answer immediately Supt Doty being now north I am compelled to apply for instructions from you direct

L Mann Jr

180. M/65-1863. The telegram was received in Washington June 2.

LXXXVI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 20, 1863.[181]

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated May 22d, 1863, in relation to my northern Expedition, and to report:

That I returned to this city from that Expedition on the 19th instant, having been absent six weeks in the Indian Country, and travelled over eight hundred miles. I accompanied Genl Conner to Snake river Ferry,[182] two hundred miles, where we separated; and he proceeded with his Cavalry up the Blackfoot river, and south, across the dividing ridge to Soda Springs, at which place he has established a Military Post [Camp Connor], on the old California & Oregon roads.

The Bannacks and Shoshonees I met in small Bands, and, after counselling with them, I am satisfied they are disposed to be peaceable and friendly. The Exhibition of a Cavalry force among them apparently satisfied them that they could be reached by the power of the government, and that they would certainly be punished if they committed depredations upon the white men. There are undoubtedly, as they say, some bad men among them, who will not be controlled by the Chiefs, but efforts are made by the peaceable Indians to restrain them.

The only Bands that appear determined to continue hostilities were those of Pokatelo, Sagowitz, and Sanpitz—and with these I could obtain no communication. They must be left to Genl Conner's troops.

When at Snake river Ferry two Express-men arrived bringing information that a large body of Shoshonees and Bannacks were assembling at Kamash Prarie,[183]—about one hundred miles farther north and on the road used by Emigrants to Bannack city—with the intention to either fall upon the Miners on Beaver Head and its branches, or upon the Emigrants along the road between South-Pass and Bridger. If this could be prevented by an interview I felt it my duty to make the attempt, and therefore proceeded with

181. D/155-1863. Printed in 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), pp. 515-516.

182. At the mouth of the Blackfoot River, below present Blackfoot, Idaho.

183. There were several Kamas prairies in Idaho; the one here mentioned lay along the lower course of present Camas Creek, north of Idaho Falls. Bannack City, to which Doty traveled from Kamas Prairie, was one of the early boom camps which sprang up in Montana after the major gold strikes of 1862-63, located in the highlands between the Big Hole and Beaverhead rivers.

my Interpreter to the place indicated to meet them. At Kamash prarie I found but few Indians, those remaining stating that those who had been there had gone in different directions to the Mountains to hunt, and that they were all friendly to the whites and disposed to be peaceable. They complained of the white men at Bannack city firing upon them in the streets of that place, when they were there upon a friendly visit, and were molesting no one, and killed their Chief Shnag, and two others. They said they did not intend to revenge this wanton act, because it was committed by men who were drunk, and they thought all the people there were drunk at the time. I advised them not to go there again, and to keep away from drunken white men; to be kind & render good service to the Emigrants along the road, and that they would be generously rewarded. I gave them a few presents of Blankets &c. However, fearing there might be trouble from this gross attack, and that other bands might not feel disposed to overlook it, I determined, as there was no Indian Agent in this section of country, to proceed to Bannack City, about Eighty miles distant, to ascertain the truth of their statement, and to counsel with those who might be along the road thro' the Mountains. On entering the Mountains I encountered a large band of Shoshonees, who manifested a friendly spirit, expressed a desire to be at peace, and thankfully accepted the few presents I was able to make them.

On arriving at Bannack I learned with regret that the statement by the Indians of the murder of their people, was true; that they were fired upon as they were sitting quietly in the street by a dozen white men; and that their sole object in visiting the place was to give up a child (which they did) which had been demanded of them on the supposition that it was a stolen white child. I saw the child, & have no doubt that it is a Half-breed, and was rightfully in their possession. I would have adopted legal measures for the punishment of these offenders but there were no civil officers there, and no laws but such as have been adopted by Miners. The matter must rest until the organization of the government of Idaho.[184]

Whilst at Bannack, I ascertained that Bands of FlatHeads had passed on the road by which I came, in search of the Bannacks & Shoshonees, for the purpose of stealing their horses and making war upon them. Deeming it unsafe to return alone, I employed Mr. [Robert?] Dempsey, an excellent interpreter, to send a guide and guard of Indians with me. These accompanied me faithfully to the settlements of Box Elder, and will on their way back give useful information to those of their Nation they meet.

184. Montana Territory was created in 1864. At this time western Montana was nominally a part of Idaho Territory, created earlier in the year.

All the Indians I met, during my absence, appeard desirous to form a treaty with the U. S., and I told them that when the Commissioners were ready to meet them, I would send a runner to them to inform them of the time & place for them to assemble. . . .

LXXXVII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED UTAH TERRITORY, JUNE 20, 1863.[185]

Sir:—Your Letter of instructions in relation to the proposed treaty with Shoshonees, dated June 1st, 1863, I have the honor to acknowledge, and to inform you that I shall proceed the coming week to Fort Bridger for the purpose of meeting the Shoshonees who are assembled there—some of whom I met on my late expedition—and of treating with them according to your Instructions of the 22nd of July, 1862, and of those now given.

Many of these Indians have been hostile, and have committed depredations upon the persons & property of Emigrants & settlers, but now express a strong desire for peace. Agent Mann informs me that he is now feeding them under your authority; I therefore hasten to meet them, that some arrangement may be made by which they can with satisfaction return to their hunting grounds, and upon terms which shall secure peace hereafter, safety to the Emigrants & travellers, and relieve the Department from the expense now being incurred.

These are about one third of the Shoshonees with whom treaties may be held; and I shall endeavor to limit the expenditures to the least amount to obtain the objects desired by government.

You will please make the deposit with M[r]. Cisco, as indicated in your letter, that my drafts may be provided for on presentation.

The Shoshonee Bands are scattered over so vast an extent of country that it will be necessary for the Commissioners to meet them at several points. The whole Nation can never be assembled, without bringing them hundreds of miles. . . .

LXXXVIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 26, 1863.[186]

Sir:

By the efforts of Genl. Connor & myself, "Little Soldier," the

185. D/149-1863; printed in 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), p. 514.

186. D/154-1863, printed in *ibid.*, pp. 512-513.

Chief of the "Weber Utes," who had been hostile & committing depredations for some months past, has been induced to come in with his Band and promises to remain at peace with the whites.[187] He met us, with 14 of his warriors today in council; wished to make a firm and lasting peace, encamped at a place near the City where we can supervise his conduct & agrees to remain there until we tell him to go to his hunting grounds; and has sent messengers to other Ute Bands assuring them of their safety if they join him & of our friendly disposition, and advising them also to come in.

I have now strong hopes that hostilities on the part of the Utes will cease. . . .

LXXXIX

JAMES DUANE DOTY AND LUTHER MANN, JR., COMMISSIONERS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, UTAH TERRITORY, JULY 3, 1863.[188]

Sir: We have the honor to transmit herewith a Treaty which we concluded yesterday with the Shoshonee Nation, which we hope will be approved by the Department. The terms were more advantageous than we had expected to obtain.

The representation of the nation was very large, being from all the bands of the nation except four. The parties treating occupy the whole of the country east of—and including—Salt Lake Valley. The two principal Chiefs of the nation, Washakie and Wanapitz, were present.

One of these absent Bands is in Ruby valley and on the Humboldt mountains and river. The other three continue their hostilities, but are now much reduced in numbers, and have been driven by the Troops north to the valley of Snake river. We may now perhaps be able to get messengers to them, and induce them to treat with us for peace.

The amount expended in making this Treaty, is about six thousand dollars: the account, with the vouchers, will be forwarded without delay. There was near one thousand Shoshonees—and no Bannacks or Utahs—on the ground. They have been fed, according to your instructions, for the past month, which has somewhat increased the expenditure of the Treaty fund, to which it is charged. . . .

187. This is curious information about Little Soldier, who had never been particularly unfriendly toward the whites. It may be that he had been alienated by the slaughter in January, at the Battle of Bear River.

188. D/157-1863.

XC

Treaty of Peace and Friendship with the Shoshone Nation of Indians. Concluded July 2nd. 1863.[189]

Articles of Agreement made at Fort Bridger in Utah Territory this second day of July A. D. One thousand Eight hundred and Sixty three, by and between the United States of America represented by its Commissioners, and the Sho-Sho-nee nation of Indians represented by its Chiefs and principal Men and Warriors of the Eastern Bands, as follows:

Article I Friendly and Amicable relations are hereby re-established between the Bands of the Sho-Sho-nee nation parties hereto, and the United States. And it is declared that a firm and perpetual Peace Shall be henceforth maintained between the Sho-Sho-nee nation and the United States.

Article II. The Several routes of travel through the Sho-Sho-nee Country now or hereafter used by the white men, Shall be and remain forever free and safe for the use of the Government of the United States and of all emigrants and travelers under its authority and protection, without molestation or injury from any of the People of said nation. And if depredations should at any time be committed by bad men of their nation, the offending Shall be immediately seized and delivered up to the proper officers of the United States, to be punished as their offences Shall deserve. And

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189. D/157-1863 enc. This was the first copy of the treaty sent on by Doty. As we shall see in Document XCII, on July 18 he transmitted "the original copy" of the treaty, at that time asking the Commissioner to add to the duplicate transmitted on July 3 "the name of the Chief *Bazil* who signed his name to this but did not arrive with his Band until that copy had been mailed."

A memorandum by the Indian Office filed with I/222-1866 comments, with respect to the treaty of July 2:

> This treaty, with three others, made with different bands of Shoshonees and Goships, by Gov. Doty, of Utah, was acted upon favorably by the Senate March 7th 1864, with an amendment—the same amendment, as shown upon paper marked "A", being made to each treaty. All of the treaties were returned to Gov. Doty May 17th, with instructions to secure the assent of the Indians to the amendments, and all were returned by him before he was superseded as Sup't by Mr. Irish, Except this one, with Washakee's band, Gov. Doty reporting that he had not been able to get the chiefs together. The treaties thus returned were ratified and proclaimed by the President Jan'y 17, 1865.
>
> After Mr. Irish had left Utah on leave of absence to come to Washington in the winter of 1866, this treaty was sent to him, having been found among Gov. Doty's papers [he being then deceased].
>
> It is recommended that the paper should be sent to the Supt. of Utah, with instructions to obtain the assent of the Indians to the amendment as soon as possible. The appropriation of $10,000 pr annum is made by Congress without the treaty having been ratified.

the Safety of all travelers passing peaceably over Said routes is hereby guaranteed by Said nation.—Military-Agricultural Settlements and Military Posts may be Established by the President of the United States along said routes: Ferries may be maintained over the Rivers wherever they may be required and Houses Erected and Settlements formed at Such points as may be necessary for the comfort and convenience of travelers.

Article III. The Telegraph and Overland Stage Line having been established and operated through a part of the Sho-Sho-nee Country, it is expressly agreed that the Same may be continued without hindrance, molestation or injury from the people of Said nation; and that their property and the lives of Passengers in the Stages and of the Employees of the respective Companies Shall be protected by them. And further, it being understood that provision has been made by the Government of the United States, for the Construction of a Railway from the Plains West to the Pacific Ocean, it is Stipulated by said nation that Said Railway or its Branches may be located, constructed and operated without molestation from them through any portion of the Country claim by them.

Article IV.—It is understood the boundaries of the Sho-Sho-nee Country, as defined and described by Said nation, is as follows: On the North by the Mountains on the north Side of the Valey of Sho-Sho-nee or Snake River; On the East by the Wind River Mountains, Peenahpah, the north fork of the Platte or Koochinagah and the north Park or Buffalo House; and on the South by Yampah River and the Uintah Mountains. The Western boundary is left undefined, there being no Sho-Sho-nees from that district of Country present; but the Bands now present Claim that their own Country is Bounded on the West by Salt Lake[190]

Article V.—The United States being aware of the inconvenience resulting to the Indians in consequence of the driving away and destruction of game along the route traveled by Whites and by the formation of agricultural and Mining Settlements are willing to fairly compensate them for the Same; therefore, and in consideration of the preceding stipulations, the United States promises and agree to pay to the Bands of the Sho-Sho-nee nation Parties hereto, annually, for the term of twenty years, the sum of ten thousand dollars in Such articles as the President of the United States may deem Suitable to their wants and condition Either as Hunters or Herdsmen. And the Said Band of the Sho-Sho-nee nation hereby acknowledge the reception of the said stipulated

190. These comments on the limits of the Shoshoni country should be compared with the reports of John Wilson in 1849, Jacob Forney in 1858, and F. W. Lander in 1860 (see Documents I, XLVII, and LI).

annuities as a full compensation and Equivalent for the loss of game and the rights and privaleges hereby conceded.

Article VI.—The Said Bands hereby acknowledge that they have received from said Commissioners provisions and clothing amounting to Six thousand dollars as presents at the conclusion of this Treaty

Done at Fort Bridger the day and year above written in presence of

Jack Robertson Interpreter.	James Duane Doty Luther Mann Jr	)	Commissioners
Samuel Dean	Washakee	x	
	Wanapitz	x	
	Toopsapowit	x	
	Pantoshiga	x	
	Ninabutz	x	
	Narkawk	x	
	Tahvonshe'a	x	
	Weer'ango	x	
	Tootsahp	x	
	Weeahyukee	x	

Wyoming State Historical Society

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

September 15-16, 1956 *Gillette, Wyoming*

Election of Officers

Dr. DeWitt Dominick of Cody was elected to the presidency of the Wyoming State Historical Society at the Third Annual Meeting held in Gillette. Other officers elected were: Dr. T. A. Larson of Laramie, 1st vice president; Mr. A. H. MacDougall of Rawlins, 2nd vice president; Miss Maurine Carley of Cheyenne, secretary-treasurer. Miss Lola M. Homsher is the permanent executive secretary.

Program—September 15

On Saturday morning, September 15, members of the Society were invited to stop at the Marquiss Little Buffalo Ranch, fifty miles south of Gillette, at 10:00 a.m. to view their herd of 300 buffalo, the largest privately owned herd in the country.

The afternoon program was held at the George Amos Memorial Library Auditorium, at which time Mrs. Roy Hardy, president of the Campbell County Historical Society, presided. The members of the local society had on display a number of fascinating antiques and artifacts which visitors were invited to look at while they enjoyed a coffee hour served by the Campbell County Chapter under the chairmanship of Mrs. Charles A. Mankin and Mrs. Howard Bundy. The hostesses dressed in early-day costumes which added much color to the afternoon program.

Following the coffee hour Mr. Ralph Kintz of Gillette spoke on "Campbell County History" in which he presented a resumé of the history of the area dating back to the entry of the Astorians into present-day Wyoming.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Mankin and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bundy presented an interesting exhibition of old time dances which were greatly enjoyed.

A tour to the open pit coal mine five mile east of Gillette concluded the afternoon program.

The evening program and annual dinner were held at the Presbyterian Church where, after a delicious Smorgasbord served by the ladies of the church, rs. Roy Hardy welcomed the 117 members and guests. She introduced Mr. E. A. Littleton who presided as master of ceremonies.

Mr. Littleton introduced the officers of the Society and a number of the early cowboys who have lived in Campbell County for many years.

Mr. Herbert Kahler, chief historian of the National Parks Service, was the main speaker of the evening and discussed "The Problems of Historical Conservation." He pointed out that the public has been aware of the need of preserving historical sites for only the past one-hundred years, and that each generation has to learn anew its historical responsibility. He recommended that Historical societies take statewide inventories of sites, natural objects and buildings which should be preserved.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

Mr. W. L. Marion, outgoing president, presided at the Annual Business Meeting of the Society following the evening program. Committee reports were considered and the following actions were taken:

1) Mr. Louis C. Steege, chairman of the Achaeological Committee, reported that a copy of the proposed Archaeological Bill had been sent to each chapter for study. After general discussion regarding the need for such a bill on the statutes Mr. David Boodry, Goshen County, moved that the committee continue working on the bill and submit it to the next Legislature. Carried.

2) Mr. O'Callaghan moved that the Society go on record to investigate the need and advisability of establishing a research professorship at the University of Wyoming. Carried.

3) Short reports of the accomplishments of the County Chapters were given by members present:

Albany County Chapter by Miss Clarice Whittenburg
Campbell County Chapter by Mrs. Roy Hardy
Carbon County Chapter by Mrs. George Pierson
Fremont County Chapter by Mr. William Marion
Goshen County Chapter by Mr. David Boodry
Johnson County Chapter by Mrs. Thelma Condit
Laramie County Chapter by Mr. Charles Ritter
Natrona County Chapter by Mrs. Edness Wilkins
Park County Chapter by Dr. DeWitt Dominick
Washakie County Chapter by Mrs. William F. Bragg, Sr.
Sweetwater County Chapter by Mr. Vernon Hurd

Historical Awards

Dr. T. A. Larson, chairman of the Awards Committee, announced the following awards for outstanding contributions to the field of Western and Wyoming History for the year 1955-56:

Book, non-fiction—Dr. R. H. Burns, Mr. A. S. Gillespie and Mr. Willing Richardson for *Wyoming's Pioneer Ranches.*

Book, fiction—Peggy Simson Curry for *So Far From Spring.*

Newspaper—*Riverton Ranger* for its 50th Anniversary Golden Jubilee Edition.

Business which makes the best use of historical advertising—Union Pacific Railroad.
Promotion of Museums—Wyoming Pioneer Association.

Treasurer's Report

September 15, 1955 to September 15, 1956

Cash and Investments, September 15, 1955	$3,615.67
Receipts and Interest	3,134.75
	6,750.42
Disbursements, 9/15/55 - 9/15/56	1,835.14
Balance on hand September 15, 1956	$4,915.28

ASSETS

Cheyenne Federal Building & Loan	$3,961.33
Stock Growers National Bank	953.95
	$4,915.28

Present membership of the Society stands as follows:

Life members	24
Joint life members	6
Annual members	466
Joint annual members	314
	810

Counties organized - - - - 11 (Albany, Carbon, Campbell, Fremont, Goshen, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona, Park, Sweetwater and Washakie.)

Program—September 16

Mr. L. H. Barlow opened his home to members of the Society on Sunday morning to allow them to view his extensive collection of artifacts and historical relics.

The highlight of the state meeting was the afternoon program at Devils Tower National Monument where there was a record attendance of 2,568 persons. The Campbell County Chapter was in charge of the program for Gillette Day in celebration of the 50th Anniversary of Devil's Tower being designated the first national monument in the United States.

A free barbecue, sponsored by the Gillette Lions Club and Gillette Rotary Club, was held at the Tower beginning at 11:00 a.m., the buffalo for which was donated by the Marquiss Little Buffalo Ranch. Music was furnished by the Campbell County High School Band.

Mr. E. A. Littleton was in charge of the afternoon program. He introduced Dr. DeWitt Dominick who spoke briefly to the group on the aims, purposes and accomplishments of the Wyoming

State Historical Society and invited all persons interested in Wyoming and Western history to join the Society.

An interesting pageant on Wyoming History was presented by the members of the Campbell County Historical Chapter under the direction of E. A. Littleton with W. F. Bragg, Jr., as narrator. The pageant covered briefly the early history of Wyoming.

Portraying the early-day trappers, pioneers and Indian scouts were Tom McMahon, John Reed, J. J. Wright and Frank Thomas.

The second part of the pageant was devoted to the important role which women have played in Wyoming history. Dressed in the appropriate costumes of the day, the cast was as follows:

Mrs. W. P. Parks, Sr.....Esther Morris
Mrs. Della Dillinger.....Mrs. Eliza A. Swain
Mrs. A. R. Smith.....Miss Eliza Stewart
Mrs. Ralph Kintz.....Mrs. Amelia Hatcher
Mrs. Tom Morgan.....Mrs. C. F. Hilton
Mrs. Howard Bundy....Mrs. Mary Markel
Mrs. H. L. Mankin.....Mrs. Agnes Baker
Mrs. Eleanor Gleason..Mrs. Sarah W. Pease
Mrs. Cecil Lucas.....Mrs. Martha Symons-Boies-Atkinson
Mrs. Otis Wright.....Mrs. Susan Ellen Wissler
Mrs. R. B. Marquiss....Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross

The script for the story of the Women of Wyoming was written by Mrs. Archie Lindsey.

Several of Campbell County's early-day cowboys rode in the pageant on their horses. Introduced were L. H. Barlow, 88-year old cowboy, W. J. "Walt" Monnett, a resident since 1892, and the three Lynde brothers, Worth, Bill and Ernest (Buster), and Mike Reardon, early day cowboy. Mr. Barlow concluded the pageant with a story of early days near Gillette.

The speaker of the afternoon was Herbert E. Kahler, chief historian of the National Parks Service who discussed "National Monuments from 1906 to 1956."

The members of the State Historical Society in attendance at the Third Annual Meeting of the Society were unanimous in their expression of their appreciation for the fine hospitality and entertainment extended by the Campbell County Chapter and the people of Gillette.

Committees on Arrangements

CAMPBELL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OFFICERS:
President, Mrs. Roy Hardy
Vice President, Ralph Kintz
Sec'y-Treasurer, Mrs. R. B. Marquiss

COMMITTEES:
Mrs. C. M. Lucas, Program and Costumes
Mrs. B. J. Coulson, Publicity
Mr. Hubert Dickey, Courtesy and Registration

Mrs. Roy Hardy, Reservations
Miss Margretta Gratz, Antiques
Mrs. Charles A. Mankin and Mrs. Howard Bundy, Coffee Hour and Dinner Committee

Committees—1956-1957

Dr. Dominick appointed the following committees to serve for the coming year:

AWARDS COMMITTEE—
Mr. A. H. MacDougall, chairman
Mrs. P. E. Daley, Rawlins
Mr. Bob David, Casper

SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE—
Dr. T. A. Larson, Laramie

NOMINATING COMMITTEE—
Mrs. Edness Kimball Wilkins, chairman
Mrs. Thelma Condit, Kaycee
Mr. Vernon Hurd, Green River
Mr. Ray F. Bower, Worland
Mr. David Boodry, Torrington

LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE—
Mr. Frank Mockler, chairman
Mr. Charles Ritter, Cheyenne
Mr. Ralph Kintz, Gillette
Mrs. Edness K. Wilkins, Casper
Mr. Earl Bower, Worland
Mr. Mervin Champion, Sheridan
Mr. David Boodry, Torrington
Mr. Louis Steege, Cheyenne

COMMITTEE ON SURVEY AND INVESTIGATION OF INVASION OF HISTORICAL SITES—
Mr. E. A. Littleton, chairman
Mr. Louis Steege, Cheyenne
Mr. William Bragg, Sr., Worland
Mr. L. C. Bishop, Cheyenne
Mr. Vernon Hurd, Green River
Mr. William Marion, Lander
Mr. A. H. MacDougall, Rawlins

ARCHAEOLOGICAL COMMITTEE—
Mr. Louis Steege, chairman
Mr. Charles Ritter, Cheyenne

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. Steege

SCRAPERS

Scrapers are the most abundant of all the stone artifacts used by the Plains Indians. Since the skins of wild animals were used extensively for clothing, robes, moccasins and shelters, the preparation of these skins necessitated the use of great quantities of scrapers; hence their common occurrence throughout the Plains regions.

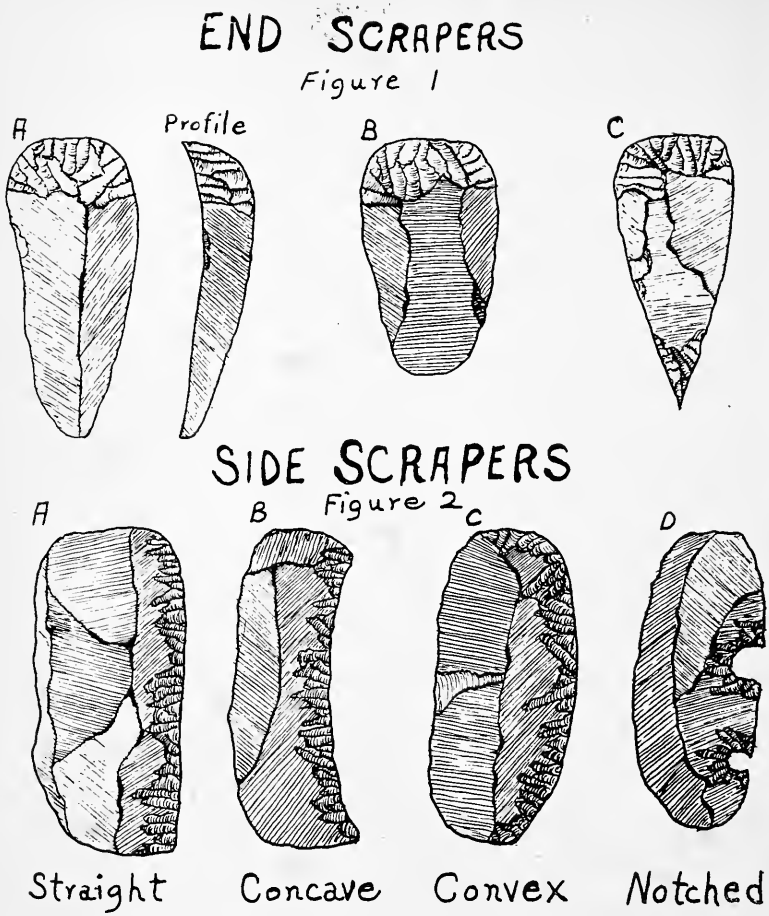
How often have you heard this phrase? "I guess this is some sort of a scraper". It appears to be a universal habit of amateur archaeologists and collectors to place any artifact, which cannot be readily identified, into the scraper class. This is a very common and erratic practice and should be avoided at all times.

Scrapers are a very definite artifact. They were designed and made for a definite purpose. Scrapers are different from knives in as much as the scraper is a flake and the knife is a blade. The knife is V-shaped in cross section, the edge being tapered from both faces. A knife is relatively thin whereas a scraper is usually thick. The edge of a scraper is beveled by pressure flaking from the dorsal face only. This tends to give the working edge a sharp hooked surface which is essential for maximum efficiency. The ventral face of a scraper shows little or no flaking. The surface remains smooth and slightly curved since this side was the conchoidal surface of the original flake.

Scrapers are classified as *end scrapers* and *side scrapers.*

End scrapers are made with the working edge at the narrow end. Their shapes are roughly sub-triangular and rectangular. They were used by being held in one hand between the thumb and the index finger. For this reason end scrapers are sometimes referred to as "thumb scrapers".

End scrapers are divided into two classes known as "keeled" and "on flake". The keeled variety (Figure 1 A) are sub-triangular in shape and have a thick stout end made for hard work on heavy hides. The on flake variety (Figure 1 B) are somewhat lighter tools and have no definite shape.


END SCRAPERS
Figure 1
A
Profile
B
C
SIDE SCRAPERS
Figure 2
A
B
C
D
Straight
Concave
Convex
Notched

End scrapers with working edges on both ends are not uncommon. These are known as *double end scrapers.* End scrapers which were pointed on one end (Figure 1 C) were also used as borers and gravers. End scrapers were sometimes stemmed. This type was mounted on a short shaft or handle. Greater pressure could be applied with this implement.

Side scrapers are found in a variety of forms, shapes and sizes. The working edge of the side scraper is along the broad end instead of the narrow end as on the end scrapers. The side scraper was held in one hand with the working edge of the scraper held very close to the object to be scraped. The object was then scraped along a straight line, sideways, or in a circular motion according to the results desired by the operator.

Side scrapers are divided into four classes: Straight (Figure 2 A), Concave (Figure 2 B), Convex (Figure 2 C), and Notched Figure 2 D). Each class is characteristic by the general shape of the working edge.

Notched scrapers were used for scraping cylindrical objects such as stems and shafts. They were also used to shred sinew.

Book Reviews

Ghost Towns of Wyoming. By Mary Lou Pence and Lola M. Homsher. (New York: Hastings House, 1956. 256 pp. illus. $7.50.)

Wyoming is a story-book land and here we have a book that proves it. There is enough adventure and romance in this volume to keep the movie and television studios busy for years and years. And every word of it is true.

Before going into the story-book phase, I want to mention the first chapter which is a short and excellent history of the state. It is told in a pleasant, highly readable style with the emphasis on personalities. Anyone needing a brief course on state history would do well to keep this chapter in mind.

Now, let's wander through a few of the ghost towns themselves. They are dotted all over the state and vary in type from a roaring End-O'-Track railroad town to a quiet, completely altruistic settlement founded to bring culture to the West. There are mining towns, cow towns, timber towns and railroad towns, all at one time flourishing and now in most cases so completely vanished that it is difficult to find where they used to be.

There is South Pass, the first gold mining town in Wyoming and its famous citizen, Esther McQuigg Morris, who made Wyoming the "Equality" state; and Bear River City with the roving newspaper, The Frontier Index, and its enterprising editor, Legh Freeman; and Rock Creek, a cow town that flourished lustily until the Union Pacific abandoned it; and Bessemer who gasped with its last breath that it was cheated at the polls by Casper; and Tubb Town, predecessor of Newcastle, with a water system that was apt to produce unexpected returns; and Bald City in the Big Horns, the City of Broken Hearts, near the mysterious Medicine Wheel.

And then there is Benton, a roaring End-O'-Track town that was so busy being wicked that it had time for no good thing.

"It was here they called 'That day lost whose low descending sun
Saw no man killed or other mischief done'."

Benton had the distinction of a "great white way" all its own, provided by locomotive headlights hoisted up on street posts, leading to a big amusement tent, though "amusement" is a pretty dainty word for what went on in that tent. This town lived only three months but in that short time it gained the reputation, ac-

cording to historian C. G. Coutant, of being "the one bad town along the line of the Union Pacific".

At the completely opposite pole from Benton is Jireh, founded by eastern idealists with the sole purpose of bringing culture to the West. No intoxicating liquor, no playing cards, no smoking, these were the rules and in spite of them and the hostility they aroused in our free-swinging state, these people founded a college and managed to keep it running by working half a day in the fields and teaching the other half. The first World War and a drought combined to kill all their hopes and the Jireh College building is now on the University of Wyoming grounds. This is the most pathetic of all our ghost towns and its failure the hardest to understand. If idealism, faith, intelligence and hard work cannot succeed, what more is needed? That is the very genuine problem Jireh presents.

Suggs presents no such problem. It died because of a roaring fight between its townspeople and a company of militia. To the Army's chagrin, its men were held off for a considerable length of time by two outlaws, ex-cowpunchers, who thought when the Army started shooting out of sheer boredom, that the law had finally caught up with them and they had no intentions of being taken without an argument. The townspeople joined in exuberantly and the resulting free-for-all spelled the doom on the town.

This material is handled with the vigor and charm of fine story-telling, in other words this is highly entertaining history. But don't forget it is history. Each person, each date, each fact has been checked and double-checked and the names of our authors provide the guarantee for that; Mrs. Pence is well-known in Western writing circles and Miss Homsher is Director of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

There are more than a hundred illustrations, most of which have never been published before. These include nine Charles M. Russell paintings, several W. H. Jackson photographs, two drawings of the exuberant Tubb Town, a rare picture of Benton's "amusement" tent and many on-the-spot photographs of people and places.

This is a book I can heartily recommend to both outlanders and natives ,the former because it will prove to them that Wyoming is the story-book land they have dreamed of, while the latter will find here the detail that has been lacking on certain people, events and places. A most entertaining and readable contribution to Wyoming history.

New York City MAURENE CHENOWETH
(Former Librarian at
Laramie, Wyoming)

The Look of the Old West. By Foster-Harris. (New York. The Viking Press, 1955. 316 pp., illus., index., biblio. $7.50.)

The Look of the Old West will have a great appeal for the student of pioneer history. It is a valuable handbook for the collector of Western Americana.

The author, Foster-Harris, has made a life work of collecting "authentic Western Minutiae—the little things about how the people, animals and things of the Old West looked and acted."

The book is attractively bound and profusely illustrated with detailed drawings by Evelyn Curro. These fine illustrations are of great interest to the reader, who is not only told but shown the way of life lived during "the glory years of the Old West."

In his introduction, which he calls "The Waybill of This Book," Foster Harris says: "There are worlds of vital statistics about the Old West, but just try and visualize a vital statistic! How does it hold its pants up? Does it pack a gun, smoke, chew, wear its hair long? Sure this sounds silly, maybe, to a scholar, but when something is really alive in your mind, these are the tall trifles that perfect the picture. They make it real. That is the intent and purpose of this book."

The period covered is from 1865 to the late 1890's. This was the romantic age of Western history so intriguing to the writers of novels, motion pictures, and plays. Western song writers and homespun poets sang the praises of this era. The files of early day newspapers have many examples of the colorful prose and verse of the pioneers. Many writers have carefully compiled the history of this period.

It remained for Foster-Harris to make a unique compilation of the details which enables the reader to visualize the daily life of the pioneers. The author writes in an easy, informal, conversational style, which makes reading pleasurable.

A glimpse into the chapters will give an idea of the scope of the book.

1. Soldiers into Civilians. The uniforms, insignia, and sundries of the Union and Confederate veterans who came West after 1865.
2. Fighting Gear. Their rifles, carbines, revolvers, sabers, cartridges, and other equipment.
3. Horse Trappings and Battle Flags. The battle flags. Equipment of the U. S. cavalry.
4. Civilians Out West. What they wore, and took with them, including derringers, watches, money, tobacco, and other supplies. What they ate and drank en route.
5. Cold Steel and Hot Lead. Knives, guns, and holsters. Gun fighting techniques.
6. To Get from Here to There. How the pioneer travelled—Conestogas, ox-carts, prairie schooners; buckboards, buggies, stagecoaches; steamboats, and trains. Stage stations.
7. Hoof Trails and Wheel Tracks. The Oregon Trail—the Missouri River—the Santa Fe Trail. The Chisholm Trail—the Western trail. The cowboys and the mountain men, and what they wore.

8. Short Horses and Longhorns. Horses and cattle; equipment and methods of the cattle business.
9. Free Grass and Barbed Wire. Grasses and poisonous plants. Buffalo and their slaughter. Dugouts; sod houses; water and fuel. The clothing of pioneer women. Guns and farm machinery.

The Look of the Old West relives the life of the pioneer by picturing his way of living. The reader is left with a greater understanding of pioneer times. Some will be left with a touch of nostalgia for the days that are no more.

Buffalo, Wyoming ALICE ANSPAUGH

The Oglala Sioux. By Robert H. Ruby. (New York: Vantage Press, Inc., 1955. 115 pp. $2.50.)

After living several years on the Pine Ridge Reservation as resident doctor-in-charge, Robert H. Ruby turned author to write about his friends—the Indians. *The Oglala Sioux* is a small book packed with authentic stories and observations about those once warlike people.

Dr. Ruby makes us realize that the Sioux today are not like their proud, fierce, dangerous ancestors of one hundred years ago. They have now become confused, lacking the dash and courage of their predecessors. He writes, "He (the Indian) would rather not work, yet he has a fondness for two of the white man's possessions, liquor and the automobile."

Since 1951, the Bureau of Indian Affairs has been carrying on a program that aims at placing any family who desires it away from the reservation. So far, sixty percent of these Indian families have become homesick and have returned to the reservation, where they live much as they did in the past.

These Indians are still resentful toward the whites, so take out some of their hard feelings on federal employees. Mothers still tell their children about the sufferings the Sioux endured because of the whites. They repeat again and again the story of the Battle of Wounded Knee from which they date their downfall. Dr. Ruby gives three versions of that battle in such an unbiased manner that it leaves one wondering just who really caused the sad affair. The taking of the Black Hills, the killing of the Buffalo, and the opening of reservations are tales never to be forgotten by the Sioux.

Around the campfires they dwell with pride on the daring deeds of their great leaders—Red Cloud, Crazy Horse, Rain-in-the-Face, Spotted Tail, American Horse, Sitting Bull, and many others. Dr. Ruby has two good chapters on Red Cloud and Crazy Horse. The others are mentioned incidentally.

Religion is very important to the Indians. Although some have embraced modern Christianity, the Sioux still cling to their old

beliefs and forms, with interesting changes and additions. When the Indians were dancing the Ghost Dance during the Messiah craze they were singing "Father told us so." During their religious conclaves, Bul Durham tobacco plays a major part in their ceremonies today.

The Native American Church is a new religion which has offered "a peep hole to peace for a confused group." This has taken the place of the Messiah craze, but it also has a funny twist as they chew peyote buttons as part of the ceremony. This is not harmful as marijuana is but merely relaxes them and makes everything seem rosy.

The Indian stories which Dr. Ruby has set down show fantastic bits of imagination. They are based on nature which the Indian loved and understood so they may have seemed possible to them. Today they make as interesting reading as our own fairy tales. The spider stories are the best and were the most popular with the Indians.

Anyone interested in Western history will enjoy reading *Oglala Sioux,* not only to refresh his memory of that important tribe but to learn many new, little known facts about them.

Cheyenne, Wyoming MAURINE CARLEY

Twentieth Century Pioneering. By Mary Julia (Moore) Allyn. (Fort Collins: B & M Printing Company. Privately printed by the Author. Illus. 61 pp. $2.00.)

This is a delightful reminiscence of pioneering at the time of the opening for settlement of the ceded part of the Wind River Indian Reservation in Fremont County, Wyoming, in 1906. Although it is a personal story of the family of Frank H. Allyn, who first surveyed the townsite of Riverton and was its second postmaster, there are many threads of history woven through the narrative.

Published at the time of the 50th Anniversary of Riverton, *Twentieth Century Pioneering* undoubtedly already has and will continue to refreshen the minds of its readers with colorful incidents of a phase of Wyoming's settlement about which little has been written.

Vividly the author describes her experiences of burning sagebrush for fuel, of teaching the first Sunday School in the Riverton community, of helping decorate the first community Christmas tree in the freight depot of the little frontier town.

The pages of this booklet contain the story of many "firsts" in the Riverton area, such as the first telephone, the first automobile, and the first airplane flight in Wyoming.

There is no complaint by Mrs. Allyn when she describes clipping her new lawn with sheep shears in the absence of lawn mowers. She took everything as a matter of course and kept her shoulder to the wheel, as many other pioneer women did. Through the entire story runs the satisfaction of accomplishing things through self-labor.

Twentieth Century Pioneering, published in a limited edition, will soon become a collector's item. It has more than local interest since this is the story of a Federal land drawing which brought people from far and wide into the heart of Wyoming.

Mrs. Allyn's story particularly appeals to this reviewer as it covers the years of my growing up on the Laramie Plains. Almost every name mentioned by the author is a familiar one from Rev. John Roberts and Rev. Sherman Coolidge, Governor Fenimore Chatterton and S. K. Loy to J. A. Delfelder and Kinch McKinney.

Told in a straightforward and entertaining style, the incidents such as the wolf hunt, the marriage of John Erni, and the making of a townsite quilt add to the annals of Wyoming many facts not elsewhere available.

Few persons ever preserve the photographs and data which give as complete a picture of the building of a town in the west as Mrs. Allyn has done.

Much credit is due Mrs. Laura Allyn Ekstrom, former Assistant State Historian of Wyoming, and now Assistant Librarian of the State Historical Society of Colorado, for urging her mother and father through the years to put into writing the story of their pioneering. This is a must for collectors of Wyomingiana.

Denver, Colorado AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Anaconda : Life and Times of Marcus Daly, The Copper King. By H. Minar Shoebotham. (Harrisburg, Pa.: Stackpole Press, 1956. 220 pp. Illus. $4.50.)

It is strange that a full length biography of Marcus Daly has not been written long since for all the ingredients are present in his life and times to make a great literary and historical thriller. We must be grateful for the present biography which brings much scattered material between the covers of a short book, but it is a straight documentary. It does articulate Marcus Daly's skeleton, but fails to clothe it with flesh or breathe life into it.

Mr. Shoebotham's documentary is written in pedestrian prose, but even the bare facts of Marcus Daly's life are so extraordinary that one reads it with interest and a sense of plot and climax. Here is a stocky Irishman born in 1841 to a peasant farmer in County Cavan near the village of Ballyjamesduff, one of eleven children—and here is a millionaire who developed the wealth of

"the richest hill on earth", built the biggest smelter in the world, created a town and in the "Anaconda Standard" published the best newspaper in the West. Here is a lad who tended hogs in Ireland, who in 1888 alone spent more than a million dollars for blooded horses to breed and train some of the swiftest racers in America at his great estate in Montana's beautiful Bitter Root Valley. Here is a man of great intelligence, personal worth and moral integrity, who bought legislators, judges and government officials to accomplish his aims, who plundered great forests on public land and raised betting at the racetrack to a statewide pastime. Here is a kindly and generous man who helped the needy, encouraged the hopeless and won the undying loyalty of his men and associates, who shut down his smelters and mines, throwing thousands of men out of work in a desperate Montana winter when it became financially expedient to do so. Here is a man who came by steerage to America in his teens, worked as a dock hand, made his way to California via the Isthmus and landed in San Francisco with 50¢ in his pockets, who travelled by private car and consorted with the financial and industrial leaders of the world. Here is a man whom many called friend, who had so bitter a feud with W. A. Clark that the political history of Montana is scarred until today with the results of that enmity. Here is a man who brought to Montana her first industrial development, who sold out to Standard Oil her greatest resources and drained off from the state he loved untold wealth for which no adequate return has ever been made.

There is almost nothing of social or economic evaluation or moral judgement in this book, nothing to compare, for instance, with Joseph Kinsey Howard's paragraph on the copper kings in "Montana, High, Wide and Handsome": an "amazing triumvirate who waged war over their prostituted state, debauching her politics and her people, sending gunmen among her miners to play out, half a mile underground, one of the most fantastic dramas of American frontier history".

But even the unevaluated facts hold the reader's attention. Marcus Daly's mining career began at the placer diggings in Calaveras County, California, shifted to Virginia City, Nevada, and mines in Utah. He learned geology and mining as few men knew them, his keen mind, practical judgement and ability to deal with men more than compensating for the formal education he never had. He won the support of wealthy investors and large-scale mine operators. In 1877 he moved his wife and children to Butte whose gold was playing out and whose silver was not supporting big developments. He was the one who foresaw how copper, if mined and smelted cheaply in quantity, would find a market in the new telephone industry, spanning a continent with copper wires. Outside capital poured in and enabled him to

open up vast mining operations, to build smelters and the town of Anaconda, to produce wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice".

The unadorned story of the fight he lost to W. A. Clark when Helena was made the capital in 1894 is almost incredible: "As election day approached . . . money flowed like water. Clark and Daly men stood on street corners passing out five-dollar bills and entreating recipients to vote for either Helena or Anaconda . . . There was more free champagne and fifty-cent gift cigars in Butte than were sold in all the Rocky Mountain states at the time". When Helena received 1910 more votes than Anaconda, "Daly was burned in effigy . . . and that night drinks in every Helena bar were on Clark. Old timers recall it as the drunkenest night Montana ever witnessed".

Even more incredible is the story of W. A. Clark's repeated defeats in his attempts to become a U. S. senator. These were the days when the Legislature chose the Senators, and votes were sold to the highest bidder. Finally, however, Clark's money won and in the election of 1900 he received a majority vote.

At the time, his old enemy, Marcus Daly, lay dying in his suite at the Netherlands Hotel, New York. Death came when he was 58 years old. He and Mrs. Daly are entombed in a mausoleum in Greenwood Cemetery, New York City. A few years later Augustus St. Gaudens created the bronze statue of Marcus Daly which looks across to "the richest hill on earth" from the campus of the School of Mines in Butte.

Laramie, Wyoming MRS. LOIS B. PAYSON

The Northwest Gun. By Charles E. Hanson, Jr. (Lincoln: Nebraska State Historical Society, xii + 85 pp., illus. $2.00)

Mr. Hanson, who is Director of the Museum of Fur Trade, Chadron, Nebraska, has in his recent book "The Northwest Trade Gun" presented a most interesting and needed publication.

The book covers the historical and technical information of the "Indian Trade Gun" in a way that will be most welcome by those who are collectors or students of fire arms. This technical information has been skillfully combined with the history of the fur trade and the companies engaged in this field.

Various historical facts have been secured by the cooperation of the following; the Museum of the Fur Trade, the Nebraska State Historical Society, the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada and England and many other societies and individuals.

The chapter titled "facts and Fancies" will be appreciated by readers as it separates the two regarding the general misconceptions of the use and purpose of the Northwest Gun.

The book contains more than fifty excellent pictures of the trade guns showing details of the various side plates, locks, proof marks and trade marks.

Since the trade gun was so closely allied with the fur trade a large portion of the book is devoted to this history. Personally I find this section highly interesting and informative.

Mr. Hanson is to be complimented upon the fine job of compiling this difficult to secure information and presenting it in a book that will be enjoyed and cherished by not only gun collectors but also students of American History.

Sheridan, Wyoming MERVIN CHAMPION

Early Days and Indian Ways. By Madge Hardin Walters. (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1956. 254 pp. $4.75.)

The author grew up with Indians in her backyard in Wisconsin. They came each summer to camp in the woods owned by her father, and to bring grief to her mother, for they were constantly begging for something. It was this nearness that awakened a love for our red brethren that was to last Madge Walters for life.

The first half of the book is the biography of the author. After two unsuccessful marriages she made a living by working in a number of different fields, including newspaper work, a stint of short story writing, and selling beaten biscuits. The short story idea did not sell, but the beaten biscuits did, first in Chicago, and then in Houston, Texas, where she made and sold her biscuits for seven years.

This stay in Texas was to nearly ruin her health, but through a chance meeting with a teacher in an Indian school her desire to know the American Indian was rekindled. After a short trip to her home in Wisconsin, she finally settled in California where she went into the Indian trading business.

This period of her life can be divided into three parts. The first or earliest period of her Indian trading was with the Indian of the Southwest. It was at this time that she cut her teeth, as it were, on what is good and what to look for among the artifacts and Indian culture.

She early learned to accept and rely on the judgement of those people who had worked all their lives with the Indians. Many trips were made to the center of the Indian culture in the southwest, until she came to be trusted by her red friends. With the help of the traders on the reservations Madge Walters was able to pick up choice pieces of historical and ceremonial artifacts. Naturally the author was able to realize a profit on all the material she handled.

The second phase of her life as a trader has to do with the Northern Plains Indians, the Sioux, the Crows and the Cheyennes. Again she was able through friends to acquire for her shop in San Diego some of the ancient and authentic artifacts. Many were ceremonial artifacts that are no longer used and were passing from use at the time the author collected them.

The third phase has to do with the Indians of Canada, the Blackfeet, the Piegan, and the Bloods, all related. Through the influence of Mr. Willard Schultz she was able to visit a Blood Sun dance and all the attendant ceremonies. Again she collected great quantities of ancient artifacts, using as a medium of exchange money, cloth, blankets from the southwest Indians, tobacco and just plain friendship. One of her most prized possessions was a tomahawk still blood covered from its use in the Indian conflicts.

Many of the items that Madge Walters collected found their way into museums where they will be given their true place in the life of the Indian of the past. Those that have fallen into private hands all too often lose their value and become but a bit of junk and as such are allowed to return to dust or are disposed of as junk.

Madge Walters relates some of the customs and ceremonials of the Indians that have been allowed to die out because the present generation feels as though the white man belittles them in the performance of their ceremonials. She was privileged to witness many dances by the different Indian tribes that are not now performed and have been lost through indifference by the present generation.

Cheyenne CHARLES RITTER

Wagons Rolled West. By Elsie Moore Lott. (Sale Lake City: Stevens & Wallis, Inc., 1955. 62 pp. illus. $2.50)

In her recently published book of poems, "Wagons Rolled West", Elsie Moore Lott draws back the heavy velvet curtains of time, and lets the reader share the joys and hardships of the pioneers who traveled in covered wagons from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Salt Lake Valley in 1846-47. Their story, told in lyrical verse, becomes very real to the reader because the author is so deeply and personally interested in the early history of the west.

"This interest dates back to my earliest childhood," Elsie Moore Lott states. "I was the youngest of the family and had five sisters and two brothers. I was a great chum of my father who was a wonderful story teller and enthralled me with tales of his pioneering days. He crossed the plains as a boy in the covered wagon days of 1847; carried mail by pony express; fought in the Black Hawk War; was a member of the party that first discovered the

fabulously rich Tintic Mining District in Utah, 1869; developed various water resources including the Alta Ditch which served Provo Bench; and established the first fruit farm on Provo Bench."

Writing of her childhood days here on the ranch at the foot of the mountains, she says, "Father had many fine thoroughbred horses which were my great love. I broke and trained the colts. Their grace of action and their winning ways led me to draw them in their different poses. Such sketching led me into studying water colors. Later I became active in numerous women's clubs where I was frequently asked to give readings of my poetry, and was urged to have them published so eventually I did in the book, "Wagons Rolled West and Other Poems."

Daguerreotypes of Stephen Bliss Moore and his wife, Eleanor Colton Moore, the pioneer father and mother of the author appear in this book, which is also illustrated with her numerous clever pencil sketches that reflect the lyrical quality of the poems.

Following the major epic poem, "Wagons Rolled West", are many short poems which show a great love of nature, the open plains and mountains, and portray the author's keen understanding of human nature. Her writing is spiced with sly, gentle humor. Several characteristic quotations from the book are:

THE MOUNTAINS

Let us worship in the mountains
By the side of sagebrush fires,
With the curling smoke for incense
And the mountain peaks for spires.

Let us drink an inspiration
From the crystal streams that flow
And renew our souls in silence
As we gaze on peaks of snow.

There are subtle fancies woven
From the gold of autumn leaves,
As around us drifts the fragrance
Of the pine and cedar trees.

Let us worship in the mountains
Where the lonely vastness brings
Our hearts into close communion
With the shy and hidden things.

There are those who love the city
With its streets all in a row,
But I'll away to the mountains
Where the vagrant breezes blow.

This book is dedicated "To Merrill", the husband whose faith and encouragement made the book possible. He is an industrial engineer and an author in the technical field of engineering. His work took them away from Utah to New York City, and finally to Los Angeles where they now live at 2525 Aiken Ave. They have

one son, Stephen, also an engineer, whose favorite hobby is singing pioneer songs.

"Yes," Elsie Moore Lott writes, "I get very homesick for Utah and the mountains as I knew them in my youth. We make many trips back and when I get into those mountains I have a satisfying feeling that I belong." In her poem "Los Angeles" she says:

"I long for crashing thunder
The sound of pelting rain;
Glory of a rainbow
Across a field of grain."

Lusk, Wyoming MAE URBANEK

Lincoln's Choice. By J. O. Buckeridge. (Harrisburg: The Stackpole Company, 1956. xviii + 254 pp., illus., bibliography, index. $5.00.)

Past attempts by authors and publishers to dangle before the buying public the magic name of Lincoln are put to shame by the ingenuity of Buckeridge and Stackpole. Stretching the device to its ultimate they have come forth with a book about the Spencer seven-shooter, a fascinating gun, but have relied upon the President to sell it for them.

It is true, that shortly after the Battle of Gettysburg, Christopher Spencer brought his repeating weapon to the White House and watched Lincoln fire at a pine board in what is now Potomac Park. W. O. Stoddard, a young newspaper editor the President had known in Illinois, participated in some of the gun's tests. After the war he wrote that the weapon was Lincoln's choice; and so a book title.

The real choice seems to have been that of the soldier. The difference between fifteen shots per minute with a repeating rifle as opposed to one, or possibly two, in the same period with a muzzle loader, was often the difference between life and death. The multiplication of fire power by fifteen had an appeal to the man in battle that needed no advertising or selling. The problem, as always, was that of getting official sanction for something new. That is what the book is really about.

The author appears to feel that the gun needed his defense. The entire volume is a sales talk about the qualities of the weapon, the blindness of the War Department officials for not recognizing it as the answer to victory, the stupidity of all who would not see that the Spencer-armed cavalry was vital to successful military operations,—and here Sherman gets his lumps—and, finally, all the examples the author can muster of engagements whose outcome was affected by the Spencer.

Mr. Buckeridge's passionate arguments represent an interesting essay in defense of a fine weapon but the total does not add up

to a first rate book. The work is not well organized, wrong words are used (Sumpter for Sumter, Briton for Britain, and the constant confusion of Capitol with Capital), and there is a general imbalance in presentation in an attempt to show the importance of the repeating rifle. The reviewer cannot agree with Mr. Ashley Halsey, Jr., associate editor of the *Saturday Evening Post,* who wrote in the foreword: "What Mr. Buckeridge has done is to look at the gun and the man behind the gun, rather than taking a routine view of the tactics, strategy and pomposities of war. From his fresh vantage point, he perceived what formal historians with scant knowledge of firearms overlooked. . . ."

On the contrary, with a rich subject, the author missed the bull's eye, and left us with a subject well worth repeating—by someone with a better aim.

University of Colorado ROBERT G. ATHEARN

So Far from Spring. By Peggy Simson Curry. (New York: Viking Press, 1956. 344 p. $3.95.)

Kelsey Cameron came to North Park, Colorado, expecting a land of opportunity where a man could build a fortune in the course of a few years. He found a land of vast distances and bitter winds, sombre with the gray of sagebrush that reached as far as one could see. He found the cousin who had written glowing accounts of this far-off country, a soured, disillusioned man, living in dirt and disorder, content to run a ranch for someone else and forget his early ambition.

But Kelsey was made of different stuff. From the first he was determined to succeed, to bring over the girl he had left in Scotland, with whom he had had one night of love. Beginning with a single cow, won in a lucky poker game, he built up a herd of fifty but sold all but the original one, to go for his wife and child.

From that time on, it is the story of the young wife Prim, coming as a bride with a five-year-old child, struggling to adapt herself to a raw new country. Perhaps her name is a bit unfortunate, making too obvious the contrast between the two women who are the opposing forces in Kelsey's life. The name seems at times not wholly appropriate; she slips a little too easily into the roughness of speech and manners around her. The most important thing, however, is not the triangle situation which Prim senses from the first, but Kelsey's effort to carry out what his mother has said to him. "Make what happened with you and Prim Munro a good and beautiful thing; make it so if it takes a lifetime."

In its emphasis on this theme the book might seem idealistic, but in detail it is almost brutally frank. Mrs. Curry's aim has

been to give the real West, not the glamorized version of the typical Western story and the film. One might ask if in her desire for honesty she has sometimes gone a bit far the other way. We wonder if Dolly Gentry's house would have been the only one in the region to show cleanliness and order. Only those who lived through the period and shared its hardships and its satisfactions would be able to answer this question.

But this is a minor point. The cowpunchers and ranchers are real people and we follow their fortunes with interest. Monte Maguire, who, when the women refused to accept her, gave up trying to be a lady and cast in her lot with the men, becoming the largest ranch-owner in the Park, is an admirably conceived character. Her interest in helping on Kelsey's career is stronger even than her jealousy of his wife.

There are powerful scenes in the book. One is the birth of the son whom Prim has not wanted, and another his death and the lonely burial. Strongest of all is the time when feed is running out in a long hard winter, and rather than let the cattle starve in the meadows, Monte decides to trail them over the mountain to the Laramie plains. We feel that we actually experience the lurching of the wagon, the cold wind and the snow, the sight of cattle dying along the trail. And it builds up to a terrific climax when one man, crazed by the hardships, is killed to save the rest.

Probably the best thing of all is the impression the book gives of the country. The description of the different seasons, of the details of the landscape, is excellent. Jediah, who is something of a philosopher, sums up the attitude of people toward it, in his first meeting with Kelsey. "The Park's more than a place; it's a way of livin', son. And you're gonna fall in love with it or you're gonna hate it the way a man can hate another man's guts. Nobody I ever met has an in-between feelin' about the Park." This is true, not only of the North Park, but of all this Rocky Mountain region. At first the impression of it is brought out by Kelsey's constant comparison with the green of Scotland. But gradually he comes to see the beauty and the grandeur as well as the bleak loneliness.

The one thing that keeps Kelsey and Prim together, and even, when they have thought to separate, still holds them in the end, is Heather, their daughter. She is vexed at their bickering, but she loves them both. The minister who baptized her wrote to Kelsey, she "has the best of both of you in her," and we feel that this is true. Perhaps it is fanciful to play with the title and say that in their lives so far Kelsey and Prim have gone through winter, both literally and figuratively, but in their daughter they have found the spring.

Laramie, Wyoming CLARA F. MCINTYRE

The Marked Men. By Allan Vaughan Elston. (New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1956. 221 pp. $2.75.)

This is the latest western novel to come from the pen of Allan Vaughan Elston in which he has woven a fictional story based on an authentic background of locations, persons and facts insofar as the actual Johnson County Invasion is concerned.

The Johnson County Invasion or "War" which took place in 1892 came about as a result of a changing economy from the open range to a settled, fenced country. Asa Mercer, in his *Banditti of the Plains* gave the first account of this episode in Wyoming history, telling the story from the viewpoint of the small settler. Robert B. David in his *Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff* dwelt upon the story from the side of the big cattlemen.

Elston has based his facts upon these and other accounts and upon newspaper research, weaving a story of love interest in with the Invasion story. Although he has to some extent attempted to be neutral, his leanings are definitely upon the side of the small rancher.

Cheyenne LOLA HOMSHER

Contributors

CHARLES D. CAREY, son of Charles D. and Ellison Ellen Miller Carey, is a native of Cheyenne where he is engaged in the business of life insurance and property management. He attended the University of Colorado, and during World War II he was in the U. S. Air Force (1942-1945). Mr. Carey is a member of one of Wyoming's prominent pioneer families. His grandfather, Joseph M. Carey, served Wyoming as Territorial Justice of the Supreme Court and later as United States Senator and Governor.

VADA FLORELLA ROSE CARLSON is the Woman's Page Editor of the *Arizona Daily Sun,* Flagstaff, Arizona. She began her newspaper work in Riverton on the Riverton *Chronicle* in the fall of 1915. Since that time she has worked on newspapers in California and Arizona. From March-June 1956 Mrs. Carlson worked on the Riverton *Ranger,* writing the history of Riverton for the 50th Anniversary Edition of the *Ranger* on the founding of Riverton, issued August 15, 1956. Mrs. Carlson is the author of numerous magazine articles, poems and stories and of the book of poetry *The Desert Speaks.*

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WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES AND HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

The Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department has as its function the collection and preservation of the record of the people of Wyoming. It maintains a historical library, a museum and the state archives.

The aid of the citizens of Wyoming is solicited in the carrying out of its function. The Department is anxious to secure and preserve records and materials now in private hands where they cannot be long preserved. Such records and materials include:

Biographical materials of pioneers: diaries, letters, account books, autobiographical accounts.

Business records of industries of the State: livestock, mining, agriculture, railroads, manufacturers, merchants, small business establishments, and of professional men as bankers, lawyers, physicians, dentists, ministers, and educators.

Private records of individual citizens, such as correspondence, manuscript materials and scrapbooks.

Records of organizations active in the religious, educational, social, economic and political life of the State, including their publications such as yearbooks and reports.

Manuscript and printed articles on towns, counties, and any significant topic dealing with the history of the State.

Early newspapers, maps, pictures, pamphlets, and books on western subjects.

Current publications by individuals or organizations throughout the State.

Museum materials with historical significance: early equipment, Indian artifacts, relics dealing with the activities of persons in Wyoming and with special events in the State's history.